



EAGLE HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Fall 2003

Eagle, Wisconsin

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EHS

museum/ library

594-8961

open

Fridays and Saturdays,

9 am to noon

Website: eaglehs.org

EHS News

Membership

Welcome to new members Bea Delaney, Stuart & Gertrude Fredenberg, Stephanie Kalnes, Martin and Vera Murk, Louis and Carol Sundquist, and Steve and Stephanie Tabat. EHS membership now stands at 296.

Donations

Many thanks to the following for donations received: Louella Bowey, Lisa Busche, Virginia Dudzek, Carol Dudzek Eaton, Irma Jolliffe, Dorothy Kau, Gerald Lutz, Marge Moots, Bea Nowicki, Menniette Reichold, Dick Riddle, Barbara Stillwell and Pat Wilton.

We wish to express special thanks to the Mukwonago Historical Society for allowing us to copy photos of Eagle from their collection.

Open House/Art Exhibit

Seventy-five people signed the guest book at the museum for this event, and interest and appreciation were high. In addition to the public, many of the artists attended; their photos appear on the website. Six of the featured works have been donated to EHS as gifts from the artists.

Holiday Events

The holiday raffle will be held on Dec. 6. The room at the municipal building will be open at noon, with free coffee and cookies available. Raffle winners will be announced at 3 p.m. If you have an item to donate, drop it off at the museum prior to the raffle.

The Palmyra-Eagle Community band will play on Dec. 7 and 8—watch the papers for details of the concert.

Ornaments Needed

Can you spare an ornament? We now have a six-foot artificial tree for the museum but don't have enough ornaments to decorate it.

Handcrafted, antique or unusual ornaments would be appreciated.. The tree will be decorated during the last week in November. Please drop off ornaments any Friday or Saturday between 9:00 and noon. Any other day, leave them in the mailbox on the museum porch or mail them to P.O. Box 454, Eagle WI 53119. Help us trim our tree for the holidays.

Chippewa Falls Conference

The magnet pictured below was designed by Stephanie Kalnes to be distributed at the state local history convention, held this year in Chippewa Falls on October 18. At the invitation of the state historical society, EHS hosted a display on our election day outreach. Don and Elaine Ledrowski organized and manned the display, and received many favorable comments on it. Delegates were interested in how we connect with members and potential members. The keynote speaker, Jane Marie Pederson of the University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire, spoke about writing local history and provided many ideas to try.



**EAGLE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY, INC.**

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OUR SAMPLER

This issue is composed of items which members have submitted to the editor over a period of years for inclusion in the newsletter. Happy reading!

Number, Please

By Sheila W. Coker

From the magazine Good Old Days, August 2002

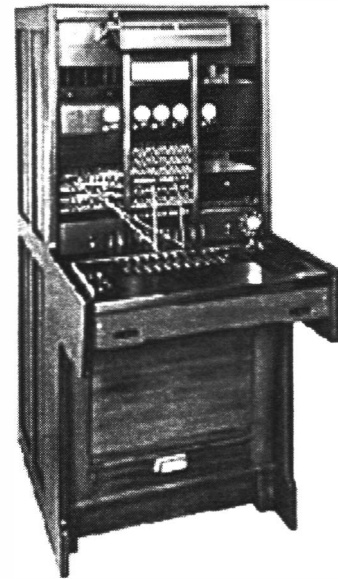
Remember when a phone call got you a friendly voice asking number, please instead of an electronic recording telling you to push buttons? If you've never experienced rural party-line phone service, you probably don't know what this phrase means. In the days before phones, when you picked up your telephone receiver, you would hear a lady say, "Number please." You would tell her what phone number you wanted, or the name of the person you were calling, and she would make the connection for you.

In our area, the machinery that made all this possible was the switchboard that sat in my grandmother's front room. But another piece of "equipment" that was just as important was her memory. She was the telephone service for over 40 years in Caneyvill, a small, rural community in Grayson County, Ky.

Between 1920-1963...there were no pay phones, but there was a blue-and-white metal sign on a telephone pole at the end of the driveway that read "Public Telephone." The wall-mounted phone with a cloth-wrapped cord was housed in an oak box.

In the 1920s, when phone service was new in rural areas, my grandmother operated the switchboard, sent out the monthly bills and personally visited each customer's home or business to collect their payments to send to the phone company. If anyone needed to make a long-distance call, she would contact the operator in Louisville, who would make the connection. My grandmother would get

*Photo courtesy of
University of Colorado
at Boulder*



the time and charges for the call from the Louisville operator and the caller would pay her when finished. Grandmother kept a log of all long-distance calls and the time and charges for each.

I spent summers with my grandparents until 1964. From the time I was about 10 years old, I was sent to the bank each day, carrying the deposit in an important-looking cloth bag with a big zipper across the top of it. Everyone knew who I was and what was in that bag, but no one ever bothered me.

My grandparents slept on a roll-away bed in the middle of the front room so she could respond to the night alarm if someone decided to make a call. It was not unusual for someone to come to the front door in the middle of the night to use the "public telephone," especially if the weather was bad.

My grandmother hired a lady to work 8 a.m.-5 p.m. Monday through Friday, and from 12 noon-5 p.m. on Sundays so she could get her own housework and laundry done... My mother also worked at the switchboard while my father was overseas during World War II.

One of the small duties associated with that switchboard involved a single switch in the upper left corner. Each day at noon, Grandmother turned it to blow the whistle at the firehouse. That was a big deal when I was five.

A lot of legitimate information was spread via the "telephone exchange" office.

The Civilian Conservation Corps

published in Reminisce magazine Jan/Feb. 1993



This artist's drawing originally called the "Spirit of 1938" was later changed by the artist to "Spirit of CCC." It depicts three CCC boys carrying the tools of their profession: the water backpack, mattock, and the tree planting bar. The original was a 4 X 6-foot oil painting, created by Harry Rossoll in 1938. Harry Rossoll later became well-known as one of the artists of Smoky the Bear.

In 1939 the oil painting was exhibited at the World's Fair on Treasure Island, San Francisco. Unfortunately, the original has disappeared.

- Courtesy of the CCC Alumni organization

Soup kitchens had long lines and families were being evicted from their homes when President Roosevelt entered office in 1933. The Great Depression had dragged the U.S. economy to rock bottom.

Army-run camps were set up across the United States to provide places where young men could do useful work for their country.

Our Crew Helped Plant 3 Billion Trees!

By Joe Marinangeli, Arlington, Virginia

Just 2 days after he took office in 1933, President Franklin Roosevelt called a meeting to discuss a visionary idea—the creation of the "Civilian Conservation Corps." I remember it well, because I was part of this "volunteer army."

The CCC was part of Roosevelt's plan to lift America out of the Depression. It would take young men off the welfare roll and put them on a payroll, restoring their self-respect while they replenished the country's natural resources.

Only weeks later, Henry Rich of Alexandria, Virginia became the first person enrolled in the

CCC. From that day until the CCC was disbanded 9 years later, nearly 4.5 million young men served in more than 4,500 camps throughout America.

The U.S. Army ran the camps, providing health care, education, recreation and discipline. The work projects were supervised by the U.S. Park Service, the Forest Service, the Department of the Interior and other agencies. The work was hard but rewarding. In an era when food was scarce, the average enrollee actually gained weight (mostly muscle) during his first 6 months of enlistment!

The CCC's men planted more than 3 billion trees in areas desperately in need of reforestation. And they moved and planted another 45 million trees and shrubs in landscaping and soil erosion projects.

But they weren't just a "tree army," as some called them. These men also constructed 3,500 beaches ...installed 5,000 miles of water supply lines...restored almost 4,000 historic structures...developed or constructed over 800 state parks...and built dams, picnic shelters, cabins and 46,000 bridges!

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

Best of all, the CCC experience gave young men like me new hope, determination to succeed and a zest for living.

No one summed up the CCC better than Tom Sweeney in his book *Echo Trail*. He wrote: "The knowledge acquired in the CCC transformed us into what surely became the best generation in our nation's history...invincible in battle, human in victory, resolute in our quest for a better world, conscientious toward our environment, strong in our belief in God and our country. We made contributions to our society that have never been equaled."

Below Virgil Allen of Pocatello, Idaho and George Yaeger of Des Moines, Iowa visit about their days in "the Cs."

G: When did you go into the CCC, Virgil?

V: I entered on May 29, 1933. I had graduated from college and was certified to teach, but with the economy in such bad shape, there weren't any teaching jobs available. So the CCC looked pretty good to me.

G: Looked good to me, too! I enrolled on October 3, 1933. My home was in northern Wisconsin, and they sent me to Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, for boot camp. When my unit was finished with basic training, we were sent back near my home to a place called Camp Smith Lake. Nearly everyone in that work camp was from Wisconsin. Fifteen or more were from right around where I grew up!

V: It was the same for me. I was assigned to a headquarters company in Pocatello, Idaho. Nearly everyone in our group was from Idaho. What sort of work did you do at your camp, George?

G: Our camp was in a forested region that had been cut over by the lumber companies, so it was mostly bare ground, brush and swamps. We removed the brush and the trees that weren't pines or hardwoods. Then the reforestation crews planted trees.

One man would dig a hole, the next one would drop a seedling in the hole and the third one would close up the hole. It was tedious, but we reforested hundreds and hundreds of acres that way.

The work in our camp was hard—especially on the boys who came from big cities like Chicago or Milwaukee.

And the living conditions were sometimes pretty tough. When we first got to camp, we had to stay in tents—that wasn't too bad until the end of Octo-

ber, when we had 5 inches of snow! But before Thanksgiving we moved into new two-story barracks.

Untitled

Now when I lived on the farm
in the good old days of yore,
I learned to my amazement
that a cow had stomachs four.

So when I ate green apples,
like all youngsters do for fun,
and got that awful "tummy"ache,
I was glad I had but one.

When I grew up and had to pay
the mounting grocery bill,
then I was glad the wife and kids
each had but one to fill.

But when Thanksgiving comes along
and I see all that chow,
I'd gladly swap anatomies
with almost any cow.

Reginald Holmes

Hugs

It's wondrous what a hug can do.
A hug can cheer you when you're blue.
A hug can say, "I love you so."
Or "Gee, I hate to see you go."
A hug is "Welcome back again" or
"Glad to see you, where've you been?"
A hug can soothe a small child's pain
And bring the rainbow after rain.
A hug—there's just no doubt about it,
We scarcely could survive without it.
A hug delights and warms and charms.
(It must be why God gave us arms.)
Hugs are great for fathers and mothers,
Sweet for sisters, swell for brothers.
And chances are your favorite aunts
love them more than potted plants.
Kittens crave them, puppies love them,
Heads of state are not above them.
A hug can break the language barrier
And make your troubles much merrier.
So, stretch your arms without delay
And give or take a hug today!

Anonymous

Old Age

Old folks are worth a fortune. With silver in their hair, gold in their teeth, stones in their kidneys, lead in their feet and gas in their stomachs.

I have become a lot more social with the passing of the years; I'm seeing five gentlemen every day. As soon as I wake, Will Power helps me get out of bed. Then I go to see John. Then Charley Horse comes along, and when he is here he takes a lot of my time and attention. When he leaves, Arthur Ritis shows up and stays the rest of the day. (He doesn't like to stay in one place very long, so he takes me from joint to joint.) After such a busy day, I'm really tired and glad to go to bed—with Ben Gay. What a life!

P.S. The preacher came to call the other day. He said that at my age I should be thinking about the hereafter. I told him I do, all the time. No matter where I am, I ask myself, "Now, what am I here after?"

Author unknown

Musings for 90

Today, dear Lord, I'm 90, but so much I haven't done,

I hope, dear Lord, you'll let me live until I'm 91.

Then if I haven't finished all the things I want to do,

would you kindly let me stay around until I'm 92?

So many places yet to go, so many places yet to see—

please let me hang around at least until I'm 93.

The world is changing very fast, and there is much in store;

and this is why I'd like to live until I'm 94.

Since I am very happy that I am still alive, why not let me live for one more year, until I'm 95?

So many things around the house I really need to fix,

how about another year, until I'm 96?

I know, dear Lord, it's much to ask, and things are nice in Heaven,

but really I prefer to stay until I'm 97.

I know by then I will be slow and sometimes even late,

but it would be so nice to stay until I'm 98.

I will have seen so many things, and still be feeling fine,

but I will be ready for my wings when I reach 99!

Still, if it's not too much to ask, it would be quite a lark

if I could get just one more year and hit the century mark!

By Cliff Wastweet

Live Longer

A recent study shows that the quantity of life suffers from skipping religious services. Researchers at the Universities of Texas and Colorado as well as Florida State University found that those who regularly attend live 10% longer than those who never do. For those who attend services once a week, statistics indicate they will live to age 82—and can tack on an additional year of life expectancy if they attend more often. Those who don't go at all live to an average age of 75, the study said.

USA Today, 4/26/99

Ann Landers' Readers on Misinterpretation

New Jersey: When my daughters were young, I taught them to say the Lord's prayer. Listening outside their door, I could hear them say, "Give us this steak and daily bread, and forgive us our mat-tresses."

San Francisco: When I was a child, I learned this prayer as, Our Father, who are in Heaven, Howard be thy name."

Grand Junction: I believed the line was "Lead a snot into temptation." I thought it was about my little sister.

Groton, Mass: My mother spent her early childhood saying, "Hail, Mary, full of grapes."

Missoula, Montana: My son said, "Our Father, who art in Heaven, how didja know my name?"

Schenectady: I once knew a child whose favorite Sunday school song was "Gladly, the Cross-Eyed Bear."

Date unknown

Elephant Stew

1 medium-sized elephant
brown gravy
2 rabbits (optional)
salt & pepper to taste

Cut elephant into bite-sized pieces. Add brown gravy. Cook on kerosene stove for about 4 weeks at 465 degrees. This will serve 3,800 people. If more are expected, the 2 rabbits may be added. (Do this only if necessary, as most people do not like hare in their stew...)

Anonymous



Grandma's Shoes

When I was very little, all Grandmas that I
knew
Were wearing the same kind of ugly Grandma
shoes

You know the kind I mean, clunky heeled,
black, lace-up kind,
They just looked so very awful that it weighed
upon my mind.

For I knew when I grew old, I'd have to wear
those shoes
I'd think of that, from time to time, it seemed
like such bad news.

I never was a rebel, I wore saddle shoes to
school
And next came ballerinas, then sandals, pretty
cool.

And then came spikes with pointed toes, then
platforms, very tall,
As each new fashion came along, I wore them
one and all.

But always in the distance, looming in my fu-
ture there,
Was that awful pair of ugly shoes, the kind that
Grandmas wear.

I eventually got married, and then became a
mom,
Our kids grew up and left, and then their chil-
dren came along.

I knew I was a grandma and the time was
drawing near
When those chunky, black, old lace-up shoes
were what I'd have to wear.

How would I do my gardening, or take my morning
hike?
I couldn't even think about how I would ride my bike!

But fashions kept evolving and one day I realized
That the shape of things to come was changing, right
before my eyes.

And now, when I go shopping, what I see fills me
with glee
For, in my jeans and Reeboks, I'm as comfy as I can
be

And I look at all these little girls, and there, upon
their feet
Are chunky, black, old Grandma shoes, and they
really think that's neat.

Unknown

Published in Reminisce magazine, May/June 2003

Everyday Thanksgiving

Even though I clutch my blanket and growl when the
alarm rings each morning, thank you, Lord, that I can
hear. There are many who are deaf.

Even though I keep my eyes tightly closed against
the morning light as long as possible, thank you,
Lord, that I can see. There are many who are blind.

Even though I huddle in my bed and put off the ef-
fort of rising, thank you, Lord, that I have the strength
to rise. There are many who are bedridden.

Even though the first hour of my day is hectic, when
socks are lost, toast is burned and tempers are short,
thank you, Lord, for my family. There are many who
are lonely.

Even though our breakfast table never looks like the
pictures in magazines and the menu is at times un-
balanced, thank you, Lord, for the food we have.
There are many who are hungry.

Even though the routine of my job is often monoto-
nous, thank you, Lord, for the opportunity to work.
There are many who have no job.

Even though I grumble and bemoan my fate from
day to day, and wish my circumstances were not so
modest, thank you, Lord, for the gift of life.

Author unknown

My Colorful Memories of Grandma's Apron

That versatile vestment could shoo flies, carry peas, fan a fevered brow and wipe a tear from a grandchild's eye.

By Dorothy Kruse, Oregon, Wisconsin

The only time Grandma was without her apron was when she was in bed or at church.

Grandma's aprons were of many colors and designs, made from remnants, washed and rewashed flour sacks, or often from what was left of a worn-out dress. They were ample and serviceable, worn as she performed all her household chores.

The apron helped with tough duties like opening a tight mason jar, and with gentle tasks like wiping a tear. The apron was big enough to keep Grandma's dresses clean and to provide shelter for a shy toddler when a stranger came to visit.

Grandma's day started at dawn, when she'd get a fire going in the cook stove. The kindling to start the fire was carried from the woodshed to the kitchen in her apron.

When the men came in from morning chores and it was time to serve breakfast, the apron protected Grandma's hands when she carried the hot platter to the table.

After breakfast, when Grandma was tidying up the house, the apron became a catchall as she dusted—mis-laid safety pins were made into a chain hung from the bib, while stray marbles or puzzle pieces were dropped into the ample pocket.

After the house was in order, it was time to think about dinner. On her way outdoors to pick some peas, Grandma might notice a spot of dust she'd missed and wipe it away with a corner of her apron.

The screen door was sometimes covered with flies, so as Grandma went through, she vigorously flapped her apron to shoo away the pesky insects.

In the garden, Grandma's apron was better than a basket for holding peas.

When she was done with the dinner dishes, Grandma sat in her rocking chair, lifted her apron to wipe away the perspiration, then flapped it up and down like a fan to refresh herself during the midday heat. Before long, she dropped off to sleep.

After a short nap, it was back to work. The apron was used to move a family of kittens from under a piece of farm machinery the men would be needing...and to carry away a clutch of eggs that some contrary hen had laid in the corner of the horses' feed box.

A neighbor lady might come for a visit in the evening. Grandma quickly untied her apron, lifted it over her head, turned it clean side out and put it back on as she went out the door. And by tomorrow, Grandma would have a fresh, clean apron and be ready for another day.

IN MEMORIAM

Mary Crosswaite

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Eagle, WI 53119-0454

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED



You're invited...

DATE: Saturday, December 6
TIME: Ticket Sales 12:00 P.M.
Drawing Held 3:00 P.M.
PLACE: The Municipal Building
Main Street (Hwy NN).
Eagle

HOLIDAY RAFFLE

Sponsored by Eagle Historical Society