

# Artifacts #60

## Rapids Kid



Cover: James Daly, page 2; James Daly letter, 3-6; Daly family, 7; Consolidated Rapids Division, 8-9; WWI homecoming parade story, 10-11; 1919 Soldiers homecoming photos, 12-17; Wayne Martin, *Tribune* Photographer, 18-27; Smokey Joe, 26; Wayne Martin cranberry book, 28-29; CPI pix, 30-31; Martin photo, 32.

## Cover Story

Publicity photo of former resident of Third Street South,  
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

*In the role of Honorius in the motion picture "Planet of the Apes"*

Our occasionally hirsute neighbor shown on page one is James Firman Daly (Oct. 23, 1918 – July 3, 1978)—theater, film, and television actor best known as Paul Lochner in the 1969-76 series *Medical Center* and unrecognizable as Honorius in the 1968 movie, *Planet of the Apes*.

Jim was born here to Dorothy and Percifer Daly of Daly Coal and Ice. Both parents participated in amateur theater and supported Jim and his sister, Mary Ellen, in their creative endeavors, which included appearing with cousins in productions at country schools, churches and Lincoln High School where Jim was prom king. See interview with Mary Ellen Daly in Uncle Dave's *Fat Memoirs*.

Percy Daly died in a 1935 car/train collision, after which Jim's mother, Dorothy, married local clothier Ray Mullen and the family moved to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where Ray died in 1944.

After some time at the University of Iowa in Iowa City, Jim attended picturesque Cornell College in Mt. Vernon, Iowa. He served with the United States Navy during World War II.

Between 1953 and 1955, Daly appeared in the TV series "Foreign Intrigue." Mainly as a "character actor," he guest-starred on numerous television series in the 1960s, including "Appointment with Adventure," "Breaking Point," "Mission: Impossible," "The Twilight Zone," "The Tenderfoot" for Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color, "The Road West," "Custer," "Gunsmoke," "Combat!," "The Fugitive," "The Virginian," "Twelve O'Clock High" and the Star Trek's "Requiem for Methuselah."

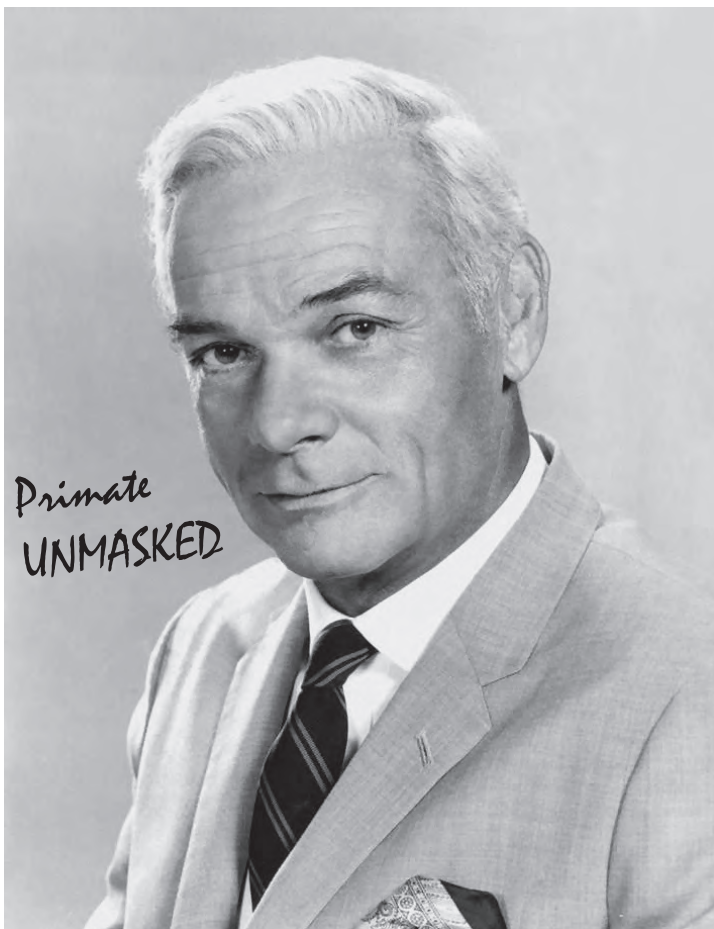
Movies include *The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell* (1955), *Planet of the Apes* (1968) and *Wild in the Sky* (1972).

Two of Daly's four children, Tyne Daly and Tim Daly, along with his granddaughter, Kathryn Dora Brown, and grandson, Sam Daly, are actors.

Tyne appeared on Daly's TV series, *Foreign Intrigue*, as a child. The two guest-starred separately in the "Mission: Impossible" TV series.

Tim, who accompanied Daly to Rapids in the 1972 account published here, appeared as a child with his father in Henrik Ibsen's play, *An Enemy of the People*.

Left: Daly in 1969, when he was a regular on "Medical Center," three years before he wrote the following letter about a visit home. It's the same guy shown on the cover.



Primate  
UNMASKED

James Daly (1918-1978)



Actor James Daly visited Wisconsin Rapids in 1972.

Thurs. Apr. 6<sup>1972</sup>  
Chicago Airport

Dear Mom -

I promised Mel I'd write to you about the trip to Wis. Rapids. She said she wouldn't remember all of our phone conversation. Anyway, I want to because it was such a new and strange experience for me - and I am so glad I did it. I hadn't realized how excited I would be - and how emotional. And I don't know whether it betters or confuses my understanding of myself and Life - but it was an experience I would have been sorry to have missed.

The day before Wis. Rapids, Tim and I drove through Mt. Vernon at dusk - with a snow storm gathering. There was not a person on the streets or the Campus, and the old stone & brick buildings stood silhouetted against

*Letter from James Daly  
to his mother, Dorothy Daly Mullen (1893-1974)*

Thurs. Apr. 6, [1972] Chicago Airport

Dear Mom [in San Antonio, Texas],

I promised Mel [sister, see *Fat Memoirs*] I'd write to you about the trip to Wis. Rapids. She said she wouldn't remember all of our phone conversation. Anyway, I want to because it was such a new and strange experience for me – and I am so glad I did it. I hadn't realized how excited I would be – and how emotional. And I don't know whether it betters or confuses my understanding of myself and Life – but it was an experience I would have been sorry to have missed.

The day before Wis. Rapids, Tim [son] and I drove through Mt. Vernon [Iowa] at dusk – with a snow storm gathering. There was not a person on the streets or the campus, and the old stone & brick buildings stood silhouetted against an oxford-grey sky – as though they had been preserved behind glass since I last saw them in – oh – perhaps 1957 or so when they gave me the DFA [Doctor of Fine Arts.] I realized how happy I had been at Cornell [college]; and how glad I am to have had that time there. Tim genuinely enjoyed my happiness. What a remarkable young man he is! He loved seeing you & Mel, by the way – and wants to again.

Anyway – that night we stayed in Platteville, Wis., just across the Iowa “border” (as Tim called it); and started early the next a.m. for Wis. Rapids, via Madison. It was snowing lightly from time to time – and there was a clean, fresh fall on the ground from the night before. But the further North we got the sunnier it got – the sky so blue & clear. It's all super-highways now, of course – but the beauty of Wis. seemed almost undiminished – at least what I could see of it.

In Friendship we had the car washed, and looked from the road at where the “relatives” used to live near that big rock; but instead of the big rambling house with a porch that I remembered, there was an ugly little green ticky-tacky box with an immense TV antenna.

The approach into Wis. Rapids seemed not too changed to me. Nepco lake looked as I'd thought it would. Irony of ironies – the speedometer broke just outside of Madison – so all of the measuring I was going to do was foiled! Perhaps it was meant that my memories in that regard remain the same. And – curiously enough – they do!

I noticed a “Gieses Motel” on the outskirts of town, and told Tim we'd stop on our way back to inquire about old Mr. Giese's model of Grandpa Daly's lumber raft that was on display at the 1933 World's Fair in Chicago. We did this – after our tour of the town – and Giese's son & his wife were darlin' to us. He had worked for Dad – (“old Miles we always called him”) – as his father worked for Gr. Daly!

“You're Percy's son?”, he said, after shaking my hand – “Well, put her there again!”. The raft model is on display at Nekoosa Edwards, but he said his father had made a couple more that were stored somewhere in his attic [one of which is now at the SWCH-Museum], and would be a chore to un-earth.

So I gave him a card from “the Bottega”, and told him I'd like to buy one if he ever felt he wanted to sell.

As Tim said – while we were in the Rapids I was either elated that some building or landmark was still there – or really incensed when something was missing. And I was. The town didn't look smaller to me – nor did 3<sup>rd</sup> St. I drove past the house twice. There was a “For Sale” sign outside the Demitz' old house. And, of course, the Hospital is totally new, as is Witter's Field. There was a “Daly Street” on the other side of the RR tracks going toward the Country Club. But the Bullseye seemed about the same – except the water hole (No. 10) is gone.

It was Good Friday afternoon – and, oddly enough all the stores were closed – & the streets almost deserted. It had something of the same atmosphere as Mt. Vernon had had. Curious. As tho' everything had stopped for awhile to allow me to take a look. Are there that many Catholics there? I hadn't thought so.

Drove out to Biron. All trace of Dad's [ice and coal] business is gone. As is Grandma Daly's house; and the big house on Baker St. is an oddball



church parking lot. The only new building I regarded as an improvement was the new SS Peter & Paul Church. I hate the Mead Motel and the library and the Court House and the new swimming pool and the new clubhouse at Bullseye. Also the Howe school.

I was fulminating about the Howe school, when I suddenly remembered that it had been condemned when I was there – and, of course, broke myself up. How childish of me to have wanted everything to have stayed the same ----- But I did.

Our house did look – and seem – the same – even to the icicles hanging from the roof. The Roberts' house, as you know, is in pretty sorry condition, but how I admire Uncle John for keeping the long back yard instead of putting some dinky little house there. Drove past the Taylor's – which looked cozy – the Tom Nash's looked still elegant. I, of course, hated all the apt. houses, although I'm sure River Road is still pretty in the summer. But how about that really ugly Congregational Church!!

Well, Mom, I'd bore you silly if I did the full inventory – but I must tell you about the Sugar Bowl.

Tim, as you've probably observed, is very indulgent of his Pa, and, seeing my highly sensitized state, suggested we have lunch at the Sugar Bowl. We saw Uncle John's name on the sign outside and climbed the stairs to his office. John's name had been removed (one could still see the outline, though) and his office had McGovern posters pasted all over the outside. Tim said: "It all looks like a Spencer Tracy movie".!!

There were three people eating in the Sugar Bowl (it was – maybe 1:30 p.m. or so). One spare looking woman with a wig turned rather annoyedly I thought as we came in, and gave us an "you're interrupting" look. She seemed familiar to me in some dim way and I kept covertly watching her as we ate. When she got up to go I asked our waitress (who had a voice like a flat piccolo) who the blond lady was. "Oh, that's Miss [Elizabeth] Phil[l]eo" she said – "she used to be a teacher." I choked on my food. Third grade – long division – a slap in the face for being smart-alecky. Long, long division indeed!

And then I thought of your old joke about "Rena Phileo Labus" sounding like a piccolo solo.

Well, some kids recognized me (despite the beard) as we left – and asked Tim, who had lingered to buy some gum, – and one of them said he'd won a \$15.00 bet!

We were half way to Adams before I realized we'd completely forgotten to go out to the cemetery. Tim said: "Go back, if you want to, Dad". But I didn't want to, really. It was over. Except for the long long thoughts about the "long division". And the tune of "Eleanor Rigby" (of the Beatles) kept running thru my head) "All the lonely people – where do they all come from." Miss Phileo eating Good Friday lunch in the Sugar Bowl. My God!

But, as at Cornell, I was happy in my pensiveness – and grateful for having had my childhood in that place. At the risk of sounding smug – I have liked almost all of my life. Thankful to you I felt, Mom – and to Dad – rest him! And to all of the fine and lovely people I have known.

Well – you see what a three hour delay at an airport does for my correspondence. I'm really running-off at the mouth. The Capt. just announced that it took us 25 minutes to get from the terminal to the runway. So what the hell good is 600 miles-an-hour?!

It's getting too bumpy to write anymore – so I'll have to tell you about the rest of the trip – and especially Hopie's house [Hope Newell, ex wife?], another time. Suffice it to say for now, that the house is just great and the area wonderful. Only 6 miles from Concord where it all began – that "shot heard round the world". Saw the Louisa May Alcott house, and Emerson's & Hawthorne's houses. You'll have to visit sometime. Know she'd love it. Hopie seems happier & healthier than I've seen her in a long time. And Geen [Pegeen] & John and the kids are all 1<sup>st</sup> rate fine. Kate announced to Peg that she "loved her Grandpa Jimmy, and thought he was a good person"!!

Thanks again for the good time in S.A. [San Antonio] – Love Jim

How childish of me to have wanted everything to have stayed the same ----- But I did.

James Daly to his mother, 1972

(17).

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Thanks again for the good time in S.A. - Love J.



James Daly appeared with Amanda Blake (Miss Kitty) in a 1967 episode of *Gunsmoke*, the most popular television series of its time, now rerun on cable networks weekdays at high noon.

*Photos courtesy World of the Apes Planet-Wide Web*



“Her name is Amanda Blake...”



“But we call her Miss Kitty.”

UD



James Daly’s daughter, Tyne, and son Tim. Uncle Dave spoke with Tyne when she was at the Mead Hotel, having accompanied her aunt, Mary Ellen “Mel” Daly, to Mel and Jim’s home town.



Tim Daly and his son, Sam Daly, also an actor, the grandson of James Daly, our native son. Tim was 16 or so when he visited here with his father in 1972.





*A cold day in paper mill heaven  
c. 1960*

## Consolidated Wisconsin Rapids Division 1904-2020

The heart and soul of Wisconsin Rapids for over a century, its operations were suspended by owner Verso Corp. on July 31, 2020.

The photo at left was probably taken around 1960.

The Jackson Street bridge was built in 1955 to relieve traffic to and from the mill shown. Previously, busy shift changes had to pass over the Grand Avenue bridge at what was then the congested center of a bustling city.

A blade coater addition to the mill began production in 1963 and extended over the river. It had not yet been built as of this view.

When Uncle Dave began his storied vocation as summer vacation relief in 1964, the kraft division had not yet replaced the sulfite mill looming just behind the big black smoke-stack at left. Exploring the vast industrial labyrinth during the graveyard shift, sometimes with his partner on the “air hammers,” Paul Miller, UD was able to climb the chip tube to the roof of the city’s tallest building and view Grand Avenue at sunrise, a premonition of his calling to come.

Note the pedestrian.

UD published a similar photo taken of the adjacent Grand Avenue Bridge in the 1980s. The lone stroller then was Stanton Mead, former president of Consolidated and a familiar man about town, on his way to the Elks Club on Second Street South.



ABOUT THE PHOTOS THAT FOLLOW, PAGES 12-17

*From the 1923 "History of Wood County"*

In mentioning examples of Mr. [Fred] Roenius's talent in matters of this nature, mention should not be omitted of the military, historical, allegorical, and industrial spectacle held in Wisconsin Rapids July 31, 1919, for which he was responsible, and which, taken part in by 2,000 people, was a tremendous success in every respect and gained wide notice. He was married in Wisconsin Rapids, November 23, 1920, to Annina Daly, daughter of Frank and Louise (Jeffrey) Daly of Wisconsin Rapids. Mr. and Mrs. Roenius have one child, James Edmund, born Dec. 3, 1921.

## River City 101 Years Ago

Thursday, August 7, 1919

*Grand Rapids Tribune*

# PARADE FEATURE OF VETS HOME COMING

A parade, or historical pageant, fully a mile in length and which would have been a credit to a city many times the size of Grand Rapids, featured the two day Home Coming for the veterans of the war, held in this city last Wednesday and Thursday. Showers which arrived at rather rapid intervals during the day and almost continuously during the evening, rather marred the first days events, however, while the sun refused to shine on Thursday there was very little rain and the day was a most successful and enjoyable one. The rain of the previous day put the roads in rather bad shape for the farmers on Thursday and doubtless kept many who reside in the clay country north of the city from attending, however, the crowd was large and the people were entertained in good shape.

Starting from the library building on the east side of the river and forming on First and Baker streets, the pageant moved down First street to the bridge, across the bridge to

the intersection of Grand avenue to Seventh avenue, down Seventh and up Third to Grand, and back to the library. The Womens Clubs of the city furnished many of the floats for the historical part of the pageant, Miss Annina Daly and a decorating committee including Mrs. I. P. Witter, Mrs. John Farrish and Mrs. Wm. Kellogg having charge of the preparations. The floats which the club women had prepared included: The Discovery of America, by The Woman's Club; Planting the Cross on American Soil, Catholic Order of Lady Foresters; The Spirit of the Wilderness, Methodist Aid Societies; The Landing of the Pilgrims, Congregational Church Association; Washington and the Thirteen Colonies, Entre Nous; The Veterans of '65, The Womans Relief Corps; Uncle Sam and the Goddess of Liberty, Travel Class; America in the World War, Ladies Federation; Peace, Tuesday Club. The pageant was followed by the flag that brought Peace to the world made up of the men of the Consolidated mills.



## Connections

The more you know, the more interrelationships you see in our roughly 200-year history.



Jim Daly was LHS prom king in 1935. His queen was Susan Turbin, a niece of store owner Fred C. Turbin.

Rapids native Ray Mullen, manager, second husband of Dorothy Daly, died at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in 1944

Jim Daly's dad was Percifer "P.C." Daly of Daly Ice and Coal. "Percy" aka "Miles" was killed in a car/train collision in June 1935, probably just after the prom mentioned above.

Others who had floats or representative bodies in the parade included the MacKinnon Manufacturing Co.; Rowlands, Camp Fire Girls; Grand Rapids Fire Department; Kruger & Turbin; Nash Hardware Co.; Steinbergs; Mott & Wood; Wood County Telephone Company; Consolidated-Ahdawagam ship; Kellogg Bros.; Ford Tractor agency; Fridstein; Swimming Pool; Johnson & Hill; Valentine; Sam Church; Grand Rapids Milling Co.; Abel-Mullen; Eagle's Lodge; Hod Carriers' Union; Carpenter's Union; Foundrymen; Smith & Kaltenecker; Machinists' Local; Daly Music Co.; Ragan Auto Sales; Buick agency; Elks Lodge; Biron Mills; Daly Ice & Coal Co.; Clown band; Weber Band; Marling Lumber Co.; "Mary Pickford"; "Charlie Chaplin"; Cowboy, "Bill Hart"; Ebsen; Ready-to-Wear Parlors; U. C. T.; Clerk's Union; School Garden army; Pitts-ville band; Unions of Port Edwards and Nekoosa; Daughters of Democracy; Box & Sash Workers; Lumber Workers; A farmer and family.

A number of the stores had been nicely decorated for the occasion, windows making attractive appearances. The Abel-Mullen Co. had decorated their window in honor of to the Grand Rapids boys who did not return, graves of popies paying these men a fitting tribute.

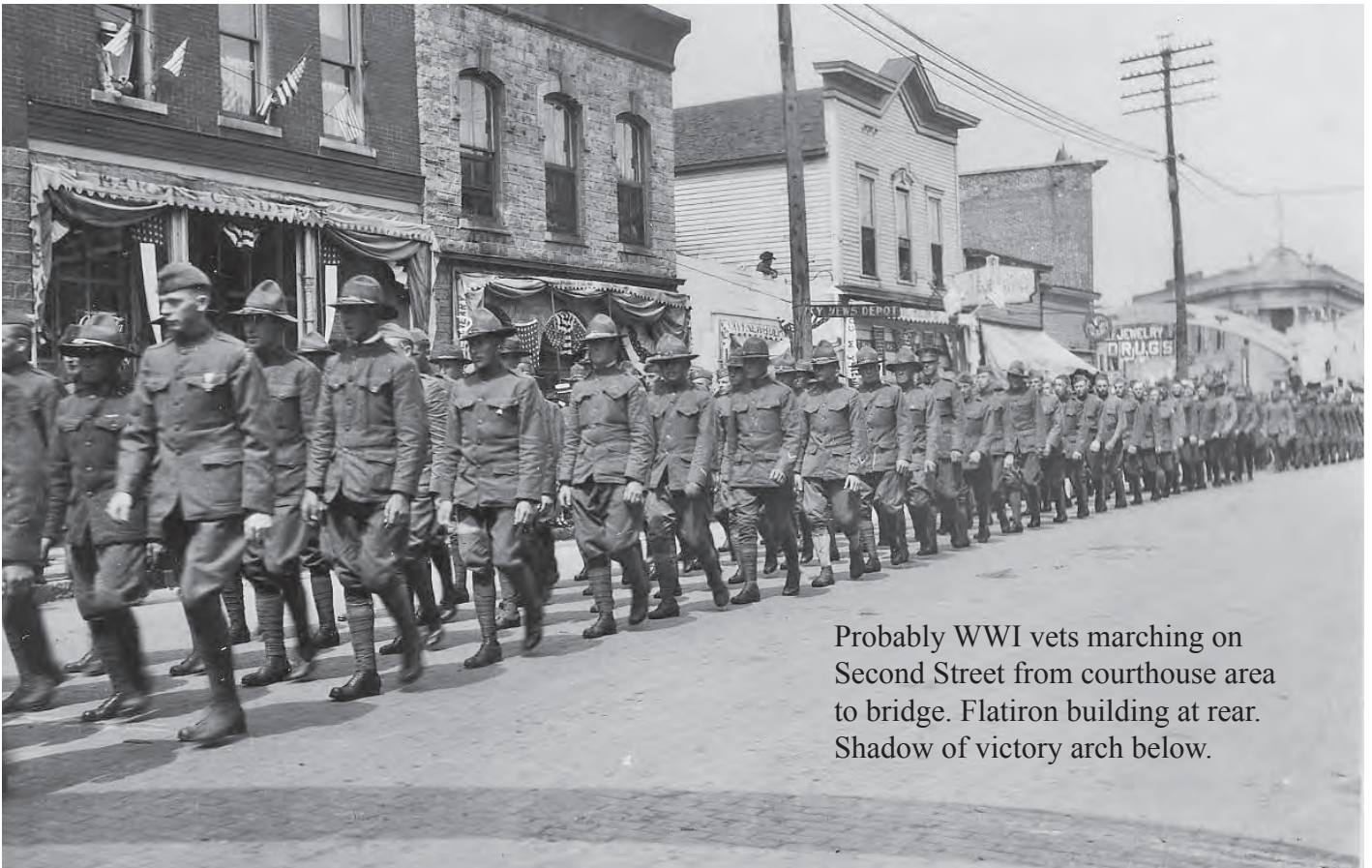
The service men were entertained at the Armory Wednesday evening, a dinner being held there for them both Wednesday evening and again Thursday afternoon. Covers had been laid for about seven hundred and fifty guests Wednesday evening but not more than half that number appeared for the event. The dinner was a very appetizing one, however, and the men present managed to take care of most of the food that had been prepared.

Taken all together the event was a successful and pleasing one, it passing off in a very satisfactory manner. The police department report that not a single accident was reported to them nor was an arrest made during the two days of entertainment. The ommittee in charge are due considerable credit as well as Fred Roenius, who acted as marshall of the parade and had one of the most pleasing spectacles ever witnessed here.





Courthouse at rear, right. Carousel or “merry-go-round” in back? Cop at right may be James Howlett.



Probably WWI vets marching on Second Street from courthouse area to bridge. Flatiron building at rear. Shadow of victory arch below.





Schill Buick float, from left: Margaret McGlynn, Mildred Philleo, Lucille Reiland, in front of Lain harness works, left



Returning to courthouse via Second Street, armory at right



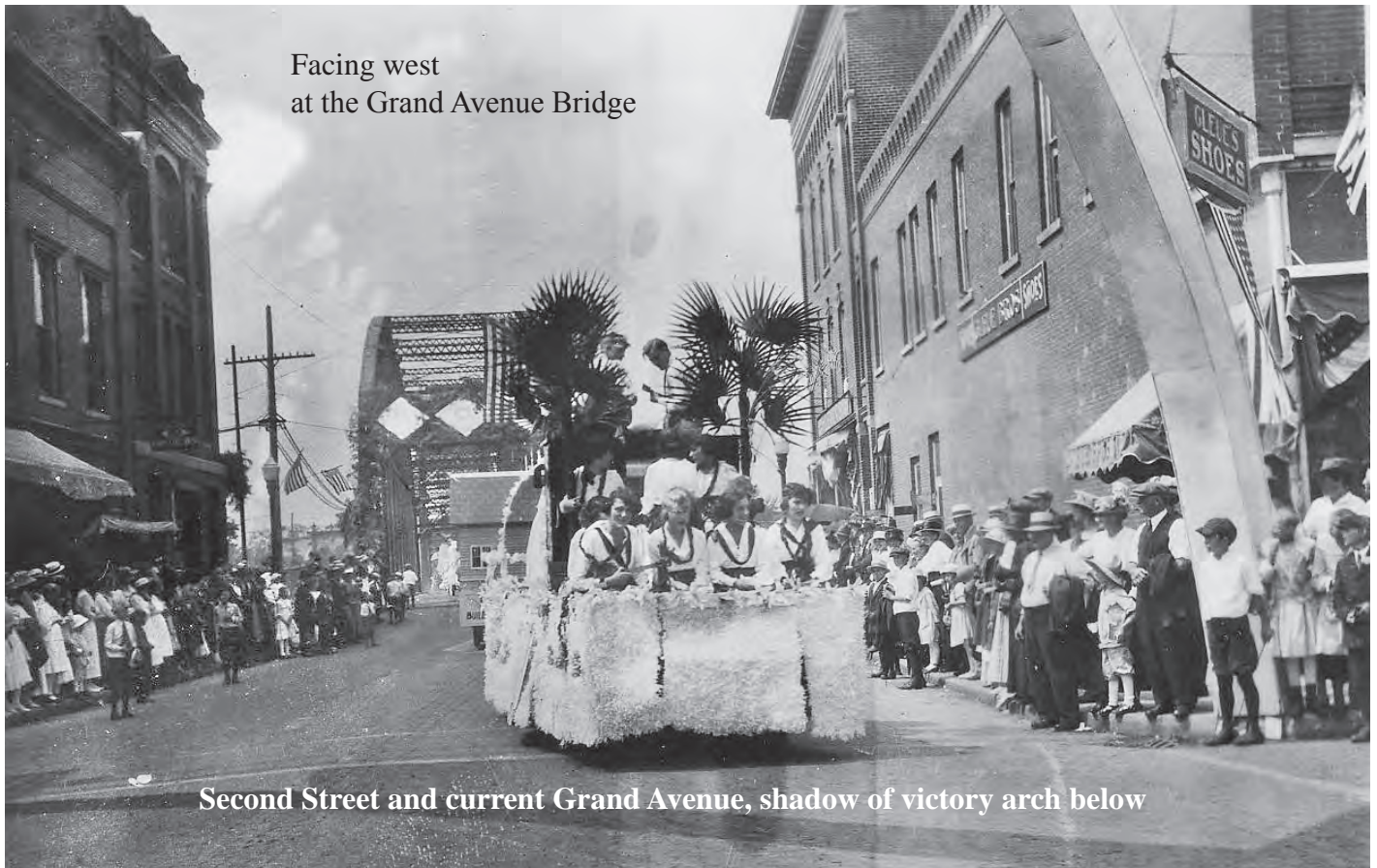


Wilcox Ready-to-Wear float, Gleue shoe store, left



Headed south on Second Street near bridge.  
Shadow of arch below





Possibly members of Elks lodge 693





Looking “upstream,” past Daly drug store to junction of First and Second Streets North at Flatiron building, library seen under arch. The “peaked top” building at left-center, shown on many of these views, has a sign lettered “AMCO,” an automobile brand from 1917-1922.









Wisconsin Rapids fireworks seen from roof of *Daily Tribune* building, July 4, 1977

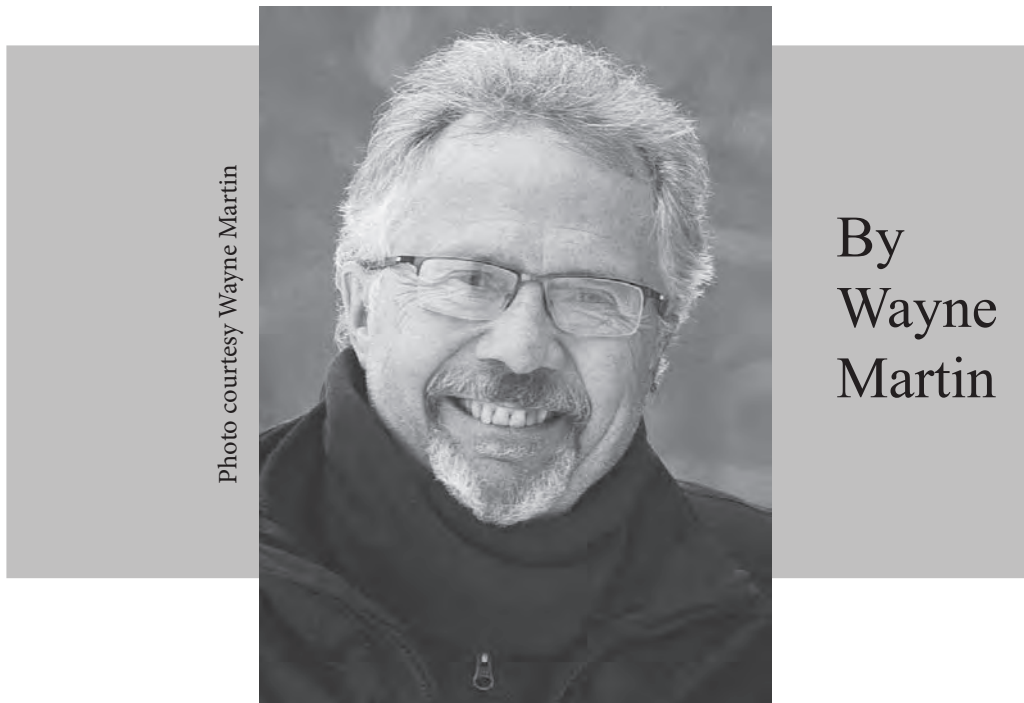


# DAILY TRIBUNE

Though younger by four years, he had come before me as a legend in his time, his name memorialized on the pages of papers scattered about the *Tribune* office. Who was this exotic talent? Over time, I found the Plymouth, Minn., resident to be homegrown, a brother of my sister's friend, Barbara Martin, and of Dennis, husband of Mary "Casey" Martin, herself a former *Trib* exec. Wayne is the son of Willard and Millie Martin, his mother a favorite creative writing student of mine at MSTC. Wayne has described abysmal scenes with my brother, Gary, in Consolidated's Biron mill grinder room. —UD

## *A Passion for Photography*

*Rapids native celebrated home town with lasting images*



As a young boy growing up in Wisconsin Rapids during the 1950s and 60s, there were few opportunities to earn spending money other than lawn mowing or snow shoveling. That all changed when I turned 12 in 1961 and was able to get a paper route delivering the *Daily Tribune* six days a week to 90-plus subscribers in the East Side neighborhoods south of Grand Avenue and west of Lincoln Street. My first real job was a joy, providing me with spending money, although somewhat challenging to juggle with after-school activities. Little did I know at the time, I would be contributing content to that same newspaper as its photographer 13 years later.

Many aspiring photographers work on the school yearbook in grade school or high school. It took me a bit longer.

Upon graduating from college, my brother-in-law gave me a 35mm rangefinder camera to take along on a four-month adventure to Spain. My experience capturing images of exotic places and being able to photograph outdoors after the sun went down got me hooked. It wasn't long before I acquired some dark-room gear, a better SLR camera and lenses and developed a life-long obsession with photography – the only vocation I've ever had a passion for.





**MAT ROLLER**—To convert a flat page of type and illustrations into a curved plate which will fit a cylindrical press requires the preparation of a “page mat” from which the press plate can be cast. Mechanical Superintendent Al Wenzlaff is demonstrating this process for Wayne Martin.

About that time I was working as a laborer at the Biron paper mill and managed to read every single book on photography at the McMillan library. When an ad appeared in the *Daily Tribune* for a part-time photographer, I jumped on it and, despite my lack of experience, was fortunate to be offered the position.

I vividly remember the very first assignment that I was given, to shoot the Pat Boone Family concert at Witter Field. I believe that was around the 4<sup>th</sup> of July 1974 [July 6]. A national act at a local venue for a first-time photojournalist – it couldn’t get any better than that! I was as nervous as I was excited.

I got to meet the celebrity singer, his wife and daughter Debby and made sure to shoot lots of film hoping that quantity would trump quality due to my inexperience. As it turned out, I did get some fairly decent photos documenting the event and was so proud and gratified to see them displayed big and bold on the FRONT page of the paper as well as others inside. If I have ever enjoyed an ego trip, this had to be it. I also became instantly aware of the tremendous obligation I had to our readers – to provide them with something worthwhile to look at. After all, they were paying to look at something I would produce and it better be good.



Front page

For about a year and a half, I shot various assignments on nights and weekends to cover for the *Tribune*’s chief photographer, Dave Rude. I developed a friendship with Dave and he was an enormous help in getting me started in my career as a photojournalist.

One day the editor of the paper, Joe Karius, to my complete surprise, offered me the job as chief photographer. It was an offer I couldn’t refuse. Consolidated Papers managed to survive without me and I was now able to do what I loved and get paid for it! So began a nearly four-year stint of learning the craft of photojournalism with my hometown newspaper.

Being the chief photographer for the *Daily Tribune* was a marvelous experience in learning about the community I thought I knew so well but really didn’t know at all. Having my Nikon camera hanging around my neck and the cachet of being the *Tribune* photographer was the key that got me into places I never dreamed of and allowed me access to people I would have never met. It was absolutely amazing that I could photograph nearly any place, anybody or anything I wanted to. What a gift to have that kind of freedom! The human interest stories, the workings of government and education, the world of local sports and entertainment, the environment and outdoor life, the social interactions and activities, hard news, breaking stories (rare and welcomed), politics and politicians. All these events provided me opportunities for visual interpretation and documentation.



Wayne Martin, *Tribune* Photographer

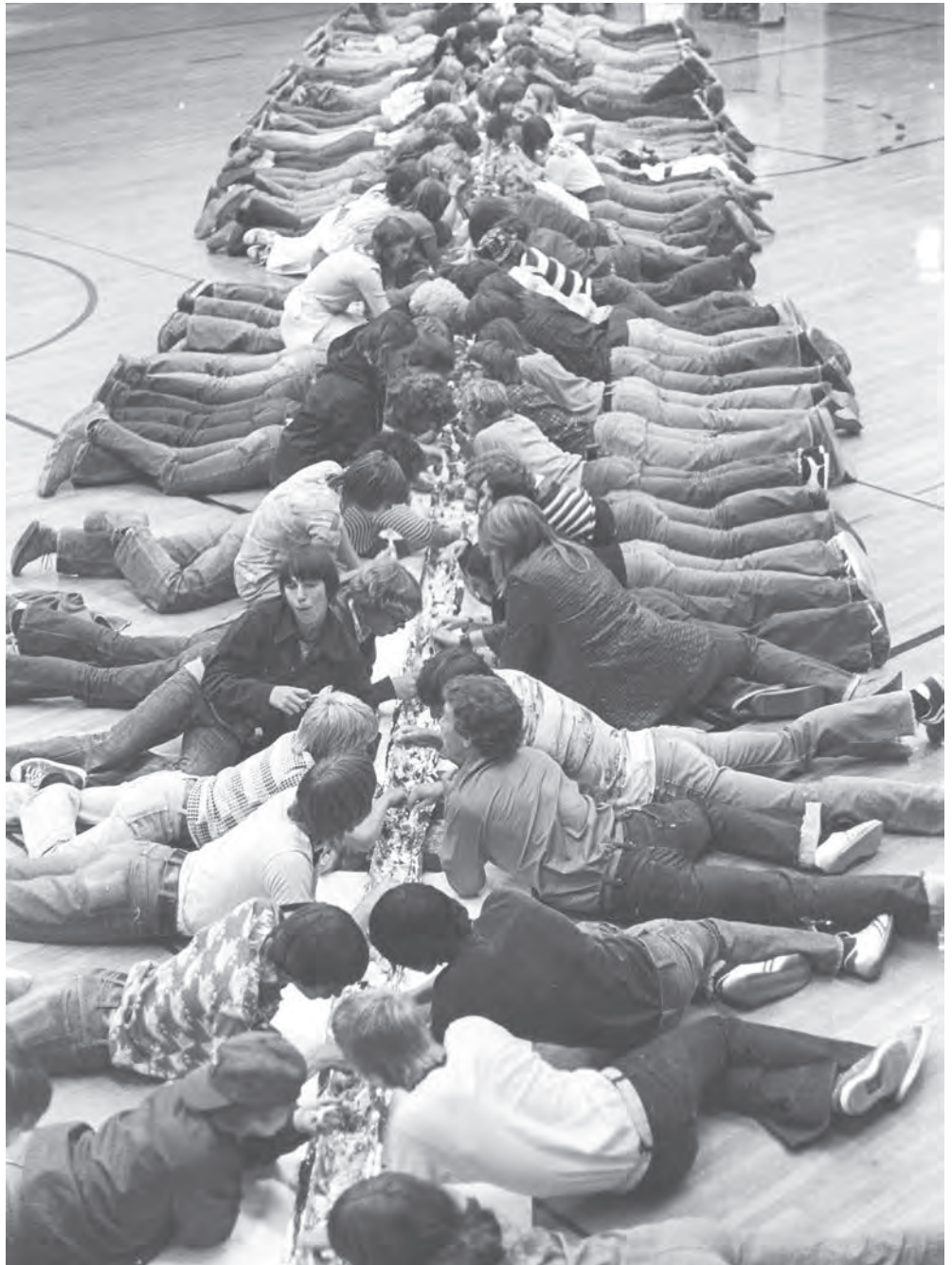


What was the process in finding all of these opportunities?

At the most basic level there was an assignment sheet clipboard in the newsroom where the various reporters and editors would fill out an assignment form sheet that I would check every day to see what I was scheduled to shoot. Some days there were many events, other days just a few and on too many days – none.

The routine was to shoot what was on the clipboard and everything else was “enterprise.” The burden of providing that front-page local photo was on the shoulders of the photographer. Although the paper subscribed to the wire services, the emphasis and priority always was to have a local photo on the front page.

On those way too many days when there was no assigned photography I was left to my own devices to come up with photo ideas that would interest our readers. More often than not, these were feature photos that I would find by cruising around a roughly 10-mile radius of Wisconsin Rapids and shoot anybody or anything that looked interesting. Although that gave me a great deal of freedom, it also became challenging to find usable photos after scouring the area for so many weeks, months and years. With a population of around 15,000 back then, Wisconsin Rapids just didn’t have an unlimited source of newsworthy events or image-making opportunities. I envied the big city metropolitan news photographers who didn’t have to worry about that.



Above: Sept. 22, 1976, Nekoosa high school students at Alexander middle school, Nekoosa, diving into a banana split housed in a rain gutter courtesy Mid-Wisconsin Youth for Christ. Photo by Wayne Martin.



As a rookie photojournalist without any formal training, I owe a great deal of credit to my mentor, the managing editor of the *Tribune* back then, Carl Roehl. Carl had a photographer's eye way better than mine and continually critiqued my efforts. He always suggested ways that I could improve my photography. He shared his great sense of design and composition and eventually I started to learn what a great news photograph looked like. He constantly pushed and challenged me to do better. I couldn't have asked for a better teacher or friend.

There are some memorable occasions and events I photographed. Allow me to list the Top Ten:

### **Most Foolhardy Photo**

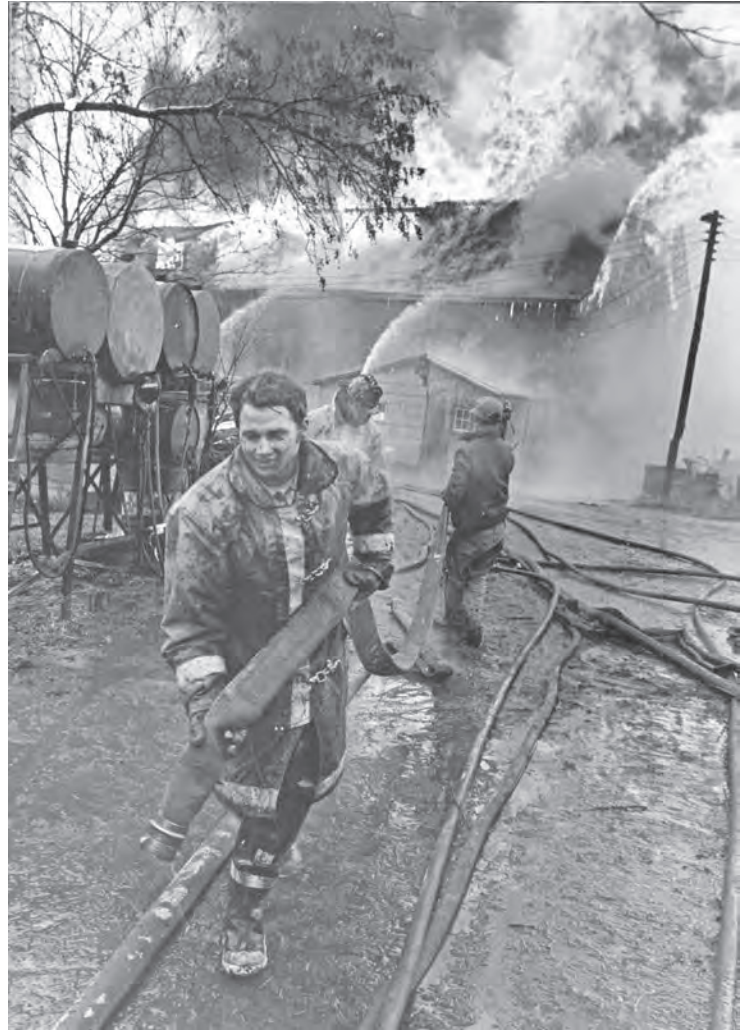
The day Wisconsin governor Patrick Lucey, along with CPI CEO George Mead came to inspect the new smokestack and facilities at the Kraft mill, I covertly climbed to the very top of the 300-foot high smokestack without blinking an eye and slung my leg over the rim at the top of the chimney. On looking down I was mortified and started shaking. But I got some great photos that ran on the front page the next day. And I caught hell from Dan Meyer, CPI Public relations director soon thereafter.

(See p. 30)

### **Dumbest Photo Ideas**

There were two occasions when I figured if I got right in the middle of the action I would get the best shots. One was when I laid on my back at the end of the runway at Alexander Field as the NEPCO corporate jet took off. As it passed 50 feet over me, it felt like someone hit me in the chest with a sledgehammer. My ears are still ringing.

The second occurred as I squatted down in a potato field west of the Petenwell flowage. A crop duster flew 30 feet above and drenched me and my gear with a gold-flecked toxic pesticide. I still wonder if that affected me later in life.



Volunteer fire department at unidentified barn burning.  
Photo by Wayne Martin

### **Most Dangerous Photo**

A ferocious forest fire that started in the Kellner area raged with wild abandon and reached County Trunk U and Highway 73. I was there as it was crossing the road with a terrifying roar and mini-fire storm tornadoes whipping across the road about 10:00 PM that evening. The tops of tall jack pine trees exploded into unbelievable flaming torches creating a hell on earth dystopia for the helpless firefighters. It seemed like Armageddon being that close to such an unstoppable force.



### Most Criticized Photo

The paper was doing a feature about euthanizing pets. To illustrate the story I shot a photo of Dr. Norman Good, a local veterinarian, with a beagle puppy on an exam table. The doc had a syringe with a lethal injection in his hand, ready to inject into the poor dog that was looking directly into the camera, so cute, sad and vulnerable. The photo ran large on the front page of the paper. The outrage that followed later in letters to the editor was even bigger. I should have left town sooner than I did.

### Scariest Photo

An armed man kidnapped a woman from Rapids and held her captive in a shed along Apple Road a couple miles west of town along Hwy 13/73. I don't recall if he either released her or she escaped. But I was sent out there to shoot photos. Not a soul was there when I arrived and it was completely silent. Talk about spooky! Was he hiding in the bushes? Was I his next victim? I didn't stay long.

### Second Scariest Photo

One summer, Community Life editor Ann Grauvogl and I were helicoptered down to Fort McCoy to document the Rapids contingent of the National Guard's summer training. With our army helmets and ear protection secured, we sat next to a 155mm howitzer as it fired live rounds at a target far away. Shrapnel 1000 meters distant ripped back over the top of us as we hunkered down in a bunker. The earth-shaking, violent explosions and smell of black powder convinced me that was as close to being a soldier as I ever wanted to be.

### Luckiest Photo

I was assigned to cover the placement of industrial HVAC equipment on the roof of one of the potato processors east of Rapids along Highway 54. A huge military style helicopter was lifting each mammoth unit from the ground onto the roof. After several successful placements it started another lift and the helicopter started bouncing in the air as it struggled to lift a load exceeding its capacity. Clearly, the



May 28, 1976, Nekoosa

copter was about to crash. But just in a nick of time, the pilot dropped the load onto the ground, wrecking the contents, but probably saving his life. I happened to be at the right place and the right time and got the shot.

### Shooting & Writing the Story Too!

"About 5:40 Thursday afternoon. Phone rings. Bear cub in tree at 509 S. Section St., Nekoosa. (Oh no, not another one...)"

Across from the elementary school, a group of people gathered around a large tree with eyes all on the upper branches. A black bear cub was up there and no one seemed to know what to do about it.

The DNR was called to remove it and were unable to coax the bear down. Finally someone put a Hostess blueberry pie on the end of a stick and as the cub reached for it, I was able to prod the bear off the branch with a pole and into a large fishing net held underneath it. It was catch and release and I thought a great human-interest story. My managing editor, Carl Roehl told me to write it up, the first and only time that I had my photos along with a story written by me published in the paper.



### Best Sports Event That I Shot

The Lincoln High basketball team had a great coach in Jack Bennett, brother of former Badger coach Dick Bennett. To this day I have never liked sports team coaches but Jack was different and had a sense of humility and humanity about him that made him very likable. The Raiders went to State that year and I was with them in Madison for their final game. They lost a heart breaker but showed great effort and humility. I liked those guys on that team and we gave them full coverage.



Photo by Wayne Martin

*Daily Tribune*, March 13, 1978. "March Madness." Lincoln high school's Rob Schneeberg clutches the hand of coach Jack Bennett at a Saturday night sectional tournament game with Superior, which LHS won 75-35. Also watching the final moments are assistant coach Jon Hillstead, Greg Spencer (130) Paul Schulz (22) and Barry Sweeney (12) The Rapids team lost to Beloit Memorial in the semi-finals.



*Enterprise photo:  
High Contrast*



*Industrial Park  
Warehouse  
1977*

### Most Embarrassing Moment

My most embarrassing moment wasn't while shooting. It happened in the darkroom at the *Daily Tribune*. I was hurriedly processing film from a Friday night high school football game. Because it was so embarrassing I cannot reveal it. Well...it was and is too embarrassing!

After a run of about four years with the *Daily Tribune*, I resigned my position at the end of September 1978. Work had just begun on the new Lincoln high school on 16<sup>th</sup> Street and the third bridge over the Wisconsin River near the hospital was about to be constructed. I was ready for new things and new places.

I traveled to Norway for a month to visit a friend and ended up in Portland, Ore., in April 1979, working for two different suburban weekly papers through 1980. Following my Portland experience, my photojournalism career came to an end. But photography, next as a corporate photographer and later running my own commercial photography business in the Minneapolis area, continued to be my career path until my retirement in 2016.

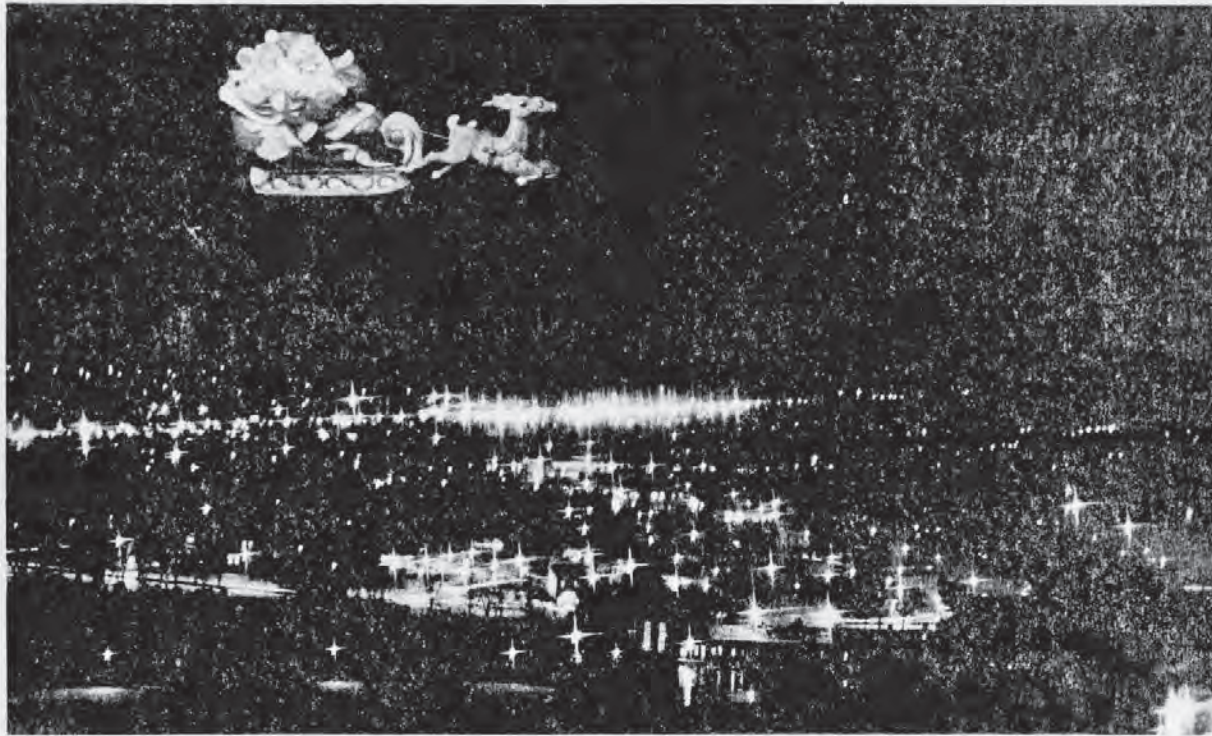
Wayne R. Martin

May 25, 2020  
Plymouth, MN



Outa here! At Mt. Hood, Oregon

## Enhanced photo from top of kraft mill



### And I heard him exclaim...

Tribune photographers Wayne Martin and Thomas Eneright went to the top of Consolidated Papers' kraft mill Wednesday evening to take a holiday night view of the city. Later, as they were in the darkroom, what to their wondering eyes should appear but Santa Claus, his sleigh, and a pair of reindeer. Perhaps the jolly old elf was out for a practice run, or maybe the ghost of Christmas present decided to play a trick in the photo lab. Whatever the cause, those with faith in a childhood story know Santa and his reindeer will fly into the city for his annual visit sometime tonight. (Photo looks southeast over Wisconsin Rapids. Bright lights in center are in the 8th St. S. shopping district; the Wisconsin River and CPI powerhouse are in foreground.)

Dec. 24, 1976

Austria-Hungary (later he called it Yugoslavia) native Bolta Namesnik, shown with pipe, owned Smokey Joe's White Pine Tavern 1926 to 1947 at the junction of state highways 13 and 73, a location forever known as Smokey Joe's Corner.

On his 100th birthday, Dec. 31, 1977, Bolta made his way, as he did every night, from his house next door into his old habitat, then Bob's Bar, Robert Munro, presiding.

The 1977 story was by Diane Montz, photo by Wayne Martin.

Namesnik died in February 1978.



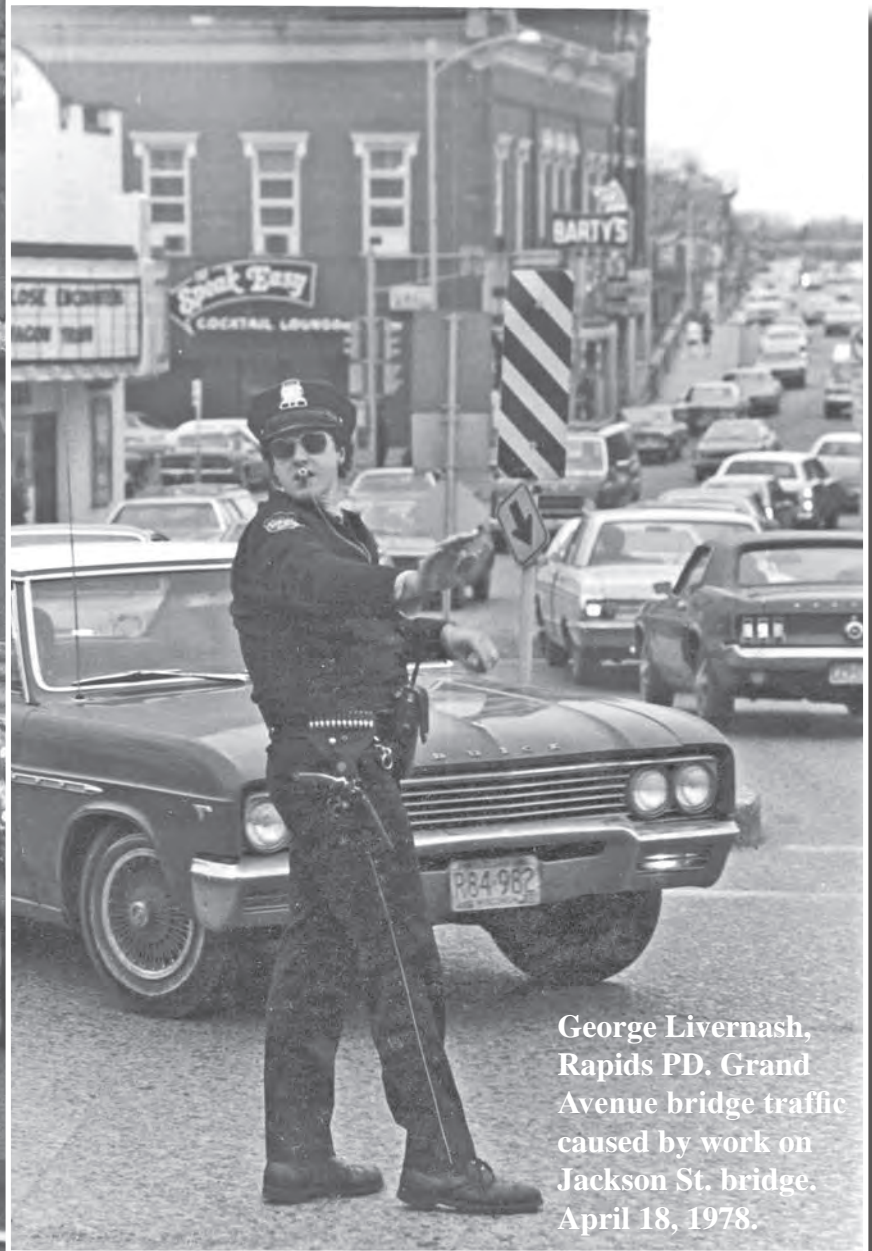
In 1968 Bonnie Jaecks portrayed a familiar pipe.



Area artist and legend — Not only is the Wisconsin Rapids area not devoid of its own folklore and authentic "character" but it is fortunate enough to have local artists who preserve the traditional and distinctly local way of life. Here Bonnie Jaecks displays her portrait of Bolta (Burt) Namesnik, better known as Smokey Joe, who has brought humor, hard work and his own interesting life story to this area from a "backplace" in Yugoslavia. This portrait, along with many other paintings and art pieces depicting local sights and people, can be seen at the Brush and Palette Club annual art show to be held Aug. 18 at Port Edwards Park. (Tribune Photos)

A 1972 *Daily Tribune* stated Smokey Joe's original name was Botta Dijanesic. Namesnik was "nickname" in reverse.





George Livernash,  
Rapids PD. Grand  
Avenue bridge traffic  
caused by work on  
Jackson St. bridge.  
April 18, 1978.

Left: Nov. 17, 1975,  
from top of Wood  
Block, east side  
of Grand Avenue  
bridge, showing  
west side traffic  
caused by gas line  
break on Jackson  
Street

*Tribune* photos  
by You Know Who





Automated optical sorting machines make quality control extremely fast and efficient. Yet the berries still must pass the most critical inspection tool of all: the human eye.

Above: page from *Cranberries Revealed* showing that some berries are still sorted by hand.



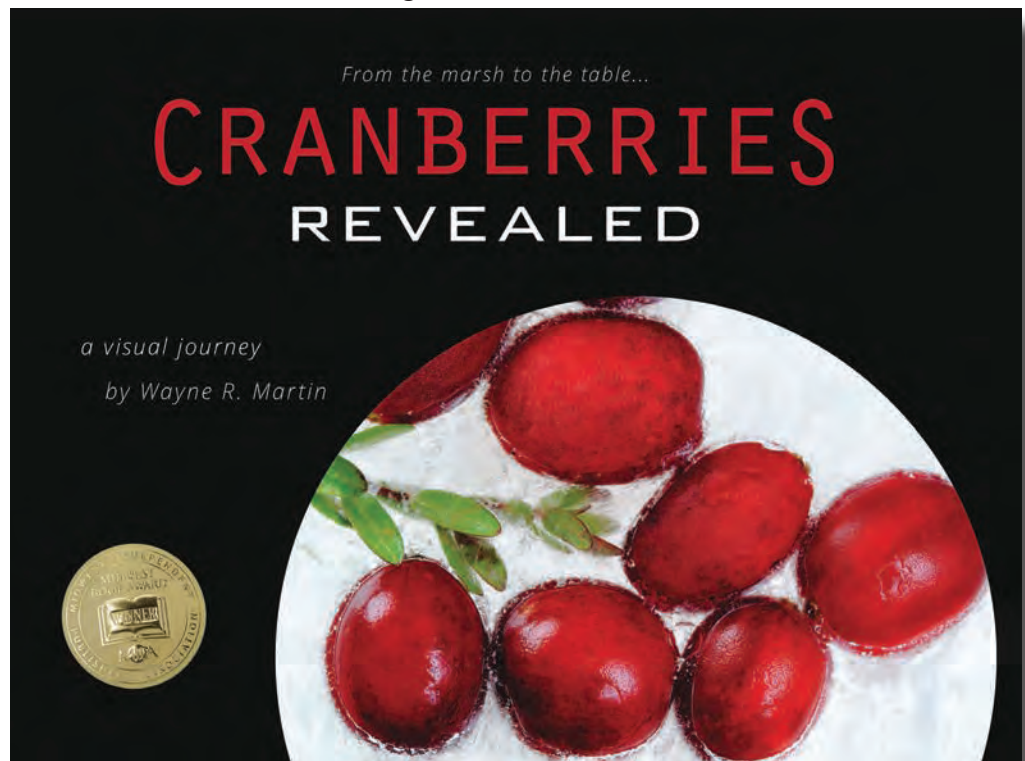
Left: Women sorting cranberries in Ocean Spray processing plant, Babcock, published Oct. 5, 1976. The colorful world of cranberries was a common subject for *Tribune* photographer Wayne Martin.



Photos taken at Glacial Lake Cranberries, Cranmoor, owned by Mary Brazeau Brown and SWCHC president Phil Brown, were among those used in *Cranberries Revealed*.

ORDER  
from Amazon  
or get a signed  
copy from the  
author for \$24.95  
+ S&H,  
wrmartinmn@  
gmail.com.

Wayne Martin's  
2015 book includes  
artistic photos of  
cranberries and  
cranberry themes,  
knowledgeable  
information on  
cranberry culture  
and recipes.



Smart phone snapshots from former *Tribune* photographer Dave Engel, at the latter's Rudolph headquarters, Aug. 10, 2020.



Martin's visit included his donation to the South Wood County Historical Museum of an extensive collection of clippings and photos from his *Daily Tribune* days and framed art work from *Cranberries Revealed*.





# CPI

George Mead, Consolidated Papers, Inc. chairman, left, Gov. Patrick Lucey, and State Rep. Marlin Schneider at Consolidated's Kraft Division in November 1975 (Tribune photo by Wayne Martin)





Above: The flooded Wisconsin river frequently passed through the lower level of the Consolidated paper mill in downtown Wisconsin Rapids. Dated 1963. Not a Wayne Martin photo!

Consolidated Rapids Division. Photographer Martin recalled that a fire started in bales of recycled paper outside the mill. “Both Wisconsin Rapids FD and CPI fire brigade worked to put it out. The man pointing I think was a CPI employee. About 1976 or 1977.” (Photo by Wayne Martin)

South Wood County Historical Museum  
540 Third Street South  
Wisconsin Rapids WI 54494

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Feb. 24, 1977, sinkhole result of water main break at Tenth and Grove, Don Knoeck driver. *Tribune* photo by Wayne Martin