

Central
Wisconsin's
original
history
magazine



August 2008

Volume II #18

*Hew to the line; let the
chips fall where they may.*

Artifacts



SWCHC Ice Cream Social Dairy Goatee. Pictured is a descendant from pioneers: Barbara Brazeau, daughter of Nicholas Jr. and Lisa, granddaughter of Nicholas B. Sr., great-granddaughter of Bernard, great-great granddaughter of Theodore (a founder of SWCHC), g-g-g-granddaughter of Etienne, etc.

Inside: Krohnographs p. 2; President's Message 3; Recently accessioned 4; Lori 5; My Toes Hurt by Joan Haasl 6-7; Garber Addition by Earle Garber 8-9; 940 First Street North by Paul Gross 10-11; Impressions & Memories by Dan Teas 12-14; Master Gardens 15-18; Lowell School photos 19; Lowell School Memories by Gene Johnson 20-23; Lowell School Kindergarten by Marjorie Hamm 24-25; A Nazi Among Us by Herb Dittmann 26-27; Ken's Scrapbook 28-31; News 32.

Footnote to Krohnology

Below, a youthful Don Krohn, former Daily Tribune photographer and Nekoosa-Edwards Paper Co. public relations chief, whose 1947-53 "Krohnographs" are featured at the SWCHC Museum and as a regular feature of Artifacts. (Courtesy Don Krohn)



Don Krohn with 35 mm camera on display at featured SWCHC Museum exhibit. In one of the most ambitious projects yet undertaken here, some 1,000 Krohn photos have been scanned and stored in digital form. They also have been organized into numerous binders for examination and identification. Together, they provide an unparalleled look into the 1940s and 1950s. Drop by and see for yourself!



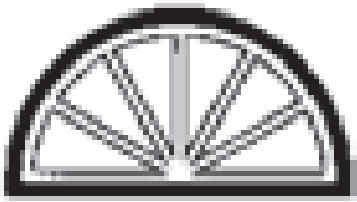
Advertisement

PHONE 10

DONALD J. KROHN
PHOTOGRAPHER

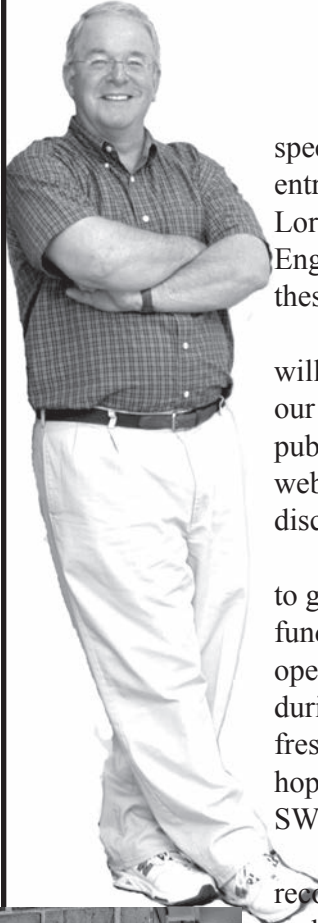
WISCONSIN RAPIDS
DAILY TRIBUNE





By
Phil Brown,
SWCHC President

Good times at 540 Third Street South



On Jan. 1, 2008, the South Wood County Historical Corp. began using special museum software to catalogue the collection of artifacts we have been entrusted with since our inception in 1955. With the help of our new employee, Lori Brost and the guidance of our Director and City Historian, Uncle Dave Engel, this project has finally begun. It is exciting to walk into the Museum these days and see all the activity.

As you can imagine, the work involved in an assignment of this magnitude will keep us busy for years to come. As we begin to discover the depth of our collection, we will be able to share some of these discoveries through the publication you are currently reading and eventually through an improved website that we are developing. In addition, several publishing ventures, to be discussed at a later date, are long overdue.

The SWCHC Board of Directors has made an initial financial commitment to get the History Center digital project off the ground, but it will be up to our fund raising efforts to see how we go forward. We are operating a full-time operation with two part-time employees: Uncle Dave and Lori, supplemented during the summer by several high school students and a UW-Madison freshman to be. In order to realize the goals of digitizing and publishing, we hope we can welcome more of you on board and that those who supported the SWCHC financially over the years will consider an even larger gift in the future.

In the coming months, we will be sending more information on our needs, recognizing that embracing the digital world is labor intensive and that labor and materials must be paid for. As we have previously discussed, the result will be security, preservation and access with the click of a mouse.



Photos from
SWCHC Ice Cream Social
June 21, 2008

Left: Who can blame Bing Brazeau, brother to Artifacts cover girl Barbara? The sign didn't say "no climbing."

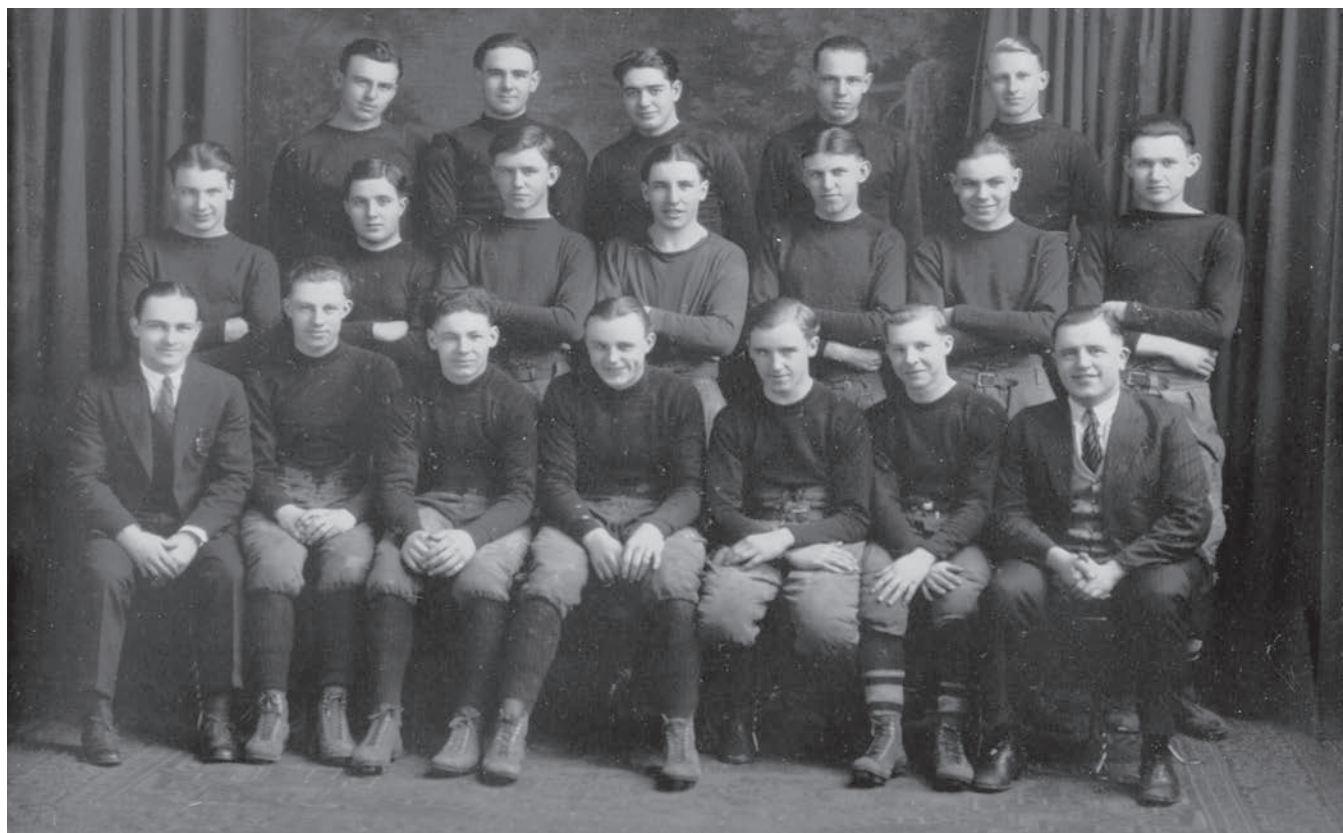
Right: Volunteers Mike Mehr and Jack Wesley show they can take it AND dish it out.



Recently
accessioned



Glen and Norma Tess at the Brown Derby tavern, Wisconsin Rapids. Companion, musician and bartenders unknown. Submitted by David Patrykus, whose wife's aunt was Norma Tess. Has the look of a Don Krohn photo.



*Also from Dave Patrykus - 1924 Rapids Lincoln football team. **Top row:** Ed "Min" Crotteau, Rogers "Dodge" Garrison, Harvey "Spagette" Gee, E.J. Hougen, Fred Cephress. **Second row:** Renne Nason, Will. "Fat" Conway, John "Hansom" Plenke, Don Margeson, Geo. Timm(?), "Len" Rodeghier, Geo. Finup. **First Row:** Aaron "Ritch" Ritchay, coach, Ray "Sammy" Sampson, Harold "Forty" Rodeghier, Capt. Robert "Stick" Gleue, John Margeson, Richard "Dick" Margeson, Donald "Punk" McGlynn, line coach*

From the History Center

Lori's Summer Vacation

By Lori Brost
SWCHC staff member

Summer vacation is never long enough no matter what age you are, even if the season is less a vacation than a challenge.

This summer five young individuals have helped accomplish so much in the Museum: Bridget Culbert, Angelica Engel, Alex Erdman, Molly Sigler and Rebecca Sigler. Their hard work has included inventorying the Toy Room and Doctor's office displays and scanning Krohn, Klun and Oliver photos from hard copy to electronic. This has been very beneficial to me as well as to the visitors of the Museum. But I still find myself trying to figure out where the summer has gone and why in only a few weeks these kids will be back to high school or off to college and I'll be on my own.

I get asked on a regular basis, "What exactly do you do at the Museum?"

When you bring in an article, we document who donated it, the time in which it was made or used and any other relevant facts known; then we either scan or take a digital photograph so that we can tie all the information together. In addition to donations, people bring in items they would like to have the Museum be aware of (such as pictures or articles) but that they would like to keep. In those cases, we scan the item into formats that will either allow us to reproduce the image for use within the Museum or possibly for the website.

I appreciate hearing stories about the background and significance of the items. In sharing that information, you are inviting me into your personal history, something that I am truly enjoying. Another point of interest to me is when visitors reflect on memories of coming to the T.B. Scott library. It always seems to take them back to a special moment and bring a smile to their face. When you have thoughts you would like to share, please do so.

As my time at the Museum increases, that of Administrator Karen Pecher decreases in the last months before her retirement. I would like to thank her for helping me through my first summer season. It is always a big help to have someone with years of experience and knowledge ease you into something new and unknown.



My Toes Hurt

By Joan Haasl

I had to go to dancing school. My mother said so. I appealed to Dad but he said she had made up her mind and nothing could change it. My brother, Bill, also had to go. She said he was clumsy and she wanted to make him graceful. Nothing could take the clumsy out of that boy.

None of my friends had to go to dancing classes and they teased me a lot. All became better dancers than I was. I was never musical and had no natural ability for dancing. My mother said I was a fool not to appreciate this great opportunity I was being given. If these had been drawing lessons I would have been very grateful. My mother wanted to live through her children. She said her life had been so miserable that the only thing that could make it worthwhile was if Bill and I had become rich and famous. That didn't happen.

The very worst was the toe dancing. It was torture. My toes got so bad Dr. Garrison looked at them. He said I had bad feet to start with and should never do toe dancing. My mother gave in and my toes healed, but I still had to do tap dancing.

I was in a ballet recital. My friends, Jackie Campbell and Nona Binnebose, were in the audience. Jackie said she would have thrown rotten tomatoes at me. It would have been a hoot if she had.

The classes were taught in the dining room of the Witter Hotel by Yva Palms Peterson from Wausau. Her husband played the piano. He chain smoked and frequently went to the bar for whiskey. I think there were money problems and that they fought all the time. Later Mr. Peterson got a job playing for the Wausau radio station and the classes stopped.

In high school my friends and I went to the dances at the south side Armory. We walked all the way and I really thought it was out in the boonies. I had no idea that I would some day live two blocks from the same Armory.

I have never been a good dancer, but I liked the polkas, waltzes and circle two steps. Dancing them didn't make my feet hurt, maybe because I was having fun.

*Background: Wisconsin Rapids Daily Tribune
5-23-36*



Artifacts

Giorgos performed and a beautiful show of light at the theatre corner last night. It was a wonderful performance last night when you all of the Flying Circus were.

ed. = "Thompson's 7.15"
 rectal and colonic field
 a 100% success. 30%

Students are composed of
William Taylor, the
Belmont, Everett Palmer and
papa. The program was created into
six parts with the first, the school
and the program number's portrayed
in a series of well as subjects.

Preamble To Page 1's 16

The program, consisting of four parts was as follows: "Gerrymandering" by Joe Manning; "Booth in Our Business" by Alex Alexander, Jack Archer, Ellen Rice, Harold Laskin, Ellis Madson, Ann George, Ann Hanson, George Gely; "The Youngest Br." by Kelly Gibson; "Steps to Democracy," by William "Athena" Davis; "Party Run, Really Independent," by Alex Alexander, Ruth Wakeley, Jean Elliott, Mary Elliott and Edith Gorman; "Corruption" by Pat Rait; "An a Sunday Afternoon," by Jack and Evelyn Krutler; "Religious Freedom" by Alex Alexander; "On the Map," by Ellen Rice 1938—"History in My Mother's House," by Emily Halpin, Martha Alexander, Eleanor Merrill, Betty Tucker, Edith Gorm, Edith Gorm, Wendell "Columbia Evening," Joyce Palmer, Edith Gorm, Eleanor Madigan McClellan, Cecelia Hark, Cynthia Palmer, Shirley Arnold, Ruth Roberts, Mary Hoffman.

"Singles in 'England' was a representative looking group. 'Parade of the Wooden Soldiers' included Glenary, Glen, Mest and Captains Donald Randall, Doby, Turkey, Wincey, Stumm, Kenneth Johnson and Michael Kelly. "When I Go to U.S." was sung by Glen, Glen, Mest, Wincey, 'Apparent' Doby, Mest, Glenary, Turfpike, Glen, Alexander, Ruth Baldwin, Mary, Ralph, Glen, Stumm, Ernie, Glen, Stumm, Glen, Mest, 'Arthur' Glenary, Jacky, Glenary and Gilbert Mest, 'Selling Eggs Like Milk' - Margate, Glenary, 'When I Go to U.S.' - Glen, Mest, 'The Cat Fitz

Other names were: McDonald; Sullivan, "Franklin" Maria Alexander; Kennedy "Go a Wandering Widow;" Joe Hughes; "noble" or "big."

Gorgeous Costumes, Brilliant Lights for Dancers' Recital

SINGERS SALLY HAWKINS; JIMMY KNOX
CRACKS REGION; JOHN AND JOANNE BARKER;
JACKIE GLENN; DONALD LEE TAYLOR
AND DICK JAGGER: "DON'T LUNG IN
EVENING WITH MY TEARS," BILLAR



Joan

[illegible]

Newark District

22402 City of the Jump First
CCG camp week 5 years at home

Mrs. Herman Tied and son, who have just visited at the I. B. Co. home, returned in their home at

August 2008

Notes: Accession number 200.05
 given printed by Mrs. W. H. Allen
 library collection

Lard Oil 3 lbs.

inant
ecital

Thelma Marshall, by a line—The personal story of a woman who was a Western pioneer such as the brave Americans all admire. The Indian life and work of the old west part of the story is an excellent introduction and frequent use is also made. This is one of the best books I have read through the jungle.

Exploring Tokyo by Eikurotsu—A book of exploration of the different explorations, suggesting basic notions.

Integral and Holistic Education—This book is grounded psychologically in the world problem of our times, written especially for the every-day reader, and shows the part played by our nation in human progress.

An answer at Queens' A. T. J. Thurnham's notes maps, each accompanied: expanding, showing the and any problems in the minute, and which are written only recorded by

LUICK10

In the following three chapters, Strawberry, Maple Day, George in Almond Cotton and Joe
GREEN DELLY

The Garber Addition

By Earle Garber

When my family moved from the West Side in 1938, our new house was three blocks from the old Howe School. Walking to school on Eighth Street, my sister and I met new friends. When Pat, a classmate, invited me to her home about six blocks south, she said, "just turn right on Dewey." There, my friend, Cliff, and I joined four others for a game the girls had cooked up, called "spin the bottle." A neighbor friend of Pat's, sitting across from me said, "We live in the Garber Addition."



475
Dewey
Street

Sixty-eight years later, still living in the vicinity, Pat and I met at McMillan Memorial Public Library. She reminded me of that day years before, suggesting I write in *Artifacts* about her old neighborhood and how more and more expansion of housing was needed in the late 1930s and early 1940s as Wisconsin Rapids attracted a skilled work force to support the paper mills expanding as the Depression eased and World War II approached.

A 1921 map showed that Dewey Street then ended at Lincoln Street. Before 1929 and the Great Depression, Dewey Street came into a prosperous city that was growing south as municipal services were needed. It was the annexation of this area that enabled my grandfather to create his project.

To experience the Garber Addition, a reader should proceed from Lincoln Street east onto Dewey where a zig and a zag will take him or her past a series of similar structures before reaching Eighth Street. Each cottage or bungalow was 20 x 35 feet,

with a living/dining area, kitchen, one bathroom and two bedrooms over a basement. Garages were separate if built. Money was scarce and cars were a luxury.

The average home cost just a little over \$1500. They were starter homes sold on land contract. Then banks held few house mortgages. Prospective buyers guaranteed their loans with a cash down payment from a relative or friend. Builders used the homes as collateral to finance the purchase of land and the materials needed to build. Grandpa Frank held the paper and collected payments or rent until the house was sold.

At the time, Grandpa Frank had also completed his first warehouse, on Fifth Avenue North, now a parking lot for Number 16 paper machine. He used bricks, timber, doors and windows salvaged from the saw and flour mills that were being removed to make way for paper industry expansion. The warehouse enabled him to use the first floor for a growing salvage and used equipment business. He rented the basement to the State Highway Department sign shop and the top floor to a clothing factory recently destroyed by fire. His building was the collateral, the guarantee of financial backing he needed to build housing in this rapidly growing community.



711
721
Dewey
Street

After 1929, the Great Depression put his investments at risk as buyers began to have problems paying on their contracts. The time came for Frank to visit his banker, Guy Babcock, cashier at the Wood County National Bank.

Grandpa told me he walked into the bank on Saturday morning to make a deposit. It must have been a small one. Mr. Babcock, noticing the amount, called him over to ask him how he was doing.



1031
1041
Lincoln
Street

“You look worried Frank, how are you, what’s happening?” Frank must have replied, “Well Mr. Babcock, people aren’t paying on their contracts; there aren’t enough work hours to keep up. I can’t put those families on the street, can I?”

Babcock took my grandfather into his office. “Frank, your warehouse is free and clear.”

He began making phone calls, then looked over to say, “Why don’t you leave me with this, I’ll get back to you. Now is not the time to worry.”



631
Dewey
Street

A week or so passed when Grandpa Frank took a call in his office. “This is Guy Babcock, Frank, we’re talking to an interested buyer, the price is far more than you need. Would you take ten thousand dollars? This should give you cash enough and the folks owing on their homes time to catch up.”

Weeks later Grandpa Frank came to our house holding the check. With tears clinging to his cheeks he mumbled, “We’ll move to the MacKinnon stable on McKinley Street. We’ll move on.”

Weeks later, my Uncle Sidney, Dad’s step-brother, hoisted me onto his shoulders to stand behind the huge crowd watching the auction.

On McKinley Street their first renter of the lean-to next door was a young Lawrence Dana and his partner, opening their first machine shop to serve the mills and cranberry marshes.



479
Dewey
Street

Immediately after World War II, Grandpa Frank hired the Billmeyer architectural firm to lay out a steel frame, clay and brick veneer structure. The Frank Garber Company Inc. continued to expand its warehousing of plumbing, heating, industrial and welding supplies amid the growing recycling industry for sixty more years. The post WWII warehouse was demolished in the 1990s to complete Riverview Parkway and the Highway 34 extension. Thousands of pieces of farm and mill equipment and belting (used to drive the machinery) were bid away during one long weekend before they let go of the building.

Photos by Earle Garber

The Biron Cranberry company warehouse, located off Fourth avenue north in Wisconsin Rapids, announces the nationally known cooperative brand of cranberries raised on the marsh. Purchased from Frank Garber some years ago, the warehouse is used to store the company’s crop. The basement is used by the state highway department for painting road signs, and a part of the first floor by the Wood County Grocery company.

Wisconsin Rapids Daily Tribune 9-23-36

940 First Street North

Historian looks at own "Grand Rapids House"

By Paul R. Gross

The address to be known as 940 First Street North in the city of Wisconsin Rapids was originally a boarding establishment known by the name, "Grand Rapids House" on what was then Water Street. That was still true as of the year 1881; however, it was likely built prior to that time.

Across Water Street was a lumber mill, north of which was a flour mill. Also in the area was a foundry. Hence the need to accommodate the industrial workers that were coming in from the four corners of the world.

The Irish family headed by Micahel and Fanny Dean Slattery came here from Canada about 1881 and most likely ran the boarding house, an occupation they were engaged in north of the border. About 1890, one of the Slatterys bought the home (most likely son William) who was the eventual owner. (*The 1900 U.S. Census shows Fanny Slattery head of household, keeping boarders on what was then Water Street.*)

One of William and Mary Slattery's daughters was Theresa (Tessie) who married Chester P. Gross, father and mother of Paul R. Gross, the author of this account.

When William Slattery died, Mary Slattery resided in the home and her daughter, Theresa, and the rest of the Chester Gross family moved in and cared for her (Mary) until she passed away. The property had in the meantime been purchased by Chester and Tessie, making 940 First Street North the boyhood home of Paul, two brothers, Robert and William, and sister Charlotte (Parker).

Shortly after 1890, the Gross house was moved back from the wood sidewalk area about 25 feet when a basement was added and the building remodeled. It continued to be remodeled a number of times over the years and very early on, perhaps at the same time it was moved back (east), it was divided into apartments, one upstairs and one down.

When Chester Gross died in 1946 (preceded by his wife), Charlotte (Gross) Parker and husband William W. Parker owned the property, which they sold in 1948. I am not familiar with the present owner who acquired it in 2006 and has done more extensive remodeling. It was in very bad condition following the previous owner who did little to maintain it for his three renters.

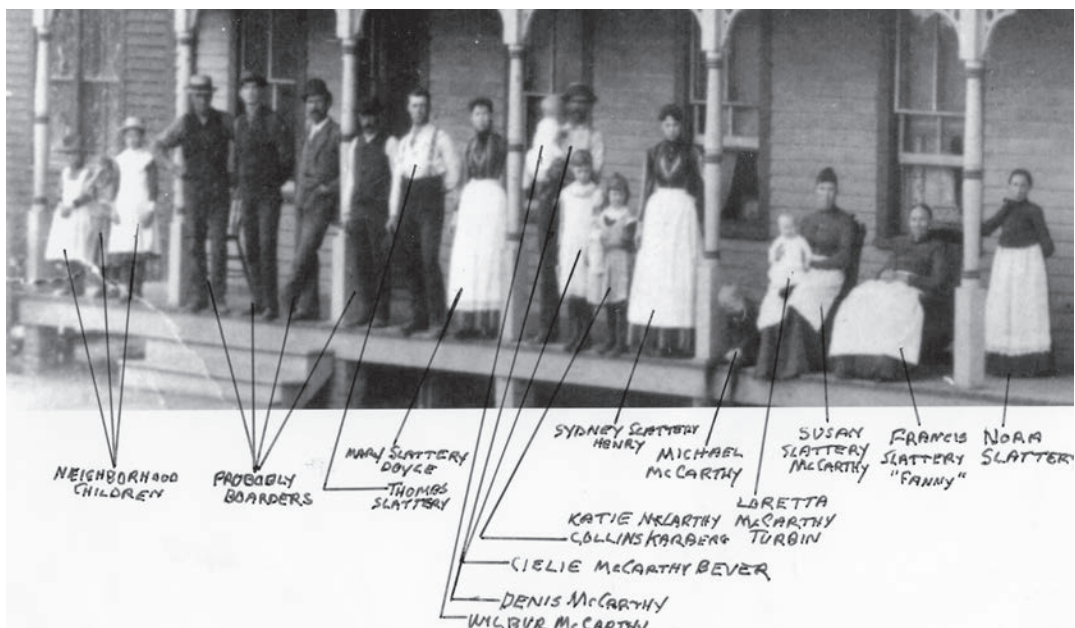
*Wisconsin
Rapids
Daily
Tribune
5-10-29*

Paul Gross Believes In Working His Way

"Where there's a will, there's a way," is a proverb that still lives. Paul Gross, five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Gross, 940 First street north, has learned it early. Having been told the significance of "Mother's Day" he went over to the home of Mrs. Georgianna Buckley, 840 First street north, this morning before school and asked if she would hire him to rake her yard. Asked why he wanted money, the ambitious youngster replied that he wanted to buy some carnations "to give mamma."



*Grand Rapids House at 940 1st Street North (Water Street) c. 1890.
Photo courtesy of Paul R. Gross*



Impressions and Memories

A walk around Wisconsin Rapids on a bright autumn day
(9-22-02)

By Daniel Teas

My Lincoln High class of '47 was planning to celebrate their 55th reunion and I wasn't going to miss it. My family had lived in this river town for three generations.

My grandfather, John Normington, was sheriff after WWI. My dad, Dwight Teas, started an insurance business in 1922. In 1960 I moved home and joined him as a partner. My wife, Pat, and I raised four children in our home on the banks of the Wisconsin River. We loved the YMCA in Port Edwards, the Lincoln High basketball teams, the elegant McMillan Memorial Library with its Community Theater and all the rich "extras" of a small town benefiting from a Fortune 500 paper company with local owners.

In 2002, I parked my rental car behind the Mead-Witter building on the west side of the downtown business district. I knew where I was going, but the whole journey took nearly four hours. First I looked at the First National Bank, founded in 1872. It looked like a Roman temple with some Greek architectural forms. There were five Greek metopes, bas relief decorations carved out of stone and mounted about 30 feet up the side wall facing Second Avenue South to represent (I'm just guessing) justice, trust, thrift, brotherhood and pride.

Nearby, the first large shopping mall built in the 1970s seemed to be limping along. The anchor store had bailed out, leaving an empty commercial hole. When I was a kid, this was the location of the West Side Market Square, complete with a cast-iron horse watering tub.

Walking sidewalks that I knew like the back of my hand, I moved on to the Lowell School where my sister Sally and I had attended elementary classes. The building in 2002 housed social service offices and a senior citizen club. When we went to school there in the Depression, there were railroad tracks on three sides on the school and the county truck repair shops were within a hundred feet from the back of the school. When the rivet

guns blasted away, fixing Wood County snowplows on a spring day and the switch engines huffed and puffed, we had a hard time concentrating on our lessons.

After watching matinees at the Palace or Rapids theaters on Saturday afternoons, we would gallop home with the sound track of the William Tell overture ringing in our heads.

When I revisited the old neighborhood, I thought about heading home from school and joining in snowball fights, getting my shoes wet walking along the creek behind Mead's red-brick Irish manor style house and gardens that covered acres of property along the river. I occasionally saw a blind man named Mr. Burhite trying to find his way down the street. He sold brooms for a living.

When I was a kid, the House of David baseball team came to Witter Field once a year. These guys wore long beards and they played ball sitting on mules. Today Rapids is proud of a \$6.5 million Performing Arts Center with seating for 850. The Steinway piano is a Z Model, given to the PAC by my boyhood friend Gil Mead.

As I walked through my neighborhood on First Avenue South along the Wisconsin River, the sumac were starting to turn red. The sky was blue. It was a beautiful day to be outdoors and to reminisce. I remembered the Armory fire in 1939 when artillery shells exploded and the night sky reflected the fire. Since the armory was fifty feet from the fire station, all the available equipment was ready to go. The fire department lost that battle.

I thought back to the Memorial Day parades that went down Grand Avenue and across the bridge. One popular float represented a 40/8 French boxcar used by our Army in WWI. Two veterans who loved to dress up and wave at the crowd were Dr. F.X. Pomainville (who delivered me) and Father Johnson, the St. John's Episcopal Church minister.

I remembered that, when I was a kid, I shot snapping turtles with my English Air Rifle as they

sunned on rocks on the banks of the river. Our family home, a sort of English cottage with a big picture window in the living room at 980 First Avenue South, faced the Wisconsin River. The trees shade the yard, and gardens are about the same as I left them when I went off to Lawrence College in 1947, Korea in 1952 and married life in 1955. It is hard to believe that when I was a little kid our milk was delivered with a horse-drawn wagon or sleigh.

During the Depression, my dad encouraged those around him to have a positive attitude. When he told a story his timing was perfect. He would get many of his jokes from traveling salesmen who came to town on the train and dropped into the Elks Club. Dad was a popular Master of Ceremonies and he had a large inventory of stories. He played lots of pool, poker and bridge. This was his way to relax and learn the news of the day.

Rapids always supported a Class D baseball farm team. One of the local characters was Grace Kruger. She loved to yell at the visiting players and her favorite victim was Joe Hauser, manager of the Sheboygan team. She was the self-appointed arbiter of the baseball field.

As I walked south into Lyon Park, I noticed that the river had been dropped about 15 feet for a six-month repair project at the Centralia Dam. I spotted a cast iron street railroad wheel in the mud. When I was a little kid we had a street car system with car-barns across from where the Armory is today. I saw many rock walls and cribs used by the loggers to organize and direct their white pine logs downstream. Beside the path along the river was a memorial to the logging industry of years gone by. The piece of pine resting in a cement base was estimated to be 181 years old.

We swam, sailed, fished, shot ducks and water-skied on the river. It had been used in succession to float timber to St. Louis, as a source of electric power, and eventually as the site of a very sophisticated pulp and paper industry that sold tons of coated publishing-grade paper to printers like R.R. Donnelly in Chicago. During WWII, teenagers could get summer jobs at the paper mill because there was a shortage of manpower. I worked summer vacations for Consolidated three times: cleaning warehouses; under machine #2 on the broke beaters; and on the cutter machines that sliced rolls of paper into sheets. Carrying a dinner bucket, working shifts that often were 11 p.m. to 7 a.m., and punching a time clock was part of my growing-up experience. I'll never forget the old-timers calling out, "Don't get any big ideas."

The river water also was used by the cranberry marshes west of Wisconsin Rapids. In 2002, I took part of the next morning to visit Whittlesey Cranberry Co. west of Port Edwards. This marsh is owned by a fifth-generation pioneer family in Central Wisconsin. This was an idyllic visual scene as I drove down a half-mile gravel driveway and stepped out to shake hands with Helen and Newell Jaspersen. The flower beds, lawns and trees surrounding the buildings were beautiful.

Throughout my 2002 visit, images of past times kept coming. I thought about going to *Gone With The Wind* at the fancy Wisconsin theater, with a cry room, when I was nine years old. I remembered going to Herschleb's for malts after Scout meetings in the Congregational Church basement. I will never forget the sounds and smells of the huge Lincoln Field House when I worked taking down bleachers after tournament play.

For all these memories and more, my homecoming was special.

*Daniel Teas welcomes your correspondence at
971-F Tenderfoot Hill Road,
Colorado Springs, CO 80906
daniel.teas@comcast.net*



At Lowell School. "The Flying Machine, KGN 35." Left to right: Gilbert Mead (visitor), Dan Teas, Don Love, Rolf Utegaard. c. 1935 (Photo courtesy Marjorie Hamm)



Dan Teas revisiting childhood home, 980 First Ave. S. (Photo submitted by Dan Teas)



Volunteers Kris O'Day and Marge Schenk

Museum's Master Gardens

SWCHC has had the good fortune to partner with the Wood County Master Gardener Volunteers, who have ornamented the grounds with 13 beds that display an ever-changing array of annual and perennial flowers, ferns, hostas and shrubs.

2008 volunteers for the SWCHC Museum gardens: Marge Schenk, Kris O'Day, Chris Grimes, Jean Rockwood, Michaelleen Erickson, Jan Lassa, Cindy Manke, Scott MacMillan, Deb DeByl, Karen Tlachac, Audrey Brundidge, Libby Rosandick, Deb Henke, Jane Nelson, Linda Brandt, Penn Wilkes, Sandra Ironside, Betty Havlick co-chair, and Barb Herreid, co-chair



Photos by Uncle Dave





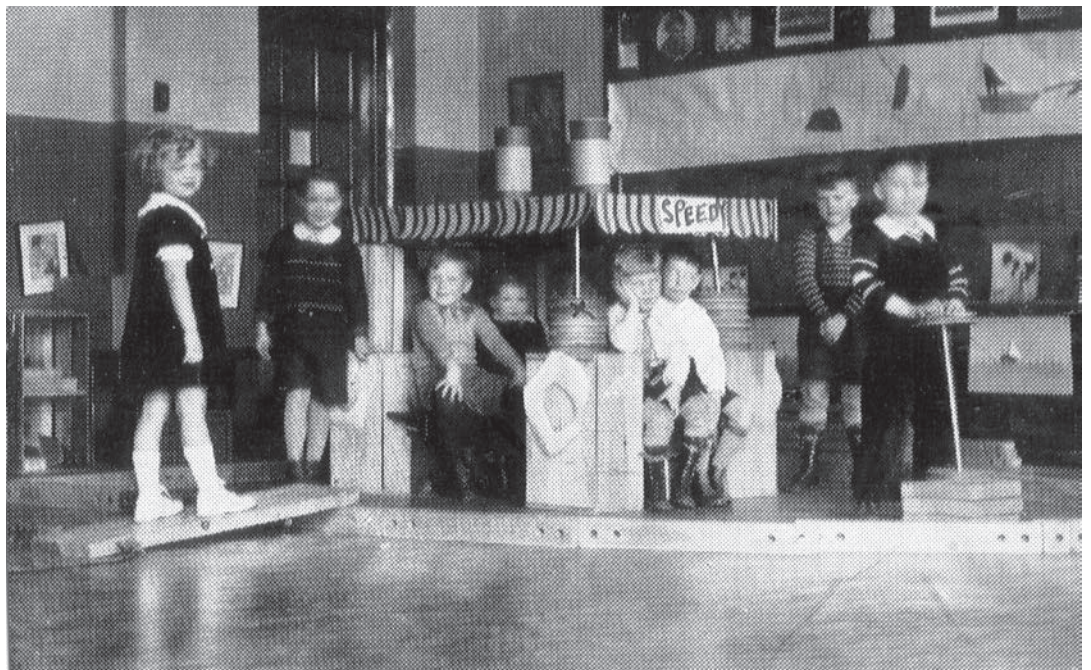
Color for all seasons



Lowell
School
Dramatics



Standing left: Jane Ritchay (a visitor). Behind her: Dorothy Wilcox and Kay Hilgard (5 children unidentified). Back of boat: Jimmy Kruger (with tie). Front seat of boat: Bill Edwards (seated). Standing right: Donald Love, Rolf Utegaard (behind), Elaine Wilson, Marjorie Romanski



Marjorie Hamm: "On our boat, 'Speedy'": Suzanne Baker, Rolf Utegaard, Billie & Bobby Vreeland, Billy Lemke, Kent Dickerman

Standing in front: Bobby Klappa and John Ritchay (at steering wheel)

Photos courtesy Marjorie Hamm

Lowell School Memories

Personal Recollections of Gene Johnson

The Lowell School, built in 1923, was monumental to my childhood, since the first nine years of my education were spent in this venerable, but then still viable, structure.

We were living on the Boles farm at 2221 Gaynor Avenue when I began kindergarten at Lowell in 1933. The mile-long dirt road from our farm to the bus stop at Sisco's grocery had to be walked, because we had no automobile.

When I began kindergarten, my brothers Roger and Dale were also attending Lowell School, and we walked to the bus stop together.

The bus company, owned by John Schenk, was called the Tri-City Bus Line, serving Port Edwards and Nekoosa as well as Wisconsin Rapids. The fare was five cents. Children were provided with tickets that were stamped on the reverse as bus fares.

The bus ran up Second Avenue to Bill Sweet's grocery at the intersection with Eighth Avenue. The remaining three blocks to Lowell had safe sidewalks. When we moved to the 411 Boles St. address in 1939, I walked to Lowell.

On the first day of school each year, I was allowed to wear my "dress pants." Thereafter, I wore what are now called blue jeans, then called overalls. These pre-shrunk overalls were bought new each year for school use, and were almost always a little long, to accommodate annual body growth, as well as any minor shrinkage.

The kindergarten was a large bow-shaped room. Well lighted by tall windows and in a school only ten years old, it was as up to date as any in the city. Years later, while serving on the School Board, I found that Lowell school was the first in the city to be built with concrete floors, as the era of wooden floors in public buildings ended.

The inside of the school was an unusual mix for a two story building, with eight large classrooms, two small second floor offices, a large first floor principal's office, fresh air room, ample

storage, and what was considered to be a large elementary school gymnasium.

The two mysterious small second story offices were located at either end of the second floor, up a small flight of stairs, and constituted a sort of second and a half floor design. They were used by the district nurse to give hearing tests and other strange and unusual things.

The stairway banisters were of excellent sliding design, and many were the times myself and other rowdy boys were chastised for using them for that purpose.

Each class had a homeroom where all instruction except gym was held. The rooms had a cloak room attached. Winter wear was hung on hooks, and overshoes were often mixed.

Black boards were used extensively, and when teacher was absent, black board erasers were often thrown. Usually one of the girls "told on" the offenders. Being chosen by the teacher to erase the boards was considered being teacher's pet.

The basement, called by everyone "the Boiler Room," was primitive. A hand-fed furnace was supplied by coal chutes located at the rear of the building in back of the gym's stage area. The roar of coal being delivered was memorable.

From the gymnasium, a long narrow stairway led down to shower rooms for the basketball teams, a very bare bones arrangement of six shower heads sticking out of a concrete wall. A wooden bench was used for dressing.

The school nurse, Mary Zapp, used one of the small second story offices for her frequent visits to Lowell. Mrs. Zapp kept the large jars of "Goiter Pills" in each classroom filled. She checked for contagious diseases that were rampant and readmitted sick kids back to the classroom.

Ruth Horton was the principal at the time, a spinster lady, short and fierce. She wore hard-soled shoes that literally thundered on the hard wood and tile floors, announcing her pending arrival.

Ruth taught eighth grade. Over the period I was

there, two men were seventh grade teachers, Mr. McMillan, and Mr. Lastufka. These men were also the coaches of the basketball teams.

Ruth Horton had a kind side. In the seventh and eighth grade I was asked to gather pine boughs to take to her parents' grave. We were very poor, and Miss Horton gave me 25 cents to cut the boughs, and help her place them on the graves.

The school safety patrol was not large, since the only crossings near the school were protected. A boy named Coulthard was given the patrol Captaincy, and I was selected as Lieutenant. However, someone squealed on me for climbing out the first floor bathroom window into the school yard during a game of "Tag" and the honor was short lived.

A memorable moment came in about sixth grade as one of the three large oil tanks near the railroad tracks caught fire during our recess. When the fire trucks arrived, we stood at the fence watching, as close as possible, but were soon herded back inside.

In the spring, marbles were played during recess. "Peeny in the pot" was the game of choice. Each player anteed up one marble in a small pit next to the brick wall of the south side of the building. A line was drawn in the dirt. Standing behind this line, each player in turn tossed a marble (no steelies allowed). When a successful throw landed in the pit, the lucky thrower was awarded all the marbles in the "Pot."

Somewhere around 1940, pea gravel was laid over the school yard to keep down the weeds.

The ungraveled north side front play ground was reserved for the "Fresh Air Room," a sort of combination health room and place to hide slow learners. The room and play area was holy ground. We didn't know why but were aware that no one from the regular classes was welcome there.

During the winter the boys all tried to throw snowballs on top of the large chimney at the southwest rear of school. Only George Sell was able to reach this milestone in my years at Lowell.

In the eighth grade class an attempt was made to teach coed dancing by mixing the genders for a phy-ed class together. The boys were lined up on one side of the gym, the girls on the other.

After demonstrations by teachers/students to the music of an old wind up phonograph, the "lessons" were to begin.

Several of our more mature classmates took to the floor, perhaps prearranged. The rest of the boys cowered as the girls were told to go and pick out a partner.

Elaine Narel (who would later marry my brother Dale) came over and selected me, but I, frightened and embarrassed, refused. All but a few of the boys were bashful.

My color blindness was discovered in seventh grade. The art teacher sent me to the art supply room for brown construction paper, and I returned with green construction paper. Later that year color blindness tests were run on all students and I was declared the most color blind person in Lowell. Yvonne Hager was second-most color blind.

The school "play" was a yearly feature at Lowell. The productions, run by the English teacher with the help of the rest of the staff, were usually well done.

Two stand out in memory. One when I was in fifth grade starred Virginia Whittlesey, who became my first real "crush." She was sure pretty! The other was when I was an eighth grade actor in the play. Vernon Alpine had the big lead, and was very funny in this little comedy.

Bess Bradford was the music teacher for the district, and came once a week. Bess held auditions in which each student in class was required to sing a line or two. Wow, talk about embarrassed; Bess said I had an excellent soprano voice.

Several of the class photos from Lowell have been preserved in our family history books. The kids were largely from poor homes, a few affluent. Many of the Lowell classmates have left us in the year 2000, but the building survives. Closed in 1979, it has been used since 1982 as a senior citizens center.

A new senior center is to be built on 25th Avenue sometime in the future and the fate of Lowell is not known. The building is as solid today (2002) as the day it was built.

Continued on page 22

Personal Recollections of Gene Johnson continued

In 2006, an announcement was made by the Mayor of Wisconsin Rapids that the Lowell School was to be demolished and replaced by a large housing project.

The old school building had been used as a senior citizen center, and catchall for organizations needing space for activities. Our son's rock band, "Sabre," had used a room at Lowell for practice, this after the rock groups amplification had caused plaster cracks in our home while practicing in our basement.

When a new multimillion dollar senior center was created in the old Woolco department store building in 2003, part of a civic movement to incorporate services, the Lowell School site was closed as a senior center, but continued to serve various local clubs as a meeting place.

On June 17, 2006, the public was invited to "walk through" the old building. A week later, past student attenders of Lowell were invited to come in and gather souvenirs before the demolition began.

We were out of town for the walk through, and wrote down the wrong date for the souvenir pickup, but a call to the owner of the building provided us with permission to visit the partially gutted building on June 26, 2006.

The building of course had changed over the years. New entrances had been built at the gymnasium and rear entrances. Carpeting had been installed in the kindergarten and first grade rooms somewhere along the line. The stairways now had steel guard rails a foot above the old wood banisters.

When the senior citizens took over the abandoned school, numerous changes were made.

Some interior walls were removed and others created, fire doors were installed, and a disabled person toilet put in at least one bathroom.

Several food service areas were still identifiable, added perhaps when the senior center operated. These facilities were not in place in 1942, when only student bag lunches were carried to Lowell prior to federally-funded school lunch programs.

The large stage in the gymnasium where so many memorable events were held in the past years was now gone, walled off. Apparently the space was used as a storage area.

A single-occupant chairlift had been installed near the kindergarten to provide wheelchair access up the three steps to the gymnasium.

During our visit, the electric power was turned off in the building, and we were not able to visit the basement, but had heard that an oil furnace had been installed some years ago, replacing the old coal burning furnaces.

It was indeed a memorable visit to the old school. We had visited there about two years previous at an open house of the senior center and, in the 1967-1971 era of my District school board service, our board members had inspected the building and grounds.

My old school report cards and 1942 Lowell graduation book preserved by my loving mother were pulled out of storage, and, in awe remembered. Picture albums and a ride around the site of Sweet's grocery and the old Grim Natwick house were "lump in the throat" moments at age 78.

Editor: Thanks to the former owner of the Lowell property, Sheldon Ferkey, items from the cornerstone were added to the collections of the South Wood County Historical Museum.

Marjorie Romanski Hamm: In March of 1935, Miss Dixon had the children take part in a special project of piecing together a small boat that filled a large section of the classroom...It was decided to name the boat "Speedy," and teacher and parents snapped pictures of the children taking turns sitting in the boat. (More boat pix on p. 19.)



*From left:
Sally Teas,
Marjorie
Romanski,
Suzanne Baker*



Left to right in the boat: Lawrence Hakes, Billy Rasmussen, Rita Ashbeck, Pudge Hahner. Front row: June Jackan, Joan Gasch, Gordon Knuth, Mike King at the wheel. Sitting in back: Tommy George.

Lowell School Kindergarten **Class of 1934/35**

By Marjorie Hamm

From West Side neighborhoods of Wisconsin Rapids, children walked to the new Lowell School building on 8th Avenue South to attend the 1934/35 kindergarten classes. All appeared excited and anxious to learn from the newly hired teacher, Miss Grace Dixon. Grace was replacing Carol Steib who had recently married Glen Daly.

School bus transportation was not available in 1935. For my one mile walk to school from 1220 13th Avenue South, across from Lyon Park, I followed Second Avenue to Sweet's Grocery, on the corner of Second and Eighth Avenues. From there it was four blocks to school. My friend, Rita, walked from 14th Avenue North and High Street. She was reminded by her mother to always cross Grand Avenue where there was an adult helping children to cross the busy street.

On cold, blustery winter mornings, mothers saw that their children were bundled up with long underwear, long cotton stockings, a double pair of mittens, scarves tied up to their noses and rubber overshoes that were fitted over their shoes. Clothing items were to be marked with each child's name.

When my overshoes were missing out of the coat room one day, Miss Dixon found a pair with the name "Rolf Utegaard" left instead. She told me to take that pair home and have my mother contact Rolf's mother to exchange them back for mine. The Utegaard home was located in the 300 block of First Avenue South. I had to wait for my father to return home from work to have a ride there to get my overshoes back.

Miss Dixon was creative and patient and enjoyed the beautiful and spacious classroom that included a fireplace and many cupboards. During the morning break from lessons, the children were provided with white or chocolate milk in half-pint glass bottles. Each child was assigned a week to bring a box of Graham crackers and to help with the after-snack clean up. The empty bottles were placed in the wire carrying rack for the milkman to

pick up the next morning when he made his daily delivery.

Each month of the year, the children drew on and cut out of colored construction paper an item that depicted the season: leaves for September, Jack-o-Lanterns for October, turkeys for November and so on.

In March of 1935, Miss Dixon had the children take part in a special project of piecing together a small boat that filled a large section of the classroom. It appeared that empty orange crates and apple boxes came from local grocers to form the boat. It was decided to name the boat "Speedy," and teacher and parents snapped pictures of the children taking turns sitting in the boat.

As the school year ended, all the classes were included in a program for the parents. The kindergarten children were dressed in costumes to portray nursery rhyme characters. I was "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and walked across the stage pulling a toy lamb on wheels while the other children recited the poem.

When the morning kindergarten ended, I walked with my friend, Elaine Wilson. She lived one block from school, on Eighth Avenue. After crossing Chase Street, I passed the homes of Dickermans and Ritchays. Past Sweet's Grocery was the stone fence around the Stanton Mead yard and the black wrought iron fence of the Johnson family home.

It was usually a peaceful walk home, where I was always anxious to give my mother a report of school activities.

One spring day some older children were walking behind me. When we came to the lilac hedge that separated the Mead and Johnson yards, someone yelled "Run, run, a kidnapper is hiding in the bushes!" It seemed that publicity in the newspapers about the Lindbergh kidnapping case caused parents to indoctrinate their children and some were letting their imaginations run wild.

After we had cleared the danger point, some of the group following me yelled, "Let's beat her up!"

I was so frightened I climbed the wrought iron fence around the Johnson home, ran up the front steps and screamed, "Don't you dare come up here!"

Mrs. Johnson, hearing the commotion came to the door and I asked if I could call my mother.

My mother told me stay where I was and someone would come for me. I waited for what seemed like a long, long time. I peeked out of the door and the children were gone so I started walking towards home. I had only gone about two blocks when my Uncle Stanley drove up to the curb in his car.

"I've been looking for you!" he scolded, "You were supposed to be at the Johnson house!"

When he dropped me off at home, he gave my mother a bad report. I hadn't followed orders and had wasted "Uncle's" precious time! After relating the frightening events to my mother, it seemed she felt a hug would be more reassuring to a frightened, shaken child than a scolding.

I never forgot the episode and for the rest of the school year, always cast a searching eye at the lilac hedge where the kidnappers were supposedly lurking.

Kindergarten was the only grade I attended at Lowell School. For first through eighth grades my parents enrolled me in S.S. Peter and Paul Catholic School. My sister, Jane, and I were able to ride the city bus from the bus-stop at Lyon park to the school.

More about Grace Dixon LaMarr

By Marjorie Hamm

Grace Dixon married Orville LaMarr. Orville was sent overseas during World War II. Grace and their little daughter, Barbara Jean, lived with Grace's parents, Nellie and Charles Dixon at 451 Oak Street. My family lived at 470 Oak Street and Grace and Barbara Jean were frequent visitors at our home. Grace then taught kindergarten at Howe School. My sisters, Sally and Susan, were among her students.

Some years after Orville's return to Wisconsin Rapids, the LaMarrs moved to Milwaukee where Grace enjoyed teaching well into her retirement years.

After Orville passed away, Grace returned to Wisconsin Rapids. In 1987 Grace mailed the featured photos to me with a letter that said she found the pictures among her "Treasures" and wanted me to have them. Her happiest days were in the wonderful neighborhood of Oak Street.



Former students with teacher. Grace Dixon LaMarr (tallest) and daughter Barbara Jean Lamarr "with the Romanski girls" on Oak Street.

A Nazi Among Us

By Herb Dittman

It must have been 1941. Pearl Harbor hadn't happened yet, but my brothers' National Guard unit, the 32nd Division, had been activated the previous October. They were stationed at Camp Livingston in Louisiana for training and maneuvers. My folks, my sister and I were living in Wisconsin Rapids, which was the center of major paper manufacturing and power-generating companies, all situated along the Wisconsin River.

My father was the buying manager of the largest department store in this part of the state, Johnson Hills. He frequently went to New York on buying trips for the store. When he wasn't traveling, his time was spent checking on shipments for accuracy and completeness. This required him to visit the various departments in the store to be certain that the merchandise got to the proper place for sale.

On one of these visits he came upon a rather tall young man speaking to a clerk in an accent that today would remind us of Arnold Schwarzenegger's. He was nice looking with sandy hair and very blue eyes. My dad was intrigued because, having grown up in a German speaking household, he enjoyed the opportunity to relive those experiences whenever possible. The gentleman was asking the clerk for directions for various sites around the city. Rather than having them taking up the clerk's time and seeing she was having difficulty understanding him, my dad stepped in and said "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?"

The man said, "Ja, Ja!"

My dad then went about giving him the directions he was asking for.

The man said his name was Otto Weiler from Germany. He was touring the area and considering becoming a resident and a citizen. They talked for some time and Otto went on his way.

He would be seen about town after that, usually with a camera. Whenever my dad saw him they greeted each other in a friendly manner and would engage in German conversation. On one of those occasions he invited Otto over for Sunday dinner.

My dad really had only one day off a week. So on Sundays we had a big dinner, usually a standing rib roast. I can still see Dad, a tall slim man standing at the end of the well-appointed table, taking great delight in carving the roast and all the while talking. When Otto was there, a lot of it was in German which my Irish mother didn't understand nor did my sister, Elaine and I. Otto seemed to have eyes for her, a 22-year-old blonde; but she was betrothed to Joe Nimtz of Wisconsin Rapids.

Otto indicated that he was leaving shortly for the southern part of the country, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. That caught my parents' attention, saying that was where their sons were stationed. He said how would it be if he looked them up and brought them greetings from home? My folks were delighted and gave Weiler a note with the boys' address and a letter of introduction so he could get on the base. He left a few days later.

I should mention that war was under way in Europe. Hitler's troops were advancing further and further and his Luftwaffe were bombing London nightly.

English Prime Minister Winston Churchill had warned for years of Hitler's evil intentions. Many in our country dismissed his warnings, including Joe Kennedy, the later President's father, who was Ambassador to Great Britain. Even Charles Lindbergh, who flew the Atlantic, visited Hitler and felt we should just try to get along.

People here too didn't want to get involved, many having terrible memories of World War I. They were labeled isolationists. Our President Roosevelt repeatedly stated that he didn't want war and Eleanor didn't want war; some said mockingly that even his Scotty dog didn't want war. He also said that he would never send your sons to war and my parents were encouraged.

When Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, the U.S. declared war on Japan and Germany and my parents hopes were dashed.

In the meantime, Otto Weiler was traveling, observing dam sites, shipping lanes and of course, true to his word, Camp Livingston, Louisiana, on the pretext of visiting my brothers with greetings

from home. At some time, suspicion began to be raised as to his activities. He was investigated and determined to be a German spy. Subsequently, he was arrested and sent to the East Coast, put on a submarine and deported to who knows where.

In August of 1942, my brother, Bill, wrote from Australia to my sister Elaine, "So our old friend, Herr Weiler actually was a Nazi spy. I still wonder what he was doing when he visited Phil and I at Livingston. With all the people working for him, he must have been quite a big shot. It really would have been a sorry case if he had found some unsuspecting girl and married her to shorten his immigration period like he wanted to."

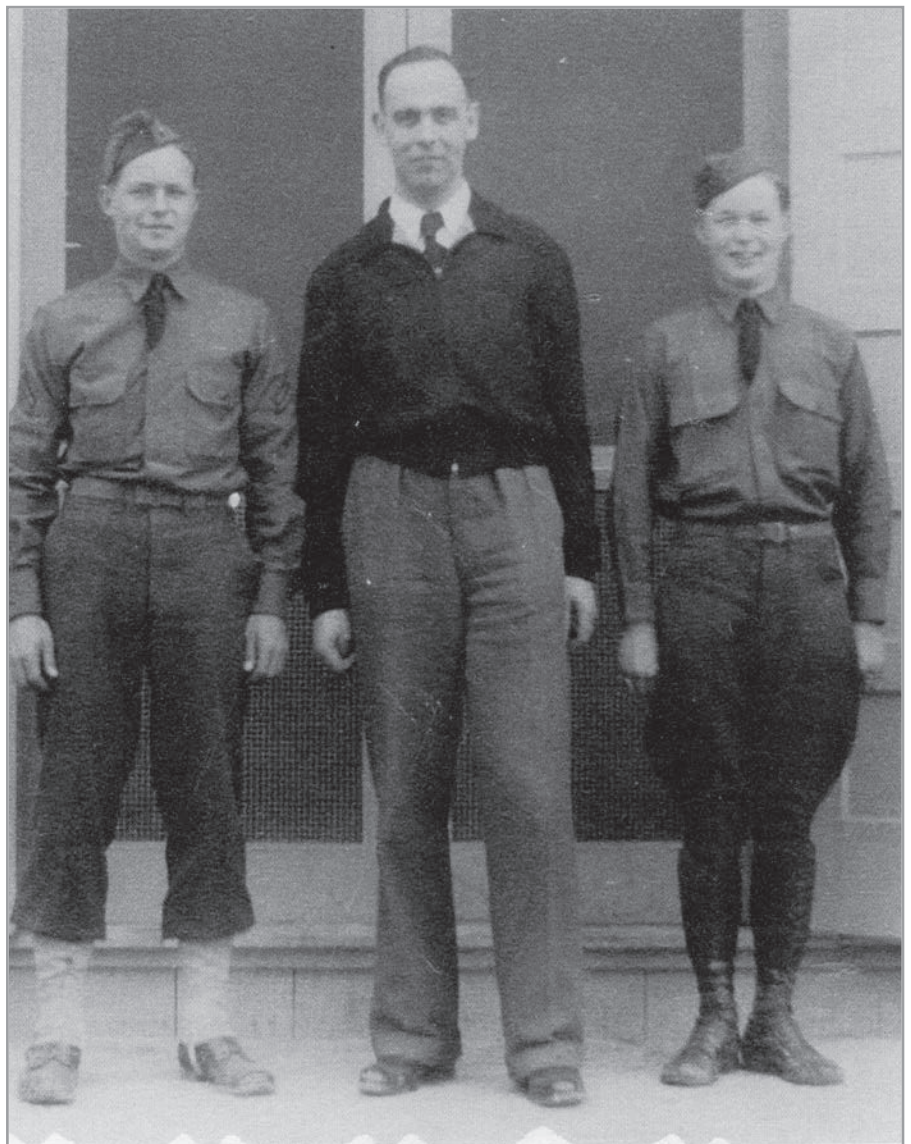
#

Same Dude?

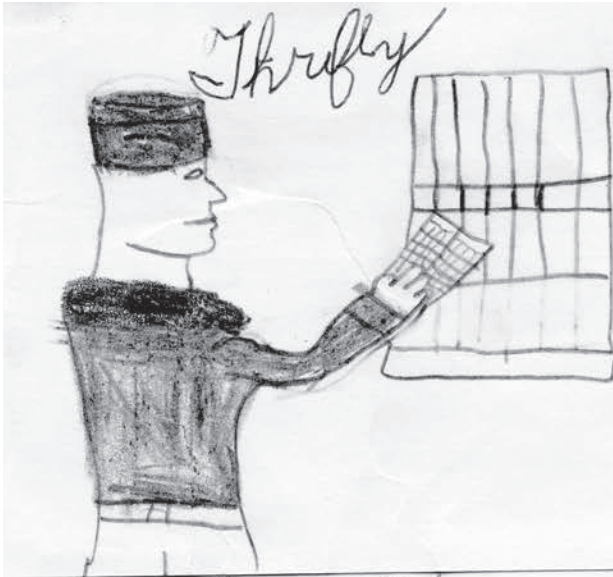
Editor: *The Wisconsin Rapids Daily Tribune* had taken notice of a man they called Rudolph Karl Wilhelm Weiler in August 1941, describing him as a tall man with fencing scars on his left cheek. The 34-year-old native of Germany said he had been a member of the Nazi party and an engineer in the German army. He claimed to be a friend of Hitler's former deputy, Rudolph Hess.

Weiler had given a speech at the Rapids Elks lodge, where he actually passed around his credentials. Because he did not want to be labeled a spy, he tried to enlist in the U.S. Army but said he was rejected by the Milwaukee selective service induction board after a physical examination.

Weiler had been trained in pulp and paper technology in Germany. A resident of the U.S. since 1937, he had been a research chemist at the NEPCO Nekoosa mill since 1939.

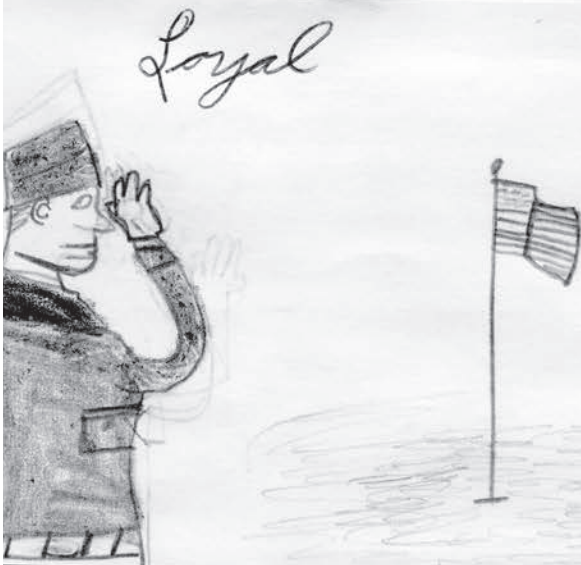


Rudolph (or Otto) Weiler flanked by Phil, left, and Bill Dittmann.
Courtesy Mimi (Mary Ann Schill) Nimitz



A scout is

- 1, Trustworthy
- 2, Loyal
- 3, Helpful
- 4, Friendly
- 5, Courteous
- 6, Kind
- 7, Obedient
- 8, Cheerful
- 9, Thrifty
- 10, Brave
- 11, Clean
- 12, Reverent



A Good Scout

We were different then; maybe everyone is, when young. Or was it the times, before MLK, JFK, RFK and LSD? As mischievously, deviously and criminally as many of us in the worst generation behaved, there had been a moral code before us and parents who were more able than we are to enforce it without hypocrisy. These items, among the effects of Uncle Dave's brother, Kenneth, who died in December 2007, speak for an innocence that may have transcended naivete.



Uncle Dave's guess is that his mother, Sally Engel, stands at left. Kenneth is at her right hand. The other lady, could it be Mrs. Loewen?



By now, you recognize Kenneth Lee Engel (1955-2007), who looked more like Uncle Dave than anyone else in the whole wide world and who was even more shy.

Confer Awards on 27 Cubs at Grove School

Twenty-seven Cub Scouts of Pack 178 were presented awards Tuesday at Grove School by Cubmaster Wayne Johnson.

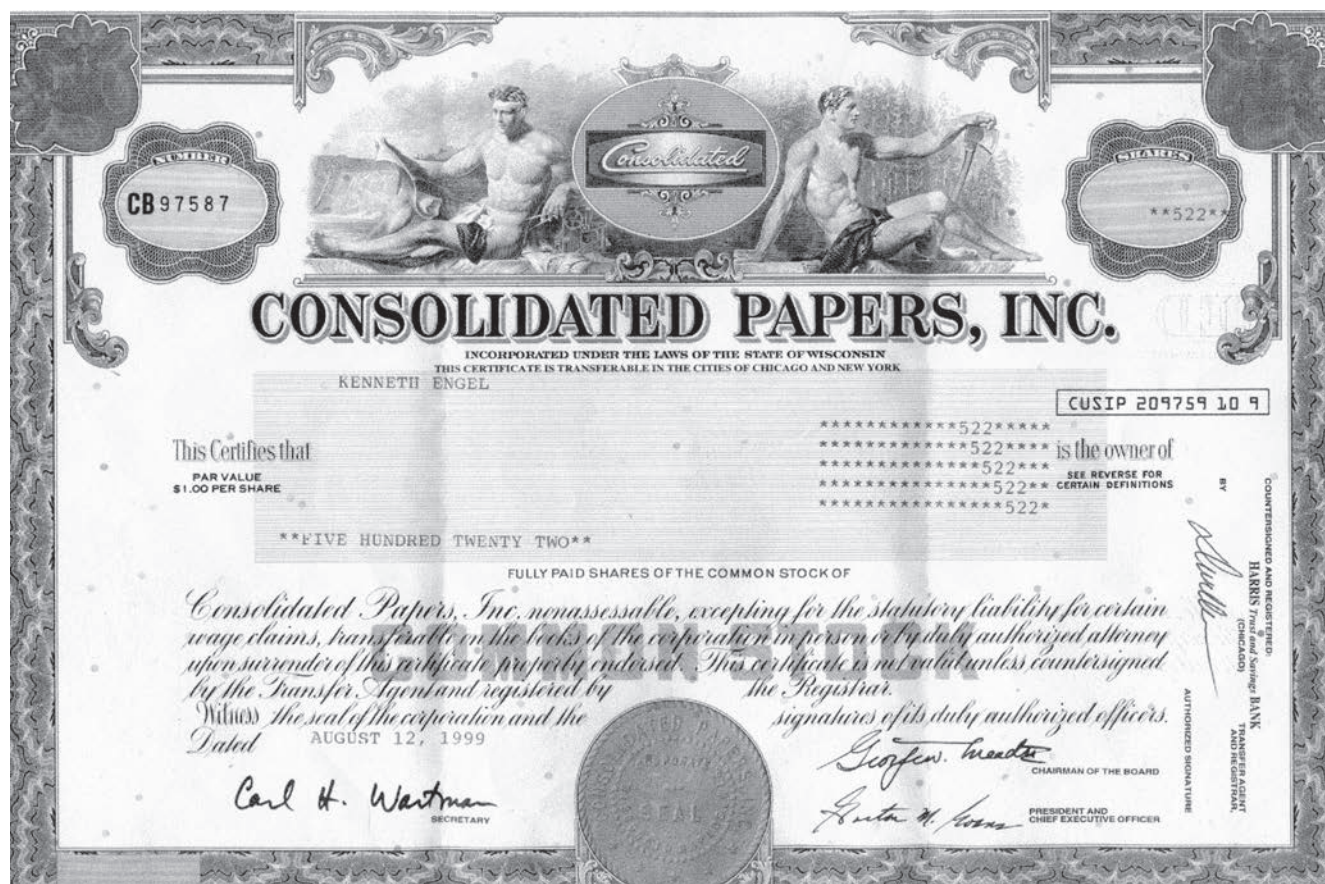
Receiving Bobcat badges were Peter Gibson, Greg Martin, Bruce Jackett, Gary Lager, Floyd Siems, Randy Polansky, Chuck Covi, Donald Carpenter, Bill Peaslee, Steven Arneson, Michael Krohn, Kirk Saeger, Mike Knutson, Mitchell Waite, David Grauvogl, Nick Knudson, Mike Greengrass and Thomas Johnson.

Other awards presented were: Bear badges — Everett Butterfield, Mark Lamb, David Cahak and Wayne Amundson (with gold arrow). Wolf badge with gold arrow — Scott Walters. Two silver arrows — Jon Urban and Mike Kinney. Gold arrows — Bob Hoogesteger and David Rasmussen.

Dear family,
Please come to
our Pack meeting,
Oct. 19 at 7:00 P.M.,
at the Grove
School. ☺

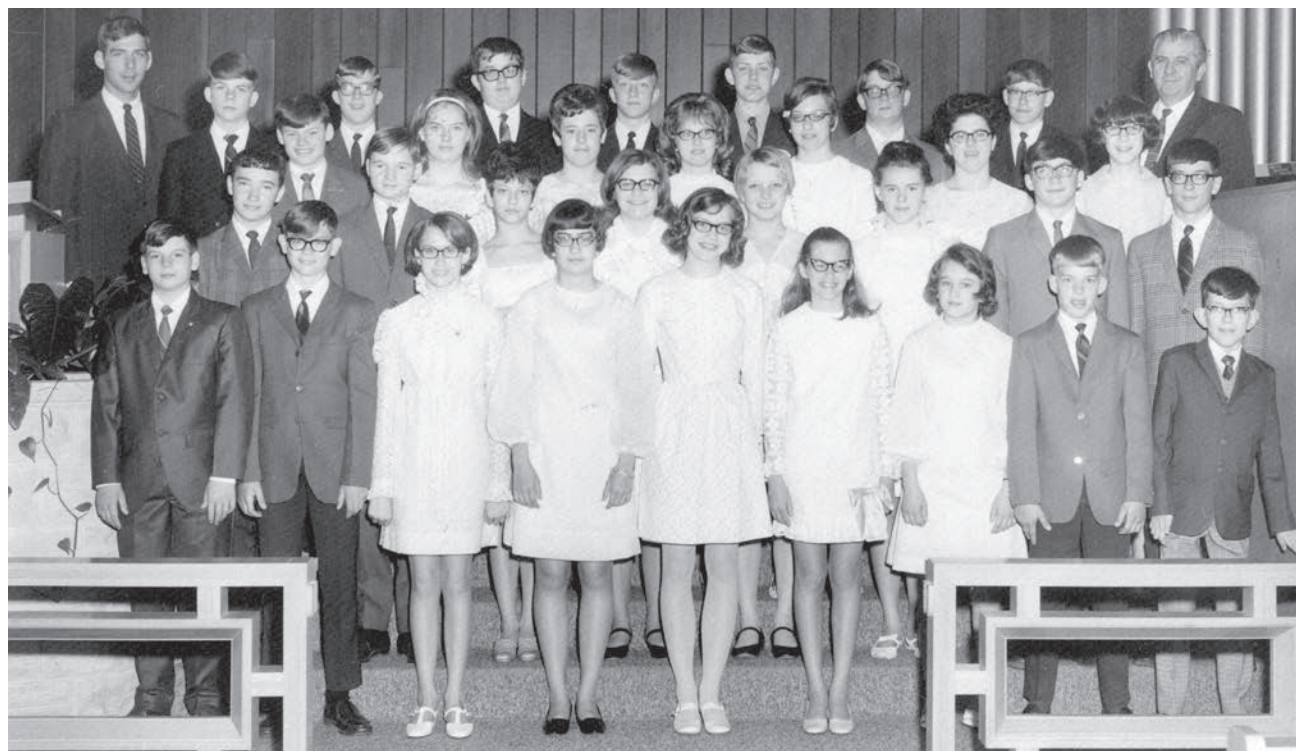
Our Den has
the flag ceremony
and a skit

Thank you
Ken Engel



Scrapbook

Who knew Consolidated was so Cosmopolitan? Stock certificate found among papers of brother Kenneth (1955-2007), who inherited it from mother Sally, who inherited it from dad Don, a proud Consolidated employee for almost 40 years.



First Methodist confirmation class, Kenneth Engel, front left. Rev. Lloyd Foster, rear right. Assistant pastor, Bruce Bartel, rear left. Bruce dated Uncle Dave's sister, Kathryn Engel. The others? They were young kids when Uncle left for college.



At First Methodist church, Wisconsin Rapids. Kenneth Engel front right.

Santa, old movies and oranges in a paper sack. Christmas at the Odd Fellows Hall, then located adjacent to the T.B. Scott Public Library (which in 1970 became the SWCHC Museum). The current home of the local Odd Fellows is the Engel Fellowship Lodge at 1930 7th St. S., named for my parents. Uncle Dave remembers his dad's pride in planning it.

Below: Could it be Sunday school? Brother Kenneth, front, second from left.



If you can find yourself in these photos, you are now about 53 years of age.

Dumb Mistakes

Who took out the "c"? Many of the email addresses listed in the previous Artifacts contained the error of an extra letter. (Also, it's Podawiltz not Podalwiltz.) Uncle Dave sez it's hard to be an editor. Almost put same photo in twice - again. Lori sez: "He's not my uncle."

Contacts

- Philip Brown, President: cranmoorkid@yahoo.com
- Uncle Dave, Editor of *Artifacts* & History Center Director: dave@swch-museum.com or kdengel@wctc.net
- Lori Brost, History Center administrator, curator, achivist, general manager, columnist, public relations director and clerical specialist: lori@swch-museum.com



Next: Class of 1965 member Chuck Hinnners has a seemingly irrational and inexplicable affection for the Lincoln High School Class of 1963. He will be following up a meticulously-researched Little League study with a report on Uncle Dave's classmates.



Museum Administrator Karen Pecher will retire after Labor Day. Thanks to Karen for many years of dedicated service.



Uncle Dave sez it's hard to be an editor. Almost put same photo in twice - again. Lori sez: "He's not my uncle."

More fun than bocce: the history game!

HOW TO PLAY

Score a year of *Artifacts* local history magazine and newsletter of the SWCHC -

Only \$15 for a membership and a year subscription. Send to 540 Third Street and be sure to include your name and address. Gift memberships welcome. Remember that Christmas comes around pretty regularly.



Bocce

A grant from Mead Witter Foundation will allow installation of a safety railing for the front steps; restore deteriorating interior window frames; and update signs. The Museum enjoys a familial relationship with Mead Witter and its Wisconsin River Papermaking Museum, housed in the former home of Stanton Mead, nephew of Isaac Witter. Uncle Isaac built and owned what is now the SWCHC Museum.

**South Wood County Historical Corp.
540 Third Street South
Wisconsin Rapids WI 54494**

NONPROFIT
ORGANIZATION
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
PERMIT NO. 31

To: