



*The Land of Milk and Honey Awaits
In Honey Creek, Wisconsin*

*Some folks travel around the world
seeking peace and pleasure,
Hoping to find that perfect place
which they can rightly treasure.*

*In the United States some find their dream
in Seattle or in Branson,
But the land of milk and honey awaits
right here in Wisconsin.*

*Even our roads depict it so
from Prairie to Valley View,
Where on hill and plain the growing grain
stirs one's heart anew.*

*There's a little church upon a hill
with a creek not far below,
Which are little changed from yesteryear,
remembered long ago.*

*So unless you've found that perfect place
in Seattle or in Branson,
Perhaps you ought to come and see
Honey Creek, Wisconsin.*

Robert Stowell

In the 1880's, the SOO line RR built its line from Chicago to Minneapolis, coming through Honey Creek in about 1885 and hauling its first trainload of flour from Minneapolis to Chicago in 1888. The blacksmiths John Beers and Fred Bauman were kept busy shoeing the many horses being used in building the railroad. At this time Honey Creek acquired a depot, hotel, mill, lumberyard and stockyards. At the stockyards many head of cattle, pigs and sheep were shipped out whenever a carload could be assembled. Often some of the farmers and horse dealers would go out west, buy a carload of horses in Dakota and Iowa, selling them out of the railroad car in Honey Creek up at the depot.

In season, pickles from surrounding farms were brought into the pickle factory. They were processed in huge tanks of salty brine and in due time put in pickle cars and shipped to Chicago for packing in jars. Vogler & Schillo operated the pickle factory for many years with Splinter Pickle being its last owner. Late October and early November seemed to be the cabbage harvesting time. Bill Baker, Bill Clason and Harold Rossmiller were among some of the farmers that loaded tons of cabbages into

refrigerated cars and shipped them to kraut factories in Chicago. Each wagon load would be weighed at a scale at the mill and the company would pay the farmers accordingly.

The hotel near the depot on Langmaid Street served the people that came off of the passenger trains. This didn't happen often, but the bar always seemed to do a brisk business. Gambling on cards and the pool table was all a part of the activities up there for many years. It has been a private home for a long time now.

Many of the boys and girls from Honey Creek rode the passenger trains to High School in Burlington. The fare was \$.10 each way so it cost \$1.00 per week. The depot was a great place for the young people to watch the station agent as he worked the telegraph key, try the gum machine in the waiting room, and experience the sights and sounds of the railroad from benches in the waiting room. It became a part of the International Production Specialists when it was moved across the tracks by the DanDee Equipment Company some years ago.

Wendell E. Earle