Hoard Hotel given four stars

By Christine Blumer

Hoard's Hotel was THE place to stay in its day, but apparently it was THE place to work, too.

Just ask Delia Pierce, who for 29 years was employed as a waitress and then manager of the rambling hotel overlooking scenic Lake Koshkonong.

"Everyone who has worked there says they enjoyed it so, that they had the most wonderful time of their life at Hoard's Hotel," the longtime Fort Atkinson resident said. "I have to say the same thing."

It was in 1925 that Arthur and Agnes Hoard hired Delia as a waitress for their hotel, located where Koshkonong Mounds Country Club is today. After 10 years in a starched white apron, she moved behind the desk as manager until 1954.

Hoard's Hotel was a grand, grand place. It attracted mostly wealthy Chicagoans who stayed for weeks at a time. Some even summered up here in the "north."

"I had to do all the corresponding with guests," Delia recalled, noting that most everyone returned the same time each year. "We almost knew exactly when one gang would come from Chicago and they'd fill the place and then the next gang would come. One cottage would be taken every year all summer long."

The hotel proper was surrounded by cottages of the colors of the rainbow. The Hoards lived in the green one nestled in a short hike away behind an Indian mound, while the "boys working on the golf course" stayed in a yellow one. A little blue cottage was located next to where the sulo is today.

The summer help all had their own rooms. They were usually coeds studying to be teachers at what was then Whitewater Normal College. Cash Williams, a Whitewater dance hotel those busy months.

"The girls got $10 a week and board and room. With the wages they got for the three months, they still had tips left over. People tipped good down there. Perhaps tips were not what they are now, but they went further."

Tips probably were good not only because the guests were well-to-do, but also because the service and accommodations were first class all the way.

The Hoards knew that the way to a guest's heart is through his or her stomach, and they instructed Mrs. Friesel, head cook for some 24 years, to buy only the freshest and best of everything.

"We got all our steaks from Oscar Mayer in Madison, and they were all aged steaks," according to Delia. "We would buy about 200 a week — aged so they're almost green in the corner."

"You don't know what the people of early days ate like," she added. "They wouldn't eat a steak like we have now."

Delia said it took six weeks to age a steak — probably thought a salt-brine process: "Oh, it's a different taste, I tell you. It gets tenderer and tenderer and never spoils.

Butter came directly from Art Hoard's adjacent farm, as did the morning oatmeal ("They all gained, you know") and evening dessert.

"Every day we made homemade ice cream. The boys, night after night, would sit in the kitchen and made seven gallons at a time. We'd get seven quarts of cream from A.B.'s farm. Everyone who came there enjoyed it so because they could go and watch them milk... they'd never ever seen a cow before."

Hoard apparently had pretty good taste in his guests, too. For Delia, they're the subject of many a humorous — as well as spine-shivering — tale.

"We had three brothers who came to the hotel and one new girl always had to sit on the "good looking men," Delia reminisced. "Well, this Mr. Beck was coming and we all knew — except for her — that he was as homely as could be and that he chewed and chewed and chewed his food, his bones going up and down..."

"So we girls would say, "Oh, who's going to get Mr. Beck?"" One girl said, "I always have him; it's hard to have him," although she really didn't want him at all. So the new girl said, "How about giving me a chance?"

"The Hoards and the other waitresses passed him through the diningroom door to see the look on their coworker's face when she got a glimpse of her customer."

"He stayed a month and she had to wait on him every meal and then had to wait until he got through eating as he'd chew and chew on his steak."

Then there was the "old maid sister" of Mrs. Grimes from Chicago, who always brought her canary along on vacation.

"She lived upstairs in a big room and she would bring that bird down in the morning to clean its cage," Delia said. "And if it always sang; it didn't make a difference if people were sleeping. It would always be singing all the way down the hall."

Della told of another time when a couple drove up and looked as though they did not have a penny to their name. So she and her boss decided to check them into Room 14, what Della called a "warm room" reserved for people unable to pay their bill.

"They registered and the bellhop carried their suitcases up to 14 and they said they wanted a private room with a bath and that they could afford it," Della said. "So we gave them Room 11, a corner room across the hall with a view of the lake."

"Who do you suppose he was? He was the artist from Marshall Fields who painted fancy dishes. They (Continued on page 100)"
Koshkonong Mounds
— Since 1898 —

From the turn-of-the-century era when passenger boats carried guests to the old Hoard Hotel to today, the Koshkonong Mounds remains a leisure paradise.

- A challenging 18-hole golf course
- A superb restaurant
- Banquet facilities
- A relaxing view of beautiful Lake Koshkonong

Koshkonong Mounds
Country Club
Koshkonong Mounds Rd.
563-2823

Hotel was Chicagoans' second home

(Continued from page 99)

wanted to look like that because they wanted no one to know who they were so that they could have a vacation."

Some of the hotel's guests wanted anonymity because they were notorious rather than infamous. That was the case when a cook and maids found out one guest was hiding after having committed murder.

"Mary Schultz was a second cook down in the kitchen and she would be building a fire in the morning when this man would always come out in the kitchen for a cup of coffee," according to Della. "One day she saw the Chicago Tribune article about a man wanted for murder and said, "My gosh, that's the man who comes in to the kitchen for coffee.""

The maids subsequently discovered a blood-covered umbrella in the man's closet. The Tribune had said that indeed was the weapon.

"Nobody ever knew this, but Mr. Hoard said to him, 'We're not going to report you, but please leave here. Forget your bill; we know what you're here for. If we know you're here, the girls would have to go to testify.'"

The man disappeared during the night, with a little folding money given to him by Hoard, Della said.

"We knew it was him because he had a mark on his face... oh, we were scared."

A few of Della's stories center on the Hoards themselves, people she described as extremely generous and kind.

Art Hoard owned two dogs that would always sit on an Indian mound and await his arrival home after a morning at Betterbox, which he owned.

"One day Mr. Hoard drove up with the dogs just sat there and A.R. couldn't figure out why they didn't come to meet him," Della related.

"Then the telephone rang and it was the police asking whether Mr. Hoard drove his own car home."

Apparently, Hoard, who was a director of First National Bank, had left a morning meeting and driven away in a Cadillac owned by Clarence Aspinwall, an officer at the bank who had left his keys in the car.

"Both had a Cadillac the same color parked on Main Street by the bank and everybody left their keys in the car in those days," Della said. "I can hear A.R. on the phone saying, 'That's why the dogs didn't greet me, and I wondered what that package was doing on the front seat.'"

A true character in every sense of the word was Hattie Foote, who was Agnes Hoard's unmarried sister. Hattie, who was employed at the hotel for many years, was known for her good — and sometimes embarrassing — nature.

For example, Della remembered when both Foote girls were living at home on South Third Street, East, and Art Hoard was courting Agnes. It was a time when livingroom stovepipes were removed during summer, leaving an open hole in the ceiling to the second floor.

"Well, Hattie used to take off her girdle and swing it out through the hole from upstairs while Mr. Hoard was there, and Agnes would be embarrassed to death," Della laughed.

She continued: "Another time, Mrs. Hoard had her first silk stockings and was walking down the street with Mr. Hoard and Hattie yells out after them, "Agnes, don't you tear my silk stockings."

Hattie was just as boisterous as an adult, Della said. She recalled once when Hattie, who was about 50 at the time, and Lizzie Westphal (Harriet Vance's mother) stopped in Gates Drug Store on a Saturday night.

"Judd Gates was courting Hattie's other sister, who they never called Minnie but always, 'my sister, Minnie Gates,'" Della said. "Well, he asked Hattie to deliver a box of candy to Minnie."

"But as soon as they got outside, they opened it and ate it over the bridge and then threw the empty box into the river. Minnie never, of course, said thank you for the candy and eventually Judd Gates said, 'Say, did you ever get that candy?'"

When given his third degree, Hattie told her sister, "Ho, ho, ho. It's down the river a long way now," Della laughed.

Hattie Foote was jovial right up to her death, from recital cancer.

Della recalled that, when the doctor had Hattie bend over to take photos of the interior of her posterior, Hattie exclaimed, "Well, take a good one, doc, because I've never seen it myself."

The Hoard Hotel, with its many cottages, croquet lawn and grassy tennis courts, eventually was razed to make way for a college, a school and 18-hole golf course. But the buil-
dozers could never erase the memories of the people who made Hoard's the place to be a half-century ago.

"There sure were a lot of stories connected with that hotel, I tell you," Della nodded with a smile. "Those were wonderful years; I wouldn't trade them for anything."

Quilting bee

(Continued from page 97)

quilts were no longer functional but works of art. Quilt shows sprang up in every corner of the nation, and quilting became the medium for creative fingers. They were no longer just on beds but were used on walls, furniture, clothing and hundreds of home decorating items.

Quilting is alive, well and flourishing in Fort Atkinson. The Pleemakers Quilt Guild of Fort Atkinson has more than 150 members and sponsors a yearly quilt show and quilt raffle. This year's show will be held on Sept. 27 at J.P. Luther Junior High School. The Hoard Historical Museum will display quilts from our past in conjunction with the quilt show.

Madison Area Technical College-Fort Atkinson offers all levels of classes in quilting. The fabric stores offer a vast array of fabrics and needs for the home quilter.

Never has an art of yesterday been as popular as it is today. We are bound to our past by quilting and future generations will one day admire the needlework of the 1960s.
Students who rhyme go back in time

(Continued from page 98)

The etched names stare back, echoing silence.
The rock soon passes from memory, forgotten,
Until next year.
And time passes.

By Lisa Babcock
For 150 years soldiers have played in your streets.
Old men and women find refuge in your ancient walls.
One-hundred-and-fifty years of dances and
Church socials.
And men who've done service to our country
And various "Fort Fests" of sorts

Have taken place on your premises.
Chambers of commerce have come and gone.
But you've persevered throughout the years.
Generations of two and three have also grown up here,
And your schools have produced an elite class of citizens.
Patricians and politicians, and poets too.
Good businessmen and poets.
Football players
And many, many, wonderful local people.
W.D. Haard and Dwight Foster,
Two cherished names
From your past.

We are grateful to them for our settlement here,
If only they were here so we could thank them in person.
But for now it will suffice
To remember them with gratitude.

One is found in a museum and credited in the paper,
The other is remembered, appropriately,
In a center of learning — the library.
If only every citizen who lives
In the protection of your fort
Could appreciate them equally.
And Fort Atkinson could live up to her great name.
I think if you live a good clean life, that is all that matters. That means living within a certain standard of laws and paying your bills, paying your taxes and helping your neighbors.

— Felix Provenzano.
Felix still up to old tricks

(Continued from page 102)

women smoked then. This was in the 1930s and some smoked but not out in the open. She was the only woman I ever knew who smoked a cigarette.

He also recalled the time when he was lucky at gambling, if that’s what you consider luck.

“I happened to buy the winning ticket for a turkey drawing. To my surprise, a 24-pound live bird was delivered to me in the store with a big rope around its neck. For the first time in my life I was at a loss for words,” Felix said.

Not having the heart to kill the bird himself, Felix had his father do it. As a teen-ager, he would hang out at the Eatmore Lunch, where he’d gamble once in a while.

“They would have a football pool there and I won $100 once,” he recalled. “They had great big cards (with the winners’ names) up on this wire and when I would be on break, I would always sit on the end so I wouldn’t see these cards.

Those guys had a big sign up there that read, ‘Don’t tell Felix he won the pool,’ and they told me and it must have been a week later and ‘Pappy Rice’ was throwing dollar bills out in front of me and I said, ‘Hey, Pappy is giving away all of my money’ and I was picking them up and stuffing them into my shirt pocket. He finally told me ‘That means, Felix, it’s yours; you won the pool.’

Fort Atkinson gave Felix many cherished memories of a fun-filled childhood. Those times are what one should never forget, Felix said.

‘I think if you live a good clean life, that is all that matters,’ he philosophized. ‘That means living within a certain standard of laws and paying your bills, paying your taxes and helping your neighbors.’

Felix Provenzano

Fort’s W.D. Hoard was known as ‘cow editor’

William D. Hoard devoted so many columns of the Jefferson County Union to the cause of dairying that he became known as the “cow editor”.

The nickname was first given to Hoard as an insult during his Republican campaign for the governorship in 1888, but later it became a phrase used with great respect across the country.

By Mary Kamrath (personal account)

Fifty years ago, a city girl and farm boy were united in marriage. She was a city girl no more.

The next morning they started on their honeymoon. For her short trip, she wore bib-top overalls, a choker jacket, stocking cap, four buckle boots, a pall on her arm and she was off to the barn.

She picked up a milk stool, sat down and began to milk, and after a half an hour had a cup of milk. Now she wondered how in the world her husband and father-in-law could carry out full pails of milk in such short time; there must be an easier way.

The next morning she tried again, but the same thing: no more milk, two sore wrists.

After three days milking two times a day, she was given a different cow to milk. Now, this time she thought she was getting somewhere, only to find the cow was doing the conga— one, two, three, kick — the cow’s foot landed in the bucket of milk in the gutter. It took about two weeks to really get the hang of it. What she didn’t know the first cow was an old cow with arthritis, and that’s why she stood so still.

But there is more. After breakfast, she would let the cows out, push the honey wagon in and begin to pitch fertilizer, bed the cows, feed them and get them back in the barn. Once the chores were done, it was back to the house to get dinner, do the dishes, wash clothes, and then do the chores again.

Sprout rolled around and there were fences to fix and fieldwork. Plowing was done by the men with horses, but then the field had to be disked and dragged; that’s where she came in, walking all day in back of a spring-tooth harrow, and scared as she was of horses.

A daughter was born, four years later there were twin sons and another two years, another daughter was born, but that didn’t stop the farm work. Her mother-in-law took care of the children while she worked in the field. After farming with horses for 13 years, her husband bought a brand new Farmall tractor.

It made things a little easier, but there was still hay to be pitched by hand, oats to be shocked and a lot of sweat working in the hot sun.

In 1956, her husband got a job at the feed mill, and then she could run the farm by herself. She plowed, prepared the field, sowed grain, planted corn; cut, raked and baled hay, and even filled the silo by herself. In 1959 the cows were sold. It made farming easier, but she could have cried to see her cows go.

She still had 150 chickens and a dozen pigs to care for. By now her

Honeymoon over for city girl

Fourth of July parade entry in 1900s.

oldest daughter was to be married, one son joined the Navy the other one got a job. Two years passed and the one son was married and after a four-year hitch in the Navy, the second son married. The same year, her youngest daughter, too, was married.

Now she was back where she started from. So she, too, went to work at the mill for the next 20 years, retiring in 1976.

Now you will wonder what her husband was doing the early years of their marriage. Well, he was a milk hauler: he loaded cans double deck on a truck and, in winter in deep snow he hitched up the horses to a sleigh.

When they retired they decided to spend the winter in Florida. So one day early in December at 1:30 in the morning already having picked a day earlier, they started out.

It was like winter wonderland, but getting out in the country the snow was blinding and as they neared Janesville the snow turned to drizzle. Nearing Rockford it was a mist and very foggy, and by the time they got past the toll road looking for the Indiana turnoff it was so dark and foggy you couldn’t see a cars length and a half ahead.

Well she knew the turnoff was coming up, so she watched and when they got there she said “turn here.” He said, “Where?” and went right by. Some 17 miles further, a big sign with lights read “stay in this lane to the loop.” Well, he panicked. She said, “Don’t sweat it, we’ll find a way back,” so they came to an overpass, she said “turn here to your left and then take the first turn again to your left and we will soon be on our way back.”

Everything seemed to be back to normal when “thump, thump, thump;” you guessed it — a flat brand-new tire. The road was under construction and they picked up a nail. It was raining and very dark, so they thumped along to another overpass where they could change the tire.

They got out of the car, and she wanted to see the tire didn’t mess up the trunk so while getting a flashlight she stepped on a newly seeded bank and sunk in some gray clay mud. She tried to pull out her foot, but it held fast. She pulled some more and finally pulled it out, but her new suede shoe didn’t come up with her foot.

By now she was laughing so hard and trying to stand on one foot that she fell in the mud. She looked for her shoe but all she could see was a hole in the mud. She reached in and sure enough it was still warm, but it was stuck. After some pulling, the shoe came up covered with gray clay-like mud. She scraped some off, but the shoe never came back to its color.

Well, they were back on the road and found their way to the Indiana turn-off and everything was going fine for two hours and no one would believe it — they took another wrong turn. After two hours, they were right back where they started from.

By this time she didn’t know if she should laugh or cry. It was still very dark and foggy. Some time gone by when they missed another turn, this time due to road construction. The fog didn’t lift until noon. What should have been a 1,225 mile trip ended up to be 1,800 miles.

July 15, 1986

103
Fort Atkinson Automobile Association gathering.

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R.C. “Pat” Abendroth began selling water softeners in 1950 and became a franchised Lindsay Dealer in 1952. Joined in business by his son, Curt in 1964, Pat has watched the business grow from a “basement operation” to its facility at 327 Janesville Ave., built in 1967.

The reliable service provided by Abendroth Water Conditioning has sparked the success of the business. From 1950 to the present, Fort Atkinson’s soft water specialists — Abendroth Soft Water.

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Confessions of bootlegger

(Continued on page 40)
room and stripped us and tied us with cords to chairs and set up a machine gun on a tripod to watch us. One guy walked in back of us and poked us in the ribs with his gun. They weren’t interested in alcohol, only money. They were going to pull the owner’s toenails out if they didn’t find the money.

The owner had hidden his money in large bills in the light switches and under the canopies of the light fixtures. They tore everything apart, slit the mattresses and what not looking for money, which they didn’t get very much of.

There were citizens who were opposed to bootlegging and in favor of Prohibition, but when the law officers didn’t enforce the law, there was not much they could do. Once in a while a federal man would make a raid to make it look good. They raided a farmer south of town once who was making moonshine. They smashed his still and dumped the mash out, and his cows ate the mash and were drunk and staggering.

One time here at Ebner’s Brewery they were making near beer or tonic or something and the federal men caught up with them. They sneaked in as the boys in the brewery were catching the alcohol coming out of the smokestack as steam and taking and condensing it and putting it back after the keg was labeled.

They used a hypodermic needle and squirted alcohol back in so that you made a stronger beer.

Fort High runners took title in 1920s

Down through the years, Fort Atkinson High School has earned a reputation as being strong in track, winning more than its share of honors in Badger Conference, but what may be the finest of all teams in the school’s history came in late 1920s.

With coach “Abo” Abendroth leading the local thyacinids, they won the Class B state championship at Madison in both 1927 and 1928 before losing the 1929 title by half a point.

In 1927, competing at Camp Randall, the then Rock River Valley Conference champions scored 21 1/2 points to 17 1/2 for second-place Spooner. Fort Atkinson had two first places at state and two second places. Finishing first were Wally Dahms in the half mile (2:36.5) and George Henze in the discus (122 feet, 9 inches). Henze also was second in the shot put while Chet Hanson ran second in the mile.

In 1928, Fort Atkinson won its second straight state Class B title after winning the first annual Southern Six Conference title that year and finishing first in each of five meets. Dick Niederkof was the top performer as he won the broad jump (21 feet, 1 1/2 inches); tied for first in the pole vault (11 feet), and ran second in the 120-yard high hurdles. Jack Wagner was first in state in discus (109 feet, 9 inches), while Capt. Orrell Anderson was second in the 400-yard dash and Harold Krull was second in the 220-yard low hurdles.

In 1929, Fort Atkinson lost the state Class B title to Platteville, 29 1/2 to 29. That year, Niederkof was first in both the pole vault and broad jump and second in the 120-high hurdles. Heinz was first in the 220-yard low hurdles; Russell Heine was first in the high jump; Albert Bauer was second in the mile run.

Aeroplane express came

The world’s first aeroplane express landed in Fort Atkinson Sept. 12, 1918, when Lt. Bert R. Blair brought a shipment of Society Brand clothes from the factory at Chicago to N.M. Hopkins store.

Blair flew a Curtiss bi-plane and landed at the Will Hackbarth farm at the south end of Main Street at 1 p.m. that day. He was met by a special welcoming committee headed by Mayor Klein.

to Fort Atkinson in 1919

“A representative of the concern visited flying fields at Dayton, Ohio, and in the East and on his return it was decided to inaugurate the service. The war came on shortly after, which made it necessary to abandon the idea until this spring.

“On his trip to Fort Atkinson, Blair will make the 96 miles from Chicago in one hour and 30 minutes actual flying time. He will be greeted by a tremendous crowd.”

Daily Union
A business attitude, a community commitment, a dedication to excellence.

The Fort Atkinson Area Chamber of Commerce has fostered the ideals of the free enterprise system and worked for the betterment of the community since 1899

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- Fort Atkinson Medical Center
- Fort Atkinson Memorial Hospital
- Fort Atkinson Vision Clinic, S.C.
- Fort Car Wash
- Fort Community Credit Union
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- The Highsmith Co.
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- Interior's Complete
- J M Cargets
- Jefferson Co. Farmco Co-op
- Jefferson Co. Advertiser
- Jellystone Park Camp Resort
- Jensen, D.,朗诵ers.
- Johnson Hill Press
- Jones Office Products, Ltd.
- Johnson Dairy Farm
- Edward D. Jones & Co.
- Jones Interable, Inc.
- Justice Insurance Agency
- K- Mart
- Kentucky Fried Chicken
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- Kleefgen, Dr. Walter
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- Kutz Ambulance Service
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- Lake Geneva Spindustries
- Lakehead Pipeline Co.
- Lampert, John
- LaMuro, Gene
- The Larson Co.
- Legion Dugout Bar
- Lemke, Norman F.
- Liberty Hill Stables
- Lik-Nu Auto Body
- Lorman Iron & Metal Co.
- Lorraine's Hair Care
- Lueder's Radio & TV
- Luister, Dr. David
- MATC-Fort Atkinson
- M & F Data Center
- Madison Ave. Health & Racquet Club
- Mansavage, Robert
- Margraf Agency
- Marquart Homes
- Mason Insurance
- McDonald's
- Dr. Gerald McGowan
- McNulty & Associates
- McNulty Florals & Gifts
- Mental Health Consultants, S.C.
- Mike's Bakery
- Millers on Main
- Mittag, Mark
- Moore Sports
- Moore's Food Products
- Doug Mueller & Co. (Drug Bank)
- Nasco
- Nasco Farm Store
- The Needle Corner
- Nifursky Funeral Home
- Noel-Schoepen, Inc.
- Norland Corp.
- North Shore Resort
- Nystrom, Dr. Peter
- John C. Olson Insurance
- Opportunities, Inc.
- Oral & Maxillofacial Surgery
- of Fort Atkinson
- Papa John's Fresh Pizza
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- Performance Cycle Specialists
- Petroleum Service
- The Pharmacy
- Photography Resource
- Pigly Wiggly
- Pilgrim's Progress Campground
- Powers' Tire & Auto Center
- R-Way Discount Station
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- Realty World-Home Realty
- Redi Serve Foods
- Richie's Family Restaurant
- The Robin's Nest Styling Salon
- Rogers, Smith & Rogers
- Rural Insurance-Don Hollebeck
- SCHARE Outpatient Program
- Schild Chiropractic Office, S.C.
- Sears Catalog Merchant
- Robert Selberg, CPA
- Sentry Foods
- Skate Capitol
- Simonson Oil Co.
- Carol Smith Real Estate
- Smith Motors, Inc.
- South Central Appraisal Co.
- Southgate Gutter
- Spacesaver Corp.
- Spot-Free Car Wash
- Stardust Gifts & Crafts
- Bill Starke Ford-Mercury
- Stevens Mile-Away Motel
- Stitch 'N Time
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- Valley Sanitation Co., Inc.
- Van Horn, Wilcox, Short, Johnson & Ristow, S.C.
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- Video Country
- Virchow, Krause & Co.
- Von Haden Printing
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- Wahl, Dr. Kenneth
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- Waterman, Art
- Wayne Feeds
- Jim Weiss Real Estate
- Welcome Inn
- Wilsons
- Wisconsin Bell
- Wisconsin Electric Power Co.
- Wisconsin Natural Gas Co.
- Wood Design Industries
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- Wright Tree Service
- Yerges Trans. & Van Liners, Inc.
- B. C. Ziegler Co.
It was nearly forty years ago when Bill Starke and V. A. Hetland opened the doors to their Ford-Mercury Dealership.

From 1949 until 1959 Hetland-Starke was located on South Main Street in the space now occupied by the Medical Associates Clinic.

In 1959 the business moved to new quarters on Madison Avenue. For nearly two decades the Ford-Mercury dealership continued to grow.

Today Bill Starke Ford-Mercury is housed in a modern facility on Janesville Avenue, at the south edge of the city. Bill Starke Ford-Mercury is proud of its Fort Atkinson heritage. And also proud of the complete service and auto body departments that complete the make-up of this all-around car dealership. For the finest quality new or used cars, there is only one name to remember —

Bill Starke Ford-Mercury.
By Helmut Knies

In an effort to tell the story of Fort Atkinson on year-by-year basis, the following is a list of the most important, moderately important or just "so so" news story of every year from 1836 through 1883. The biggest story of 1886, naturally, is Fort Atkinson's 100th birthday.

1836 — On Nov. 10, Fort Atkinson is founded by Dwight Foster.
1837 — The first officially recorded death in Fort Atkinson occurs with the passing of Edward Foster Sr.
1838 — Dwight Foster starts a ferry service between Rock River.
1839 — The first school in town is taught by Jane Crane.
1840 — Joseph Morrison becomes the first doctor in Fort Atkinson.
1841 — The first religious organization, the Congregational Society, is organized.
1842 — Koskonomon is organized as a separate township.
1843 — The first bridge across Rock River is finished.
1844 — The first school house in town is built by Charles Rockwell.
1845 — The first saloon, The Old Tiger, is opened by David L. Morrison.
1846 — George May builds the first sawmill in Fort Atkinson.
1847 — Surveyor Milo Jones completes the first plat of Fort Atkinson.
1848 — The first murder in Fort Atkinson occurs as a result of a fight between two Indians.
1849 — The German Methodist-Episcopal Society is organized.
1850 — The first brewery in Fort Atkinson is opened by Dalton & Grassmuck.
1851 — Fort Atkinson schools enroll a total 106 pupils.
1852 — The first Methodist and Congregational churches are built.
1853 — The first Jefferson County Fair is held here at the Green Mountain House.
1854 — James Crane opens the first restaurant and confectionery.
1855 — J.K. Purdy starts a private academy for higher education.
1856 — The Cayuga Chief, the first newspaper in Fort Atkinson, is published by Thurlow and Emma Brown.
1857 — The Good Templar Lodge is founded in Fort Atkinson.
1858 — The Town of Koskonomon is founded by L.B. Caswell and J.D. Clapp.
1859 — The Northwestern Railroad is built through Fort Atkinson.
1860 — Fort Atkinson is incorporated as a village.
1861 — St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church is founded.
1862 — Fort Atkinson goes to the Civil War when Company D, 28th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, is recruited here.
1863 — The First National Bank of Fort Atkinson is founded.
1864 — In an effort to secure volunteers for the Army, the Town of Koskonomon offers an enlistment bounty of $100 per man.
1865 — Cornish & Curtis start a lumberyard in Fort Atkinson.
1866 — The Northwestern Manufacturing Co. is founded.
1867 — The Fort Atkinson Brickyard is begun by L.M. Roberts.
1868 — Daniel Holmes opens the first cheese factory in Fort Atkinson.
1869 — The Universalist Church is organized.
1870 — The Jefferson County Dairyman's Association is begun in Fort Atkinson.
1871 — The Fort Atkinson High School graduates its first class.
1872 — Cornish & Curtis manufacture its first rectangular butter churn.
1873 — W.D. Hoard moves the Jefferson County Union to Fort Atkinson.
1874 — L.B. Caswell becomes a United States congressman.
1875 — The Black Hawk Hunting Club is founded.
1876 — A golden eagle measuring 7 feet, 1 inch from tip to tip was shot on Lake Koskonomon.
1877 — Levi Gilbert of Fort Atkinson builds the first silo in Wisconsin.
1878 — Fort Atkinson is organized as a city.
1879 — The first city band is begun by Stephen Abbott.
1880 — Oscar Cornish serves first of record four terms as mayor of Fort Atkinson.
1881 — The Fort Atkinson Fire Department is organized.
1882 — Forty-seven days of below-zero temperatures recorded, with Fort Atkinson cooling down to 36 below zero.
1883 — The first telephone service is begun in Fort Atkinson.
1884 — Citizens State Bank is founded.
1885 — Hoard's Dairyman Magazine is established.
1886 — Hoard's Cremeries is founded.
1887 — Fort Atkinson's phone directory lists 26 subscribers.
1888 — W.D. Hoard elected governor of Wisconsin.
1889 — The first Jones "little pig sausages" are made by Milo C. Jones.
1890 — The first electricity for commercial use is generated in Fort Atkinson.
1891 — The first Edison phonograph in Fort Atkinson was put on display at the Wernike store on Main Street.
1892 — The first library in Fort Atkinson is opened.
1893 —burglars stole $25 worth of buggy whips from Notbohm's harness shop.
1894 — A train car derailment in Fort Atkinson kills five men.
1895 — The Fort Atkinson Chronicle, later the Fort Atkinson News, is first published.
1896 — Jones Grove is purchased by the city and becomes Fort Atkinson's first park.
1897 — The start of rural free delivery by the (Continued on page 108)
Independence Day dancing at Jones Park.

Newspapers tell top events.

(Continued from page 107)

1929 — Edward Bellman of Fort Atkinson wins the first Milwaukee-Watertown round-trip bicycle race in an adjusted time of 7 hours, 14 minutes.
1930 — The first golf in Fort Atkinson was played at a nine-hole course in Jones Park.
1931 — The Fort Atkinson Canning Company is founded.
1932 — Fort Atkinson High School Cardinals football team wins its first state championship.
1933 — Dr. Frank Brewer starts the first hospital in Fort Atkinson.
1934 — The first five miles of city sanitary sewers are laid.
1935 — The Northwestern Furniture Co. burns down.
1936 — James Manufacturing Co. is founded.
1937 — The first movie theater, The Empire, opens on Main Street.
1938 — Bettersson Knitting Mills is opened.
1939 — Fort Atkinson volunteer firemen place first in a statewide fireman’s competition.
1940 — The new Fort Atkinson Gas Co. is established.
1941 — The census shows that 26 percent of all Fort Atkinson women are working at jobs.
1942 — The Dwight Foster Public Library is completed.
1943 — Fort Atkinson holds its first Chataqua.
1944 — Fort Atkinson volunteer firemen place first in a statewide fireman’s competition.
1945 — The first Fort Atkinson Clean-Up Week is held.
1946 — Main Street is paved for the first time.
1947 — Fort Atkinson votes on prohibition.
1948 — The present day Main Street bridge is completed at a cost of $44,000.
1949 — Fort Atkinson plays host to a giant homecoming parade for more than 500 World War I veterans.
1950 — James Manufacturing Co. builds a 5 1/2 acre factory on Janesville Avenue.
1951 — The Majerus Hospital on Madison Avenue is opened.
1952 — Ernie Hansen becomes the world champion chicken plucker.
1953 — Two monster blizzards in one week paralyze Fort Atkinson in March with 25-foot snow drifts.
1954 — Federal agents break up a major bootleg operation in Fort Atkinson, arresting 19 men and dumping over 2,000 gallons of beer.
1955 — First annual Easter Egg Hunt held in Jones Park.
1956 — Fort Atkinson High School burns down.
1957 — June Hiley of Fort Atkinson becomes Miss Wisconsin.
1958 — The Methodist Church burns down.
1959 — The Municipal Building is completed.
1960 — Fort Atkinson’s population goes over 5,000 for the first time.
1961 — Fort Atkinson city government changes over from mayoral to a city manager system.
1962 — City government opens Stop-and-Go motel to ease the problem of unemployed itinerants.
1963 — The Hoard Historical Museum is founded in the basement of the library.
1964 — Building of the Rock River dock wall is begun as a Work Progress Administration project.
1965 — The city takes over control of the water utility.
1966 — Fort Atkinson celebrates its centennial with a three-mile-long parade viewed by 15,000 spectators.
1967 — The American Legion builds a clubhouse along Rock River.
1969 — The new Barrie School is completed.
1970 — The Fort Atkinson National Guard Company is called up for federal service.
1971 — Nasco is founded.
1972 — The Congregational Church burns down.
1973 — The Army-Navy “E” for excellence is awarded to Creamery Package.
1974 — Staff Sgt. Gerald Endl is awarded a posthumous Medal of Honor for heroism in New Guinea.
1975 — The Larsen Co. is founded.
1976 — The Jefferson County Union becomes a daily newspaper.
1977 — Eight-year-old Georgia Jean Wecker of Oakland is abducted and murdered.
1978 — The high school athletic field is completed.
1979 — A puppy saves the lives of five members of the Clayton Hall family when he roused them from sleep as flames engulfed their home.
1980 — The new 62-bed Memorial Hospital is dedicated.
1981 — The longest strike in Fort Atkinson history, lasting three months, ended at Creamery Package.
1982 — Richard Nixon gives the Lincoln Day speech at the Municipal Building.
1983 — A $50,000 addition to high school is dedicated.
1984 — The city spends $5,000 to obtain off-street parking downtown.
1985 — The city pool opens in Rock River Park.
1986 — The William Ward and Craig Beane farms play host to Farm Progress Days.
1987 — The high school football team wins its second straight Badger Conference championship.
1988 — The high school basketball team wins its second straight Badger Conference championship.
Luther, Graper recall mischievous students

(Continued from page 48)
announcements, they started ring-
ingar, oh, he was mad," said Laura.
A generation later, after Laura
had grown up and become an
educator herself, students were still
trying to do exactly that.
"I had one girl who often came
to talk to me after school, say, 'I
wish we could do something; I hear dad
talking about what he did,'" Laura
recalled.
Laura has continued to take

Three cager teams eyed state

By Dave Ehrhardt
With the city's proud tradition be-
inging the talk of the town this ses-
quicentennial summer, Fort Atkin-
son High School basketball is one
topic that has caught the public's atten-
tion.
In the 65 years the school has
fielded basketball teams, three teams
have qualified for the state tournament.
FAS has been in 1939-40, 1956-
1957 and 1937-38.
Coach Don Gruber's squad
qualified for the Class A field in 1961
by turning in the most memorable perfor-
mance in the school's history with a
104-78 rout of Beloit Memorial in the
sectional final at Janesville Craig High
School.
The Purple Knights fell victim on
that night to Fort Atkinson's 63-
percent shooting from the field and
73-77 margin from the free throw line:"I just couldn't miss," said forward
Steve Ehrke who shot 12-of-16 from
the field.
Fort Atkinson moved into the
sectional final by downing Waterloo,
58-50, in the sectional opener.
Fort Atkinson was matched up with
Plymouth, a small Class A school in
Northeastern Wisconsin, in the opening
round at state. The dreams of a state
championship were shattered in FPHS's
opening game at the Fieldhouse when it
dropped a 44-69 decision to others.
The Panthers broke the Black
Hawks nine-game winning streak
they rode to Madison.
Fort Atkinson finished the season
19-4 overall with a second place
showing in the Badger Conference.
Joining Ehrke on the team were
leading scorer Keith Neubert, Brian
Borland, Jim Ketter, V incent
Petersen, Mike Knaap, John Offerdal,
Mike Smerek, Jerry Quersuen, Dean
Hennessey, Jeff Smith and Bob
Wright.
"It was a once in a lifetime shot," Gruber
said. "This team made it to state, and they
can never take that away from them.
They just came to a peak at the right
time of the year."
The 1956-57 team under Kermit
"Doc" Winkie compiled a 14-4 record in
the Badger and enjoyed a No. 1
ranking in the state on its way to
Madison.
At Madison, the Cardinals (the
team's nickname before Black
Hawks) downs LaCrosse Logan, 68-
57, in its opening game but dropped a
55-57 decision to Madison West in the
semi-finals after leading by as many
as 14 points. Fittingly, Jim Bakken
(former pitcher in the National
Football League) dropped in the winning
field goal for West.
FPHS lost to Two Rivers, 79-62,
the following day to finish fourth.
The club, which was sparked by Ed
Sandvold, Loren Ehlers, Dick Papke, Jim
Corriam and Bill Hess, ran up a
record of 24 straight wins before the
loss to West in Madison.
The 1937-38 team set the precedent
for Fort Atkinson High School teams
of the future. The Cardinals were the
first FPHS team to win a league title,
8-2 in the Southern Six Conference,
a district tournament and qualify for
a trip to state.
Art Freudenberg coached the
team that finished 16-3 overall with
players Willard Pitzer, John Kam-
mer, Eugene Tilton, Bob Luebke,
Eugene Holoff and others.
After coping the league crown,
Fort Atkinson went to the district
tournament in Watertown and pro-
ceded to beat West Milwaukee, 21-13,
and Watertown, 24-17. Fort Atkinson
downed Delavan, 35-17, in the
regional final for the right to go to
Madison.
The Cardinals brought home disap-
pointing results from Madison with
two last second losses. The first was
to Tomah, 30-26, with the second
coming in the consolation round at
Evanseville, 24-23, in overtime.

Grimm at home in Fort

(Continued from page 86)
15 in the series at the plate. However,
the Bronx Bombardiers of Ruth, Gehrig
and DiMaggio spoiled Grimm's World
Series debut as a manangement-sweeping
the Cubs in four games.
During his lengthy playing career,
Grimm appeared in 2,164 games, had
2,229 hits and 1,076 RBIs - while
compiling a lifetime average of
.296.
In 1945, Grimm, having retired as
an active player, returned the Cubs
to the October Classic by guiding them
to a 86-56 record. But fate being
larger than himself, he then lost the
Series in seven games to De-
troit. Little did Grimm or the legions
of Cubs fans realize, it would be
the last act for him.
In 1949, Grimm was fired by
the Cubs. In 1932, he was hired as
manager of the Boston Braves, after
having achieved successful stints
managing the Milwaukee Brewers of
old American Association, and
remained with the Braves when they
moved to Milwaukee. Grimm
managed the Braves the first four
years they were in Milwaukee, guid-
ing them to second-place finishes
both. He was replaced by Fred
Haney in 1959.
At the end of the 1959 season,
Grimm was again hired to manage
the Cubs, replacing Bob Scheffing.
But on May 5, 1960, Grimm was
again. This time he was replaced by
Lou Boudreau, who had been an-
nouncing Cubs games. They merely
switched jobs.
Grimm's first close association
with Fort Atkinson came in 1954,
during his years as manager of the
Milwaukee Braves. He agreed to be
the speaker that June at the banquet
honoring W.J. "Billy" Sullivan, a
Fort Atkinson native who went on to
become a star catcher of the Chicago
White Sox from 1901-14.
While residing here, he joined the
Koshkonong Mounds Country Club
and included the game of tennis in
his list of favorite sports.
Grimm died at his home in Scott-
dale Ariz., on Nov. 15, 1983.
Tell us about the olden days

Everyone remembers different things about the years gone by. That’s particularly evident in the responses of several women who sat down at the Fort Atkinson Area Senior Citizens Center with the Daily Union reporter and a tape recorder to do some recollecting about whatever topic popped into their heads.

The first is Florence Strasburg, who with her husband, Harold, farmed near Lake Mills and then Cold Spring. Today they reside along County Highway J. They purchased their farm in 1945 and bought another farm a mile down the road and built a house there 10 years ago.

By Florence Strasburg

"There’s been a lot of changes over the years. One day, my husband and I had been cutting hay all afternoon and he said, ‘I wish we had someone to cultivate.’ I said, ‘Well, I’ll try.’

They got the tractor ready for me and I said, ‘How do you mow it?’ My husband said, ‘I’ll go along with you for the first run.’ I said, ‘If I can’t do it alone, I don’t want to do it at all.’

I did, and I got a lot more work that year and the 25 years that followed.”

Ed and Isabel Sexton have resided at 508 Clarence St. since building there in 1936.

By Isabel Sexton

"Before I married into the family (before 1932), Ed’s folks lived on Clarence Street by the bail company. His grandfather (Levi Jaycox), who owned land down there, had horses and he would move houses. I don’t know where he got the houses from — near the lake or out in the country somewhere — but he would move the houses in with the horses.

One night we had a party in the backyard and a neighbor said, ‘How many of these houses were here before Lorman (Iron & Metal) came into the area?’ He said they were all here, only our house was 50 years old and we were one of the newest ones. I don’t know what grandson did otherwise. Nothing, it seemed. I guess his wife did the work. They had a farm out in the country down by the river, and grandma would do all the work and he went hunting and fishing.

Ed’s lived on the same street almost 76 years. Once he lived on North Main Street and his grandson lived next door where we live. His folks built a house on the other side.

My kids always say, ‘Buy a different house, buy a bigger house,’ you know. And he wouldn’t move, I guess because he’s lived there many years. We’d have to move the street in order to move him, too.

Most people walked to work and they’d come home for lunch. But they would pool their cars during the gas ration during the war. I went to work at J.C. Penney when my son was 2½ years old. On Saturdays, sometimes I’d walk to work three times for a split shift. I’d have hours like 10 a.m. to noon, 2 to 6 p.m. and 7 to 10 p.m.

I wasn’t even afraid to walk home then. But now, I wouldn’t even go a half-block.

Schoellner home first on block

by Mrs. Forrest Schoellner

My husband and I have raised a lovely family in one of the oldest homes in the city (339 Maple St.). We have tried to find out when the house was built, but the nearest we could come was a map that Mrs. (Hannah) Swart showed us in 1865 of the Milo Jones addition, and our little house sets on the corner of Fourth and Maple all by itself.

Hannah (longtime curator of the Hoard Historical Museum) said not much building went on during the Civil War, so it probably was built sometime before 1860.

It was a humble little home, and still is, with no fancy fireplaces or woodwork, but the big corner lot is still beautiful except for the sacrifices of the lovely elm and maple trees.

The house had been vandalized, ravaged and burned, and was being sold for taxes.

Somehow it said, “Buy me. I will make a home for you.” We did.

We had no restoreing as everything of any age was old. We rolled up our sleeves and went to work. My husband put in all new wiring, plumbing and put in a chimney going through the center of the house.

It wasn’t until our comfortable flat was finished that we had one month to move that we even thought of living in it. Anyone who could remember back to 1945 knew how hard it was to rent a house and get materials. A priority list was needed for windows, plumbing, wiring, sheet metal for heat ducts, etc.

With the help of friends, the burned addition was torn down.

It was hard those first years. The plaster walls were broken down and our place made. Our first concern was for our children, but they were kept neat and clean and the new baby was placed in a canvas swing from the ceiling.

My husband and I worked when we were through at the shop and as we had the money and could get the material.

The garage was cleaned up both inside and out. I could write about that: at one time the garage was condemned as it was leaning so badly. No one thought we could save it, but it was straightened, roofed, painted and a pretty window box added. We think it’s prettiest garage on the block.

Our house will never make the historical register and there is nothing for the “walk of homes.”

We never got it to be the “dream house” we pictured. We never had the money on the time, but a lot of love has come from that humble old home and I am proud to what we have done. We have lived here 41 years.

No one famous ever slept here, but our old humble little houses shouldn’t be forgotten either in our sesquicentennial.

E. N. Foster first death

The first death ever recorded in Fort Atkinson occurred Oct. 19, 1837, with the death of E. N. Foster Sr.