



ARTIFACTS

Volume 2000.1

Late Winter

Are you ready for Betty?

Betty Boop along with other animations of local artist Grim Natwick will be featured in a new exhibit "*Who Put the Boop in Betty*". The South Wood County Historical Museum received a special grant from the Consolidated Papers Foundation, Inc. History Grant Program and will utilize it to prepare and present several original works created by Mr. Natwick. The staff is busy preparing the Front Gallery for installation and expects the exhibit to run through the 2002 museum season.

Research has revealed some interesting facts, and wonderful animations by this very creative individual. Betty Boop is probably one of Grim's best-loved creations, but he was also instrumental in animating Snow White, Gulliver's Travels, Mr. Magoo and Wally the Walrus. All will be ready for viewing when our museum opens in May.

Chaos for the preparation of a new exhibit engulfs the interior, and for those brave souls that have continued to view the undertakings on the front porch, the second large pillar is up! The Board has made a final selection on the brick facing for the porch and will now explore the railings and banisters to complete the project. It has been decided to install a decorative railing on the canopy (yes way up on the third floor) that was original to the building.

Now that the snow has disappeared I am reminded that the lawn needs attention, as do the front gardens that were removed before the demolition. Joy Close has asked to include our site in a garden walk this summer so I would like it to be complete...and beautiful.

I would be remiss if I did not thank all of our kind supporters who gave monies during the recent fundraising campaign. The show of generosity was overwhelming and I am exhilarated by the loyalties expressed towards maintaining our historical presence in the South Wood County Community.

Thank-you all and welcome Spring!

Sam Walber

Grim Natwick





Clara Smith's Memories

(The following article is reproduced from our museum's vast collection of tape recordings. Several of these newsletters featured the memoirs of Thede Brazeau, city pioneer attorney. With this issue, we will relate the thoughts of Clara Smith of this city. Ms. Smith will tell of her experiences as they relate to cranberry growing. The recording was made in March of 1958.)

"I'm Clara Smith of Wisconsin Rapids, second daughter of Ralph and Pauline Smith, former residents of Town of Cranmoor. My father settled here in 1870, coming from Auroraville near Berlin, Wis.. Professionally he was a lawyer but he only practiced for a couple years. His voice gave out and his health failed and he had to get out in the country air. He became interested in cranberries through an attorney named Brown in Waupaca. He had a lot of wild land west of Waupaca. It had wild berries growing on it and dad got to thinking, why couldn't a person make a living developing and growing cranberries alone. He heard about a lot of government land in Wood County. So he came over here and purchased about four hundred acres, three hundred and eighty to be exact; mostly swamp land. He was the first to scalp, ditch, and sand and really make a business of cranberry growing.

He scalped off the land and most of the vines he got from wild berries that were growing on the marsh lands he had purchased. He took off the sedge, moss and leather leaf and such from the surface and cut the wild growing vines and planted them that way.

He was married before he met my mother. He married in 1873. He married the daughter of a man who was in the cranberry business also. Emma Triernan(?sp). They were only married a couple years and the mother and first child died within a couple months of each other.

Dad still stayed there but he was

frightfully discouraged and being out in the wilderness, he grew more or less to be by himself and being out there in the field he became somewhat of a lone wolf. Then along came my mother and that changed his idea of things. She came over from Switzerland in 1886 and they settled in Altdorf, about five or six miles north of where dad was living on the marsh. She used to walk down a corduroy road to Cranmoor to pick berries. The family could not speak English and was not prepared for any kind of work here. My granddad was farming out there and the rest of the family had to take what ever kind of work they could find. One of them was picking berries and sorting them. Dad used to say that he proposed to her twenty-four times. My mom said it was not that many times but dad says it was. (Laughs).

But anyway, dad had a nice log home. I remember that yet. Then the summer before they were married, he built the nice house that is still standing out on the marsh yet, Hiawatha Cranberry Company. (Now part of Bennett marsh).

They moved in there and there were four daughters born: Lena; then I came along, (Clara); Edna; and then my sister Mary."

I stayed out there on the Marsh until 1945. I realized that I had to get out of the business. For one thing, I was getting allergic to moss. I just couldn't stand to be by the stuff. So I went and sold the marsh in 1948, and have lived in town (Wisconsin Rapids) ever since."

Question: "Did you operate and manage the marsh yourself?"

"Yes, after dad died. Of course we had hired help but as a youngster they told me that I had my nose in every thing. I had to know how this was done; how that was done, how did this tool work and what was it used for and every thing like that.

After my father died it came in handy for me and my mother depended on me. I was fifteen years old when he died, so I was out working with the men all the time.

Then along came World War Two and it was getting hard to get men to do the night flooding. They didn't want that responsibility at all. And I just loved it. It wasn't hard for me to set the alarm and wake up by it. You were disturbed a dozen times a night."

More of Clara's memories next issue.

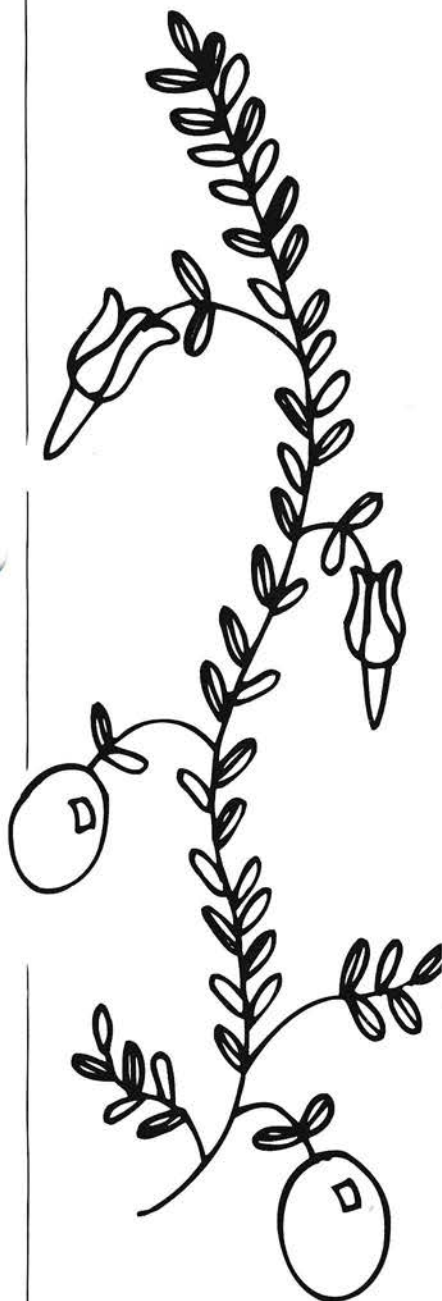
A LITTLE CRANBERRY HISTORY

The following article was copied from the 1923 book entitled THE HISTORY OF WOOD COUNTY. It is interesting to read the description of the cranberry sorting machine developed by Gaynor. One would almost think that the little red, sour, berry had a mind of its own, judging from the decisions it has to make in going through the sorter.

Judge Gaynor was the author of a number of articles bearing on cranberry culture, embodying the information and knowledge he had gained through years of personal study and investigation, either personal or in collaboration with others. The most important of these were "Preparing the Soil for Planting," the "Preparation of the Vines," "Cross-fertilization," "False Blossoms," "Blight," and "Fertilizers," instructing the growers even in the botany involved in the industry.

To his brother, James Gaynor, the industry is indebted for the invention of an improved grading machine, of which the following description was given in an article in the Booklovers Magazine for December, 1905:

"The genius that does the work is the mill or grader—a two-story machine run by hand and the force of gravitation. The berries are received by the hopper upstairs as they come in from the bog. The stems are mostly caught by the screen; the finer trash is blown out below by the fan that revolves in the cylinder. Now the berries fall on a long table, having a succession of slats and grooves under strong cross-pieces. The grooves are open all their lengths at the bottom, the space between their slides widening by degrees, making four changes. As a grader the machine is wonderfully simple and intelligible. The berries poured out on the table roll promptly into longitudinal grooves. The pea-sized ones drop through at once and land in the first bin. They are wizen little dwarfs bound for the canning factory or the dye-pot, if indeed time permits bothering with them at all. An endless apron tracks along under the slats, and thrusts up every six inches or so an erect loop of wire in each groove, thus pushing the berries along in single file with no chance whatever for delay. The grooves widen, and all the "seconds" fall through. Next the "standards" disappear, and then the "fancies" in the next section. Only the "extra fancies" dance along to the end of the table and jump triumphantly off into the small and special box ordained to receive them. And shall mere size take precedence of quality in the rating of cranberries? Nay, verily. The test of character comes next. The berries of a given size roll down the shute together. But at the bottom their paths separate. The sound ones, with a strong rebound, jump over the bar into the bin. The soft and wormy ones have little spring left in them. They fall short and roll ignominiously into the box underneath. If by chance one such gets over, the keen-eyed girl drops him summarily into the tin funnel, and he goes to join his kind in the garbage-box. The sound berries are not so. They roll cheerfully down the gang-plank and into the waiting barrel." On some marshes other types of grading machines are used, but the description of the Gaynor machine above given indicates sufficiently their purpose and the ingenious manner, in which, generally speaking, it is accomplished.



Tis The Season For Ice Making

The weather in January is conducive to providing proper conditions for a once important industry in this area; that of ice making.

Today's mechanical refrigerators have completely eliminated the need for harvesting ice in the winter for the preservation of food during the summer months.

But in January, John Gavre of Port Edwards would be out on the mill of the river, sawing ice blocks. The ice was at least a foot thick and the sawing was done by hand with a large cross cut saw with very large teeth. The block of ice, about a hundred pounds in weight, was loaded on John's horse drawn sled and pulled to his home which was about three blocks from the river. Here they were unloaded and solidly stacked in a windowless building which adjoined his horse stable. Each layer of ice was covered with a generous layer of sawdust which helped keep the perishable product until summer.

There was no problem in getting an ample supply of sawdust. You see, every home had a sawdust pile in the backyard just before the winter months set in. This was the result of the firewood that was cut at each home by roving wood cutters. This was prior to the days of gas and oil heat.

John had a contract with the village for collecting the garbage in Port Edwards. This gave him access to the backyard sawdust piles. An extra pickup run in the fall provided John with more than enough sawdust.

Come summer, several blocks of ice would be removed from the ice shed each day, rinsed off to remove the saw dust, cut into smaller blocks and then delivered to the residents of Port Edwards. A sign in the house window would indicate whether the customer wanted twenty-five, fifty or more pounds that day.

At Wisconsin Rapids, ice was harvested on the river, along Biron Drive, just above the Green Bay Railroad Depot. Located on the river bank was the traditional black, windowless ice storage shed which supplied the people of the area with ice until well into the 1930's. The Wisconsin Rapids Ice and Coal Company converted to mechanically produce ice just prior to World War II.

At Stevens Point, a very large commercial ice harvesting operation was carried out on McDill pond. This cutting was primarily for supplying ice to the Soo Line Railroad to be used for icing refrigerator cars.

After cutting the ice with gasoline motor driven saws, the ice was placed in storage until summer. Then trains of refrigerator cars would be iced during their layovers in the Stevens Point rail yards. The ice was moved by a conveyor and into a bunker in the top of the car.

Sanitary you ask? Not really. One did not make cherry slush drinks out of river ice, but the ice never came into direct contact with the food and after all, it was better than eating spoiled meat or melted butter!





REMEMBERING TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Did you ever look up a phone number only to forget it when dialing? Happens to me all the time. It used to be easier. For instance, Cleve Akey's phone number in 1933 was just a simple 6. Gus Buehler's store was 33.. My childhood home phone was 5W; the W indicating that we're on the "W" party line. And if you forgot those simple numbers--no big problem. Just tell the operator (no dial system) whom you wanted to talk to and chances are that she knew the number and would make your connection.

THE FIRST ALEXANDER HIGH SCHOOL

Nekoosa middle school students went back to school in a new multi-million dollar building. It replaces the old Alexander Middle School which was built as a high school in 1913. That building boasted 18 rooms in a modern two story brick building. And the cost of that modern high school building in 1913? A pittance of only \$52,000. But then all things are revelant. Wages then --about 25¢/hour



WOOD CO. NATIONAL BANK,

Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

F. GARRISON, L. M. ALEXANDER, F. J. WOOD,
President. Vice President. Cashier.

CAPITAL \$50,000. SURPLUS \$4,000
Commenced Business Nov. 1, 1891.

DIRECTORS—F. GARRISON, L. M. ALEXANDER, THOS. E. NASH,
E. ROENIUS, F. J. WOOD.

All business connected with banking is earnestly solicited, and we
promise prompt and careful attention to every detail.
Interest paid on time deposits.

“Garber’s”

Immigrant founded landmark firm

As told by Earle Garber
to Dave Engel

Excerpts from an interview series

When I was born, June 12, 1928, my mother’s father wanted me to be called “Israel.”

My mother said, “No way!”

My grandfather, Frank Garber, said, “No, we’re going to call him this.”

My mother said, “No way!”

So they ended up with Earl. And then she put an e on the end. My mother might have thought it looked a little more royal.

The grandparents were first generation Europeans. They decided my circumcision would be done by a rabbi and my mother said, “It’s going to be done at the hospital, not by a rabbi.”

They let the rabbi come in and do the prayer but the doctor did the circumcision.

Because my dad and mother were what you would call “Reform Reform,” I was sent to Wausau to study for my bar mitzvah under my mother’s father who was a very devout, Orthodox man. He would get up at four o’clock in the morning and put on his shawl and cap.

First Memories

In Rapids, we first lived on 4th Avenue at the railroad tracks in an upper apartment, or “flat,” as my mother would call it. I only have one recollection of it and that was the kerosene stove that blew up one day and created a huge fire and panic when they put it out.

I had one memory from when I was three or four years old, on Uncle Sidney’s shoulders watching everyone standing in front of this large platform at the Garber warehouse, where they were auctioning off equipment.

After the auction, the Biron Cranberry people gave my grandfather, Frank Garber, a \$10,000 check for the building. I remember that vividly because my grandfather walked into that house next door and sat down and cried because he had built that building with used brick and 10 cents an hour labor.

Frank Garber

Frank Garber must have come here about 1900. He was sponsored by a Zionist group in Milwaukee, manufacturers that were bringing all those people over to work in their factories.

In the beginning, he was a peddler with a horse and wagon. Apparently, he had gone out to Meehan and he kept telling this farmer he was having a terrible time and the farmer said, “Frank, your horse is blind.” Someone had sold him a blind horse.

Frank took me to the farms he used to go to, in Rudolph, Arpin, Meehan, Plainfield. He knew just about every family name in the county.

I think the reason he got into the scrap business is that he lacked education and it’s the only thing he could get into. There were successful families in Milwaukee and Portage that must have helped him get this yard started because they would act as the wholesaler to get that scrap to the steel mills.

The scrap yard became the beneficiary of the Depression. Because once he sold the Biron cranberry building he had money to get back into the business.

His relationship with the Wood County National Bank probably started even before then. He told me one story about how Frank Ross of Nekoosa Papers asked him to bid on wrecking an old steam engine that they had.

He called Ross on the phone and told him that he had no money. And Ross said, Frank we trust you. When you get the money, pay us.”

And he did. He wrecked that steam engine and he sold it for scrap and he paid them off.

My mother did not get along with Frank Garber because he would never ask. He would stop by and say to me, “Do you want to take a ride?”

She’d call the police and then I’d arrive, with a Boy Scout hatchet in one hand and a cap in another and Frank smiling; she’d tear into him.

Frank was bald and made sure that every morning he shaved with a straight razor. We used to joke about the fact that he would take a belt of whiskey to get going in the morning. He worked so hard.

Frank was a businessman. Religion was important to him only during major holidays. The high holidays were just like Christmas and Easter to the Christians. And that was important to him. He would always close and he would observe them.

When Frank Garber came here, he had three brothers: Ed, Tom and Alvin. One of them settled in Bancroft and later moved to Milwaukee. The other one, I think, just settled in Milwaukee.

Alvin was a cantor, a very religious man. I think he bought rags and paper. They didn’t do that well. It was very hard for them.

Bernard

They called him BerNARD, BERnard, Bernie, Boushie; It all depended on whether they liked him or they didn’t.

He came about 1920 from Chisneau in Besarabia which is now part of Moldovia—about fifteen years after his father, Frank Garber, had left his first wife, who was pregnant, to come to the United States with another woman. So Bernard, was born about the time Frank left.

I think Frank came here either immediately after or during a purge. Over 15,000 Jews were killed in Chisneau. That occurred around 1911.

Then Frank convinced them to send Bernard, letting them feel there was going to be a war, that the child would have to serve in the Russian Army.

My dad didn't know what his father looked like when he came here. He said he could hear him at the dock.

By the time Bernard was fifteen, Sidney and Harry were already born.

Bernard was an extremely quiet man. He really never got over the trauma of leaving his mother. We never heard from her but we know that she died during World War II. They were driven into the woods and wiped out.

Bernard progressed through eighth grade in a year and they told him he was too old to stay in school. He should go home and go to work. So that's what he did. He went to work for his father.

My mother's comment on tape, and we have about six hours, was, that he was a very nice man. In other words, it was sort of an arranged marriage.

Frank wanted to set Bernard up in business. So he started out here and moved Bernard to Wausau to set up a salvage yard. But there was already a salvage yard and the competition was unbelievable. Within a year or two, they came back to Wisconsin Rapids.

I remember the move from the apartment to the house that Frank had built on 5th Avenue about a half a block over—because I was the kid that helped carry the parts of the kerosene stove.

Bernard was the creative guy. He didn't get involved that much in the scrap yards but started to bring in new equipment and used equipment and started the plumbing and heating business. And industrial supplies. He seemed to be well-regarded in the mill because he did what he was asked to do. He was extraordinarily honest.

I had very little contact with my father, even when we worked together. Even to his last day, I never could get him to talk much.

I think of my father as a very gentle person. My sister, Barbara, and I used to joke that my mother would say, "If you don't cut it out, I'm going to ask your father to strap you."

They'd take his belt and we'd laugh because his pants would fall down. Then he would roll up a newspaper rather than take his belt. He would get angry and maybe he would yell but he'd never raise his hand to us.

My mother is probably responsible for my dad doing as well as he did because he was such a worrier. They

would go to Milwaukee every month to a doctor. My sister and I always talked about how they could have paid college tuition over again with the money they spent trying to find out what was wrong.

He died in a hospital in Florida in 1977 or 78. He was in his sixties.

Celia

My mother's name was Celia or Cecilia. Her maiden name was Natarus. She came from Wausau.

Her family came from a village near Minsk, Russia. Some of the stories she tells are so beautiful. She talked about walking across the street to her grandfather's house. She remembered asking him if she couldn't sleep with him some night and he said, "Oh no, because in the morning your legs might be mine and mine might be yours and we'll be all mixed up."

In 1912, when she was eight years old, her father came here after he had served in the Russian army. A cousin in Milwaukee brought him with the idea that he would get on his feet and bring the rest of the family.

Her father would take the train every Sunday to Wausau. He had a brother that was already there, Abe, who was a horse trader. Her father was a cattle buyer. He would come back on Friday for services.

They probably spent less than a year in Milwaukee and then moved to Wausau. She finished high school and worked at Winkelmann's department store selling gloves and handkerchiefs.

She was a champion bridge player. You wouldn't play with her unless you were a competitive bridge player.

She dwelt on looking good, appearing cultured, and to her dying day, she made sure she never ended up in a nursing home. When she died, she was 93 and four months.

My mother wanted to be the most modern person on the face of the earth.

In the interview my mother did, Judy said, "Cele, you don't have an accent. How long did it take you to learn English?"

"Oh, just a few weeks. We couldn't wait!"

Harry

Bernard was the oldest, then Frank had Sidney and Harry. Sidney died when he was in his early thirties.

I've written a short story about Harry and how they struggled to get him on his feet.

Frank started that oxygen acetylene business for Harry. His father kept feeding him with more and more cars and more money thinking that eventually Harry would realize

...

It doesn't work out that way.

Harry was a small man. He was probably five-six, five-seven. Harry wanted to go into Golden Gloves and his father blew his cork.

He said, "You will not be a boxer."

Harry was already hitting liquor in high school. He had already set the stage for his life.

West Side, East Side

Frank must have made an agreement with Consolidated. As the mill grew, he bought the homes they were acquiring. Some were cut in two and some into three, and remodeled and moved and that's the second home I remember. It was a duplex.

He had just finished building the Biron Cranberry building about a block north of Fey Publishing on Fifth Avenue. It was a three-story building and they put their salvage equipment in there. He rented to a coverall factory on the second floor. On the first floor, the highway department had a sign shop.

Between Fey's and the Garber building, was the scrap yard. So I could walk by the scrap yard every day on my way to Emerson school. We lived right on the tracks so I could walk the tracks to the grocery store: Rickoff's.

Those streets are all gone. From Rickoffs all the way out to Pavloski's. We say way out but now the Kraft Mill is twice as far.

When I was nine years old, I got scarlet fever and that was the day we moved to the East Side, Frank had bought the original farmhouse at 341 8th Street south. He remodeled it and moved my mother and dad over there.

The day we moved, I remember the car driving over the hoses on the Grand Avenue Bridge because the Montgomery Ward building was on fire.

Home to Rapids

When I came back from college I worked under Frank Garber for two or three years. He wanted his younger son, Harry, to be something he couldn't be and he worried about me as competition. He kept putting me in doing the books and tried to set up other businesses. So I finally got out of the office and got into sales.

After college, 1951, I came back to Rapids. At that time, the business was thriving. My dad wanted me to come back in because the Crane company was interviewing the Garber company as a distributor for Crane valves. Consolidated Purchasing wanted Crane to put a distributor in Wisconsin Rapids.

I started out selling Crane and my dad was very fortunate because he had the major lines for the mill.

We had Ladish of Cudahy, the premier maker of welding fittings and alloy valves, and it just kept spiraling. The timing was correct because the mill was just growing. We got involved with the first high pressure power house, the first coating systems that went out, all the new products to lessen corrosion, to automate.

Nekoosa Papers had the same. They were not competitors. Nekoosa had gone through the writing paper. They got away from packaging. Got into Xerox, duplicating grades. Consolidated was going the other way, publication and coating grades, wrapping paper.

We were in the middle. We had a wonderful relationship with both mills.

Garber Corp.

It had been named the Frank Garber Company. When I bought the family out, I changed it to Garber Corporation. That was the early seventies.

At that time, the scrap business was still there. Harry was still active but he didn't want to do anything. He was not well.

I had built up the industrial business. We had four outside plumbing heating salesmen. The company was between 3.5 and 4.5 million dollars a year in sales. The welding business was gone because Harry was not well and they sold it to a firm in Wausau.

Because I had bought out the family with bank money, not stockholder's money, and because, when Jimmy Carter was President, the prime rate went to seventeen, eighteen percent, we were just too loaded with debt to continue.

I knew a couple of young fellows in Milwaukee. They were very successful and looking for expansion. We had a branch in Appleton and they wanted to expand into Green Bay, Appleton and Rapids. I contacted them and they bought us.

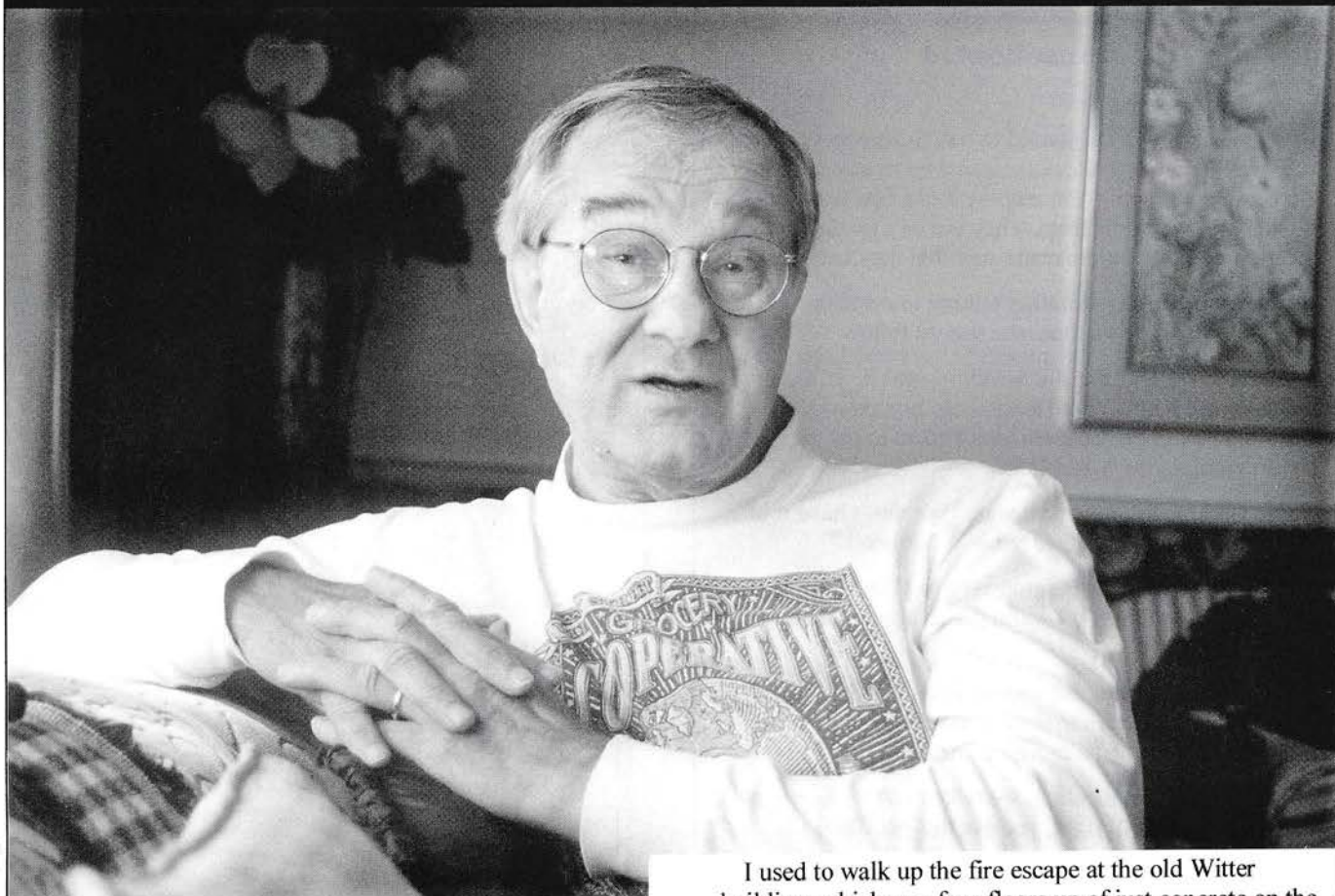
Band

The first band director I remember was Aaron Manis. And then Roger Hornig came, just before the war.

We were the first seventh or eighth grade to be moved to the third floor of then old Lincoln, now East Junior High.

The Witter Building still stood next to East Junior High. The band room was on the fourth floor of the Witter building. I was in band, of course. I started at Howe School.

My dad played fiddle and he played cornet. He stopped playing fiddle when he lost a finger, sawing wood.



He went on to play cornet with various bands around. It was during the Depression: money meant survival. But he didn't want me to play.

The problem with raising kids is that if you deny them something, they want it even more.

So my grandfather got me my first cornet for \$20 and a used kitchen sink.

The band director at that time was Emil Lambert. Mr. Lambert was a good friend of my dad's; my dad played in the city band.

In those days, they had no athletics. Recess was your gym period in grade school. Being in the band was something more important. You were a little bit more unique than the others.

When Roger Hornig came to town, things really jelled for me. He really had a goal of improving the music program. He went through all the schools and grabbed kids and brought us in. I got into the Lincoln High School band when I was in 8th grade.

It was a funny thing because Hornig was a disciplinarian but he had a value system that you never forgot. At that time, he and Joe Liska had the music department and they did a lot on that fourth floor.

There was about a hundred yards between the Witter Building and old Lincoln High School. In the winter time, you ran like hell.

I used to walk up the fire escape at the old Witter building, which was four floors up of just concrete on the outside. One day, I was a little late and a little bit in a hurry and my instrument case opened up and the horn fell and down the fire escape. I got my first new horn after that.

I used that horn as a way to get through college. I went to Ripon for one year. I auditioned with Reynold Schulke of the Chicago Symphony and he took me as a student and I lived with him when I went to DePaul.

Chicago for me was just a tremendous change. We were making maybe five dollars a night here playing with polka bands. In Chicago, I could pay my entire week's rent, tuition, everything, with one or two jobs.

In my fourth year, I got what they call mono today. I decided to go home and rest. I came back with a lot of allergies, sneezing, coughing, eye burning.

The family business was doing really well and my dad just said, "Stick around."

Hornig used to say to me, "If you ever come back, you'll never leave. But if you stick it out, you could do well."

So there was a time in my life when I could have gone through, into music, orchestra work. But even Schulke said, "Go on home. Get your health back."

At that time, he and I were playing Edgewater Beach. We did a lot of fine hotel circuits. A lot of enjoyment from it."

Consolidated

When George Mead started to buy the property around Petenwell and Castle Rock, he came by to talk to Frank Garber about helping him employ those families that he was buying the farms from. They weren't getting much for their property but he made sure that they had work.

I remember my grandfather talking to me about it. He would say, "There's a man you should follow."

About ten years after the Mead Inn was built, the then manager, Ed Kurtz, asked me to help him convince Consolidated to get Consolidated Papers to put air conditioning in the Mead Inn.

Old George, his statement was, "We don't have it in our offices, why should we put it in our hotel?"

I didn't really know Stanton very well but I called Earl Starks and asked him if I could get an appointment and he set it up.

I got the blueprints and walked in and said, "Mr. Mead, you really have to put air conditioning in the hotel. You're losing so much business."

Throughout that meeting, we talked and he finally got up and he said, "All right, you got the job. The engineering department is yours to use. We want to use Consolidated labor."

So I went up to see the chief engineer at that time. They gave me a pipefitter and an electrician and a millwright. They gave me a drafting table and we did it.

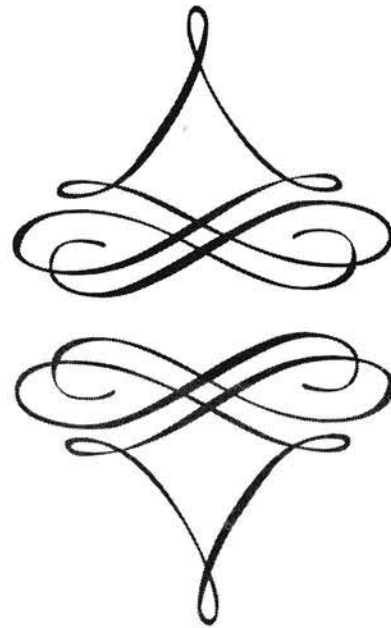
The Mead Inn was a very hard building to work with because there was no way to get down to the basement. Eddie Kurtz gave me one of their laundry chutes so we could do our piping through the building.

It was successful enough so twenty-five years later, Kurtz said, when they were building the tower, if we could use the same equipment, because it was very reliable.

I just shook my head and said, "Ed, they're all gone. They've been sold out. In twenty five years, everything changed."

Stanton always had a garden. At the gun club, everyone would provide a lunch. His turn was to bring tomatoes and cucumbers from his garden.

We were all in awe of the Mead family because they were the prime family, the premier family in this community.



"Happy New Year"

Mr. and Mrs.

Lewis Miller Alexander

AT ELM COURT
PORT EDWARDS, WIS.

*Cordially invite their friends
to a*

Complimentary

Twilight Musical

FOUR O'CLOCK P. M.

1926—NEW YEARS DAY—1926


By the following Artists:

BOZA OUMIROFF, BARITONE


and

MADAME ELLA SPRAVKA, PIANIST





Artifacts given to SWCHC in 1999



Pam Walker:

- "Cranberries" magazines
- WSCGA items
- Books – assorted
- Video – "Ocean Spray Cranberries, Inc. Memorial Service, September 30, 1999
- Wood plane
- "Life" magazines
- Milk bottle – Curt's Dairy, Nekoosa

Marshall Buehler:

- Razor Kit
- Book – "Dwight Teas' Aircraft Fascination"
- Wood County Centennial Plate

University of Wisconsin:

- Book – "Distinguished Service"

Irene Dhein:

- 30 photos and postcards of area and people

Mr. & Mrs. Robert J. Machon:

- Assorted artifacts from a archaeological survey on their property

Bertha M. Timm:

- Photos of Grand Rapids & assorted people
- Telegram from Mararet Ragan (an early actress)
- Tintype

Albert Donner Bauer Estate:

- Letter & envelope dated 1885 to H>P> Chase of Grand Rapids

Mrs. Earl Garber:

- Hand knit mittens, over 50 years old

Alice Schaak:

- Map and newspaper clippings of annexation of Grand Rapids

James Custer:

- 3 Navy uniforms and assorted naval items from Korean War

American Assoc. of University Women:

- Invitation and souvenir booklet from the Witter Hotel
- Program – "Victory-Peace Thanksgiving, Welcome Home Celebration" 1919
- Souvenir program – "WI Centennial" 1936

Beulah Otto:

Postcards
U.S. flag
Civil War items
Cigar holder
Pen & paper
Foot stool
Fan
Photographs
Fabric

Peg Garber:

Hypodermic Syringe kits

Isabelle Nelson:

Wedding dress
Dress top
Skirt

Morgan Midthun:

Watermark – "King William, Nekoosa-Edwards"
Photos of WI Rapids, ca 1930's

Carol M. Kuebl:

Bed pan & cover

Bev Churchill:

Pillow cover
Compact
Silverware
Paper dolls
Candy box – Sugar Bowl Café"
Map
Atlas
Instruction manuals

Leila Blajeski:

Wooden clothes drying rack

Lawrence Loomans:

Assorted cameras and equipment

John Billings:

Ahdahwagam newsletter – May 1913
Wooden toys
Plastic toys –ca WW2
Fan – Baker Funeral Home

Elizabeth Lamb:

Various shoe making tools

Joan Haasl:

2 photos of Lowell School and students

Theodore Feenstra:

Curtain stretcher

Helen Jasperson:

2 opera play books
2 dresses ca 1875

Mark Scarborough:

Program – "U.S. Postage Stamps First Day of Issue"
4 cancelled stamps

Rosa Bord:

Table centerpiece and poster from Cranboree

Ethel M. Johnson:

Graduation Certificates

Diplomas

Photos

Scrapbook

All relating to Alphild M. Johnson, a teacher in Raids School District

WI State Cranberry Growers Association:

WSCGA newsletters

"Ed Stang" collection of glass slides of cranberry related subjects

Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Milkey:

Children's games – Lotto & Tripoley

Newspaper

Soo Line Railroad date nail

Mrs. Hamilton Roddis:

2 general style Queen Anne chairs

Phyliss Sultze:

Maps of Wood County

Floor plans and description of the Wood County Court House & Jail

Foot warmer for a sleigh

Misc. books and magazines

Robin R. Villeneuve:

Photos of local businesses and people

Items from the Teske's Garage

Newspapers

Mary Connor Pierce:

Photo –Howe High School Football team – ca1898

Hoop skirt

Tobacco can

Fur collars

Mr. & Mrs. Bob Minrieck:

Indian artifact found on their property

WI State Department of Transportation:

Draft Environmental Impact Statement

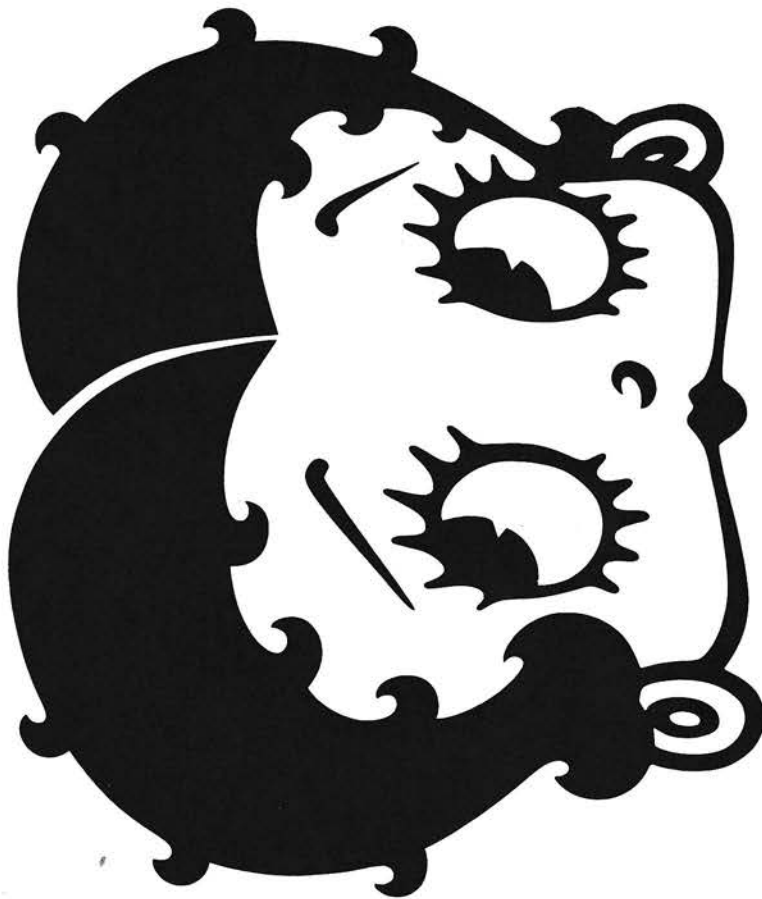
Gerald Love:

Book – "The Volume Library" 1927



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