

ARTIFACTS



Cover: Aunt and other Fannies (Palmer album) Grand Rapids?

Intro, page 2; Vi Palmer's photo album, 3-17; Interview with Jack Kahoun, 18-27; Witter house bottle, 28; Webb house postcard, 29; Patrykus postcard, 30-31; Palmer boat photo, 32.

In this issue

Three Generations

Bucket List #1

Maybell Viola

Born 1889

Lost Generation?

Benjamin Harrison was president when she was born.
She was 95 when editor Uncle Dave spoke with her in 1984.
Was 15 when Consolidated started up its mill.
Experienced River City rising.



JOHN KAHOUN
MANUAL ARTS
Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Class President 4; Class
Treasurer 3; Gamma Sigma 3, 4; Intramural
Basketball 2; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Student
Council 4; Swing Shifters 4.

Jack

Born 1926.

GREATEST GENERATION

Bucket List #2

Survived Depression.

Won WWII.

Enjoyed Age of Paper at its apex.



Uncle Dave

Born 1945.

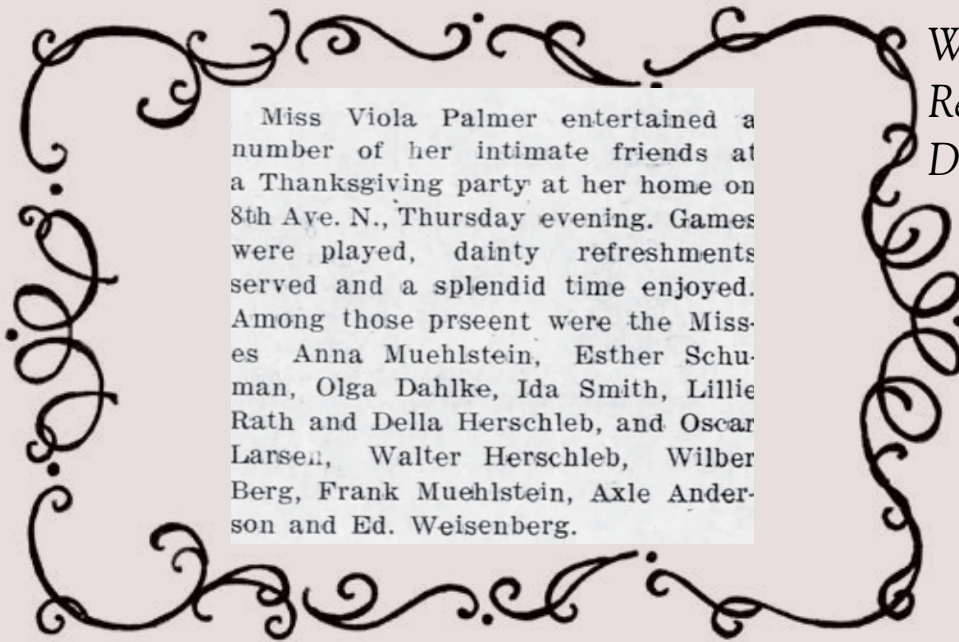
Worst Generation

Lost Viet Nam.

Saw River City peak and decline.

1983





Miss Viola Palmer entertained a number of her intimate friends at a Thanksgiving party at her home on 8th Ave. N., Thursday evening. Games were played, dainty refreshments served and a splendid time enjoyed. Among those present were the Misses Anna Muehlstein, Esther Schuman, Olga Dahlke, Ida Smith, Lillie Rath and Della Herschleb, and Oscar Larsen, Walter Herschleb, Wilber Berg, Frank Muehlstein, Axle Anderson and Ed. Weisenberg.

Wood County Reporter
December 1, 1920



Artifact:
Vi
Palmer's
Photo
Album

From *River City Memoirs I*
1983

A Walk With Vi

Vi Palmer greets me at the "St. Paul" depot. Now that the century has turned, she is almost grown, but not too old to brag. "We have four railroads. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Northwestern, the Green Bay and the Soo Line."

"Noon!" she says. "That's the MacKinnon Hub and Spoke whistle. They make wheels for wagons. The hubs have to be absolutely perfect; a blemish could cause an accident. The rejects are sold for firewood. Fishermen use them to sit on. Many a family has used them for picnic seats."

We cross a muddy street in a boardinghouse district—Vi mentions Akay's and Meunier's—to a hexagonal bandstand.

"There is not a paved street in town," she complains. "Farmers don't dare drive to town in spring. At Coriveau's grocery and dry goods down on 4th and Grand, you will notice five steps from the wooden sidewalk to the store. That's to

clear the mud off your shoes."

"And be careful," she cautions, "that you don't drop a dime between the slats of the sidewalk. You'll never be able to find it again."

Kitty-corner from Coriveau's is the First National Bank. According to Vi, its founder also was responsible for the "first ice cream social."

"It was about 1900 when J.D. Witter offered \$1,000 to the Moravian church if they'd accept the challenge of raising the same amount. Farmers brought eggs and milk. People made the ice cream in their home freezers the night before. The mosquitoes were terrible, but from then on, they had ice cream socials."

Continuing east on Grand Avenue, between 3rd and 2nd avenues, we pass, on the south side, Church's drug store, Natwick's furniture, a barber, a grocery, a saloon and a meat market.

Across the street, a man is framed by his window, seated cross-legged on a table. "He's a

Bucket List #1

Never too late to be late



This item fulfills an ambition of 40 years, dating from Vi Palmer's gifts in the 1980s, when she was in her early 90s and Uncle Dave was in his late 30s. Ms. Palmer quickly proved to be a go-to source for a novice historical journalist.

Upon this publication, the artifact used here will officially be accessioned into the historical society archives proper.





Girls Just Wanna Have Fun



Vi with dark hair. The other young woman may be Lela Steen, a music teacher. The older? couple? may be Vi's aunt and uncle.

At home on 8th Avenue N.



Friend Lela?



Early Photoshopping

If these are Vi's parents, they are Melville and Eliza Palmer of 8th Avenue N., Centralia (which became Grand Rapids and then Wisconsin Rapids). Most likely, they are Aunt Emma and Uncle Jack as named on another page. Whose aunt and uncle is not known.



A nod and wink
to Artifacts devotee,
"West Side Lightnin'"



Probably at the 230 8th Avenue N.
home of Vi Palmer and her parents



The River City Hanky Panky



In 1874, Vi's pa,
Melville Palmer, appeared
in the local newspaper on
a list of students and how
often they were caught
whispering at Centralia
school.

Slumber Party 1915



Hiked to Nekoosa, came home on "StreetCar"

Moccasin Creek Pavilion
Nekoosa, Wis.



[Postcard]



1919



Friend Lela's (Steen?) home on 8th Street, East Side



Consolidated paper mill, early 1900s



Abe. Joseph, an employe in R. M. Levin's store, went to Ottumwa, Iowa, Monday, where he will visit relatives and friends a few weeks.

Class Prophecy.....
 Mabel Margaret Bodette,
 Maybell Viola Palmer,
 Oswald Robert Dickoff

Lincoln High School 1909

1903
Grand Rapids

Ahdawagam furniture/paper co. visible looking north on 8th Avenue



Outside Moravian church, West Side, probably a Sunday school class of which Vi was the teacher



[Postcard]



First Moravian Church built in 1899 on First Avenue
Vi Palmer (b. 1889) was an active member for life.

Louie and 1920s convertible



Madison,
Wis.



Moravians on the move

Vi Palmer and friends
attended
numerous Christian
Endeavor conventions
in Madison, Wausau
and other host cities.



Our Boys

79.



Our Boys

Little Girls for a Day

67.



Little girls for a Day





1919
"Camping" at
Lake Mills, Wis.

At 9:23 a.m., firemen were called to the Viola Palmer residence, 230 8th Ave. N., when a door slammed shut, locking Miss Palmer out of her home.

1969

1979

1974

December 20, 1979 Central Wisconsin Scope



Viola Palmer

'Christmas was homemade'

Viola Palmer celebrated her 90th birthday on Monday. She has lived in her house on 8th Ave. N. since 1903, and she remembers how that home changed as she grew up.

She remembers the year electricity first brightened the home, and the year indoor plumbing was installed. She remembers when her gas heating bill was \$19, compared to the \$60 she now pays.

"We had many happy Christmases in this house," Miss Palmer said, sitting in her living room, surrounded by a mix of old and new furnishings.

"Our Christmas was homemade," Miss Palmer said. "We strung popcorn and made little paper ornaments for the tree. We pasted pictures on the cover of tin cans and daddy would put a hole in it to hang from the tree."

"I came from a poor family, but never regretted it. Some Christmases we only had a chicken because of sickness or no work. We often had just a rabbit. But I was never allowed to be envious, and I never was. My mother sewed, so I always had good clothes."

"We always had to save some money for taxes so we wouldn't lose the home. We'd put a \$5 bill among the clean bed linen to save until tax time."

As an only child, Miss Palmer said she enjoyed participating in the Moravian Church's Christmas programs with other children.

"We always had a Christmas tree in Sunday school, lighted by candles," she said. "Blankets and pots of water were kept near the tree, but I never saw a fire from the tree. God kind of protected us."

Yearly gifts were practical, she said, usually "a pair of shoes or some leggings, and always a new hair ribbon. I had long curls."

One Christmas, in 1915, Miss Palmer received a special gift. "I got my first watch from my parents. It replaced my daddy's watch that had to be wound with a key."

Last year, Miss Palmer also received a special gift. "I bet you can't tell how this works," she said holding the gift. "It's a solar music box. When you set it in the sun, it plays 'Silver Bells.'"

Times have changed, Miss Palmer said. "I can't believe I'm 90 years old. I have truly enjoyed my life."



ONLY A NICKEL TODAY

Miss Viola Palmer, 230 8th Ave. N., dishes out a nickel ice cream cone during a Gay 90s celebration Sunday afternoon at Family Heritage Nursing Home. Miss Palmer, 84, does volunteer work at the home. The Sunday festivities included old-time dancing and vintage costumes. The event capped National Nursing Home Week activities in the area. (Tribune Photo)



Viola Palmer, Forest Hill, Wisconsin Rapids
Born "daughter" in 1889 and died "daughter" in 1984.





Slumber Party 1915

Jack Kahoun, Swing Shifter

Bucket List #2



Jack Kahoun interview with Uncle Dave

Transcribed by Sarah Sigler

Edited by UD

It was probably 2005 when I stopped at Kahoun's residence on at John and Sigrid Kahoun's Bed & Breakfast across from my alma mater, then Lincoln High School, to pick up the WWII publication *Biron News*. I also came away with the following spontaneous interview, its publication long awaited.

In his Own Words: Jack Kahoun

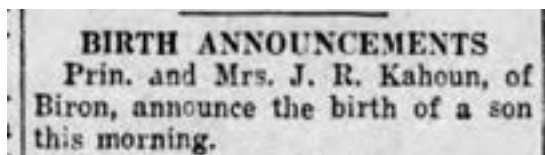
My sister's boy from out in Oregon came to town with some of the materials that were in his mother's collection, like *Biron News*. She thought it was about time for this to be passed on.

I had thought some years ago of getting a hold of you, because you're a historian. You do such a beautiful job, Dave, you've done a terrific job on this. You know that. And, you're regarded pretty highly in this community and area, for what you do in remembering the past.

Born in Biron

Actually, I lived in the house right next to the Biron White House [see *Artifacts 64* for history of the historic landmark demolished in 2022].

I like to say that I was born the night the whistle blew, April 12, 1926.



Back in those days, Biron had a volunteer fire department. When there was a fire, the way they would notify all the guys was to blow the whistle at the mill. The number of times they would blow it would tell them which end of town the fire was on.

Joseph R. Kahoun

We had lived in a house rented from the Consolidated when I was born and up until I was nine years old.

Then they bought this farm on [what is now] Kahoun Road. We owned from Kahoun Road to where the tracks and wood piles are now. In 1929 was the [stock market] crash and my dad was so affected by that.

He did not want to borrow money. If he did borrow some money, he would take every penny that he had to pay off that damn loan because he remembered the crash and the people who borrowed and the trouble they got in. So we didn't have a newspaper, we wouldn't get a Sunday paper, even. He parked the car in the garage and we didn't use a car. The Biron bus would stop and pick him up and bring him home.

Before that, he had been the principal at the Biron School for ten years, and then, he left that and went to work for Consolidated.

He was kind of the victim of some Biron politics. Warren Beadle at the same time lost his position on the school board because he started a Sunday school at the Biron Community Hall, coming from the Congregational Church. And that upset some people up there.

Warren Beadle was on the school board, unopposed, he thought. At the election, well, they just wrote in a name. I don't know who it was. It could have been Granny Weaver.

It's ironic, Dave, that it wasn't many years later, Warren was moved up to mill manager and these people were working for him.

His Dad

1929

Kahoun Out for County School Post

J. R. Kahoun, principal of the state graded schools at Biron, is the first to announce himself for political aspirations at the spring election. This afternoon he told The Tribune that he had definitely decided to become a candidate for the office of superintendent of county schools at the April election. This office is now held by Miss Ella Hessler.

Mr. Kahoun has been principal of the Biron schools for the past five years prior to which he was principal of the state graded and high schools in Pittsville for 3 years. In addition Mr. Kahoun has taught three and half years at the state

industrial school in Waukesha, a year and a half as principal at Cobb high school in Iowa county, two years in rural schools in Crawford county and two years as principal of a state graded school in Crawford county.

Mr. Kahoun is a graduate of Seneca graded and high school, Crawford county, and later graduated from Platteville state teachers' college. He was born and raised on a farm in Crawford county. He is married and has three children. For the past three years he has been assessor in the village of Biron a position he still holds.

During his five years of work in Biron Mr. Kahoun has taken an active part in community activities. For several years he has been leader of the Biron boy scouts, each winter developing a good scout basketball team. He also was responsible for the organization of the Biron orchestra and is at present manager of that organization.

Biron Scouts on Night Hike Get Thrill of Lives

Several nights ago the Biron Boy Scouts, led by their Scoutmaster, J. R. Kahoun, went on an all night hike. The hike almost ended in a rout, but we'll let Mr. Kahoun tell the story:

"A council of war was held and it was decided to have a front and side attack simultaneously. Scout Weaver and the Scoutmaster, armed with hatchets, were to lead the front attack, while Scouts Welton, Maher, Ellis, Lester and Emmet Streblov armed with clubs, iron bars, etc. were to attack on the flanks.

"The attack failed because at the first sound of a series of blood curdling cries from the direction of the beast both flanks beat a hasty retreat to reassemble at the camp fire.

"Another council was held and it was decided to postpone further attacks until daylight. To provide safety for the camp a relay guard was

established. After a sleepless night Scoutmaster Kahoun called the boys to see the cause of disturbance.

"It proved to be the reflection of the camp fire in a window of a deserted cottage in the woods. The awful noises from the direction of the lights were nothing else than growls by Scouts Gaffney and Abel who had been detailed to get under the porch of the house and help carry out the hoax. A hearty laugh was enjoyed by all. The scouts are looking forward to their next all night hike and are assuring the Scoutmaster that they won't be such easy victims next time."

1926

Warren Beadle was one of these people that came up through the ranks of mechanics. And then, they made him mill manager.

That son of a gun, he was a tough mill manager, he was, one of the best they ever had. He'd called these guys in and he'd say, "God damn it, you can't get this done, I'll come out there and do it myself."

When my dad lost his job at the school and was going to have to do something, he got Warren to write him a recommendation. And I've got the two letters that Warren wrote. One is a good recommendation and the other one is, he gave my dad the craziest damn letter.

Losing Your Marbles

Warren Beadle, I'll tell ya, was a very special person. Oh, I liked him. I found out how talented he was when we were in school.

My brother and I, were pretty good at marbles and my folks were good friends of the Beadles and they got together, playing cards and everything else and my brother and I were shooting marbles. And Warren said "Boys you should come down to my house sometime and we'll play marbles. Do you play for keeps?"

Oh, yeah, yeah.

"Well, come on down, we'll see."

So we went down to play marbles with him and he had what we called steelies, ball bearings from the mill. That son of gun took all of our marbles away, every one of them.

And he said, "Well, boys now you're sure that we decided we were gonna play for keeps."

He even saw us out the door and everything else. And then he said "Wait a minute, wait a minute."

And he was just chuckling over it.

"Oh, no, he says, I don't really don't need any marbles.

In fact, he says, "I have these steelies and I really don't know what I'm going to do with them either."

He gave us our marbles back plus these steelies.

Delivery Boy

Old George Mead, he was a nice guy. In fact, I worked for him when I was in grade school.

My dad was the principal of the school when I was in the kindergarten. When I got into school, he couldn't handle it anymore, I guess, so, that's when he went to work for Consolidated in the sample department.

I was nine years old when we bought the farm.

My dad would have to mail out samples at the post office. He would call up my mother and say, "I've got to have Jack go to the post office with some samples."

I'd go up to his sample department, pick up a package and get on the Biron bus free; now I was an employee, you know.

My dad emphasized how important it was that I do this job and do it right and get it done. Orders were depending upon it, possibly, you know. So I felt really important.

We had three cows. I delivered 21 quarts of milk on my bicycle and on my sled in the winter. My neighbor had made a harness for my dog, so the dog would pull the sled.

We'd go the route, and I would send him home with the sled with the empty bottles and my mother would take them out.

Later, when I was in the eighth grade, in Biron school, I drove a car to school. Delivered the milk, went to school, then came on home.

Yeah, 12 years old.

We had a barn behind the house, but we didn't have any water. We had an outside pump.

My brother would carry the water to the cows and I would deliver the milk. I got paid two cents a quart for delivering that milk. Two cents a quart, I was rich!

Carnival of Venice

When I was in high school, I bought a matched pair, a cornet and a trumpet. In fact, there's one of my cornets right there. That's a beautiful instrument.



Lincoln High
School
Class of 1944

I was real serious in music. I probably would have gone into music.

Biron had a band. Bernie Ziegler was the director up there. I played the baritone, because the school owned a baritone horn, but it was big. So I decided when I went to high school, I was going to change to the cornet because it was easier to carry and I really liked it.

A guy came to town who was a real hot-shot on a cornet. He'd gone to Drake University. Stewart Fausch was his name and he taught me how to triple tongue.

He fell in love with a girl named Marjorie Lyons in Biron and decided he was going to stay here. And so, he got a job in the mill, eventually. He was an electrician.

The Lincoln band director, Roger Hornig, shepherded me for a while.

My first experience with him was, here I come down as a guy from Biron and I was in the band. And, they had practice on the fourth floor of the Witter Building.

I was practicing the "Carnival of Venice" when he came in through the door and says, "I don't ever want to hear you do that again. I don't want to hear that any more."

I was doing a pretty bad job of it. I could triple tongue, but the rest of the stuff was slurred and, God, I was pretty bad.

I would practice at home and I practiced a lot and I played a lot, a lot of places. Up at Immanuel Lutheran Men's Club, I played there several times every year. Earl Otto would have me substitute for him in the Elks orchestra. Paid me five dollars to do it.

He was just being good to me. I didn't realize it at the time, but he was just that kind of a guy. He and I played cornet duets.

Roger preached excellence in everything. That's why, how I was playing the "Carnival of Venice" irritated the dickens out of him, you know?

I practiced on it and I worked at it and I worked at that technique and everything. He would go to other schools, so whenever I had a free period, I'd go up to the band room. If he wasn't there, then I could practice.

Well, he was gone and he came back when I was playing "Carnival of Venice," but by then I was getting pretty good at it.

When he opened the door, I almost shit, God you caught me, you know? And he says, "Play that again." And I did. Well, he eventually got band accompaniment and I played "Carnival of Venice" with band accompaniment.

I played cornet in the band and trumpet in the orchestra. Joe Liska was orchestra leader. He was entirely different. He was laid back. I played a trumpet solo with the orchestra one time that was, that made my name.

Joe was a good friend and I liked music. In fact, I decided I was going to take up the bass violin. But I never did, really.

[Kahoun: Are you a musician?

Dave Engel: Cornet player. From high school.

Jack Kahoun: Well, then you ought to understand.]



Jack

Swing Shifters

During my junior year in high school, Hornig was drafted into the service. When he left, we had a class A band, and that was great,

He was the one that got us started with the Swing Shifters [student jazz band]. I got a nice picture of it. I think it was his idea. We were good enough to play for the Stevens Point formal.

They had a band hired but it was during the War and for some reason the band couldn't come. They were really in a bind and somehow they knew that we had a dance orchestra at our school.

They called down and it was kind of complicated because we had to get approval from the union to play. Then, also, we could only play until midnight.

It was great, oh, geez, did we feel good, you know, about ourselves. We played some pretty good stuff, too. "Darktown Strutters," "String of Pearls," I could play them more than I can say them.

Sheet metal guys from the mill made us really nice stands. Made a deal that would come up around that we could hang a light on, made it out of pressed board, quarter-inch.

Ritchay's Rebuke

When Hornig left, they hired a guy who was not capable of class A music. He would get out music for us to play that was so boring, we would play our instruments upside down, we'd play one another's, this guy would do it and I would do the fingering here.

He quit right in the middle of a rehearsal one morning. Just threw up the baton and said "that's it" and walked out. He went to [LHS principal] Aaron Ritchay, and Aaron Ritchay was really pissed off at us guys. Ritchay said no more band, that's it. No band. Oh, we were devastated.

We got together, decided what we were going to do. We went to Joe Liska and we told him, "Joe, will you conduct the band, if we take care of the sectionals?"



Roger Hornig
1943



Joseph Liska
1944

So we went down to Aaron Ritchay and apologized and told him that we just had to have band. He was a pretty tough guy, did you know Aaron?

[UD: He died when I was a sophomore.]

He was good, he was tough. He says I'll talk to Joe Liska about that, but as far as I'm concerned, you guys don't deserve it. Well, Joe talked him into it. The rest of our career then, Joe was the band director.

We would have a reed section and then the brass section would rehearse at a different time. The band would rehearse Monday, Wednesdays and Fridays, first thing in the morning and the orchestra on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy

[Entering the Army in WWII], I got my trumpet sent to me down to Camp Polk, La., and I played in a special services band down there on special occasions. I wasn't really in the band. I was in the Third Corps field artillery. I had a good job. I was only overseas three months.

Actually, my folks could have kept me from going. Because I was sole survivor, they call it. But they didn't know that and I'm sure glad they didn't.

I went over to Europe on the Queen Elizabeth. Seventeen thousand troops on that Queen Elizabeth. It went by itself [unescorted], but it changed course every seven minutes.

It would lean this way and then it would lean that way. It would go way up and then it would go way down, quite an experience.

I went across the English channel on the boat and the harbor was all blown up and I got on a train to Holland, Luxembourg, Belgium, and everything.

I was assigned to a forward observation battalion. That's the worst place to be. They were going so fast that we couldn't keep up with them. We had to survey-in our instruments, you know, sound posts and our flash posts, and everything. By the time we got them all surveyed in, everybody had gone by us.

1944 Ahdawagam (LHS)

THE SWING SHIFTERS



Last year a very popular organization, the Swing Shifters Dance Band, introduced itself to Lincoln High School. This group, though popular last year, enjoyed greater popularity this year. During the year they furnished music for school dances and assemblies.

PERSONNEL

Piano	Myrtle Timm	2nd Trombone ..	Henry Acott
Drums	Dana Norman	1st Tenor Sax ..	Wayne Williams
1st Trumpet	Bob Brehm	2nd Tenor Sax ..	Bill Herman
2nd Trumpet	Jack Kahoun	1st Alto Sax	Irene Knuth
3rd Trumpet	Earl Garber	2nd Alto Sax	Dick Acott
1st Trombone ..	Ed Murgatroyd	String Bass ..	Don Murgatroyd



THIS



BAND



REALLY



GOES



TO



TOWN

We would go out as far as we could before we start surveying stuff in and many times we were out beyond everybody else. It was chaos and I was over there for the last two months of the War.

Getting Back

When the war ended, I was assigned to guard a displaced persons camp. We had 6,000 DPs they called them.

We were in Nuremberg and there was a big stadium there and it was enclosed underneath. They lived underneath this stadium. Italians, Poles, Russians, all the different groups.

And I'll tell you it was bad for me, because I had a chip on my shoulder. I hated those Germans, I just...

*[Dave Engel: Well, they killed your brother.
Jack Kahoun: Yeah, it was not healthy.]*

One day there was a note on the bulletin board that the Third Corps headquarters artillery was regrouping to go back to the States for six weeks of training and then go to the South Pacific. I went down and interviewed.

Nine o'clock one night, I was already in bed, in my bunk, asleep, when they come up and woke me up. "Pack up, you're leaving."

I went from C rations to corps headquarters which was like living in a castle. Steak and eggs and ice cream and rolls, and, oh, God. The life!

It was all officers, I was just a first class private. But, there I was. A radio operator repairman.

When I was in field artillery, part of basic training was Morse code and you had to take 17 words a minute. If you passed the test at 17 words a minute, you didn't have to take it anymore.

I'm sure I was picked for Morse code because of my musical training, the dots and dashes and all this.

My buddy and I didn't have to take it anymore. We would go up to a newsroom where they were piping over Morse code. We would copy news at 21 words a minute. We both took the test at 21 words a minute and passed it.

Negative Bliss

But, I was going through some troubles. When I got out of the service, my high school sweetheart, gol' darn it.

Talk about writing letters. She wouldn't write to me. She was not a good letter writer at all, and as serious as I was about her, we were quite in love. When I came home on furlough, I didn't even call her up.

I went out with a couple other gals, but finally she did call me and we got together and I went back, still in love. At least, I was so in love that I couldn't see any other gal; I couldn't get in trouble.

I belonged to the Congregational Church and planned to become a Mason some day. My dad was a Mason, Warren Beadle was a Mason, many of the guys that I really respected in Biron belonged to the Masons.

Her father, who had died when she was five years old, was a pillar in First English Lutheran church but she belonged to Immanuel Lutheran Church, which does not allow their members to be Masons.

Her mother believed that Immanuel Lutheran was the only true church. She would call up on Sunday mornings to see if we went to church. And, eventually it ruined the marriage.

We were married 13 months.

I was married, divorced and became a father, in that order. The baby came six months after the divorce. But by that time, I was so pissed off that I was no way going to go back into that situation.

Sigrid

I was working at Consolidated when I started a dance band thing [with Frank Wilde and the Troubadours], while we were getting the divorce and after, but I decided to quit Consolidated and get a job where, the harder I worked, the more money I would make. Selling insurance.

I went out to Nebraska for training and came back and was assigned a territory west of Madison, Dodgeville, where the headquarters was. That's where I met my wife. She was the new music teacher in the high school.

Biron Soldier Visits Brother's Grave While With Europe Forces

A rough one-day round trip of 340 miles by jeep last June 23 enabled Pvt. John Kahoun, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Kahoun, Biron drive, to visit the grave of his brother, Pfc. Robert J. Kahoun, in St. Mere Eglise, France, a U. S. military cemetery.

Robert, a 21-year-old paratrooper with the 101st airborne division, was killed in action June 19, 1944, while on a patrol into Caranten, France. John, who is only 19 years old, is home on 31-day furlough, following active duty in the European theater of operations.

A letter from a buddy gave John the first hint as to where his brother might be buried. The letter said that Robert had been buried in a cemetery somewhere between Caen and Caranten.

John then went to a Red Cross headquarters in France but was unable to find out anything there about his brother. Questioning of several chaplains failed to answer the problem.

Leave Early in Morning

Finally, on June 23, John received permission from his battery commander to take a jeep and search for his brother's grave. Accompanied by two other soldiers, John left at 6 o'clock in the morning from his army camp near Rouen, France.

See—VISITS GRAVE—Page 7



VISITS BROTHER'S GRAVE IN FRANCE—Pvt. John Kahoun, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Kahoun, Biron drive, places a wreath of flowers on the grave of his brother, Pfc. Robert J. Kahoun, in St. Mere Eglise's American cemetery in France. John drove 340 miles in a one-day jeep trip to see his brother's grave last June. Robert was a paratrooper and was killed June 19, 1944.

Daily Tribune, Aug. 1, 1945

There was a little waitress at one of the restaurants that I would go in at night. This little waitress, she was a student, she'd go, you've got to meet our new music teacher.

The teacher's name was Sigrid Bakke. Norwegian as they come.

The waitress tried to arrange a blind date, but the new music teacher would have nothing to do with it.

But I did go to a school dance on a Friday night and I met the new music teacher and danced with her even.

It just happened that the following Sunday, Dave, I don't understand how come, but I was singing in the Congregational Choir and the new music teacher was a guest soloist that day, visiting.

After the service, as I was going out the door, so was she.

I asked her if she wanted to join me for lunch. And she did. And that was it. That was the beginning of the...I tell the story, I've been talking her out to lunch ever since.

But I found out that I was a piss-poor salesman. I just could not back people up against a wall and say, "You've got to have this."

I'd look around and see that they didn't have much money, and they had kids, and everything else. But that's what you've got to do.

So that's when I went to Milwaukee School of Engineering.

Go Man Go

I have a problem. I think the reason that I got a stroke is because of my nature, my enthusiasm, my excitement. When I believe in something, when I get excited about something, go, go, go, man, oh, man, go. And I know that and I'm self-motivated.

I worked at R & D [Consolidated Research and Development, Biron]. I have three patents. One of my patents I'm real proud of was with Consolidated, where we developed what we called "on-machine" coaters.

[Dave Engel: I'm an ex-coater boy.

Jack Kahoun: Oh, are you? Where?

Dave Engel: Rapids.

Jack Kahoun: Rapids. Off-machine coater?

Dave Engel: On-machine.

Jack Kahoun: On-machine, OK, well, then, you're going to say that I gave you a lot of trouble.

Dave Engel: Number one, two, four, five, all those machines. They had those two rolls going with the coating in between.

Jack Kahoun: Yes.

Dave Engel: You watched in a mirror

Jack Kahoun: Yes.

Dave Engel: You turned a nozzle on and off.

Jack Kahoun: Yeah. What about the blade coaters?

Dave Engel: Those were just

coming in ...

Jack Kahoun: OK, well, OK.]

More Patents

Well then, you'll know what I'm talking about. One of the problems was we didn't have any on-machine ability to measure the thickness of the paper. You had to break the machine down, run a laboratory caliper test and take four sheets to do it. I invented a device to do it on the run and boy, I'll tell you, I mean, it really worked.

Another one is that in printing the paper, the absorbency of the ink is determined by its drying rate. We developed what we called it a blister tester with a heat lamp. You put the ink on, and if the paper wasn't constructed right, when you tried to dry it, it would blister.

I don't remember what the third one was.

The Switch

For years and years, Consolidated couldn't hire from Port Edwards and Port couldn't hire from Consolidated. Well, I wasn't supposed to and I told Woody Holt at R&D. Woody was one of those fighters, so he went up to the top, over the top and around



and got an agreement that they could hire me 'cause I had already given my notice and they were not really...

I went from Nekoosa-Edwards on Thursday and started work at Consolidated on Friday.

I moved from R & D to engineering and was happy there. In engineering, they wanted a little more of a pioneering instinct. They wanted to do things not the way they always did them, which is what we need and that was my specialty.

2008



BOB ALTY/DAILY TRIBUNE
Jack Kahoun elicits an emotional response from his wife, Sigrid, as he passes his Citizen of the Year award on to her just after the Heart of Wisconsin Business and Economic Alliance awarded it to him Friday during the group's annual awards banquet at Bull's Eye Country Club in Wisconsin Rapids.



60th Wedding Anniversary 2010

[Dave Engel: Did you know my Dad? Don Engel?]

Jack Kahoun: Well, sure.

Dave Engel: How did you know him?

Jack Kahoun: He was down at the Rapids division, wasn't he? And he was a, worked in maintenance? Oh, wasn't he an alderman, too?

Dave Engel: A planner.

Jack Kahoun: A planner, yeah. I worked with planners a lot. He had a good reputation.

Dave Engel: For what?

Jack Kahoun: Everything. You know, to work with.]

[Dave Engel: So you and I were probably at the same Christmas party?]

Jack Kahoun: Could have been.

Dave Engel: 'Cause I went to two R & D Christmas parties.

Jack Kahoun: Oh, did you? Could have!]



TOM CHARLESWORTH/DAILY TRIBUNE
Jack and Sigrid Kahoun stand on the stairway in their home, which they converted to Sigrid's Bed and Breakfast at 340 Lincoln St.

Artifact: Bottle found in wall

Electrician Joe Ashbeck found this artifact inside a first floor wall of the South Wood County historical society headquarters at 540 Third St. S., Wisconsin Rapids—built in 1907 as the residence of Isaac and Charlotte Witter.

Many homes of the 20th Century, and probably today, had a similar container at hand. Technically known as “sewing machine oil,” the small bottles or cans of light lubricant were often the first to come to hand.

The product below, manufactured by GEM Manufacturing, Pittsburgh, Penn., was sold by “G.W. Purnell, Grand Rapids, Wis.” Purnell came in 1904 open hardware store and tin shop - sold in 1910 to E.W. Lowell.



**OBITUARY OF THE LATE
GEORGE W. PURNELL**

George W. Purnell was born at Manly, Minn., April 14, 1855. He and his parents resided in Cambria a number of years. Mr. Purnell Sr. being in the hardware business selling out to George Byer. Mr. and Mrs. Purnell Sr. were also among the early settlers and members of the first Presbyterian church.

The family moved from here to Merrillan, Wis., engaging in the hardware business. They later moved to Grand Rapids where George Purnell went into the hardware business for himself.

Mr. Purnell was married to Miss Ida Merrill of Merrillan in 1881, and to Miss Meriam Williams of Eau Claire in 1894.

He passed away at Madison, Wis., May 29, 1918. Remains were taken to Cambria for burial. Services were held at the Presbyterian church on Sunday afternoon. Rev. D. Evans Jones officiating. He leaves to mourn his loss, his widow and two children, George Purnell Jr. and Miss Lalah Purnell, two sister, Mrs. Frank Nash of Winslow, Minn., and Mrs. T. Montgomery of St. Paul, Minn.

Portage Daily Register, June 7, 1918

**Range is
INDESTRUCTABLE**

Let us give you a few proofs of the indestructibility of the Majestic Range.

One of 829 sold in St. Louis, in 1893, and one very recent have had one cent's worth of repairs in eleven years.

The firm of Colton Snow, Burlington, Justice, Mo., had a customer who owned a Majestic Range. In January, 1908, his house burned down completely. The range was taken out, shipped to us, and at a cost of a few dollars it was repaired, retouched, and given perfect satisfaction today.

Majestic Ranges that have been in railroad works have been crisscrossed as cheaply and as perfectly, and are today in use. The repairs consisted in straightening out parts, made "solid" by the heavy shocks—not in any case did they consist in mending broken parts.

In the great tornado which visited St. Louis in 1896, two of our dealers had a line of Majestic Ranges on their floors. They were both in three story buildings, which were completely demolished. Less than one dollar each put all the Majestic Ranges in perfect condition.

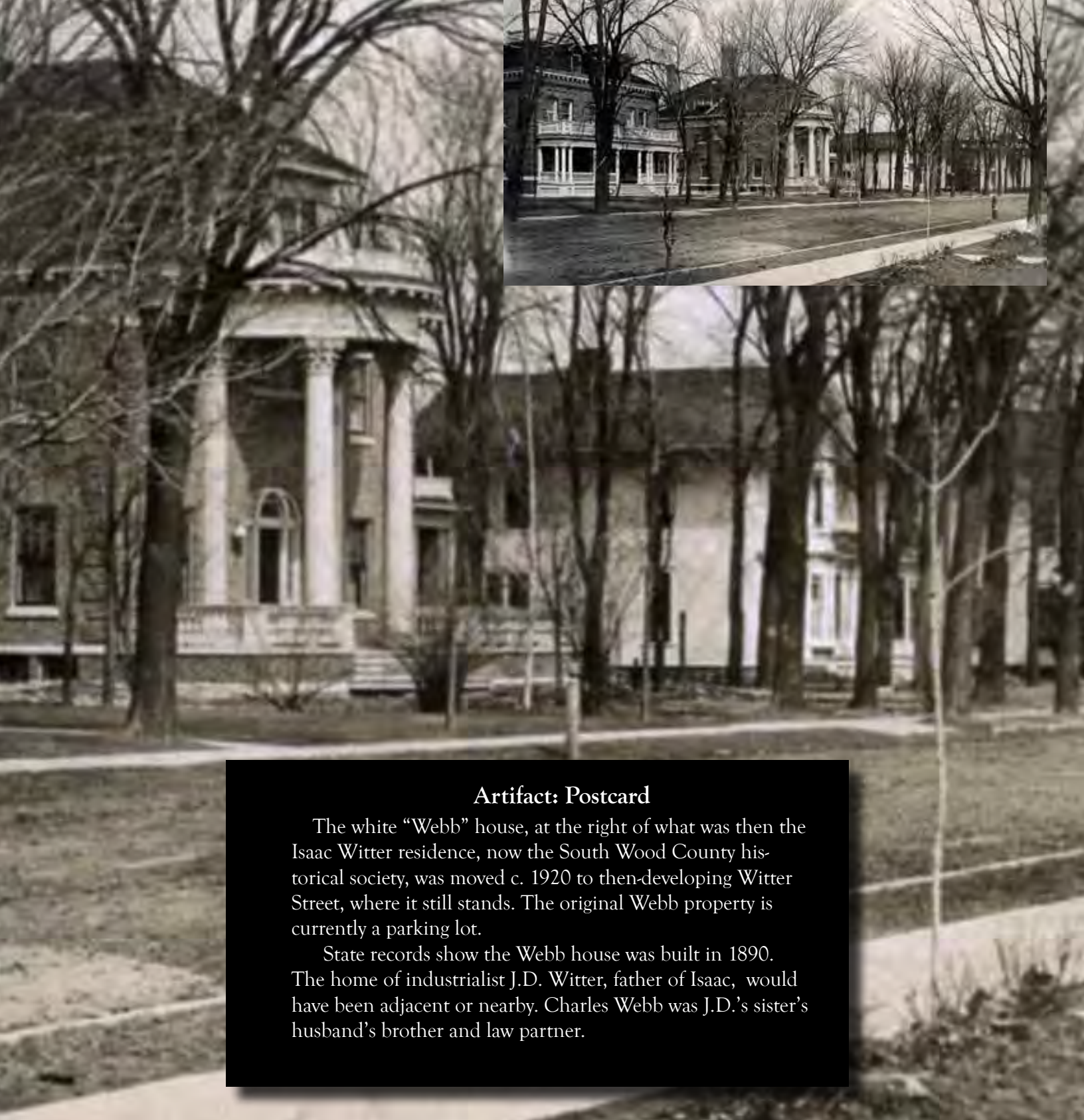
For sale by

**G. W. Purnell
Hardware**

Grand Rapids, 1908

Entire postcard, former Nash house/Odd Fellows lodge at left

From the Jim and Rita Janz collection



Artifact: Postcard

The white “Webb” house, at the right of what was then the Isaac Witter residence, now the South Wood County historical society, was moved c. 1920 to then-developing Witter Street, where it still stands. The original Webb property is currently a parking lot.

State records show the Webb house was built in 1890. The home of industrialist J.D. Witter, father of Isaac, would have been adjacent or nearby. Charles Webb was J.D.’s sister’s husband’s brother and law partner.

Artifact: Postcard
Submitted by Uncle Dave Patrykus



The writer, whose name looks like “Otte,” joined the family of papermaking mogul T.E. Nash, whose failing health led to his 1917 death. Censuses show the Nashes usually had at least one female servant, probably a housekeeper or maid, when their children were too old for nanny care.

Otte could be short for Charlotte but the card was addressed to “Lotta,” who would also be Charlotte.

Grand Rapids Wis. 11/13-15

My dear girls,

You don't know how I miss you even now and my trip here was one of thoughts of you and our dear boy. You can think how I felt and feel, I will write to you to morrow. This is my new home or a picture of it-but I would rather be with you. The family is grand to me but old friends are hard to be apart. Otte [?]

Owned by Thomas E. Nash/Stanton Mead/Northland Cranberries/Papermaking museum



*Misses Lottie & Emma Arnold,
Oshkosh,
109 Washington St. Wis.*

In the 1920 census for Oshkosh, addressees, sisters Anna, 54, and Lottie, 56, Arnold were living together on Washington Street. Newspapers named the two as the only heirs of their father, William T. Arnold. Their mother, Emma, died in Oshkosh in 1896.

Death's Doings.
Mrs. Emma Arnold died at her home at 723 Main street at 12:30 o'clock Sunday night of heart disease, after a brief illness. The deceased was fifty-one years of age and has passed the greater part of her life in Oshkosh. Three children, W. T., Annie and Lottie Arnold, all of this city, and a sister, Mrs. Loughlin, of Poynete, Wis., are left to mourn her loss. The funeral

1896 Oshkosh Northwestern

In 1910, they lived also with a brother, William F., maybe the “dear boy” referred to in the card. He died the year the card was written.

The Arnolds had roots in Wood County. Mother Emma in 1870 was in Centralia “keeping house.” Her children are the same as above: Charlotte, 7, Annie and Willey. Ten years later, the four were living in Oshkosh.

“Miss Lottie Arnold” died in 1950 at 109 Washington “boulevard,” now Washington Avenue. She had operated a laundry with William (d. 1915) and Anna (d. 1932). The building no longer stands.

According to her obituary, Lottie was born in 1863 at “Nekoosa” (prior to the 1893 founding of the municipality of that name by the same Thomas E. Nash of the above postcard) to William and Emma Arnold. Other than cousins, no survivors were listed.

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

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Send \$25 to Lori Brost, SWCHC, 540 Third Street S., Wisconsin Rapids WI 54494 for membership and *Artifacts*.
Or contact lori@southwoodcountyhistory.org, 715-423-1580. Uncle Dave: kdengel@wctc.net.

