

EAGLE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER

October 2017

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WELCOME TO THE EHS VETERANS MEMORIAL!

Learning about our history gives us a sense of where we've come from and helps us understand the unique spirit of those who've gone before us. As we reflect on our past, we learn that we are responsible for the future.



Jim Neist and the QR Stand.

The Officers and Board of Directors of the EHS would like to thank all who participated in this project. We hope the stories recorded in these videos bring life to our memorial bricks! We are grateful to all the contributors who took time to compose the essays and choose the pictures to memorialize their loved ones.

The fabric of our community is interwoven with the foresight and courage of the pioneers who settled in Eagle, the patriotism and dedication of the veterans who served our nation, and the quiet strength of ordinary people who keep our community vibrant.

Bring Your Loved One's Brick to Life

- Download a free QR reader on your phone or device.
- Choose a brick from these pages.
- Aim your QR reader onto the code.
- Enjoy the YouTube video on your phone or device!

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594-3301

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EHS Museum

262-594-8961

OPEN

Fridays and Saturdays,

9 am to noon

Wednesdays, 3-6 pm

Website:

eaglehistoricalsociety.org

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Eagle Historical Society

Current Events in Nov. 1-5, 1937

What Do You Want For Christmas?

WHAT do you want to find on the tree or in your stocking Christmas morning? It is not too early to begin to think about this important question. Mother and Father will want to know, too. But first you must decide.

Toy and gift manufacturers have been busy for months past planning new things for your enjoyment. They have also prepared illustrated booklets describing all the newest ideas in toys and gifts. Just check below the items in which you are interested and we will have the desired booklets sent to you at once, without charge.

--- Clip or Copy This Coupon ---
(Mark cross (X) against booklets wanted)

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Magic Trick Set | <input type="checkbox"/> Camera Box | <input type="checkbox"/> Folding |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Boy's | <input type="checkbox"/> Girl's | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Models and Sets |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Pocket | <input type="checkbox"/> Wrist | <input type="checkbox"/> Target Air Rifle |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hunting Knife | <input type="checkbox"/> Coin Collection | <input type="checkbox"/> Roller Skates |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Scroll Saw and Lathe | <input type="checkbox"/> Portable Typewriter | |

GIFT DEPARTMENT, Room 1712
580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

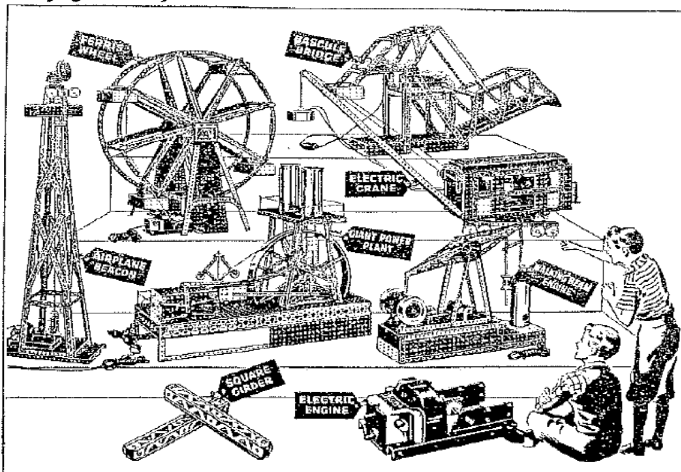
Please send me illustrated booklets describing the toys and gifts I have checked above. I inclose 3c U. S. stamp to pay postage.

My name is _____
Street address _____

P. O. _____
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THE GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE PRESENTS

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**MORE
THAN 100
MECHANICAL
MARVELS**

**500
HOURS OF
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**OVER
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BOYS! You step into a dazzling new world when you own the great new Speed Erector. With your own hands you can make dozens of mighty mechanical marvels that hum with action. Hook up the powerful Erector electric engine and that Bascul bridge actually opens and closes. The Ferris wheel goes 'round and 'round. The airplane beacon revolves. The magnetic crane raises and lowers—swings to the right or left—grabs up steel girders before it touches them. There are more thrills—more hours of fun—in an Erector Set than anything else you can own. Tell Dad the great new Speed Erector is what you want most for Christmas.

• It's a humdinger, boys, this new No. 8½ Erector Set. The greatest development of the famous Gilbert Hall of Science. Contains over 15 lbs. of parts. Red, yellow and blue girders and structural plates. Glistening boiler shells. Big red wheels. A powerful 110 volt electric engine that reverses. Gears, pinions and other parts for building more than 100 giant, realistic engineering marvels. Its price is \$12.95, and there are other Erector Sets from \$1.00 to \$27.50.

FREE "How-to-Sell-Dad" Poster and "Gimme" Card

A. C. GILBERT CO.
4 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn.



A huge **THANK YOU** to our mystery weeders, Katrina and Carson. Each time we empty the bucket of weeds, it gets refilled. We sincerely appreciate your diligent, hard work!



Start your Christmas shopping early. Why not honor a loved one and purchase a memorial brick to be placed in the EHS Veterans Memorial Walkway? Contact Don Ledrowski at 262-594-3301 or don@ledrowski.com for more information.



Child's rocker donated by the Marquardt family.

ARTIFACT DONATIONS:

The following is a partial list of items donated. Thanks to the following donors:
Child's rocker owned by Aurel Baker Pardee and Bea Marquardt's doll by her son, Randy Marquardt.

Any corrections or additions to membership, please contact Don Ledrowski at 262-594-3301 or don@ledrowski.com.

Here we are in harvest season once again! Gone are the days when grains were crushed between two stones, a mortar and pestle or a pounding mill (a pestle tied to the tip of a stout sapling which pounded out grain that had been poured into a hollowed out stump). Gone also are the days when a much smaller Eagle ran three profitable feed mills and met not only its own peoples' needs but those of surrounding communities and beyond. Step back in time with us as we bring to life those who ran the mills of Eagle.



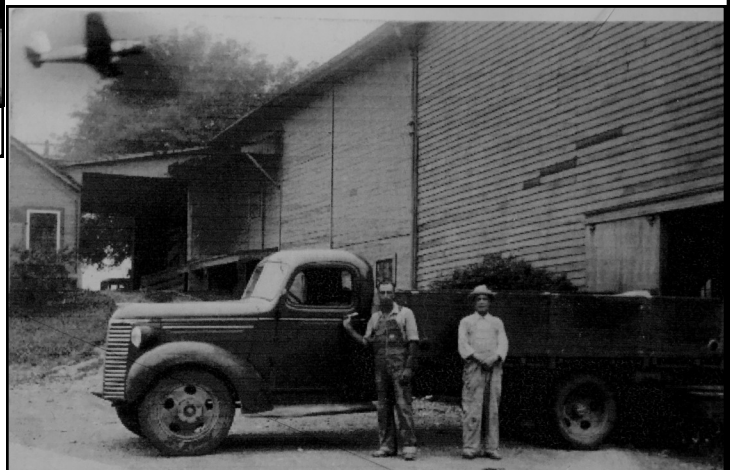
Photo above from EHS archives circa 1900.

Long time Eagle resident and *Eagle Quill* writer, Florence Pardee, stated in 1970 that the Eagle Mill located in the middle of the Village was built about 1880 by John Hall. Florence passed the mill each day on her way to school, later worked in its office and married Donald Pardee, owner. Hall may have sold the mill to Harvey Clemens in an unknown year, but it is known that Donald Pardee bought the mill from Clemens in 1908 and ran it until 1923 when he sold it to Bentley Dadmun of Whitewater. The owner of the land leased it from the railroad, which usually let it go for a nominal fee because of all the business it received from hauling grain. Few of the many farms had granaries, so the mill boomed in the early 1900s. Trains passed through daily, and horse-drawn wagons lined up at the mill with farmers



Above photo donated by John Rowe: Elmer Rowe on left. Can anyone identify the man on right?

either bringing grain or waiting to buy wet grain for feed. The mill kept flour for the three food stores. Flour came in 49-pound sacks or in a barrel of four sacks or 196 pounds. John Rowe was just a young boy but has memories of when his dad, Elmer, and grandpa, Jim, worked at the **Dadmun Mill**, which was located across the railroad tracks from what is now Suhmer's Saloon. The farmers would come and drop their grain into a hole. It would go up into the mill for Dad to grind up and get bagged the same day. Some farmers would wait for it; others would take a walk up the hill near the gas station to get a drink or to a tavern near the mill. He chuckles stating, "occasionally Dad would have to go and get them if they did not come back right away." The mill was open year round but not every day. A couple of times a week Dad would take the truck into Milwaukee to pick up bags of dried brewers grains or into Sussex for bagged barn lime for customers. The brewers grains were used for cattle feed, and farmers spread the lime on the barn floors to keep them from getting too slippery. Some farmers ordered ahead of time and Dad would deliver to them. John rode along and helped deliver brewers grains which were kept on the bottom level of the mill. Rail cars pulled up to the mill on the spur filled with grains to



Above photo donated by John Rowe: Elmer Rowe on left. Jim Rowe on right next to Dadmun Mill. Note the airplane top left.

unload. The railroad would pick up the empty cars a few days later. They did have electricity, but we are unsure of what type of equipment was used. John's wife, Eunice's aunt and uncle (Guy and Laura Silvernail) worked at the Brookhill Farms on Hwy. 59 east of town. They didn't own the farm but received free rent in exchange for working there. Several WWII POWs worked on the farm all day. One man was in charge of the prisoners. Both John and Eunice got to meet and eat with them. He thinks they were German by their accent and said they were very friendly. The family moved to Whitewater about 1946. **Hansen Mill** Hansens moved to Eagle about 1955. Judy Bredlow (daughter of Rolland Hansen) remembers that her dad had worked at Dadmun Mill until it went out of business. He bought the used milling equipment from Dadmun and

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moved it all to the warehouse (where fire-trucks are currently housed) he bought on Nov. 13, 1956, for \$1 from Arthur Ritterbusch who also owned the hardware store at the time. It was a big, open vacant area inside with an area where he could put the grain downstairs on a box and pull it with a pulley upstairs to the corn sheller. His office was up on the west end of the building. Judy added up his bills of sale for him as a teenager on a big adding machine with big buttons on it. They never owned a camera, so they don't have a photo of it. Art Stocks ran a repair shop on 125 Main Street and possibly helped Rolland wire up electricity in the mill. He painted the building in red and white stripes to resemble the logo of a feed mill he did business with—anyone recall who? Dad bought the feed from local farmers and ground it himself. George Wilton was a good customer and sold him some feed. His son, Don, remembers Rolland's kindness when George was seriously hurt in an accident. He stopped at the farm, picked up grain, ground it and returned it—all without mention of payment for his services. Rolland ground corn and oats for the cows to eat in the winter. Judy would put a big forkful of silage mixed with this grain mixture out for the cows. They bagged the feed in gunny sacks and tied them up. There was not a phone at the mill. Calls would come through to their home, which was so close to the mill that Mom could open the door and holler over to Rolland that he had a call, and he would be there in a blink to conduct business. She thinks the Town or Village bought the mill from her mother in the 1960s when Dad's health deteriorated. On June 15, 1967, the Eagle Bank was robbed of \$13,400 by a man and woman. Several days later, Jack Bohrmann of Oconomowoc, a prospective renter of the abandoned mill, was inspecting it and found a fire bomb made of thread, a mousetrap, gunpowder, and a full can of gasoline. The theory was that the thieves had set the bomb up to ignite the matches (also found on the bomb) at 11:30 am to cause a diversion while they made off with the cash. The bomb did not go off, but the robbery did.

As the mill succumbed to the passage of time and became a traffic hazard, much discussion ensued about what to do with it. The Village eventually bought the mill at a sheriff's sale for \$70.14, (the amount of delinquent taxes plus interest) from Glory Farm Mill, Inc. on December 2, 1970, and workmen brought the tired, lonely structure down on June 14, 1970. **Eagle Milling Feed and Seed Supply** In 1945 Arthur Juedes built Eagle Milling on one acre of his property in the Village. He had a knack for making cattle feed formulas to meet the differing needs of farmers who purchased the feeds. He also ground up the corn and oats they brought to him and sold Old Elm feed. The business was quite successful and busy due to the many farms in the area. After selling part of his farm, he subdivided the area which now comprises Park Avenue and Grove Street and built homes there. He left the mill to be operated by his son-in-law, Harley Kramer by 1950. Mr. Kramer sold the mill in the early 1960s to H. Mitchell, who in turn sold it to Roger Kussmann in 1969 who remodeled the mill into a home

and moved into it in 1974. The outside structure still stands (319 South Street) basically as it did in the 1940s. Bill Thiele worked for Harley on weekends and vacations while he attended college and remembers that they used a hammermill to grind grains for cattle feed. Roller mills were used to grind wheat into flour to get a finer end product. Mary Beitz (Harley Kramer's daughter) remembers playing up there all the time and loving it. They had all sorts of animals, and she shared her Aunt Bea's love of animals. Sometimes farmers could not pay for the grinding of their grain, so in exchange another pig, or goat, or chicken would be added to their farm, and that was just great! Jean Bowey said many pranks were played by a group of teenagers around Halloween. Often farm equipment would appear in the Village Park. Once she found her rider horse tied up in another stall. She grins as she recalls one year when a large buggy or wagon was found on the roof of the mill, but not too long afterward a policeman convinced the pranksters to hoist it back down. She also remembers buying chicken feed for her mother's chickens from both the Hansen and Kramer Mills. It cost about \$2.00 per bag and eventually \$2.90. The bags were always dusty, so it must have been dusty inside. Their chicks would arrive by mail, and she would need to dip each one's head to get a drink before being put under the brooder light.

While methods of milling grains have changed over the years, the importance of producing grains to provide nutrition for human and animal consumption remains. Some phrases derived from the milling process have left lasting effects on our language and are common in our everyday talk. *Same old grind* compares the lack of diversity and excitement in a person's life to a mill, which grinds in the same way day after day. *Milling around* means going around in a circle. *Run of the mill* implies something ordinary or average. When the flour came from the millstones and not sifted or in any way processed, it was correctly referred to as "run of the mill." When used in sawmilling, the phrase is transposed. Lumber coming from a sawmill without any special additional work is called mill-run lumber. *Grist for his or her mill* refers to someone who is able to turn everything to profitable use. *Having a millstone around one's neck* refers to a burden. *Put through the mill* describes a difficult experience. Mill comes from the Latin *molo*, which means grind. *Molere* means to grind, and *molenum* is a grinding house. In our language a tooth that grinds is a molar and a grinding house is a mill. We close with the last two verses of *The Miller and His Mill*, a poem by Richard Warner Bost published in a 1923 edition of what was regarded as the world's most important milling journal and one of the finest trade journals of any kind, *The Northwestern Miller*. The publication ceased operation in 1973 on its one hundredth anniversary.

*Hear now the miller's laughter above the raging din;
He feels the fineness of the flour that fills the bursting bin;
He is the great magician who waves his skillful hand
And sees the hungry satisfied in every needy land—
A song the nations sing him who serves so well his day;
O may his honored years be green in this old earth for ay;
Rulers may sink from sight of men, the voice of kings grow still,
But these remain, and shall remain the miller and his mill!*

What a title? What an experience! I don't know that my parents had any idea about what their neighbors were like when they moved into their home, but as hindsight would dictate, God blessed our whole family with neighbors we would love for decades.

These two ladies formed a foundation for myself and my sister, and, I think, gave structure to my parent's marriage. It seems to me my childhood would not have been complete without these two ladies. And ladies they were! They were not my grandparents, and I am not writing this to suggest they replaced my relatives, but they embellished all that a grandparent would, should, and could offer to a child. And they were always there. For me...For us.

When I was very young, I'm not sure I remember as accurately as it was, but, I remember, when I was maybe five years old, a very, very old woman (maybe 60 years old), that washed her hair at the pump outside. I remember Aurel doing this. All week long she would keep her hair in some kind of a bun. But once a week, (Saturday maybe) she'd wash her hair at the pump. What a goddess for a young boy!

Here's a lady with a gold peg where a front tooth belongs. She also had wild gray hair reaching her waist. What an incredible experience. I saw my neighbor and...she was a witch! Where was her broomstick? She was a little boy's dream. Mine! Wild hair, missing teeth...what more could a little boy want? As much as a little boy's imagination might run away, I knew her so well that I knew she'd have to be a "good" witch. You know...like "The Wizard of Oz."

As I grew up, I used to like to see her. I was still young. We had a fence separating our property. What a waste that was! I think it was there when my parents bought their home and Dad took care of it just because it was there. It had no place between our families. Aurel used to come to our back fence to see me. I'd see her walking over and I'd climb the fence to try to get as "face to face" as I could with her. She'd then chastise me for climbing on the fence. Dumb as a rock, I was! I never climbed on the fence unless I saw Aurel coming to see me. I loved that lady so much. It took my mom to remind me of when I'd climb on the fence. No I remember. Aurel and I used to sing. She'd play the piano and, I think, we'd both howl... "Jesus loves Me This I Know" or "Jesus Loves the Little Children" or ...We sure had fun, and chances are we stunk but we enjoyed ourselves. I learned to play the cornet and at times I would drive my family, with my practicing, absolutely crazy. I'd go to, or I'd be asked to go to the "back forty" which was the pasture, and continue with my practicing. I should have been arrested for disturbing the peace, but sometimes Aurel would help me with a song she was familiar with.

Aurel was a "people person" and I loved her throughout my youth. When I came home from the service in the early seventies, Aurel asked me how the Army was treating me, and, not a member of that branch of the service I responded, "The Navy is fine." she continued to ask me many questions about the Army, and I'd tell her about what I was doing in the Navy. Some people would find this

(Continued on page 6)

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upsetting, but I did not. She was in the Army as a nurse and that's what she remembered. She was now an old woman, undisturbed by our dialogue, and near her end. The Lord took her home and I'm looking forward to seeing her again. Alice was quite different, as sisters often are. Alice was very organized and methodical in all she did. If only one person can be the "Adult" in a household, that was her. Where Aurel would readily play games with my sister and me, it would take coaxing to get Alice to participate. My sister and Alice both enjoyed reading, so it was not unusual to find them in the parlor reading or discussing books while Aurel and I were on the go. When the four of us would play games, mainly croquet and canasta, the differences in these two sisters really stood out. When one of us would become "poison" in croquet, Alice would tap the ball out of play. Aurel, on the other hand, would try to "crack" the ball to the neighbors down the street. With canasta, a game requiring more thought than athletic ability, Alice would tend to excel. Even as a young child, I could sense the brilliance this lady held. I'm not sure, but I think "Meet the Press" was her favorite TV show. Certainly, she was that show's biggest fan. In the gardens I think Aurel preferred the vegetables where Alice spent more time with the flowers. However, they were both top-notch gardeners in all respects. I remember more than a few times when Alice would get upset with "that old quack grass." She hired me, .50 an hour, and I worked hard. I could drive the shovel into the ground, where she could not, but Alice could still bend over and pull

out the roots. When one might break and she was having a bad day, sometimes she'd "swear." If she was very upset she'd say, "Darn, Darn, Double Darn, Triple Darn, Heck!" Then she'd be embarrassed for having done so. I've been to four continents on this planet, yet this fact remains: Alice made the best donuts in the world.

When these ladies passed away, my sister and I were offered an article of our choice. Anything we wanted to remember them by. My sister chose a rocker she often used when she and Alice would talk and read. I wanted it all. Honestly, not for greedy purpose but because of the memories. There's the house, land, a Russian helmet Aurel brought back from WWI, the antiques they used in their day-to-day lives, the outhouse I used more times than I can count, and on and on...I didn't get these things as you know But I found out I didn't need them. I chose a mantle clock. Something I see every day, hear every day (except when I forget to wind it), that reminds me of seeing and hearing it in their dining room while we would play canasta. The clock keeps alive within me, the memories of our lives together. Well, I only touched on some of the aspects of your heritage, Alice Baker and Aurel Pardee. To do more would take a book. To do less would be shameful. To be proud of this legacy is the least you do. If those outside your family can feel this way—and many do—then you can truly feel blessed. Think of it. Does it get any better than this? Not in any family I know of. Be proud of these "roots" because I know I'm honored to be a part of the history of two fantastic sisters: Alice Baker and Aurel Pardee!

Marquardt, (Juedes) Beatrice H.

March 21, 1929-July 3, 2017



Beatrice (Bea) Marquardt of Eagle, entered into eternal life on Monday, July 3, at the age of 88. She was born in Wauwatosa and a longtime resident of Eagle.

She is survived by children: Judith of Kenosha and son, Randall (Vicki) of Brookfield, six grandchildren, eight great grandchildren and two great, great, grandchildren.

Her former husband, Gerald and two sons, Roger and David, preceded her in death.

Bea was involved for 65 years in the St. Theresa choir, 15 years on the election board and a member and secretary of the Eagle Historical Society. She had a love for the outdoors and a great love of animals, especially her horses and dogs.

Memorial Mass was held on Saturday, July 15, at 11:00 am at St. Theresa Catholic Church, 136 Waukesha Road, Eagle, Wisc. Visitation was from 10 am until the time of Mass at church. Internment followed at St. Theresa Catholic Cemetery. Charitable donations were made to St. Theresa Catholic Church, 136 W. Waukesha Rd, Eagle WI 53119.

Holzman Sr., Martin E.

Dec. 17, 1919-July 11, 2017



Martin E. Holzman, Sr. joined his loving wife, Ada, in Heaven on July 11, 2017 at the age of 97. Caring father of Christie Wagar, Martin Jr. (Rosalie), Daniel (Cathy),

Patricia, Diana (Jeff) Brower, Kathleen (Tim) Henry and Jeannine. Adored grandfather of 10, great-grandfather of 13 and great-great-grandfather of six. Marty will be greatly missed by other relatives and many friends.

A Visitation was held on Monday July 17, 2017 at Vernon Evangelical Lutheran Church, S90W27550 National Avenue, Mukwonago, from 11:00 am until 12:45 pm. Funeral Service took place at 1:00 pm. A procession to Jericho Cemetery immediately followed the service.

Dudzek, Virginia (Fleming)

Died-July 30, 2017



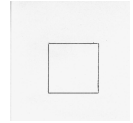
Virginia (Fleming) Dudzek of Eagle, entered into eternal life on Sunday, July 30. She was one of five children of Stephen and Ellen Fleming born in the North Lake area. Virginia married Alvin Dudzek at St. Charles Church in Hartland. She taught elementary school and was an interpreter at Old World Wisconsin.

Virginia is survived by her children, Carol (Richard) Eaton of Zion, IL, David (Linda) of Waukesha, and Jean Bieske of Watertown: 11 grandchildren, Tim, Tom, Tracey, Jennifer and Nicholas; Rob, Michael and Christopher Eaton; Jonathon, Jessica and Joseph Bieske: 10 great-grandchildren: her brother, Edmond Fleming along with other relatives and friends.

She was preceded in death by her husband, Alvin; son, Charles; sisters, Mary Fleming and Helen Hennig, brother, Bill Fleming; son-in-law Jim Bieske; and sister-in-law, Lois Fleming.

Funeral Mass was held Tuesday August 1, 2017, at 11:00 am at St. Theresa Catholic Church, 136 Waukesha Road, Eagle, WI with a visitation was from 9:00 am until the time of Mass at church. Burial followed at St. Theresa Catholic Cemetery. Memorials to St. Theresa Catholic Church.

Eagle Historical Society, Inc.
217 Main Street
P.O. Box 454
Eagle, WI 53119-0454



ANNUAL EAGLE COMMUNITY PUMPKIN PARTY
Saturday, October 28, 2017

Ahoy, Mateys! Pirates have taken over the Eagle Historical Society. Are you brave enough to “Walk the Plank” or “Duel with a Buccaneer?” Join us for games, photo opportunities, and fun craft activities at 217 Main Street from 12:00 to 3:30 pm. Remember to keep your eyes and ears open—pesky pirates will be all over the place!

