

SE - NW

NE - NW

(07)	BEN BELSING
(08)	LESLIE O STROBEL
(09)	DOCTOR EC SLENN
(10)	ARVIN L ALEINSMIE
(11)	ARTHUR F JUMB
(12)	OLEN A. SIMPSON (OW)
	ARTHUR F JUMB (LC

2 NE - NW OWNERSHIP IN NE - NW (CITY) SEC. 20
 (90) CENTRAL SALES & INVESTMENT, INC.

SE - NW

7' LME FOR SLOPES
383.50 FT (TEMP) 38

7' LME FOR SLOPES
1083.50 FT (TEMP) 39

7' LME FOR SLOPES
420.50 FT (TEMP) 40

IVAN O. INGEBRETSON
WILLIAM J. HENRY
STEPHEN D. WARNER
CARL FISHER
CLARK REALTY, INC
HOWARD E. BYMER
BENITA SCHACHT
MAROLO TREUTEL
WILLIAM L. KLUG
FREDERICK J. BEHN
DONALD A. HENNE

PI 59+46.97
I 160° 00' 2
Δ 00° 00' 2

NOTE:
SEE SHEET 4.2 FOR

NOTE:
SEE SUPPL. 4, 5, 6, 7

OWNERSHIP IN SW-NE (CITY) SEC 20

LEE OESTREICH (OWNER)
LEVI POFF (L.C.)
EDWARD W. BALLEE
SILMAN M. COOMBS
JAMES E. PIERCE
WALTER MATTHEWS
BENEDICT J. HARRINA
ALVIN P. BRAUNOBL
ALVIN P. BRAUNOBL
RAPIDS ASSOCIATES
HARLOW J. EBBE (L.C.SOP)
SINCLAIR RETINING COMP

NOTE
CITY OF WISCONSIN RAPIDS PROPOSES IN THE FUTURE TO ACQUIRE
ADDITIONAL RIGHT-OF-WAY FOR A 66 FT ROADWAY

NOTE
CITY OF WISCONSIN RAPIDS PROPOSES IN THE FUTURE TO ACQUIRE AN ADDITIONAL
RIGHT-OF-WAY FOR A CYCLE ROADWAY

WISCONSIN

$$\begin{array}{r} 56 + 07.44 \\ 10\cancel{2} + 00 \end{array}$$

SW - NE

THE LINE REFERRED TO AS THE REFERENCE LINE IS THE NORTH AND SOUTH LINE OF SECTIONS 20 AND 21.

LINE

Figure 1

W - NE

1	2	3
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RAPIDS ASSOCIATES
HARLOW J. EBBE, LESSOR
SINCLAIR REFINING COMP.
— DONALD ENGLEBRIGHT

- IRON PIPE
- CONCRETE

- IRON PIPE
- CONCRETE

NOTE: BEARINGS SHOWN ON THIS PLAT ARE THE TRUE BEARINGS OF EACH TANGENT TO THE NEAREST MINUTE

— DONALD ENGLEBRIGHT



Looking south past 8th and Chestnut streets in the 1950s

"I walked that street all the time to go to the movie or on my paper route. It had been more of a rural residential neighborhood, with a few businesses interspersed," Dave Patrykus said. "Usually, traffic was light."

The street was rural enough to resound with the rhythms of the Gray sawmill, west of Two Mile School. "While Mr. Gray was sawing, you wouldn't hear anything else in school," said Patrykus. "The sound the blade made hitting the wood, when the logs went back on the carriage, was like a cymbal."

Much of the acreage along 8th Street was woodland. "I can still close my eyes and picture the way it looked those growing-up years," Patrykus said.

On the southeast corner of Two Mile and 8th Street was the grocery store run first by Fred Klein, then by a sausage maker named Louis Czyworski and later by the Stamel family. "I was in love with their daughter, Rose," said Patrykus.

On the southwest corner of Two Mile was a residence rumored to once have been a tavern and/or gas station. It now houses Terry Wolfe Realty. A beautiful old frame home on the west side of 8th Street, near Township Avenue, was surrounded by little log cabins known as "Cook's Cabins." One cabin was moved to Clyde Avenue, where it still stands.

Next door was a little log gasoline station called Black Eagle Gas. "I used to stop and bum a cigarette there from Jim Pearson," Patrykus said.

On the east side of 8th Street, on the corner of Township, was a house with a bait shop in the basement, where Patrykus bought his fishing license. He was charmed when the owner's wife signed his license, "Blossom" Glick, said Patrykus.

North of Glick's was the popular Margeson's Grocery, one of many corner-type groceries of the time. The white, flat-roofed building had gasoline pumps in front.

Moving up the street toward town, Patrykus passed Calvi's Bowlmor Lanes on the right and, to the left, the Woodlawn Tavern, a quiet place back in the pine trees.

Where Foerster's restaurant now stands was a big house set back off the road among towering elm trees. "I never knew who lived there," said Patrykus.

The first big motel in Rapids was the stone building now known as the Midway Motel, 3010 8th St.

S. "Pasquale's, at that time, was the Hawaiian Bar," he said.

The garage of the Alfred Reddick house remains as an office for Brostrom-Kickert Chevrolet Inc.'s used-car sales. A root beer stand once across Clyde Avenue from Johnny's Rapids Inn was moved to Dexterville, where it is now.

Patrykus' boyhood home was on east Two Mile Avenue. A later house he lived in stood on the site the Burger King parking lot.

His parents' house, when he got out of the service, was moved from the present Rocky Rococo location to a lot behind Wranglers. He remembered it having been sold for \$10,000.

Where the railroad tracks are pictured, now the Riverview Expressway crosses. On the west side of 8th, between the crossing and Daly Avenue on the west, there had been a robbery at Bean's grocery in the late 1940's. "My brothers and I thought that was really exciting," said Patrykus. "It was the first honest-to-God robbery we had ever known about."

The old photos evoke and confirm memories. "How wooded it is along there," said Patrykus. "I remember the shade of those big elm trees as I walked along on a hot summer day."

Behind the Towne and Country shopping center were corn fields and pheasant hunting. The shopping center was a field where Patrykus saw circuses. "That's where I saw my first geek," he said. "They called him a wild man from Borneo, and he bit the head off a chicken. It seems, sometimes, as though none of it ever happened. I can remember watching the steam engines cross on the tracks and, when I was a kid lying in bed at night, you'd hear that long whistle as it came across the marsh from Bancroft. On the right kind of still night, you could hear it whistle at each crossing, at Highway W, 48th Street, at 16th Street, at 8th Street."

Then the train was gone, like old 8th Street, "like a dream that just faded away into the mist," said Patrykus.

The photos here are part of a sequence taken on a rainy day in 1949, through the windshield of a southbound Pontiac, with its mileage gauge obscuring the view. Other views were taken in the mid-1950s. Poor photographic quality is not the only reason we do not recognize many familiar features. There aren't many features left to discern.



1. Dewey Street intersection



5. Site of Foerster's restaurant, left



2. Riverview Expressway Intersection



6. Two Mile School, Snack Shack on right



3. Site of Shopko Plaza, left



7. Site of K-mart, right



4. Towne & Country Shopping Center site, left



8. John & Ruby's on right (1949)

Day of Living Dangerously



August 22, 1951

“Heart of the Rockies”

The boy

Can't pass the smell of popcorn without wanting to get to the show. Roy Rogers and Trigger: “The Heart of the Rockies.” Shoot a bullet out of the air. Roy Rogers is the best. Roy Rogers and “Rex, King of the Wild Horses.” Lightning action. Thundering drama. News and Cartoons.

Better not ask Dad, after what he did to the car.

“Mom, can I have a dime to go to the show at the Palace Saturday? It's Roy Rogers.”

(The boy does not know the block to his left soon will be history.)

Living Dangerously

Man in car ('Junior')

Radio works. Hate to junk a car with a good radio. Tribune: "Prices slashed—come and get 'em for \$75." If you can buy a good car for less than two weeks' pay, why get the old one fixed? "All cars in runnable condition."

Radio works good as ever. 10:25 news: "Current vogue for stock car and hot rod races . . . sweeping the country like wild-fire . . . might be all right in its place . . . highways infested with an increasing number of those who indulge in living dangerously. An incident of this nature took place outside our own community just last week-end with the arrest of a youth

driving 86 miles an hour in a dense fog.

"Teen-agers in increasing numbers are using dope, with many already confirmed addicts . . . shoplifting . . . burglary . . . prostitution . . . robbery. Narcotics officers say the practice exists in small towns as well as big cities, and that it is spreading. Bribes to control scores of games starting in New York City—finally the story of a broken code of honor at West Point."

"Four main sources of danger . . . parents themselves and a lack of discipline . . . fear of another great war . . . examples set by entertainment and sports figures . . . more powerful channels of information."

Shame to get rid of a car with this good a radio.

Hammersbach's—Oak Street and Third. He could walk right on over and "see your friendly Ford Dealer!" Prices slashed—come and get 'em for \$75.

1937 Chevrolet 2-Door Sedan

1939 Hudson 4-Door Coupe

1936 Ford Coupe

1947 Comet Motor Scooter

1931 Model A Tudor

1937 DeSoto 4-Door Sedan

Would get over to Fischer's and buy a Harley if it weren't for the little woman. 10:30, WFHR: "Queen for a Day." He shouts, "Hey Walt, cold enough for ya!"

(The man in the car doesn't know the block in front of him is about to disappear.)

Un-American Activities

Man crossing street

So they're going to build that atomic submarine. That's good. You can't have enough nuke-ya-ler weapons. McCarthy's got the right idea. The range, the speed. Reds, you can't trust 'em, not here, not in Korea. Got that Communist writer up to the Un-American activities committee. Chinks coming over the ridge, our boys' guns so hot they're cherry red. McCarthy's got the right idea. The range, speed of a nuke-ya-ler-powered vehicle. Awful cold for August. City council finally says it's all right to go ahead and tear down the block. Orientals don't care if they live or die. Tried to give the contract for salvage to that bunch from Fond du Lac. It's

their religion. Glad I wore this shirt. McCarthy's got the right idea. Talk about Communists. Tear down the block. What about that city council? Wouldn't hurt to investigate right here in Millville, Podunk Rapids, River City. School's full of 'em. What about that Daily Tribune? Wouldn't hurt to take a look there, too. Daily Worker's more like it. A few more atomic submarines and Russia's going to think twice. Not to mention China. Another couple weeks and that whole river bank's gonna be cleaned up. About time. McCarthy? He's got the right idea.

"Hey Junior. I see you smashed up your car again."

(The man crossing the street knows.)



Jackson Street Bridge

The woman

Gambles: Linoleum throw rugs, 9 cents; bug deflectors, 67 cents. Junior would like a bug deflector. Coronado refrigerator, \$158; save \$40. When Junior gets in the mill, a new refrigerator. Johnson & Hill's: Unlined rayon suits, \$17.95 to \$24.95 values, only \$10. Seersucker sunsuits, 66 cents. Girls' swim suits, 99 cents. But it has been so cold. Next year is another year. How big will Betty be then? One rack of better dresses, ½ price. Cotton sunback dresses, values to \$2.98, only 20 left, \$1.33. Entire stock of summer sports wear half price: shorts, pedal pushers, slacks, halters, sport bras. But it has been so cold. She

could buy for herself. She wouldn't change much in a year. T-shirts, midriff sets, beach bags, entire stock of summer sports wear. Johnson & Hill's just a couple blocks across the Jackson Street Bridge if Junior can get the car started (it hasn't run right since the accident); otherwise walk.

"All I hear is Roy Rogers. Do you have to go to see Roy Rogers each and every Saturday? Some day, you will see there is more to life than picture shows."

(The woman does not know that the block to her left will disappear shortly nor does it strike her that there is not yet a Jackson Street Bridge.)

"All in a Golden Afternoon



The girl

There are two choices and Roy Rogers is not one of them. At the Rapids, "Show Boat," starring Kathryn Grayson as Magnolia, Ava Gardner as Julie and Howard Keel as Gaylord Ravenal. With Joe E. Brown, Marge and Gower Champion. From a musical by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II. Based on Edna Ferber's best-selling novel. Technicolor. The Cranboree is not a choice because it is not for a month yet, if it doesn't get too, too cold. Karen, Crescence, Leona, Gerry, Elaine, Arlene, Kathryn: one of them will be queen of the city. The contest at the Rapids theater, a winner chosen for personality, poise and appearance, to compete with girls from other central Wisconsin communities for queen of it all, for queen of the Cranboree. Memorized for future reference.

And, at the Wisconsin: "Alice in Wonderland."

"Very Good Advice."

"Twas Brillig."

"The Unbirthday Song."

"I'm Late."

"All in a Golden Afternoon."

"Mom, I absolutely refuse to go to Roy Rogers again."

(Although she senses something profound will happen soon, the girl does not know that the buildings to her left are about to vanish.)

Krumrei: Working

According to family history told to Otto Krumrei, a band of German immigrants owed their new world passage in the 1880s to a kind of Grimm brothers subterfuge.

Krumrei's parents, Herman and Wilhelmina, had been peasant farmers in Germany, who kept a small house, a pig, some chickens, an almost inadequate amount of chicken feed and an even smaller salary.

There seemed to be no opportunities to better those circumstances or even to escape from them until a clever man named Knuth came along. Knuth also worked on the farm, but what was special about him was that he held the key to the granary.

With that key, said Krumrei, Knuth was able to open the granary and take away enough grain for collaborators outside the farm to secretly fatten pigs that did not belong to the rich landowner. With the money raised from the sale of those pigs, Otto's parents and their friends were able to buy tickets for a new life in Wood County.

Other families from the same area who came here included Saeger, Sprafka, Hanneman and Teske, said Krumrei.

When they arrived, Herman and Wilhelmina Krumrei bought 60 acres north of Chestnut Street, between 16th and 20th streets.

At age 16, with his working career well under way, Otto would walk east on Chestnut to Bat O'Day's, where he would hitch a horse to a wagon, load up a plow and go around town cultivating gardens.

Bat liked horses, horses and more horses, said Krumrei. He fed them plenty of grain and hay. But, if a horse didn't want to work, O'Day had no mercy on him or her. "If a horse didn't want to pull," said Krumrei, "Bat would tie a rope around the horse's neck and hook another team up to it. That team would pull the lazy horse all the way around the field."

Another summer job Krumrei experienced was at the MacKinnon hub and spoke factory, a local company that manufactured wheels and wagons. "They used to get these round blocks of birch, maple or oak. They were turned down for a hub that weighed 50 or 60 pounds. You picked them up and reamed a hole in them. The next guy would put a rod in, turn them rough

and the next guy trimmed it to look like a hub."

MacKinnon's son, Reggie, also helped manage the factory. Krumrei said Reggie was married to a Buckstaff girl from Oshkosh. Reggie was a partner with the Buckstaffs in a coffin factory to which MacKinnon's shipped cull lumber, such as that with "dry rot" from the hub and spoke, to be made into caskets.

After attending school at old Howe and old Lincoln, and working for a short time in the wood rooms of the Grand Rapids and Biron paper mills, Krumrei went to the Wisconsin Valley Creamery, which was near the present Daily Tribune building.

Wisconsin Valley, run by Paul Pratt and Walter Wood, produced casein



from skim milk by thickening it and drying it on trays. Krumrei's job was to run the casein through a grinder and bag it in preparation for shipping.

Later, Krumrei helped with the construction of the Mead-Witter block. There, he put red coloring in the concrete as it was being mixed, poured floors and installed the black cement base in the washrooms and entrance ways. "Old Isaac Witter came in one day, watching me put down tile and rub down the grout with a gunny sack," said Krumrei. Witter asked, "How'd you like to come to work for me?"

Krumrei said he didn't know if he wanted to or not.

Witter said to come some day to the First National Bank, of which Witter was president, and they would talk it over.

Krumrei soon went to the bank,

talked it over, and that's how he started working for Witter, in 1927, as gardener and chauffeur.

In the first two winters, Krumrei drove the Witters to St. Petersburg, Fla., where they stayed three months. After that, the Witters bought a house in Beverly Hills and wintered in California.

His first trip out, said Krumrei, he and his wife drove from Wisconsin, where there was no snow at that time. It was New Year's Eve and dark in California. "We had a hell of a time finding our way up to Beverly Hills and then it was snowing," said Krumrei.

From that time until 1941, the Krumreis worked for the Witters at their 3rd Street home in the summers and accompanied them to California in the winters.

Issac Witter died in 1942. "After that, I couldn't get along with Mrs. Witter so I quit and went to work for Preway," said Krumrei.

He stayed at Preway just for the winter. In spring, Krumrei began driving a truck for the Gilmaster company.

"We had our own mixer in those days. It was my job feeding it. They had iron wheels on the wheelbarrows then. We had to put down planks to get around."

The Petersons were awarded the contract to build the low-security prisoner of war camp at the Tri-City airport. "We poured the concrete floors and built barracks, said Krumrei. "A bunch of German prisoners was there. They weren't doing much. They looked like anyone else: khaki pants and shirts."

Krumrei said new lumber was used to make forms for pouring the concrete. One day, he went to an old pile of junk to get scrap for stakes when one of the military officers approached him and said, "What are you going to do?"

"Make some stakes."

"No, this is junk. There is new lumber piled over there."

"Then can I have some of this old stuff to take home?"

"No," answered the officer. Instead, the wood pile was burned shortly thereafter.

"That was government," said Krumrei.

The Envy of Third Street

Although she would spend much of her adult life with the rich and gracious, Christine Andres Gloden didn't learn English until she got to grade school.

Christine started school at a little red schoolhouse near Rudolph. The teacher, she said, felt compassion for her and her brother, Vic, because they couldn't speak English.

In winter, automobiles were hung up in sheds and the two children had to walk the snowy roads of Rudolph township, all the while hearing the sounds of wild animals. "Don't be afraid, Chris," said Vic, only slightly larger. "The first deer or bear that comes around, I'll put my fist down his throat."

After school consolidation, Christine was bussed to Rudolph village by a horse-drawn wagon. In eighth grade, she transferred to the brand new St. Philip's Catholic School.

"We couldn't play outside because we had to pick up the nails and stones," she said.

Father Philip Wagner of St. Philip's spent a lot of time at the Andres house. "When you saw him go to Stevens Point in the morning, you knew he would drop by at noon because Mother always had something good to eat. Every year, he took the graduating class down to his home town in Iowa. In summer, he would pick us up and take us fishing in Linwood."

Christine started high school at Rudolph but did not graduate. She was too busy helping at home.

When she was 17, Christine went to Milwaukee to work at Briggs and Stratton until she found she needed to be 18 years old.

"What shall I do?" she asked Father Wagner.

"I can't help you," he said. "You cannot lie."

Christine went to work for a men's clothing store as a seamstress. During the Depression, suits sold for a

dollar down and a dollar a week, she said. Although she liked her Jewish employers, Christine had to go home in spring to help her mother on the farm. In summer, she fell in love and didn't go back to Milwaukee.

That was when Isaac Witter came to Rudolph looking for a girl who could cook and be a companion to himself and his wife, Charlotte, at their 3rd Street home.

Christine decided to accept Witter's proposal. She wanted to get away from the farm and all the other farms that called on her to wash and iron every time somebody had a baby. At the Witters, she wouldn't have to wash. Annie Peterson did that. And she wouldn't have to vacuum. Otto Krumrei or August Kauth vacuumed.

Her work for the Witters began in 1925. "Mr. Witter made me feel at home right away," said Christine. She said she and the other "girl," Elsie Kester, were not called "maids" and that they were treated well. Every afternoon and evening, after meals, was free for recreation.

"We were the envy of the girls on 3rd Street," she said. "Lots of times Mrs. Witter would say, 'Why don't you girls go swimming this afternoon?'"

In a typical day, Christine would carry, at 8 a.m., a cup of hot water and the juice of half a lemon to Witter. Half an hour later, Mrs. Witter would have a piece of toast and a cup of coffee. As he did every morning, Witter would have a cup of tea and a powdered sugar doughnut.

At 9 a.m., Witter would take his horse out for a ride. About 9:30, Christine would go upstairs and plan the menu for the day, after which Mrs. Witter would come down and play the piano or go for a walk.

After riding, Witter would go to his First National Bank for an hour or so, returning to the bank for a short while in the afternoon.

Although the Witters did not partake of alcoholic beverages, they liked to entertain. In the third-floor ballroom were big dances. Caterers from Milwaukee came up on the train with food in big containers. Bands played for such guests as the Brazeaus, MacKinnons and Alexanders.

Christine worked for the Witters until her marriage in 1934. She went back again with her daughter, Leeann, and husband, Wilfred. The Glodens lived with the Witters until Leeann was ready for kindergarten.

Mr. and Mrs. Witter, said Christine, spent a lot of time with Leeann. The young girl liked to take Witter up in the elevator.

But Mrs. Witter took too good care of Christine's daughter. "If I would slap Leeann, she would say, 'Oh, Christine...'"

In earlier years, Witter had watched over Christine with the same solicitude. "Mr. Witter wouldn't tolerate anyone getting fresh with me," she said.

One night after a dance, Christine parked at the bottom of the back lawn with her date, who went by the sobriquet of Big Ears.

As young men were wont to do in those days, Big Ears got fresh. As young ladies were urged to respond, Christine jumped out of the car and ran up the rose arbor path. Big Ears got out of the car to follow but tangled with the rose bushes. Witter, who slept on the open-windowed sun porch, poked his head out.

"I'm going to come down and help you, Christine," he called, "even though I'm in my pajamas."

"I've seen you in your pajamas before," said Christine.

Bootless chivalry need not be summoned, however. Christine skipped unmolested through the back doorway as Big Ears continued to flounder helplessly in the bushes behind the big house on 3rd Street.

D.R. Mead

Three times a year or more, D. Richard Mead of Miami, Fla., returns here to what was once his home.

Mead, since 1968 a member of the board of directors of Consolidated Papers Inc., lived in our city from 1917 to 1922. At that time, his father, D. Ray Mead, worked for Consolidated Water Power & Paper Co., which was under the control of Ray's brother, George W. Mead.

Dick Mead's own career has been in the construction trade. At first building houses, he progressed to small offices and apartments. From 1930 until 1975, he engaged in banking. As the depression came to an end, he formed D.R. Mead & Co., a mortgage concern he sold out in 1971. He subsequently opened what became the second largest insurance agency in south Florida which he sold out in 1982.

Mead, born Sept. 17, 1899, told me something about his family, about G.W. Mead I, and about Wisconsin Rapids.

In his words:

The seven children in the Mead family included my father, D. Ray Mead and my Uncle George. They all lived in Chicago through the fire of 1871.

My grandfather, Darius Mead, owned a lumber yard between State Street and Wabash, one block north of Marshall Field's. It would be worth a fortune today but, after the Chicago fire, it was flat as this room. My grandfather lost everything he had and died two years after the fire.

My grandmother moved the family to Galena where my grandfather had some interest in a lead mine. Somebody got it away from Grandmother, and it didn't work out at all.

After about two years, the family moved to Rockford, where Father's sister, Ruth Mead, had a chance to be a school teacher. They lived at the northeast corner of 2nd Street and Hill.

The oldest brother, Frank Mead, left home, but he may have helped out with the finances. I'm sure Aunt Hattie helped. Father worked and Uncle George worked. They got into

selling Bibles house to house. Father said they made quite a lot of money.

Father (born 1868) went through high school and then went to work. Uncle George attended Beloit College. He could take the interurban line the 18 miles from Rockford. The last two years, he went to Wisconsin, where he graduated.

After that, he and Father were in the furniture business in Rockford. Then Uncle George came up here and, later, Father sold it out. There were three stores at the time. Shortly thereafter, he went to work for Consolidated. In 1922, he decided to retire and went back to Rockford.



The furniture store in Rockford was at South Main Street at Chestnut, in the Mead Building.

Stanton Mead is a year younger than I am. Walter Mead was a year younger than my brother, Budge. I knew both of them when I was a child and visited often in Grand Rapids.

In the early years, the George Mead family lived on 3rd Street. They kept two horses in a barn behind the house. They also had two big, hairy dogs. I was scared to death of those dogs.

Sometimes, Uncle George would take us to the mill. That was a great thing for a kid 10 or 12 years old. He knew all the workers and would talk

to anybody.

The George Mead family were very religious. They wouldn't let their children play on Sunday.

My family was not that strict. If I went to Sunday school, or church, I could do anything I wanted to the rest of the day. I could go ice skating.

We moved to Grand Rapids in 1917. My father worked for the company. He built the Stevens Point dam, power plant and mill.

That was while I was going to college. In the summers, I worked at Stevens Point in charge of all incoming materials for the dam. The big thing that was coming was sand and gravel and cement.

In those days, all cement came in 90-pound bags. You had to unload the train car, put the cement in the warehouse, take it out and put it over to the mixing machine. They hoisted it 75 feet in the air and put it in a trough and ran it across to the dam.

When I worked in the mill, I lived in Stevens Point and came home weekends on the Green Bay & Western. We called it, "Grab your bag and walk."

I knew everybody on the railroad. I got on the caboose and never paid anybody. I'd get off on the main road and telephone the family to pick me up.

We lived on 3rd Street. On family occasions, Uncle George's family would come to our house for lunch or dinner, or we would go to their house on the island. We had a nice home, but it wasn't anywhere near as fancy as George Mead's.

In 1927, Uncle George started the Port Authur mill. He decided he wanted to build a new paper mill, and he built it. He got a chance to sell it, and he sold it for all cash. He didn't ask anybody. That was just before the Depression. If he hadn't sold it for cash, he probably wouldn't have got paid.

For his time, Uncle George was more successful than anybody I knew. He ran a one-man company, and it was most successful. He could have gone broke rather than made all the money.

Stanton's Own Story

The ancestry of the Meads is a little foggy. My grandfather, Darius, died when my father was young. They were in Chicago at the time. Later, for a while, they lived in Galena. Then they moved to Rockford. That's where my grandmother brought up my father, George Mead.

I think there were seven children. The oldest was a boy. He ditched them and went out West, where he founded quite a destiny.

Ruth, the oldest daughter, was a schoolteacher who never married. She kept the family together.

My father, George, was next to the bottom in age. Walter, the youngest, died of scarlet fever at the age of 7.

In retrospect, I wonder how anyone got along. Pop peddled Bibles, dictionaries and encyclopedias, and stuff like that. He was quite a salesman.

He was great pals with this brother, Ray, the next older. We were close with that family.

My father was kind of proud that he went to college, first to Beloit, then to the University of Wisconsin. At Wisconsin, he joined Theta Delta Chi and roomed with Isaac P. Witter, the son of Jere D. Witter.

Aunt Ruth helped him through while she stayed in Rockford and took care of my grandmother.

In 1899, Father married Ruth Witter. She went down and lived in Rockford for two years, where Pop and Uncle Ray were running the Mead furniture store.

Pop

I was born in 1900 and named after a fella named Stanton whom Aunt Sarah on the Witter side had married. My brother, Walter, was born in 1903; Emily, in 1905.

My mother's father, J.D. Witter, was an entrepreneur of all types. They say that, out in Rudolph, almost every farm had a mortgage to J.D. Witter at one time.

People said that J.D. was a very genuine type of guy. He wasn't

exactly compatible with my father. He used to tease him a little bit. That made Pop mad.

J.D. died in 1902. My Uncle Isaac was busy with his bank and other affairs. He didn't want to monkey with this water power company. It had drifted down to Nels Johnson and J.D. Witter pretty much. So Pop came up from Rockford, fresh as paint, and got this thing going.

Wasn't he adventuresome? It all turned out so well because he didn't hold back on anything. He had guts. No matter what anyone wanted to do, he would do it.

They didn't have any problem in 1904. In those days, people wanted paper. You offered it and they ran for it. You didn't have to have a sales department.

He always talked about his pals, the builders. He would find out somebody who knew how to do something, and he'd get them. There was a good one on dams, and a good one on paper machines. Pop always liked to get his face right into it. He was down in the pits and every place like that.

Third Street

We lived on 3rd Street, in a house that is now divided into two houses.

There were no residences on 4th Street. That's where the Witter barn was. Just past 4th was open country. People kept cows back there. The farmer that lived there wasn't on a street. He was in the middle of a field.

I went to kindergarten in the original Lincoln. Miss Quinn was the teacher. We walked to Howe for grade school.

My brother, Walter, had a lot of personality, and he was smart, aggressive and confident. I was more shy.

There was no rivalry between us. We didn't pick things that brought us into controversy. Walter and I were particularly chummy when we were young.

Emily had polio, and that was an awful setback. She had quite a group of girlfriends, and she went strong for dolls. We were on the island at that time, and she had her room covered with dolls.

We saw a lot of the Gibsons. Uncle Isaac's brother-in-law, Dick Gibson, lived across the street. They had four boys.

On 2nd Street, there were the Johnstons, a big family. The Mullens, the Eggerts and Eddie Skinner would come by the house, and we'd all go out in the back field and play baseball.

Neil Conway was my particular pal. He had a pony. Did we ever ride up and down 3rd Street! In wet weather, 3rd Street was so deep in mud you couldn't walk in it.

Grandma Witter lived until 1914. At one time, she had been in a house where the museum is now. Isaac wanted to build his own house there, so he built a house across the street for her, the house Dennis Conway bought. Isaac tore the old house down to build what is now the museum.

Accident

Around 1910, Father had an accident that almost killed him. He was driving a church party down Vine Street with a team and a sleigh. Pop was always talking to beat hell with somebody. He wasn't paying any attention to what happened.

The horses swung wide around the corner at 2nd Street. They threw that sleigh against the curb, and Pop hit the curb with his legs and split right up inside of him. They thought he was done.

They shipped him down to Milwaukee to Dr. Hays. During that period, my mother stayed in Milwaukee, and they farmed us out. Mrs. Pease, on The Island, got me. They had built a house there in 1908.

After the accident, Pop was kind of weak. He didn't work very hard for a year or two.





Stanton, George, Walter

The Island

On the 4th of July, 1912, we moved to The Island. The carpenters had been burning something in the furnace, and all the radiators were hot. That housewarming has been a joke in the family for years.

On Sundays, we drove to church in an open carriage behind a team. Afterwards, we would go for a ride in the country.

We went to the Congregational Church, although the Witters had been Methodists.

Mrs. Pease was the Sunday school instructor. She kind of taught the poise of the social life. There always was a strong bond with that Sunday school bunch: Jimmy Sayles, Louis and Lyle Gross, Del Rowland, Art Gazeley.

Our house was buzzing with people our age. I think my brother, Walter, and my sister, Emily, had more friends than I did.

We always had a card game. Mother liked cribbage. We had a lot of fun with "Oh Hell" for a while.

There was a big playroom over the garage. Basketball, weight pullers, a rack with Indian clubs that you threw around. We had parties up there with our friends.

Dad played golf. Some of his fisherman friends would take him out. He did some hunting.

He was quite a reader. I remember him reading, "Can Fanny fan Dan? Fanny can fan Dan."

After my second year at Lincoln High School, the folks decided I ought to have some fancy schooling. They sent me out to Hotchkiss in Lakeville, Conn. I graduated there in 1918, intending to go to Yale in the fall.

Instead, the Army took over Yale and called it the Student Army Training Corps. After my 18th birthday on Sept. 2, 1918, I enrolled. They kicked us out Dec. 15, when the war got over.

Company Clerk

At Yale, I took a pre-med course

and graduated in 1922. After graduation, I went to work for Consolidated as a clerk in the invoicing department.

We shipped carloads of newsprint to Rockford, Ill., Tulsa, Okla., and all around. I made out the invoices and bills of lading, and the shipping. I kept track of the contracts.

I thought I was doing all right but the family decided they wanted to take a cruise to the Mediterranean and I should go with them.

In 1922 and 1923, I was in the office. I went to the laboratory at Biron in 1924.

While I worked in the technical department at the Biron division, for some reason, I kept getting on 11 to 7. It would have been all right, but I couldn't sleep at home in the daytime. After nine weeks, with almost no sleep, I just went to pieces.

The family didn't worry too much about it. I was wondering what to do. George C. Schneider, who was in charge of timber lands in Canada, said I should go up there and live with Gus Lind.

Canada

We had bought a forest tract from the Algoma Central railroad. It had to be cruised, which means estimating the timber. Father got Gus Lind to go up there with a crew of 16 people.

They lived in tents during 40-below weather and walked through the woods and cruised it. It took a year and part of another year.

That was north of Sault St. Marie. The closest store was at Franz, but there wasn't any settlement to speak of. The patronage was from trappers and people living out in the woods.

The cruiser had to walk eight or 10 miles through the woods and call on various camps. He needed a compassman who could pick out a route and stick to it. That was my job.

We lived in tents. Part of the year, we had a dog team. Sometimes we'd go along the Algoma Central to a section house and ask if we could throw a robe on the floor and sleep.

I enjoyed it. I always like down-to-earth jobs. I love everything about wood and trees.

The Ashland Hoist

After living in the Canadian woods in 1924 and 1925, I had a job running the Ashland hoist. We shipped pulpwood across Lake Superior to Ashland. A tug would bring the raft in and tie it up. We'd load it out with the hoist.

I don't know what came over me up there. I let myself get run down and got a disease called erysipelas. I had a 104 fever for a week and damn near died. Antibiotics cure it, but we didn't have penicillin. I ended up a wilt, hardly able to walk.

While working on the hoist, I met my first wife. She had come to Ashland from Milwaukee to visit her aunt. I was friendly with her aunt's son. "I see you have a fair visitor," I told him.

Her name was Dorothy Elizabeth Williams. We got married in Oconomowoc, at her family's summer cottage.

Cross Purposes

When we came back from a honeymoon in Europe, the Meads and Witters were all in a scramble. They had got into a terrible family quarrel.

I wasn't involved so intricately as the rest of the family. I felt a lot of sympathy for the Witters. Uncle Isaac was a peach. Everything good in town was touched by him.

It seems Pop had given Walter, my brother, some authority at the Biron mill about the same time they took away the duties of my cousin, Jere Witter. It bothered my Uncle Isaac that they hadn't treated Jere correctly.

My dad was also at cross purposes with general manager George Berkeley. Pop could be hard to get along with unless you were obsequious.

Berkey was a modern administrator and a powerful personality in his own right. He resigned as part of the deal. He thought they were going to



cripple Consolidated because all the good people were going to leave.

Berkey had left and the Witters were out when I returned. Pop was left trying to run the joint. I was thrust into a higher level than I expected—I hadn't had any training in administration.

It was more informal than today. I handled all types of assignments as kind of a legman for Pop. Pop had certain pals that did more than I did to run the mill.

My brother, Walter, was actually the power. He had it in him. He was assertive. He was more like my dad. He took over the sales department.

When Pop ran for senator in 1928, my father-in-law, Burt Williams, came up to Wisconsin Rapids to manage the campaign against Bob La Follette Jr.

So Pop chased around campaigning. In the end, he got about a third of the vote and an ulcer.

In 1923, they had bought the Cur-

rent River pulp mill at Port Arthur, Ontario, for a bargain price. For several years, they shipped pulp to our Rapids paper mill.

Being a great builder, Dad put up a paper mill at Port Arthur, in 1927, and we got way in debt. Shortly afterwards, Pop sold the mill to Abitibi and another big paper company. We lived through the early years of the Depression with money we got from selling the Canadian mill.

Depression

The Depression was awful. We lost big contracts with the Milwaukee Journal, the Tulsa Tribune and Hearst. When they went, we didn't have very much to run on. The machines ran three days a week. We went to six-hour days. In 1934 and 1935, we skipped dividends.

We went to jobbers—merchants who got us business. We made any damn thing they asked for, including bond paper.

Seaman Paper was one of our main connections. Peter Massey worked for them. Coated paper was a very marvelous thing in those days, just elegant stuff. The Massey coater made coated paper possible for the popular magazines.

Parents magazine was the first magazine Consolidated sold to. They came in 1936. Peter Massey had it all lined up. He was the salesman of the paper in the first place, and it was his process.

That was fifty years ago.

A Wholesome Performance

I give my dad credit for making the family fortune.

What I did was conserve the fortune intact. Money came in. I don't pay much attention to it.

That isn't my goal in life. A good wholesome performance in every respect is my goal.



Small-town boy: Stanton Mead continues to live in the house his father purchased for him in 1926. "I'm a small-town boy," he said. "I never thought about living anywhere else in the world."

Citizen of the Year

Stanton Mead was elected to the board of directors of Consolidated Water Power & Paper Co. in 1927. He was Treasurer from 1927-1939, Vice President from 1939-1950 and President from 1950-1966.

He also served as president of Consolidated Water Power Co. from 1927-1950. In the 15 years of his presidency, Consolidated's net sales doubled.

Under Mead's guidance, Consolidated, in 1959, donated 20,000 acres of forest land in Wood, Portage and Marathon counties to the state for wildlife conservation purposes. He also was instrumental in the founding of Trees for Tomorrow and served as a director of the Wisconsin Valley Improvement Co.

In 1959, Mead was named "Citizen of the Year" by the Wisconsin Rapids Area Chamber of Commerce. He also holds the Silver Antelope Award from the Boy Scouts of America for service to Scouting.

Mead's son, George, is chairman of the board of directors and chief executive officer of Consolidated. Mead's sister, Emily Baldwin Bell, is a noted Wisconsin Rapids civic leader and philanthropist.

Consolidated-Massey

It has been 50 years since Consolidated Papers Inc. first used the method of paper-making upon which its being now depends.

From 1904 until 1929, then "Consolidated Water Power & Paper Co." concentrated on the production of newsprint for newspapers. As the price of newsprint continued to decline, the Wisconsin Rapids and Biron divisions were converted—in 1929—from newsprint to book paper. This venture soured when a competitor produced a better process, costing Consolidated its major book account and idling No. 4 paper machine at Rapids Division.

Paper-coating at that time had been rejected because it involved an inefficient, off-machine procedure of brush-coating narrow webs and hanging them in "festoons" to dry.

In the 1920s, Peter Massey, a printer, experimented with coating paper as it was being made on the paper machine. Massey used a printing press, substituting a clay mixture for ink. In 1930, he contracted for a coater the width of a 120-inch paper machine and installed it on an abandoned paper machine at Bryant Paper Co., Kalamazoo, Mich. In four months, he was able to coat paper.

Nevertheless, Bryant rejected Massey's plan, ostensibly because it would render obsolete a \$1.5 million investment in Bryant's existing coating mill. Massey tried International Paper Co. and Combined Locks but received no encouragement. In September, he called on George Mead I, President of Consolidated.

The meeting took place on a Friday. By the following Monday, Mead had, with characteristic pluck, managed to have Massey's coater shipped from Kalamazoo to Wisconsin Rapids on a freight car hitched to the caboose of a passenger train.

In three days, enough dryer drums had been removed from the No. 4 machine to put the coater in their place. Six weeks later, the coater had yet to perform properly. Mead stopped by No. 4 on a Thursday afternoon

and had the backtender show him a tear sheet. Not even one side had been successfully coated. Disappointed, Mead returned to his office.

Later that evening, Massey came up and presented Mead with the first of Consolidated's roll-coated paper. The next morning, Mead placed the order to build a new, on-machine coater.

In August 1934, the first Consolidated-Massey roll-coater was installed on the largest Rapids machine, No. 4. Manufactured by Beloit Iron Works, it was patented by Massey and owned jointly by Consolidated and Massey's Seaman Paper Co. of Chicago.

Ed Witt's recollections of the ensuing travail have been recorded. "We worked for over a year on it," said Witt, "and some of the men started to grumble a little because we didn't seem to be making any progress. Mr. Mead heard about the dissatisfaction and called us all in. After a little talking to us, he said, 'You know, if you can't do it, then I'll have to put someone on it who believes he can.' By golly, we went back to work and finally did it. Mr. Mead never lost the will to put it over."

On June 4, the Daily Tribune reported that the new papercoating process was in full operation and Consolidated was marketing a grade of paper with a "smooth, flat surface, highly adaptable to the finest printing."

The new product was causing a sensation in the printing trade because it could substitute for expensive enamel. One of the largest color plants had been running several weeks on Consolidated roll-coated paper, printing the Ford Motor Co. magazine.

The Daily Tribune described the Massey-Consolidated method: "The equipment consists first of mixers, grinders and tanks for preparing certain minerals and adhesives, which are mixed under a patented formula.

"This material is pumped in paste-like form to a series of rubber-covered rolls, which rotate and oscillate in such a manner as to produce a uniform film.



"This film is applied to the sheet by two larger rubber rolls, and it is stated that, in some of the new grades, the surfacing material represents at least one-third of the thickness and weight of the paper."

Mead reported to the Tribune at the end of 1935 on the company's Depression-era prospects: "For the first time in six years, I can say that our hope of recovery is well founded

... our Wisconsin Rapids mill is definitely off the manufacture of newsprint and is turning out a diversified product. We have developed and patented a special process ... not a separate, small-scale operation but rather an integral part of paper manufacture, affording large-scale production, and promising to revolutionize the character and quality of all printed papers."

Coater Boy

My affair vis-a-vis the Massey-Consolidated roll-coater came in the summer of 1964 as I, a jejune college kid on vacation relief, was shown a large bench half-way to the "wet end" of a machine about as long and loud as a freight train. My position was "coater boy," the last hand of a paper-machine crew.

The bench faced innumerable rolls and drums that spun and roared in the 110-degree night. The time was 10:45 p.m. and it was to be my job to sit alone and stare at mirrors reflecting the nips of the Massey roll-coater until 6:45 a.m.

If either nip, one above and one below, filled to a dangerously high level, I was to turn a valve that would restrict the flow of the sour-creamish coating; if the nip seemed about to go dry, I would open the valve.

Such a simple task, yet the possibility for error consumed my imagination. Never before had I held in my hands the responsibility for thousands, if not millions of dollars worth of equipment and product. Isolated on that hot bench, far from the resident crew, I felt ignorant, insecure and entirely sleepy.

I tried reading safety bulletins and coverless adventure magazines tucked under the canvas, refused to look at the clock for 5, 6 or

10 minutes, walked back and forth from the coater to the bench, composed letters and poems, and went to the orange-drink machine. I hardly dared to go to the bathroom for fear the nips would overflow and calamity would abruptly descend.

In addition to sitting and staring, it was the coater boy's function to snip off samples of paper from the edge of the sheet with his fingers, and to help in case of a paper break.

Taking the samples was the feared moment of crisis among the hours wrestling with somnolence.

The more worrisome possibility, which occurred all too frequently, was that the sheet would break and the entire production would tumble and continue piling toward the broke hold while, from the far reaches, shouts and whistles broke out and all hands came running, grabbing valves, hoses, stomping paper into the broke hold—victimized by an idiot who stood dumbly by.

Less dramatic was the inevitable slit on my index finger as I reached up to snap down a strip from the moving sheet. Time for a sample: snip, zip, ow!

Wounds of a novice coater boy, all part of growing up in Paper City.

George Mead's Daughter

Keep your shoulders straight

When I had polio at three years old, nobody knew what it was. They thought it was scarlet fever. I remember being in bed paralyzed; I couldn't lift my head.

My father simply resolved he wasn't going to have a crippled daughter, so he took me all over the world, finding doctors who thought they could do something about it.

I went to a sanitarium in Prairie du Chien for hot baths and exercise. He had Aunt Ruth take me here, there and everywhere.

My father used to take me over to the Consolidated office. He gave me bits of colored paper and some clippers, and I'd make confetti while he talked to George Berkey. Mother was busy running this and that and the federation.

We lived on 3rd Street. When my father had an accident riding and was taken to Milwaukee, Walter and I went with Uncle Isaac Witter and Aunt Charlotte for two winters. I was 3 years old.

I had to go to school part time. Mother made me walk. She said it was good exercise.

My first kindergarten was at Miss Quinn's house. Later, I went to Howe School on those mornings when I felt like it.

My father taught me a great deal at home. I also studied with Mary McMillan and Mrs. Demitz.

In 8th grade, I changed to Lincoln High School. After my freshman year, my father discovered Dr. Lovett of Boston, and I had an operation that helped me.

Because I couldn't play games, my mother let me have a horse. We kept it at the Witter farm. The Conways across 3rd Street also had a pony. They rode with me up on the sand hill.

My brother, Stanton, was a great big boy, 5 years older than I was. Walter was only 2 years older. We were together most of the time.

Esther Daly, Virginia Ellis and Viola Nash were faithful playmates.

Jean Nash was athletic. She climbed trees while I played dolls with Viola. After polio, I couldn't play pom pom pullaway or kick the can. I couldn't catch anybody and was "it" forever.

Sometimes people on the street would say, "You're limping today. Did you hurt yourself?"

I hid it. My father was stern. He said, "Stand up and keep your shoulders straight!"

Boy Crazy

We talked business at breakfast, lunch and dinner. I loved hearing about it and wanted to be a businesswoman. Father wouldn't hear of it. Women had to learn poetry and music.

After a year at Lincoln, I went to Bennett school of applied arts at Millbrook, N.Y. Mostly we learned how to serve tea in the afternoon and keep up the conversation at the dinner table.

My mother wanted to send me to college and discovered I wasn't getting anywhere so I went to Dana Hall at Wellesly, Mass. Dana Hall was a preparatory school and a good one.

When it came time to graduate, the dean told me my geometry wasn't what it should be and I should go to the state university first before transferring to my chosen school, Smith College. So I went to the University of Wisconsin for one year, then to Smith.

At Smith, I was close to my brother, Walter, who was at Yale, as Stanton had been. I met boys such as Henry Baldwin, Walter's roommate, and went to Yale proms and games.

They all graduated and there I was alone, a little

girl from a little town in far, far-away Wisconsin.

I got interested in geology. After we went on those trips to see how the world was made, we'd go back to the lab and they'd give us bits of clay to squeeze and crunch and make a world of our own. I thought it was wonderful.

At Christmas vacation, I came home and locked myself up in the library to write the geological history of Wisconsin. I surrounded myself with books, didn't have my hair done and told the girls in the kitchen that I wouldn't answer the phone.

It wasn't long before my mother pranced in. "I want you to put those books away. I want you to go to town and have your hair done. I want you to answer the phone. You are going to be an old-maid geology teacher in Alaska and I won't have it."

Mother told me to come back to the University of Wisconsin as fast as I could come. Like father, she expected a girl to learn poetry and things like that. My world of science was gone.

After I got back to Madison, father, who did not know the reason for the change, wrote a letter. He said he was disappointed in me because I was doing so well at Smith and had come back to Madison because I was boy crazy.



Henry Baldwin

It was at one of my mother's house parties that I met Henry Baldwin. He had come with Walter.

Henry, whose grandfather on his mother's side was Williams of Sherman Williams paint, was a big man on the Yale campus and captain of the polo team. He was a good dancer and everybody liked him.

Henry gave me his pin before I came back from Dana Hall.

Unfortunately, he was going to be a missionary. I couldn't be a missionary so I gave Henry his pin back. We continued to write long letters about missionaries.

When Henry was working at Pullman in South Chicago, mixing paint, he wrote and said he wanted me to go with him to the Chicago-Wisconsin football game in Chicago. Would I bring four tickets and another girl for his roommate?

In those days, you didn't go down and visit boys. My mother came down from Rapids.

Then Henry came to Madison to see me. I had him stay with my boyfriend at the Beta house. I would take Henry to the party but not the boyfriend, but the boyfriend was very understanding.

One weekend in my senior year, Henry came up and asked my father if he could marry me. I had been playing around with some people Father didn't care for because they drank. Father loved Henry and knew his family in Cleveland was tops so he thought it was great that we get married.

We were married the summer of 1928 in the Congregational Church. Father, as mayor, had to invite all the policemen, firemen and city council. We had a reception on the island but no liquor was served.

We were in South Chicago for a year before Henry's father had a heart attack and we were transferred to Henry's home town, Cleveland.

Two years later, as we were returning from a New England vacation, Henry told me to go back to Cleveland and sell the house. He had been sent to Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh was the dirtiest city in the world at that time. All the houses were black. You went inside and it was beautiful.

At Pittsburgh, Henry was supposed to sell Sherman Williams paint in a town that had Pittsburgh glass paint—hard going during the Depression. Everything went to pieces and he was fired. All the people on our street were fired.



Emily Bell

George Mead, Walter, Ruth, Emily, Stanton—about 1910



Shiftwork

After Henry was fired in 1933, we came back to Wisconsin Rapids without so much as a place to live.

We had tried Henry's family in Cleveland but we were the last in a family of six children to get there so we were in the attic.

Much to Father's distress, he not only had to find Henry, me and our two little girls a house, he had to find Henry a place in the mill. Father asked John Normington to take Henry on in the yard and gave us a house at Oak Street and 5th Street.

The truth is that Father was taking care of me all that time. Bert Redford, Consolidated's secretary, would call up and say, "During the Depression years, we put a thousand dollars of yours in a safe

place. I think you could use it now."

When Stanton moved up to be Father's assistant, he didn't like going to Appleton and Stevens Point so he took Henry in to do the traveling. Titles were always pretty bad at Consolidated so Henry was named "Coordinator of Plants and Processes."

We moved into this island house in 1938. They were building a new paper machine at Biron at the time.

In 1938, my son, Henry, was born. "Harry" was the light of my life.

Then came World War II.

My husband's ancestry was on the Hawaiian Islands. His great grandfather was one of the first missionaries there. When Pearl Harbor came, Henry wanted to go to war, but he was rejected because of his heart.

Politics

In World War II, it was assumed the Germans were coming across to Alaska and down the Wisconsin River to Milwaukee to bomb the factories. On the way back, they would have a bomb left over so they'd bomb our dam. Everybody in town had to be organized when that happened.

We formed the block system. I would call 10 people who would call 10 people who would call 10 people. Soon everybody in town would come down to feeding stations with coffee and blankets.

After working the block system, I got into politics. We'd always been Republican but during the Depression and Roosevelt, you didn't talk about Republican parties.

After I had made an important speech and was leaving a district meeting, a man I found out to be A.D. Hill put his arm around me and said, "Will you be my vice-chairman?"

I came home and hopped across to Father's house. "Pop, what would you think of me if I went into Republican politics?"

"If you think you can help the Republican party," he said, "go ahead and do it."

I learned to meet candidates and go house to house. I knew people from the block system so our

county won that first election although the national party lost.

I had an office and Henry had an office, too. He worked on church matters. He was a moderator for the Congregational church. He went off on weekends, which bothered me greatly because I wanted to go to the country club dances.

I'd make a speech and read it to Henry.

He'd say, "That's not what you want."

I would cry but I would go up to my office and write it over. It's unbelievable but I was good. I had two shelves of joke books.

After I listened to Truman beat Dewey, I started the Republican Women's Club. We had a thousand members.

We went to the Chicago Republican convention in 1952. It was sad because we in Wisconsin were all for Taft. The night Eisenhower won, I bought a new hat and went to a meeting to support him. That made me very unpopular with the people I had worked with. I resigned as district chairman.

Later, the Republican party was so low, they couldn't find anyone to be state chairman. Mary Connor asked me. I was elected at Oshkosh and served two terms.

Then Henry and Harry died and I couldn't do it any more.

How pretty the world was

In 1953, Henry was made a vice president at Consolidated. The following year, he was appointed to the board of directors. He was on the county board and very active in the Republican party. He happily involved himself in countless community organizations.

Henry suffered two heart attacks and had just been released from a Florida hospital when Harry, who was in the Army, flew down to visit him.

Leaving the airport, Harry's plane went down; Harry was killed on Feb. 12, 1963, four days before his 24th birthday.

Henry suffered a fatal heart attack April 17 of the same year, at age 60.

When my father died in 1961, I took his place on the boards of Northland College, Beloit College and Riverview Hospital. I also served on the board of the University of Wisconsin Foundation.

In 1964, my dear brother, Walter, died. I had lost a father, a son, a husband and a brother.

Too soon, I married again, a great mistake that lasted two years. After that, I was alone for 10 years.

In 1979, Howard Bell called from Dallas and asked, "Will you marry me?"

A widower, he had been a childhood playmate who later married my friend, Viola Nash.

Howard Bell was lots of fun. He always had a joke and we could reminisce about our childhood days. We married and went to Australia and had a great time.

When we came back, he found he had cancer. He died in July 1980.

I always wondered why in the world I lived.

I guess I was lucky. I certainly had plenty of money.

When I felt lonely, I would go out on the porch and look at the water and think about how pretty the world was.



Emily Mead at age 5 (1910)

Harry Young

It took quite a combination of circumstances for one of our local citizens to have met Harry Tracy, the Pittsville desperado, considering that Tracy was killed in 1902 near Creston, Washington. Yet Harry Young, Nekoosa, explained to me last week how he had viewed Tracy alive and in person.

Young was born April 22, 1896. He was about 6 years old when his father, Otis, took the family to Portland, Ore., and Spokane, Wash., to spend several winters.

Tracy was incarcerated in Oregon or Washington, said Young, when his father took him to visit the prison. On the tour, several luminaries were pointed out. "There was a prison cell there, all steel bars, where they were selling souvenirs. My mother bought a prune pick. You opened it up like a jack-knife and you stuck it in a prune."

The man selling souvenirs was short, rough-looking and had a big black mustache, according to Young. By contrast, Harry Tracy was comparatively young and respectable-looking.

Word came out shortly that Tracy had broken out from prison. Young's father took Harry to a horse-ranch near the wheat field where Tracy was trapped, Young said, although they were not allowed to approach the actual site. "The first thing in the morning, they fired seven or eight shots into the middle of that wheat field and hit him—that was the talk," Young said.

Some years later, Young, who confesses to no crime greater than stealing a hen, himself came under suspicion of murder. "I've never been no outlaw, but I have been in trouble, he said."

This is the way that story goes:

It seems that back in Mauston before World War I, Young had a thing going with a local girl, Ann Springer. "I used to take her to a show or a dance a couple times a week."

Then comes the war and Young ships out with the Navy. While he's gone, Ann finds a new boyfriend, a horse-farm helper name of Frank Heldridge.

First thing after Young returns from the war, he naturally hurries down to the pavilion. It's "Hello, Brig." (as in Brigham Young), "How ya doin' Brig?" and a hearty handshake all round. Young's stand-in, Heldridge, attends and so does Ann Springer. In fact, they had come together to the dance although Young professes innocence of

their relationship. Had he known, Young might have reconsidered taking Ann home.

It is about 11 p.m. when they leave.

Next morning, Heldridge doesn't show up for work at the horse farm. What's more, he doesn't seem to show up anywhere. Sheriff comes out to Young's and says, "Harry, Clinton G. Price wants to talk to you." Price is the district attorney.

"When did you last see Frank Heldridge?" Price wants to know.

"Before the war," says Young.

"A lot of people say you talked to him at the dance hall."

Young can't remember. Might have. Didn't seem important the the time.

Young goes home but the sheriff comes out again and brings him in to answer the same questions. Young explains that he went home with Ann to her mother's place. They played rummy until 2 a.m. at which time he went over across the river and stayed all night.

Maybe, Young figures, it was his reputation as a carnival entertainer, a rope-skipper and juggler, that brought him extra attention in this Heldridge case. By now, he knows Ann and Heldridge were courting.

After a while, it comes out that a lot of people had seen Frank Heldridge after the dance—on the bridge over the Lemonweir River looking down at



Harry Tracy

the ice. Harry Young, the witnesses swore, wasn't anywhere near.

The following spring, Young is down to the dam fishing with his brother Jim, when they see something sticking out of the dam. "That looks like a man's shoe," Jim says. It is.

When authorities haul out the corpse there is a gold watch attached, identified as that of the hapless Frank Heldridge. He had apparently hurled himself off the bridge, broken through the ice and hung up in the dam all winter. "It all come by me taking her home," said Young, "and I didn't even know."

In those years, Young spent some time in the boxing game including an appearance at Daly's old theater in Grand Rapids. "It was right across the street from what they call the Labor Temple now. We didn't make too much money. You could only fight once every 90 days. So I went to rasslin' on the side, by the name of Sailor Young. They wanted me to referee a match with Strangler Lewis, but I didn't."

The way Young got out so much on his own was that Young's father had come up bad with a case of appendicitis when Young was 7. That March when they took him to the hospital, the clay mud was about six-inches deep with snow mixed in all 11 miles to Neillsville.

They rigged up a sleigh with a pile of wood on a



Harry Young

big rack and two nurses firing an old-time cook-stove with a boiler putting hot towels over him. That did nothing but draw that 'pendix to a head so it burst before they got to the hospital and he died.

After that, Young went down to Mauston to live. There, his mother married Orbin Potter, a veterinarian and moved about 13 miles out of town, where Young went to hauling birds-eye maple and shagbark hickory for \$1.50 a cord. "Back there in them hills, I never went to school," he said.

Young went west as a farm laborer at age 16. They wanted laborers so bad, he said, they'd meet you at the train and take your suitcase.

When he left, a girl in Mauston wrote him a card to send back. At his stop, he was to look up at the depot end and copy off the name. If he had chanced to be on the wrong end of the depot, Young later found out, he would have written, "I am in the Express Office."

When Young moved to the town of Saratoga, things were not like they are now. There were only five farms between Smoky Joe's Corner and Nekoosa, including on the sideroads. "A lot of people lived in chicken houses in this area. They had mill canvas on the sand for floor. North Hollywood they called Bedbug Avenue."

Young had to break his own road with his homemade tractor, then convince town chairman Ralph Roberts that he needed it blacktopped. He had to go to the mill up at Port Edwards and get a line for electricity. He had to get a telephone in and school bus service. "They was death on school buses here on account of taxes," he said.

Young got a mail route too. After all he did, naturally they named the road "Young Street" after him.

Young also showed unusual initiative in getting to work. When two gals who lived between him and the mill told him how much trouble he would have in winter getting to work by car, he put a wagon box on a sleigh, installed a wood heater and a row of seats and raised some mill canvas over it.

"On the next morning we got a snow," said Young. "I took my covered wagon and caught up with the girls. I had the heater going. Boy, was they happy."

Fred Braun Your Valentine

Fred Braun is accustomed to having a party on Valentine's Day. Why not? It's Fred's birthday.

Born in 1894, Braun was among the first children born in the new town of Nekoosa. His father, Daniel, as had many of his Austrian-German countrymen, immigrated to the new world.

Daniel and his family joined a sister-in-law in Winnipeg, Manitoba, before journeying down to Nekoosa, where a colony of friends from the old country had gathered, including the Henschels, Pischkes and old Frank Braun (not a relative).

His memory, Braun said, often stops at 1900. That year, his father, helping build the Nekoosa dam, sustained a head injury that resulted in an abscess. The elder Braun went to Winnipeg for surgery, came back blind and soon died.

Braun remembers how the horses drawing the funeral procession reacted with fright as they passed men working in new drainage sewer ditches being installed along the way from the German Lutheran church to the cemetery.

When he was 8, Braun's family moved to a farm behind the church. Clearing the land occupied his last childhood years.

Braun believes he is the only living person to have worked on the installation of the Grand Rapids Street Railroad. With "old man Wakely" and Charlie Pike, he hauled "every mile of rail and ties from Nekoosa to the south side." He also worked with a slusher and scraper pulled by his somewhat diminutive team. "You better put that team on a surrey," Ed Kruger, putting up the trolley lines, used to yell jokingly at him.

To get to work by the required 7 a.m., Wakely had to cross the river with his span of grey horses by way of the "lower ferry." A similar ferry in Nekoosa terminated at Bulgrin's Grandview Hotel.

Braun wanted to be a plumber, but at age 17 found the profession too difficult to get into. He also wanted to be a chauffeur of one of the new cars coming around but that too

proved unfeasible. A vocation soon presented itself; he went to barber school.

After six months of training in Milwaukee, Braun returned to Nekoosa and worked for Edgar Youngchilds. When his July 1 request for a 50-cent raise was denied, Braun took off for British Columbia, where his brother, Julius, had already found a job as a barber. He arrived on July 4.

The climate proved too damp in the Northwest and Braun came back to Nekoosa for a while. It didn't take long for him to evacuate once again, this time for Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, and Edmonton, Alberta. "I just floated around," said Braun. "I got a lot of experience that way."

Braun's mother continued to live in Nekoosa and he continued to go back. After getting his barber's license in Green Bay, he headed out



to Miles City, Montana. While there, he got a call from Andrew Zurfluh who ran a one-chair barber shop and pool room in Port Edwards. "I was there a year and seven months," Braun said.

Braun left Port Edwards for Kenosha. He had seen an ad in the paper offering for sale a five-chair barber shop with seven bathrooms. The bathrooms were used by factory workers to take baths and showers on Saturdays.

Young Fred Braun had met Mabel Wittenberg at the Lutheran church. Her father, Gustav, had homesteaded near Nekoosa and worked on the dam as well as on local railroads.

The romance didn't flower immediately, however. "He sent me a post

card once or twice a year," said Mabel. "We didn't start going together until he ran that shop in Port Edwards."

They might have married then, but Mabel had to keep house for her widowed father until a younger sister got old enough to take over. While working in Kenosha, Braun often took the train back to her river city.

After a small wedding ceremony, Mr. Klein, owner of one of the two or three cars in Nekoosa, took the Brauns to the photographer, Oswald Menzel, in Rapids. The next day, the newlyweds took off on a wedding trip through southeastern Wisconsin.

For a while, Braun worked at a seven-chair barber shop in Waukesha run by a black barber. "Somebody in Boston gave him a big barber shop and a pool room," Braun said. "What did he do? He gave his barber shop in Waukesha to the head barber."

The Brauns soon returned to the small farm of Fred's mother at Nekoosa, where they lived while Braun barbered for five years. Then they moved to Bellingham, Wash., for another five. For 10 years, the Brauns lived in Oshkosh; he ran the Monument Square Barbershop.

As interest in the raising of foxes for fur reached a high point, Braun bought a couple animals and went into business with Mabel's brother. When the brother found himself with too many foxes, he asked Braun to take his.

Braun obliged. He sold his barber shop in Oshkosh and for the foxes bought the farm he and Mabel still live on.

After World War II, the bottom went out of the fur business as the market flooded with foreign furs and Braun, with the assistance of his son, Walter, now Wood County register of deeds, conducted a Guernsey dairy farm.

When that enterprise went to the holsteins, said Braun, he sold the herd, barbered 12 years in Kellner and retired in 1972.

When his birthday came around this year, more than 70 people came to Braun's party. Less fortunate is his wife of 68 years.

"He never would give me a Valentine. He just told me, 'Aren't you satisfied with me? I'm your Valentine.'"

A.J. Crowns His Century

In the week of Oct. 12, 1885 (under the reign of Chester A. Arthur), modestly interesting events occurred around the twin cities of Grand Rapids and Centralia.

Bears were getting a little too thick for solid comfort. Frank Kipp killed a young one with a club in the Harris addition.

While Raber, the dentist, administered vitalized air and sets of teeth for \$7.50 over at the Witter hotel, Dr. Witter, himself elsewhere, took out Miss Steinbrook's tonsils and she could eat again.

Ben Hanson, the clerk at G.A. Corribeau's, thought he found his stolen watch in Claude Lewis' pocket. Lewis told him George Olison sold him the watch. For the crime of theft, Olison was fined \$20 by Judge Kellner.

Jim Dolan's house burned for the second time in two years. An incendiary was suspected.



Nekoosa's Best, 1908: Gilford, Neal C., Shorty (B....), Russell Hansen, Bob Fredericks (Strangler Lewis), Dr. Waters, Lager? Smith, Art Crowns, Fox Grode, Tony Arnold, Dutch Hutchinson, George Crowns, Tony Pelot, Dr. Huff, B.? Grode.

George Gardner, George Williams, L.P. Powers, C.W. Briggs, Peter McCamley and Dr. Robinson were over at Sparta testifying in Spear vs. Hiles.

Lovers of night life, on their way to see Lester Franklin's dramatic company at the Opera House, were pleased by the fine new lamp Robert Farrish had put up on the street corner by his store. If all our merchants would follow this good example, our city at night would present a much finer example," wrote the Grand Rapids Tribune.

Representative local leaders at this time were Sheriff L.T. Fornance, District Attorney J.A. Gaynor, Superintendent of Schools Ed Lynch, photographer Hebert and railroad agent John Love.

In an occurrence of little news value in 1885, at Eagle River, Wis., Arthur John Crowns was born.

The birth has acquired headline sta-

tus. A.J. Crowns, unlike nearly everyone else born on Oct. 12, 1885, is still alive.

A chronology may help put this long life into perspective.

1897: Crowns, who had lived in Port Washington and Stevens Point, moves with his family to the 4-year-old city of Nekoosa.

—His father, Cornelius (Neal) Cuttlebach Crowns, works for a while as night watchman for the Nekoosa paper mill. Also a horse trader of some repute, Neal often is called "Colonel."

—Art's mother, Mary, runs the hotel she and Neal purchase and enlarge.

1898: The United States wins the Spanish American War. About that time, Crowns falls into some sawed logs and breaks his arm, resulting in a crook still evident.

1900: Crowns markets walleye and pickerel caught below the Nekoosa dam to railroad workers.

1901: Crowns rides his bicycle to Howe high school in Grand Rapids. When the weather is bad, he boards at Halvorson's.

1903: Wright brothers fly first air-

against Germany. Crowns re-enlists at age 32. He serves with the 8th Aerial Squadron in France as an artillery spotter and is injured in a crash landing.

1918: WWI ends. Crowns leaves service with rank of captain.

1919: Crowns goes home to Nekoosa, defends strikers against Nekoosa-Edwards Paper Co. Neal Crowns leaves hotel business.

1920: Women are given the right to vote. At 35, Crowns marries Elizabeth Hentschel. Grand Rapids changes its name to Wisconsin Rapids.

1922: John Magnuson sends a bomb for a Christmas present; Crowns and Charles Briere defend him in court.

1924: A newborn son is named after Crowns' idol, Judge Byron Parks of Stevens Point. Other children are Arthur, Betty, Donald and a foster daughter, Ruth.

1927: Charles Lindbergh flies alone across the Atlantic. Crowns participates in Supreme Court actions (Berrafato vs. Exner) establishing a format for submitting questions to a jury in automobile-accident cases. In a separate case, he helps establish the "Camouflage doctrine," involving the problem of a driver's negligence when an object is obscured by its surroundings.

1929: The stock market collapses. Crowns, 44 aids in reorganization of numerous banks, including those in Vesper and Arpin. He handles the incorporation of the Marshfield Clinic.

1930s: All important cases are tried in circuit court, Wisconsin Rapids. Lawyers stay at the Witter Hotel, party and play cards.

—Crowns, for 25 years, acts as first divorce counsel for Wood County and is a pioneer in defining family disputes as family problems.

—While in Nekoosa, Crowns acts as city attorney and serves on the county board.

—During the Depression, Crowns often is paid with vegetables and firewood. Someone pays him with wood stolen from Crowns' land. He sees that a woman gets a new mattress to replace one infested with lice and bedbugs. The old mattress is placed in the alley. It immediately is stolen.

1936: Upon the death of Charles Briere, Crowns moves to Briere's office in the Nash building, Wisconsin Rapids.

1941: Japan bombs Pearl Harbor. Crowns, 56, serves on the draft board.

1945: WWII ends.

1950: Korean War begins.

1952: Eisenhower elected president.

1960: Kennedy elected president. Crowns retires from office work at age 75.

1981: At age 86, Crowns ceases to perform legal services.

1985: On Oct. 12, Crowns celebrates his 100th birthday.

plane.

1904: Crowns graduates from the new Lincoln High School in Grand Rapids.

1905: Crowns ventures to Wallace, Idaho, where he rides fencelines as a cowboy and indulges in his favorite sport, baseball.

1906: Crowns enlists in the U.S. army for a two-year hitch.

1908: Crowns enters the University of Wisconsin-Madison, lettering in baseball.

1911: University of Wisconsin awards Crowns a law degree.

1911: Crowns moves to Fox Lake, his father's birthplace, to practice law and play semi-pro baseball.

1913: Federal income tax is authorized for the first time.

1914: Crowns, a La Follette Progressive, moves to Grand Rapids to practice law.

1917: The United States declares war

The Acting Bug

Fifty years ago, Mary Ellen (Mel) and Jimmy Daly rode dramatically out of town toward the sunset—on balloon tires.

Mel, at the Mead Inn for her 50-year class reunion, said she and her destined-for-fame brother had been in the Lincoln High School Class of '36. Their mother had married Ray Mullen and moved from Wisconsin Rapids to Iowa City.

After graduating from LHS, Mel and Jim decided they would get on their bicycles and follow. "We had a grand tour," she said. "I think we had \$10 between us. Jimmy was not too good with money so I kept it in a shirt pocket. Once, we laid down to rest by a bunch of cows under a big tree."

Later, down the road a ways, Mel reached in her pocket and the money was gone. A furious Jim Daly vowed to hitchhike back to look for the money. Mel said she wasn't staying alone so she went back, too. At the resting place, the cows still stood under the tree. The money was found and the day was saved.

After the Iowa departure, Mary Ellen Daly (born July 21, 1917) rode on to a varied and impressive career. An Eagle Scout, she became the first woman drum major in the Big Ten (for the University of Iowa), a radio personality and singer at KYSN in Mankato, Minn., and an advertising representative with the Los Angeles Times.

As a result of her marriage to a World War II fighter pilot, Mel joined the Army Air Corps in 1942. The war and the marriage ended about the same time, Mel went to work for the United Nations in New York.

Recalled to active duty for the Korean War in 1951, Mel remained in service until retiring in 1968 as a lieutenant colonel, the highest Air Force rank women were permitted to hold. She now lives in Texas.

James Daly (Oct. 23, 1918-1978) also pedaled away from the banks of the River City rapids to greater heights. Many today remember Daly for

his part as Dr. Paul Lochner in the TV series "Medical Center." Not the actor's favorite among his 600 TV roles, Daly preferred more challenging drama, such as "Barabbas" on "Hallmark Hall of Fame" or "J.B." on Broadway.

"He was on 'Playhouse 90' and all those good shows of the early industry," said Mel. "It was all broadcast live." Daly had three clothing changes in one show, she said, "a bathing suit underneath, some kind of tennis thing over, and over that a full dress suit. He'd go off the set and they'd just pull the clothes off him."

Today, much recognition of the family name is directed toward another generation of Daly actors, James' daughter, Tyne ("Cagney and Lacy"), and son, Tim ("Diner").

Growing up in Wisconsin Rapids was a happy time, said Mel. "We played tennis and golf, and hiked in the pine woods. We swam in the pool they had built right into the river and ice skated all winter."

Mel's father, Percifer, was a coal and ice dealer who died in a 1935 car crash. Her mother, Dorothy Hogan Daly, was interested in theater.

Dorothy quit college in her junior year to marry "Percy," also called "Miles" Daly. A literary woman who had studied Latin, she was active in local groups, such as Little Theater and the Book, Tuesday and Sunrise clubs.

Mel and Jimmy got an early start in the thespian trade. From the Taylors' back yard, near the Daly home on 3rd Street, the two produced "The Forty Thieves" at the age of 6 or 7. "We'd go down the coal chute into the basement, put on something different and come up and be another thief," said Mel.

"We practically lived at the old Grand Theater. Saturday nights, they had a triple feature. My grandmother would go with us. We'd get out at 1 o'clock in the morning."

When Mel grew somewhat older, Bill Huffman Sr. of the Daily Tribune hired her to entertain children at country schools and churches with dramatic performances. "Jim wrote some

of the plays and acted in them. It was comedy and funny stuff. The girls were always tied to the railroad tracks and the hero would run in screaming and hollering."

The idea was to make a pitch for the Seckatary Hawkins Club, a children's feature in the Tribune. "I would say how they could become a member if their parents would take out a subscription."

In a Lincoln High School Band led by Bernie Ziegler, Jim played oboe and Mel chose flute.

For the 1933 World's Fair, an all-Wisconsin band was formed. Mel and Jim went to the university campus in Madison where the band was being put together. To Mel's dismay, Jim didn't meet with the rest. She heard he was very sick. Indeed, a concerned sister burst into the boys' dorm and found her brother gravely ill with a ruptured appendix. A relative in Madison was called and life was preserved, but Jim missed the bus.



Jim and Mel starting 360 mile bike trip—
fall of 1936

"He was so disappointed, mother took him on a separate trip to the fair," said Mel.

Both Dalys wanted to be actors. "We had the bug. That's why we went to the University of Iowa. But, as freshmen and sophomores, they wouldn't let us do a thing, so Jim went to Cornell College in Mount Vernon, Iowa.

"As a kid, Jimmy was a hellion. Whenever we'd cut school, we'd go over to Ma Freschette's candy store. When (Aaron) Ritchay, the principal, came looking, she'd hide Jimmy and me in the bedroom out back."

On the run from Ritchay in school, said Mel, her brother would hide in a locker and close the door.

One Halloween in Rapids, Jim, Mel and their cousin, John Roberts, dressed up a man-sized dummy. "We'd ring a doorbell and stand this thing up. We had a rope tied to it and, of course, the lady would almost faint when the thing would fall. Then we'd walk in front of a car and drop the dummy casually and, of course, the brakes would screech."

The prank culminated when the dummy was hauled to the top of the Woolworth building on Grand Avenue. Mel uttered a terrible scream as Jim and Johnny threw the dummy over the side and poured down blood-looking water.

Mel said she escaped, but Jimmy and John were arrested. "I felt so guilty that they were down at the jail and I wasn't that I turned myself in. Jim and I were good pals. We fought like the devil but were very close," she said.

Back in '36, when the Daly duo hit the long and dusty trail out of here, Mel said, they stayed in tourist houses along the way, worrying proprietors uncertain about their marital status.

One night on the road, they decided to go to a movie, a Martha Raye movie, a very funny movie.

Mel and Jimmy were so tired that they started laughing and couldn't stop. "We laughed so hard," she said, "they kicked us out of the theater."

Lorena's "Seckatary"

Lorena Paap's 49 years with the Daily Tribune began in December 1926, when she answered an advertisement for a secretarial position.

"The girl in the door ahead of me got that," she said, "last week." "They gave me a job in the mailing room." She started at \$10.50 per week, a figure that was raised each year, she said, by \$1 per week.

When Lorena arrived at the Tribune, the Heilman store was in the "flatiron block" on the East Side. In 1932, Heilman's planned a move to the West Side's River Block and conducted a promotional contest. Customers were awarded votes for dollars spent and for items, such as old magazines, pies and garden produce, brought in and sold. The prize was a 1926 Chevrolet.

To aid Lorena's cause, her uncle brought in a load of bagged corn, his neighbor had a load of potatoes, and Fey Publishing told her she could have a pile of old magazines. Many of Heilman's customers gave Lorena their votes. "On Christmas Eve, I got this telephone call, that I had won the car," she said. "I had it for 17 years and painted it twice by hand."

Lorena had grown up in the Tribune's circulation area. Her Dutch mother was Maud Ostrum, whose father, Timothy, had homesteaded a farm in the Juneau County town of Armenia.

Lorena's father, Gustave Martin Paap, lived in Big Flats, Adams County. His father, Martin, had immigrated from Grafenburg, Germany, to Waupaca County.

Gustave and Maud were married in 1904 at Nekoosa, where Lorena's grandfather, Ferdinand Paap, operated a saloon. Until she was 11, Lorena's family farmed in Armenia.

Gustave Paap was a former millworker, farmer, carpenter, roofer, bricklayer and blacksmith. He did anything and everything for everybody, sometimes at the expense of his own place. While engaged in a 4th of July tug-of-war in a neighboring farmer's grove, another man fell

on Gustave and punctured Gustave's ribs. The wound healed but would affect him later.

When his brothers bought land at Stanley, Gustave sold his farm in Armenia and moved to the Chippewa County community, where he worked at the railroad roundhouse and also farmed.

Near Stanley, Lorena attended a rural school. "Families of different nationalities came into the community who couldn't speak English," she said. "Their children didn't know what a book or pencil was."

Paap traded his farm for a blacksmith shop and two houses in Stanley, renting out one house and living in the other. Lorena attended 7th and 8th grades and four years of high school, graduating in 1926.

The "tug-of-war" injury incurred years before hampered Paap to such an extent that he sold his blacksmith shop in November 1926 and brought the family here, where Lorena went to work for the Daily Tribune.

The Tribune building, on the West Side, faced the Wisconsin River—

between Montgomery Ward and a creamery. Inside were the front and advertising offices, newsroom and publisher William F. Huffman's office.

"Mr. Huffman was all business. When something didn't go just right, he'd bang his door and it would shake practically the whole building," said Lorena.

Behind the offices were the typesetting and printing departments. The mail room, where Lorena first worked, was in the back.

Her first job was making address plates for the Wisconsin Legionnaire magazine published by the Tribune. Next, she moved to the front office and took over the circulation department.

When Alma Peters wanted Lorena to learn to operate the bookkeeping machine, Editor Carl Otto objected. He wanted Lorena in the news department.

Lorena became proofreader and rural editor. "The 80 or so correspondents mailed in what the people were doing: if they went to another town, visited relatives, went on va-



Lorena Paap

cation. I typed it and got it ready."

She also edited church and school news—and the Seckatary Hawkins page. The Aug. 25, 1934, Tribune introduced the series: "My name is Greg Hawkins, but all the fellows around here call me 'Seckatary' Hawkins. That is on account of me writing down the minutes of the meetings of our club. You see, we boys live in a little town near a beautiful river . . ."

Unfortunately, wrote Hawkins, the boys from Pelham, across that river, liked to pick on his friends.

"One day, I got beat up, and I went back and told the boys that we ought to form a Fair and Square Club, so that we could help one another. Our idea was to stick together, use common sense and do the right thing always."

Every boy and girl who read the page was invited to join. Any group of five or more members could get together in a neighborhood, school, Sunday school or elsewhere and form a chapter of the club.

A camera-ready story was received from Cincinnati each week. To that were added contests prepared by

Lorena, who would pick out the best entries and award prizes.

Practically all of the rural schools participated, she said, and many rural literary societies changed their names to Seckatary Hawkins clubs.

Besides a full page of club news, contest announcements and stories of Fair and Square Club adventures, a charter, pennant, membership cards and pins were supplied by the Tribune. Lorena also visited the schools and took pictures of students and teachers.

In 1940, radio station WFHR (William F. Huffman Radio) took to the air and adopted the Seckatary Hawkins program as a weekly feature sponsored by the Daily Tribune. Young people were invited to play, sing and recite.

Working behind the scenes was Lorena, who arranged the talent, prepared scripts for some 1,150 broadcasts and took the performers to meetings in such outlying areas as Auburndale, Pittsville and Adams.

Early entertainers came out of the Gamma Sigma Music Club at Lincoln High School. Participants con-

tinuing in music included Marvin Teske, Richard Hagen, Charles Henke, Bernadine Speltz Kunder, Joan Buehler Palen, and Patricia Hinz Schmidt. Among the actors were Mel and James Daly. Music teachers who helped plan programs were Lucille Teske, Laura Demitz Majeski, Joseph Liska, Roger Hornig, Bess Bradford and Sister Mary William.

The Tribune discontinued the Seckatary Hawkins page Sept. 25, 1943, due to a shortage of gasoline and newsprint during World War II. The final radio program aired Oct. 6, 1964.

Besides her other duties, Lorena edited the women's pages, and wrote obituaries, community life and feature articles. She retired Feb. 15, 1975.

Since then, she has continued to work as a kind of volunteer society editor emeritus, helping to keep Tribune readers in touch with such groups as the Heart O'Wisconsin Genealogical Society, Lowell Senior Center and the South Wood County Historical Corp.



"Grab him!" cried Stydle. And immediately the boys behind him surged forward and in a few seconds they had the hounds collared and Lanky as well . . . "Now then, are you going to tell me where the Cave of Bunes is?" said Stydle, as he raised his blacksnake whip.

Born in Centralia Bea Klebesadel

Beatrice Klebesadel can claim what few can; she was born in Centralia, Wisconsin—on Dec. 5, 1897.

Mrs. Klebesadel, or “Bea,” does not remember Centralia, however. She was only three when Centralia became part of Grand Rapids. When she was four, her family moved across the river to the east side.

Her first memory is of scarlet fever that struck Bea and her sister. Her dad carried Bea from her bed to look at the little baby in the casket. “When I went to school, the sister nearly fell off her stool because I was the one reported dead,” said Bea. They said prayers and everything. The kids wouldn’t come near me.”

She started school at the age of four, said Bea, by following her brothers or sisters from the White house at the end of 2nd St. N. to SS. Peter & Paul. Finally the nun said they might as well send her along. Bea attended, although she stayed in the same grade for several years.

Bea’s parents, Nicholas and Adele White had come from New Brunswick, Canada. They associated with residents named Marcoux, Marceau, Rochelieu, Peltier and Lambert. “About once a month, a bunch of Frenchmen would gather at someone’s house and all chew the rag in French,” said Bea.

Her neighborhood was, and is, an industrial section of the city. “Jake Lutz had a pop factory at the brewery,” said Bea. “Alma Lutz, one of Jake Lutz’s nieces was a friend of mine. Whenever we wanted any pop we’d go over and get some.

Alma’s father, David, had a little cigar factory right back of the Lutz house—“just a little bit of a place.” After school, Alma had to go and strip the tobacco leaves for processing.

Behind the Lutz cigar factory was the coal company first owned by Ketchum, then Jones, then Percy Daly. In her teenage years, Bea worked for Daly.

In the early 1900s, circuses were often held in a large field where Prentiss-Wabers later built. In the area, Kaudys opened a wood-

products factory that was sold to Prentiss-Waber.

The neighborhood also was home to a furniture factory owned by Mr. Wipperman. “I think we bought a sideboard and a dining-room table from the factory,” said Bea. “Later, it was a clothing factory. They made blue jeans.”

A big event of the early 1900s came when a couple of kids decided to clean up some of the old buildings located where the East Side swimming pool is now and set on fire the former foundry.

The White family itself faced a near disaster from their coal-burner. “When my father was away building a barn at Bancroft, one night my mother woke up,” said Bea. “She knew she was sick. She told my sister, Margaret, to go down and open the damper. Margaret started downstairs but didn’t make it. She fell down the stairs, so my mother sent another girl who fell too. Another sister got as far as the kitchen.

“My mother pushed open the storm window on the second floor. She saw Clem Kaudy going by and told him to call Dr. F.X. Pomainville,” said Bea. “When he came, we were five of us sick, almost dead.” Happily, all recovered.

A carpenter by profession, one of Nick White’s jobs was for Mrs. Frank Daly, the music lady who sold pianos from her house. “When he worked for Mrs. Daly, it was my job to bring him a noon hot lunch in one of those old-fashioned lunch buckets. She was a grand lady who drove a horse and buggy every place she went,” said Bea.

Downtown was Joe Cohen’s dry goods store and up above the grocery store “Old Joe Cohen used to give us kids candy,” said Bea. “He was the mayor at one time and a Jew.”

“There’s a funny story about that. They were going to have a dinner for the policemen and the mayor. Herman Smith, a Catholic policeman suggested they serve pork. Joe Cohen retaliated with, “Sure, we’ll have it

on a Friday.”

Cohen’s was one of many grocery stores. A man named Weisel had a grocery in back of his dry goods store. Johnson Hills had a grocery store in the back on the first floor. On 1st Street North was John Posely’s saloon and attached to it, a grocery store run by Frank Stahl. “It seems everybody and his uncle had a grocery store,” Bea said.

Bea was often sent to the Chinese laundry on the east side. “I can remember bringing my father’s collars down there. I was scared stiff.”

Bea also might visit the dairy under the old post office by the Grand Avenue Bridge. “It was my job to go down there and get a gallon of buttermilk for a nickel and carry that bucket home.”

Much of Bea’s childhood was taken up by play. In summer, an area in the river below the Green Bay and Western bridge was roped off—one section for those who could swim and

one for those who could only crawl on their stomach.

In winter, the children bobsledded down Wood’s hill past the old Arpin places to end up way down by the library.

The first motion pictures also provided entertainment. Fred Nelson, a neighbor, showed movies in a little building in the Preway area. Later, there was a movie theater upstairs over a building on 1st Street. Movies were also shown at the Ideal Theater, across from the Wood County Bank on Grand Avenue. At Daly’s Opera House, Bea saw “Birth of a Nation,” shown by Mr. Winnegar from Wausau.

Bea attended high school for three years until “a Mr. Hayward opened a class. You could finish your two years in one year. You’d take a secretarial course: shorthand, typing, spelling. It was right in Lincoln High School.”

She met her husband in 1917. Louis Klebesadel had come to town to work for Joe Weinberg, a contractor. One of Louis’ jobs was to help move the Christian Science church back from the sidewalk to its present location.

In 1917, after Bea had left home, her parents bought Moran’s White House hotel, “kitty-corner from the Green Bay and Western Depot” on 1st Street North.

Bea’s mother, Adele, did most of the work at the hotel. When trains were slow getting in during a big snowstorm, she would get up at 2 a.m. to make the crew breakfast.

There was an occasion that almost eliminated any memories Bea might have had. She and three high school friends had walked halfway across the Northwestern railroad bridge when they saw a train coming round the bend.

One girl and myself ran fast enough to get off the bridge. Two of the other girls stood off the bridge and hung on to the side.

“I think about it yet, how we kids could have been caught right in the middle. I remember screaming our heads off. It is something I never tried again.”



The Principal of the Thing

Ray Lecy

While most of the 8th-grade class labored to finish the assignment, one student had lost his nose in a novel about Jim Bridger and the mountain men. "Why does David get to read?" someone complained.

"When you do your work as good as he does," answered the young teacher, "you can read, too."

Being appreciated back in 1958 at Grove School by Mr. Lecy meant a lot to me. Because he had proven his fairness, the other students accepted his judgment. Over the year, he had recognized each in some way. Twenty years later, Lecy asked me if I wanted to teach at East Jr. High. This was the kind of loyalty he showed toward all of his kids.

At age 60, Ray Lecy retired as principal of East.

In 1952, Lecy began his teaching career at Grove in what then was the town of Grand Rapids. Principal Palmer Budahl was the only other male faculty member. "I learned a lot about kindness and compassion from Mr. Budahl," said Lecy.

When students Skip Wilson and Billy Lamb wanted to form a basketball team, they asked Lecy to coach.

"What does a coach do? Sit on the bench and make a lot of noise. I was good at that. I had done it as a player in intramurals."

Practice was held in a multipurpose room with a 14-foot ceiling and no baskets. "We shot at a chalk mark on the wall until some parents got together and installed baskets."

At Grove, Lecy used his outstanding "Pirates" basketball teams to help rid the school of the "Sand Hill" image.

"We were literally on the wrong side of the tracks, but I was proud and I wanted the kids to be proud. I kept bragging that if we had a math contest or an English contest, we'd win that, too."

In 1959, Lecy was hired as principal, teacher and coach at the new Woodside School. From 1970-79, he served as vice-principal of the new West Junior High. Since 1979—and the building of Lincoln High School—he has been principal of East.

Although Lecy's father, Curtis, is Norwegian, Ray gets his Italian good looks from his mother, Marie Vetrano Lecy.

Marie and Ray grew up in Chicago, where Curtis operated a coal business until depression times got too tough and Curtis got a job delivering dairy products.

For fun, Lecy and his friends played kick the can, touch football, softball, roller-skate hockey, cowboys and Indians, Zorro, and Monopoly. He had tomato fights behind the A & P and shook dice on the church steps.

In 1932, Lecy's Democrat father encouraged Ray to holler "Boo on Hoover" from the steps of the Lecy house at 222 W. North, as the Republican parade passed.

Nevertheless, Lecy, now a Republican, said, "I was a good kid. My dad made sure that I was obedient. In eighth grade, I got the American Legion award for citizenship and scholarship."

At Frederick Funston grade school, Lecy was principal's pet and president of the student council. "I had to be the role model. I never wanted to do anything to embarrass my name. My dad drummed into me that your name is your most valuable asset."

In eighth grade, Lecy bought a chemistry set and started a science club. By hand, he and a friend had been publishing a school newspaper. He saved more money and bought a simple printing press.

Lecy got good grades in the classes he was interested in, such as history and English. "I always liked science until my freshman year, when I had a teacher I didn't like, and that cooled me to science."

In a big high school that operated in shifts, Ray felt slightly lost, although he still was on the student council.

When Lecy's merchant seaman uncle, Joey Vetrano, died and left Lecy's mother "around \$1,000," Ray's dad decided to take the family back to his home country of Rapids and buy a farm.

In the summer of '42, Ray started at Lincoln High School in the same building that is now East Junior High.

Lecy's modest confrontation with the no-nonsense principal, Aaron Ritchay, came as Ray stood at the top of the stairs, waiting for the bell to ring and fiddling with the light switch—unknowingly turning on and off the lights in front of Ritchay's office. When Ritchay found Ray, he turned up the volume. "What's the matter with you. Didn't you ever see a switch before?"

Lecy respected Ritchay, but J.A. Torresani was his favorite. "Here's a kid from Chicago, who didn't have any friends, and Mr. Torresani says,

'Ray, what's your last name. What nationality are you?' I felt close to him because he was Italian. I felt comfortable with him in the building."

At Lincoln, Lecy took the commercial course: typing, bookkeeping, shorthand, Spanish. "I was going to be a businessman or a lawyer."

Lecy eventually joined up with a group of friends who hung out in the "Dogtown" area near the Armory. "I was still only 5-foot 1 or 2. I didn't start growing until I was 19. There was only one kid smaller than I was when I was a senior. They called him Pee Wee."

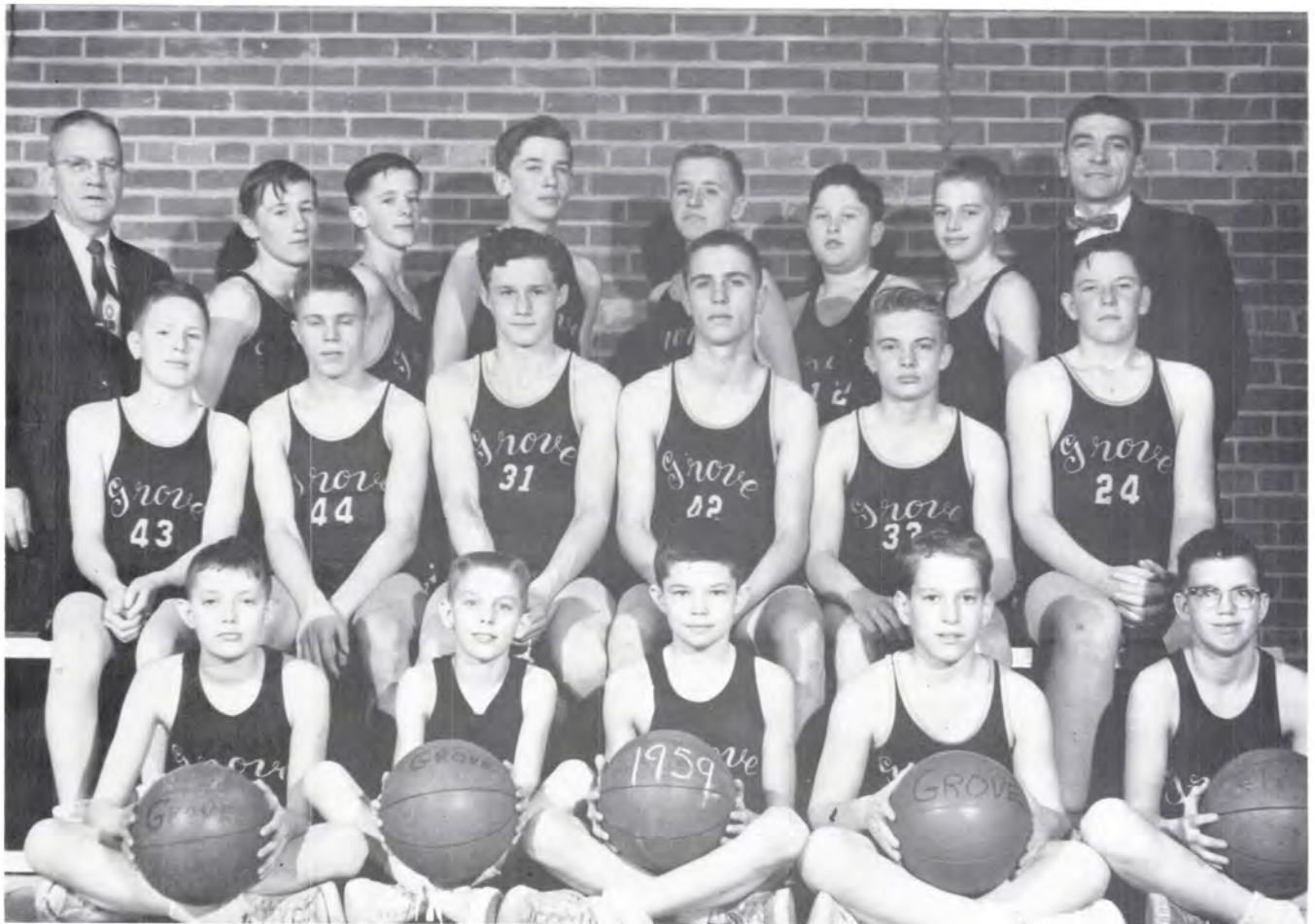
Lecy graduated from Lincoln in 1945, drafted and fought "the battle of St. Louis" at war's end.

In 1946, Lecy went to work for the plastics division of Consolidated Papers Inc. The following year, he went to Daly Music as a bookkeeper and

record salesman. For a while, he worked at his dad's second-hand store on 1st Street.

One day in 1949, while Ray worked, Dick Berg came in and said, "Let's go to school on the G.I. Bill." Lecy enrolled in the state teacher's college at Stevens Point, with hopes of transferring to law school at Madison. A speech by Quincy Doudna changed Lecy's mind. Doudna challenged the junior class: "If you want to make money, buy yourself a beer bar at the outskirts of some college town and exploit it to the fullest. Then, when you sit in your rocking chair at age 65, you think about how many kids you helped as a beer-bar owner and compare that with how many kids you would have helped as an educator."

"Of course I was very idealistic," said Lecy. "I decided to be a teacher."



GROVE SCHOOL PIRATES: Principal Palmer Budahl (left) and Coach Ray Lecy (right) posed with Lecy's 1959 basketball team.

La Bamba

Question: What weighs 1,000 pounds, has four legs, is yellow and flies?

Answer: Two 500-pound canaries.

The "sick joke" had just worn off when I walked into the classroom where some of the eighth-grade girls had gathered. They weren't laughing. Tragic news had brought tears to Grove School.

It was Feb. 3, 1959, the day the music died.

The "music" consisted of three young rock'n rollers: Buddy Holly, The Big Bopper . . . and another guy heretofore difficult to recall.

His name was Ritchie Valens.

Ritchie himself may have been obscure, but everybody knew his song, "La Bamba." It was a rock'n roll favorite—in Spanish, jumping with *joie de vivre* and a catchy bass run. "Yo no soy marinero. Soy capitan. Soy capitan. Ba ba bamba, ba ba bamba."

Through high school, college, grad school, teaching and real life, the strains of "La Bamba" never quite left me. I know I am not alone. Some of the best minds of my generation are going around with "ba ba bamba" in their heads.

"Valens quit high school in San Fernando, Calif., last year for a rock'n roll singing career and was an overnight sensation." I read those lines in the Daily Tribune when I went home from school on Feb. 4, 1959.

"There had never been a Mexican-American rock'n roll star, and now Ritchie Valens—17 years old, good-looking, if a bit chubby, and possessor of a fine high tenor voice and a natural, fluid song-writing ability—was the obvious candidate," said the pop-history book, "Rock of Ages."

On Feb. 1, 1959, the "Winter Dance Party," including J.P. Richardson ("The Big Bopper"), Dion and the Belmonts, Holly, and Valens, played an afternoon concert in Appleton and an evening show in Green Bay. After that, they rode 350 frozen miles on a bus that wouldn't stop breaking down, arriving at Mason City, Iowa, at 6 p.m. for an 8 o'clock show at the Surf Ballroom in nearby Clear Lake.

In order to avoid another similar bus ride to the next concert at Moorhead, Minn., Holly chartered a plane for Moorhead's sister-city, Fargo, ND. The established star of the show, he was 22.

Rock legend was born and life traded as Richardson talked Waylon Jennings, bass player for Holly, out of his place on the four-seater plane. Valens and guitarist Tommy Allsup flipped a coin for another seat. Allsup lost.

The plane took off as a storm was coming up. Unfortunately, the young pilot, Roger Peterson, could not fly the Beechcraft by instrument. A few miles northwest of Mason City, "River City" of "Music Man" fame, the plane went down into the infinity of an Iowa cornfield.

Richardson, Holly and Valens were thrown from the plane and killed. The pilot lay dead in the wreckage.

"A group of young entertainers, saddened by the death of three singing stars of their troupe who were killed in a plane crash, staged a rock'n roll show Tuesday night to the delight of more than 2,000 screaming, whistling teen-agers," said the 1959 Tribune, as the show went on.

Shortly after the deaths, a song came over the radio about the "three stars." It said we would miss them, and "Everybody sends their love." A decade or so ago, even as the Mason City radio station was airing a special program about the plane crash, I drove past Clear Lake and Mason City. It struck me that the music had died in one of the cornfields I was looking at.

In the 28 years since his death, Holly has been generally recognized as a major talent. A movie told his story.

The Big Bopper produced only one popular song, "Chantilly Lace" ("a pretty face, pony tail, a wiggle and a walk, a giggle and a talk . . .").

Although rock'n roll and its history oft have been regurgitated, Valens, until now, remained little more than the third guy on the plane. Now comes "La Bamba," a movie about Ritchie Valens.

From "La Bamba," I learned Ritchie's real name was Richard Valenzuela, he was a son of Mexican-American agricultural workers, and spoke only English.

The movie succeeds through a classic success-story plot, a setting that could have been Steinbecks, effective portrayals of Valens (Lou Diamond Phillips) and his brother, Bob (Esai Morales), and rousing rock'n roll.

The movie will introduce the minor musical figure of 17-year-old Ritchie Valens to more people than knew him in his life.

As I watched "La Bamba," I knew how the several generations older than me feel about their times and their music, and how they feel sometimes about columns like this that evoke the culture of their youth.

My daughter sat with me in the theater. She liked the movie a lot. She also likes the old-time music and wants to know more about those historic years. How do you stroll? Was "The Fly" a dance? Who came first, Chubby Checker or Fats Domino?

I attempted to speak to her about the way it was in 1959 when I was her age and about to trip over the sill of awareness.

Don McClean, a singer from my generation, said

the music died on Feb. 3, 1959. Possibly to his parents, and certainly to other parents closer to home, it had been murdered circa 1956 by young thugs like Holly, Richardson and Valens. A syndicated column in the Feb. 4, 1959, Daily Tribune wanted to know how teen-agers had taken over pop music in only three years, concluding: "The Castro of the revolt was a side-burned guitar-thumper named Elvis Presley." Presley, however, said the newspaper, couldn't have done it without the aid of disc jockeys. "If they're exposed long enough to bad music, that's what they'll like," said a critic.

"When will their taste in music get better?" responded a disc jockey. "When we make this a better world to live in."

Want to lose 10 ugly pounds?

Cut off your head.

WISCONSIN RAPIDS DAILY TRIBUNE

Wednesday February 4, 1959



ROCK 'N' ROLL STARS KILLED — Three top rock 'n' roll stars and a pilot were killed in a plane crash about five miles north of Clear Lake, Ia. The men, shown here in recent studio portraits, were (left to right): Buddy Holly; Ritchie Valens, and J. P. Richardson, known professionally as "The Big Bopper."

The Longest Night

In those days, it was the custom before the longest night for the honest millworker to take his son into the forest to cut a tree.

The father did not have to explain and the son did not have to know that the custom these people of the North had of bringing into their dwellings evergreens acknowledged forebears who lived close to the snow, close to the earth and close to death. The father did not have to say that for people of snow, the sun was light; light was heat; heat was life.

As the longest night approached, little by little, the sun was lost. If such a thing continued, it could follow that the darkness might be everything. As far as the people of the North knew, it might be everlasting. The cutting of the tree before the longest night had this unspoken connection with the forebears.

In the forest behind the house of the honest millworker and his son, the old oaks had suffered a disease that caused most to die. Young white pines had taken their place.

As with unpruned wild white pines that have not yet reached much more than the height of a man, the chosen one was all arms and legs and fingers. Nevertheless, it was harvested from their own forest, so the father and son were well satisfied.

The father allowed his son to kneel at one side of the three-inch trunk and hold the end of the bow saw as it rasped back and forth. A few cuts and the white pine fell slowly into the snow. Not long after the white pine was cut, the longest night came upon the people of the North.

The son of the honest millworker lay acutely alert in bed minute after minute, hour after tedious hour. Of course, he was too excited to sleep. He had been told to expect a miracle.

He had been told that an elf from the polar regions had been dispatched through the sky on a sleigh drawn by flying reindeer. The elf's duty and privilege was to deliver gifts to every

family in all the world, with the possible exception of those in which the little ones had not watched out but had instead cried or pouted.

Since he, although not virtuous, was innocuous, he thought the elf would favor him with a visit.

As long as he could bear it, the boy waited in bed, trying to calm his heart and mind. If only morning would come! It truly was the longest night!

Morning did not come and the boy found himself drawn out of bed and moving down the hall. In the doorway of the living room, he stood for a moment in his pajamas. What had been a modest (even mundane) sight, day after day, had become a parlor of icons: brass angels winging joyfully above a white candle; a miniature desert vignette in which hand-carved figures represented camels, sheep and bedouins; small wax figures imitating the jolly elf he had been told would visit that night.

Mostly, what he looked at was the tree he and his father had sawn. No longer was it homely. The gangly shape had been obscured by a spiral of glowing colored bulbs. The bulbs were, in turn, reflected in many striped round balls. Here and there were cruder shapes fashioned by himself and his brothers and sister. Tinsel icicles filled in the places where branches should have been.

The son of the honest millworker stood quietly awash in the precious and fragile wonder that, in the North, only a child was allowed. This was a night to remember. He had broken a command to sleep until dawn and went instead through the house like a burglar, stealing sights, sounds and smells.

He had pilfered much.

In this three-bedroom dwelling at the edge of town, he had taken the fire of the Druids into his brain. He had inflamed an image. If

the common white pine could become this, what was not possible? He might hear the tiny feet of reindeer on top of the house. Weren't those sleigh bells, too? He could well imagine the elf himself by the tree.

Yet, the miracle was already accomplished. Beneath the tree had been placed red and green wrapped and decorated boxes in many sizes. One bore the snow-bearded visage of the elf himself, grinning happily.

The son of the honest millworker was attracted to the boxes. With the daring of the thief he was, he turned over a tag: "to David from Santa."

Through the paper, he thought he could see the word, "Starmite." He held the box reverently.

Then a clicking frightened him and the boy put down the box. A great hum sounded and heat began to blow from metal grates. The ticking of a clock suddenly became vivid.

1:30.

How could a kid go back and sleep like a dull adult?

But he must hurry back to bed anyway. Even the longest night must pass.

It did pass, along with many eventful days and another week, too. On the first day of the new year, the white pine, now losing needles, was untrimmed.

Off with the tinsel, to be wound and saved, more wrinkled and shorter than ever.

Off with the ornaments, to be placed in the same cardboard compartments and saved, minus those few that had broken.

Off with the tree to the forest, where, for some time, a last tinsel icicle glinted with the bright sunlight.

The tree had lighted the longest night. Now the sun—from which came all life—each day rose a little higher in the hopeful sky.



Dec. 25, 1961: Ken and Gary Engel

Grandpa's Coat

More than once, I have nearly abandoned the coat: a dark red plaid woolen Mackinaw that is patched, tattered, frayed and much too large.

The reason I keep the coat is that it belonged to my grandfather. Although he lived longer than 90 years, he left few mementos.

My easiest image of Grandpa is greeting him at the door to the dining room of his farmhouse west of Seymour, Wisconsin. Grandpa holds forth a big-knuckled, bent, strong, huge hand. He laughs heartily. His voice is rough and strong, like his hand. Everything about him seems strong. There is no sense of hesitation or reticence.

Grandpa's nose is a little like his toil-warped hand. It has been broken many years previous, you would suppose, by the kick of a horse. His hair is full and frosty. His ears, though I wouldn't have thought to mention it, are somewhat large.

Grandpa was the epitome of the German protestant farmer: sober, frugal, rustic. He was not preachy but honestly pious. As far as I know, he had never played cards, danced, listened to rock music, smoked cigarettes, drank beer nor cursed. He did not eat in restaurants, did not rest in motels and could not be persuaded to go to Florida. He did not complain about those things and did not complain about the people who did those things.

On the other hand, I stood as a good example of a bad apple: the soft-palmed city boy who didn't meet your eyes when you talked and could rarely even be cajoled into a cornet serenade. I was not hearty and honest nor in fact any of what Grandpa was. I was shy.

"Aren't you going out for football?"

At the age of 14, I was 5 feet tall and 100 pounds.

Even at that size, I felt like a big sinner. Although I had no desire not to sin, the characteristic diminished my stature even further. No one had ever said Grandpa hadn't sinned, certainly not he, but I did not imagine him wanting to do what I wanted to do. I was born to raise hell but certainly not loud enough for anyone to hear.

Grandpa was lenient with the natural instincts of boys to plink away at sparrows and blackbirds with BB guns and .22 rifles. He let us cousins run without supervision over his 80 acres and seldom chastised anyone for disturbing the peace. Boys will be boisterous. He was happy to see us play.

Himself, he seemed to work 365 days a year but on Sunday that was limited to only the necessary chores. Grandpa would be up in the morning and in the barn before I even got to the freshly baked rolls.

Sometimes, I joined him. Particularly piquant is the remembered aroma of silage as it is placed by the forkful before each rough-tongued client. Shortly, I would watch in the whitewashed milking parlor as the girls came in and Grandpa applied the milking machine.

He knew their names and their habits. When Betsy or Bertha got out of line as expected, Grandpa displayed an unusual impatience.

"Hey Boss, get in there now!"

It was in the town of Seymour that I first heard Grandpa's first name.

"How are you doing, Sanford?" called the man at the feed store. He respected Grandpa and liked him. I could tell everybody did.

The operator of the cheese factory watched Grandpa roll the heavy milk can I could not budge onto the conveyor. We went into the building and I was allowed to reach into the vat for a handful of curds. I could tell the man obviously respected and liked "Sanford."

When Grandma attended at the birth of my brother, I was sent to stay with Grandpa. He took me to a night baseball game somewhere in the dark and bought me a hot dog. It was rare to be alone with him and at a recreational event. At home, Grandpa climbed into bed wearing long johns and I got in with him, unaccustomed to even being in their bedroom. That night I slept unfamiliarly close to the scent of my kin.

Only with my cousin, Dennis, at my side did I feel secure. He had challenging ideas and the nerve to put them into action. His naturally active nature and having lived in his childhood with Grandpa made him the household favorite.

In the old Hudson Hornet, we rode one day with Grandpa to the pasture fence line where we were encouraged to help put in new fence posts. I could not do more than scratch the hard clay with the posthole digger.

Dennis may have been of more assistance but it wasn't long before we both retired to the shade of the car door and amused ourselves by switching at

flies and listening to the pop music of 1957 on the car radio. One song predicted a spurious end of the world and I convinced Dennis it was authentic.

Meanwhile, Grandpa dug his holes and planted his fence.

Late that afternoon, we drove to town. Grandpa handed Dennis a quarter. To me, he gave a dime.

In a rare moment of assertiveness, I wanted to know, "Why did he get more than me?"

"He worked more than you."

Years later, I had grown up and Grandpa had retired. Instead of shaving in the little room under the stairs, he had indoor plumbing installed and joined a dartball league. He got a television and began watching baseball games.

Too soon, Grandma got sick and had to enter a nursing home. Grandpa would not let her go in alone and went with her. The change from the farm was hard.

"You mean you don't know what a posy is?" he said. "That's what they tie Grandma into bed with."

I brought silly gifts and listened to him talk. I learned that Grandpa, as a young man, had wanted to become a minister but had been unable to pursue the study very long. I learned he had once had a stronger, bigger brother or uncle whom he called Gottlieb.

Stooped and stiff in his 80s, Grandpa always seemed to me strong and sane. Except for the crazy woman who wandered too often into his and Grandma's private room, he bore the burdens of his life without complaint still: the deaths, the hardship, the farm lost to the Depression.

Grandma lived on for many years, but Grandpa died not long after moving to the nursing home. Not much was left of his farm by that time and not many memorials to his stature.

Today, I put on his coat. It is very heavy and much too big. Clearly I'll not grow enough to fill it. Nevertheless, I will work harder than that little boy he knew, to break the hard clay and earn a quarter he apportioned once to someone else.



Clyde Ave., August 1946: Don Engel, Wilmer Engel, Sanford Sylvester, David Engel, Ruth Kuehne, Betty Schmidt.

Philleo Nash

A Celebration

Most of his life, he thought it was a nightmare. But before she died, Philleo Nash's sister, Jean, told him the incident really had taken place.

His older brother, Tom, tom-boy Jean and Philleo had to find out what was higher, the family house at 1020 Oak St. or a tall tree in the yard. Going out a top-floor window, Tom and Jean crawled up to the peak of the roof. Although Philleo thought he had joined them, sitting on the peak ornament, Jean insisted he had stayed at the window.

"Of course, it was a nightmare to you," Jean told him. "You didn't go all the way to the top."

Whether he made it to the top that time, Philleo Nash, in his way, climbed as high as anyone from Wisconsin Rapids ever had.

Philleo & Nash

Nash was born Oct. 25, 1909, at 1020 Oak St., to Guy and Florence Philleo Nash. He died Oct. 12, 1987, of cancer. Survivors include his wife, Edith Rosenfels Nash, and two daughters, Sally Nash and Maggie Kast.

His maternal grandfather was H.B. Philleo, abolitionist, writer and man of letters, the latest, Nash said, in a line of activists. His paternal grandfather was T.E. Nash, an Irish peasant who understood the value of technology and rose to become a major local industrialist.

Roy Nash, an uncle, captained a company of black soldiers in World War I and became the first Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Philleo exceeded all three role models. Said Lawrence Nash, at the Oct. 25 "Celebration of the Life of Philleo Nash:" "He was husband, father, grandfather, also a son, and a grandson, a brother, cousin, friend, traveler, confidant, adviser, student, teacher, politician, lieutenant governor, Bureau of Indian Affairs commissioner, cranberry farmer, expert witness, speech writer and adviser to the president, commencement speaker, storyteller, anthropologist, gourmet cook, wine connois-

seur, musician, critic, outdoorsman and on and on."

Academia

After graduation from high school, Nash spent a year studying violin at Curtis Institute of Music, Philadelphia. From 1927-29, he participated in the Meiklejohn Experimental College, an unsettling but formative experience. His 1932 graduation from the University of Wisconsin was followed by the 1933 publication by the Milwaukee Public Museum of Nash's bachelor's thesis detailing his 1931 excavation of the Ross Lake Indian mounds.

For his doctorate in anthropology from the University of Chicago, Nash lived on the Klamath reservation in Oregon and studied the Indian ghost dance movement. "I was a run-of-the-mill young anthropologist, and the dismal anthropo-

logical view of the Bureau of Indian Affairs which prevailed then, and often prevails today, was consistent with what I saw," he wrote later in "Science, Politics and Human Values: A Memoir." "I felt a sense of outrage and a determination to do it better some day."

In 1935, Nash married Edith Rosenfels in Oak Park, Ill. After he received his Ph.D. in 1937 from the University of Chicago, Nash worked at the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, and taught until 1941 at the University of Toronto and at the University of Wisconsin.

Daughter Maggie was born in 1938, and Sally in 1940.

In 1939-40, Nash supervised excavation of DuBay's trading post near Dancy and found the cabin where DuBay spent his later life. Less than a month after the DuBay project came Pearl Harbor.



Obliging: Tom (from left), Jean and Philleo Nash posed upon a donkey while a traveling photographer snapped this portrait.

Minority expert

In 1941, Nash moved home to join his father in the cranberry business. "I could get scholarships and fellowships, being a bright boy, when I couldn't get a job," said Nash at the Jean Nash Memorial. "That's how I ended up in the world of the academy. But I liked it, and I stayed. Then came the war, and I did want to be in a war job of some kind."

Nash was called, in 1942, to be Special Assistant for Domestic Operations in the Office of War Information. He reported and analyzed racial tensions and helped write several government publications. Nash was Special Consultant to the Secretary of War in 1943, Special Assistant to the White House, 1946-52, and Administrative Assistant to the President, 1952-53.

Throughout, he worked to end racial violence in U.S. cities, racial segregation in the Armed Forces

and racial discrimination in the Civil Service.

While working on minority issues, Nash became uncomfortable with racial segregation and poor quality in Washington's public schools. As its first president, he founded one of the first racially integrated schools in the area, the Georgetown Day School, a parent-owned cooperative that opened in 1945 with seven students and continues to operate with 800. From 1961-75, his wife was director of the school.

Near the end of his White House service, Nash became the first member of the Truman administration attacked by Wisconsin Sen. Joseph McCarthy.

The charges were vigorously refuted by Nash and by President Truman, who called McCarthy a pathological character assassin.

Lieutenant governor

Nash returned to Wisconsin after

Eisenhower's election in 1952. "I turned in my White House pass on Truman's last day in office," he wrote in "A Memoir."

"On that day, I was one of the few who had been on his staff during the entire seven years of his term, and the only one who had also been on the Roosevelt staff."

Back in Wisconsin, in "Anthropologist in the White House," Nash wrote:

"I made my way from county chairman to lieutenant governor of Wisconsin. I visited and revisited every corner of my native state, made innumerable friends, and some enemies, and gained enormous respect for the political process."

In 1955, Nash was elected state chairman of the Democratic Party, losing that office to Patrick Lucey in 1957. Running with Governor-to-be Gaylord Nelson, Nash was elected lieutenant governor in 1958 and served from 1959-61.



Indian Commissioner

Nash's search for employment after his 1960 defeat for re-election as lieutenant governor led him into the Kennedy administration. Working a short time for the Department of the Interior, "my wish was granted, and I became U.S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs" (Memoir), but not until after a confirmation struggle that included a revival of the old McCarthy accusations. "I was pleased to beat down that smear, and I did not complain about the time it took," Nash wrote.

With the intent of promoting economic self-sufficiency among Indians, Nash brought enthusiasm, vitality, zest and happiness to his position, related Evelyn Pickett, of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, at the Oct. 25 "Celebration of the Life of Philleo Nash."

"We all realized that we had important work to do and needed to get on with it, and we did."

His work in the family tradition of public service, said Nash, was to "Defend the underdog, defend the rights of women, of ethnics, of blacks—and try to make the government work a little bit better by doing it a little more straightforward" (Jean Nash Memorial).

However well Nash got along with his co-workers and the Indian people, he and Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall came into conflict. "I resigned involuntarily on March 15, 1966," Nash wrote, "having had a little less than five years of spirited and—on the whole—successful activity."

After a State Department-sponsored tour of India, on which Nash expounded on American Indian programs, he returned to Washington to operate a consulting business with Phillips Petroleum, to teach anthropology at American University (1969-73), and to direct the Learning Center for students with special

educational needs (1973-76).

Pocatello

In 1977, Nash returned to Wood County to manage the Biron Cranberry Co., with which he always had maintained contact and management responsibilities.

In 1984, he received the Distinguished Service Award from the American Anthropological Association and, in 1986, the Malinowski Award from the Society for Applied Anthropology—at which he gave the lecture, "Science, Politics and Human Values: A Memoir."

Nash's interest in anthropology continued to affect his fellow citizens as he became interested in such local projects as Wakely Inn Preservation, Inc.

"Nobody ever goes back to Pocatello, but this is my Pocatello, and I did come back." Nash said, at Jean's memorial, brief weeks before his own. "I always knew I would."



Mr. and Mrs. Nash: In this 1935 wedding photograph (left) of Edith and Philleo Nash, the groom thought he looked "frightened." A recent photo is above. Nash first grew a beard, he said, in imitation of a college professor.

Meiklejohn

In the fall of 1927, Philleo Nash, a young freshman from Wisconsin Rapids, turned up at Adams Hall on the University of Wisconsin campus in Madison. Like his father before him, he was a student. But young Nash was up to something new. He was among the first "guinea pigs" in the Meiklejohn Experimental College.

Around Madison, pre-Depression styles included coonskin coats and galoshes flapping at the buckles. University President Glenn Frank wore striped pants, a morning jacket and spats. "I admired that very much," said Nash. "I had a pair of spats."

One of the faculty, Percy Dawson, sported a beard. "That's why I have

a beard, and why I had one as a student," said Nash, in an interview with Art Oster on Wisconsin Public Radio.

Of the Meiklejohn Experimental College, said Nash: "They took the first 120 that applied, every type of person you could think of." (For more information on the Meiklejohn school, see the Wisconsin Magazine of History, Winter, 1982-1983.)

Instead of being presented with a conventional orientation session, Nash and the other experimental school freshmen were thrown into a discussion of the nature of justice. "I assumed justice was what was dealt with down at the county courthouse," said Nash. "I found it was abstract, very far away and what was talked about in the fifth century."

In the experiment, there were no

exams, no grades, no courses. "It was two years devoid of non-educational support, such as blackboards, seats bolted down, lectures," said Nash. "There was nothing but learning and books—and you can read them, and you meet once a week."

So much enforced freedom was an educational but unsettling experience. "It raised the hackles on everybody," said Nash. "It really didn't fit into the university very well."

One topic was pursued the entire first year, and a second topic, the second year. The first topic was "A Great Age: Fifth Century Athens." "I enjoyed the lectures on fifth century Athens," said Nash, "although I didn't often get to them."

Critical thinking was essential to Meiklejohn's program. "If you learn all you can about one culture, you will then have to study everything about it," said Nash, "music, art, literature, its people, its economy, history, science, architecture, theater. If you critically examine something like Greek society and Greek culture as it was in the fifth century, you will learn something about it and will be able to take that learning and look at the world about you and look at it in a new way. If we saw conflict in the Peloponnesian wars, we looked at our own wars," said Nash.

In the second year, the students became immersed in studying the 19th and 20th century civilization of the United States.

In the summer vacation between the first and second years, each student conducted a regional study modeled on "Middletown," by Robert and Helen Lynd. Nash chose to study Wisconsin Rapids.

He said he obtained statistics at the university and interviewed George Mead, the mayor of Wisconsin Rapids and parents of his friends. "If education is for citizenship, and understanding is integration," he said, "you become familiar with your own community in order that you can take part in the life of it and in the governance of it as an informed citizen."



Philleo Nash, front row, second from right, with classmates.

Doc Lee

"I don't know why they called me," Doc Lee said with that "innocent" look of his. "There wasn't anything I could do."

That look of his told that the good doctor knew very well why the Indians had asked him to the ceremony for their chief, who lay dead on a nearby platform. He was their friend. Doc Lee took as much pride in that as anything.

He had a way about him that made friends. With a firm grip on your arm and a steady bead on your eye, Doc Lee would utter shameless flattery and make you feel good. He was confident, humorous, jovial and friendly. He was at home with the high and mighty as well as the low and broke. Doc Lee could touch and he could heal.

The good doctor's powers came by hand. Whatever limitations his procedures might present, his technique depended on belief. Many patients never had another doctor and never wanted one. They only asked that Doc Lee touch them, laugh with them and tell them a story. They only asked that he heal them.

Appointments were not necessary at the Pomainville office. Anyone who needed help could walk in and get it. In more than 50 years, Doc Lee delivered 1,500 babies and saved uncounted lives. As a surgeon, he was most proud of the work he did putting shattered hands back together.

A lot of times, he fixed people up and didn't send a bill. Doc Lee was a man, said Father Carl Dockendorff, who didn't know the limits of duty.

My first meeting with the good doctor was for a Sampson Canning Co. physical in the early the 1960s, my shortest exam ever. According to Doc Lee, you were healthy unless proven otherwise.

For his 1982 "50 years a doctor" recognition dinner, I interviewed Doc Lee. He reveled in the attention. Shortly, he called me. "You gotta come over. I got a guy here that isn't going to last much longer. I got a guy here that wrestled Strangler Lewis."

That wrestler, A.J. Crowns, lasted longer than Doc Lee. Doc Lee died last week, of old age. His mind and body had failed progressively since his retirement in 1983.

So many times, he said, "Dave, I've got to take you up and show you . . ."

He had so many things I should see. It was at some risk that I went. On more than one occasion, I thought the good doctor was going to get me killed.

At the site of the famous Babcock circus-train wreck, he drove over the center line and into the left lane for a better view. At Dexterville, he stopped in the middle of the highway to give a lecture on George Hiles. Near

Powers Bluff, Doc Lee seemed to forget the road entirely. "I doctored the Indians up here," he said. "They called it Skunk Hill." He got out to talk to a park worker and left the car running.

At a Pittsville restaurant, the good doctor, who was not blind to a pretty girl, insisted a waitress looked familiar. "Yes, you delivered me," she said. "And my mother."

Some years ago, as I began to research the history of central Wisconsin, the major authority of the area was Leland Pomainville.

Even before I knew him, I perceived Doc Lee to be not a scholar but a personality. He wrote letters, gave talks, listed historic sites, taped interviews, bought historical markers and slipped \$100 bills into the society till. It had been Doc Lee and his good friend, Marshall Buehler, who had the Wakely House named to the National Register of Historic Places.

It had been Doc Lee who found Bertha Schroeder's husband dead in the Wakely barn.

It had been Doc Lee who, at his last South Wood County Historical Corp. board meeting, said, "We have to do something about the Wakely place."

By then, however, the doctor was sick and could not save himself.

By the Christmas season of 1985, Doc Lee's public appearances were few. Buehler helped him attend the



Lee (left) and Harold boating on Wisconsin River (1922).

Christmas party at the SWCHC museum.

In a back hall, I sat with the good doctor. In his deep French eyes ran a river of hurt—for his dead twin brother, Harold, for his beloved wife, Margaret, gone now, too, and for all who live and die. He held my hand for a long time. He told me to come to his house. He had these scrapbooks he wanted me to take a look at. He must have known he would die soon and had chosen to pass the mantle of history to the next generation.

By the time I got to him a few weeks later, Doc Lee had faded a few pounds further. Nevertheless, he greeted me graciously. "Dave, what do you think about a guy who does something like this?" He pointed proudly to his 100 or so scrapbooks, some on newly built shelves.

Putting mementos into the scrapbooks gave his daily life meaning.

When he became physically unable, the doctor had his kind nurse-housekeepers (Ginger, Verna, Suzy) do it. He wanted everything pasted in, including whole volumes of River City Memoirs.



Doc Lee in operation

The nature of the scrapbooks was characteristic of Doc Lee's exuberant and non-discriminate sense of history:

—A 1951 telegram to Margaret, who waited for him in Miami ("Boy, it's cold up here.")

—Crayon art by daughter, Martha.

—A valentine from Ann.

—A ballet recital program for Jennifer.

—A work sheet from the Bureau of Naval Personnel listing "poor" ability to translate French.

—A physical disqualification from the Navy in 1946 for "coronary insufficiency" and an ECG chart for himself.

—A prescription written from his office over J.C. Penney's.

—A poem, "Ode to a Bedpan."

—Brochures from numerous race tracks.

—Souvenirs of historical sites, such as Williamsburg, Va.

Many of his books contained boating logs and memorabilia.

There were three things he always wanted in life, he had said: to own a Buick car, to go down the Mississippi in a small boat, and to go to Florida. He was waiting for a last trip to Florida when he died.

Did he believe in the afterlife? "If they have outboard motors, I'll be there," he said.

I hear the good doctor's voice now, and see him standing shadowed in the doorway of the museum. He should be leaving for home to take care of Margaret but he cannot. He has a story.

"I was home for the summer, lifeguarding at Nekoosa, when they had a log-rolling contest for a \$10 prize," he says."

He already has put on his overcoat.

"Well, they brought down some lumberjacks. One of them could roller skate on a log. I'd get on barefooted. I could do it pretty well."

Doc Lee has to go.

"He was last and I was last so I had to roll against him. I knew I had to just stay with him and let him roll himself in. I kept on watching his feet."

He has to go take care of his wife but the story won't last much longer.

"He couldn't roll me. The crowd was yelling."

Doc Lee has to go.

"No matter what he did, he couldn't roll me in."

Margaret is waiting.

"After 45 minutes, they called it a draw."

It is over. The good doctor goes finally from his story and home to his wife.

**Leland Pomainville
At Dexterville Cemetery
1984**



Mutability

The omnipotence of mutability is never more evident than on a September evening in Wisconsin.

As the planet tilts us away from heat one more time, we become aware of change: the sun's lower slant and earlier dusk; leaves ripening; fat pumpkins, brittle corn, grapes heavy on the vine; flocks of birds moving south; woodsmoke.

Children go off to school, an alarming grade older than yesterday; frost any night and soon winter.

Fall inspires reminiscence of a bittersweet verse. "The flower that smiles today/Tomorrow dies. All that we wish to stay/tempts and then flies."

She was a child

She, at 14, was a child and I, at 18, was mostly a child. Yet, our love seemed stronger than that of those older and wiser than we.

Don't you think that if we weren't meant to be going together," she had written, "God would have tried to stop us . . . instead of everybody else?"

"P.S. Look out for trolls."

The months that had belonged to us now had gone. Tomorrow, I had to leave for college. An end-of-summer afternoon drive into the mid-Wisconsin countryside would be our last together.

Was it trolls that brought young Romeo and Juliet to an end? Or was it the simple omnipotence of mutability?

A house in the country

Whoever had last left the old farmhouse had not even bothered to close the door. Inside, furniture and household items were strewn about as if someone in great anger or hurt had stalked through, kicking chairs aside and pulling down curtains.

However vacant of human activity, life in the old house was numerous and busy. Up and down the stairwell to the second floor, bees steadily traveled their noisy flyway. "Stay here," I said to Mary.

She waited while one or two bees accompanied me up the stairs. On the floor of what once would have been a bedroom were scattered hundreds or thousands of small BBs. A table was littered with shotgun shells. Had the maker got up one day and stormed out, never to return? Or had mutability suggested another alternative?

I stood alone on the second floor. The already

descending sun through the wrinkled window panes told me that the equinox was all too near; too near also was the unfathomable future. "The time will show sorrow, grief, sadness, and maybe even happiness for some people," she had written. "So, while we can, let's take happiness and hold it till it fades away."

"P.S. Say hi to the trolls. They don't seem to like me anymore."

Who gets Grandma's dinner?

Besides BBs were envelopes, letters, snapshots, milk checks and other missives in the same unkind disarray that marked the rest of the house.

Mary came up the stairs untouched through the buzzing and looked with me at the tattered history. Mostly, there were letters home from grown children to what must have been a widowed mother.

The only sounds from the house were the bees but, inside my head, the voices in the letters, arrested momentarily from the ravages of mutability, warned that our fears had reason. Life was and never will be the same, they said. "The way I look at it, I don't think this war will last long, do you?"

WPA, funerals, dances, WWII, headaches, toothaches, heartache; a rude son; a caring daughter.

"It feels like a storm in the air. We sure need it."

The daughter also wrote that her son "said when I told him that you were sick, 'Who gets Grandma's dinner?'"

"I had a feeling there was something wrong up there because I hadn't heard from any of you . . . Everything has a reason for happening, even though it seems sometimes we get more than our share."

Don't let trolls get you down

The end of that autumn day in 1963 was, for me, the end of vacation and the end, I thought, of Wisconsin Rapids, childhood and home. On Monday, I listened among strangers as a monkish cripple lectured on Medieval History. My question was, "How could mutability hurt so much?"

Her last words were good advice but slim consolation:

"P.S. Don't let the trolls get you down."

Index

1st Wisconsin Cavalry (World War II), 159
32nd Division (World War II), 159

A

Abrams, Albert, 118
Adams County, 10, 11, 25
Ahdawagam, 133
Ahdawagam Paper Products, 134
Akey, John, 68
Alexander, 178
Alexander Field, 164
Alexander, John, 88
Algoma Central Railroad, 182
Allen, R.V., 25
Almira, Sister, 143
Alpine, Russell, 158
Aldorf, 148
Ames, Harry, 80
Anderson, Terry, 27
Anthony, Susan B., 136
Appleby, Terry Wayne, 167
Arendt, Roger, 167
Arendt, Ronald, 115
Arkla Industries, 124
Armenia, 196
Arnett, Pete, 103, 105
Arno, Sister Mary, 144
Arnold, Louis, 164
Arpin, 150
Arpin houses, 199
Arpin, A.L., 61
Arpin, A.M., 61
Arpin, Antoine, 140
Arpin, Clarice Cotey, 61
Arpin, D.J., 61
Arpin, Dan, 60
Arpin, Daniel, 63
Arpin, E.P., 61
Arpin, Edmund, 60-63
Arpin, Georgiana, 60, 63
Arpin, J.B., 61
Arpin, J.Z., 61
Arpin, John, 60
Arpin, John B., 61
Arpin, Mary, 63
Ashland, 182
Astor, John Jacob, 83
Auburndale, 60
Ayshford, 65

B

Babcock, Jim, 103, 107
Bain, Henry, 167
Baird, Isabella, 131
Baker, C.O., 106
Baker, George, 116-118
Baldwin, Emily Mead, 187-189
Baldwin, Henry, 186-188
Baldwin, Henry II ("Harry"), 188, 189
Baldwin, Victor, 167
Bank of Centralia, 95
Baranowski, S.W., 115
Barnes Candy Kitchen, 119, 120
Barnes, 85-87
Barnum Bay, 156
Barnum Rock, 156
Barnum School, 156
Barnon Maria, 111
Bascam, President, 61
Bathke, Norbert, 167
Battle of the Bulge, 164

Bauer, Agnes, 142
Bauer, William, 167
Bayerl, Joseph, 167
Bean School, 146
Bean's Grocery, 172
Bear Clan, 18
Bearrs Marsh, 69, 82
Behling, Carl, 146
Behling, Martha, 146
Belanger, Permilia, 60
Belknap, Bodette and Lord, 59
Bell, Chester, 100
Bell, Emily Mead Baldwin, 73, 135, 183, 186-189
Bell, Eva May, 97
Bell, Howard, 189
Bell, Robert, 167
Bell, Russell, 164
Bell, Steve, 100
Belle Isle, 96
Bender, L.L., 164
Bender, Robert P., 109
Bengert, Clara, 142
Bensley, S., 22
Bentz Hotel, 50
Bentz, A.W., 50
Bentz, Amalge, 50
Bentz, Anne, 51
Bentz, August, 50, 51
Bentz, Elma, 50
Bentz, Ethel, 51
Bentz, Fred, 50, 51
Bentz, Gus, 51
Bentz, Willie, 50
Berard, Glen, 142
Berard, Ovid, 44
Berg, Dick, 201
Berg, Hazel, 111
Berg, John, 8
Berkey, George, 182, 183, 186
Bero, Arthur, 115
Beron's, 60
Berryman, James, 88
Besalion's, 60
Beske, Anna, 158
Beske, Hana, 146
Betterson hosiery company, 100
Bey, Hildegard, 51
Bey, Oscar, 51
Beyerle, Father Charles, 141, 143
Big Dells, 24
Big Eau Claire River, 28
Billmeyer and Son, 141
Billmeyer, A.F., 143
Billmeyer, Carl, 105, 142
Billmeyer, Harold, 109
Binger, 191
Bird, Col. A.A., 24
Biron, 188
Biron Cranberry Co., 210
Biron, Francis, 56, 65, 139
Biron, Laura, 60
Biron, Severe, 60
Black Cloud, 69
Black Eagle Gas, 172
Black Hawk, 15
Black Hawk War, 15-17
Black Wolf, 19
Black, Henry F., 106
Blain, Almira, 144, 146
Blair, Henry, 17
Blomien, Elmer, 165

Bloomer and Chamberlain, 11
Bloomer, Robert, 24
Bodette, E.T., 116
Bohmsach, Peter, 146
Boilvin, Nicholas, 18
Boles Creek, 90
Boles, Ruth, 142
Bonaventure, Mother, 143, 144
Booze, Joseph, 70
Borman, Carol, 155
Borman, Harvey, 158
Boucher, Joe, 60
Bourassa, Marie Judith, 9, 11
Bowlmor Lanes, 172
Boy Scouts, 130
Boyd, George, 17
Boyd, Thomas A., 18
Boyles, Joan Mary, 167
Boys Club, 88-91
Bradford, Bess, 197
Bradford, Carol, 155
Bradshaw, Edith Mau, 148
Bradshaw, Irving, 148
Bradshaw, Zona Gale, 148
Braun, Daniel, 192
Braun, Frank, 192
Braun, Fred, 192
Braun, Julius, 192
Braun, Mabel, 192
Braun, Roberta Fern, 167
Braun, Walter, 192
Brave, Clarence, 169
Brazeau, 178
Brazeau, George, 117
Brazeau, Mrs. T.W., 126
Brazeau, Richard, 109, 126, 127, 134, 135
Brazeau, Theodore W., 82, 109, 134
Brazeau, Virginia, 126
Breese, Earl, 167
Brehm, Donald, 167
Briere, Charles, 193
Briggs, C.W., 193
Briggs, Mr., 64
Brin, Joseph, 11
Brisbois, Joiseph, 18
Brogan, H.G., 115
Brooks, Betty, 111
Brostrom-Kickert Chevrolet Inc., 172
Brown, Bernadine, 142
Brown, George, 167
Brown, Harold, 167
Bruener, Mary, 118
Brundage & Ferguson, 56, 58
Brundage, A.A., 57
Brundage, Belle, 60
Brundage, Frank, 82
Brundage, J.N., 59
Brundage, Jack, 58, 64, 136
Brundidge, Richard Earl, 167
Bubla, 156
Buckstaffs, 177
Budahl, Palmer, 200, 201
Buehler, Bernard, 167
Buehler, J. Marshall, 88, 212, 213
Bulgrin's Grandview Hotel, 192
Bulls Eye Country Club, 90
Bunde, Herbert, 109
Bureau of Indian Affairs, 208, 210
Burkhardt, Willard, 167
Burns, 29

Burns, Albert, 82
Burns, Edward, 139
Burns, William, 50
Burt, Laertes "Art", 134, 135
Burt, Mary McMillan, 135
Burwell, Harold, 167
Buzz's Bar, 111

C

Caliopa, Sister, 143
Campfire, Girls, 155
Canning & Ingraham's camp, 68
Canning, Ham, 22
Capek, Frank, 156
Capek, Joe, 156, 157
Carlson, John, 68
Carlson, Richard, 167
Carpenter, Mrs. 29
Carpenter, Stephen J., 28, 29
Case, Jim, 118
Caseman, John, 142
Cass, Lewis, 13
Cedar Point, 16, 17
Centralia Hardware Co., 97
Chamberlain, 11
Chamberlain's Mills, N.Y., 32
Chandos, Helen, 142
Chartier, 22
Chase & Witter, 60
Cheegarchoukah, 69
Chicago, Milw. & St. Paul RR, 83
Childs & Smith, 107
Childs, Ebenezer, 12, 13
Chippewa Indians, 16, 20-23, 80, 115
Chippewa Valley Railroad, 83
Chittamo, 72
Chittendon, Professor, 82
Chonos, Robert Keith, 167
Chonos, Roxine Marie, 167
Chose, Christopher, 68
Christensen, P.N., 106, 116
Christian, Leonard, 48
Christian Science church, 138, 199
Christian Scientists, 136
City Hall and library building, 130
City Service petroleum company, 102
Clark, Arthur, 164
Clark, Harold, 164
Clark, Miss, 609
Clark, Satterlee, 18
Clarke, Col. B.E., 56, 57, 59
Clarke, E.B., 57
Clement, Sister, 145
Cleveland's restaurant, 58
Cleveland, Leland, 167
Clint's dam, 60
Cochran, J.W., 116
Cochran, Mrs. 53
Cochran, William H., 53-55, 65, 136
Coerper, Art, 39
Coerper, Milton, 47
Cohen, Joe, 198, 199
Coldwell, Frank, 88
Coley, Francis Victor, 167
Collier, Charles, 167
Collins, Tristram, 30
Columbian Exposition, 83
Compton, H.H., 56, 57

Index

Congregational Church, 58, 133, 134, 158, 182, 187, 188
 Congregationalists, 136
 Conklin, Douglas, 167
 Connor, Mary, 188
 Consolidated Papers Inc., 92, 93, 97, 126, 184-186, 188, 189, 201
 Consolidated Water Power & Paper Co., 179, 182, 183, 184
 Conway, 186
 Conway, Byron B., 109
 Conway, Dennis, 180
 Conway, Neil, 180
 Conway, William, 109
 Cook's Cabins, 172
 Coon, Charles A., 116
 Coon, Prentice, 156
 Cooper, Clifford, 167
 Corey, John, 167
 Cormier (Blacksmith), 11
 Corrigan, Laura Mae, 131
 Coriveau, Elmore, 60
 Coriveau, G.A., 193
 Coriveau's, 63
 Corson, Joseph, 75
 Cotey, Aunt, 60
 Cotey, J., 60
 Cotey, Joseph, 10, 139
 Cotey, Mary, 60
 Cottrill, J.P.C., 54, 55
 Couderay Indians, 80
 Courthouse, 106-109
 Craig, Harold, 32
 Cranberries, 13, 59, 69, 80, 82, 97, 155, 158
 Cranberry Creek, 25
 Cranberry Street, 99
 Cranboree, 176
 Cranmoor Cooperative Co., 97
 Crocker, H., 23
 Crowns, Arthur John, 193, 212
 Crowns, Betty, 193
 Crowns, Byron, 109, 193
 Crowns, Cornelius (Neal), 193
 Crowns, Donald, 193
 Crowns, Howard, 167
 Crowns, Mary, 193
 Crowns, Neal, 193
 Crowns, Ruth, 193
 Cunern, Sister, 143
 Current River pulp mill (Port Arthur, Ontario), 183
 Cutler, Valletta, 111
 Czyworski, Louis, 172

D

D-Day, 160
 D.R. Mead & Co., 179
 Dael, Louis, 139, 140
 Dahlke, Paula Ann, 167
 Daily Tribune, 196, 197
 Daly & Sampson, 56
 Daly Music, 201
 Daly's Opera House, 199
 Daly's old theater, 191
 Daly, Dorothy Hogan, 194
 Daly, Esther, 186
 Daly, Glen, 142
 Daly, J., 68
 Daly, James, 194, 195, 197
 Daly, John, 50

Daly, Mary Ellen (Mel), 194, 195, 197
 Daly, Mrs. Frank, 198
 Daly, Percifer, 194
 Daly, Percy, 198
 Daly, Tim, 194
 Daly, Tyne, 194
 Damitz, Dale, 167
 Damon, Alice, 142
 Dams on the Wisconsin River, 26, 27
 Dane County Fair, 63
 Dankemeyer, Jeff, 51
 Dankemeyer, John, 51
 Dankemeyer, Judy, 50
 Dankemeyer, Ken, 50
 David, A.J., 140
 David, Laverne, 167
 Davis, Jefferson, 12, 13
 Davis, Phillip, 167
 De Deo, Sister Mary, 144
 DeKelder, William, 141
 Decora, Big Boat, 18
 Decora, James, 115
 Deer Lodge, 158
 Deer Trail Park Campground, 43
 Dell Prairie, 24
 Demitz, Mrs., 186
 Dennie, A., 22
 Devil's Elbow, 157
 Dewey Street, 173
 Dexter, 68
 Dexterville, 25, 68, 115
 Dexterville Cemetery, 214
 Deyo, Benjamin, 158
 Dickson, Glen, 167
 Dittman, Phil, 167
 Diver, Ralph Allen, 167
 Dix, Will, 115
 Dockendorff, Carl, 212
 Dodge, Henry (Governor), 16-18, 20, 21
 Dolan, Jim, 193
 Dolan, Nellie, 109
 Donovan, Will, 63
 Dorshorst, Iona Carol, 167
 Doudna, Quincy, 201
 Dousman, H.L., 21
 Dousman, Michael, 9
 Dove's bar, 169
 Dove, Johnny, 169
 Dove, Ruby, 169
 Drabe, August, 146
 Dressen, Gus, 147
 Droste, Peggy Jean, 167
 Du Bay, John B., 25
 Dubay, Jean Baptiste, 21
 Dudgeon, Edith, 135
 Dufrane, Ed., 69
 Dufrane, W.H., 69
 Dugas, Joe, 60
 Dullenty, Jim, 72
 Dunigan, Fairfax, 142
 Dunigan, Margaret, 142
 Dupee, Audrey Lee, 167
 Duprine, William, 139
 Dutruit, 22
 Dutruit, Emanuel, 106
 Dye, Sydney, 167
 Dyracuse Mound, 156
 Dysart O'Dea, 152

E

Early America tavern, 50-51
 East Junior High School, 200
 Eastman, Emeline Hughes, 149
 Eaton, A., 68
 Eberhardt, 154
 Eberhardt, Fred, 109
 Ebert, Verlyn, 167
 Ebsen's hill, 151
 Edwards, John, 22, 56
 Edwards, John Jr., 22
 Egan, James W., 124
 Eggert, 180
 Ehlert, Frederick, 146
 Ehlert, William, 146, 147
 Eighth Street, 169-173
 Elks club, 155
 Ellery, Wm., 60
 Ellis, A.G., 11, 28
 Ellis, Charles, 167
 Ellis, Dan, 43
 Ellis, Fred, 111
 Ellis, Virginia, 186
 Elm Lake Cranberry Co., 97
 Emmerick Cranberry Co., 97
 Engel, Dave, 85-87, 204-207, 215
 Engel, David Donald, 167
 Engel, Dennis, 207
 Engel, Don, 87, 207
 Engel, Florence, 207
 Engel, Gary, 205
 Engel, Jessica, 200
 Engel, Ken, 205
 Engel, Wilmer, 207
 Engine House, 58
 Enkro, Bernie, 111
 Enterprise (Steamboat), 25
 Eron, Lou, 159
 Eron, Phil, 159

F

Fagen, Wayne, 111
 Fahl, Leo, 142
 Fahrner, Neil, 167
 Failing, Donald, 167
 Fandrich, Carl, 146
 Farrish, Robert, 193
 Favil, Dr., 62
 Fay & Co., 26
 Ferguson, Blanche, 59
 Ferguson, George Alworth, 58, 59
 Fey Industries, 100
 First National Bank, 99, 177, 178
 First Street North, 174-176
 Firth, Gordon, 167
 Fisher, George, 105
 Fitzgerald, Charles, 167
 Five Mile Creek, 35
 Flick, John, 167
 Foerster's restaurant, 173
 Fogarty, 144
 Fond du Lac (on Lake Superior), 21
 Fontaine, Albert, 82
 Ford, Henry, 115
 Forest Hill Cemetery, 74
 Fornance, L.T., 193
 Fort Chippewyan, 9
 Fort Crawford, 18
 Fort Edward, N.Y., 32
 Fort Wedderburn, 9

Fort Winnebago, 10, 12, 15, 18, 19, 24
 Foster, Frank, 64
 Foth, Rudolph, 90
 Four Mile Creek, 115
 Fox River, 14, 16, 19
 Fox, Floyd, 43
 Francis, Claude, 34
 Frank, Glenn, 211
 Franklin, Lester, 193
 Fraser, Marian, 111
 Frenchtown (Port Edwards), 27, 96
 Freschette's candy store, 195
 Fretz, Ruth, 126, 127
 Friedrichs, Bob, 51
 Friedrichs, Jake, 51
 Friendship, 29
 Fries, Robert, 16
 Frost, Peggy Joyce, 167
 Fuhrman, Linda, 45
 Fuhrman, Peggy, 45
 Full Lake, 21

G

G.M. Hill & Co., 97
 Galloway, Gordon, 167
 Gamma Sigma Music Club (Lincoln High School), 197
 Gardner, George R., 64, 107, 193
 Garrison & Weaver, 96
 Garrison & Whittlesey, 96
 Garrison and Whittlesey's store, 53
 Garrison, Frank, 64, 96, 97, 136
 Gaspard, Mary, 144
 Gaynor Cranberry Co., 97
 Gaynor, J.A., 64, 116, 193
 Gaynor, John, 82
 Gazeley, Art, 182
 Gee, Catherine, 158
 Gee, Fred, 158-160
 Gee, Grant, 158-160
 Gee, Harvey, 158-160
 Gee, Helen, 155, 158
 Gee, Katherine, 155
 Geisler, Clara, 142
 Gellerman, Al "Dynamite", 102, 105
 Gellerman, Doris June, 167
 George Hill & Co., 98
 Gerber, Marcella, 111
 German (Griesbach) Cemetery, 146
 Germantown, 42
 Getzin's marsh, 44
 Getzlaff, Don, 103-105
 Getzlaff, Stub, 103, 104
 Ghiloni, Gerald William, 167
 Gibson, Dick, 180
 Gibson, James, 118
 Gibson, William, 43
 Giese, Frank, 167
 Gieselman, Rev., 147
 Gilbert, Capt., 25
 Gilbertson, Edward, 115
 Gilmaster company, 177
 Gjertsen, Ralph, 167
 Gleason, E.P., 115
 Gleason, John, 140
 Glick, Blossom, 172

- Gloden, Christine Andres, 178
 Gloden, Leeann, 178
 Gloden, Vic, 178
 Gloden, Wilfred, 178
 Godfert, E.A., 139
 Godhardt, Anton, 139
 Goggins, B.R., 69
 Goldsworthy, Vernon C., 164
 Goodhue, C.F., 29
 Goodrich, Joe, 167
 Goodwin, Ed, 72
 Gouchee, Gail Michelle, 167
 Grace, Lillian, 82
 Graham, Duncan, 8
 Grand Avenue, 92, 93, 169, 171
 Grand Kackalin (Kaukauna), 14
 Grand Rapids Brewing Co, 76-79
 Grand Rapids Common Council, 97
 Grand Rapids Street Railway Co., 97
 Grand Theater, 194
 Grandkowski, Diane Rae, 167
 Grant, Gladys, 142
 Gray sawmill, 172
 Gray, Mr., 172
 Great Slave Lake, 8
 Green Bay, 8, 13, 16
 Green Bay & Western, 179
 Green Bay and Western Bridge, 199
 Green Bay and Western Depot, 199
 Griesbach, Frederick, 146
 Griffith Nursery, 164
 Grignon & Merrill, 27
 Grignon, Agent, 17
 Grignon, Amable, 8, 10, 11, 14-16
 Grignon, Antoine, 8, 18
 Grignon, Augustin, 8, 10, 11, 14, 15
 Grignon Bend, 27
 Grignon Bends, 139
 Grignon, Charles, 8, 10, 17
 Grignon, Domitille, 8
 Grignon Family, 10
 Grignon, Hippolite (Paul), 8
 Grignon, Ida, 11
 Grignon, Jean B., 8, 11, 139
 Grignon, Julia La Bonte, 11
 Grignon, L., 17
 Grignon, Louis, 8
 Grignon, Marguerite, 8
 Grignon, Marie Judith Bourassa, 11
 Grignon Mill, 10
 Grignon, Mr., 12
 Grignon, Peter B., 10
 Grignon, Pierre, 8
 Grignon, Pierre Antoine, 8
 Grignon, Robert, 10, 14, 15
 Grignon, Royal, 158
 Grignon / Porlier / Lawe Papers, 8
 Grignon trading post, 14, 25
 Grignon's, 13
 Grignon's (14 Mile) Creek, 10
 Gross Brothers, 102-105, 164
 Gross Common Carrier Inc., 102-105
 Gross, Bud, 103
 Gross, John, 102
 Gross, Laurel "Tootie", 102
 Gross, Louis, 102-105, 182
 Gross, Lyle, 102-182
 Gross, Quesnal, 102-105
 Gross, Robert, 102
 Grove School, 200, 201
 Grube, Ruby, 111
 Grzanna, Joseph, 167
 Gunkel, Anna, 146
 Gunn, Jennie M., 59
- ### H
- Haak, William, 146
 Hackbarth, Charles, 146
 Hackbarth, Maude, 146
 Hagen, Richard, 197
 Halley's comet, 73
 Halvorson, 193
 Hamm's store, 58
 Hammersbach's, 175
 Hanneman, Ben, 115
 Hanson, "Patch Eye", 105
 Hanson, Adelaide, 111
 Hanson, Ben, 193
 Hanson, Niels E., 126
 Harris, Carey A., 18
 Harris, J.W., 136
 Harroun, Emma Moody Layton, 150
 Harroun, Orlando Lee, 150
 Hasbrouck, Amos, 60, 122
 Hasenohrl, Edward, 167
 Haskins, William, 118
 Havlena, James, 167
 Hawaiian Bar, 172
 Hayden, Harriet, 55
 Hayden, Henry, 53-55, 136
 Hayden, Mrs., 53
 Hayward, Mr., 199
 Heart O' Wisconsin Genealogical Society, 197
 Heartel, F, 68
 Hebert, 193
 Hebert, J.O., 59
 Hebron township, N.Y., 32, 33
 Hecox, H.H., 96, 106
 Hegg, Frank, 88
 Heilman store, 196
 Heldridge, Frank, 190, 191
 Helke, E.D., 109
 Henderson, Lightner, 83
 Henke, Charles, 197
 Henry, Frank, 115
 Henry, Irv, 105
 Henschel, 192
 Hertel, Francis, 167
 Hess, Henry, 143
 Hesse, Leroy, 167
 Hewitt, Ann Wakely, 32
 Hickey, Joanna, 152
 Hideway (restaurant), 156
 Hiles, George, 22, 64, 65, 115, 212
 Hill, A.D., 188
 Hill, Achsa, 96
 Hill, Charles, 110
 Hill, Clarke, 97
 Hill, Earl, 97
 Hill, Eva, 97
 Hill, George Miles, 96-100
 Hill, Harold "Shaw", 97
 Hill, Kenneth, 97
 Hill, Leslie (Jennie), 97
 Hill, Manley, 96
 Hill, Manson, 96
 Hill, Miron, 96
 Hill, Stephen, 96
 Hill, Uri, 96
 Hinek, Alexander, 167
 Hinz, Walter, 88
 Hirsch, Michael, 146
 Hladilek, Charles, 167
 Hookstra, Carole Mae, 167
 Hoffel, Ida, 52
 Holly, Buddy, 202, 203
 Holly, Joseph, 76
 Holz, Donald, 167
 Homier, J., 31
 Hopa Tree Festival, 126, 127
 Hornig, Roger, 197
 Hougen, Donn, 90, 107
 Houle, F., 27
 Houle, Geo., 27
 Howe & Rablin, 106, 107
 Howe High School, 61, 82, 193
 Howe School, 153, 180
 Howe, Lyman, 106
 Hudson Bay Company, 8, 9
 Huffman, Bill Sr., 194
 Huffman, William F., 196, 197
 Huguenoth, B., 141
 Hunger, Phyllis, 110, 111
 Hurley, 29
 Hurley, Patrick, 22
 Hurleyville, 63
 Huser, Florence, 111
- ### I
- Ideal Theater, 199
 Indian Land Sales, 20
 Indians, Green Corn Dance, 154
 Ingraham & Co., 56
 Ingraham's store, 58
 Island, The, 180, 182
- ### J
- J.B. Mitchell & Co., 96
 J.D. Witter Traveling Library, 130
 Jaborek, 156
 Jackson Milling Co., 133
 Jackson Street Bridge, 176
 Jackson, H.W., 100
 Jackson, J.B., 96
 Jackson, M.H., 110
 Jackson, W.L., 65
 Jacoby, Alvin, 167
 Jambo, Joe, 52
 James, H.S., 68
 Janacek, 156
 Jandrey's, 100
 Jaspersen, Newell, 166
 Jeffrey, John, 109
 Jenny (Merrill), 60
 Jens Nursery and Landscape Co., 126, 127
 Jens, Lee, 126, 127
 Jinsky, Lawrence Harry, 167
 Jogerginski, Antone, 50
 John & Ruby's, 173
 John Edwards & Co., 68
 John Edwards High School, 88, 89
 Johnny's Rapids Inn, 172
 Johnsbury, N.Y., 32, 33
 Johnson & Hill brick cheese factory, 98
 Johnson Hill Co., 97, 98-101, 176, 199
 Johnson, Donald P., 100
 Johnson, H.P., 116
 Johnson, Hulda, 146-147
 Johnson, Jasper, 109
 Johnson, Jennifer Jane, 167
 Johnson, Lewis, 69
 Johnson, Mabel, 73
 Johnson, Mads Peter, 35
 Johnson, Mrs. Robert, 127
 Johnson, Nellie, 100
 Johnson, Nels, 97-100, 116, 180
 Johnson, R.F., 100
 Johnson, Ray, 100
 Johnston, 180
 Jones, David, 11
 Jones, G.D., 63
 Jorson, Joseph, 74
 Jozwiak, Lawrence J., 111
 Juneau, 22
 Juneau County, 25
 Justeson, Nels M., 127
- ### K
- K-Mart, 169, 173
 Kahoun, Robert, 167
 Kainer Wesco Corp., 124
 Kar-i-mo-nee, 18
 Karoblis, Andrew K., 141
 Kast, Maggie, 208
 Kau-ne-win-ne Lake, 115
 Kaudy Manufacturing Co., 50
 Kaudy, Clem, 198
 Kauth, August, 178
 Kauth, Edwin, 90
 Kedrowski, Henry, 167
 Keenan, Ed, 80
 Kellner, Judge, 193
 Kellner, Ruth, 155
 Kersten, Walter, 111
 Kester, Elsie, 178
 Keup, August, 146
 Keystone Bridge Works, 83
 Kilbourn, 28
 Kilbourne City (Wisconsin Dells), 25
 Kilp, F. George, 115
 Kilp, F.G., 88
 King, Marv, 105
 Kingston, John T., 10, 24, 25
 Kipp, 22
 Kipp, Frank, 193
 Kipp's Hill, 117
 Klebesadel, Beatrice, 73, 198, 199
 Klebesadel, Louis, 199
 Klein, Fred, 172
 Klein, Mr., 192
 Kline building, 59
 Kline's Department Store, 98
 Knaggs, James, 14
 Knauf and Tesch Co., 100
 Koch, Daniel, 146
 Koch, Hulda Johnson, 146
 Kohel, Eugene, 167
 Kohler, Gov. Walter J., 80, 81
 Kohler, Mrs., 81
 Kohnen, Sharon Jeanne, 167
 Kortkamp, Verna Denniston, 123
 Kraft mill, 158
 Kramer, Richard Wayne, 167
 Krehnke, John, 167
 Krings, Oliver, 111
 Kromer, Lemuel, 106

Krommenakker, John, 144, 145
 Kronstedt, Ernest, 167
 Kruger, C.F., 98, 99, 122
 Kruger, Charles, 100
 Kruger, Richard, 167
 Krumrei, Al, 105
 Krumrei, Herman, 177
 Krumrei, Otto, 177, 178
 Krumrei, Wilhelmina, 177
 Krupka, Orlando, 167
 Kubisiak's Plumbing, 93
 Kuehne, Jennie, 207
 Kuehne, Ruth, 207
 Kundinger, Bernadine Speltz, 197

L

La Pointe, 21
 LaBrot, Charles, 167
 Labor Temple, 191
 Labrich, Mr., 11
 Lac Courte Oreilles, 20
 Lac Que Parle, Minn., 8
 Lac de Flambeau, 21
 Lake Athabasca, 8
 Lake Butte Des Morts, 14
 Lake Camelot, 156
 Lake Courteville, 21
 Lake Dexter, 115
 Lake Nepco, 90, 91
 Lake Petenwell, 156
 Lake Poygan, 25
 Lake Sherwood, 156, 158
 Lake Wazeecha, 115
 Lake Winnebago, 19
 Lakes, 115
 Lamadeline, 22
 Lamb, Billy, 200
 Lamb, Robert, 167
 Lamb, Virgil, 167
 Lame Pete, 116
 Lamers, Peter, 144
 Lammers, Robert Kenneth, 167
 Langlade, Augustin de, 8
 Langlade, Charles Michel de, 8
 Langlade, Louise Domitelle de, 8
 Laramie, Gladys Plenke, 148, 149
 Larsen, John, 88
 Larson, Donald, 167
 Larson, Marion, 111
 Latimer, James Thomas, 167
 Laurentia, Sister Mary, 143
 Lavenne, A., 22
 Lavigne, E., 116
 Lavigne, Esther, 155
 Lavigne's Hall, 106
 Lawe/Porlier/Grignon Papers, 8
 Layton, Carl, 150
 Layton, Homer Gilbert "Bert", 150
 Layton, Lewis, 150
 Layton, Oscar, 150
 Layton, Robert, 150
 Layton, Ruth, 150
 LeClaire, Charles, 64, 65
 Lecy, Alden, 167
 Lecy, Curtis, 200
 Lecy, Marie Vetrano, 200
 Lecy, Ray, 111, 200, 201
 Leder, Carl, 167
 Leech Lake, 21
 Lefebvre, 22
 Lehner, Joyce Marie, 167
 Lemense, Art, 142

Lemley Meat Delivery Co., 102
 Lemonweir River, 24, 190
 Lensmire, Warren, 110
 Lester Cranberry Co., 97
 Leu, Anna, 146
 Leu, Earle, 148, 149
 Leu, Edith Bradshaw, 149
 Leu, John F., 146
 Leu, Madeline, 148, 149
 Leu, Otto J., 148, 149
 Leu, Zona, 148, 149
 Levendoski, Mary Elizabeth, 167
 Lewis, Claude, 193
 Lewis, Luella, 148
 Lewis, Strangler, 51, 157, 191
 Leyhe, F., 146
 Liberace, 148, 149
 Liberace, Frances Zuchowski, 148, 149
 Liberace, Salvatore, 148, 149
 Liberace, Wladziu, 148, 149
 Liddle, Nancy, 33
 Lienke, William, 146
 Lincoln High School, 112-114
 Lind, Gus, 182
 Link Meat Market, 101
 Link, Leonard, 142
 Linzmeier, Andrew, 167
 Lipka, Herman, 80
 Lipke, Martin, 28, 29
 Liska, Joseph, 197
 Little Eau Claire River, 28
 Livernash, L., 68
 Lone Birch School, 110
 Looze, Doc, 153
 Love, Franklin, 142
 Love, John, 193
 Love, Thomas, 106
 Lowell School, 110, 143
 Lowell Senior Center, 197
 Lubben, John, 167
 Lubber, Roy, 115
 Lucky Lager's, 169
 Ludwig, Erwin, 38
 Ludwig, Mr. & Mrs. Erwin, 39
 Luick Ice Cream building, 105
 Lutz Brewery, 106, 107
 Lutz cigar factory, 198
 Lutz, Alma, 198
 Lutz, David, 107, 198
 Lutz, Jacob, 78, 79
 Lutz, Jake, 154, 198
 Lynch and McGrath, 68
 Lynch, Ed, 193
 Lyon, R.V., 116
 Lyon, R.W., 59
 Lyons brothers livery barn, 64

M

Maas, Ida, 50
 MacKinnon, 178
 MacKinnon hub and spoke factory, 177
 MacKinnon, Reggie, 177
 Mackinac, 8
 Madison, 24
 Magnolia House, 106
 Magnuson, John, 193
 Main Street, 99
 Majeski, Laura Demitz, 197
 Mancl, Diane Jane, 167

Mangan, Bridget, 143
 Marcotte, J.B., 139
 Margeson's Grocery, 172
 Marryat, Frederick, 19
 Marsh, John, 12
 Marth, Julian, 50
 Martin, Anthony, 167
 Martin, Morgan L., 10, 15
 Martin, Prudence, 142
 Marx, Julius, 146
 Mason, Gerald, 167
 Masonic hall, 58
 Massey, Peter, 183, 184
 Massey-Consolidated method, 185
 Massingbird, 17, 18
 Mathews, George, 167
 Mathews, Honora, 139
 Matthews, Darrel, 43
 Matthews, Jack, 167
 Matthews, Michael, 139
 Matthews, Russell, 43
 Mauthausen, 162
 McAllister, Lee, 167
 McCallum, Asabel, 30
 McCamley, Peter, 64, 82, 107, 116, 193
 McCarthy, Fred, 161, 162
 McCarty, M., 68
 McClean Slough, 10
 McCormick, Mrs., 153
 McCourt, Margaret, 185
 McCoy's, 100
 McCoy, Marian, 111
 McDonald, Joseph, 140
 McFarlane, John, 17, 18
 McGinley, Richard John, 167
 McIndoe, W.D., 29
 McKee, C.E., 76
 McKercher, D., 98
 McLaughlin, Betty, 111
 McMillan Memorial Library, 128, 133-135
 McMillan, Anna, 133-135
 McMillan, Archie, 133, 134
 McMillan, Daniel, 133
 McMillan, George, 128, 129, 133, 134, 136
 McMillan, Margaret, 133
 McMillan, Mary, 133, 134, 135, 186
 McNamara, Mary, 152
 McTavish, Mrs. John, 139
 Mead furniture store, 180
 Mead Inn, 127, 194
 Mead, D. Ray, 179
 Mead, D. Richard, 179
 Mead, Darius, 179, 180
 Mead, Emily, 153, 180, 182, 186, 189
 Mead, Frank, 179
 Mead, George W. I., 73, 93, 97, 100, 131, 179-189
 Mead, Hattie, 179
 Mead, Mrs. George I., 169
 Mead, Ray, 180
 Mead, Ruth, 179, 180
 Mead, Ruth Witter, 186, 187
 Mead, Stanton, 180-183, 186-188
 Mead, Walter, 127, 179-183, 187, 189
 Mead-Witter Block, 93, 98, 177
 Meehan's, 60
 Meehan, James, 68

Meehan, Jim, 63
 Meehan, Patrick, 68
 Meiklejohn Experimental College, 211
 Menominee Indians, 10, 12, 13, 16, 22, 23, 80
 Menzel, Oswald, 192
 Merrell, Henry, 12, 18
 Merrill and Orrick, 31
 Merrill, Dave, 72
 Merrill, Sam, 10
 Meyer, Daniel P., 126, 127
 Meyer, John, 146
 Midthun, Morgan, 109
 Midway Motel, 172
 Mille Lac, 21
 Miller, 60
 Miller, A.C., 143
 Miller, James, 43
 Miller, Mary, 153-155
 Miner, E.S., 25
 Mineral Point, 28
 Minong, 72
 Miss Wisconsin Rapids Pageant, 127
 Mission of St. Philomena, 144
 Mitchell, J.B., 96
 Moberg, Irving, 100
 Mobex Acquisition Corp. II, 125
 Moccasin Creek, 90
 Model School, 110
 Molepske, Douglas Jean, 167
 Monegar, Chief, 80, 81
 Monson, Pauline, 111
 Moody, Charlie, 150
 Moody, Emma, 150
 Moody, Lena, 150
 Moody, Lewis Winfield, 150
 Moody, Lisetta Treutel, 150
 Moody, Phillip, 150
 Moody, Will, 150
 Moore, Joseph, 18
 Moore, Judith Lynn, 167
 Moore, Margaret Ann Courtney, 133
 Morey, Bob, 105
 Morgan, John, 145
 Morgan, Mrs., 63
 Morgan's, Mrs., 62
 Morrill, 59
 Morrill's meat market, 56
 Morrison, Carl, 40, 41
 Mosher, Mr., 64
 Moshier, Mr., 82
 Mueller, Emil, 115
 Mueller, Wilma, 111
 Mullen, 180
 Mullen, John, 139
 Mullen, Ray, 194

N

Nasco mail order company, 100
 Nash Kelvinator, 134
 Nash, Edith Rosenfelds, 208-210
 Nash, Florence, 208
 Nash, Guy, 155, 208
 Nash, Henrietta, 142
 Nash, Jean, 155, 186, 208-210
 Nash, Larry, 158
 Nash, Lawrence, 208
 Nash, Lawrence M., 97
 Nash, Philleo, 208-211

Nash, Roy, 208
 Nash, Sally, 208
 Nash, T.E., 208
 Nash, Tom, 208
 Nash, Viola, 186, 189
 Nasawaquet, Domitelle, 8
 Neeves & Neeves, 106
 Neeves Mill, 96
 Neeves, Mr., 106
 Neillsville, 54, 55
 Neinfeldt, Charles, 167
 Neises, Arnold, 167
 Neitzel, Butch, 105
 Nekoosa, 10, 13, 28-31, 36, 39, 50
 Nekoosa Edwards, 134, 135
 Nekoosa Lumbering, 28, 30
 Nekoosa Paper Co., 50, 134
 Nekoosa Paper Co., mill, 34, 37, 43, 168
 Nekoosa Papers Inc., 115
 Nekoosa-Edwards Paper Co., 88-90, 193
 Nekoosa-Edwards woodlands, 44
 Nelson, Clara Rablin, 106, 107
 Nelson, Fred, 199
 Nelson, Karen Kristine, 167
 Nepco Lake, 115
 Neunfeldt, Albert, 50
 New Lisbon, 24
 New Rome, 156, 157
 New York Times building, 84
 Newman, Judge, 54, 55
 Nobles, Philip, 142
 Nobles, William J., 109
 Normington, John, 188
 North Hebron, N.Y., 32
 North West Company, 8
 North Wood County Park, 115
 Northland College, 134
 Northwestern railroad bridge, 199

O

Oaks, Clarence, 109
 O'Day, Bartholomew, 154
 O'Day, Bat, 152, 177
 O'Day, John B. Jr., 152
 Odd Fellows Hall, 58
 Odd Fellows public library, 130
 O'Dea, Michael, 152
 Odell, Mary, 32
 Olison, George, 193
 Olson, Harold, 88
 One Mile Creek, 155
 Oppor Ouisconsing, 10
 O'Reilly, John, 145
 O'Reilly, Sister Alban, 145
 Oshkosh (Menominee Chief), 10, 13, 15, 17
 Ostrum, Maud, 196
 Ostrum, Timothy, 196
 Otto Drugs, 93
 Otto Drug Store, 137
 Otto, Aug. C., 98
 Otto, Carl, 196
 Otto, Charles, 40, 41
 Otto, Elvera, 39, 41, 44, 45
 Otto, Henry, 146
 Otto, Mr. & Mrs. Charles, 48
 Our Lady Queen of Heaven Catholic parish, 141

P

PCA Farming Magazine, 100

Paap, Ferdinand, 196
 Paap, Gustave Martin, 196
 Paap, Lorena, 196, 197
 Paap, Martin, 196
 Pabst, Gustave, 88, 89
 Pabst, John, 80
 Pagels, Howard, 167
 Palen, Joan Buehler, 197
 Palmer, Vi, 118, 119
 Palmertir, 22
 Pankratz, Anthony, 167
 Panosh, Bob, 100
 Panter, H.T., 96
 Paris World's Fair, 84
 Parks, 115
 Parks, Byron, 193
 Pasquale's, 172
 Patrykus, Dave, 169, 172
 Pearson, Jim, 172
 Pease, Mrs., 180, 182
 Peck, Mr., 24
 Peeso's store, 130
 Peik, Gordon, 167
 Peltier, Lela, 142
 Perham, James, 167
 Pernin, Peter, 141
 Perschke, Sherry Gail, 167
 Pete-en-well rock, 25
 Petenwell, 44
 Peters, Alma, 196
 Peterson, Annie, 178
 Petry, Robert, 90
 Pfister Vogel Leather Co., 133
 Philleo & Ingraham, 96
 Philleo's store, 31
 Philleo, D.B., 122
 Philleo, H.B., 64, 82, 136, 208
 Pickett, Evelyn, 210
 Pike, Charlie, 192
 Pinney, Clifford, 167
 Pischke, 192
 Pittsville, 60, 68, 72, 168
 Pittsville Canning, 164
 Pittsville Pow Wow, 80, 81
 Plahmer, Art, 105
 Plainfield, 150
 Plowman, Dennis, 167
 Point Basse, 10, 14, 28, 30, 32, 35, 156
 Point Basse (Basse), 24, 25, 27
 Point Boss (Basse), 14, 15
 Point du Bois (Basse), 27
 Polensky, "Old lady", 116, 117
 Pomainville's saloon, 60
 Pomainville, Ann, 213
 Pomainville, F.X., 198
 Pomainville, Harold, 212, 213
 Pomainville, Jennifer, 213
 Pomainville, Lee, 43, 134, 212-214
 Pomainville, Margaret, 213
 Pomainville, Martha, 213
 Poor Farm, 75, 116-119
 Portier & Grignon Trading Company, 10
 Portier, Jacques, 10, 14
 Portier, Louis, 14, 15
 Portier/Grignon/Lawe Papers, 8
 Pors, Charles, 109
 Pors, E.C., 69
 Pors, William, 109
 Port Arthur mill, 179
 Port Arthur, Ontario, 183

Port Edwards, 16, 168
 Port Edwards News, 89
 Portage, 9, 10, 17, 24, 25
 Portages du Plover, 11
 Posely, John, 199
 Potawatomi Indians, 22, 115
 Potter's cranberry marsh, 158
 Potter, John, 109
 Potter, M.O., 158
 Potter, Orbin, 191
 Powers and Lang Map, 6
 Powers Bluff, 115, 212
 Powers, L.P., 28, 64, 65, 193
 Powers, Mike, 159
 Powers, Mr., 63
 Poynette, 24
 Prairie du Chien, 16, 17
 Prairie du Chien college, 60
 Pratt, Paul, 177
 Prentiss, 122
 Prentiss-Wabers (Preway), 97, 122-125, 133, 158, 198
 Primeau, Francis, 167
 Provonsal's trading post, 24
 Provost, Laura, 144
 Purdy & Henderson, 83
 Purdy, Corydon, 82-84
 Purdy, Mrs. Samuel, 82
 Purdy, Samuel, 82
 Purier, "Old Bat", 116
 Putzier, Elmer, 167

Q

Quinn, Miss, 180, 186
 Quinn, William, 68

R

Raber, 193
 Rablin House, 56-59
 Rablin, John, 29, 56, 106, 107, 136
 Rablin, Mr., 82
 Ragan, J.R., 123
 Ragan, Mr., 144
 Rantz, Helen, 142
 Rapids Merchants and Manufacturers Assoc., 122
 Rapids Rental, 169
 Ratelle, Beatrice, 144
 Ratelle, Rose, 144
 Rawson, Kenneth, 88
 Rayome, Lydia, 144
 Red River Settlement, 9
 Reddick, Alfred, 172
 Redford, Bert, 188
 Reding, Monsignor, 142
 Reding, William, 141, 143
 Redmond, Thomas, 167
 Reeve, Charles J., 68
 Reeves, Anna, 117
 Regan, Edward, 167
 Reiland, Donald, 109
 Reiland, George, 142
 Reimer, Russell, 167
 Reinecke, Wimp, 103, 105
 Reinert, Gertrude, 111
 Reinhart, Francis, 144
 Reinolt, George, 103, 105
 Resebek, 156
 Revolutionary War, 8
 Rezin, Douglas, 167
 Richardson, J.P., 203
 Richfield 360, 115

Richie, Hubert, 167
 Rickman's candy and variety store, 151
 Rickman, Ed, 105
 Rieman, Harold, 90
 Riley, Jack, 74
 Ripley, Levi, 22
 Riplinger, Edwin, 115
 Ritchay, Aaron, 195, 201
 Ritchie, James S., 23
 River Block, 92, 93
 Riverside Park, 80
 Riverview Expressway, 172, 173
 Riverview Hospital, 126, 127, 134
 Robertson, Harold Edward Jr., 32
 Roberts, Bartley, 167
 Roberts, George, 150
 Roberts, John, 107, 195
 Roberts, R.B., 115
 Roberts, Ralph, 191
 Robinson Park, 126
 Robinson, Dr., 68, 193
 Roche Cri, 10
 Roche House, 59
 Rocky Rococo, 172
 Roe, William, 60, 82, 106
 Roethe, Leo, 100
 Rokus, Josephine Arnold, 148
 Rood Construction, 97, 122, 133
 Rood, C.W., 122
 Rood, J.S., 31
 Rosebush, Richard, 167
 Rosholt, Julius, 61
 Ross Lake, 43
 Ross Lake Indian mounds, 208
 Ross, Al, 42, 43
 Ross, Frank, 42
 Ross, Lloyd, 42
 Rossier, E.B., 54
 Rourke, Frank, 76
 Rowan's trading post, 24
 Rowland store, 107, 153
 Rowland, Del, 182
 Roy, Jean, 18
 Rude, Julius, 167
 Ruder, Leroy, 167
 Rudolph, 68
 Rusk, William, 115
 Ryan, Clifford, 135
 Ryan, Sister Olive, 145
 Ryan, Thomas R., 145

S

SS, Peter & Paul Catholic Church, 139-143, 198
 Sabins, Pliny, 12
 Sabota, Nancy Dolores, 167
 St. Amour, 22
 St. Croix River, 21
 St. Germaine, 60
 St. John Baptiste Society, 141
 St. Lawrence Polish Catholic Church, 141
 St. Paul's Lutheran Church of Seneca, 146, 147
 St. Philip's Catholic School, 178
 St. Philomena School, 145
 St. Philomena's, 144, 145
 St. Vincent de Paul, 141
 Salomon, Edward (Governor), 22, 23
 Salter, Dr. Charles A., 80

Index

Sampson Canning Co. 76, 106.
123, 164
Sampson and Scott, 31
Sampson farm, 157
Sampson, A.B., 13
Sampson, E., 22
Sampson, Henry, 50
Sandon, Miles, 43
Sandy Lake, 21
Sanford, Jessie, 131
Saratoga, Wood County, 38, 68.
168, 191
Sasse, Dorathea, 154
Sault St. Marie, 9
Sawmills, 26, 27
Sayles, Jimmy, 182
Schaaf, Fred, 167
Schilter, Norman, 167
Schlatteer, John, 142
Schmidt, Anona, 8
Schmidt, Betty, 207
Schmidt, Clarence, 167
Schmidt, Leon Sr., 109
Schmidt, Patricia Hinz, 197
Schmidt, Willy, 149
Schneider, George C., 182
Schneider, Georgia Ann, 167
Schroedel, Mrs., 130
Schroeder, Bertha, 36-39, 42, 44.
47, 212
Schroeder, Frederick, 38, 39
Schuetz, Wallace, 167
Schuman, George, 167
Schwartz, Wallace, 167
Scott, Mrs. William, 82
Scott, Thomas Blythe, 130
Scranton, 69
Seaman Paper Co., 183, 184
Seckatary Hawkins Club, 194.
196, 197
Seehagen, William, 146
Seidl, Joe, 115
Seneca Corners, 146, 147
Servitia, Sister, 145
Sevallia, Joseph, 27
Severns, Harry, 72
Severns, J.Q., 72
Severns, Orlando, 72
Severns, Sarah, 72
Severt, Frederick, 167
Seymour, Wis., 85, 87
Shannis, Frank, 103
Shannon, Elwell, 166
Shaurette, mill, 28
Shawano (Reservation), 15
Shay, Richard, 116
Sherman House, 50, 51
Sherry, Henry, 60, 63
Shopko Plaza, 173
Siewert, Ida Lee, 126, 127
Sigel, 98
Silber's, 59
Simon, John, 167
Simpson, Erwin, 88
Sioux Indians, 22, 23
Skinner, Eddie, 180
Skunk Hill, 115, 212
South Wood County Historical
Corp., 134, 135, 178, 197, 212, 213
South Wood County Park, 115
Spafford & Cole, 56, 58
Spafford, Seth, 116

Spear vs. Hiles, 193
Spierings, J., 140
Spooner, Judge, 62
Sprise, W.A., 115
Spry, Harland, 167
Sta-Rite, 124
Staeger, Dale, 167
Stahl, Frank, 199
Stambaugh, S.C., 10, 13, 21
Stamel family, 172
Stamel, Rose, 172
Stampfer's, 100
Stange and Ellis box factory, 158
Stankey, Margaret Lee, 167
Stapleman, Ron, 100
Staven, Ferdinand, 146
Stehle, James, 139
Stehle, R.N., 139, 140
Steinbrook, Miss, 193
Stern, Tom, 167
Sternot, Edmund, 167
Sternweis, Malinda, 111
Steven's Point, 28
Stevens Point, 29
Stevens Point dam, 179
Stevenson, Tom, 106
Stewart, Alex, 29
Stockbridge Indians, 11
Stolp, Frank, 103
Storrs, Emery A., 54, 55
Strahler, Willi, 166
Stransbury, Erskine (A.K.A. Stans-
bury), 27
Strong(?), Ellen, 28, 29
Strong, George, 28
Strong, John, 28
Strong, Moses, 28
Strong's Prairie, 156, 157
Sultzenberger, Robert, 70
Superior Fireplace Co., 125
Sutherland, Thomas W., 11
Svoboda, Helen Florence, 167
Swallow Rock, 37
Swan River, 21
Swartzmeyer, Prof., 60, 61
Sweeney, Horace, 68
Sweeney, Kate, 144
Sylvester, Gordon, 207
Sylvester, Sanford, 85, 87, 206, 207

T

T.B. Scott Library, 130-132, 134,
135
Tanguay, Francis, 140, 141
Tarbox's, 60
Taylor, Col., 17
Taylor, Debra, 44, 45
Taylor, Earl, 44, 46, 47
Taylor, Eli, 117
Taylor, Randy, 45
Taylor, Ricky, 45
Taylor, T.A., 122
Taylor, Terri, 45
Taylor, Tom, 45-47
Ten Mile Creek, 96, 115
Teske, Lucille, 197
Teske, Marvin, 197
Tesser, Donald, 34, 35, 37
Tesser, Mrs., 34
Tesser, Walter, 34, 37, 76

Tesser, Walter Sr., 34-36
Tessers, 36
Tesserville, 34
Thiele, William F., 164
Thomas, Nick, 116
Thomas, William Jr., 124
Timm, Edward, 115
Tomah, 22
Tomsyck, John, 80
Torresani, John A., 113, 201
Towne and Country shopping
center, 172, 173
Trachte, Lydia, 111
Tracy, Harry, 72, 190
Trane Co., 124
Treaty of Cedar Point, 10, 17
Trees for Tomorrow, 183
Tri-City Airport, 164, 177
Truchinski, Larry, 165, 166
Turley, Lee, 88
Turner, F.J., 8
Twiggs, David, 12, 13
Two Mile School, 169, 173

U

Ubaline, 24
Ullrich, Henry, 50
Unferth, Don, 164-166
Utegaard, Thomas, 167

V

Vadnais, Celia, 144
Valens, Ritchie, 202, 203
VanAlstine, Alvin, 142
Van Antwerp, Verplanck, 20, 21
Van Bunker, M., 22
Van Buren, Martin, 20
VanErt, Mary Jane, 167
Van Roosmalen, W.F., 141
Van Sever, August, 144
Van den Broeck, Father, 139
Vaughn, Byrde, 62, 63
Vaughn, M., 59
Vehrs, Marguerite, 111
Ver Bunker, Julia, 90
Vesper, 150
Vetrano, Joey, 200
Vickery, Phoebe, 32
Villeneuve, Romeo, 107
Vine Street, 180
Voyer, Oswald, 64

W

WFHR, 166, 175, 197
Wabers, 122
Wagner, Inez, 111
Wagner, Mary, 153
Wagner, Philip, 178
Wakeley, 192
Wakeley, Isaac, 32
Wakeley, John, 32
Wakeley, Joseph, 32
Wakeley, Juanita Ann, 32
Wakeley, Long Ben, 36
Wakeley, Nathan, 32
Wakeley Road, 48
Wakeley, Robert I, 32
Wakeley, Robert II, 32
Wakeley's, 37
Wakeley, Samuel, 32
Wakeley-Schroeder house, 36
Wakely Creek, 44

Wakely Inn, 14
Wakely Inn Preservation Inc., 32,
48
Wakely Lodge, Indian Lake, N.Y.,
33
Wakely barn, 48, 49
Wakely house, 35, 39, 40, 42, 44, 45,
47, 48, 192, 212
Wakely tavern, 27
Wakely, Adeline, 42
Wakely, Bob, 36
Wakely, Chauncy, 31, 32
Wakely, Dan, 31
Wakely, John, 33
Wakely, Joseph, 33
Wakely, Louis, 42
Wakely, Martha, 32
Wakely, Mary, 32, 48
Wakely, Newy, 31
Wakely, Otis, 31
Wakely, Robert, 24, 28, 29, 31-33,
48
Wakely, Robert I, 32
Wakely, Susan, 33
Wakely, Thomas, 33
Wakely, William, 32, 33
Wakely, William D., 33
Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, 83
Waldvogel, Elmer, 158
Walker and Gwin store, 100
Walker's Hill, 34, 37
Walsh, Frank, 73
Walsh, Irving, 167
Walsworth, Jared, 24
Walsworth, Silas, 24
Ward, Lawrence, 65
Ward, Philip, 60, 106
Warner, Keith, 167
Warsinske Motors, 169
Washington County, N.Y., 32
Waterman, Sidney, 167
Waters, Phyllis, 155
Watson, James, 167
Wausau, 23, 60
Weaver, Archie, 96
Webb, Charles, 64, 69, 107
Weinbauer, Erwin, 167
Weinbauer, Mrs., 153
Weinberg, Joe, 199
Werner, Eva, 80, 151
Werner, John Jr., 25
Wessenberg, Gustav, 146
West Junior High School, 200
West Side market square, 96
Weston, Thomas, 25
Whaley, Damon, 96
Whitcomb, Jas., 11
White Thunder, 69
White, Adele, 198
White, Elizabeth, 142
White, Joseph, 167
White, Linda Ann, 167
White, Nicholas, 198
Whitman, E.L., 68
Whitney Rapids, 27, 28
Whitney mill, 27
Whitney place, 34
Whitney, Daniel, 10-12, 16, 28, 34
Whitney, David, 13
Whitney, Mr., 27
Whittlesey, S.N., 96
William, Sister Mary, 197

Williams, Burt, 183
 Williams, Dorothy Elizabeth, 182
 Williams, George, 193
 Wilson, Evelynne, 111
 Wilson, Skip, 200
 Wiltrout, Ralph, 122
 Winden, Julius, 130, 148
 Winkelman's department store,
 100
 Winnebago Indians, 11, 12, 15-19,
 22, 23
 Winnisheka (Indian Chief), 18
 Wipfli, Gerlad, 167
 Wipperman building, 122
 Wisconsin Dells, 10
 Wisconsin Legionnaire magazine,
 196
 Wisconsin Rapids Building and
 Loan, 133, 134
 Wisconsin Rapids Street Railway,
 133
 Wisconsin State Cranberry Grow-
 ers Association, 164
 Wisconsin State Planning Com-
 mission, 115
 Wisconsin Territory, 28
 Wisconsin Valley Creamery, 177
 Wisconsin Valley Improvement
 Company, 183

Wisconsin Valley railroad, 64
 Withelm, Fred, 98
 Witt, Ed., 184
 Wittenberg, Gustav, 192
 Wittenberg, Mabel, 192
 Witter Field, 151
 Witter Hotel, 70, 193
 Witter, Charlotte, 131, 178, 186
 Witter, Dr., 61, 193
 Witter, Isaac P., 100, 130, 131, 177,
 178, 180, 182
 Witter, Jere, 182
 Witter, Jere D., 68, 96-98, 100, 180
 Witter, Mrs., 177
 Witter, Ruth, 180
 Witter, W., 62
 Wolcott, Carroll, 167
 Wolf, William, 146
 Wolfe, Terry, 170
 Wood Addition, 82
 Wood Cemetery, 151
 Wood County Bank, 30, 199
 Wood County Conservation
 League, 115
 Wood County Courthouse, 106-109
 Wood County Normal School, 110,
 111
 Wood County Park Department,
 115

Wood County Teachers College,
 110
 Wood County Telephone Co., 133,
 134
 Wood's hill, 199
 Wood, F.J., 29
 Wood, Frank, 82, 130, 136
 Wood, George, 10, 29
 Wood, Hazel, 155
 Wood, Walter, 177
 Woodlawn Tavern, 170
 Woods, Ol' Norm, 36
 Woodside School, 200
 Woodworth's harness shop, 58
 Woodworth, Justice, 64
 Woodworth, M.C., 116
 Woolf, M.W., 122
 Woolf, Michael, 123
 Woolworth building, 195
 Works Progress Administration,
 115
 World War II, 159-166, 188
 Worthington, Harry, 82
 Worthington, Ralph, 136
 Wranglers, 170
 Wright, Charlotte, 164, 166
 Wunrow, Robert, 167

Y

YMCA, 90
 Yager, Quentin, 167
 Yellow River, 12, 25, 63, 80, 115
 Yellow Thunder, 18, 19
 Young, Harry, 190, 191
 Young, J., 60
 Young, Jim, 191
 Young, Otis, 190
 Youngchilds, Edgar, 192

Z

Zager, Herman, 146
 Zanier, Alex, 82
 Zanow, Bruce Anthony, 167
 Zellmer, A.W., 110, 111
 Zellmer, Ruth, 111
 Zenier, Mr., 64
 Ziegler, Bernie, 195
 Zieher, John, 146
 Zuege, John, 105
 Zurfluh, Andrew, 192
 Zwicke, Donald, 167

*Index by Sally Engel
 and Kathy Engel*

1985

- 1-19 Gee boys
- 1-26 Gee endured WWII
- 2-2 Emma (Harroun) survived move
- 2-9 Population dynamics, Wood County
- 2-16 Fred Braun Valentine's party
- 2-23 Corydon Purdy
- 3-2 Purdy built his fortune
- 4-6 Jugful of trouble in 1890
- 4-27 Murder in Centralia
- 5-4 Eloquence of Emery A. Storrs
- 5-25 Memorial to Grandpa
- 6-15 All-American boys
- 6-22 Sun, Moon & Stars: Berty Schroeder
- 6-29 Pow-Wow big stuff for Pittsville
- 7-6 Childhood memoirs of Eva Werner
- 8-17 Some never came home from WWII
- 9-21 Down at the Poor Farm
- 10-5 Passing of the barn
- 10-12 A.J. Crowns turns 100
- 10-19 Brothers keep trucking
- 11-9 View from Walker's Hill
- 11-16 Homemade Lakes
- 11-23 George Mead's daughter
- 11-30 Documenting our state
- 12-21 Longest night customs

1986

- 1-4 Best Little Bagnio in Centralia
- 1-11 Visiting with the Hermit
- 1-18 Grand Ave. Bridge falling down
- 1-25 Mary O'Day Miller
- 2-1 O'Day a mick from the sod
- 2-8 Ross remembers ferry
- 2-15 Mission of St. Philomena
- 2-22 New school at St. Philomena's
- 3-1 Krumrei: secretly fattened pigs
- 3-8 Comet just as big a dud
- 3-15 Renting the ferry farm
- 3-22 Grand Ave. Bridge enters afterlife
- 3-29 Romance in lumber camps
- 4-12 Hearing the voice of history
- 5-3 Rapids library a McMillan memorial
- 5-10 Exerpts from McMillan's diary
- 5-17 Benefactors provide libraries
- 5-31 Morrison remembers remodeling
- 6-28 CPI photographs reveal two towns
- 7-5 Exploration of Early America
- 8-23 Nekoosa's beginnings
- 8-30 Slides reveal school days

- 9-6 Dalys ride to colorful life
- 9-13 Rudolph girl serves Witters
- 9-20 DOT photos catch 8th Street
- 10-4 Normal tradition
- 10-18 100 years of Catholic education
- 12-20 Musings from oldest church

1987

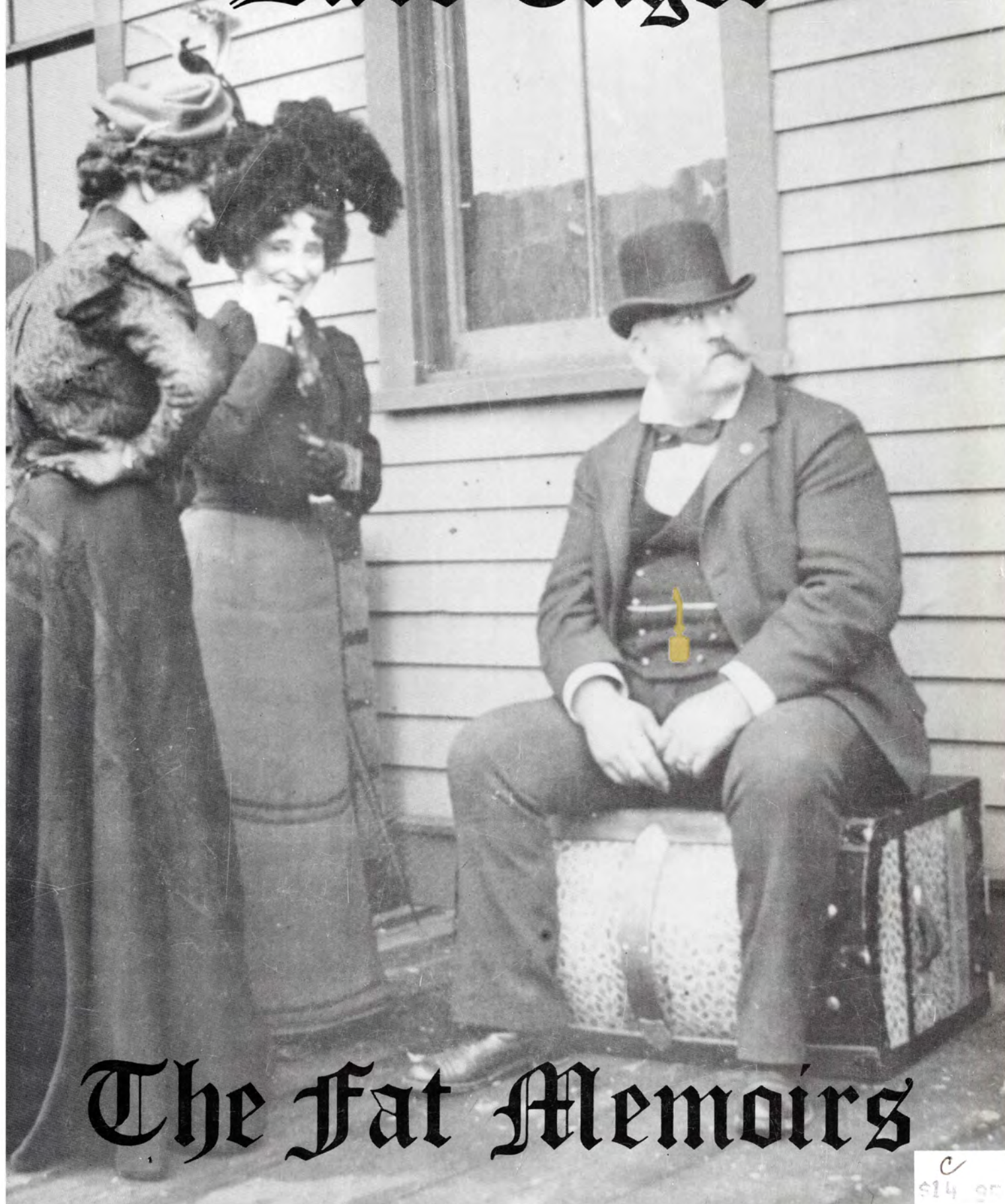
- 1-3 Arpin's diary details 1881
- 1-10 Editor samples Grand Rapids Special
- 1-17 Ed Arpin tries college
- 1-24 Day of Living Dangerously
- 1-31 Idealism motivated teacher
- 2-7 Wakely barn poses mysteries
- 2-14 Lorena Paap, Seckatary Hawkins
- 2-21 Joe Capek, Bohemian life
- 4-4 Faro chooses victims
- 4-11 Wakely contemporary
- 4-25 Hopa Tree capital
- 5-2 Stanton Mead's own story
- 5-9 Liberace's stepmother
- 6-6 Fire followed flood in 1880
- 6-13 Flood strikes again
- 6-20 Pilgrimage to Hebron
- 6-27 SSPP sesquicentennial
- 7-3 Harry Tracy, desperado
- 7-18 George Hill, pillar of community
- 7-25 100 years for Johnson Hill's
- 8-1 Former resident D.R. Mead
- 8-8 Fur trader documents era
- 8-15 La Bamba
- 8-22 Bought courthouse 120 years ago
- 8-29 Devolution of Prentiss-Wabers
- 9-5 Whitney trespass opens river
- 9-19 Omnipotence of mutability
- 9-26 Firsts on lower Upper Wis.
- 10-3 1836 Menominee treaty
- 10-10 Grignon first settler
- 10-17 Oppor Ouisconsin
- 10-24 Winnebago forced to sell
- 10-31 Chippewa demand rights
- 11-7 Philleo Nash celebration
- 11-14 Seneca St. Paul's
- 11-21 Fred McCarthy, WWII
- 11-28 Harry Young
- 12-5 POW camp
- 12-12 Moses Strong
- 12-19 Indian scare
- 12-26 Beatrice Klebesadel

Dave Engel



The Fat Memoirs

Dave Engel



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