

Thank you to Jenni Miller for her work on this Centennial Book



CENTENNIAL
76

**PHILLIPS
WISCONSIN**

An Album with Recollections
of some People and Places
and Times gone by . . .

★ 1876



1976 ★



THE CITY OF PHILLIPS

Founded in 1876



Mayor Robert O. Mess

Dear Friends and Neighbors;

This year the City of Phillips celebrates not only the bicentennial of our great nation but also our own centennial. One hundred years ago this community was born out of the great Wisconsin Pinery.

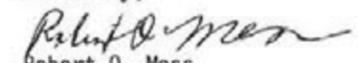
To quote one of our Rural Writers: "Phillips lies like an urban gem surrounded by a scenic area blessed with picturesque rivers and lakes affording excellent recreation facilities together with vast tracts of forests set aside for us and future generations to enjoy."

The early history of our area has been colorful to say the least. We have had a stolen election, two disastrous fires, a deep depression, yet in spite of the hardships and trials, the citizens of our community have chosen to remain and build on the past so that our descendants may have a bright future.

It is with great pride that I would like to honor those courageous men who, in the face of adversity, remained to build the community whose centennial we celebrate.

Their future is our today. Our today will be our childrens' past. May we, like our forefathers, show that indomitable spirit so that our descendants 100 years from now can point with pride to our accomplishments.

Sincerely,


Robert O. Mess
Mayor



SETH STEVENSON

Dedication...

To—

The city of Phillips and her people, yesterday and today, and to the people of her surrounding areas.

Without them she could not then have existed. With them today, Phillips is home; her family, all the communities close by — warm, friendly and concerned as a family should be.

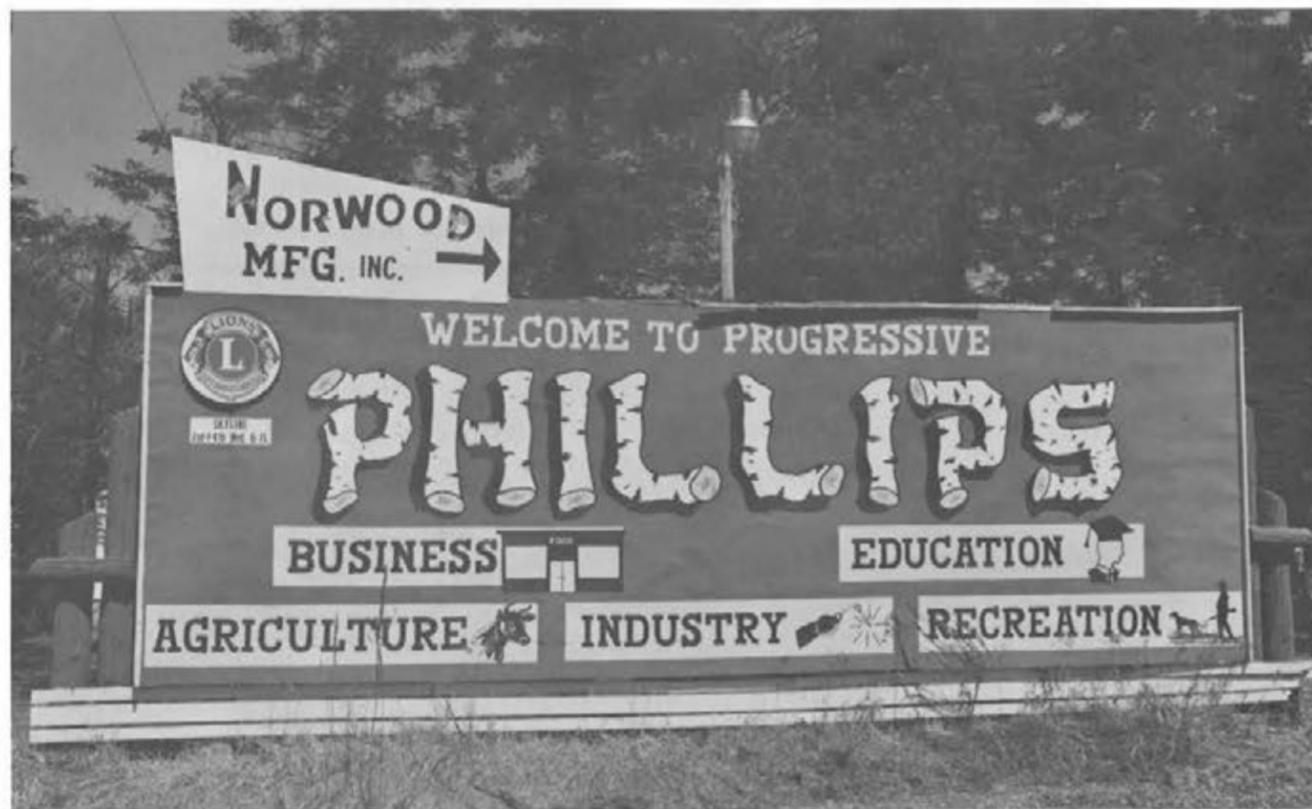
The Phillips

Centennial Committee



PHILLIPS, WISCONSIN is located on State Highway 13 which runs through the central part of Wisconsin and connects with Interstate Highway 94 near Wisconsin Dells. Ashland, on the same highway and on the shore of Lake Superior is 75 miles to the north and Marshfield is 80 miles to the south.

It is a quietly pleasant little city of 1,511 people. It is also the county seat of Price County conveniently near its geographic center.



Introduction...

Always, Phillips comes to us in images. Through word images of writers, all writers: newspaper, history, correspondents, poets, fiction or "honest-to-goodness" tale-writers. We have visual recollections of our own lives. If we could but find the right words and uncover the exact photographs, we could save, out of the past, the people, the places and the events, the sense of time and family that is the heritage of Phillips.

Together, in this Centennial Album, are just such words and just such photographs. In it is your own life and the lives of many Phillipsonians before you. In it are very good times and the not-so-good.

To prepare for this album, attics have been searched, libraries combed, old letters re-read and memories stirred from one end of our country to the other to renew Phillips' images. The time since the idea of a souvenir book until dead-line time raced. But wasn't it fun?

So now, we hope when you have finished reading your copy of the album, you'll feel that you have been privileged to take a very private look at Phillips through the albums of her families and so, can better understand the fascination of your own history.

Thank you for your cherished photographs, your wonderful interviews, your sharing of jokes, stories and clippings; yes, and for your telephone calls and suggestions. You supplied mountains of material and we are sincerely sorry some had to go back to their special keep-sake places . . . unused.

Thanks to writers who took special assignments and thanks, so many thanks to our photographers and artists. May the pleasure you received when making your contribution multiply a hundred fold as you turn and turn again these pages.

Gladys Pippenger

Leona J. Schmidt

CENTENNIAL PHILLIPS, WIS. 1876-1976

PHILLIPS CENTENNIAL

PHILLIPS, WISCONSIN 54555 JULY 23-24-25, 1976



Gladys Pippenger



Leona Schmidt

The Centennial Committee wishes to thank Gladys Pippenger and Leona Schmidt for their willingness to undertake the momentous task of compiling, editing, writing, and general supervision of this album. Without their untiring efforts this book would not have been possible.

We trust the satisfaction of a grateful citizenry for their labor will in part compensate them for their professional accomplishment.

The Centennial Committee

BARNEY SLOWEY, Chairman
184 N. Eyder, Phillips, WI 54555



Mayors of Phillips...1891-1976



Benjamin W. Davis



Charles D. Fenelon



Tom Meridith



William Seeburger



Karl Mess



Ash Hughs



Fred Struble



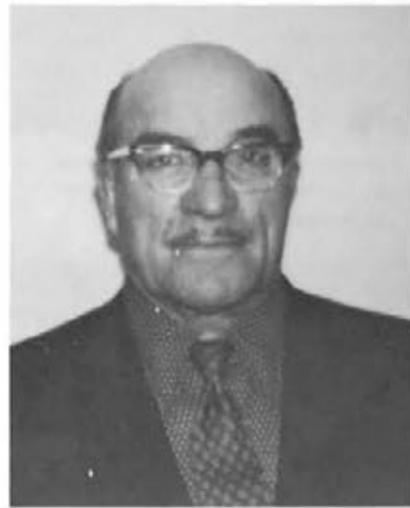
Jacob Peterson



R. J. Stuehm



Bernard Zacharias



Arthur U. Marcott



William G. Zeman



Laddie Perouthka

ELECTED MAYORS OF PHILLIPS (1891 - 1976)

Benjamin W. Davis April, 1891 - April, 1895
Charles D. Fenelon . . . April, 1895 - April, 1896
John A. Morse April, 1896 - April, 1899
Thomas Meridith April, 1899 - April, 1900
Nathan B. Lane April, 1900 - April, 1901
Matthew Christianson . April, 1901 - April, 1902
Cornelius C. Kelleher . April, 1902 - April, 1906
William Seeburger . . . April, 1906 - April, 1914
 April, 1918 - April, 1922
P. S. McLurg April, 1914 - April, 1916
Fred R. Struble April, 1916 - April, 1918
F. M. Lillie April, 1922 - April, 1928

Karl Mess April, 1928 - April, 1938
 April, 1946 - April, 1948
A. F. Hughes April, 1938 - April, 1944
Fred R. Struble April, 1944 - April, 1946
Jacob Peterson April, 1948 - April, 1952
R. J. Stuehm April, 1952 - April, 1956
Bernard Zacharias . . . April, 1956 - April, 1960
Arthur U. Marcott . . . April, 1960 - April, 1964
William G. Zeman . . . April, 1964 - April, 1968
Laddie Perouthka . . . April, 1968 - April, 1974
Robert Mess April, 1974 -

City and County Government...



April 22, 1976 - NEWLY ORGANIZED CITY COUNCIL: (Left to right) Raymond Peterson, Alderman first ward; Lawrence Rush, Alderman third ward; F. W. Heath, Alderman third ward; Mayor Robert Mess; Retiring Clerk, Cornelia Alm; Atty. Peter Thompson; Robert Cervenka (absent) Alderman second ward; E. J. Foster, Alderman second ward and Joseph Salek, Alderman first ward.



Price County Board of Supervisors — April 20, 1976 — Front Row L. to R. Richard Radlinger, Arnold Bramer, Steve Warga, Adam Raab, Jr., Carl Heizler, James Yunk, John Jehn. Second Row L. to R. Mike Rafko, Edgar Granberg, Eugene Kerner, George Koshak, vice chairman, Clement Schancer, Alan Blomberg. Third Row L. to R. Matt Gradinjan, Ernest Skotterud, Russell Mattson, Reidar Anderson, John Armstrong, Richard Raleigh. Standing in rear L. to R. Gordon Dahlie, chairman, Clarence Cvenegros, County Clerk. Standing right rear, two visitors.

Pictures by the BEE



ELIJAH B. PHILLIPS



The first passenger train run over the Wisconsin Central to Worcester, then known as 101.

In the beginning, the spot which was to become PHILLIPS, WISCONSIN nestled against the west bank of Elk lake, a primitive tract of white pine rising from gentle hills, wild rivers and ancient marshes. Historians record that Huron Indians might have been the earliest inhabitants. Artifacts later found attest to the fact that in the 1800's Chippewa tribes occupied a point of land on the east side of Elk lake and that they used the point for ceremonials and a burial ground.

The Wisconsin Central Railroad Company, actually brought Phillips into being. Shortly after the Civil War, the U.S. War Dept. became concerned about the safety of our Canadian border and ordered a rail line built from southern Wisconsin straight through to Lake Superior. Also, lumbermen needed an improvement to river transportation for their products.

After a great deal of planning with financiers from the eastern part of the country, Elijah B. Phillips and Charles Colby were chosen as the builders of the Wisconsin Central Railway. Together, the men formed the Phillips and Colby Construction Company. Elijah B. Phillips became the general manager of the road.

Road building and rail laying moved quickly from Menasha to Worcester, Station 101, some eight miles south of Elk lake. There, financial problems delayed progress for two years while a good sized village grew up around Worcester.

In July of 1876 rail laying resumed. The noise of railroad gangs clearing and grading filled the forest. With tremendous energy and drive, brawny lumberjacks cut the needed swath through the wilderness, axes swinging, saws whining, mallets on steel singing. They cut down hills, swept boulders aside and spanned bogs so rapidly that people were drawn as though by magnets. A number of shanties soon appeared around the passenger depot built by the Railroad Company and the resulting community was called Elk Lake, unofficially, to mark its location on the line. The locale looked promising. So much so, that businesses and residents of Worcester rushed to move their homes and belongings to the new Elk Lake site.

Early in August the rails reached Elk Lake and here there was another delay while bridge building progressed.

Excitement grew. Land Office agents began selling lots. Great white pines fell to make room for homes, rooming houses, hotels, stores and saloons between the rail track and the lake. No streets marched north and south but a town arose where a forest had stood - unbelievably - a block and a half long and a block wide.

Then, on September 23, 1876, the Wisconsin Central Railway platted the town and named it "Phillips" in honor of its general manager. This was officially recorded in Chippewa Falls, the then county seat.

Formation of Price County...



First Price County Courthouse - Erected in 1880

THE NEW PHILLIPS

In the words of Judge Willis Hand, a pioneer of Phillips, Wisconsin, two or three white tents, sheltering exhilarating booze for the weary, stood between the station house and a row of frame buildings which lined the street. In one of the tents I remember, "Tim" Burns dispensed the firewater to all thirsty callers. Just back of the row of buildings and close enough to endanger them in case of a storm, towered the giant pines and hemlocks; while between the railroad and the ice covered Elk lake, and down on the little peninsula to the west of it which since has furnished ground for saw mills and lumber yards, the native forest trees still grew densely and tall enough to partly hide the view of the lake. To the northwest the edge of the clearing was at the present R.T. Breitengross corner, then occupied by the Lake View Hotel, at which point one plunged into a dense forest along a narrow "tote" road, leading out to the J. Rell house, a log structure in Beebetown, and thence down Flambeau river to the McKinley farm and W.T. Price's lumber camps on the North Fork. Down close to

and north of the railroad were several lumbermen's warehouses, snugly tucked in among the tall trees, still standing on the Railway Company's right of way.

FIRST EFFORT TO ORGANIZE A NEW COUNTY

In January, 1877, a meeting of the citizens was held to take steps, looking to the organization of a new county, from territory to be taken from Chippewa and Lincoln counties. It was then decided to have a county bill drawn for presentation to the legislature and F.W. Sackett, David O'Brien and myself were selected to give the matter personal attention. We went to Madison and the bill I drew was introduced in the house and a similar one in the senate. If my memory serves me right Thomas H. Scott of Grand Rapids was the Senator at that time and Thomas J. Cunningham of Chippewa Falls was the Assemblyman.

Immediately following the introduction of the county-division bill the men who were large owners of pine lands in the counties to be divided had their attention called to the movement and they



1895 PRICE COUNTY BOARD: Lower Row: Supervisors Lake, Schmidt, Soetebeer, Bach, Riordan (chairman), Hoglund, Johnson, Turner, Kauffman, Grindle. Center Row: Supervisor Plyer; County Treasurer, Johnson; Supervisor, Halley; Register of Deeds, Hurd; Supervisors, Johnson, Blilie and Nystrom; Clerk of Court, Rasmussen; County Clerk, Lippels. Last Row: County Judge, Murry.

promptly took vigorous steps to prevent the passage of the county bill. They claimed that to establish a new county would not only largely increase the tax burdens of the territory included within it, but that taxes in the two old counties of Lincoln and Chippewa would also be greatly increased because of less taxable property from which to raise public monies. They also charged that the inhabitants of the proposed new county were adventurous anyway, and totally unfit to be trusted with the management of the affairs of a new county; that they would levy high taxes, plunder the taxpayers and squander the public money. Some of the men who took a hand in opposition to the new county scheme were George B. Burrows of Madison, then a state senator and a heavy land owner in northern Wisconsin; J.M. Bingham of Chippewa Falls, then lieutenant governor and a lawyer having heavy pine land owners for his clients; J.W. Baily of Eau Claire, a prominent lawyer, some of whose clients were pine land owners and who also especially represented Cornell University, which was an extensive owner of pine lands in the counties affected; Frederick Weyerhauser, himself a large pine land owner and representing large timber interests centering in the mill owners down the Mississippi river, even as far as St. Louis, notably the Mississippi River Logging and Boom Co. of which he was president.

Senator Scott whose district included Lincoln County, would not give the county bill his support that winter but W.T. Price of Black River Falls who had large interests on the Elk and Flambeau, not only did not oppose the bill but he gave it mild support; yet he was about the only man of influence who rendered us any assistance. The situ-

ation being so hopeless and the odds so great we could do no more than have our hearings before the committees and prepare to take the defeat in store for us with as good grace as possible.

When the session of 1878 came, we were much better prepared to make a winning fight. Although we still had to encounter about the same opposition yet as the population had greatly increased and the home interests had become much more extensive we could justly claim the right to a separate county organization. Not only had Phillips become an important town but the towns of Fifield and Ogema had been making places for themselves on the map. B.M. Holmes had a large mill at Ogema and he was able to command some influence in behalf of the measure. W.T. Price, however, took the lead in the fight for a new county and to him must be given the credit for its creation at that time. Although Lieutenant Governor Bingham had been opposed and Senator Scott would not help us at first, they were both won over and the new county bill was passed, and became a law under chapter 306, Laws of 1879, approved March 20, 1879. It was in recognition of W.T. Price's effective services that the new county was named PRICE.

SELECTION OF FIRST COUNTY OFFICERS

Then came the selection of the first county officers. The citizens held a meeting and made up a full slate as they wanted it to go thru. Altho the state administration was republican we unanimously united in recommending a "mixed" ticket, composed of republicans and democrats - and the democrats were given the lion's share; tho it could



Price County Court House, Phillips, Wis.

have been otherwise if we who stood with the administration, politically, had insisted upon it. The result was that the slate prepared by the people was appointed with the exception that W.D. Gumaer, a democrat, who was selected to be register of deeds, was left out by the governor and Walter Brown, a republican, appointed to that office. The establishment of the new county and designation of Phillips as the county seat marked the beginning of a healthy growth and development of the "New Wisconsin." Population and business increased at a rapid rate. The very economical and faithful management of public affairs soon allayed the fears of the heavy tax payers who had fought us and they became the friends of the

Price county pioneers and helped them develop their resources.

The parent counties, Chippewa and Lincoln, which gave up territory in the formation of Price county, had at the time many thousands of dollars, face value, of tax certificates. The act creating the new county provided for the appointment of commissioners to make a division of the property of the old counties and make awards of property in accordance with the respective rights of the counties. In due time the settlements were completed and the awards filed and so far as I ever heard, the tax payers were generally well satisfied with the result.



Price County Courthouse - Winter of 1976

GROUND BROKEN FOR THE FUTURE CITY

Wm. F. Turner - Pioneer

"What has the summer of 1876 in store for us?" was the question frequently asked by the little band of pioneers who had faithfully followed the varied fortunes of the Wisconsin Central Railroad so far into the dense jungles of the northern woods.

When the railroad work opened in the summer of 1876 I took the contract to clear the strip of land that lay between the track and the lake at Phillips and turned it over to my brother, F. H. Turner. He built a log house between where the depot now stands and the lake. It was the first house built north of Worcester. The second trip the ox team made to the lake, Mrs. Katy St. John, Miss Sweet and Mr. Del St. John went with it and put up a tent about where Stremling's store now stands. They were the first two white women to stay overnight in Phillips.

After the clearing was done I brought the first cow and first pig into this area. Shortly after, I moved my hotel from 101 to Phillips.

SOME WORDS ON POLITICAL CONDITIONS IN TIMES GONE BY

Judge Willis Hand - Pioneer

It is impossible, perhaps to present any adequate idea of the political affairs during the early days in the "New Wisconsin." Although at first the general desire to "build up" and develop the country united all and prevented serious divisions along party lines, yet after the new county had been organized the inevitable division came and the struggle for political supremacy began.

One problem that confronted the "permanent citizen" and caused much trouble was as to what should be done with the transient voter. In the fall the camps filled up with men from other parts of the state and from Minnesota. Some of them came in before the fall elections and nearly all remained until after election day in the spring. Then nearly all of them, after voting, would go down on the train or join the driving crews and take the river route down into Chippewa and Eau Claire counties, so that all were gone when summer came.

At the elections there was a pressing demand for the "Mackinac boys" by candidates for office who were after voters; and to them it mattered little that the camp men were not legal voters in Price county. The candidates and their friends would coach the boys on their rights and advise them that their legal residence was wherever they happen to sleep, and as a result of this advice the boys would swear in their votes whenever challenged. Camps were visited and cogent arguments enclosed in bottles and cigar boxes were produced from the pockets of the candidates or their emissaries and the boys were urged to come out and exercise their constitutional rights as American citizens. And

they generally came out. As a result, and by reason of the fact that these transients largely outnumbered the resident vote, the elections were often taken out of the hands of the men who were permanent settlers and working for the upbuilding of the new county.

One instance will well illustrate the custom prevailing in those days of herding the free and intelligent voters. That of course was before the Australian ballot system was adopted. Then it was the custom of each party, or the candidates, to have thousands of ballots printed for use at the polls. Some of the tickets were straight and some mixed. All sorts of devices were used to run in some candidate by printing his name on part or all of the party tickets, with the hope that some of the voters would either not notice it or let it go in anyhow without scratching.

But the instance I refer to was this: The John R. Davis Lumber Company had some camps out east of Kearney, reached by logging railroads. It was several miles out to the camps and of course there was no proper way for the lumberman to get to Phillips to vote except by riding in on the log train. As they had all been properly and faithfully interviewed and electioneered by the candidates, their enthusiasm was wrought up to proper pitch, especially as they all remembered that there was a nice row of saloons along the main street. I saw the train as it came in out of the woods east of Elk lake, carrying 125 or 150 men. After leaving the train the men walked directly to the main street up toward Allen Jackson's residence and soon reached the sidewalk. This they followed down toward the polls located near the other end of the town. But before reaching it they had to run the gauntlet of half a dozen saloons. Although the law prohibited the saloons from being open on election day these American citizens easily found doors open thru which they were led by political cappers in the pay of some of the candidates. In a few minutes about all of the train load of men had disappeared in the saloons. There they were duly served with refreshments set up in the name of some candidate whose money was already in the till of the bar-keeper, and proper tickets were placed in their hands with whispered instructions as to voting them. Then the captains and corporals who were commanding the different squads, conducted the men to the polls to deposit their white emblems of sovereignty in the ballot box. In order to make sure that the voter should make no mistake the ticket would be taken by the captain and placed carefully in the fingers of the voter and he was literally led to the ballot box and watched until he was seen to hand over that particular ticket to the election officer.

Thus were half-drunken voters herded and voted in those days, under the old system of voting the party-prepared ticket, while decent law-abiding, order loving citizens could only protest in vain against such an outrageous travesty on the exercise of the highest privilege of citizenship. The long years of endurance by good citizens of such a lame,



The ruins of the Price County Jail after the fire of 1894.
It was built in 1880 at a cost of \$665.00.

impotent ballot system only illustrates how inert, stupid and helpless the American people often are and how slowly they awaken to the evils which daily flaunt themselves before their eyes; while the goddess of justice weeps and every lover of his brother is shouting to arouse and pluck out the evil thing and destroy it.

LITTLE CRIME IN THE EARLY DAYS

Let it not be supposed that in those early pioneer days crime and lawlessness were worse than in more recent times. Although the lumber camps often harbored from 2,000 to 4,000 men within the limits of the present boundaries of Price County, yet but few crimes were committed and few arrests made. During the thirteen years, from January, 1877 to 1890, it is safe to say that not half a dozen burglaries were committed in the county and I do not recall but one murder, that of Jack Ryan by Mitch Gereau, the keeper of a house of ill fame on the eastern shore of Elk lake. This was on November 15, 1878, and before Price county was organized. On behalf of the district attorney of Chippewa county I prosecuted the case before Justice E. W. Murray and the accused, Mitch Gereau was bound over for trial: but the jury at Chippewa Falls acquitted him on the ground that the shot was fired in self-defense.

The one source of lawlessness in the county in those days which caused serious trouble was the

few houses of ill-fame which sometimes harbored bad men. But as people came in and the town grew in importance, public sentiment became so strong that these centers of vice were forced to disappear. During all the early years of the settlement of the county and when the largest number of men were employed in the camps, life and property were just as safe as in the older and supposedly more civilized parts of the state.

HOW LAW WAS PRACTICED IN THOSE DAYS

The practice of law in the early days was not exactly dull or monotonous. During the winter and the driving seasons the "Mackinac boys" from the camps used to come in with one complaint and another, requiring the attention of a lawyer. Sometimes, after an unfortunate "bare" winter, when the logger could not get money enough to pay his men they would come in squads to file liens and institute suits for the collection of their wages. On one occasion six of the boys came to my office in November before the rivers became icy, with claims against a logger over on the North Fork of the Flambeau, some fourteen miles below the railroad crossing, now Park Falls. The camps of Mr. Tozier, the logger, were almost inaccessible by tote road from Phillips. As the men thought perhaps he would settle and give them time orders if I should see him I decided to make the trip to his camp, via the North Fork. So I proceeded by rail to the river



Price County Jail built in 1895
at cost of \$13,320.95

crossing and there obtained a "dug out" canoe which could be propelled up and down the river with a pole. Alone I floated down the river, quietly over the smooth stretches and rushing, tumbling over the rapids.

Arriving safely at the camp after a laborious ride, by the exercise of considerable diplomacy I succeeded in effecting a settlement with Mr. Tozier and obtained time checks for the men which they were able to sell at a liberal discount and thus realize a portion of their hard earned wages. Of course I was compelled to remain in camp over

night; but as the "grub" was abundant, the blankets warm and my host treated me kindly I had no cause to complain. It was as I started in the early morning to pole the log canoe up the rapid river that trouble began. Some of the rapids were pretty strenuous then, and I suppose they have not improved much since. However, I made it all right in seven or eight hours back to the railroad, without meeting with any misadventure or having my canoe overturned in the rapids, and returned home none the worse for the trip.



"Cozy Quarters" were not appreciated by the staff at the old jail. Shown above are Sheriff Paul Gehring and Chief Deputy Wayne Wirsing in the office area.



The Sheriff's office is roomy and private. Unlike the one office in the old jail it is also private. Sheriff Paul Gehring is shown at his new desk.

From Ashes To... ..INDUSTRY



The City of Phillips before the 1894 fire was indicative of the lumber industry that was its life center and the compact arrangement of buildings in the town. This picture was taken from the cemetery hill looking across the John R. Davis Lumber Co. The court house stands tall on the right, with tops of buildings along the main street visible. The mill was completely destroyed, with a loss of \$200,000. Total loss in the city was set at over \$750,000.



Phillips, Wisconsin, as seen from cemetery hill after the fire, Aug. 1, 1894



View of rebuilt Phillips as seen from cemetery hill 1895



Phillips as seen from cemetery hill - 1976

One Century Old...We Progress Toward Two

The Phillips territory was opened in the 1870's when the big pine and hemlock were bought by lumber barons. Millions of feet of lumber have been taken from the area and much of the forest land is now covered with second-growth hardwoods and pine plantations, some of which are now in the production stage.

Since the days of the lumber mill, the stove factory and the tannery many changes have come. One of the most interesting is the introduction of a new process whereby hardboard is made from the aspen tree. This weed tree called "popple" and "useless" by early loggers grows profusely on cut-over and burned-over land.

On the west bank of Lake Duroy, inventive and industrious citizens Harry Gustafson, Ole Peterson

and his sons, to name some, put into action a "Fuzz" mill for processing aspen pulp and shipping it to manufacturers in building industries across the United States. Later, the city of Phillips aided financially in the expansion of the original plant and the creation of a Hardboard manufacturing unit. In the 1960's the Phillips Hardboard Co. was purchased by Evans Products who, in 1975, sold to the Boise Cascade Co. The Phillips unit is now one of 43 wood products plants operated by the company in the United States, Canada, Central and South America and South East Asia.

It is with a sense of deep pride and satisfaction, we note that most of Phillips' industries were initiated and established by local talent and business acumen: Robert (Bob) Cervenka and

Louis Vokurka began the Phillips Plastics with a single press-mold in the old building which formerly housed the Laab Cheese Factory.

Carl and Gay Marschke, after a year of inventive engineering and experimenting produced their first hardboard wrapping machine in the old Laab Cheese Factory building. The resulting growth - Marquip Inc. - now employs several professional engineers and a staff of factory workers. Their products are distributed internationally.

The Laab Cheese Factory rooms also incubated the electric and chemical plating which has become the Phillips Plating Company under the guidance and ownership of the Baratka brothers. The plant recently installed the largest single plating vat in use in the country.

The Stark Brothers who began as a garage with automobile sales and service for auto and farm implements has grown into the Stark Brothers Manufacturing Co. producing trailers and sales and service for small motors as main efforts.

Duroy Manufacturing, turning out wooden Pallets and Skids in ever growing quantities was initiated and is operated by our own Donald and Robert Plein.

Norwood Mfg. Co. fabricates wooden grid work for indirect lighting under the direction of a local boy, David Henningfeld.

That beautiful acreage of green on Phillips'

south west corner is Sod Enterprises operated by Lyle Schroeder - another of our native youth. Many huge truck loads of rolled lawn are distributed from the corner each spring and summer.

These local industries and developments bring young life to - and keep at home those young men and women who want - and most of them do - to remain in and contribute to the development of an enjoyable and productive life in the Phillips area.

In an older, established business, Phillips Lumber and Supply Co., another youth dreams: First, roll back the years to 1931 when Mr. Ole Peterson, the gentleman who moved to Phillips from Rib Lake to begin this lumbering industry. The general public may not know, but Ole Peterson encouraged or gave financial support to many business efforts in Phillips. His knowledge of timber, logging and lumber manufacturing, as well as the various reverses he turned into valuable experiences, made him a wise counselor to young business people.

Two sons, Wiley and Orville followed in his footsteps and now Mike, a grandson, trains to begin gathering the reins for a third generation of lumbermen.

Phillips, one hundred years old? Not while young men dream and their city encourages their ambitions.

She's one century, going on two.

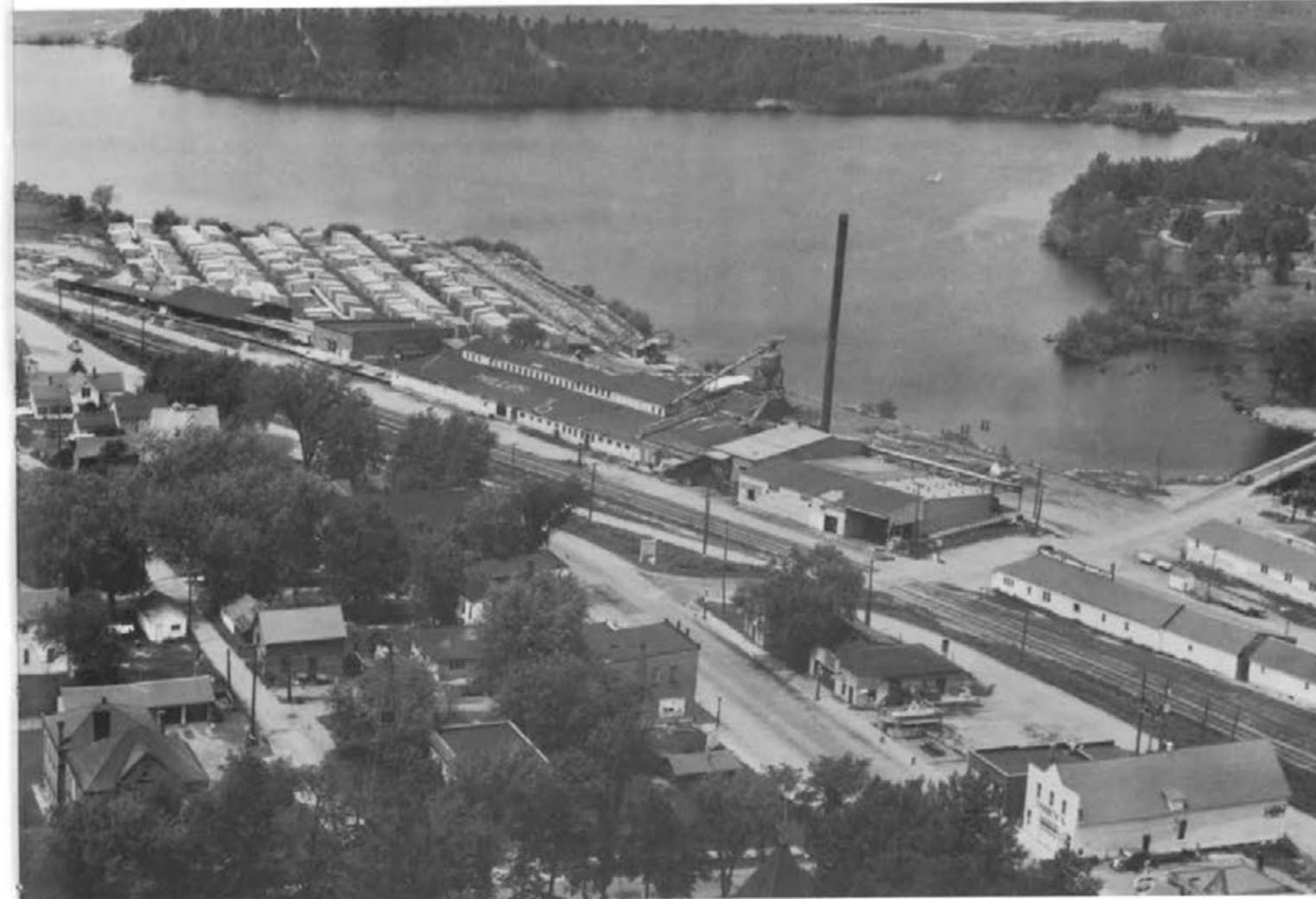
THE PETERSON FAMILY



The Ole Peterson Family. Back row: L. to R. Ruby (Peterson) Nolan; Emily (Peterson) Johnson; Ruth (Peterson) Schumann; John Peterson (deceased); Orville Peterson and Wiley Peterson. Front row: Ole and Jennie Peterson. Taken 1959.



View taken from Phillips Flooring and Lumber Co. some years back.



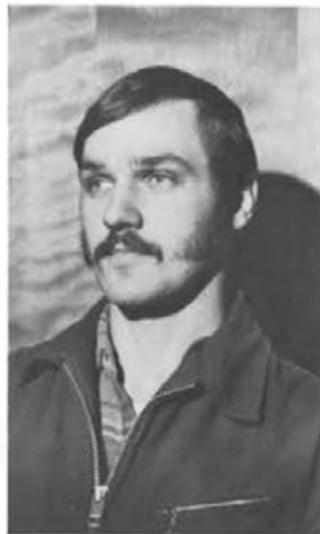
Phillips Lumber and Supply Company 1966



Wiley and Orville Peterson



Margaret Kirschbaum,
bookkeeper for
Peterson's Lumber
since 1943.



Mr. Michael D. Peterson

The Fire...Before and after

Looking south on Lake street before the 1894 fire. City Meat Market, left foreground, stood about where Scheel's Insurance now is. General Supply Store across the street and forest in far background.



Looking north on Lake street before the fire.

THE FIRE

The summer of 1894 was one of intense heat and continued drought. By mid-July the timber slashings were tinder dry. Tops and branches of untold numbers of trees were lying in weathered heaps. Thousands of cords of hemlock bark were piled in the woods waiting to be hauled to the tannery. Added to this were the neglected hemlock trunks and the inches of dry needles covering the dusty soil. The streams were nearly dry and the lakes showed muddy flats surrounded by pools of stagnant water. Parched swamps stood high with dry, brown grass replacing the lush green of other years. Thus, in July of 1894, the stage was set in northern Wisconsin for the worst fires the state would ever see.

Phillips was located in the middle of this powder keg. A thriving sawmill city of 2,500, it was stretched along the west bank of Elk Lake and the Elk river. It was the metropolis of the area and the center of vast logging and tannery operations. The John R. Davis Lumber Company had 15 million feet of lumber in its yards and a good share of the winter's cut of logs in decks near the lake. Around the Fayette Shaw tannery huge piles of hemlock bark lay curling and buckling in the heat. Small sawmills nearby, added their piles of logs and lumber to the food for flames.

July 27th dawned gray and sunless. The brownish-gray haze thickened as the day progressed. Phillips was experiencing another smoky Friday. The mill whistles blew, and work started as usual. Fires had been smoldering in the surrounding cut-over for days and the smoke-laden air was just

something that had to be lived with. Only the night before, a fire had approached the north end of the city, but the efficient volunteer fire department had stopped it. What could not be seen through the wall of smoke, and was not known until too late, was that the fire that would destroy Phillips was already on its way, burning its way toward Phillips from the west. The fire had started in piles of hemlock bark 10 miles west and was devouring its way, slowly but surely, waiting only for a wind that would change its consuming pace into a racing, roaring giant of destruction.

Shortly after noon, a southwesterly wind sprang up. The oppressive heat and smoke-laden air was stirred like a flurry before a storm. Soon ashes and burning sparks began to fill the air. Cedar-shingled roofs of houses and the numerous barns were ignited by the sparks. Frantic waterpail brigades did what they could to stop the spread of these flames. Then the fire itself, racing in from the west, broke out of the timber near Tannerytown. Despite efforts of the fire department and workmen from the mill and the tannery, the fire roared on unchecked. This wall of flame could not be stopped. Thirty minutes later the tannery and 25 nearby houses were gone. Now another fire came out of the swamp near the center of the city, west of the business district. It headed unerringly toward the high piles of lumber and logs waiting on the shore of the lake. On its way, homes and churches, schools and stores, saloons and warehouses, added their bit to the flames.

The residents of Phillips, living in the threat of



Phillips before the fire.

fire for days, were nevertheless unprepared for the speed of the destruction. First thoughts and efforts were to save homes and businesses. When they realized that this was impossible, household goods and personal possessions were removed, only to be abandoned when flames and flying embers turned all efforts into a race for life. Man could do no more.

A string of box cars was loaded to capacity with women and children and dispatched to Prentice. Smoke was so thick that the engineer could not see the track, but the train made it through to Prentice and safety. Another large group raced ahead of the fire to the Fair Grounds which were protected on three sides by water. Others hurried to a cleared area on the top of Eaton's Hill and arrived there in time to watch a third fire lash out at the south end of the city. Now Phillips had a ring of fire on three sides.

The largest group of refugees, entire families with many children, ran with what possessions they could carry, toward the Elk river bridge at the north end of town. Once across the bridge, which was soon in flames, they entrenched themselves at the water's edge to spend the rest of the day and night protecting themselves as best they could from burning embers and heat, while they watched the final destruction of their homes and city.

A part of this race for life turned to tragedy on the lake shore. Three families, including nine children, seeking safety across the lake, were attempting to pole a floating houseboat out into the lake when the nearby lumber piles caught fire. The terrific heat created a suction that whirled the houseboat

back toward the shore. Escape from the houseboat was made in boats but the lake had by then been turned into a churning mass of white capped waves and the boats were swamped in an instant. Only one of the group, a woman, managed to cling to a boat and was saved. All of the 13 lives lost in the Phillips fire were lost in one incident and in a matter of minutes. Meanwhile other incidents of near tragedy, heart break, superhuman effort, and heroics were taking place on all sides—incidents never to be forgotten.

Before dawn of the following day a drizzle of rain started to fall. Daylight revealed the most desolate scene imaginable. As the refugees looked out over their city, only a few charred remnants of buildings remained. Down near the lake a mass of twisted iron marked where the mill had stood. Locations of homes were distinguished by overturned and broken stoves and bits of molten glass and china. Blackened trunks of trees surrounded the ruins. Here and there fires still burned and the smoke rose slowly and hovered over the ashes. This was utter destruction, which had literally wiped Phillips from the face of the earth.

The only buildings not completely destroyed stood in the south end. Here the Lutheran church and a handful of houses had escaped. Some distance away the brick-walled town of Worcester hall stood, alone.

Leaving Phillips in ashes, the fire went northeast to burn millions of feet of timber and numerous logging camps. It burned until heavy rains finally stopped it, but not until it had left 100,000 acres of destroyed land in its trail.



*First buildings after fire
M. Barry, Atty., John R. Davis Co., State Bank*



First Drug Store after the fire.



Phillips Area after the fire.



Eunice and Jean Hebert (Twins) born a day or so after the fire at Hannah Shells Home with Dr. Sperry in attendance.

**Babies Born at the time of the Phillips Fire
July 27, 1894**

FRIEDA (REHAGEN) HAFFA - born to Fredrich and Otilia Rehagen on July 27th, 1894 - at 11:00 P.M. in a root cellar. Veterinarian, John Samer and wife delivered her.

ARTHUR JOHNSON - born to Mr. and Mrs. (Albert & Ella) Johnson on July 27th, 1894 - in the P.M. in a horse stall at the Price County Fair Grounds. Arthur died December 19, 1969 in Chicago, Ill.



The Bryden children who drowned while trying to escape the Phillips fire in a boat. Their mother drowned with them.

Twins - EUNICE AND JEAN HEBERT - born to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hebert on July 28th, 1894 at the Hannah Shell home. Dr. Sperry was staying there at the time. The home did not burn in the fire. The twins were delivered by Dr. Sperry and nurse Shell.

EUNICE (ISAACSON) KOCH - born to Allan and Marie Isaacson in Phillips, 2 weeks after the fire.

EMIL PETERS - born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peters on August 11th, 1894 in Phillips. 15 days after the fire.

Fire Survivors... "As They Recall"

FRANK BLOOM, 83

*Born in Phillips, Feb. 27, 1893
Parents: George and Rose Bloom*

Frank Bloom's father, George Bloom settled on Elk Lake, now Phillips, in 1875. He was employed as a mill hand by John R. Davis Lumber Company for about nine years.

In the meantime, he chose an idyllic spot off to the side of the main settlement and built a saloon which he and his wife Rose opened for business in 1884.

Ten years later that building was consumed by the fire that swept through the city of Phillips, on July 27, 1894.

Construction of the present building was begun



*Frank Bloom. Fire survivor -
Proprietor, Bloom's Tavern, Avon Ave., Phillips*



Frank Bloom Tavern on Avon Avenue



*Theresa (Everson) Brazelton
in her youth*

immediately: finished, furnished and opened for business in 1895. It has remained open ever since.

Bloom's General Store added onto the north side of the building opened in 1900. Young Frank, one of the seven children, worked in the store and as a delivery boy for his father, also, to districts surrounding Phillips. Often, farm produce and livestock or poultry were accepted in trade for the merchandise delivered.

Frank married Mathilda Schmidt of Park Falls in 1926. They had no children. George died in 1933, then, Frank took over the business.

He has been a member of the Price County Board, since April 1957, and served on the Phillips City Council for four years prior to that.

The Bloom establishment is furnished with many priceless objects. Most all of the furniture and equipment is the original—dating back to 1895.

Sight of the hanging kerosene lamp with crystal prisms hanging from the edge of its painted glass shade, takes one back to yesteryear.

The climbing vines, that Mathilda lovingly cares for, almost hide the upper part of the 40 year old juke box that stands in the corner near the front door. Spittoons are placed, here and there, conveniently, on a spotless wood floor.

A large framed lithograph of the Pabst brewery in Milwaukee hangs on the south wall of the bar room. Square card tables, with tiny beer glass shelves fastened to the inside of each of the four table legs, helps to keep the table top dry for those card games being played almost nightly at Bloom's.

The highbacked wooden chairs with either a Pabst or a Blatz insignia stamped into the back rest panels makes for comfortable sitting while playing the game or kibitzing; and no doubt, enjoying a bit of brew.

THERESA (Everson) BRAZELTON, 85

*Born: July 24, 1891 in Phillips
Parents: Hans and Etta Everson
Married Isaac Brazelton June 15, 1915
Children: 7*

My family went to Eaton's Hill for safety at the time of the fire. We stayed with the Dan Clarks until our home was rebuilt.

As a very young child my family spent the winter months in a logging camp. Dad would run the camp and mother did the cooking.

Dad was the first Standard Oil Agent and their first delivery man in Phillips. The delivery wagon he used is in Fred Smith's Rock Garden south of town. The man on the wagon seat simulates my dad.

My first year of schooling was in a country school on Popple Creek. We then moved into town and along with my brothers and sisters attended the Phillips Public School. I attended Business College in Chippewa Falls and returned to Phillips to work until I was married to Ike Brazelton.

Ike was agent for Standard Oil Company for several years, then went into the Dray Line business, which he later sold. He bought the first Ford truck sold in Phillips. This was equipped to haul logs which he did for many years.

In 1951 we moved to Milwaukee for 5 years. Ike worked for Ladish Company. In 1956 he retired and we moved back to Phillips. We bought a small place on the outskirts of Phillips where Ike enjoyed his garden and I my flowers until his death May 6, 1964.

I make my home with Sara and Ira Grover at Pewaukee, Wi. during the winter and visit with the rest of the children during the summer months. They are all so good to me. I have lots to be thankful for.

ANDREW BRUCKBAUER, 90

I was born on November 25, 1886 in Bavaria, Germany.

You know, my family came to America by steerage, with \$100 in their pocket. A friend in Phillips, Mr. Peter Bauler, had sent the money.

The agreement was that my father should work off the \$100 by clearing off "railroad" land for the friend to farm.

When my father finished that he bought a forty acre tract of his own. This, I think, was later the old George Vey place.

I went to school east of the bowling alley. I left home when I was twelve and went to work; traveled all over the country, out west and up into Canada. Then came back and got married. We had nine children.

Oh, yes, I remember the night of the big fire. Lots of us kids stayed in the root cellar on the Bauler farm.

In those early days we always carried milk home from the farm in tin covered pails. About a gallon, I think.

What do I like about Phillips? Oh, it is a good town!

FRANK DAMA, 86

Born: May 6, 1890 in Phillips
Parents: Mike and Rachael Dama

He had 4 brothers and 1 sister, Rose. Rose, now Sister Mary Borgia, is in retirement in a Bartlett, Illinois convent.

Frank never married. He spent his lifetime farming and at woods work. He lives west of Fifield, on highway "70".

HELEN AND PAUL DETZEL

Paul Detzel - 88. Born: September 7, 1888 Cincinnati, Ohio. Parents: Paul and Anna Detzel.
Helen Detzel - 87. Born: March 1889. Parents: Adolph and Anna Langner. Following extensive research we've found Paul and Helen Detzel to be the oldest living, married couple who both survived the Phillips fire.

Helen Detzel tells of her father, Adolph Langner, making cigars by hand, a trade he learned in Germany and worked at in Chicago, before coming to Phillips.

He raised the tobacco and cured it on his property, about 7 miles from Phillips, in the township of Harmony. Helen helped to pick stones and cultivate the crops.

"There were lots of stones, never an end to them, but the tobacco grew regardless, and father kept busy making cigars," says Helen.

She recalls; some of her dad's cigars went to Howard Seeburger's dad, and some to Charlie Prior. The names of the other customers evade her memory.

"Oftentimes, during the summer months, my dad would use a mule, in light harness, hitched to my reed baby buggy, with a tiltable hood, which protected his valuable merchandise from the weather while enroute to town."



Paul and Helen Detzel. Following extensive research we've found Paul and Helen to be the oldest living, married couple who both survived the Phillips Fire, July 27, 1894.

She doesn't recall what type of delivery conveyance her father used in the wintertime, but, he did deliver his stogies, as some people call them, once each week for many years. And the manufacture of those cigars was entirely a one man project - Adolph Langner did it all himself.

Paul says - "Why sure, Helen and I survived the Phillips fire and lived through the early "logging boom" days. Many of us old timers did that."

I built the tavern and dance hall to have a good business. That was in 1935. In October, 1938 - Helen and I were married. We had built a house near our business place to live in.

We ran a 75 head deer herd for 20 years on 200 acres of fenced in grazing land, and ran beef cattle for about 15 years. We feed wild deer kernel corn, cracked corn, oats and alfalfa hay, all winter long.

We discontinued the tavern and dance hall about 20 years ago, but, made fire wood for many years. The last two years I cut and sold 200 cord of fire wood each winter. Helen helps me to pile it. Not too long ago I made 500 cords of pulp wood, hardwood, hemlock and popple and piled it here, all in one year. We sold that to the Consolidated Company.

I made and sold my last fire wood to Mrs. Curran and Eliza Lowe.

I guess gardening is my hobby. I'll plant one again this year and watch it grow. Helen says, "I've got to take it easier from now on."

Afterthought:

Paul says, "My father used to make sauerkraut for all of the John R. Davis lumber camps. He made the kraut in 52 gallon wooden vinegar barrels, every fall!"

ANNA (Kirschbaum) EBERT, 88

I was born in Germany on November 25, 1888, and came to America with my parents, John and Elizabeth Kirschbaum. We settled in Phillips.

A Lutheran Parochial School in Phillips was chosen for me. Classes ran only through the 4th grade. They accepted all children of that age regardless of their religious faith.

I developed a talent for sewing, and soon found employment in Ashland as a seamstress.

There I met Kurt Ebert. We were married in 1912. Kurt was a machinist. He, also, had employment in Ashland. So we made our home there.

We had four daughters. They've all gone to live elsewhere. I'm a widow now. Kurt passed away about 5 years ago.

Since then I spent much of my time in our old home with my sister, Margaret, here in Phillips. It's nice to be home again.

Remember, in those days, except where there was an opening of some kind, the sun's rays never touched the ground, so that it never dried up and the roads were never good.

ANNA ELIZABETH (Winkler) FITCH, 84

Born: December 4, 1892 in Phillips
Parents: Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Winkler
Attended Phillips Schools

Taught in Rural Phillips and rural Park Falls Schools.

Married Ray Fitch in 1922. Her father had a bakery shop in Phillips.

She maintains an apartment in the home of her daughter at 630 No. Main in Rice Lake, gets around by means of a wheelchair and cane, and keeps in touch with her friends by telephone.

MARIE FLIETNER (nee Schmidt), 85

Ma and Pa Schmidt, their names were Minna and Gustav, left Germany to come to America with 2 small children shortly after I was born. That was on October 29, 1891.

We landed in Phillips on February 28, 1892. I was then only 3 months old.

I went to school at the Worcester School, and worked at home.

I'd known August Flietner a long time. We were married in our old home where my brother Edwin now lives.

August worked at the mill and on the logging railroads. We had nine children. That kept me busy.

We were always happy. We had nothing to complain about.

Phillips was always our home until we came here to the Smith Heritage Nursing Home in Park Falls. They call it Park Manor now.

It is real nice here. I was married to August 64 years. I would be so happy if he could have lived longer to enjoy it, too.

BESSIE (Nelson) FLORENCE, 93

Born: September 1883 in Vulcan, Michigan
Parents: Nels and Sophie Nelson

Arrived in Phillips before the fire. Educated in the Phillips Schools - grades 1-12 and Price County Normal School. She married Harry Florence. Children - Orin, Waupaca; Eugene, Viroqua; Ethel Christenson, Milwaukee; Elroy, Green Bay, Wis.

Bessie is a sister of Alfred Nelson who lives on Germania Ave. in Phillips. They, with brothers, John, Andrew and Charles, and their mother, were loaded into box cars and taken south to Prentice and Ogema at the time of the Phillips conflagration in 1894.

Bessie now lives in the Bethel Home in Viroqua, Wisconsin.

1200 pounds was the amount a team could handle and it took a full day to make the trip from Worcester to Elk Lake over stones and corduroy.

GUSTAV HELMER FLYGT, 82

Born in Phillips on January 25, 1894

Parents: Peter and Betty Nelson Flygt

Education: Park Falls Schools

I am of Swedish parentage. My folks came to Phillips from Sweden about 1892. Dad was a carpenter and worked on construction in the Phillips area.

At the time of the fire my folks buried some of their valuable possessions in a trunk in the ground. My dad had a boat and they intended to go out in the boat when the fire came, but when they went to the lake the boat was gone. This turned out to be fortunate because most of the people who went out on the lake in the boats died. About the only building that remained in Phillips was the tannery. We got on a Wisconsin Central Railroad car and went to Prentice.

After the fire when he returned to Phillips, my father helped in the rebuilding of the town. He did recover the things he had buried in the trunk. My family stayed in Prentice until he had built a house for us in Phillips. Our house was built in the Scandinavian section of town, this was on the west side near the old high school. The south end of town was known as the Bohemian section.

In late 1895 my father came to Park Falls to help build the first paper mill as most of the rebuilding of Phillips was done. My family stayed in Phillips until the summer of 1896 when we moved to our newly completed home, which dad had built for us in Park Falls.

I graduated from high school in Park Falls in 1913, and served in the Army in World War I. I studied pharmacy at Marquette, and about 1917, started a drug store in Park Falls and was continually involved in the drug store business until 1968. In 1969, my wife Agnes and I moved to Sun City, Arizona, where we presently reside.

FRED FRANK, 88

Born: August 31, 1888 in Phillips

Parents: Dismas and Barbara Frank

Children: 7

Fred Frank had 3 brothers and 1 sister. He worked and cooked in John R. Davis logging camps. Married Jessie Easton. With his wife, he now resides at 7432 Beach Court, in Westminster, Colorado.

FRANCES HABEL (nee Regner), 84

As she recalls:

I was born July 24, 1892 in Phillips to Mary and Joseph Regner, and baptized, Frances Kathryn Regner. I was 2 years old at the time of the fire. I attended the Pioneer School.

My husband, Albert Habel, was born in 1889 in Little Chicago. He went to the Little Chicago School. I was 7 years of age at the time of the Phillips fire.

Albert liked to travel a lot when he was young. He worked in the wheat fields out West.

My father died when I was nine. In my 14th year I went to work for Levitts. I stayed there 5 years. I did housework and cared for their children.

Albert and I were married in 1913. We homesteaded on 160 acres and built a home there. That was in Little Chicago; east from "13". First came the Nachtrab place, then Regners, and next Anne Tenut's farm; ours was the next, but on the north side of the road.

My husband began contract logging in 1913, too. He bought standing timber. He made his own roads and built camps, except for our job at camp 19.

We had all our own logging equipment; 10 horses, kitchen equipment and utensils, bedding and furnishings for the bunk house, supplies for the wannigan.

In the fall, September or October, we'd go to camp, like chickadees, and not come home until Spring, March or April, to clear more land, to plant gardens and field crops. We raised pigs for meat at home, but not for camp.

We did have root cellars in most of the camps. We bought all of our meat, mostly beef, pork and pork sausage, and all the other provisions needed to feed an average crew of 100 men.

I used an average of 50 pounds of flour a day for baking bread, cakes, pies, cookies and pancakes. We used canned milk and colored oleo.

We had five children. All were born during those logging camp years. Joe, the oldest, who will be 62 now in 1976, went to school from camp. I'd fix his lunch and send him to school on the logging train, early in the morning.

After class he had to walk home. It was far and got dark early, so we hired Joe Drost, a nice elderly man to walk him home everyday.

Lad, our fifth child, was born in October. I took the children and went to camp in November that year. It was our last winter of logging.

Since we had all those horses we hired men from the area to help us clear more of the 160 acres. We farmed there until 1937? No, Milly was Dairy Queen that year. It was 1939 when we sold the farm.

Then we built a home north of town on "13" where Smetaks now live. We cleared land and grazed sheep. The children were grown then. Albert and I would go to Milwaukee to work in the wintertime and return home for the summer until 1946.

That year I cooked for Louie Rutzky at the restaurant. The same year, we built Habel's Grocery. At that time Lad came home from the service. He helped stock and manage the store.

In 1949 my husband passed away. Since then we've formed a partnership with Lad, his wife Kay, Milly and myself.



Frieda (Rehagen) Haffa, 82 - born on the day of the Phillips fire - 7-27-1894.

FRIEDA HAFFA (nee Rehagen), 82

Fredrich and Attilia Rehagen lived on a 120 acre farm 3/4 of a mile south of Flambeau Avenue on Storms Road.

They had 3 boys and 2 girls. Another baby was expected momentarily and everything was ready for the time of delivery.

The root cellar was to serve as the confinement chamber. It was stocked with plenty of linens, water, kerosene lamps and lanterns.

There was also plenty of food for the days of confinement and extras for any emergency, should the fire create isolation from their source of supplies.

Among the many neighbors who had gathered at the place to help carry water by bucket brigade, and to be generally helpful were Mr. and Mrs. John Samer. He was a veterinarian and she was a midwife. They offered to assist in the hour of need.

At 11:00 the night of July 27th in 1894 a baby girl made her appearance into a place that was likened to "Hell upon Earth" on the outside; but inside, the root cellar was safe and cozy.

Frieda says mother was such a little bitty runt. She weighed only 83 pounds. I went just through the eighth grade. Irene Hagen and Bernice Marsh were 2 of my teachers. I liked them very much.

Dressmaking was my trade. I sewed for other people, and earned from \$3.00 to \$3.50 a day, plus my meals. I sewed for 25 years, until Elliott and I were married. All those years I walked from the farm to sew in Phillips, and back home each night.

We had 2 boys. They've done well and we are happy here, retired, on the farm.

4000 acres near Filfield on the banks of the Flambeau became sheep ranch March 24, 1900. It failed because of poor management.

ALMA HEAP, 82

3630-43 Vista Compana, So.

Oceanside, California 92054

As she recalls:

My parents, Anna B. Klein Leighty, and George N. Leighty came to Phillips in 1889.

Father took employment with the Wisconsin Central Railroad.

I was born April 21, 1894 in Phillips. I attended school in Phillips, Oshkosh State Teachers College, University of Chicago and U. of Wyoming.

My profession was teaching.

June 16, 1928 was my wedding day. Roy N. Heap, born in St. Clair, Pa., an accountant and I were married at Fort Collins, Colo.

We made our home at Caspar, Wyoming. We had no children.

KATHRYN (Reuman) HOLT, 86

Born: Nov. 18, 1890 in Phillips

Parents: William and Kate Reuman

Educated: German Settlement School

At the age of 16 years I went to work, first at a hotel in Park Falls and then in Prentice.

On November 2nd, 1913, Robert Magnuson of Ogema and I were married. We had five children, and made our home in Prentice. But we always liked Phillips.

I was just a few years old, but I can remember the Phillips fire, and seeing the black smoke rolling over the city when we were leaving to go south.

Now, I make my home in Milwaukee. Am active in church work, with senior citizens, and love to play cards.

VERONA JACKSON, 83

Born: July 28, 1893

Parents: Allen and Josephine Jackson

My dad, in company with John and David O'Brien were among the first settlers in the Phillips area.

Dad was a logger. At one time my father owned all the land along the railroad tracks in Phillips.

He farmed a part of that. The big Peterson house, where Micky and his family live, was my folks home site. There used to be large farm buildings to the rear of the house. They kept cattle and sold dairy products.

I worked as a pharmacist assistant for Sperry Drugs, Cormack Drugs, Joseph's Drugs, and a few years in Marathon City for a drug store, and others. Except for those years I spent all my life in Phillips.

Oh, yes, recently I went to Stevens Point to be near my niece. I thought I would like it there, but, I was not happy. I came back to Phillips to live in the Pleasant View Nursing Home.

My brother, Bartlett, said, "Welcome home, 'Ronie.'" I said, yes, I came home to the old cow pasture which is the spot where the "Pleasant View" stands.

FRANK JOHNS, 84

I was born in Phillips on March 28, 1892. My folks were John and Suzy Johns.

We lived near Eaton Hill so we didn't burn out at the time of the fire.

The Worcester Town Hall, the Trinity Lutheran Church and the John Rill Saloon didn't burn either.

I went to the Big Elk School, what little I went, to the fourth grade, or so.

My dad bought this farm from Bruckbauer. You know this whole corner was relation: the Baulers, the Raskins, Johns, Kaufmanns—oh, lots more.

While I was a young kid my dad worked as a night watchman at the mill. In the summertime - in between his rounds - he'd go sit out on the bank to fish. One night he fell asleep and drowned. After my dad was gone I quit school and went to work at the mill.

My wife, Lucy Kaufmann, was 17 and I was 21 when we were married. We lived in the Donavon House for a while. We had three children; Delores Michek, Betty Flietner and Martin.

I worked at the mill all my life. John R. Davis, Kneeland-McClurg, and Ole Peterson - except for a few years when the mill wasn't running. Then I worked in Milwaukee making railroad cars.

After a few years my mother signed this twenty acre farm over to us, of course we had always farmed, and she went to live with my sister, Helen Zierer in Phillips.

I retired at 65 and just farmed.

Lucy liked to dance and play cards. I liked to hunt, fish and trap. Rats were \$1.25 apiece. I once had fifteen fox and got \$15 each for them. Lucy is gone now so I keep house for myself. Delores looks after me. She made this lemon pie for me. Tomorrow she'll take me shopping and I'll treat her to dinner at the Phillips Cafe.

MARY (Klaar) JOHNSON, 86

*Born in Phillips July 28, 1889
Parents: Andris and Louise Klaar
Educated: Hartman School*

My parents came from Germany. Many of my relatives live around Phillips. Mrs. Verona Sir and Magdalena Klaar are nieces of mine. I come back to Phillips often, although, I live in Eau Claire and spend my winters in Arizona.

I'll be boarding a plane for Arizona within an hour (Jan. 18, 1976). It is nice your telephone call came through before I left so that I could have this tele-visit with you.

FRED KENNEDY, 87

Fred Kennedy was born June 21, 1889 in Phillips. His parents were Louis Samuel and Katrina Kennedy. He was educated in Phillips

(Elementary schools) and Madison High School. He was one of nine children and never married.

At the time of the fire my family lived on several acres and raised strawberries between Tannerytown and the main part of Phillips. I was five years old, but recall that patches of the strawberries needed picking.

On July 27, 1894 the fire belched smoke, forebodingly, skyward and out over the city, giving warning to vacate from its path or be consumed by it.

Those people who had horses and wagons or other conveyances to hitch them to, loaded their families, food, clothing, bedding and whatever seemed essential for survival at the time, if they had room for it.

It is amazing what some people considered important in those dire moments. They also took time to bury trunks full of their prized possessions, only, never to find them again.

My father hitched his team to a box wagon, loaded his family, numbering eleven - nine children, into it. The caravan which included many of our neighbors and friends took the trail to Fifield. Some men walked for lack of vehicles and horses, carrying duffel bags or pack sacks. Those of us who rode jostled and bounced over the rutted wagon road in our hasty ride toward safety.

Later on the Louis Kennedy family settled on an 80 acre farm near Phillips. I made my home there many years.

Contracting masonry and plastering jobs became my lifes work; until the later years, when guiding became a paying "Hobby." Minnow Lake, Connors Lake and the Flambeau River stand out in my memory as lucky waters in those years.

Since retirement, about 12 years ago, I've lived happily at Mabel Tingles' Boarding House here on Avon Ave. in Phillips. Price County has always been a happy place to live.

MARY KLAER (nee Kirschbaum), 83

The Phillips Grade School and Teachers Training School at Phillips were my sources of education.

These institutions fitted me to teach in the rural schools around Phillips, and later in the State Graded Schools around Kennan and Westboro. Was supervising teacher in Price County from 1919 to 1923.

I was born in April 23, 1893, to John and Elizabeth Kirschbaum, and christened Mary Magdalena Kirschbaum.

Phillips was my home until I married Julius Klaer in 1951, and later went to Miami, Florida to live.

I am a survivor of the big Phillips fire.

My home is at 8625 N.E. 8th Court, Miami, Florida 33138, Tele. 1-305-751-5485.

ELIZABETH (Metzig) KOLAR, 88

Born: December 12, 1888

I was born in the town of Worcester about 1½ miles from town. There were 8 children in our family, our parents were Helen and Charles Metzig. Helen was usually called "Lena".

I remember the fire well. Much bark lay around our house. It took only a spark to set it all ablaze.

My sister, Ella, then 7, and me 6, carried water in syrup pails. Our dishes, silverware, other valuables and clothing had been quickly buried beneath the ground.

Much of the clothing was damaged regardless of the precautions taken. We saved our home, but the soles of our feet were badly burned.

Father farmed on rocks. It was hard to make a living.

I had very little schooling. Went into town to do housework when I was nine. Mostly for Mr. and Mrs. Abe Levitt.

At 18, I married Frank Schierland. He was a mason and did mill work. We had 4 children. Frank passed away in 1926. Then, Charlie Kolar and I were married in 1928. He had 5 children. Charlie passed away in 1938.

I'm a member of St. John's Lutheran Church and the Dorcas Circle. I've lived in Phillips all my life and like it here.

NANNY (Peters) LIEBELT, 84

Nanny was born on January 29, 1892 in Phillips. Her parents were Henry and Emma Peters. She received her education in the Phillips schools and was married to Carl Liebelt.

Nanny Peters survived the big fire. Lived most of her life in Fifield, Wisconsin. At present she resides in a nursing home in Park Falls. Her husband is there with her.

BELLE LILE (nee Solberg), 83

My parents were Charles and Amelia Solberg. I lived with my grandparents Melvina and John Rell, from the time I was born on September 3rd, 1892, until I was married in 1910.

Before the fire the John Rells had a hotel which stood on Flambeau Avenue where John De Bardeleben's home now stands. That hotel burned in the fire.

Then the Rells took over the saloon which is now Ches and John's Bowling Lanes.

The place has changed hands many times since we lived there. Among the past owners were, Storels, Ludwigs, Matoneks, Youngs, and now Chester Brozek and John Klocek.

At the time the fire swept through Phillips, my grandma packed up a big bundle of clothes, and me. They tried to reach Eaton's Hill, but the fire was raging so badly through the hollow between the saloon and Eaton's Hill, that they were forced to turn back to the saloon which was never



The Eaton Hillside where the fire survivors spent the night - then a mass of stumps and logs and bark - kept wet by bucket brigade. People bedded down as best they could to keep away from the flying embers and smoke on the night of the merciless conflagration that took their homes and city from them on July 27, 1894.

touched by flames.

Many people congregated at the saloon that day. They were tense and scared; some were crying, and some were praying. It was a terrifying experience.

When I was eight years old we moved to a farm 3 miles east of Phillips. I lived there about 10 years. During that tenth year Russ and I were married and moved into a house in the first ward here in Phillips. In 1938 we moved into this house in the third ward. We had 9 children.

Russ worked for Park's Grocery as a delivery and errand boy. Later, he worked at the mill on a steam turbine which generated electricity for the mill. Both John R. Davis and Kneeland-McLurg sold power to the city of Phillips.

Russ also worked as a maintenance man for 23 years at the Phillips Normal School. Then he retired.

He liked sports and was a dedicated fisherman. He caught some beauties.

Oh, no, fishing wasn't for me. My family and my home kept me busy. Whenever a little free time was available I worked as a part-time cook, waitress, and at taking school census. I liked that best. It gave me a chance to talk to people. And I kept active in my church, St. Patrick's.

Did you ever see the wooden sidewalks in Phillips? Some of the sidewalks were raised high up over stumps, logs and water puddles. Well, one night Russ and I were walking home from a dance to Beebe town where we lived. There were no street lights and there was no moon. It was pitch dark. Can you imagine the time we had staying on that wooden sidewalk without falling off? We made it somehow. We made it home.

Russ passed away on April 25, 1971. We'd been married 61 years. I've lived here 38 years and plan to stay here with my memories.



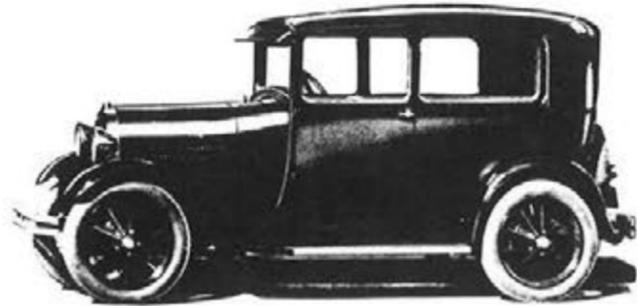
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Rell's home of Belle Lile - later Storels, Matoneks, Youngs, Ludwig's Saloon and Dance Hall and now Ches and John's Bowling Lanes. Man in the picture is thought to be Mr. Ludwig. Ladies unknown.

JOHN LODIEN, 82

John Lodien was born June 21, 1894 in Phillips, Wis. His parents were Ole and Ida Lodien. He was educated in Phillips and was married to Della Wilkenson. They had 3 children. His profession was camp cook and later a farmer.

Mr. John Lodien cooked in logging camps for many years and in 1954 began farming near Luck, Wis. Now he does all the cooking and housework for his son at Luck, Wis.

**MALVINA (Solberg) MADERICH, 85
CHARLIE MADERICH, 89**

Malvina says:

I was born on April 26th in 1891 in Phillips. My father was Charlie Solberg. My mother was Amelia Rau Solberg.

Until I was twelve I attended a parochial school in Ashland, and then finished my schooling in Phillips.

After that I worked in Kinney's Variety Store in Phillips until Charlie Maderich and I were married on April 25, 1911.

Charlie says:

I was born on October 24, 1887 to Antone and Bridgette Maderich in Phillips and attended school in Phillips.

My first job was as a farm hand while going to high school. Later on I worked for Friedl and at the Murry House. After graduation I worked for the J. Olson Grocery, next to the Presbyterian Church.

I married Malvina Solberg, a sister of Belle Lile at Phillips in 1911.

We left Phillips in 1911 for a grocery and meat job at Ironwood, Michigan. Came back to Ashland in 1917 at start of First World War to work for Carl Schindler. When he sold out I moved my family to Mesaba Range to work with my brother in the painting business.

In 1925 we moved back to Ashland to work for A. and P. Tea Company.

Retired at 65 and have been on the shelf for 23 years.

We had a family of five boys. We get back to Phillips every so often and we like it.

MAGDALENA (Maderich) KLAAR, 83

Joe Kraus homesteaded this property we live on. He was my stepfather. He was here before the fire. Long before that. You see in those days all of this through here was homesteads. Mostly 160 acres.

I was one year and one day old at the time of the fire. My birthday is July 26, 1893. I was so small my mother carried me in her apron all day long while the fire was.

My father was Antone Maderich and mother's

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name was Bridgett. There were seven children in the family. Before the fire there were three boys and one girl besides me. Charlie Maderich is the only one besides me still living. He remembers a lot.

Charlie tells about Frank burning the bottoms of his feet so bad walking in the hot ashes and coals on the ground. They had a heck of a time with him. And still long after when the weather was cold, he had a lot of trouble with his feet, because he had burned all the skin off.

We lived in town then. West from where Friedl's Shop is now. The fire burned our place to the ground. During the fire they went up on Eaton's Hill. Ma carried me up there, still in her apron, tied around her waist.

And then they went down to the Worcester Town Hall during the day. They, the ladies, cooked there and they used to eat there, and where they slept I don't know. Most of them went back on Eaton's Hill for the night. I was sleeping in Ma's apron.

Here! Look, this is one souvenir from the fire. This was my ma's ring that came from the old country, Germany. And when they were digging in the ashes after the fire they found it. It is a gold ring; see, a size seven. It had a red setting before. That was lost in the fire. They had this green setting put in later.

My folks rebuilt in Phillips. Dad did it himself. His job was with the railroad.

I started school in Phillips. We moved out here but I don't remember when. I don't remember my dad. I must have been about six or seven years old. Then I went to the Pioneer School out here.

All my young years I stayed on the farm, picking rocks, doing odd jobs, a little bit of everything. We had a big garden among the rocks and stumps. We had cows. I milked. After we got married the two of us picked twenty-one to twenty-two loads of rocks a day.

I was married to Clyde Klaar in 1920. We had two girls and two boys. Mabel - Tom - Beacham - the one with the otters is one of my girls. The two boys are here at home, and the oldest girl is in Illinois.

We farmed all the time. And had mink. Clyde liked to work with mink. He preferred mink to cattle. I hated mink.

It wasn't bad when the price was up to \$48 to \$50 a piece in the 30's. We had as many as 1200 to 1400 mink. Just our family did all the work, all the pelting, everything, seven days a week, never a Sunday.

After the price of meat got too high and the price of mink got down to \$2.50 a piece we went back to cattle only. I was glad!

I do all my own housework. I bake our bread, make sausage, I still have a garden. We still farm, and I like it.

ANTONE NEBISH, 82

Born: June 13, 1894

Parents: Albert and Anna Nebish

I was six weeks old at the time of the Phillips fire. My mother carried me from the home, then on a site across from Webber's Store, up to Eaton's Hill while the fire was burning, to the farm of an uncle, Frank Gwosh, who homesteaded on a place there.

We moved onto a farm in 1898 when I was four and stayed there 35 years. Then I spent the next 35 years with the Civil Service as a railroad mail clerk: and three years as a substitute city mail carrier.

I've lived in this house since 1956 (at 136 So. Argyle Ave.). Years ago, I kept company with a lovely young nurse thinking maybe I could convince her to be my bride, but, I am still doing my own cooking and housework. So it goes.



Robert Nebish - 94 years old.

ROBERT NEBISH, 94

I was born Robert D. Nebish on January 20th, 1882 in Germany to Albert and Anna Nebish.

I crossed the Atlantic Ocean in 1885 with mother and three offspring. Father had gone one year previous to prepare for our journey. We left Europe and arrived at Baltimore after two weeks on a sailing ship. The two most dramatic weeks of my life, at the age of three years, storms, whales, and porpoises. The drama is over as of today forever.

Leaving Baltimore, arrived at Chicago to see bikes with one large wheel and a tiny one behind.

Eventually got to Phillips on a dinky, three car train, to be met by father, and lived happily ever after.

I attended school in Phillips, but left in my youth to improve my status in life from a common laborer. Railroadng, somehow, was my choice in life, which began on the logging railroad of John R.

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Davis Lumber Company, owners of the large saw mill at Phillips.

I went West and became a locomotive engineer on the Great Northern Ry.

On May 4, 1910 Ella J. Rodaky, of Crystal, North Dakota, became my wife. We had one daughter, and made our home at Grafton and Grand Forks, North Dakota.

I've been retired from railroading for 26 years. There is hardly a summer that I haven't been back to Phillips for a visit with what is left of the large family of Nebishes. Tony at Phillips, and Ann who is in a convent at Springfield, Illinois. I live in a new old peoples Lutheran Home, Tufte Manor, Grand Forks, North Dakota.



Alfred Nelson - 87 - Enjoys his Stereo.

ALFRED NELSON, 87

Born: May 14, 1889 at Unity, Wis.
Parents: Nels Peter and - Nelson
Education: Phillips Schools

My dad was a coal miner and lived in Upper Michigan and at Unity, Wisconsin before coming to Phillips.

I was a baby at the time of the fire. My folks took Bessie, John, Andrew, Charles and me to the railroad and put us in a box car which was headed south to Prentice.

We shared a box car with several families as a temporary living quarters until our home could be rebuilt.

Only piles of ashes remained on our home sites after that roaring, raging, flaming, hell ended everything.

But before long Phillips became a city again; and I grew up with it. Now I stay at home and enjoy my stereo and recording equipment. That is my hobby.

ANNA CHRISTINE (Johnson) OLSON, 93

Born: May 3, 1883 in Soderhamn, Sweden
Parents: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Johnson
Brothers, 2; Sisters, 2 - all deceased

The family migrated to the United States and settled in Phillips, Wisconsin, after first stopping in Prentice. They happened to arrive in the midst of a

4th of July celebration. That patriotic event made an indelible imprint on the memories of the new settlers.

After the death of her mother, following the disastrous fire in Phillips of July 27, 1894, Anna helped take care of the family while her father worked for the John R. Davis Lumber Company. When she became an adult she learned the millinery trade and had a shop of her own in Phillips for a few years. In 1910 she left Phillips, married Samuel Olson in Lemmon, South Dakota, becoming one of the many homesteading families settling in the Grand River country. Two daughters were born to them, Esther (Mowat) now deceased, and Jeanette (Azcuena).

Depression years and drought sent the family traveling farther west. Sam died in Idaho in 1940, and Anna has spent the past several years in Oregon, New Mexico and now Sacramento, California, where she resides with her daughter Jeanette and husband and near one of her granddaughters and a greatgrandson. Anna Olson is in good health. And she retains a great interest in her old friends of her Phillips days.

HJALMER OLSON, 82

Born: April 28, 1894
Parents: Alfred and Hannah Olson

He was a First World War Veteran. Hjalmer Olson had 5 brothers and 3 sisters.

He married Hazel Slowey and they had 1 child. Profession: Bookkeeper and General Manager for Anderson Brothers Monuments at Wausau for most of his working years.

Hjalmer Olson lives at 1401 Stark Street, Wausau, Wis.

FRITZ AUGUST WILHELM OTTOSON, 83

Born: June 12, 1891 in Sweden
Parents: Carl August Ottoson and
Anna Maria Beijer Ottoson

Fritz Ottoson attended the Phillips schools. Profession - Ret. Signal Testman - Great Northern Railway - Now B.N. Ry. Never married.

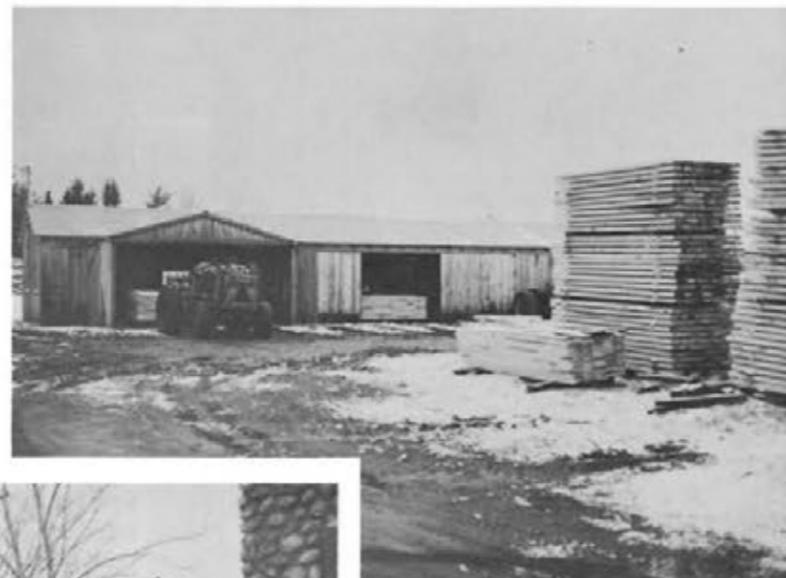
They sure have fine celebrations after the fire. I wish to have asked more about the fire before my parents died. All I remember is what they talked about sometimes. They told about Dad taking an old hat to save it. Also told about someone suggesting that Mother, my sister and I go in a boat for safety. Mother refused. She wanted to stay with Dad. He had to stay to help fight fire. Lucky, because that boat tipped over and we would have drowned. We did catch on fire, but Dad poured water on us. Now I am still alive, very active and quite healthy. God was good to us.

I retired from the railroad at the age of 78 years. I take care of three places. The work really piles up. The late Arthur Beijer was my cousin.

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MELVIN PETERSON, 84

*Born: August 1, 1892 in Phillips, Wis.
Parents: Jacob and Anna Peterson
School: Grade School, Phillips*

I first saw light of day at Mabel Dykes Maternity home - two years before the Phillips fire.

Kate Honish of Phillips became my wife. I was in the early twenties. We left Phillips to improve my labor status. I found it working for the railroad and became a yard master in St. Paul.

We had one boy and five girls. I live at 3151 McKnight Road, Apartment 127, St. Paul, 55110.

IDA (Rehagen) POENISCH, 84

My parents, Fredrich and Attilia Rehagen came from Germany. They settled briefly in Sheboygan, Wis. before the call of the big timber lured them to Phillips.

I was born on March 14th, 1892 in a tiny log cabin deep in the woods. There was only a foot trail from the settlement to our isolated cabin. My father carried everything home on his back, flour, everything.

By the time I was two, father had built a new home on Storms Road, and a root cellar. It is still there.

Mother was expecting a baby at the time of the fire. Her sewing machine had been taken out in the yard along with other household possessions. Every available utensil had been filled with water should it be needed to fight a blaze.

I can now see Mother standing guard over that machine, brushing away and soaking down sparks and hot ashes that settled as they were being blown ahead of the flames from the west.

Our neighbors, the John Samer family, nine in all, were with us that day. John was a practicing veterinarian. As the day wore on mother's time came.

It was Mr. and Mrs. Samer who attended mother in the birth of our sister, Frieda - now Mrs. Elliott Haffa, born in that haven of safety, our root cellar.

I recall Mr. Samer holding a large loaf of bread, cutting slices from it with a long bladed knife, and dividing them among a group of hungry youngsters that also were housed in our root cellar that night.

Father died when I was four. Mother had a hard time to make ends meet. I went to grade school in the town of Elk - near where the new high school stands. But didn't continue my education.

Mother said, "a strong girl like you better go to work and make your own living." I did!

Except for a few years of marriage I've been alone—making my own fortune. I live in Waukesha, Wis. I'm thrifty and successful. I have what I want.

It's always a pleasure to come home to Phillips for a visit. You know, I still drive my Chevrolet two door Biscayne.

ANNE RAAP, 83

I was born on Nov. 28th, 1893 in Phillips. My parents were John and Bertha Zierer. We lived in the township of Worcester, about four miles out of town at the time of the fire. All the stumps and trees on the place were burning, but we were spared.

I attended Mount Hope School, after that I stayed at home until Mr. Raap and I were married.

At the time we made wedding arrangements with the priest and our family we set April 1st as the date, not realizing that it was April Fools Day.

When we realized the fact, I said, what difference does it make, we won't change our plans. So April Fools Day, 1913 was our wedding day. George and I were married.

George did woods work and mill work, and became a patrolman for Price County. We had three boys and a girl.

During the hard times I worked at a laundry and at Jackson's for 25¢ per hour.

I was born and raised at Phillips and never cared to leave home. My husband has passed away. I've left home. But I came only a short distance to live at Pleasant View Nursing Home. I'm happy here with many of my old friends.



*Sister M. Robertine
(Anna Nebish)*

SISTER M. ROBERTINE (Anna Nebish), 86

*Born: April 29, 1890 in Phillips
Parents: Albert Nebish and Anna Weiczorek*

Education: Native (Phillips?) High School 1-2 years; received high school diploma from Academy of Our Lady, Chicago, Illinois; St. John's School of Nursing Education (Registered Nurse); Two year course in X-ray and Medical Technology; DePaul University - Bachelor of Philosophy Degree in Music. Profession: X-ray and Lab Technician; Organist and teacher of music; Taught Biology in St. Francis High School, Springfield, Illinois; Was postulant Mistress.

Entered the Congregation of the Hospital Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis whose Motherhouse is in Springfield, Illinois on November 14, 1914. Professed in 1917.

Left Phillips to enter the convent.

Is presently a patient in the Motherhouse Infirmary.

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WILLIAM REHAGEN, 88

My parents, Frederick and Attilia Rehagen came to Sheboygan, Wis. from Germany in the 1880's.

I was born on March 8th, 1888. They came to Phillips shortly after that. My father bought a place out on Storms Road. We had 100 acres there.

At first we lived in a log cabin. In a few years he built a big frame house with a lean-to. We were already farming at the time of the fire.

There was big piles of bark all around our place. And the fire was so close. It was a good thing we didn't run out of water. We saved all the buildings. No one was hurt.

That was the day my sister, Frieda Haffa, was born; July the 27th, 1894. I was a young guy then.

I went to the Arbutus School. A Miss Kraus was one of my teachers.

My father died about 1896. My mother and the family stayed on the farm. I worked here and there - wherever they caught me. I never looked for a job. I was at VonSeggerns saw mill at the time of World War I.

When I was in France with Co. B 119th Machine Gun Battalion, my brother was with me, too. I got them to let my brother go home because my mother needed him on the farm.

When I came home from the Service, I went back to VonSeggerns Saw Mill in the summertime. In the fall we'd go to a logging camp and stay 'til Christmas. We wouldn't shave or anything. Then we'd clean up for Christmas. And go back again and not come out 'til spring.

In the spring I got jobs like rafting logs from the bay across the lake from VonSeggerns' pier and pull the logs up to the pier to their mill.

The hardwoods, you know, they'd sink right away, especially the oak, we'd have to tie them to the raft and push them across the lake. When my brother died I went home to the farm.

Elizabeth Harschutz came to vacation with her Aunt Mary and Uncle Ed at the Harschutz Resort. We became acquainted. In 1940 we were married. I tell people it was leap year. My wife says, "Must you tell people that."

About 30 years ago we started the Rest Haven Resort; and made a park out of 40 acres. We had a large clientele. They came from all over.

And then six years ago we sold the place. That, along with the farm, was just too much for us, too much work.

We stayed in Phillips because at one time I knew every Tom, Dick and Harry. But, now most of them are gone. We hardly know anyone, except one, she's a widow, and that is Alma Eysnogle. Her maiden name was Schmidt. We know her. Alma's folks pioneered on wild land near my folks. Her husband's name was Adam.

There wasn't any woman's lib back when you had to crank a automobile.



The Abe Eaton home on the Hill. A sanctuary during the Phillips Fire - July 27, 1894.



Jennie (Eaton) Shell



Grandmother Shell - born May 20, 1890

JENNIE SHELL (nee Eaton), 86

Jennie was born May 20, 1890 in Phillips. She was one of nine children. Her parents were Abraham and Bessie Eaton and she was married to Sanford Shell in 1908. 2 Children: Evelyn Anderson and Kenneth Anderson. They were affiliated with the Presbyterian Church, O.E.S., and Moose Lodge. She was an Avon Representative for 25 years and a housewife.

Jennie says, "I can tell you about the Phillips fire. I was only four years old in 1894."

On the day of the fire our place was over run with people. They brought one very sick lady on a stretcher. Mother put her to bed on our porch. She

PRICE COUNTY TOWN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

Price County Town Mutual Insurance Company is celebrating
75 years of business this "Bi-Centennial" year.

The Company was organized on May 18, 1901 as "The Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Worcester and Prentice." Its purpose was to serve its members a low cost fire protection. In later years wind and extended coverage was offered. The company expanded its territory to where protection is offered in all of Price County and parts of Ashland, Lincoln, and Oneida counties. The first president was Joseph Kraus. Officers elected at the first annual meeting on January 7, 1902 were:

Pres. - O. A. Johnson
Sec. - C. F. Glissendorf
Treas. - Fred'k Mayer

Directors - Bruno Metzig
Rodney Dixon
Christ Kline
Alfred Nelson
J. Johnson



C. F. Glissendorf
Sec. Mutual Ins. Co.
1901-1941

Secretary's report:	1901	1976
Policies in force	257	1454
Income	\$924.79	\$128,732.97
Losses paid	586.67	50,104.66
Ave. value of policy	862.50	38,500.00

This company has had only three secretaries since its origin. C. F. Glissendorf from 1901-1941. Howard Hicks from 1941 to 1969, and its present secretary Richard Denny since 1969.

Present Officers:

Pres. - Frank Jasurda, Phillips
Vice Pres. - George Valiga, Phillips
Sec.-Treas. - Richard Denny, Phillips

Other Directors:

George Baran - Phillips
Roland Bodenburg - Phillips
Rudy Haubert - Catawba
Louis Koshak - Park Falls
Albert Sandquist - Brantwood
Herbert Silampa - Ogema

laid there until the fire had gone past our place. "The Sperry and Fenelon Drug Store" packed all of their drugs, jewelry and stuff, rushed it out to my folks, and piled it in our living room.

Mother walked, nervously, from one window to the other, with my baby sister, Jessie, then only a few weeks old, cradled in her arms, and me walking alongside, clinging to her skirt. They all made a fuss over me, and called me that black-eyed Eaton girl.

There were people laying all over the place; in the yard, among the stumps and on the log piles behind the house, where father had cleared land. Oh, it was dreadful.

Those people just laid on the ground out in the open. Some of them had blankets, others had nothing. That was a terrible fire. The sky was a red color, with smoke everywhere.

Father fought fire until he just couldn't anymore. He'd come in and rest awhile on the floor and then go out again. They had to carry water, in pails, up the hill from a spring on Raskie's Road.

Mother had big kettles and pans that she used to cook the big hams and other food the people brought, over a fire pit outside the house. It was like a picnic, only sad!

Our place was like a regular campground until it was safe for the people to go back to their homes, or to rebuild those that burned.

When it was safe they took the sick lady to her home where she died three days later.

They saved our home, due to a lot of hard fire fighting.

I have a beautiful breast pin given to me by "Sperry and Fenelon." The fellow that was taking their stuff away from our house had given mother one. Of course, you know how children are, I stood alongside and watched him give mother things and he looked at me, and said, "Yes, Jenny, you are going to get one, too."

IDA (Farmer) ROEDER, 83

Ida Roeder was born March 30, 1893, Town of Worcester. Her parents were Jacob and Marie Farmer. She was educated at Hartman School and married George Roeder in 1911. Children: Marie, Margaret, Fred.

We farmed on highway 111. Our son Fred had always been with us. When George died in 1940, Fred stayed on the farm with me.

In 1951 I moved into this house with my folks, here in Phillips, to care for them until they died. In return they left the place to me.

Why did I stay in Phillips? I like it here. Better than anywhere else. I keep busy; needlework, church work, and enjoy playing cards at the Pleasant View Nursing Home with their guests on Wednesday afternoons.

ADELIA TENUT, 87

Born: August 30, 1889 in Phillips
Parents: Henry and Emma Peters
Sisters and Brothers: 8

My parents came from Germany. They settled on a farm on the outskirts of Phillips. Some of the farm buildings father put up are still standing there.

He worked as a millwright, carpenter and cabinet maker. He, also, did masonry. In fact Henry Peters could construct a building from the footings to the final. And he was adept at finishing the interior to the nth degree.

My father built the original Trinity and Saint John's Lutheran Churches. John Eitel and son, William Ruka and sons, Albert Bodenberg and son, and others also did carpentering. (It is not clear who assisted in erecting these churches.) But it was Henry Peters who was given special recognition (Bee 1935) by Pastor P. W. Hahn, at the "50th year celebration," for being the builder of the original edifice, complete with all the furniture - including the altar, pulpit, lectern, benches and the baptismal font.

The church has undergone renovations since then.

The roaring fire, flying embers and smothering smoke that consumed the city of Phillips in 1894, did no damage to the Trinity Lutheran Church, nor several other buildings near it. Its steeple seemed to stand sentinel over the sanctuary; and to signify hope and salvation to all who viewed it.

I remember that day well. Mother was pregnant. Father had to help fight the fire. A neighbor from south of town came through Phillips with a team hitched to a hayrack and offered to take us to his farm; the place where John Narga lives today.

He loaded a mattress and some personal possessions on the rack, set mother and us kids on top of it and took us down the road to safety. Two weeks later, on August 11, my brother Emil Peters, was born.

In 1909 Alvil Tenut became my husband. He was a carpenter, too. We had twelve children.

My sister, Nanny Liebelt, lived in Fifield. It was a pleasure to go visit her once in a while.

The family kept me busy at home then and now. I wouldn't want to be anywhere else.

ANNE (Schleicher) TENUT, 86

I was born on February 24, 1890 in Phillips. My parents were John and Elizabeth Schleicher. They had seven of us girls. No boys, I was the oldest.

At the time of the fire I was four years old. My mother had the furniture loaded on the wagon. First, she saw the smoke, and my father said, "Ach, that don't bother me today. That one horse is lame. I got to go and get a new shoe put on." So he left.

Then mother went to the bark camp about a

CENTENNIAL
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*Belle Lile and Anne Tenut show one of
 Anne's beautiful hand pieced quilts.*

mile from us. She asked them if they could loan us a horse to get the loaded wagon out and up the road.

The man, the foreman, said, "Oh lady, that fire went some today." Of course, if she'd known the one horse could have pulled the wagon, but she didn't know how to hook it up. The wagon didn't have shafts. It had a tongue. But then, you know, you can put the neck-yoke strap up on his bone. Well, you know, excited too, and scared!

Most people that were settled in town had a cow and chickens. "We'll leave now," she said. She carried my sister and led the horse, and let me lead the cow. That cow would have followed her, but leading the cow gave me something to do.

We went up as far as "Watson's", the Frank Place, and here my dad comes, just about when we reached over there. He jumped on the horse and was going to go back. She says, "You can't get there no more." Well, he said, "I'm going to see what I can do." He rode half ways down and there was so much smoke you couldn't see. Everything was afire already.

So the next morning he had some kind of rig from "Watson's", I guess, and we went to look. We found the pigs and the chickens in the potato patch, burnt. Dead. There wasn't no smell yet that next day. The potatoes in the ground were half-baked. Well, everything was just leveled. So we all came back.

I don't remember how long we stayed at "Watson's", the neighbors, I guess everybody that had lost everything, they all got together, they helped each other put up shacks, whatever they could do to live in.

An awful lot of people went to John Rell's Saloon, Belle Lile's grandpaw, what is the bowling alley now, that didn't burn. And some went down to the water. I guess some of them drowned.

So, finally, we had a log shack, a log house, built. Our house was a log house in the first place; but they built another one. It was home.

I went to school at Hartman's School. I didn't go out to work at first - I was needed at home to help. I didn't go to work until I was 16 or 17.

I must have been about 20 or 21 when I met my husband, Alfred Tenut. He worked in logging camps, made railroad ties and cut wood.

Since 1912 when we were married I've lived on this place. Right here! We had eight children: John, Art, Rob, Elfred, Lena, Betty, Esther and Louise.

Our house burned down twice. We lost Esther in the second fire. My husband died in 1936. We'd been married 24 years.

This is an 80 acre farm! I farmed 'til 1962, when the wind blew the barn down. That did it. I had to give up.

I sew and piece quilts and knit, my eyes are pretty good. Two years ago I had a cataract taken off. I started making quilts when I had to sell my cows and my chickens. One even went across the ocean. That is, my quilt. I should have put the names down of every one I sold a quilt to. I've made close to 100 quilts. They've sold from \$25 to \$55 each. Once I entered them at the fair, just one time. I got first prize.

When I get these stockings, anklets and mittens finished, I'll begin piecing quilts again. The knitted things are for the children. I keep busy so I don't get lonesome.



*Helen - 90 and Morris Thieme 91, the oldest married
 couple in Phillips, will celebrate their 70th anniversary
 on June 16th, 1976.*

**HELEN THIEME, 90
 MORRIS THIEME, 91**
Will be married 70 years on June 16, 1976

Helen says:

I was born in Germany on May 17th in 1886. My parents, Nickolas and Mary Kemp brought me across the ocean in a ship when I was six years old. We came here to Phillips in 1892 to stay with my aunt, Mrs. Peter Bauler.

Mrs. Mary Peters, who was also my mother's sister, wrote for us to come. It must have been in July because we picked wild raspberries on the way up.

You know where Eaton's Hill is? Well, we lived

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back from where Svoboda lives. We later went to live where Simurdiak lives. We had a log house. And we moved in there. And that was the time of the Phillips fire.

We were living there. They came and got my dad and he had to go and fight the fire. And we were left alone. There was me and my mother and my sister and my brother.

And the fire got up into the field and all the stumps were aflame. And all the people crowded in around our house in that land there. All the people that were there carried water and the fire never got to the house.

We were there until after the fire. And they had a place where they fed the people. You know, a hall, at Worcester, we all went there to eat, for a long time. No one got burnt.

They slept all over, in the barns and everywhere - that didn't burn.

I went to the Hartman School, the eight grades.

Mr. Thieme had lived on a farm at Curtis, in Clark County, Wisconsin, a few years, and attended school there, before coming to Price County. He was born in Germany, too.

A man by the name of Jim Fahley, asked Morris, then not yet fourteen years old to come to Fifield to work for him. He did. He worked as a caretaker at a Springstead Lake Resort all of one winter.

Morris tells of how he drove a four horse team in a logging camp when he was only 14½ years old; and about an experience with timber wolves one night in the woods, with the four-horse team hitched to a sleighload of logs; but, that is another story.

We were married on June 16, 1906 in Phillips. We had seven children. Phillips has always been our home.

Morris worked in the woods, did contract logging jobs; then at the lumber mill: nine years in the power house, before we had electricity; and six years in the fire hole, and then in the engine room. He worked until he was 67 years old.

I had been coaxing him to stay home, then one day as he sat in the rocker, Morris said, "I quit! I'm tired! I've taken good care of you, now you can take care of me."

When asked what he liked about Phillips, Morris pointed his finger at me and said, "This lady, sitting here beside me. My wife, that is what I like about Phillips. We made 70 years together, and I still love her!"

ANNA WATSON (nee Frank), 85

My dad, Dismas Frank, was born in Germany. He came to Phillips at the age of 15, in company with Bruno Metzsig.

Mom, Barbara Heller, was born in Switzerland. She was 18 when she came here on the same boat with Hilda Hartman's mother and father.

Mom and Dad were married in Phillips. I was born on January 17, 1891. I went to the Hartman School.

Dad was prominent in business and politics most of his lifetime. He was a veterinarian for years, too. In those days you didn't need a license to practice.

He raised Guernsey cattle. This led to operating a Dairy Service. Mom delivered milk and other dairy products by horse drawn wagon. The milk was ladled from large covered milk cans into the containers provided by the customers.

The Frank Lasek home was once that of the Dismas Frank family. The original Frank barn has been renovated and is now the Leonard Lowe workshop.

Mom was a midwife and nurse for many years. She worked with Dr. Sperry and Dr. O'dell. Whenever they needed help on a confinement case or other sick calls, they'd call on Mom. Her services were in great demand.

Mr. Wilson Watson came to America from London, England; and eventually to Phillips.

Wilson and I were married January 14, 1916. We went to La Moure, North Dakota and operated a bakery there.

We returned to Phillips in 1921. Wilson then took up carpentering as a means of livelihood.

We had four daughters. I am making my home with Anna Mae and her husband, Owen Hainey - on Route 2 Phillips.

MINNETTE (Sorenson) YOCUM, 87

Born: August 21, 1889 in Dorchester, Wis.

Parents: Ernest and Ida Sorenson

Children: 2 sons

Moved to Phillips before the fire. She attended the Phillips Schools. Married Antone Yocum.

Profession: Minnette taught school in an upper room of a home in Lugerville before a school building was provided. Her father and an uncle, Andrew Sorenson, operated a butcher shop in Phillips.

She resides at 2401 East 7th Ave. in No. St. Paul, Minn. The Yocum family owns a gasoline and oil business in that city.

INDIAN BURIAL GROUND

Squaw island, on the east side of Lake Duroy, was not always an island. At the time Phillips was settled it was a point extending out from the mainland. When the dam was built to raise the lake it became separated and Squaw island was formed.

Squaw Point, as it was known to the early settlers, was an Indian burial ground of long standing.

Even after Phillips was settled the Indians made burials there. Until about 1880 the tribes would spend several days each fall holding ceremonies on the point and decorating graves in the Indian fashion. It is believed that a permanent Indian village was at one time located on the high ground on the east side of the lake.