

*Readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic,  
Taught to the tune of a hick'ry stick.*

by Elaine Reetz

Those early pioneers who flocked to Wisconsin with the influx of settlers after the Indian Lands were opened for sale by the United States government generally prided themselves on the education of their children.

Log buildings were erected to be used as the school when communities were formed. White or red paint clapboard schools entered the picture when villages and country settlements became established and prospered. Research into old school record books, preserved by individuals and Historical Societies, public libraries, newspaper files and factual memories of former teachers and students reveal school days of past years.

Districts One and Two of Packwaukee, organized in 1852, were probably the first Marquette County school districts. Mrs. William Crown, Montello, and Albert Lange, Lange, Harrisville, Marquette County Historical Society officers, researched schools in 1966.

School minutes of an 1868 meeting called for six months of school, with a male teacher in winter and female in warmer months. Teachers were boarded at neighboring homes and fathers of pupils furnished one-half cord of wood per school for fuel. By 1873 there were 56 schools in Marquette County. Some taught German for three months and English the other three. Pupils studying McGuffey readers advanced by ability to read and not by grades. Records from 1850 to 1860 show that schools were built at a cost of \$200.

Montello built the first free high school in 1877 and Westfield pupils gained the advantages of higher education in 1881, with E.H. Phillips as principal. In 1900, these high schools adopted a four-year course. Germania has the distinction of having had in 1902 the first state graded school in the county. Neshkoro was on the state graded level in 1908.

There was discrimination for women teachers, for records have been found of male teachers receiving \$75 for three months of teaching, with women considerably lower on the wage scale. Teachers and pupils walked to school, up to five miles or further. Mrs. Ellen Hammond, a Marquette County superintendent, is known to have walked around Marquette County inspecting schools. James

Madison, an educator from Wisconsin to the Philippine Islands, is also noted as depending upon "Shank's Mares" for his transportation.

Teachers of the years when conveniences of today were unthought of tell in their recollections of "walking three miles to a country school and having the fire started for the 8:00 a.m. arrival of pupils. pupils." The late Mrs. Archie Harring of Montello, a teacher who watched the progress of country schools for three-quarters of a century, had said, "It was a challenge we met."

A 1907-1908 teacher wrote in her record book — "We took hardships as a matter of course. My wages were \$30 a month, paid in gold. I walked five miles to school and the old box stove roasted us on one side while we froze on the other."

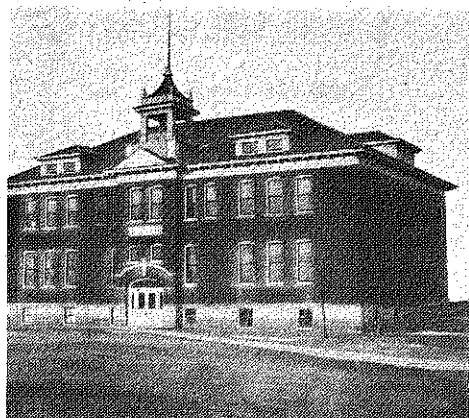
Penmanship was stressed in 1910 when the late Mrs. Edwin Daye of Neshkoro, then Miss Della Hoeft of Germania, was a graduate of the old Berlin Normal School. An education to teach school was the ultimate ambition of scholarly daughters in those days when even an eighth grade diploma was not always obtainable because of the necessity of boys and girls helping at home or on the farm.

The majority of country girls who attended normal schools helped with the finances by working for their room and board. Della Hoeft had graduated from the now consolidated Germania Grade School in 1908, and attended high school in Princeton. She was one of those who covered the two-year required teaching course at Berlin Normal in one year. The rural teachers received their diplomas and teaching certificates by arranging to attend summer classes at Oshkosh or Stevens Point.

There was pride for a young woman when she received her first teaching contract. Perhaps she was only a year or two older than her eighth grade boy students. There were often 25 to 30 pupils in the country schools, with an eighth grade class to prepare for graduation.

One "book of memories" includes a last day of school booklet, with the names of students, teacher, school board and a

...continued on page 5

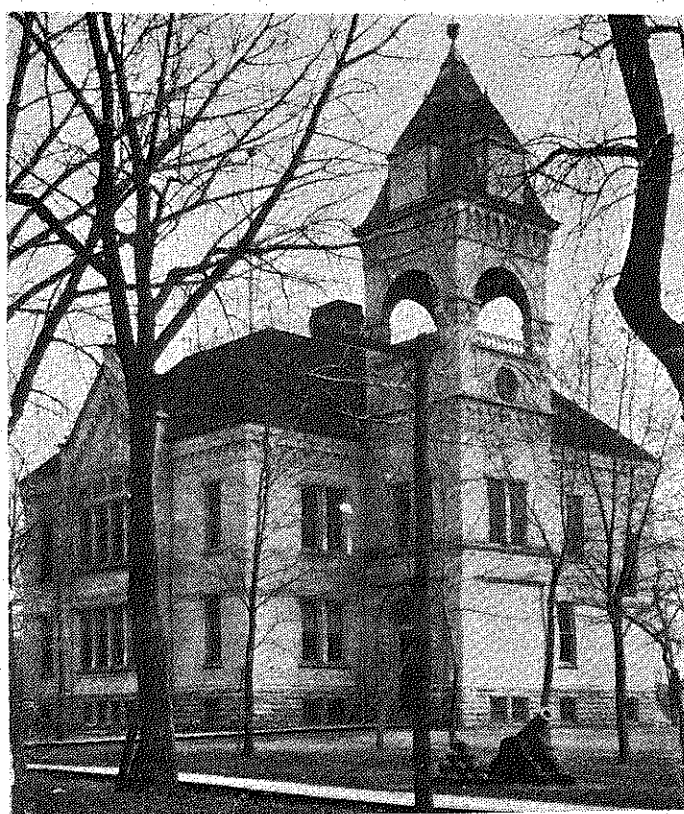


Top: The Randolph High School, from a 1916 postcard.

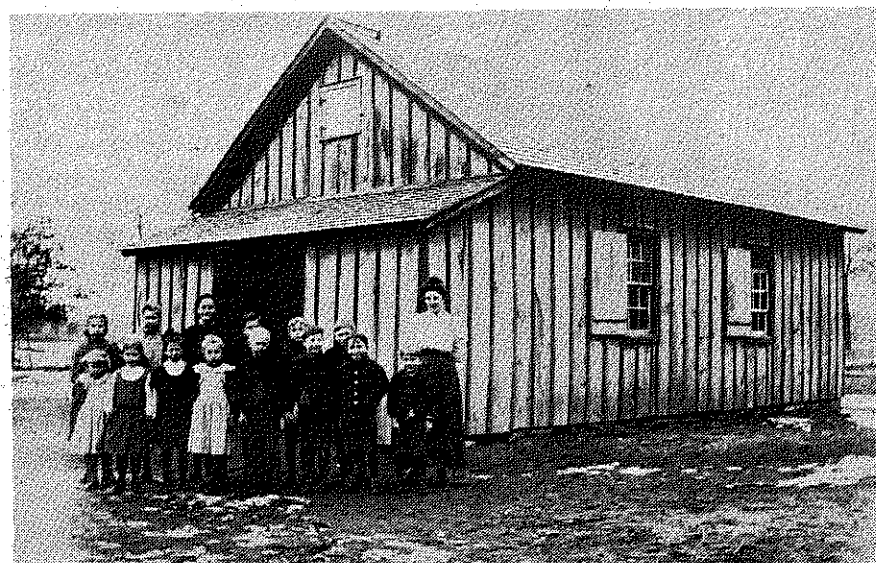
Bottom: The Plainfield High School, as it looked in 1910.



Above: The Redgranite High School in the early part of the century.



Left: The Princeton High School, as it looked on a 1908 postcard. The stately building was demolished in the 1960's to make room for a parking lot.



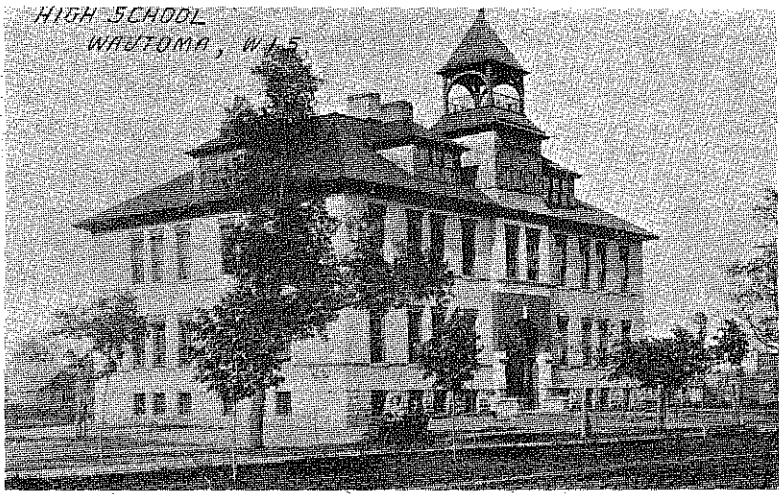
Above: The Chaffee Creek School in the town of Crystal Lake. Photographed on May 10th, 1915. The teacher was Bessie Powers.

Below: The same school's interior, photographed on the last day of school in 1917. The teacher (far left) was Molly Gohlke.





The Wautoma High School, as pictured on a postcard postmarked in 1911.



verse: "The school is out-Vacation gone; the bell has ceased to sound — the old school house has lost its hum — and silence broods around."

Some district schools in several counties paid for the school's belfry bell with basket socials. These community socials were looked forward to by students, parents and unattached young men and women. Often romances were fostered with the purchasing of a particular basket.

The ringing of the school bell, recess play, Christmas programs, the stage with draw curtains, set up by the 'big boys,' pumping water from the school yard pump, and in some instances from a neighboring farmer's well, the big boys help-

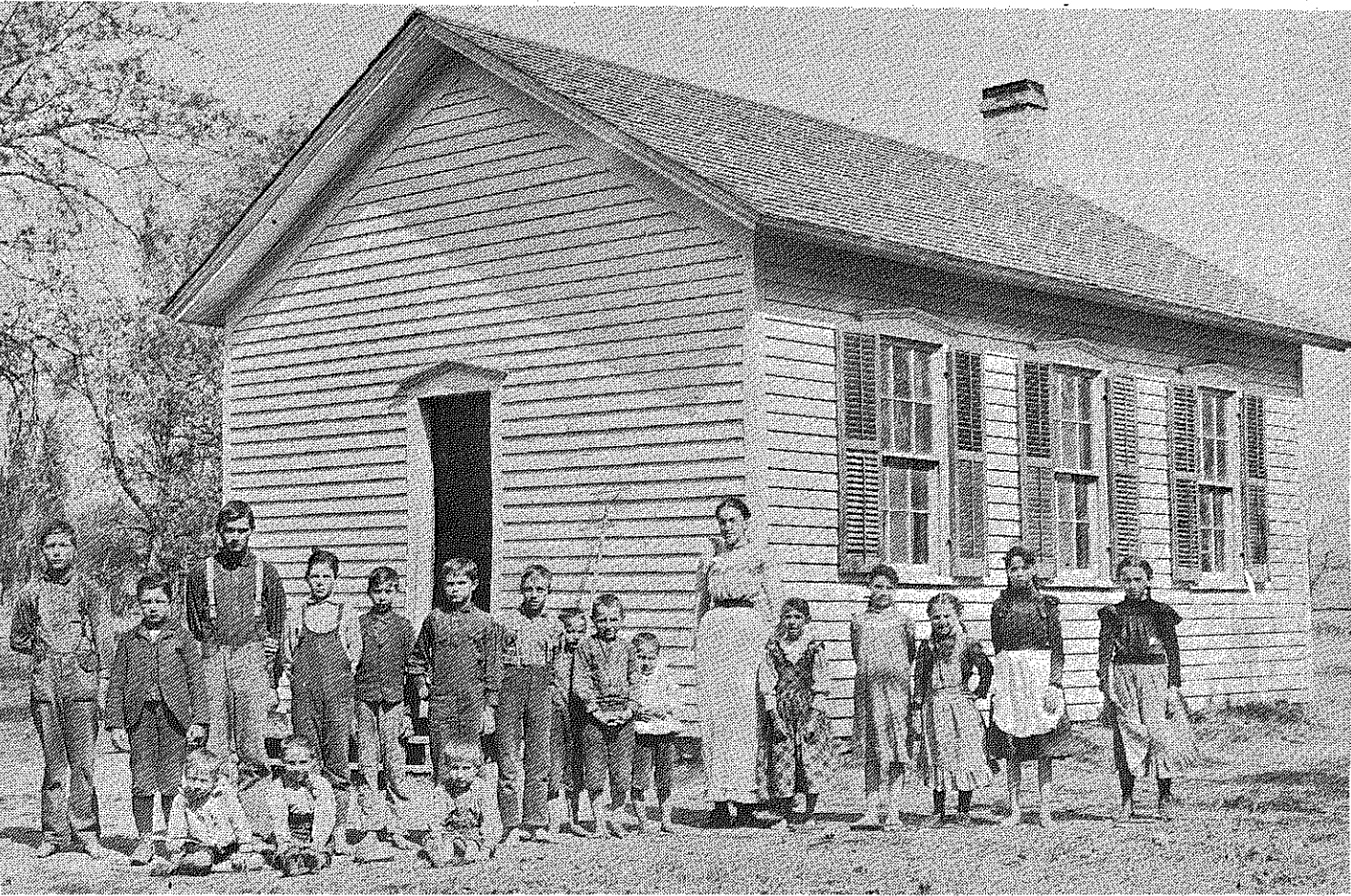
ing to put a supply of oak chunks in the entry from the wood shed, outhouses, and cold lunches in a tin pail, unless the teacher set up a policy of heating jars of food in a kettle of hot water on top of the jacketed stove — these are among the memories of the little one-room country school.

The county teacher's colleges, typical of the one at Berlin, served their purpose throughout the decades, until the closing of several remaining the first years of the 1970's.

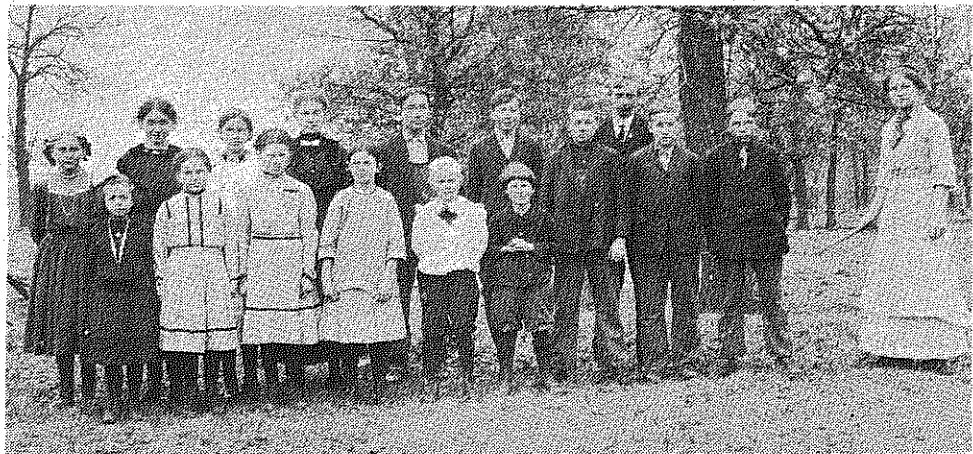
The picturesque and stately Waushara County Teachers College was built in 1921, opposite the County Courthouse in the city of Wautoma. Over 1,100 names of graduates were entered in the registrars book over the years. Students who completed two years of study satisfactorily were certified to the state superintendent's office for two year licenses. At the end of that period students must have completed another six credits for working toward a degree. If their teaching during those two years had been satisfactory, they received five-year licenses. At the end of seven years, those people must have completed their educational work for a degree in elementary education.

Teachers were an inspiration fostering learning desires in many of the older pupils in the country schools, who attended classes in the months when work was slack on the farm. Some parents had the idea that education to a certain degree was necessary only for sons, while daughters should attend a few years and then stay home and learn kitchen talents from their mothers. Other senior citizens recall a deep inclination on the part of the parents to see that their children obtained a better education (particularly high school,) than it was possible for them to have had in the 19th century.

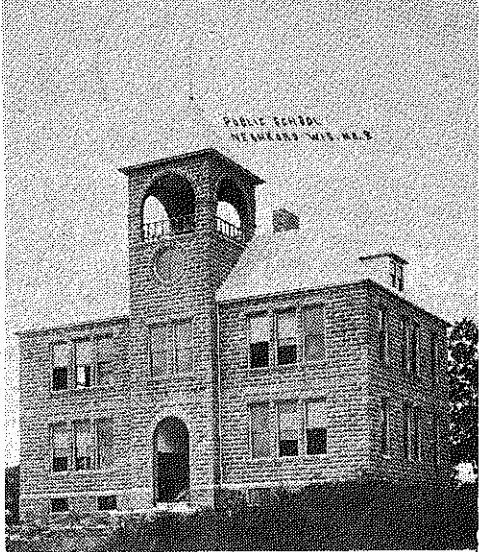
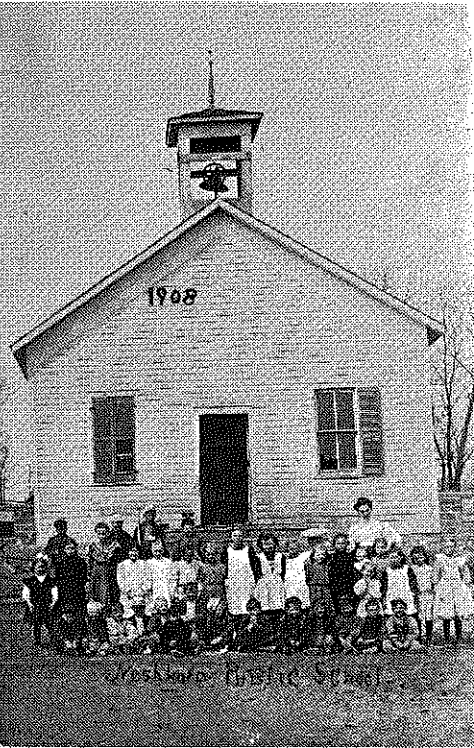
The three R's — reading, riting and rithmetic — have advanced to the complete curriculum offered in schools for the 1979-80 term.



Little, unfortunately, is known about the schoolhouse photographed above by Princeton's pioneer photographer Judge Ham Megow, except that it was taken between 1916 and 1920, and probably in a 15-mile radius of Princeton. If any readers attended this school or can identify it, historian Elaine Reetz and the Patriot staff would be very appreciative.



Miss Della Hoeft is shown here with one of her early classes— which comprised of grades 1 through 8. When Miss Hoeft began teaching grade school, she was only a year or two older than her eighth grade students! In the early part of this century, only two years of "Normal" school was required to teach school, and Della acheived her degree in a single year.



By the time the photo on the left was taken in 1908, the Neshkoro Public School had seriously deteriorated. Notice the unmeneded broken window and the damaged and missing shutters. It was replaced by the sturdy stone building above.



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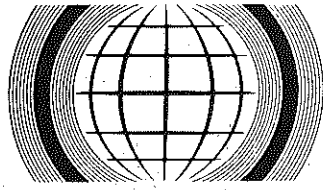


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# Walking to School 2 miles

by Anastasia Furman

The school in our district had a Big Room presided over by a teaching principal we called the Old Gander and a Little Room where Little Teacher started us out in reading and arithmetic.

Years before, when one teacher sufficed, Papa went to the same school. He used to tell us of an endless tug of war that went on between the North and the South — the Norwegians who lived on the North Road and the Yankees and Irish on the South.

And years before that Papa's own father went to the school when he and his family moved West from New York state to Wisconsin. Papa's mother also attended the school as a grown up girl of eighteen. She had come from Ireland with her family and wanted to learn English as the Yankees spoke it.

For all our interest in the district school, my brother Vince and I seldom managed to arrive there for the nine o'clock opening exercises. Sometimes the exhilaration of the day slowed down the two mile walk. The walk was a happening like the weather. We took it as it came.

When Vince and I had a cousin who was living out our way that year we were all in the Little Room, we started our walk for school unusually early one morning. It was so early that we had occasion to think up a way to arrive even earlier. We would go cross-lots, we decided, over a boggy pasture that the highway skirted. By approaching the school house directly across the pasture we could cut a half-mile from the two mile walk.

After we'd left the road and gotten into the pasture and on the bogs we became so engrossed in keeping clear of the water between the bogs that we lost all sense of direction and time. It was deliciously exciting to jump from one nearest bog to another. Twenty minutes after nine we sloshed our way into the Little Room.

Little Teacher said nothing. She stepped to the board, chalked down our three names, drew a bracket, and added "will stay 20 minutes after school."

After the others had been dismissed we gave Little Teacher a spirited report of how each bog made a tiny island and how we had to keep jumping to avoid slipping down in the ooze and getting stuck there. We dwelt on the incredible fact that we had left home awfully early and that we would have arrived in time for a game of ante-ante-over before school if it hadn't been for the unforeseeable circumstance of water between the bogs. We omitted to mention what fun we had had leaping from bog to bog but Little Teacher must have caught the mood. She cautioned us about the dangers in walking cross-lots and let us go to catch up with the other kids who were waiting for us down the road at Sam Johnson's gravel pit.

Sometimes the chores of the morning delayed us.

As Vince grew old enough to help with the barn chores getting to school on time was more complicated. Vince did not like walking alone. "The Schader kids are coming," he would call out when he came in the back door and dashed to the kitchen sink to wash up for breakfast.

"And the Zeitlins have gone," I usually added. No one in our house could figure out how those big families got their morning chores done, lunches packed, and started to school so early. While Vince had been working at barn chores I had washed and dressed our Little Brother. Knowing that the Schaders were already on the road I would tell him he'd have to learn to lace up his own shoes pretty soon and I'd hurry to the kitchen cabinet to butter slices of bread for school lunches. The good brown bread with chunks of cheese that sounded romantic in folk tales about shepherds watching their flocks in the hills was the same food that sustained

us in eight years of tin pail lunches.

Mama had been stoking up the fire in the kitchen range to heat water in the reservoir at the back of the stove, and in the copper boiler on top for washing clothes, and for cooking oatmeal for breakfast. "Sit down and eat a bowl of oatmeal before you take one step out of this kitchen," was her morning directive. She was sure we could face anything if we started out with a big bowl of oatmeal inside us.



"Let the Schaders go," Papa would say if he was in the house. "They won't take the road with them." Papa was fairly regular about getting up to milk the cows at the same time every morning. Just the same, delays in morning chores were common. Claves got loose from their pens. A farrowing sow required Papa's attention. Vince fitted in wherever help was needed. He learned everything about farming and nothing at all about clock watching. The clock on its shelf in the kitchen didn't dominate our lives. The barn moved on milking time and feeding time; and the kitchen on meal time.

Bonus mornings were those when we

caught a ride with a neighbor driving home from the cheese factory. One bitter day in early winter before any snow had fallen I was walking alone. Edith Swallow's father overtook me with his milk buggy. He had delivered the milk, filled the cans with whey, and although he lived in the opposite direction, was driving his daughter to school. She sat beside her father bawling with the cold, a heavy blanket in a bunch on her lap, her long thin legs exposed to the cold. Mr. Swallow stopped for me to climb in the back where I could stand beside the milk can and hang onto the broad handle. Filled with whey they made a solid support.

Watching Edith in her misery — I was snugly dressed and warm from walking — I told myself that if only her father was like mine he would have had her out on the ground jumping up and down and flinging her arms around her body to speed up her circulation. He'd have wrapped the blanket close around her legs to keep out the wind, and would have had her warm her fingers by rubbing them vigorously under her cap into her hair.

Another morning Wally Johnson stopped for me to climb onto his milk buggy. A ride with Wally was the best catch for his farm reached right up to the school yard. What I did not know was that I was clinging to an empty milk can. Wally slapped his horse with the reins and the unexpected jolt flung the milk can and me over the wheel and into the ditch.

After scrambling to my feet I declined Wally's offer to share the seat with him the rest of the way. Towards noon Big Teacher noticed that I looked "peaked" and permitted me to walk home to recover from my bruises.

As a seventh grader I preferred walking alone taking advantage of every possible combination of short cuts. Barbed wire

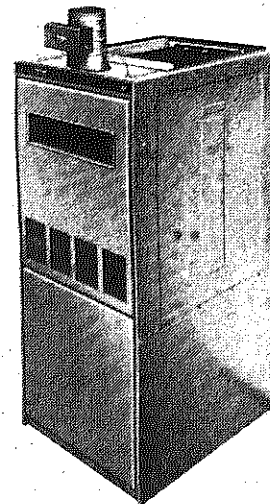
fences could be climbed over by grabbing a fence post and walking up the wires. Some could be rolled under. Others where barbed wire was strung above netting could be crawled through. Without a companion to hold the wire I was likely to hook my coat on a barb when I humped up to get through. One spring I counted fourteen right-angle tears in the back of my otherwise good broadcloth coat. I agreed with Mama that my back was a disgrace. No new coat forthcoming, however, so I maintained I didn't care how patched up my coat looked.

Mornings in the twenties when my brothers and I confronted the two-mile walk we could not know that a school bus era waited just around the decade. Nor could we have dreamt that educators would soon be planning gyms to exercise children who rolled out of bed and onto the school bus.

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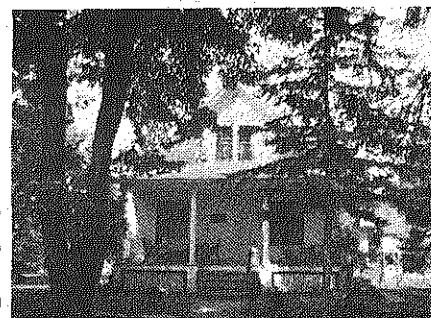


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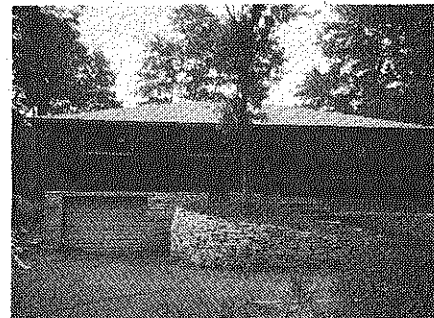
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**2 BEDROOM MOBILE HOME** - 1 1/2 acre beautifully wooded lot. Neshkoro. \$19,000. B-124

**20 ACRES** - lots of big pines, saw log size. \$25,000. B-118

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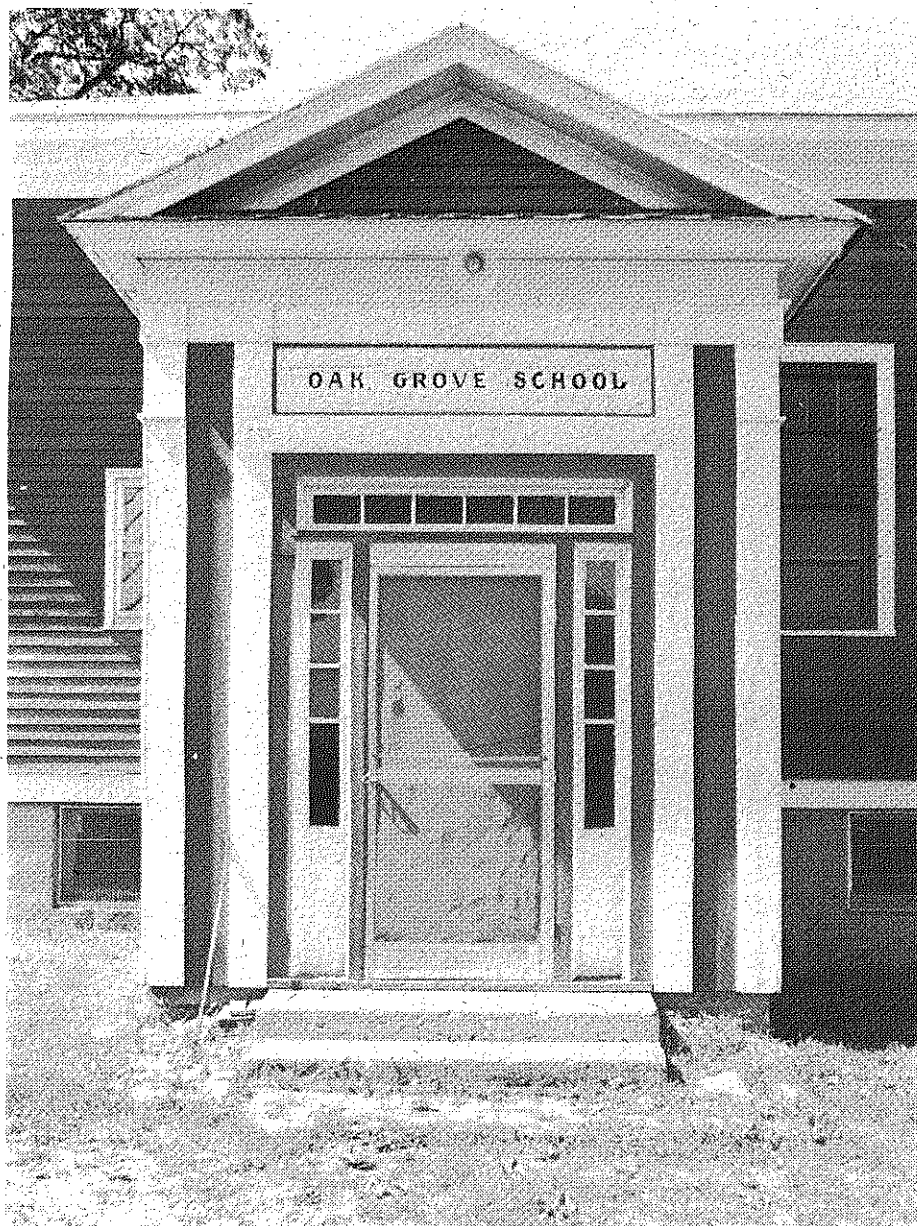
**40 ACRES HUNTING LAND** - approximately 15 acres marsh. Possible land contract. \$43,000. B-121

# SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS...



Formerly The Maple Lane School the brick structure pictured above is now a combination home/floral greenhouse owned by Verna Geer who helped her husband remodel in 1964. The building was constructed in the early '20's and is located 3½ miles South of Waupaca on Hy. 10.

all photos by Rick Maki

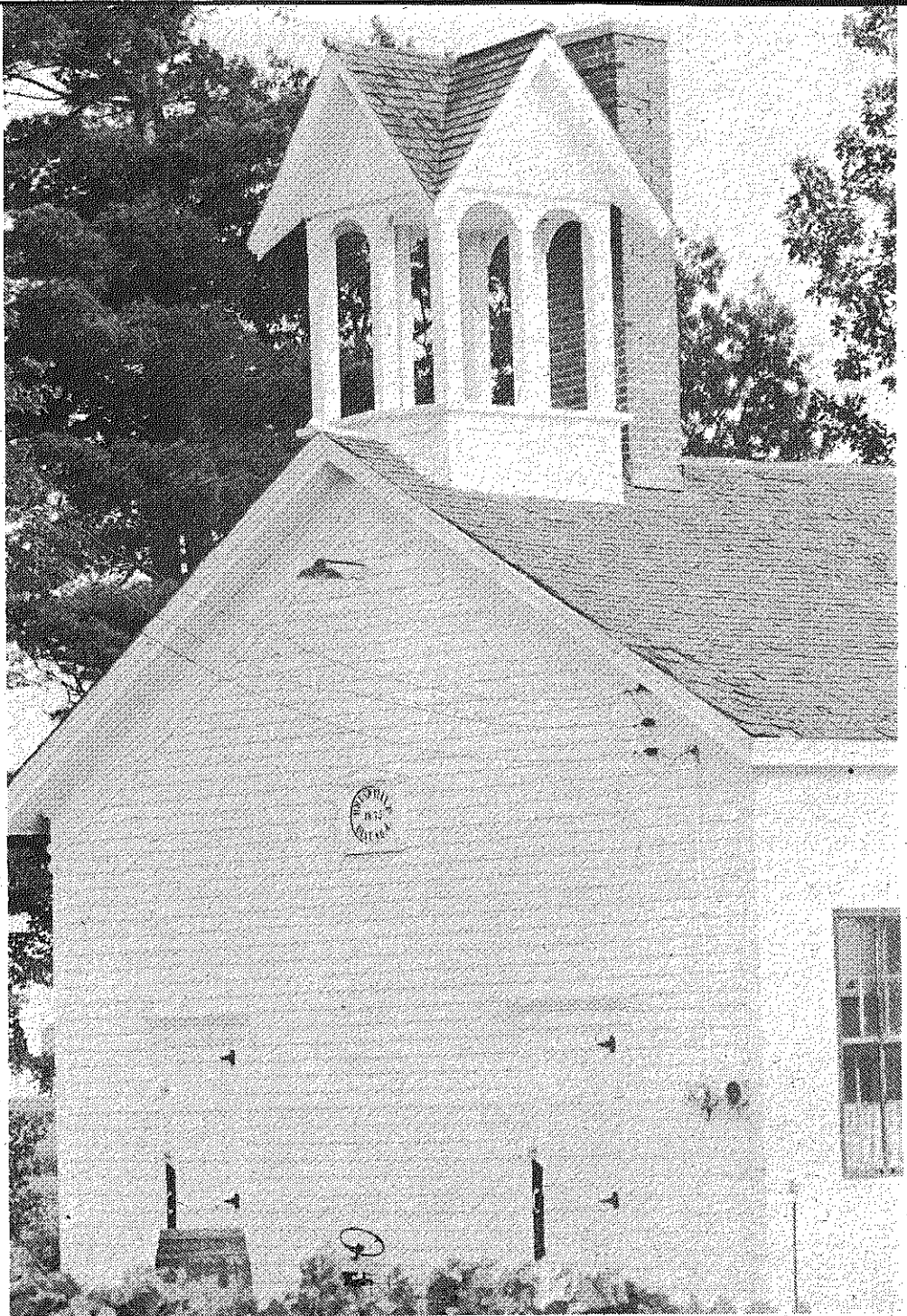


The entranceway to The Oak Grove School, now a private residence near Princeton on Hy. "J". Top right: The Galilee School in Waupaca County now the home of the Arndt family of Rt. 2 Weyauwega. Below, The Farmington Town Hall, also in Waupaca County.





At Right: The Brushville School located on Hy. "M" North of Poy Sippi in Waushara County is still in remarkably good condition, a sign on the end of the building dates 1875. Above, The Aurora Town Hall at the junction of Hy. "X" & "XX", near Berlin in Waushara County. Some old schoolhouses have become homes for business as is the case of "The Schoolhouse Tap", near Redgranite. (below.)



Carved into the stone above the doorway of this schoolhouse on Hy. "P" are the words "Town Rose, Dist. No. 5, 1915." The building now houses the Frank Dobek family of Rt. 1, Almond.



## LUNCH BOX FAVORITES

by Shirley E. Sump

Can you remember when country schools and country teachers were doing their part to help educate young America?

Anything viewed in retrospect may seem more pleasant than it actually was. Certainly our oldtime country schools could not be considered practical today, but never let it be said that those rural boys and girls were underprivileged. Far from it! They learned a lot, from both books and life.

A teacher once told me, "As you live your life pick a bouquet of memories. When you are older, your bouquet will be your treasure. Pick a flower — a memory — and enjoy it. Think back on wonderful times. Some memories are not so fragrant, but they can be exchanged for others."

So while the days of the little schoolhouse may be gone, the years roll out a carpet of memories for hearts to walk on.

I remember walking across the fields to school when they were yellow and brown in September, with goldenrod along fences, and nettles which stuck to your socks.

Then coming home. Taking the leisurely way, stopping to watch ants working their hill, to see a coyote vanishing in the brush, or to make a doll from an ear of corn. Maybe just to climb on top of a fence and sit and watch the swaying grasses.

One thing I remembered with joy is the "dinner bucket" or lunch pail. I was a good sized child — with a healthy country appetite to match. So much so, my mother used to say to me, "You don't need a lunch box — you need a suitcase."

The lunch pail was a prized possession of every school child, who could hardly wait to open it at noon. Whether it was a round, shiny, tin pail, with a lid or a colorful rectangular metal box, doubtless it contained a few of the following: little jars of potato salad, baked beans or peaches; sandwiches wrapped in waxed paper exuding grape jelly, peanut butter or home-cured pork; a bunch of Concord grapes or a large apple that Mom had polished to a mirror-like shine.

Things are different now. The yellow buses are everywhere: on the highways, turning down country roads. Long solitary thought over leaves, hawks and squirrels has given way, for the children, to riding through panoramas of houses silhouetted against the sky. Yet one thing still stands true today, as my own children board the school bus with their books, pencils, eager sunburnt faces — and their new lunch boxes. That is — **WHAT'S FOR LUNCH!**

A lunch-box meal can be dull and unappetizing or attractive. It's up to you, the packer. First of all it should be nourishing. Remember it is a meal, not just a snack. Second, make it appetizing. Not hard-cooked eggs and peanut butter sandwiches every day, when so much variety is available. Third it should be tasty. Keep hot things hot, cold things cold. Fourth, the lunch should be planned for carrying. Guard against sandwiches that dry out or leak juices, and avoid cut up fruits that discolor.

This first recipe for homemade vegetable soup is very tasty and it's a good way to use some of those vegetables we have at the end of the summer.

### End of Summer Soup

2 lbs. beef soup bones	2 teaspoons salt
2 quarts cold water	½ cup shredded cabbage
½ cup diced carrots	½ cup diced celery, or
2 tablespoons green	chard stalks
pepper	1 small onion, diced
½ cup peas	1 cup diced potatoes
1 cup spinach, chopped	1 ½ cups tomatoes
1 cup diced turnip	

Cover soupbone with water, heat to boiling and then simmer 3 hours. Add remaining ingredients and cook 1 hour longer or until vegetables are tender. Remove bone and remove any meat from bones and add to soup. Cool, remove fat. Reheat and pour while hot into vacuum bottle. Makes six servings.

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This mixture was my small daughter's idea and goes well with vegetable soup.

### Heather's Sandwich Spread

½ cup peanut butter	1/3 cup marshmallow
1/3 cup mashed banana	creme

Combine peanut butter, marshmallow creme and banana; mix well until blended. Spread between buttered slices of bread. Wrap and pack for lunch.

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This is mighty good to send when those cold winds are blowing. To make the lunch extra special, add some carrot sticks, a cream cheese sandwich, and canned fruit to eat with it.

### Mexican Pork and Beans

1 lb. sweet Italian sausage	2 cloves garlic, finely
cut up	chopped
2 lbs. boneless pork, cubed	2 cups water
3 green peppers, finely	2 tomatoes, chopped
chopped	2 onions, finely chopped
1 tablespoon salt	¾ teaspoon ground cumin
1/8 teaspoon pepper	2 (17 oz.) cans chick peas,
2 (6 oz.) cans tomato	drained
paste	¼ teaspoon bottled hot sauce

Place sausage and garlic in a Dutch oven or a large heavy saucepan. Cook over medium heat, stirring occasionally, until sausage is lightly browned. Add pork. Mix well. Continue cooking until meat is evenly browned on both sides. Add water, green peppers, tomatoes, onions, salt, cumin and pepper. Mix well. Cover and simmer for one hour, or until meat is almost tender. Add chick peas, tomato paste and hot sauce. Mix well, cook uncovered for 15 minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Spoon while hot, into wide mouth vacuum bottle. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

### Cream Cheese-Pineapple Spread

½ cup cream cheese	½ cup crushed pineapple,
	drained

Combine cream cheese and pineapple. Mix well until blended. Spread between buttered slices of nut bread. Wrap and pack for lunch.

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If your family likes liverwurst, this homemade spread is mildly-seasoned — tastes wonderful on rye bread. It can be frozen in half pint containers.

### Country-Style Liverwurst Spread

1 ½ lbs. boned pork shoulder with some fat, cubed	3 cups water
1 bay leaf	1 teaspoon salt
1 clove garlic	1 medium onion, quartered
1 stalk celery, quartered	2 tablespoons dried parsley
1 lb. pork liver, cut in	flakes
strips	2 cups water
1 clove garlic	1 teaspoon salt
1 ½ teaspoons seasoned	1 small onion
salt	½ teaspoon pepper
½ cup softened butter	½ teaspoon salt

Place pork cubes, 3 cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, bay leaf, quartered onion, 1 garlic clove, parsley and celery in large saucepan. Bring to a boil; reduce heat; cover and simmer 1 ½ hours, or until meat is tender. Strain off broth and reserve. Discard bay leaf and vegetables.

Meanwhile simmer liver with 2 cups water, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 clove garlic for 25 minutes. Pour off cooking liquid; discard. Cool liver.

Put pork cubes, liver and 1 small onion through food chopper using fine blade. Add ¾ cup reserved broth, seasoned salt, pepper and ½ teaspoon salt. Blend into meat mixture along with butter. Cover and store in refrigerator; or freeze. Makes about four cups filling.

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This is a smart way to salvage leftover pot roast scraps, makes splendid sandwiches to accompany vegetable soups.

### Beef Salad Spread

4 cups ground cooked	3 medium dill pickles,
beef	ground
1 small onion, ground	½ cup ketchup
¼ cup salad dressing	1 tablespoon dill pickle
1 teaspoon salt	juice
1/8 teaspoon pepper	

Combine all ingredients. Cover and chill at least one hour before using in sandwiches. Makes 3-¾ cups filling.

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If you are tired of paying the high prices for lunch meats, then make your own. They are wholesome, hearty and packed full of nutrition that turn cold cuts into a great new adventure. They are wonderful to have on hand for packing lunches and satisfying refrigerator raiders. Bake and refrigerate overnight. Chilling makes it easier to cut loaves into slices that hold their shape.

(Continued on following page)



\*160 acre farm, 115 tillable, modern 3 bedroom home, 24 stantion frame barn, outbuildings, ideal for dairy, beef, hog or recreational farm. Excellent road frontage. Princeton area. \$159,500.00

\*Large lots overlooking White Lake, with private lake and boat access. Owner financing. \$4800.00

\*9 partly wooded acres with 2 furnished mobile homes. Near Wautoma. \$27,900.00

\*10 acre partly wooded parcel. West of Westfield. \$6,500.00

\*2 bedroom furnished cottage, large screened patio, garden space, wooded lot. Near Lake Puckaway access. Reduced to .... \$22,900.00

\*Exclusive gentlemen's 3 bedroom year round retreat with carpeting, paneling, wet bar, full basement, 2 ½ car garage, deck, patio, pier and boat hoist. Extra large landscaped lot, garden space, and blacktop driveway. Located on White Lake. \$124,900.00

\*4.9 acres, wooded, two sides with road frontage, short distance from Lake Puckaway. \$7500.00

\*Newer three bedroom year around furnished cottage, carpeting, central air, fireplace, patio and storage building. Near Lake Puckaway access. \$26,500.00

\*93' by 154' wooded lake lot with city sewer, water, natural gas and underground electric. Montello Lake. \$12,500.00

\*Newly remodeled 3 bedroom home on double lot, garage. Westfield. \$20,900.00

\*5.8 acres, good road frontage with access to large wildlife pond. West of Westfield. \$6900.00

\*20 acre farmette, three bedroom modern home, half size two story barn, pond site, and excellent road frontage. Near Neshkoro. \$47,500.00

\*15 acre partly wooded, good deer hunting and building site. Near Westfield. \$9800.00

\*5 wooded acres with 139' frontage on Buffalo Lake, 2 - 2 bedroom modern cottages, 3 bedroom mobile home, double garage with sleeping quarters, good road frontage. Ideal for several families, church group or sportsmen group. \$53,900.00

\*5.4 acres, good road frontage, near White Lake. \$6900.00

\*10 partly wooded acres, excellent road frontage, septic system. Short distance from Lake Puckaway. \$12,900.00

\*39 beautiful wooded acres with excellent road frontage and several potential pond sites. Between Oxford and Wisconsin Dells. Near Jordan Lake. \$32,000.00

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