



Seymour History Bulletin

A quarterly publication of the Seymour Community Historical Society Inc.

Dedicated to preserving Seymour Area History Winter 2011

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Web site: www.seymourhistory.org

New Museum Construction is in Progress



Prior to pouring the concrete footings and floor, the soil was excavated to a depth of ten feet and filled with crushed rock and sand. This was then compacted to form a solid base.



Workers from Schuh Construction pour the concrete foundation. You can follow the progress of the new building on the SCHS Facebook page.

Size and Scope of the Project

As a person drives past the new museum/learning center site, the size of the project is impressive. The new building at 60' wide and 70' deep is three times as wide as the present museum and the same length. Since the former Miller-Piehl office building will be maintained as an old time country store, the historical society will be able to utilize the facility for display and storage.

Marge Coonen, longtime historical society member and treasurer, summed up the feelings of the board members. "We are thrilled with the progress of the new building. It is an example of many people from different generations pulling together to improve our community and preserve the history of Seymour. It is a great addition to the downtown."

Something for Everyone

In addition to displaying items from the past, the new facility will provide educational activities for children and adults. The second floor flex space is large enough to provide space for visiting exhibits and presentations. The historical society is committed to organizing and making available a variety of programs with cultural, educational, and social value. Plans are underway to include an archival area suitable for doing genealogical research.

The new museum/learning center provides offices for the society and the Home of the Hamburger organization. Eventually, the gift shop will feature hamburger related items tied to local history and other objects of interest.

Plans are underway to collaborate with Countryside Photographers to include an old time photo studio where during certain events kids may have their pictures taken in period clothing. These are just a few examples how the new museum/learning center will enrich our lives.

Thank You for Your Support

By Bill Collar

On behalf of all the members of the historical society, the SCHS Board of Directors extends a sincere "Thank You" to everyone who has believed in this project and who has contributed toward construction. A project of this magnitude is not possible without a great deal of teamwork. This includes all donors, Seymour City Council, Mayors Pingel, Rottier, and Schutte, and the planning and encouragement of the steering committee consisting of Jim Campbell, John Cumicek, Tom Duffey, Carl Kuehne, Don Hoff - DDS, Debbie Peterson, Perry Pierre, Harold Pingel, Pudge Schuh, and Elizabeth Timmins. Present and future generations will benefit from your commitment of time and expertise.

Board Members:

Bill Collar	Gail Dean	Sue Keyzers
Bob Coonen	Ellen Piehl Duffy	John Koenigs
Marge Coonen	Janice Eick	Jennie Huettl
Lois Dalke	Mike Keyzers	

Exhibits, Donations, and Volunteers

Even though we have received sufficient donations to build, the historical society is in need of additional funding to build exhibits, and purchase furniture, supplies, etc. More information is included toward the back of this publication.

We are also soliciting volunteers to assist in planning and constructing exhibits. If you would like to help in some capacity, please contact one of the members listed above. Perhaps you are artistic, like to paint, have woodworking skills, enjoy writing, or have other skills to offer. Please consider lending a hand. Your help is greatly appreciated!

Moving the Commemorative Wall



Schuh Construction, general contractor for the new museum/learning center, moved the 40-foot commemorative wall without a hitch. The wall was originally constructed to recognize people who donated to build the gazebo. Since the space west of the gazebo is needed for the new building, the wall was moved to the east. Roger Schuh called moving the 60,000-pound wall a "real challenge." A crane with a sling placed the wall on a flatbed truck for the short journey to its new location where it was cemented into place.

Are You Interested in Research?

Mike Keyzers and Ellen Piehl Duffy have been taking pictures and doing research in Seymour areas cemeteries. The SCHS plans to have an area in the new museum set aside for family research. With the opening of the new building space will be provided to access to the extensive picture, newspaper, and book collection. Since the museum will be staffed by all volunteers, it will take time to get everything organized. This is an excellent opportunity for people to assist in making the facility a user friendly place. Through the utilization of technology it is now possible to accumulate large files in a small space. Of course, it takes an initial investment of time and money.

December is a Busy Month

Volunteers start decorating for Christmas in November so the museum and Nagel Park are filled with holiday cheer by the first of December. The museum is decorated, lights installed, trees erected, garland strung and the Depot St. area is converted to a Winter Wonderland. Because of construction the gazebo will not be decorated this year, but watch for a great light show on the west side of the museum.

Christmas Open House and Bake Sale

The Christmas open house and bake sale is always a big hit. Janice Eick is again coordinating the decorating with the theme being. ***"The Legend of the Poinsettia."*** The sale begins at 9:00 AM on Saturday, December 3rd. Give your Christmas spirit a boost by taking advantage of numerous activities taking place in Seymour on December 3rd.

- Open house and bake sale at the museum.
- Craft and bake sale at United Methodist Church.

- Craft and bake sale at Emmanuel Lutheran Church.
- Craft and bake sale at Good Shepherd Home.
- Christmas Tree Sale at Muehl Public Library.
- Holly Jolly Sale at Wally's Seymour Bowl.
- The model RR is running at the Depot 9:00 – 1:00 AM.

Tour the museum, pick out a Christmas tree, and enjoy a day of shopping, eating and promoting the Christmas spirit in downtown Seymour.



The theme of the open house this year is: The Legend of the Poinsettia. Stop in and see the decorations, purchase baked goods, and register for the raffle.

Memory Forest

A drive down Depot St. will bring out the holiday spirit in most everyone. Nagel Park and the museum grounds are decorated with 42 trees donated by Don Hoff, DDS. For a minimum donation of \$25.00, people can purchase a tree to trim. Signs made by Bob Coonen and Janice Eick indicate the person or persons to whom the trees are dedicated. It is intriguing to see the variety of decorations ranging from sports equipment and the Christmas theme, to teddy bears and toy cars, trucks, and tractors. The wide variety of groups represented includes the EMT's, Veterans, Friends of the Library, Isaar Trailriders, Good Shepherd Services, Muehl-Boettcher Funeral Home and HOTH. This project is a great way to recognize loved ones, celebrate the holidays, and contribute to new museum building fund.

Donate Items to the Museum

Many generous people have contributed items to the museum collection. Perhaps you have something of local historical value. If so, or if you don't know, call any member of the board of directors and we will be happy to discuss it with you. Any articles that can be identified with Seymour area businesses or organizations are of particular interest.

Please check with us before throwing out anything that would be a good addition to our collection. Of particular interest are everyday items such as toys, tools, unique clothing, and anything that is suitable for our 1920's store.

This article was published in the Green Bay Press Gazette on December 24, 1986 It was written by Rich Matuszak and won first place in the Press-Gazette's "Oh Christmas Tree" contest. It is a tale of a special young man's first Christmas away from home, fighting a war in Southeast Asia.

The Vietnam Tree



Rich Matuszak, pictured with his special Christmas tree in Vietnam in 1969.

It was 1969; I was 19 and serving with the United States Army, 1st Infantry Division in the Republic of South Vietnam. I entered the Army in February of that year and was sent to Southeast Asia in July.

This was my first Christmas away from home. Being the youngest child in a family of 13, the holiday at our home was filled with family gathering and celebrations. We always were and still are a close-knit family and Christmas was a time when our love and affection for each other seemed to peak.

Our Christmas trees were always large and full. I remember one having a trunk so large it didn't even fit in our stand; we had to put it in a cement block. The ritual of bringing it into the house was usually accompanied with cries of protest as to how much of the top should be cut off or how bottom branches could be removed without destroying its shape. It always seemed our ceiling was 2 or 3 feet too low.

This Christmas was different though. I was half way around the world; there was no familiar chill in the air or snow on the ground. It was hot and dusty, and I was lonely and homesick.

My mother wrote every week to tell me about what was happening at home. I remember it was sometime in October when in one of her letters she said had mailed me a package that contained my Christmas gift. She mailed it early because she wanted to be sure I would receive it by Christmas.

As the weeks passed and the holidays neared, I began to look more and more expectantly for my package and what was inside. At each day's mail call I would wait in anguish for my name to be called. Letters and packages from other family members came, but the one from my parents didn't arrive.

As Christmas drew closer my Mother's letters began to express more and more concern and anxiety about the fate of their gift. Knowing my mother, I knew there were many prayers being said during that time and I felt bad for her

because I knew it meant a lot to her that I receive their gift by Christmas.

In my last letter to my parents before Christmas, I had to tell them that their gift for me had not arrived, but that knowing they loved me was the best gift in the world anyway. Christmas Eve came and still no package. I was sure now that my gift from home had been lost and I concentrated instead on making the best of this extraordinary Christmas.

The next morning the chaplain arrived to say Mass. Although everyone's thoughts were of home and family, the familiar words of the nativity story brought a sense of comfort. Shortly after services ended, mail call was announced and my name was called... the package from home had arrived! I could hardly believe it. After all those weeks waiting and finally thinking it was lost for good, here it was on Christmas Day! I took it and sat down and for a while, I just held it and stared at it. I remember thinking that it seemed almost like a miracle that it was here.

I wanted to call home and tell Mom and Dad that the package they wanted me to receive by Christmas was here, but I couldn't. I felt bad that they would spend this day not knowing how happy I was.

When I started to open the package I sort of expected it to be filled with candy and cookies and things like that. But, when I looked inside I found a beautiful little Christmas tree with little glass bulbs and popcorn balls to trim it with. I took the tree out and started to decorate it, carefully placing each ornament in the proper place as we always did at home.

Below it I placed a crèche sent to me by my sister, and around that I stood all the Christmas card greetings I had received. Then I spent a long time looking at it and thinking about the Christmases of my childhood and wondering about those yet to come.

That little tree with the crèche and greeting cards below it symbolized home for me that year and all the love and comfort that was waiting for me when I returned.

Christmas has come and gone 36 times in my life and each Christmas tree I've known has been special in some way. But the one that surpasses all the rest is the one that that least resembles them. That small artificial tree was as real and beautiful to me as any of the others could ever be. Because through it, my parents gave me the very gifts the world received that first Christmas many years ago - hope, joy, peace, and above all, love.

Share Your Story with Others

Perhaps you have a story of historical significance. Or maybe you recall some local history that has been passed on to you. If so, consider submitting it to the SCHS and we will include it in our ***Seymour History Bulletin***. All articles and past newsletters may be accessed on the historical society Web site (www.seymourhistory.org).

The following interview with Lucille Miller was conducted during the winter and spring of 2011. Printed here is the first portion of that interview. The remainder will be included in a future edition. The full script is available in the Museum.

If you have roots in Seymour, and would like to be interviewed, contact a member of the historical society Board.

If you are not receiving an electronic copy of this newsletter please send your email address to: (bicollar@aol.com).

An Interview with Lucille Miller

Born 1924

Father: Theodore Miller Mother: Lydia

Husband: Robert Miller

Children: Sally Miller Natchek and Susan Miller Mayer



I was raised on Ballard Road, the town line road, one half mile south of Highway 54. We were in the town of Black Creek and across the road was the town of Osborn. I was an only child. My mother had three baby boys, but they all died. The first was stillborn and the others died as infants. With today's medical advances they may have lived. Some of the

neighbors who lived up the hill went to the North Osborn School. I started at Blue Star School when I was five. This is a picture of the class when I was going into the third grade. All the students are identified.



1932-33 Blue Star School

Front Row: L. to R. James Sutliff, Katherine Sutliff, Lucille Miller, Robert Hein, Shirley Hein, Denece Steffen. Second Row: Nathan Mielke, Wayne Mielke, Everett Schneider, Carol Hein, Erdine Steffen, Frederick Blohm, Sylvia Kropp. Back Row: Betty Hein, Marjorie Hein, Lucille Steffen and Eunice Brownson

My grandparents, Albert and Adolphine Miller, had a farm on Highway 54. My father and his brothers and sisters also attended the same Blue Star School. I do not believe any of them completed all eight grades. They usually quit school about the sixth or seventh grade and were required to work on the farm. The Blue Star School was closed in 1940 and then all the students were bused to Seymour.



Blue Star School 1938 – Eighth grade graduating class. L. to R. Denece Steffen, Lucille Miller, Shirley Hein and in front, teacher, Lucille Stritzel Puls.

I have good memories of attending country school. The picture has 17 students. The most I ever remember is 19 and that includes all eight grades. One teacher taught all the classes. We had one big room and two cloakrooms, one for boys and another

for girls. Since there was no electricity, there was just one big heater and the teacher kept it going. The teacher didn't have it easy. There was a woodshed in the back part of the school and the teacher, with the help of older boys, had to carry the wood. During recess we played many different games. I started first grade at age five. They didn't have kindergarten. The teacher could not be married when I went to school. Later I found that one of my teachers was married, but she kept it a secret and only went to Green Bay on weekends. They weren't allowed to go in saloons either. However, WWII changed all of that.

Snakes and the Playhouse

In the summer, I always went barefoot and learned to walk carefully on the crushed gravel driveway. I also watched to not step on a snake. I recall stepping over a green grass snake while barefoot. My parent's farm was located between a rock ledge to the east and a swamp to the west. We believed the snakes hibernated in the rock ledge and went to the swamp during the summer. One time when we were walking home from school, James Sutliff caught a grass snake and chased us girls with it. Once, while playing with the kittens, I saw a large grass snake with a frog in its mouth for a long time before it was devoured. We had large pine snakes. One day my father killed three of them that were about five feet long. After the farmers started using herbicides, we didn't see many snakes. My favorite playhouse during the summer was an empty corncrib. A friend tells me she and her sisters really decorated their corncrib into a play house. Mine was very primitive. When my father couldn't find some of his tools, he probably could locate them in my playhouse.

My folks raised geese for the down that mother used to make wonderful pillows. Prior to that, cornhusks were used. We also enjoyed roast goose for Thanksgiving and Christmas. During mating season, the gander would chase children, so I always carried a large stick when I walked to the barn. I loved playing with the cats and kittens. I had a pet cat that would ride on my shoulders and would result in some scratches from it trying to hang on.

Christmas was special

Our Christmas was simple but very special. We would go to church on Christmas Eve then come home to trim our fresh evergreen tree. We would use candy cherries and strawberries on a wire, candy canes, and cookies. Some folks strung popcorn or made paper loops of garland. My mother did not have time for that or enough children to do it. She would send for green and red garland from the Sears and Roebuck catalog. Most of my toys also came from the catalog. Being an only child, I may have fared better than most.

We did not have electric lights, so we used candles on the tree. The candles were beautiful, but what a fire hazard. I had to be very careful when I lit them. Christmas bags from Santa were special. I received one from school, one from church, and one from Santa sponsored by the American Legion. The Legion had a poultry fair every year where they raffled dressed poultry to raise money for the Christmas bags. Later it became a joint venture with the firemen. The bags from Santa would contain an apple, orange, popcorn ball, nuts, and candy. The best bag was at school after our school Christmas program. It was actually paid for by the teacher. My uncle, who had no children, would give each of his family a five-pound box of chocolates. He made a special child's table

for me and later my daughters used the table for many tea parties. Susan still has the table. My granddaughter, Shannon Meyer, also used the table.

Sad event

One sad memory, when I was going in the seventh grade, Fredrick Blohm, an eighth grader, was killed in a farm accident. I was one of the flower girls at the funeral. How hard it was for his family and all who knew them. When there was a death in the family, a black wreath was hung on the front of the house.

Going to Town

When my father would go to town or to the cheese factory, I would tag along. He was a good Evangelical and he wouldn't go into taverns, but we got into the hotel because Bob Kuehne, Sr. had his office in the back. Women didn't go into taverns until after WWII. In fact, teachers were told if they went into taverns, they would lose their jobs. Later they had back rooms and the women could go in those. The hotel was the place to go in Seymour along with Marnocha's across the street, and the Kroner Brothers. They were all popular places. The hotel used to have a tearoom in the back where the women would go for lunch.



Marnocha's Tavern with Wally Peotter, Hugo Beyer, Franz Moselle, Tony VandenHuevel, Orville Marnocha and Stanley Marnocha

Marnocha's and Kroner Brothers both had back rooms with booths. During the war years my friends and I would sit in the booths. Kroner Brothers was known for great fish fries on Friday nights. Mrs. Marnocha made the best hot beef sandwiches with a garlic dill pickle. Everything was homemade.

The Feed Mill

Father took feed to be ground at the mill on Main Street located next to what is Kary's restaurant today. Henry Recknagel was the manager. I believe that was the beginning of the Seymour Cooperative that later moved to Morrow Street. Mr. and Mrs. Recknagel had a son, Russell who was a large young man with special needs. The boys teased him, which was cruel. He died when he was just a young man. The Recknagels left their estate to the city of Seymour to be used to benefit children. Sometime later, the city established Recknagel Park in their honor.

When I was a youngster, most houses had a horse barn in the back yard. The Zion Evangelical Church on High and Ivory Street had a three-sided shelter for horses behind the church.

Most of the horse barns have been torn down, or were remodeled into garages for automobiles.

Market Day

Market Day or as we called it, "Pig Fair Day" was a big event for Seymour. It took place once a month and we called it that because during the Depression feeder pigs were sold that cheap. In fact, my father could only get \$1.00 a piece for them, so he would bring them home and fatten them up or my mother would roast them. We had spanferkel and it was delicious.



Hog Butchering on the Farm.

We had 120 acres and always had a hired man. Other farmers who had only 40 or 60 acres also worked other jobs so they could support the family. One day when I was a youngster, I went with my father to the pig fair day and he purchased a puppy for me. We brought it home and my mother said I was the happiest kid in the area. I later taught the dog to jump through my arms, and I would throw the ball and he would fetch it back to me until one day it ended under the porch and there was a bee's nest and one stung his nose and he would no longer fetch the ball.

Life on the Farm

My father had 80 acres right where the buildings were and about quarter mile south, he owned another 40 acres. In the morning, the men would take the cows down there to pasture. In the evening, I would take my dog and go get the cows for milking. We had about 19 or 20 cows. We milked them by hand. We didn't have any electricity or indoor plumbing. On the highway they did have electricity, but it didn't come to the back roads until FDR started the rural electrification program in the late 1930s.

As a child, I liked winter much more than summer. During the summer it was so hot and very little rain. In the west, they had sand storms and it seemed like there was always dust in the air. You could see it in the sky. It always looked sandy. In the winter you could go sledding down the barn bank. I had a couple sleds and skating was fun. We played fox and goose. I think as a whole we had more fun than children today. We played simple games like drop the handkerchief, softball, batter up, cops and robbers and ante, ante over the schoolhouse, hide and seek, and pop goes the weasel. The girls played jacks and the boys and girls played marbles and jump rope.

Threshing time was a lot of work and I helped too. They would cut the grain and shuck it. I always ended up doing the housework. I didn't like working outside because it was too hot. During threshing time, they hauled all those shucks of grain in and they would thresh it. We would have as many as

12 men at the table. I helped my mother make pies and cakes and prepare the meals. Most often, the neighbors would all pitch in and help each other. I helped my mother and my two aunts who lived on the highway. When the men would get together, they would talk about how tough times were. It was hard making enough money to make the mortgage payments. Nevertheless, in most ways the country people were much better off than people in the city where they had breadlines and soup kitchens. The farmers always had enough to eat. We had our chickens and our animals and plenty of vegetables. My mother would can 50 quarts of peaches, pears, raspberries and just about everything. With a hired man, we needed plenty of food in the house.

The Barter System

When we went to the store mother would take a case of eggs and trade it for groceries. It was the barter system. Things weren't packaged the way they are today. They would have a big box of cookies and you could pick out what you wanted and put them in a paper bag and carry them in a market basket. Flour, sugar and other bulk items came in 100-pound sacks. When I was working in the bank, one of my older customers told me about Charlie Freund who was in charge of the First National Bank. When the farmers needed seeds and supplies for planting in the spring he would loan them money and they would pay the loan when the crops were harvested in the fall. Often the only contract was a handshake. Everyone knew everyone else and trust was a valued commodity.

Country Roads

As far back as I can remember my father always had a car. The first one was a Model-T Ford and then he had a Dodge sedan. During the 1930s, most people in the area owned a car. The rural roads weren't paved and in the spring, when the frost was coming out of the ground, travel was difficult. In



Ballard Road in the Spring – 1930's

fact, I remember one time when I was out on a date we got stuck on a country road north of Seymour and the battery fell out of the car. I didn't get home until 5:00 in the morning. We were with two other couples. Since most young people didn't have a car, we usually car-pooled. My parents weren't worried. Times were different.

Tough Times

When times were tough dad would get seed bags that were made out of printed material and my mother would make pillowcases, sheets, and clothing out of them. The nicest material was from sugar sacks. My mother used those for making handkerchiefs.

We had a radio and that was the main form of entertainment. I remember Bob Hope, Inner Sanctum, Fibber McGee and Molly, and Amos and Andy. Originally, we had a battery-powered radio because electricity was not available. We had a large telephone hanging on the wall before we had



Lucille with her father, Theodore, and dog Shep.

electricity. We lived on a town line road and everyone had a telephone. Bill Kropp lived down the road from us and he collected the money for the town line telephone. We were on a party line and about 12 families shared the line. Our ring was one long and two shorts. Party lines were noted for people listening to the conversations of others. In town we had two party lines. Kuehne's number was 13, the hotel was 51, and I remember the depot since I used to call that a lot.

If you wanted to call someone who wasn't on your line you had to call the operator. The picture shows my father and my dog Shep. I would often take him along when doing farm chores. However, when it was "Dog Days" and was very hot he didn't want to go along and would hide under the porch. Yes, there was such a thing as "Dog Days."

Milk Strike

During the milk strike of 1933, my folks had a milk separator to separate the cream from the milk, and we made lots and lots of butter, put it in crocks and put it in cold storage. Many farmers wanted to take their milk to the cheese factory, but others would confront them and dump their milk. My father never did that; we had whipped cream at every meal. I recall having whipped cream on my toast for breakfast. It was actually delicious.

Whey was a byproduct of making cheese and we would bring it back home and feed it to the pigs. It is much different today. If you read the labels for cake mixes and things, you will see that many contain whey. We always had our own milk, eggs, chickens, pigs and other meat. My mother would can beef and it was delicious. She made sausage from the pigs and beef, too. Ham was smoked and it would keep quite awhile. We made side pork and salt pork. You would put it in a sizable crock and add salt and water. In order to preserve the meat, you had to have enough salt so an egg would float. That way the meat would keep quite a while. I had many crocks, but sold them all at rummage sales.

We had a little pickup truck that we used to haul our milk to the cheese factory. Prior to that, we used a horse and wagon. I often went along and when I was older, my father would let me drive. Those old trucks didn't have power steering and were difficult to drive. My father took his milk to the North Osborn Cheese factory. The Wimmers originally owned it and then Anna Puls bought it and the boys Ralph and Roy ran it. Before they bought the factory from Wimmer, they had a smaller cheese factory that was east of town on "G."

We didn't have any electricity or indoor plumbing and we didn't have any at school either. If you had to use the outhouse in the winter, you didn't stay out there very long.

----To be continued in a future issue----

Levels of Giving and Sponsorship as of November 15, 2011

All donors of \$100.00 or more will be recognized on a plaque near the entry of the museum. While we do have a checks and balances system in place, please verify your listing. There is always a chance of human error. If you have any questions contact society treasurer, Marge Coonen at (920) 833-2656, or president Bill Collar at 833-6064. Please understand you are credited for donations to the building fund. Additional contributions such as membership, memory forest, bake sale, memorial fund, etc. do not apply.

The totals include donations and pledges. In-kind contributions are not included at this time. **Prior to opening the new museum all donors will receive a personal letter stating the amount of your gift and the exact wording on the donor plaque.** Please check the spelling and name or names listed below. If you merit a correction, or would like your name stated differently, please send an e-mail or complete the yellow form and return it in the enclosed envelope.

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Orvell and Marye De Bruin
Tim Diermeier
Duane and Ginny Doersch
Steve and Darla Dorosz
Ellen Duffy
John Dyer
Kenneth Eick
Ted and Bobbie Jo Eisenreich
Kathleen and Dean Farr
First National Bank Seymour
Susan Frampton
Fran Gerl
Ken and Monica Golomski
Michael and Karen Gonnering
Karen J. Hallada
Gaylord and Linda Herbst
Walt Hess

Jennifer Huettl
Ann Huettl-Samson
Stephan and Betty Hunt
Bette Ibe
Infinity Feeds
J.J.'s Auto Body
Fr. Bob Kabat
Dirk and Debbie Kagerbauer
James and Carol Kenton
Shirley Kielar
Pat and Mary Klass
Clifford (Dewey) Klitzke
Milton and Beverly Krause
Tony and Becky Kraft
Otto and Connie Krueger
Cathy and Pat Krull
Randy and Kelly Lerum
Dick and Donna Lubinski
Warren and Gloria Maass
Betty Ann Kubiak
John and Kay Kurczek
Stan and Mary Larkin
La Vern and Helen Leisgang
Virginia Manzke
Donald Marcks
Earl and Sharon Marcks
Scott Marcks Trucking
Josephine Marnocha
Richard and Marge Matuszak
Susan McMaster
Steve Melchert
Chuck and Juelaine Miller
Lucille Miller
Alden and Geraldine Moeller
Jessica Montgomery
Elizabeth Montgomery-Anderson
Leslie and Shirley Mueller
Pete Mullen
Sharon and Ron Nachtwey
Ron and MaryAnn Nettekoven
Nichols Volunteer Firefighters
Lee and Zola Nimmer
Nsighttel Wireless
Barbara J. O'Connor –Schevers
Orion Labels

Ken Palubicki
Ellen Piehl
Janice Piper
George Piper, Jr.
Donald and Ann Peotter
Michael and Jennifer Petzold Family
Elizabeth Bassett-Piehl
James Reese
Lisa Rickert
Bernice Riehl
Lee and Nancy Rihm
St. John's United Church of Christ
Scenic Valley Co-op
Leo Schmidt
Doug and Sue Seidl
Marilyn Seidl
Seidl's Body Shop
Winton Severson
Seymour Class of 1956
Seymour Grill and Chill
Shooting Stars 4-H Club
The Starwood Band
Phyllis Sievert
Staci Sievert and Steve Zahn
Anne Singleton
Ray and Rogene Skodinski
Elwyn and Ruth Staley
Chuck and Debby Stellmacher
Norman and Darhl Stingle
Matilda Stueflat
Bill and Lori Thiel
Ron and Audrey Thiel
Bill and Gloria Tubbs
Tom's Tunes
Dan and Teri Van Boxtel
JoAnn and Bill Vanden Langenberg
Gerald and Marilyn VanderZanden
John and Jean Veitch
Glen and Sarah VerVoort
Scott and Angela VerVoort
Tom and Joan Wichman
Judy Worsch
Jim and Rosalie Wurl
John Wurtzel
Bruce and Mary Yaeger
Bill and Joyce Zahn

How You Can Help Make the New Museum/Learning Center a Success

- The estimated cost of the building is \$890,000.00. This does not include landscaping, security system, furniture, supplies, exhibits, etc. Our building fund is now over \$1,060,000.00. Our original goal for the building and essential furnishings is 1.2 million.
- While your donations account for the cost of the building. Additional funding is needed to provide furnishings and quality exhibits. Please consider whether you can do more, and/or help promote the project among others. Your encouragement and support are valued.
- We will need assistance in moving exhibits, building new displays, cabinet construction, painting and various other tasks. Contact any Board members and express your willingness to help.
- We are always looking new members and people who are interested in serving on the Board of Directors. Our annual meeting is scheduled for April 16, 2012 at the library.