



OUR GIFT TO YOU...



SUNDAY JANUARY 3, 2016—

YES, 2016 already!

1:00 TO 5:00

Programs presented at 1:30-2:30 and 3:30

**HOLIDAY
COME ON OVER
OPEN HOUSE**



THERE IS NO ADMISSION CHARGE FOR THIS SPECIAL EVENT, BRING SOME FRIENDS, BRING NEIGHBORS OR EVEN RELATIVES!

The museum is decorated with Christmas finery. If you haven't visited lately, check the Holiday displays. The program will be presented 3 times, 1:30—2:30 and 3:30. The program consists of; Myron Lindeman playing and telling about the Frenzel organ that he recently repaired, Art and Barb Straub will lead a sing along, and we will tell about some recent gifts given to the Society. We will be serving treats all afternoon. Watch a slide show of previous SCHS events while you have some cider, coffee and treats. Sibley County Royalty—Queen Cheyanne Walz, Ambassadors; Maria Cross, Erica Traxler and Kim Bach will be assisting with the program.

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The XPrez Sez
by Jerome Petersen

Prez Sez

Merry Christmas to all from our SCHS volunteers.

The Gibbon Ballroom saga is in the works. We have started some research on that project. Dorothy, Cory Becker, Ruth Ann and I have been looking through old Gibbon Gazettes for bits of information to add to the book. I am hoping it would be done in 2017. I am also hoping many people will be willing to contribute stories. I know there are many couples who met at the Ballroom over the years.

The ballroom started in 1926 in the Gibbon Park. For the next 20+ years it was just known as *The Pavilion*. In the early

Fezz Fritsche 1961
plays Easter at
Gibbon Ballroom

The Gibbon Ballroom is humming with activity these days as carpenters, plumbers, painters and masons rush to complete the remodeling job. Closed since 1954, the building was purchased last fall by A. H. Hermel of St. Peter and he is spending thousands of dollars rejuvenating the structure.

A new heating and air conditioning plant has been installed to provide year-around comfort. The exterior of the building has been recovered with white asbestos shingle-siding, the entranceway is being remodeled with a large canopy, and the interior will be remodeled and redecorated.

Fezz Fritsche and his Goosetown Band will play for the opening dance Easter Sunday. Nine dances have already been scheduled for April including a Teen-Age dance April 21 and Whoopee John April 30th.

1930s it was moved to its present location east of town and thrived there till the early 1950s.

It fell into disrepair in the mid 1950s, and was resurrected in 1961 when the Hermel family bought it. The clipping on the left is from a 1961 Gibbon Gazette announcing the grand reopening. When Polka Days was in full swing for 30 years, people from all over

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Calendar of Events
Check our website for 2016 programs.

- If you have suggestions or comments on upcoming programs Contact Judy Loewe 507-248-3345



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the US came and danced each year at the big celebration. Many couples met at wedding dances which took place at the ballroom for decades.

If you have some interesting ballroom stories or photos,

PAVILION CHANGED OWNERSHIP LAST TUESDAY
The Gibbon Pavilion changed ownership last Tuesday when a deal was completed whereby Messrs. Wm. Sauter and Elmer Olson purchased the same from Olson & Marlowe. The new owners acquire immediate possession and will conduct their first dance next Sunday night with Oldenberg's Old Tyme orchestra of Henderson furnishing the music. This is the first old tyme hop to be held here for some time and it is expected that a large crowd will be in attendance.

This clipping is from the September 26, 1926 Gazette. Look who was playing at the Pavilion. The original owners opened the pavilion in the spring of 1926. James Olson owned the Gibbon Gazette at that time.

GIBBON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
BENEFIT DANCE
AT THE
Gibbon Ballroom
WED., SEPT. 3
MUSIC BY RHODE BROS.
ALL PROCEEDS WILL BE DONATED TO THE GIBBON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION
Adv. Donated By Gibbon Gazette

A benefit fund raiser for the proposed Gibbon Hospital, Gibbon Gazette August 28, 1947
Here we are in 2015, no hospital and no ballroom either!

GRAND PRIZE MASQUERADE BALL!
\$50 In Cash And Merchandise Prizes!
at the **Gibbon Pavilion**
GIBBON, MINNESOTA,
\$50 In Cash And Merchandise Prizes!
Sunday Eve., October 31st!
Just Look. \$50 Worth of Prizes To Be Given Out As Follows:
Most Beautiful Dressed Lady: \$7.50
Most Beautiful Dressed Gent: \$7.50
\$10 In Cash for the best representative group of four or more.
\$5 In Cash for the best representative couple, man and lady.
For The Best Cowboy, Cowgirl, Coon, Funnist Clown, Farmer, Indian Man, Tallest Man, Tallest Lady, Old Maid, Indian Woman.
Dancing Starts 9 P.M. Grand March and Awarding of Prizes Will Take Place At 11 P.M.
Admission Prices:--Gents, \$1.00. - Ladies, 25c.
Music by the Famous "Blue Chasers" Orchestra, of Sibley, Iowa.
Everybody Welcome! Tell Your Friends! And Then Come!

From an October 29, 1926 Gibbon Gazette

please share them with us. We could put them in the book and you will be famous forever. I must caution you, no sex or violence. I will be adding some photos and clippings in the newsletter from time to time that some may find interesting. I am wondering, is \$50 too much for a Ballroom Book???

I have been the SCHS president for twenty years, not because anyone wanted me to stay, but because they didn't want the job, which isn't all that hard. I was vice-president when Peter Koop was at the helm. He resigned because of health issues, and died shortly thereafter, and I took his place. Dying is not my first choice as a way of leaving this position! But it did work for Peter. This past October I sent a note to all the board members that I was resigning/retiring/quitting. And SCHS is moving on from there. I plan to continue volunteering at the museum, working on this newsletter and doing other chores at SCHS. I have praised the group that works in Henderson on Tuesdays, (our work day) guides, and many chores that get done at our homes. Genealogy research, the Website, Country

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(Continued from page 2)

School Book, the newsletter, correspondence and the Ostrom Project are examples of these. I look forward to Tuesdays and plan appointments to keep that day free for SCHS. I think our group has a pretty good working relationship, and a great deal gets accomplished. Right now they are preparing the museum for our Holiday Open House on January 3. The 4-H displays, our 2015 theme, were removed and are being replaced with a Christmas Theme. The house looks wonderful! Please come for our program! Sometimes we have porch parties. Sometimes we have old time friends stop in. Sometimes curious people who have driven by many times stop take a tour of the place. Sometimes we have visitors from another country. Sometimes people will come and drop off very interesting artifacts. Sometimes a person will come and want to talk about their parent growing up in Henderson decades ago looking for a special photo.



Sometimes a radio or TV person comes for an interview. When working on the Country School book we had numerous fascinating people tell us about their country school experiences in the 20s, 30s and 40s. That's the *other* people. *Our* group is pretty interesting too.



Roseann-TRUST ME! It will look better when I'm done!

We, most being seniors, can talk about our health, operations, pills, aches and pains, hair loss, hearing loss, memory loss, key loss and eyesight loss. We can tell about our grandchildren (who are all above average) and their accomplishments, our travels, our churches (yeh, we can even talk religion), current events, upcoming events and past events. Lunchtime topics cover a wide range. The point being, this is an interesting and fun place to be. We even have wine with lunch occasionally if the conversation is getting too dull.

I have met some incredible people in those 20 years, in person and by mail/email. For example; Nelson Norman was a professor in San Diego CA, was on WGN radio in Chicago, attended Harvard, married Dorothy when he was in MA. I was honored to have him, Dorothy and his son, visit our home a few years ago where we shared a shot of akvavit. Nelson's father graduated from Henderson High School in 1898.

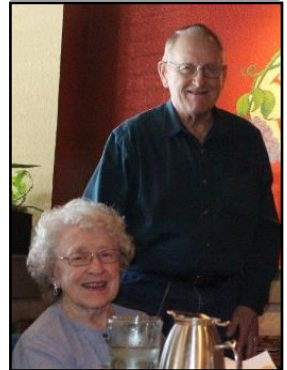


Nelson and Dorothy

(that's right, 117 years ago). Nelson passed away this year. I was grateful to work with Bert Karels (an Iowa kid who was a B-24 crew member in WWII) putting phone wires to the second floor, repairing attic windows and making display racks in the basement, repairing the microfilm reader. Bert can fix the unfixable. I met Ed Kruse and his wife, Dorothy. Ed is a 35 year Navy retiree who grew up in Grafton Township. We have (on loan) some of his 80 year old Christmas toys on display, a 4-H project donation and his navy parachute. Ed wrote several pieces for our newsletter, and a piece in the Country School Book. His work will be in the upcoming Ballroom Book. I will add here that Ed and I also shared some akvavit!! I met Charles and Karen Erickson who brought the journal of their ancestor who moved to Sibley County in 1860, had Dr. Mayo come to their home to care for their child, who hunted with Governor Sibley and fled their home during the Indian Uprising. Ericksons brought the oldest country school picture from the 1860s. They come to our meetings, parties and annual meeting. I met Victor Gess by exchanging emails. His grandfather Applegren had a jewelry store in Winthrop, sold it and moved to Montana. His mother was confirmed in Bernadotte in 1915, then boarded the train to Wolf Point, Montana. Victor now lives in Lafayette California! I work with Sharon Shimota, whose relative survived the USS Arizona attack on December 7, and another ancestor whose farm was on the Gettysburg Battlefield, and who heard Lincoln give his Gettysburg address. I met Charles and Donna Meyer who grew up in Winthrop and now live in Houston TX. Donna attended Country School. They are very generous to SCHS, and are delightful visitors. Meyer ancestors were some of the earliest settlers and founders of St. John's Church along Highway 19 near Arlington. I've known Arlene Busse since coming to SCHS, who has an encyclopedia of information in her head (that is a compliment to encyclopedias). She is generous, charming and has an artful eye for decorating. I actually think she could make a silk purse from a sow's ear. I've met Steve and Becky Briggs. They do our website, the Ostrom Project, present SCHS programs and they di-



Bert



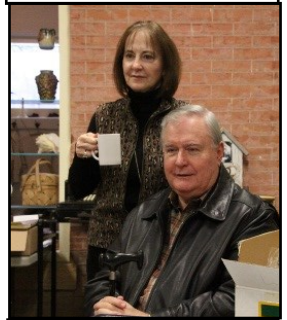
Dorothy and Ed



Charles and Karen



Sharon



Donna and Charles

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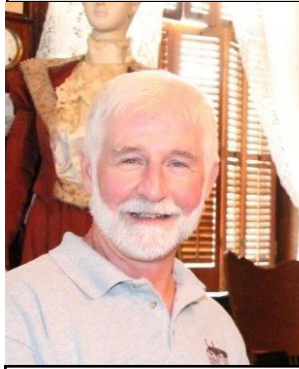
rected us to Gustavus for our newsletter printing – saving us money and its convenience. I met Judy Markgraf of St. Cloud, who contacted me wondering if I could check if she has any relatives living by Gibbon by the name of Johnson!!! As luck would have it, there are Johnsons living by Gibbon, many in fact. But none connected to her. But as luck would also have it, our good friends live on the farm her ancestors owned, and she visited them as well as the church they attended, Clear Lake Swedish Lutheran, and their graves, and ended her Sibley County visit at our museum where she found obits on our microfilm. And just very recently, via email, I met Bob Wieman who contributed articles for this newsletter issue, as well as the Country School Book. He has written about his WWII experiences as a pilot in the Air Corps. This is a cross section of the variety of remarkable people I have met at SCHS. There are many more, of course. I am a lucky guy to be connected to SCHS.

The core group of Tuesday regulars are a talented group; Ruth Ann Buck, Sharon Haggemiller, Mary Petersen, Marie Main, Dorothy Peterson, the Rostbergs, Ray and Gisela Meyer, the Karels, the Nagel brothers, Judy Loewe and Millie Johnson (the oldest) and Cory Becker (the youngest). Roseann Nagel is computer whiz and does SCHS on Facebook, does newsletter labeling, correspondence and makes some pretty great treats. This group does genealogy, PR work, cemetery research, dusting, filing, pest control, programs, windows, making treats, gardening, maintenance, furniture assembly, landscaping and more...

I am a lucky guy to be a part of SCHS. I have to thank my late mother-in-law, Angie Foltz, for getting me interested in coming to the museum, starting in the early 1980s as a casual observer. The society is vastly different from those days. The pay might is not good, but there are perks; meeting interesting people, fun parties, working with grand people and learning of our county's history. I figured I drove nearly 70,000 miles coming to Henderson. I must like it. I will keep coming until I am old or get in a fight with the ladies who come on Tuesdays.



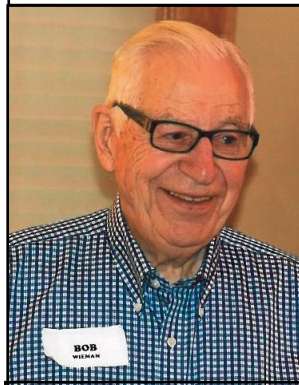
Arlene



Steve



Judy and Grandson



Bob

OFFICERS SOUGHT

At our November 24th board meeting we discussed the election of officers for our society. This will be a topic at our annual meeting in April. Sharon Haggemiller, Lowell Nagel and others are on the nominating committee and they may be thinking of you for one of the positions open; President, Vice President and Secretary. If you have suggestions for any of these positions, let SCHS know. If YOU would like to be considered for any of these positions, you would be welcomed with open arms. Keep in mind, these officers DO NOT need to be part of the Tuesday working crew. Keep in mind, we would WELCOME you to be part of the Tuesday working crew. You would be required to attend board meetings and other duties connected to that office.

...and for political correctness; Sibley County Historical Society does not and shall not discriminate on the basis of race, color, religion (creed), gender, gender expression, age, national origin (ancestry), disability, marital status, sexual orientation, or military status, in any of its activities or operations. These activities include, but are not limited to, hiring and firing of staff, selection of volunteers and vendors, and provision of services. We are committed to providing an inclusive and welcoming environment for all members of our staff, clients, volunteers, subcontractors, vendors, and clients.

It's big type so you are sure to read it all!!

One fight we never have, I don't have to worry about putting the toilet seat down. I have a private urinal.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you and your families

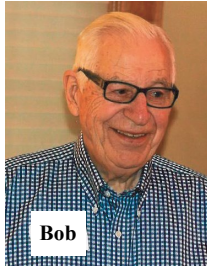
Rommie



AHEAD OF HIS TIME

By Robert L. (Bob) Wieman

Farming in South-Central Minnesota during the Great Depression (1930s) was not a choice occupation. Granted, it was not as formidable as trying to make a living on the prairie farms in the Dust Bowl areas of Kansas and Oklahoma during that time, but it was not easy. It was especially difficult if farming was not your chosen or favorite occupation, but one thrust upon you by family tradition. Even then, though, attitude and ingenuity can make a difference.



Walter Wieman was my dad. He grew up on the farm of his father (John Wieman — my grandfather), in Sibley County located in South Central Minnesota. My grandfather had farmed

was signed in 1918. He and my mother were married shortly thereafter. Since farming was not his cup of tea, Walter took a short business course at a local commercial college and upon its completion accepted a job in the bank at Henderson, Minn. as bookkeeper/cashier. He and my mother were very happy there, but the opportunity to run his own life insurance business in Hutchinson tempted him. After giving it much thought he and my mother moved to Hutchinson and opened a life insurance agency. Life Insurance was something very new. He got in on the ground floor. The life insurance idea caught on and his business prospered.

On November 11, 1920, my older brother Don was born in Hutchinson. Shortly thereafter the news arrived that my grandfather had become too ill to run the farm. Since my dad was the only son in the family with four sisters, he was expected, by family tradition, to come home and run the farm. He did not like the thought of going back to the farm, but family tradition played the major role and he felt he was obligated to do so. He sold his now thriving new business in Hutchinson and moved back to the farm just in time for the spring planting in 1921. The move wasn't all bad. Farm prices were high, a holdover from the wartime economy. But that was not to last long. The Great Depression was on the horizon. Prices started dropping and everything became more difficult. Then FDR closed all the banks and the Feds took half of everything before the banks opened again. My own personal saving account was reduced from \$2.50 to \$1.47 — what a blow.

Farming was difficult before. Now it became more difficult with falling prices. In many ways non-farming was even worse. On the farm you could grow so much of the food you ate so you seldom went hungry. That was not true for many city folks.

And then something really big happened. On May 5, 1922, I was born on the farm— all 12 1/2 big pounds, a record for the family. A neighbor lady came out to the farm the morning I was born, and upon seeing me lying on the kitchen table she started to cry. She was sure my mother must have died during that childbirth. Well, she didn't, and 1 1/2 years later another son (Earl) was born. A daughter (Jeanne) showed up several years later followed by another daughter (Marilyn). Now there were five of us. What every farmer needed — three boys to help with all the farm work. Keep in mind our farm had no electricity, no plumbing, no tractor. We had five work horses and one pony. From very young on, we learned the meaning of work. There was never an end to it. The two girls never got involved with the outside farm work. My mother needed help with the cooking, cleaning, laundry and sewing, and of course, with no electricity or plumbing, everything was more difficult.

We had time to read after dark when we couldn't work outside. Kerosene lamps supplied the light. We had "Successful Farming" magazine, "The Farmer," another monthly farm magazine, and the Bible. Most farmers thought there was little need for more reading material than that. However, my dad's thoughts ran a little deeper than most of his fellow farmers. He wondered about how things could be made better, and about not doing the same thing the same way year after year with no change. He thought improvement in almost anything you did was possible. For example, seed

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that land since Henry Wieman, his father and my great grandfather, died. Henry Wieman was born in Germany. He came to America, married and produced 13 children, my grandfather being one of them. Upon his death each of the sons that wanted to farm (John, August, Herman and Fred) was given a quarter section farm (160 acres) in Sibley County. The other nine children each received a cash settlement.

The farms of John, August and Herman were very close to each other three miles west of Arlington, while Fred's was one mile south of that city. John Wieman had five children, Linda, Ella, Walter, Frieda and Sonora.

My father was drafted into the U.S. Army during World War I in 1915. He spent several years in the trenches in France and Germany. He came home to Minnesota when the Armistice



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corn that farmers used to plant their corn crop for the next year. The normal procedure for all farmers at the time was to shell enough ears to supply seed corn for the coming season. There



was no selection process. You shelled last year's crop— big ears, small ears, half-formed ears, crippled ears, everything —and used it to plant next year's crop. That didn't seem right to my dad. Why plant seeds from a less than perfect ear for next year's crop? He didn't believe you could improve the corn you grew by using less than perfect seeds year after year. Nobody else saw this as a problem, but he did.

When I was 9 years old and in third grade (1931) my dad enlisted me to help with a project he designed. During corn picking we put aside large and perfectly formed ears for our experiment. Any ear less than perfect was rejected for the experiment and used for cattle feed. Each of these perfect ears was given a number. The selected ears were dried in the attic of our house where they weren't subjected to the temperature and humidity variations the outside corn was subjected to. Then a series of half-inch deep holes (one inch in diameter) were drilled in boards. Each hole was given a number to correspond to the number on each of the ears of corn in the experiment. Fine sawdust was used to fill all the holes. During early spring, when the temperature was warm enough in the attic the experiment was started. Three kernels of corn were picked from each of the ears in the experiment and placed in one of the holes under the sawdust, making sure that the number given to the ear matched the number of the hole. Using my mother's water spray bottle we supplied moisture to the sawdust in each of the holes, to make sure the proper moisture level was maintained for germination of the corn seeds. Then all we had to do was maintain the moisture level, and wait. In a number of days (usually about 10-12) the corn kernels

would sprout and send up a healthy shoot. If all three kernels sprouted in a given hole, the ear that matched that hole number passed the test and was saved for seed corn. If fewer than three sprouts showed up in a hole, that numbered ear was rejected for seed corn. It was a time consuming process, but all research is — and this was research in its purest form.

Agricultural colleges didn't study this problem until years later. Many years were spent in a number of schools before hybrid seed corn was developed— now the standard product used by all farmers. No farmer produces his own seed corn these days. I think it's safe to say that my dad was way ahead of his time.

In many other areas my dad was unusual. He was a fine carpenter. He built a number of pieces of furniture used in



our house, some of which are still being used. Everything was done with hand tools — remember, no electricity. He had no training as a carpenter. Everything he knew was self taught.

Another area he excelled in was horticulture — again self-taught. He taught my brothers and me how to graft a bud from one tree unto a different tree. We had an apple tree in our yard that produced three distinct different apples. When the tree was young he grafted buds from two other apple trees onto this tree, and we watched it develop into the most unusual apple tree. People were amazed to see three very different apples growing on the same tree. Grafting is not easy. You have to be so careful in keeping the grafting site clean and free from any outside contamination. Sealing the graft site with wax is required to keep insects and bugs away from the site. Once again, I think it's fair to say, my dad was ahead of his time.

While my mind was pretty much made up by age 6 that farming was not for me— I hated getting up at 5 a.m. to milk the cows, especially in the winter — I'm sure that working with my dad on projects like improving seed corn for farmers helped steer me toward a science oriented occupation. When I took chemistry in high school I knew I had found it.



Editors note; The Wieman Farm is in Dryden Township, Section 12



Serendipity, Arrival of Hans Andersen

By Arlene Buse

A definition of serendipity , "The occurrence and development of events by chance in a beneficial way."

Some early pioneer houses and barns and churches were becoming too small, perhaps too primitive; it was time for replacement. Master carpenter, Hans Anderson arrived in the Arlington community in 1882, evidently by chance according to his granddaughter, Joan Kroehler Heinz of Henderson. Her mother, Lily, one his five children prepared a brief biography of their father for her own family from which some information for this story has been taken.

Lily has written that Hans Andersen was born in 1854 in Boeslunde, Sorø, Denmark, completed parochial school, then had two years higher education in architecture and became skilled in art and in drawing buildings. He worked for a time as a carpenter then served in the navy. He left Denmark in 1880 at age 26 and settled in Wisconsin where he again worked as a carpenter and in millwork production.

How or why he came to the Arlington area about 1882 is not known but it was a good choice. He was the contractor for houses and barns and became well known as a builder. The congregation at St. John's Lutheran Church, New Rome had outgrown their original building and voted in February of 1884 to have Andersen build a 40' x 80' church which was completed and occupied that fall. It has since been raised. At the time the congregation disbanded, items from the church were donated to the museum including the hymn board and communion service. Their pulpit Bible is a recent donation.

Another granddaughter, Mazie Andersen Englund of Pennigilly, MN, recently donated several large scale drawings; exterior and interior views of a church which he never built exactly as depicted. It is thought by his granddaughters that this set was a conceptual rendering which he showed to church building committees. They would then agree on dimensions, window numbers etc. and he would draw detailed new plans for their approval, which served during construction as blueprints do today. These plans were probably retained by the church.

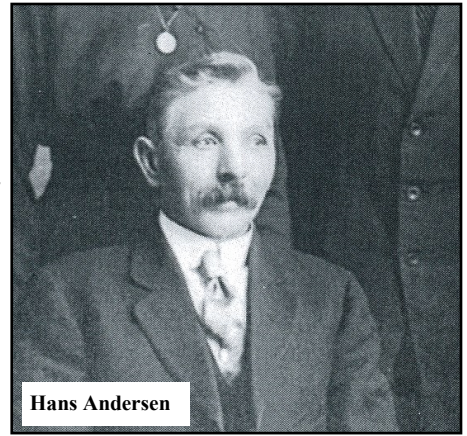
The second Sibley County church for which Andersen was the contractor was erected in 1886 for St. Paul's Lutheran in Arlington. According to church history the size was to be "50 feet long, 32 feet wide and 26 feet high." A 20 foot addition was made to the front of the church in 1903. The congregation outgrew that facility and replaced it in 1956.

In October of 1887 he was married to Emma Bade of rural Arlington. They would live for many years on her family's home farm where he was an active and progressive farmer but first he built one last church.

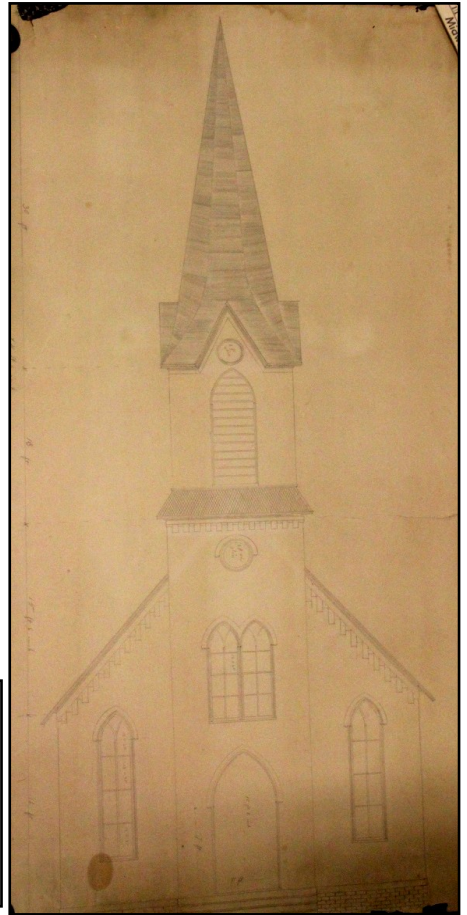
Immanuel Lutheran at Gaylord, established in 1882, needed larger facilities. The congregation voted to build in October of 1887 with Andersen as the

contractor. The specifications in their Centennial history were, "... house of worship 36x60 with a tower 95 feet in height". Erection was underway when a storm took down the walls temporarily. The project was finished at a cost of \$3,847.00 with the dedication service on October 21, one year from the vote to build.

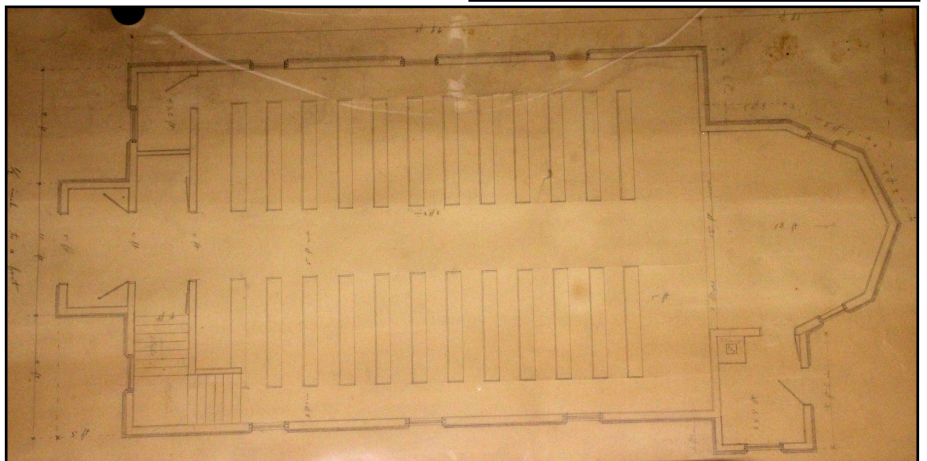
Hans Andersen and his wife retired in Arlington in 1926, with their home within walking distance of the church he had built. His funeral was conducted there when he died in 1944 at age 90.



Hans Andersen



Conceptual design by Hans Andersen, 1880s. Drawing and dimension markings in pencil on very heavy paper evidently cut from a roll of the material.



Tightly rolled drawings, were inherited by donor granddaughter Mazie who had never seen them. Fragile condition required "relaxing" at the museum before family viewing.



MY 93rd BIRTHDAY

As I sit here in my office under the three sky-lites that flood the room with wonderful natural light, I can't help but think about my 93rd birthday-- a little more than a month from now. I realize that with every passing week, month or year, I'm that much closer to dying. I'm not afraid of dying--but I am curious. No one has experienced it and come back to describe it--to give us any clues as what to expect.

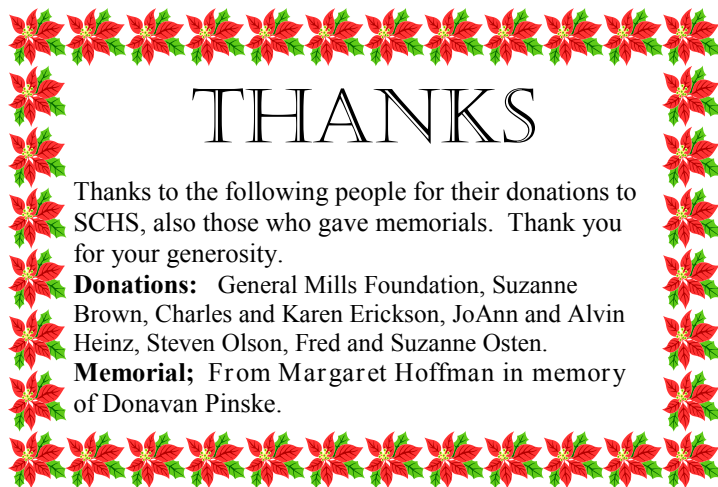
When people die-- and I'll be no exception--they leave an immediate void that cannot be filled in the short term. But like the pebble that is thrown into the pond, the circular wave it creates grows smaller and smaller as the distance and time from the point of impact increases. The exact same thing happens to that void created when we die. With time, the immediate grief/anguish/distress becomes less--and your life continues. I know from personal experience--I've gone through it--and so have most of you.

We are all unique, and we will each leave a different kind of void--depending on how we lived--how we treated our loved ones, our friends and people in general. The size and duration of the void we leave will depend largely on just that.

Over the years I have been given much, and I hope I have given back. I have been loved, and I hope I have reciprocated. I have had the privilege of being part of several good families, and the further privilege of having had many good friends. I have traveled in our country and abroad, and at times I have described those travels in the written form--some of which have been published.

So, as I look forward to turning "93", I do so knowing that my life so far has been a privilege and an adventure--to be continued--I hope.

Bob Wieman



THANKS

Thanks to the following people for their donations to SCHS, also those who gave memorials. Thank you for your generosity.

Donations: General Mills Foundation, Suzanne Brown, Charles and Karen Erickson, JoAnn and Alvin Heinz, Steven Olson, Fred and Suzanne Osten.

Memorial; From Margaret Hoffman in memory of Donavan Pinske.



Holly Harjes showing some young guests how to play the *cob* organ on Heritage Days.

HENDERSON HERITAGE DAYS



Sharon Haggemiller giving a Heritage Day presentation to guests on the tour. It was presented several times throughout the day.



Heritage Days was celebrated the weekend of October 3rd. There were tours in Henderson including the Library, The Brown Cemetery, our museum and the J.R. Brown Center. Marie Kreft portrayed Fredrika Mohr, a midwife, at the cemetery tour. Various historic townspeople were portrayed by community members and told about that person's life by their gravestone.





Brenda Bernard*	Bethel MN	W James Huelskamp	De Pere WI
Joe & Christine Dysterheft*	Shakopee MN	Janice & Eugene Isakson	St Peter MN
Leo Fischer*	Gibbon MN	John & Dorothy Johnson	Gibbon MN
Karen E.Helfert	Rockville MD	Mildred Johnson	Gaylord MN
Myron Lindeman*	Redwood Falls MN	Greg & Carolyn Johnson	Winthrop MN
Sue Osten*	Scandia MN	Joe Kistner	Arlington MN
Darrel & Jackie Alsleben	Arlington MN	Maureen & Gordon Krumrey	Glencoe MN
Eunice Beneke-Rucks	Henderson MN	Judy Loewe	Henderson MN
Bill & Charlotte Beseke	Arlington MN	Janet L Mackenthun	Glencoe MN
Davis Biebl	Gibbon MN	Barbara Matwig	Brownton MN
Suzanne M Brown	Sacramento CA	Marjorie Matthiae	Gaylord MN
Myra Bushard	Gibbon MN	Thomas & Patricia McCarthy	Winthrop MN
Steve & Lori Carlson	Brooklyn Park MN	Tera & Trent Messner	Henderson MN
David C Chevalier	Henderson MN	Rich & Roseann Nagel	Arlington MN
Barbara Congdon	Wenatchee WA	Leslie & Diane Pettis	Winthrop MN
Cathy Creech	Henderson MN	Raymond (Ted) Pinske	Gaylord MN
Clinton Crosby	Apple Valley MN	Kevin Pioske	Le Sueur MN
George & Cheyann Doheny	Prior Lake MN	Delano Quast	Le Sueur MN
Charlotte Doudell	San Jose CA	Tiffany M Reinitz	Henderson MN
Ruben & Eldrene Elbert	Gaylord MN	LaDonna & Gene Rodewald	New Ulm MN
Elden Egesdal	Gaylord MN	Lavonne Sandersfeld	Williamsburg IA
Karol A Erickson	Olympia WA	Sharon & Chuck Shimota	Arlington MN
Karen & Charles 'Bud' Erickson	Minneapolis MN	Larry & Sharon Sickmann	Arlington MN
George & Cheyann Doheny	Roseville MN	Lila Sillerud	Canby MN
Victor Gess	Lafayette CA	Otto Templin	Hutchinson MN
Dwight Grabitzke	Arlington MN	Ellen & Francis Traxler	Henderson MN
Richard & Janet Graupman	Gibbon MN	Darlene Weckwerth	Arlington MN
Steve & Gail Herschmann	Gibbon MN	Richard & Sandra Weckwerth	Gaylord MN
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NEW* AND RENEWED MEMBERS since our last newsletter

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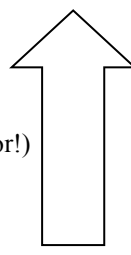
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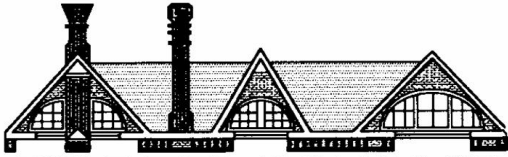
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Regular meetings are held at 7:00 p.m. on the fourth Tuesday of the month, March thru November at the museum in Henderson. The public is invited. The museum is open to the public for tours on Sundays from 2:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. June thru October and by appointment.

Send articles, announcements, photos and comments to the SCHS Newsletter, P.O. Box 407, Henderson, MN 56044 or Email: schs1@frontiernet.net

Check your due date on the mailing label.
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SIBLEY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Henderson, MN 56044
Phone: 507-248-3434
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A Special Gift

By Arlene Busse

Just a few minutes before closing time on a Sunday in late September, three people came hurrying into the museum with a special gift. The Rev. Bruce Wietzke was carrying a large, heavy black Bible. With him was his sister Valerie Wietzke Rocheleau of Rochester, MN and a friend from the New Rome area of Sibley County whose name was not recorded. The gift's donor currently serves Christus Ev. Lutheran Church at Delavan, Wisconsin.

The Bible had been in the possession of Wietzke's parents who had brought it home for safe keeping when St. John's Lutheran Church at New Rome closed its doors in the 1950s. Eventually they felt it appropriate to give the Bible to their minister son. He said he recalled a visit to the museum as a 6th grader and had been thinking that the Bible might be of importance at the museum. The Bible is in German, has the publication date of 1902. He pointed out places where pastors had lightly penciled marked passages to be read, which corresponded to the lectionary at the back of the book.

His gift will join other items from the church donated many years ago by Ahle Reddemann. Placed in the church exhibit area of the museum are the hymn board, offering collection basket, altar cloth and communion service from St. Johns. Reddemann was an officer of the historical society and author in 1976 of *The Henderson to Fort Ridgely Trail*.

The museum visitors had been children at the time the church was taken down by a Henderson contractor and the church school moved to a nearby farm. They also brought a snapshot of the school in its present location.



Rev. Bruce Wietzke and his sister, Valerie, holding the early 1900 New Rome Bible.