

ARTIFACTS

Volume 2000.2

Early Summer

Brass is Back and Betty is Ready



The Madison Brass helped us kick off another museum season with **Jazz in June** performed on the museum grounds June 11, 2000. If you missed the wonderful music (and the popcorn and lemonade), they'll be back with another performance on **Sunday, July 9**, as we host an **Ice Cream Social**.

Visitors can now view the renderings of **Grim Natwick in the Front Gallery** as the exhibit "Who Put the Boop In Betty?" takes shape. We have included cartoon viewing of selected animations that Grim participated in. Many of the original Betty Boop cartoons are featured on a series of 6 videotapes, plus we are working to acquire Snow White and Gulliver's Travels, too. The reaction to date has been favorable and some have been brave enough to try their hand at animating on the easels that are provided in the exhibit area. Join us for an **official opening of this exhibit on August 6**.

The gardens of the South Wood County Museum will be featured this summer in a "**Garden Walk**" hosted by the **Wood County Master Gardeners on Saturday, July 15**. They have been working to plant additional flowers to enhance the already beautiful greenery of the property, and have taken particular care in weeding each bed. If you haven't stopped to see the rose garden in full bloom, please consider the trip...we even have even included "Betty Boop" roses to coincide with our featured exhibit.

Come join us in celebrating another museum year whether admiring the gardens outside or venturing inside to view the exhibits. Our summer assistants are waiting to greet you and the gift shop is stocked with new specialties.

SHIP AHOY !

Last Monday the steamer Marathon passed thro the rapids on her way to the Wolf river where she will ply between New London and Shawano. She has been running between Mosinee and Wausau, but drew too much water at low stages. It is the first steamer that ever went through the rapids. There was no damage done to the boat. Mr. McAuley was the pilot.

A clipping from a local newspaper. Unfortunately, the date is not noted.

And speaking of newspaper clippings here is one that appeared during the 1919 strike at Nekoosa Edwards Paper Company n Port Edwards. "Law and order shall prevail"

PORT EDWARDS TOWN PRESIDENT SAYS LAW AND ORDER IS RULE

JASPERSON SAYS EGGING RE- SULT OF INSULTS.

In an interview with the Tribune C. A. Jaspersen, village president of Port Edwards, stated that law and order shall prevail in Port Edwards. He replied to the statement of Geo. J. Schneider, published Monday in the Tribune relative to the "egging" which was given union strikers at Port Edwards by employees of the company. His statement is as follows:

"As president of the village of Port Edwards, I shall as best I can see that law and order is maintained in the village of Port Edwards."

"As an officer of the village and an officer in the Nekoosa-Edwards Paper company, I wish to say that the company does not employ any 'thugs' and I suppose that Schneider is referring to guards which were formerly at Nekoosa and Port Edwards, but which are not now employed there. The egging which took place, without any knowledge on my part, prior to the time it happened, was not the result of Ole Hanson's speech but a result of th indignations of the fellow workmen in sympathy and loyalty to their foreman, who was insulted in the presence of his wife in the Rapids by a picket who called him vile names."

ARTIFACTS

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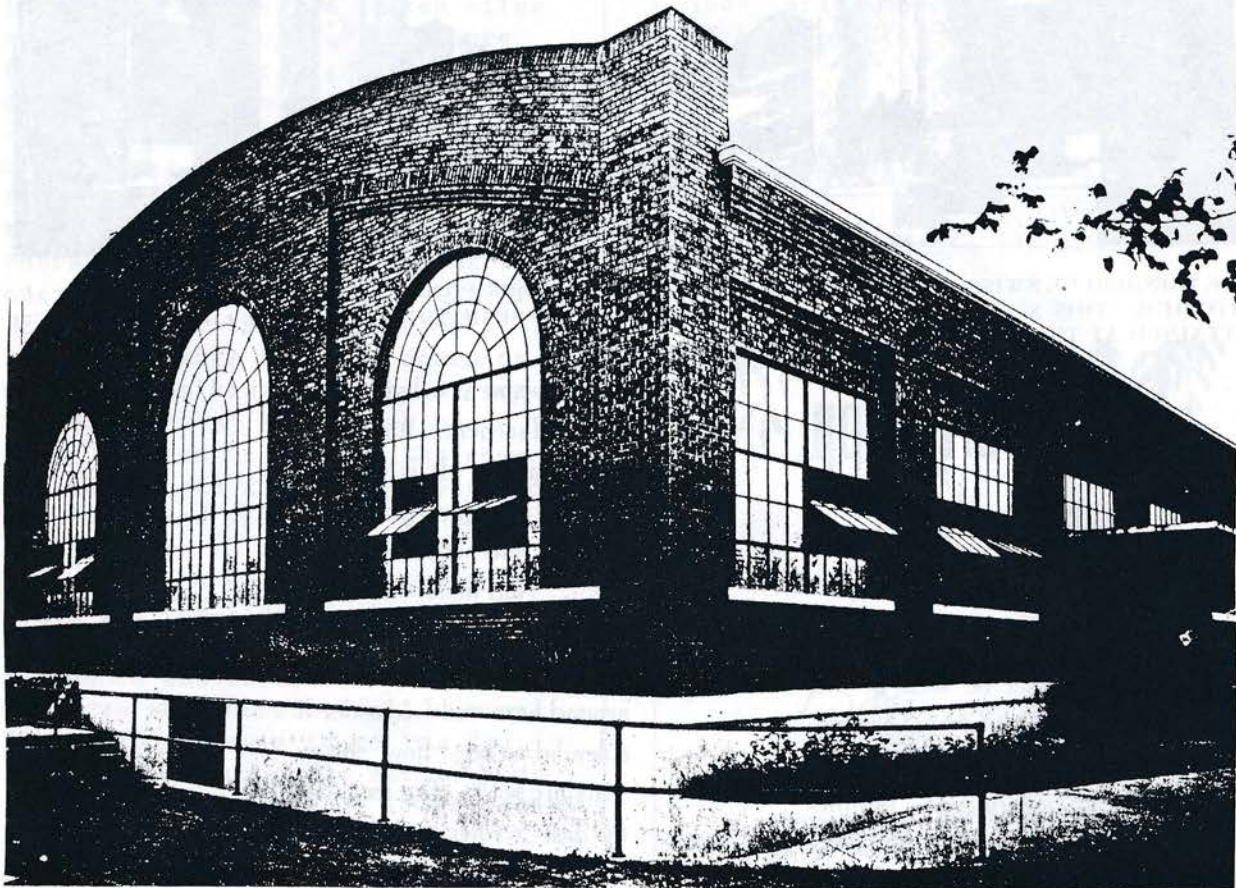
Editor: Pam Walker

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**PORT EDWARDS AUDITORIUM IS
SECOND BEST IN STATE"**

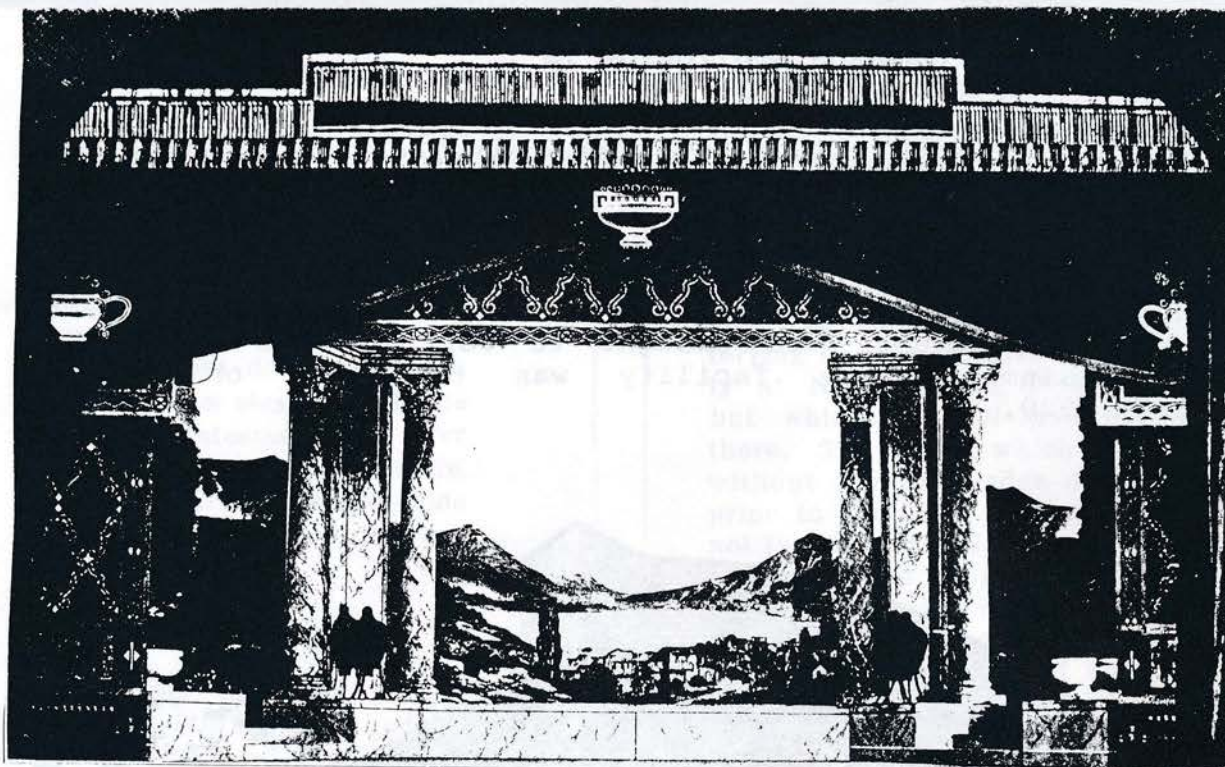
That's right. Only the Davidson Theater in Milwaukee had a larger and better equipped stage than the one in Port Edwards.

The Auditorium Theater was an addition to the Port Edwards school, thereby also being available as a gymnasium. Some of the finest traveling stage shows and musical programs were brought to Port Edwards for local entertainment. The facility was dedicated on August 18th, 1920.



THE NEW COMMUNITY AUDITORIUM AT PORT EDWARDS, WISCONSIN

This building was favorably opened with a packed house for the Grand Opening August 18th, 1920.



THE WONDERFUL SWISS SCENE WHICH IS PART OF THE FAMOUS PICTURE SET AT THE COMMUNITY AUDITORIUM. THIS SCENE WAS ROUNDLY APPLAUDED BECAUSE OF THE WONDERFUL LIGHTING EFFECTS ATTAINED AT THE GRAND OPENING.

Mr. Carl Rupp Says:

Really is unusual that talent such as will be seen at the Port Edwards Grand Opening should come such a distance for one performance. But the performers are all enthusiastic over what they have heard of the auditorium and are keen on coming. I have been here since Monday and I am thoroughly fascinated with the possibilities of putting on a high-class performance. Believe me, tonight's performance will be unique in many ways.

I can't begin to tell you of the splendid scenery. It takes my breath away. It is going to put all the performers on their toes to put across a great night. And music--well, you just have to come to hear it. It has never been excelled around here and I consider it splendid to see how many seats are sold. The fact that the last 5 rows are elevated makes these very desirable. And I'm going to swing my baton for the start at 8:15 p. m. whether anyone is there or not, because we have a full night.

Port Edwards Community
Auditorium Grand Opening
Tonight 8:15.

YE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

Theodore Brazeau, pioneer of this city and prominent attorney, made a tape recording where in he recalls some of his boy hood memories. Some of those memories concerned what young boys did in the summer months around Wisconsin Rapids a 125 years ago. Here is a small portion of the tape.

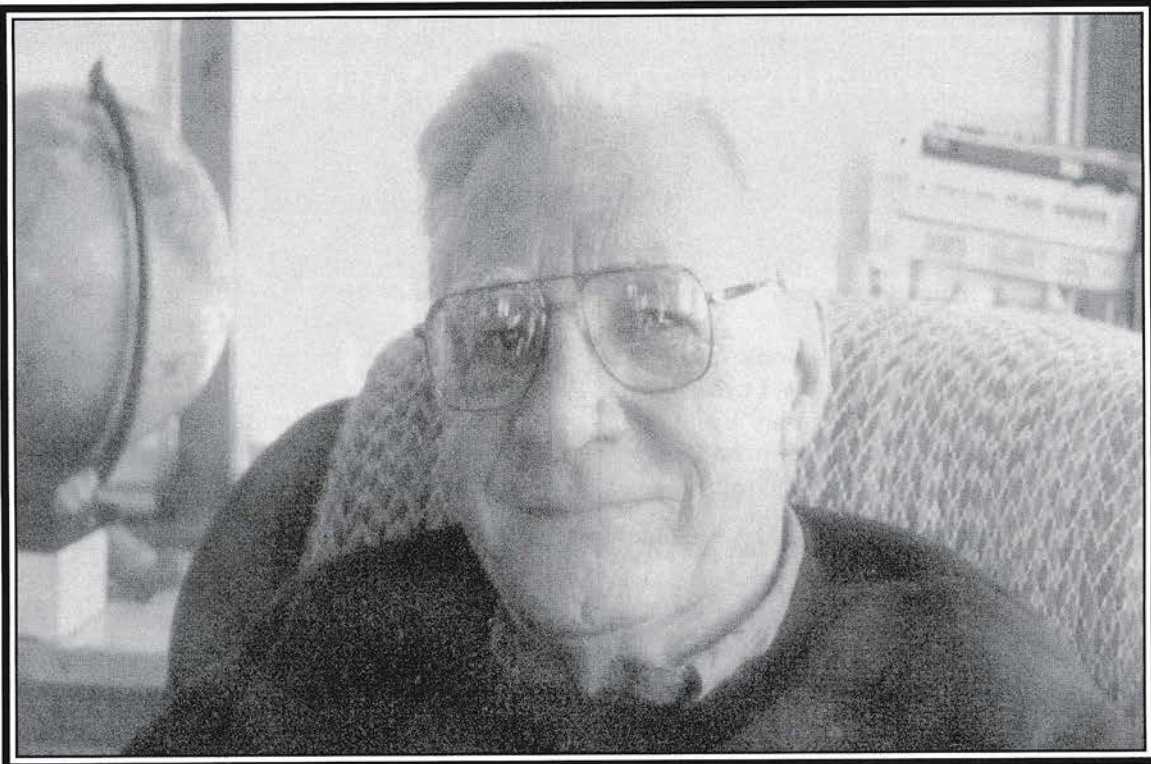
"Charles Leed wrote a book called *The Horseless Carriage*. In it he told of a carriage that ran by itself and at a speed of ten miles an hour. We thought it was pure fantasy. Who ever heard of a carriage that ran by itself? I remember sheds behind every place of business where customers could tie up their horses and oxen and there were just as many oxen as there were horses. Cows ran at large on the streets down near Daily Drug Store or near the Witter block. It was not strange to see a dozen or more cows walking down the street. The Howe School had a high board fence around it to keep the cows out and a gate for the students to get into. And when an ordinance was proposed to keep cows off the streets, the people rose up in wrath and the aldermen were threatened with defeat. The first ordinance was defeated."

"Boys went barefoot all summer. There was no movie to go to. You didn't have your dad's car to run around in. There was no TV. You could not do much of anything you would think but we did! We had a wonderful time all summer long. We wandered the woods and streams. We loved every inch of nature. We went swimming, fishing and hunting. We had guns at an early age and the hunting and fishing were good around here. We had to make our own sports. We had no organized foot ball or baseball. But we had races; we wrestled and had a few fights."

"We had a pump in the backyard, a wooden pump. Each night we would have to wash our feet at the pump before going to bed. My brother would pump and I would wash my feet. Boy, was that water cold. Sometimes we would try to sneak into bed without washing our feet, only to be hauled out of bed and sent to the pump."

Mr. Brazeau filled two tapes, about four hours or more, of his recollections of early Wisconsin Rapids and some of his law cases. They are a most valuable collection of historical information.





Don Knuth

Photo by Dave Engel

River City Memoirs

THE RAPIDS BEAT

As told by Don Knuth
To Dave Engel

- Donald Knuth was born at Wisconsin Rapids, October 1, 1922, at 341 14th Avenue North, son of Clarence and Esther Knuth.

- Attended Edison and Immanuel Lutheran grade schools, graduated Lincoln High School, 1940. From 1947-

1978 with the Wisconsin Rapids police department as: patrolman, relief sergeant, sergeant, detective lieutenant, acting chief, inspector and administrative aide.

- Says he's a "dyed in the wool West Sider."

Daily Tribune

I started peddling papers at the *Daily Tribune* when I was ten years of age. The *Tribune* was owned wholly by a local man, William F. Huffman, Sr. and was printed here locally.

Huffman was a great man to work for. Many times he would walk back to the area where we carriers were and get into a conversation.

He's the one that started the local radio station, WFHR, William F. Huffman radio.

He brought in Victor Nickel, radio engineer, from out of state. Vic was given a

drafting table in a corner of the composing room in the Tribune where he drew the plans and schematics. The studio was upstairs in the Nash Block, right next door, on the second floor.

Home Building

I left the *Tribune* in my sophomore year for about a year's time. My parents were building a duplex apartment house on Third Avenue North in the 700 block so I worked with the carpenters and my parents building that home. It was purchased by Consolidated in the mid-70s to make room for the new #16 machine room.

Tribune II

I went back then to the *Tribune*. They found a spot for me counting out papers to all the carriers. I received a dollar a week for that particular duty.

This was shortly after the Social Security law had been enacted in 1936 and at that time, one percent of wages was being withheld from employees with the employer paying one percent. So my net pay, in cash, was 99 cents for a week's work.

In my junior and senior year of high school, two of us had the duty of janitor work and, in alternate weeks, one of the rural motor tube routes.

One week, we would go in at 3:30 in the morning. First, we would turn on the teletype machines so that the wire service news would start coming in. Then we'd turn on the electric heaters for all the linotype machines so that the type metal would be ready for the operators when they came in at seven o'clock.

Then we'd clean the whole plant, sweep and mop the floors.

Another important duty was to start the fire in the type metal furnace in the press room.

We'd start with kindling: feed the coal to it so the type metal was at the proper temperature and consistency for the

pressmen when they came in at seven o'clock.

In the winter time we had to clean the clinkers out of the furnace in the basement and fill the stoker.

We had to bale the paper from the previous day's work and bundle up the previous day's issue. By that time, it was 8:30 and time to head off to school at quarter to nine.

The opposite week, we'd go in after school and deliver bundles of paper to the "400" bus for Adams at the Hotel Dixon for the Adams-Friendship carriers, then deliver the route. After returning to the city, we'd take the mail sacks of papers for out-of-town delivery to the post office.

I had a tremendous raise in pay then. I was now getting 25 cents an hour, which was very good money for high school age kids.

I suppose that accounts for the fact that the other fellow that had the same job I did, and I, were the only two at the high school, outside of a banker's son, that had our own vehicles.

Field Work

In the fall of 1940, I quit the Tribune and went out to the potato harvest in Almond, making a dollar day, bending over from six in the morning till six in the evening in the potato fields picking up potatoes by hand.

Johnson Hills Gas

After that was over, I went to work at Johnson Hills service station which was removed a good many years ago. It was located on the corner of Third Avenue North and Jackson Street where the parking lot is now at the rear of the Johnson Hill-Kline building.

Every other week we had a special: seven gallons for a dollar.

Whenever this sale came on Consolidated payday weekend, a lot of times we didn't even have a chance to run into the

station and put our dollar bills in the cash register. We'd keep shoving them in our coverall pockets until we had a chance to go in and unload.

I pumped gas for a few months.

FPS

Then I went to work for the Fischer cycle company, owned by Don and Thelma Fischer, on First Street North on the river side.

Don not only had a Harley Davidson motorcycle franchise but he ran the local delivery service. We would deliver anything in the Tri-City area.

If you wanted a small package delivered from one side of town to the other side, the price was 15 cents.

Consolidated

In March of '41 I was hired by Consolidated Papers as a laborer.

We probably had from thirty to thirty-five men on a chain gang crew doing everything from unloading coal to unloading sulfur to anything that had to be done. I worked in the decker house, skinning roll down there. Then I got transferred up to the finishing room on the cutters, where I was working when I went in the service in October of 1942.

Signal Corps

October 8, 1942, I enlisted in the signal corps and attended radio school in Milwaukee and Chicago, after which I was stationed in Camp Kohler, Sacramento, California, a signal corps camp. I left there when we sailed for England.

Over in England, I was assigned to the 56th Signal Battalion. There were no openings for radio work so I was assigned duties as a motor messenger. We did extensive traveling through southern England.

The U.S. government had leased a sizeable portion of England known as Lands End.

We would, on maneuvers, storm Lands End as if we were a legitimate invasion. We never knew if it was going to be the real thing until our ship started turning to go back to England. Then we knew it was another dry run.

That happened until the 29th of May, of 1944, when we went aboard a large Army transport and knew then it was the real thing.

D-Day

We went in on Omaha Beach. On the morning when it broke daylight, you could look out over the channel and, as far as the eye could see in all directions, there was nothing but landing craft and Navy vessels of all types and descriptions, seemingly so close you felt you could walk from one to another.

I had transferred from the troop transport about ten miles out to an LCI, "landing craft infantry."

As we were approaching the beachhead, the second time in for this craft, we received shell bursts and never did have a chance to drop the gangplanks before the order came to jump.

I was standing immediately forward, in the front of the ship. So I jumped in under full field pack and rifle.

I never hit bottom. I thought I was going to China, I guess.

So I struggled up and in the meantime, I had lost my rifle. The field pack was strapped on. So I started swimming. The seas were rough, still suffering from the storm the previous day. I swam to beat heck until I noticed something sticking out of the water.

I was able to put my feet on whatever it was and stand upright, long enough that I could get my bearings and catch my breath.

At that time, I realized I had forgot to inflate the life preserver strapped around my waist.

After I inflated it, I became airborne. It was easier swimming.

We made it all the way through five campaigns of Europe, including the battle of the Bulge.

I was in Pilsen, Czechoslovakia when the war ended in May of 1945. By that time the army was sending home the old-timers that had acquired a lot of discharge points. They had been over here since early 1942.

I transferred to the Code Section as Cryptographer. I had top secret clearance, so secret that we had a built-in incendiary device under the code equipment. In the event of imminent capture, we could push a button and everything would be melted to metal. We worked in units two at a time with an armed guard outside the door.

I happened to be on duty the night the message came through from Eisenhower's supreme headquarters, saying that the war was over. The Germans had surrendered. As of such and such an hour, all hostilities would cease, which was probably one of the biggest thrills I had encountered.

Consolidated II

After the war, I laid around the house for a while, before I went back to work at Consolidated.

I was fortunate enough to get on as a millwright apprentice, a job I wanted all my life because my dad had been a millwright. At the time I came back, he was a millwright foreman for Consoweld.

After a few months there I was so restless, I couldn't stay put in one place inside that big plant, not knowing sometimes whether it was daylight or dark outside after being out for three years plus in the weather.

Soo Line

I quit Consolidated and went railroading for the Soo Line. I worked in the local depot and other stations in the Stevens Point Division as a relief telegraph operator, relief depot agent and so forth.

Of course, at that time, I had a brand new Harley Davidson which I had purchased from Don Fischer. I was able to bounce around pretty rapidly on the Soo Line from one station to another without having to wait for orders to take some passenger train.

After about a year living in rooming houses, eating in restaurants, very little money left at the end of the month, finally I got tired of it.

Patrolman

My mother had sent me a copy of the Tribune that said they were writing exams for the police department so I came home and wrote the exam in October 1946.

I started November 16, 1947, assigned to the East Side foot patrol beat, which consisted of stores on the riverbank and First Street North all the way up to Third Street North and Birch Street. The West Side beat covered everything from the river out to Seventh Avenue. The entire department consisted of the chief, a female desk officer and 13 uniformed officers.

While working on the East Side, I met my wife Lois who was a beauty operator at Barnitz Beauty Shop in the Hotel Witter building. We were married September 11, 1948.

The man on the motorcycle operated the speedwatch, in which you would install two rubber tubings across the street or highway that determined the speed of the vehicle crossing it. The disadvantage was, it took so long to arrange that by the time we got it set up word had got around town.

The chief was R.J. Exner. He retired in 1971 and was replaced by Al Spencer.

The city lockup was in the lower level of the old City Hall at 441 West Grand Avenue. There were four individual cells in the center of a bullpen area, all securely locked. It could no longer be used because it was below ground level. After that, all lockup had to be done at the Wood County Sheriff's department.

There was no radio contact for the officers walking the foot patrol beats. They

were summoned by a red light, two on opposite ends of the beats.

When you were walking your beat, no matter where you were, you kept an eye out for that red light to go on. You knew then you had to call the office.

We had two call boxes on each beat. They were all on power poles or telephone poles.

We had to punch the clocks on a regular basis. This would indicate on the card that you were there at a certain time. This of course was one of the first things the chief would look at in the morning.

You had to call in at least once an hour. If not, they'd send a car man out to look for you. That was your only means of protection.

The motorcycle only had a receiver and not a transmitter.

Another big responsibility of the three-wheeler was to mark the parked cars. This was long before parking meters.

We chalked the tires of the cars and wrote the tickets. Some of the business people downtown would send one of their employees out with a rag and they'd wipe the chalk markings off.

In 1950, we received the second squad car. I was fortunate enough to be assigned to the East Side car. I remained in that duty for nine years.

Your primary responsibility as beat officer was to protect the area and keep checking the doors all night long.

Rush Hour

We only had the Grand Avenue Bridge at that time so a good share of the time on the East Side beat officer's job was directing traffic by hand in the intersection of Second Street and East Grand Avenue. We shut the traffic lights off and got out there with our whistle and directed traffic.

You had to do it at noon because the traffic from Consolidated and all the other offices going to their homes on the East Side and coming back again.

Bar Time

When the taverns closed at 1 o'clock, things would pick up. One of the biggest beatings I ever got was after closing time.

I was patrolling on Second Street North near the parking area between what was then Big Ears Johnston's, now Huey's tavern, and what was Schill's Chrysler-Plymouth garage.

After one o'clock, people were coming out of the tavern going toward their cars. There were two couples. I knew all four individuals.

They weren't in any shape to be driving a car so I just walked up and casually reminded them I thought they shouldn't be driving.

Like a fool, I thought I was talking to acquaintances, which I was, and ka-pow! I got one planted right on the side of the kisser. And I'm down in the gutter.

There's nothing people like to see better than a policeman getting the heck kicked out of him.

A crowd was starting to gather on both sides of Second Street. Luckily, the beat man came along to help me.

One time, a couple of us crashed through the glass candy display case in the Sugar Bowl restaurant as I was trying to get a drunk out.

Most of the trouble in those years we got at the Quick Lunch restaurant on the West Side. That was the hangout after tavern closing. And of course, Jackson's Restaurant on the East Side in the Labor Temple building.

After the bars closed, all you had to worry about was burglars and thieves.

Fire Alarm

In the early years, we were always concerned about fire. The great big Wisconsin Rapids furniture company along the river bank burned. Jones and Exner paint store next to the Wood County bank on Second Street burned, and also Gill's Paint Factory on Love Street.

Another officer and I, Franklin Smith, were going up First Street North one night when it was colder than Billy Hell. Near Love Street we could smell wood burning.

Smitty quick turned in the alleyway off Love by the Rapids Beverage company. About then, a ball of fire came out of the building: boom!

As he called in, I ran to all the houses on First Street where the back yards fronted this building. To get them awake, get them out of there.

I tried to go in twice to the garage to get one of the big delivery trucks out. I got inside the truck but I was gasping for air and puking.

We worked all night long and all the next morning.

Bright Lights, Big City

The East Side car beat, I had over nine years. I knew every kid and every dog, every family and where they lived

Fridays were the big night in town. The stores were open. There were people that would come downtown and park their car in front of the Woolworth store or in that West Side block just to have a good vantage point to watch the people. That was entertainment for them.

Office Visit

In those years all professional offices, doctors, dentists lawyers, architects, were downtown. There's none of that now.

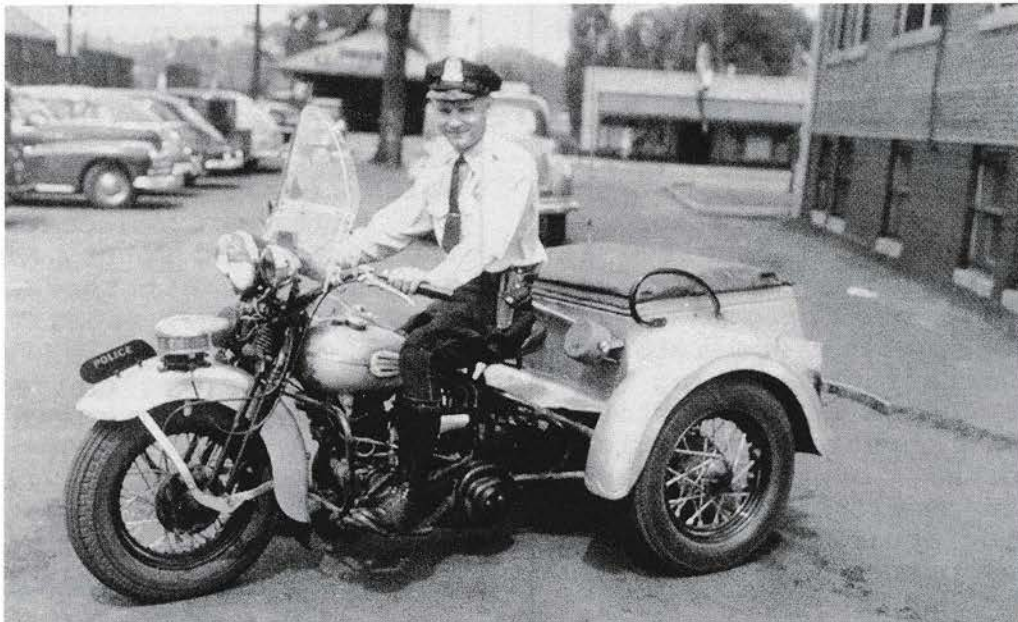
One of the tricks when we'd find that the door to an office was unlocked was, we'd go right into the head guy's desk, sit down and call him on his telephone.

"Mr. So and So, you forgot to lock your store."

"That can't be. I locked it up."

"Well, I'm sitting in your office now. You want me to read some of the things on your desk?"

"I'll be right down!"



1949: Don Knuth at the Wisconsin Rapids city hall astride a 1946 Harley-Davidson Servi-Car. Across Grand Avenue to the north can be seen, left to right, the Chicago & Northwestern freight house, the CNW depot and City Gas. At right is City Hall, basement jail windows visible.

Provided by Don Knuth

MUSEUM SPONSORS NEW VIDEO

Paul Gross' TELLULOID PRODUCTIONS has produced its seventh video on local history. This video tape exclusively features photos and history of Nekoosa and Port Edwards.

It all started after Paul introduced his sixth video, THE YEARS AFTER THE WAR. Marshall Buehler commented to Paul that all his videos dealt with the history of Wisconsin Rapids. Why not make a tape of Port Edwards and Nekoosa?

Paul's reply was that if Marshall would get the photos and write the text, he would do the production work.

So it all started back in October of 1999. Marshall accepted the challenge and started selecting over 150 historical photos of Nekoosa and Port Edwards. The photos came from the extensive collection of over 3500 photos in the archives of Alexander House. Only a limited number of photos could be used as it was the goal to limit the video tape to a duration of thirty minutes. (Actually it runs thirty-one minutes).

Next Marshall wrote a thirty minute narration, weaving the story around the selected photos.

Now the photos and text were turned over to Paul. With his new, state of the art copying equipment, he copied the photos onto a video tape.

Paul convinced Marshall to read the narration and accordingly the two sat down to prepare an audio tape of the reading.

The audio tape and the

visual tape were then taken to Paul's studio where he worked for several days, coordinating the pictures on the video tape with the correct text on the audio tape, (as well as a musical background tape),; thereby producing a master tape. From the master tape he started making copies on his duplication recorders.. All tapes are copied from the master tape, thereby retaining the best audio and visual quality.

Boxes were ordered, labels printed and the finished product was viewed by the first public audience on May 1, 2000, about six months after it was conceived.

The video, entitled FROM LUMBER TO PAPER-ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY YEARS OF TRANSITION, is a perspective of Port Edwards and Nekoosa as they used to appear. It is not a travelogue of the communities as they appear today.

The video is available at a cost of \$19.95 plus one dollar sales tax. It is available at Paul Gross JewelryStore, the South Wood County Historical Museum and at the Alexander House.

ALL PROFITS GO TO SOUTH WOOD COUNTY HISTORICAL MUSEUM.

Do you ave your copy?



PERSONAL PRIVATE CONFIDENTIAL

(Some more interesting items from the diary of John Edwards, Jr. in 1878.)

Feb.1: Went up to Mill Creek today. Weather fine and pleasant. No snow. Stopped at Curry camp to see what he had in creek. Curry has 275 M (Thousand board feet) and Quinn has 400M. Bought from Carrington and Logens 5 car loads marked XAX shingles loaded on cars @ \$1.90 at 30 days or on paper @ 60 days.

Feb.2: Got home from Mill Creek tonight. Weather nice, just like summer. Still no snow,

Feb.5: Went to Stevens Point today. Weather very warm. Just like summertime.

Feb.8 Up to Grand Rapids today with T.B.Scott. Weather warm. Frost coming out of ground and roads breaking up. Not good for logging in woods.

Feb.13: Went to Jackson and back today. (Where was Jackson???)

Feb 16: Snowing all day today but melts as it hits ground. Snowed all night hard but thawed today.

Feb.17: Snowed all night. About 4" onground but melting. Went down to Quinn's today.

Feb.19: Went up to Grand Rapids today for County Board meeting. Roads full of water.

Feb.20: To Grand Rapids for County Board meeting. Warmest day since last summer. Bought Chase oxen \$150.00

Feb.21: Up to Grand Rapids. Windy and raining. Roads terrible and full of mud and water. (Remember he was traveling in a horse and buggy). Made a contract with Arpin to put on cars one million more or less @ \$2.50 per M. One half to be paid down and balance in two payments by July 1, 1878. O. Gordon to scale at Stevens Point and Arpin to pay one half his wages. (Looks like Edwards and Arpin did not trust each other's measurements!)

Feb.25: To Stevens Point today. Made a contract with Robert Connor to lay million feet on cars W.C.R.R..

Feb.26: Mary Wagner began this morning to help Mrs. Edwards and Lida.

Clara Smith's Memoirs



(A continuation of a recording from the museum's collection, reviewing the memories of cranberry grower, Clara Smith)

"In 1915, my sister got married and they wound up at his brother's farm near Edger and when they came back, then he learned how to do the things on the marsh. But he didn't realize at first what a temperature drop can be even within a half hour, and of course I had learned all that. So I kept my eye on him for a few years. But as far as actual flooding, I did that for many years. I guess I did just about everything on a marsh that a man would have done to raise cranberries.. I guess I never dredged except I did scoop up one dredge full of dirt. (Laugh) That's the only thing I couldn't get the hang of. Outside of that I guess there wasn't anything I hadn't done.

Harvested, Flooding, sorting, made barrels and boxes, carted them to the train and anything else that had to be done.

(Q):What is this night life that you mentioned?

(A):"Well that's for frost. They run the water out of the reservoirs onto the beds. Some times the beds are in blossom and you have to be careful not to get too much water on the blossoms because that's where the pollen is. You don't want to cover the blossom because you might wash off the pollen. There is warmth in the water and you hope that that heat from the warm water will keep the blossoms warm and from freezing. Sometimes the frost is so bad you have to cover them to protect them. That's all night work and I just loved it. Walk around the marsh at different hours of the night. Every hour was different. About two o'clock in the morning you hear every bird, close by and distant. The grass is soft, wet and beautiful. Something dad taught me was to look for something beautiful in everything. Mud, sticks, stones, bark, and-well I was just a dreamer--walking around looking at all that stuff. So I really enjoyed it.

People used to say, 'Arn't you afraid?' No, I never had any fear. The only thing that made me sit up straight was lightning. (Chuckle) I can't say why I am afraid of it but I can't talk when it's lightning. I just sit up straight. Otherwise I'm not afraid of anything."

(To be continued next issue.)

GENEALOGY DAYS

AT

McMILLAN MEMORIAL LIBRARY

490 E. GRAND AVENUE, WISCONSIN RAPIDS, WI

Friday, August 4 (9:15 A.M.-5:00 P.M.)

Saturday, August 5 (10:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M.)

HOW DO I BEGIN MY FAMILY HISTORY?

WHERE CAN I FIND INFORMATION?

HOW CAN THE LIBRARY HELP?

***Heart O'Wisconsin Genealogical Society
members will be available to personally help you!**

***Genealogy Tours at 1:00 P.M. Friday and
10:15 A.M. Saturday
will help you use McMillan's Local History materials for
genealogy and local history research!**

***Computer Tours at 9:30 A.M. Friday and
11:00 A.M. Saturday
will help you use McMillan's library catalog (LINK) to
find books and other materials and
use the Internet to do genealogy!**



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