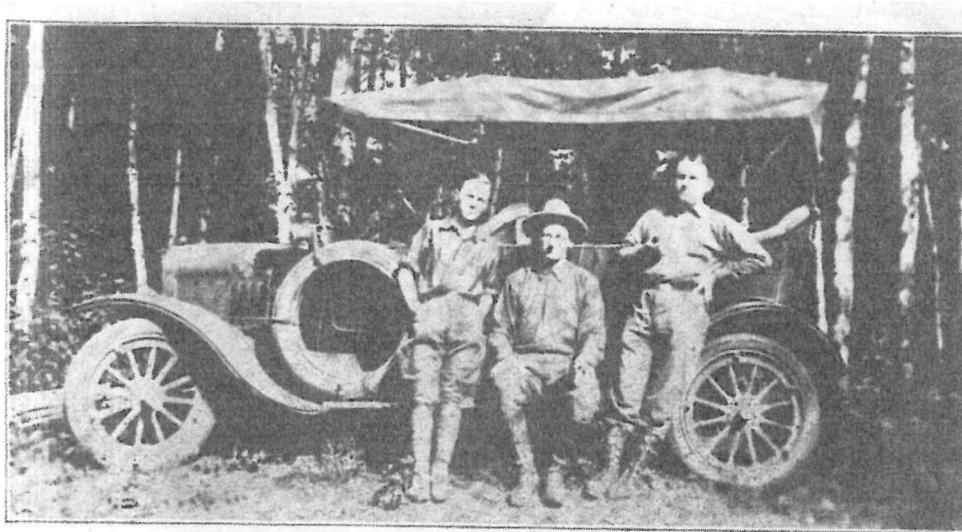


The Scheffel Family at Stormy Lake

By Louis Kenneth Scheffel, 3rd. Generation
November 2000

Louis Anthony Scheffel, Sr., my Grandfather, began visiting Northern Wisconsin in about 1918. The clean air was good for his health, he enjoyed the beauty and peacefulness of the woods and the fishing was good on Lac Vieux Desert. It was very different than the busy Bohemian Pilsen area of Chicago where he, his wife Josephine and son Louis Jr., lived and worked. Below is a photograph of Louis Jr., friend Frank Kara and Louis Sr.(Left to Right), taken in the Northwoods during the early 1920's.



Louis Scheffel and Frank V. Kara, of the C. R. D. A. Executive Board, and Louis Scheffel Jr., Enjoying an Outing in the Woods of Northern Wisconsin.

Louis Sr. was a gifted storyteller, an art he would practice on anyone he could corner to listen. His profession as a Registered Pharmacist provided a constant flow of listeners to his Chicago Drug Store. Of course his family members, me included, were easy targets. It is through his story telling that I learned of the early years at Stormy Lake. I also remember tales of my Grandfather and my Father motoring across Illinois and Wisconsin on their way to the Northwoods. In those early days, carrying a half dozen spare tires, an ax and a saw was a necessity. There were frequent flat tires and sometimes trees that needed to be removed from across the road. Some of the roads, particularly north of Antigo, were yet unpaved and deeply rutted, making for exciting driving. There were times their car would slide into a ditch and it had to be pulled out by a farmer and his team of horses.

My Grandfather had an interest in poetry. As a result he learned that in the Conover area there lived a poet, Enos F. Hayward, who was called, "The Poet of the Pines". A photograph of Mr. Hayward is shown on the next page.



E. F. Hayward
The Poet of the Pines
Conover, Vilas County, Wisconsin

It just so happened that Mr. Hayward and his wife Eva owned the first house believed to have been built on Stormy Lake, together with approximately 40 acres of land. A paragraph on Mr. Hayward is included in the book, "The History of Conover", written by George C. Dodds. The Hayward home on Stormy Lake is mentioned. The exact date the house was built and the builder are unknown. From the Property Abstract I found that Eva R. Hayward acquired the property on January 17, 1917. A mortgage

recorded August 18, 1919 does not mention buildings. However, a June 1, 1920 mortgage refers to "buildings and improvements." This would lead me to believe that the home was built during the time period, late 1919 to early 1920. The Hayward land was located at the southeast end of the Lake and encompasses the present Scheffel, Halstead and Olson parcels in Government Lot 3, Section 12. The house was located on the Halstead property. Below is a picture of the old Hayward house, taken in 1971.



Mr. Hayward's house was sited in a group of tall virgin white pines that survived the turn of the century logging days. It sat atop a high bank with a great view of Stormy Lake, Stormy Hill and the beautiful sunsets. No doubt this inspired his poetry. I'm surprised that a copy of his 1922 works, "Poems in the Northwoods", has not survived in our family bookcase. Perhaps someone on the Lake or the Eagle River Library has a copy. The house was demolished in the summer of 1984, at the direction of the owner at that time, Dan Rogers of Rogers Controls, Eagle River. The house is buried in a pit on the Halstead property. One of our 8mm movies documents the demolition. Mr. Hayward's original woodshed still remains on our property. This building is believed to be the oldest structure on Stormy Lake. My Grandfather said it was built with lumber salvaged from a Conover lumberyard. I believe the woodshed was built in the early 1920's. Side sheds were added in the 1930's for vehicle garages.

In September 1925, Mr. Hayward sold his house and property to a partnership of my Grandfather and his friend, Dr. Frank C. Linden, also of Chicago. The Lindens lived in the old Hayward house and a separate house was built to the south for the Scheffels. In September 1929, the original property was split into four separate parcels, three with lake frontage. Dr. Linden and his wife decided to keep the original homestead on the center lake parcel and my Grandfather took the parcels on either side. A back lot parcel went to the Lindens. I remember being told an interesting fact that controlled this property division. The high bank frontage was considered the most valuable land. This was

roughly divided equally. The low, beach land was plentiful and cheap, as most of the Lake frontage was still vacant at that time. I was also told that at one time, you could have bought the entire Stormy Lake frontage for \$25,000. Seems unreal in light of today's real estate prices!

My Grandfather had the present Scheffel house built for him. Exactly when it was built and by whom is not certain. I have believed for sometime that the house was built in 1926 but I do not have any records to prove it. After the property division in 1929, it was necessary to make a separate road into our property. A local resident and trapper by the name of Dan Moak was hired to do much of the work. Stump removal was done with dynamite. My mother, Helen Ann Scheffel, wrote in a July 2, 1982 letter, "It was Mr. Denton Sr. and his boys who built your cabin". This is a possibility. However, I can only remember being told by my Grandparents, that the Denton's built the kitchen addition. This work was done in the 1930's. I can't ever recall it ever being mentioned that they also built the main house. I believe that the house plans were selected from a catalog. We still have an old catalog from that era with many floor plans but none match the existing building. In those days it was common to give your home a name. My Grandfather named ours, "Just A Mere Cabin". A sign with that name hung over the front door for many years. My Mother also recalled the fact that cows were brought over to our end of the lake by Herman the farmer from Bucatabon Lake. I presume the purpose was to give them a bath. He would take the cows down High Banks Road and use the road across our property to get to Stormy Lake. I remember going to Herman's farm many times as a youngster. It has been gone for a long time now and of all the buildings, only shed remains to indicate that it was once a working farm.

Our icehouse was constructed in the early 1930's, of locally cut pine logs. Ice blocks had to be cut from the lake during the winter, hauled to the icehouse and packed in sawdust. I was told that the labor cost for this work was \$50. Due to the fact that not enough ice was used during the summer and due to the relatively high cost, this method for having our own ice was only used for only a few years before I was born. When I was old enough to help, we would buy a 60-pound ice block from the Dobbs General Store in Conover and haul it home in the car in an old wash tub. A block this size would last about a week. I soon learned that ice was not very good for keeping ice cream. The ice cream would soon turn to soup. For the most part we enjoyed our ice cream in town. The icehouse building remains though it's use has changed to a workshop and laundry. . We still have the old icebox. It has been refinished and is a prized antique. The ice block method for keeping food cold was replaced in the early 1960's with a Servel Gas Refrigerator. It did a good job. It even had a freezer compartment and we finially could enjoy ice cream at home. Then in 1971 came electricity and the refrigerator and freezer we all take for granted today.

In May 1931 my sister, Joanne Helene Scheffel was born and I came along in July 1936. I had the distinction of arriving while my parents were vacationing at Stormy Lake so my love for the woods and the Lake started early. The rush to St. Mary's Hospital in Rhinelander in my Grandfather's brand new 1936 Buick became a family milestone event. Little did I know then that as a teenager I would one day drive that same Buick down Highway K, on the way to Conover, testing the horsepower in that straight eight overhead cam engine. Since that summer of 1936, I have not missed spending at least

some of each summer at Stormy Lake. In May 1949 my brother Darryl Keith came along and completed our family.

The Lake that I knew, in the World War II days, was very quite and peaceful. It was still somewhat of a wilderness. There were few boats and fewer boats with motors. I'm sure that the rationing of the war years had an effect. It was difficult for our family to get gasoline and tires for the trip from Chicago to Stormy Lake. We did not have our own boat until 1946. Once we borrowed a neighbor's boat and my Mother rowed my sister and I around the entire lake. It was a heavy wooden boat and quite a feat. We fished from shore with cane poles for rock bass and blue gills and my Dad used a casting rod from shore to catch the big bass. He told me of wading out on the sandbar, in what is now referred to as Wurmele Bay, and easily catching several large bass. There were very few homes on the Lake and the resorts had not yet been built. All told there were only ten homes at that time. To our south and next door were the Lydkes. That original house remains and is now owned by the Barhorsts. Continuing clockwise around the lake there were no further homes until the Novotnys, at the south- southwest end of the lake. To our north and next door were the Lindens. Their home remained vacant for many years and started to deteriorate. I believe they died in car accident. In the late 1940's their property was sold to John and Edward Michalek. The lake lot was then sold to the Rogers and then to the Halsteads. Continuing northward and counterclockwise around the lake there were the Youngs, Chalmers, Roses, Dentons , Kenerdines and Poinsetts. Quite a small group compared to today's Lake Association.

As a child growing up on Stormy Lake, I have many memories. After storms I would walk the beach. Usually, a number of small perch were washed up on the sand. Once in a while there was a small rock bass, a blue gill or even a fair size sucker. The largest fish I ever found was an eight-pound plus walleye filled with spawn. This was proof to me that walleyes once lived in our lake. My Dad said he caught Walleye in Stormy Lake. Today it is rare to find any dead fish on the shore. Fishing in those early days was excellent. With a boat we could fish the sapling cribs that the Civil Conservation Corps sank, every 100 yards or so, around the perimeter of the lake in the 1930's. Large rock bass and blue gills were plentiful and there was no shortage for the supper table. Later I enjoyed fishing for northern pike and did that for many years until the coho salmon were introduced by the DNR. That event, as far as I'm concerned, changed fishing on Stormy Lake dramatically. The bass fishing seems relatively unchanged except that they appear to be smarter. However, fewer bass break water jumping for flies, a fact that puzzles me.

In the spring of 1958, my Dad died unexpectedly. Many things changed in our family. My Grandfather was heartbroken to lose his only son and he died 1 year later, in 1959. Before he died he turned over the reins of running the property to me. In 1957 I was blessed in meeting my wife to be, Sandra Kay Bean. She and her family love the lake and the woods as much as I. We married in the spring of 1960. My Grandmother, Josephine continued to vacation with us at the Lake, though her visits became shorter and less frequent in her senior years. She died in 1973. Sandra's Dad, Henry, also died in 1973 making it a very sad year for our family. In 1972, my Mother, Helen, retired to Palm Springs, California where my sister Joan still lives. My Mom's visits also became less frequent because of the distance. She died in 1987.

Our family started to grow again in the 1960's and it was time to start modernizing the cottage. Steven was born in September 1961, Scott in March 1963 and Randy in March 1965. The three boys kept us busy but we were determined to modernize for we still lacked electricity and indoor plumbing. My Grandfather had been opposed to cutting the necessary path through the woods for the power lines. Ed Michalek and I reached agreement to have this path cut along our common property line and in 1971 electricity with all its benefits became a reality for us. Soon indoor plumbing was added and with it the ability to take a warm shower indoors, a luxury for which I am still thankful. I still can remember the difficulties to heat water on the wood stove for a bath in the old rubber tub. This reminds me of a funny story. Seems my Grandmother had been painting the outhouse and decided that the seat also needed a coat of paint. However, she forgot to tell my Grandfather. Soon afterwards he came upon the scene and sat and got a good ring of paint on you know where. I heard the commotion and came upon the scene of my Grandmother cleaning off his fanny with kerosene while he bellowed like a bull. Still makes me laugh thinking about it! However, I don't think my Grandfather ever thought it was funny!

What is the story behind the "Stone Faces" guarding the swamp at the southeast end of the lake? Well, the "Faces" are located on our property and are actually made of concrete. They first appeared during the early 1970's and were made by sons Steve, Scott and Randy. The five large faces represented Scott's view of various members of his family. I guess we must have been very mean to him..

The years have continued to march on and the boys are married now, busy working and they have their own families. I'm sure each would have many stories to tell. Stormy Lake still attracts them to spend part of their free time. Sandra and I are fortunate enough to have achieved full retirement in 1988 and are summer residents, May through September. We look forward to many more years enjoying Stormy Lake and the Northwoods. Below is a photograph of Ken, Sandy and our Golden Retriever, appropriately named Stormy.



THE HISTORY OF CONOVER by George C. Dobs "Poet of the Pines"

Enos F. Hayward (Conover's Poet) was born in Iowa in 1866. At 19 years old he started to travel, selling garment-cutting machines and teaching garment-cutting. He continued for 27 years, traveling the territory between the Ohio River and Pacific Coast. During his travels he collected Indian relics, mineral ore, et al., amounting to 37,500 pieces. The collection is now displayed in the lobby of the State Bank in Fayette, Iowa.

In 1901, Enos became interested in the wilds of northern Wisconsin. He homesteaded 80 acres on State Highway 32 which later became Highway 45. His nearest neighbor was 22 miles away in Michigan. In this quiet atmosphere he was inspired to write the following:

- 1904 - "Two Bits"
- 1914 - "Philosophy of Rhymes"
- 1922 - "Poems in the Northwoods"

Enos Hayward had a log cabin chinked with white plaster with an open porch surrounding one side and the end of the house. This farm at Conover was named "Haymeadow." A creek ran through this property as well. Conover's Poet was a well built, stalwart man, proud of the wave in his hair with a whole mouth full of gold teeth. He made many friends. He was very definite in his views and enjoyed conversation. His last home was on Stormy Lake on Denton Road. In fact, he was a good friend of the Louis Denton family. Edith and Glenn Denton, son of Louis Denton, have a home at the corner of Denton Road and have a wonderful garden.

Although Enos's home no longer stands on the Stormy Lake property, it is now the site of a new home built in 1991 by Roy Whittingham and owned by the Halstead family. The Halsteads vacationed for many years in the Northwoods. Lucille Halstead's father built a home on Stone Lake and lived there for ca. two years. Ernest and Lucille moved to their home on South Turtle Lake in the 1970's where they lived for several years before moving to Pennsylvania. Diane, their daughter, always loved the Northwoods as did her niece Karen Denise, and her nephews Carl and Paul. It was always her dream to build a family home some day in the Northwoods. With the encouragement of her "Aunt and Uncle" (the Johnsons) and her mother Lucille, sister Carole and her children, Diane's dream became a reality.

Diane C. Halstead, Ph.D., D(ABMM)
November 1, 1991

History: Seth H. Conover (Plymouth, MI)
Albert A. Denton (Grand Rapids, WI - land broker, timber estimator and son of Louis)

4149 DENTON ROAD



Our cottage was built in 1923. A few additions have been added over the years.

In 19~~50~~ my parents - Red and Trudel Washburn bought our property on Stormy Lake. I have spent part or all of the summers here ever since.

There were eleven summer cottages here then, and no West Stormy Lake road. You could drink the water - and we did. The storms were as often, and the thunder boomer as loud. Many of us rowed our boats and buried our garbage. The dumps (Sorry, transfer stations) were a place to watch bears.

George Dobbs was our grocer (and often our banker) before Ray and Margaret took over. How great! Only three miles to the grocery and to meet the train from "down below" bringing Sam for weekends - So many wonderful memories -

Pit Channan

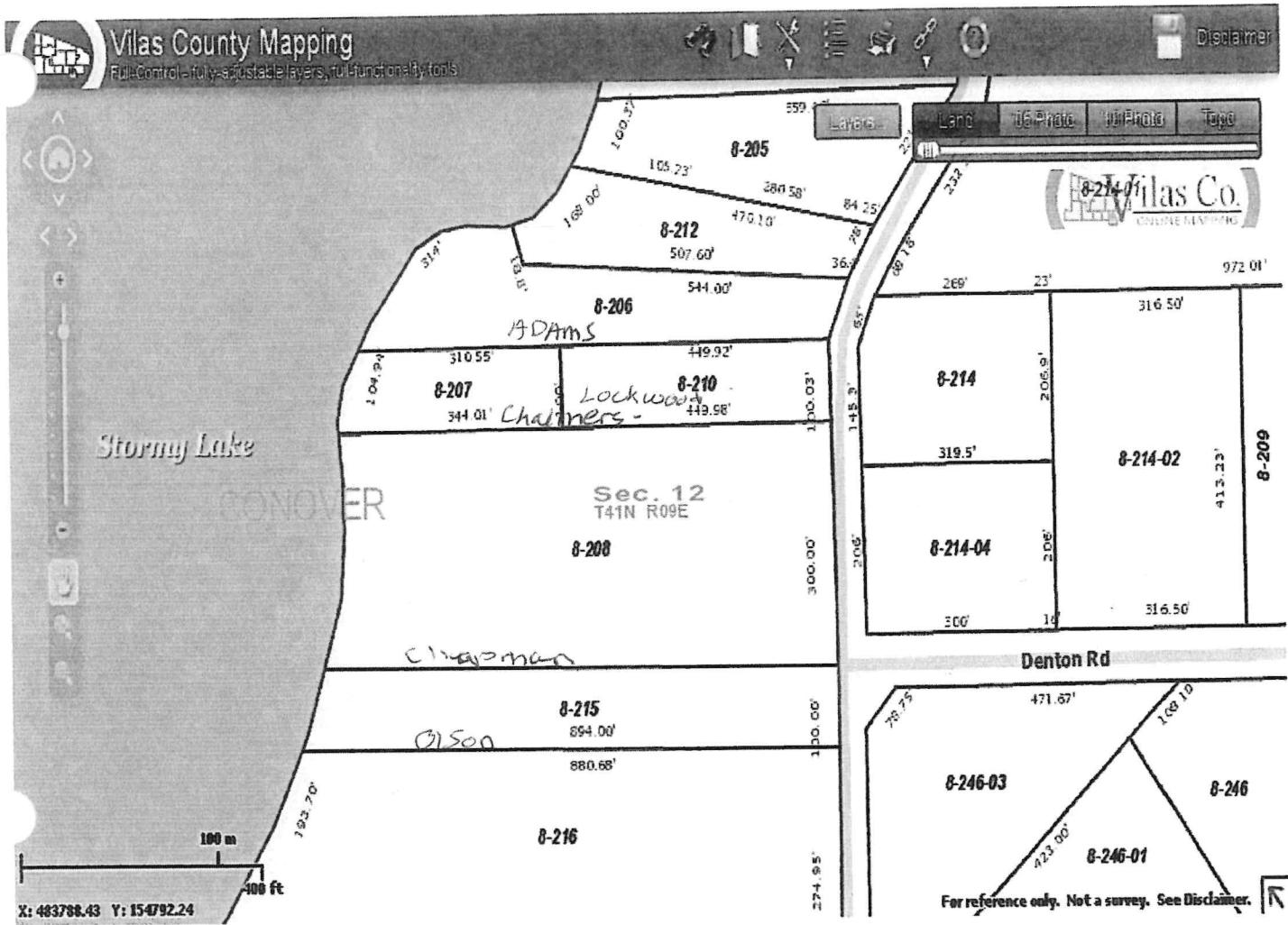
Chain of Title

4149 Denton Road
Conover, Wisconsin 54519

Legal Description
South 300' Government Lot 2 LNG ¼ LN
Approximately 6 Acres

The following sale/transfers are of Lot 2 containing 56 ½ acres

- 1875-Lincoln County, Wisconsin
- May 16, 1878-J. D. Gilbert
- September 14, 1880-L. W. Hoyt
- October 20, 1885-Hiram H. Dunfield
- February 1, 1888-Quit Claim Deed to Walter A. Scott, Trustee for Thomas B. Scott
- July 1, 1891-Thomas B. Scott (dies) to Walter A. Scott
- December 29, 1891-Tax Sale to Joel D. & Catherine S. Gillett
- January 5, 1893-Leopold S. Cohn for \$425
- July 18, 1899-Tax sale to G. F. Sanborn
- April 26, 1900-Quit Claim Deed to Home Investment Company, Inc.
- August 22, 1902-Blue Grass Land Company, Inc. for \$33,254
- May 7, 1904-Wisconsin Blue Grass Land Company for \$95,031
- May 21, 1907-D. E. Knowlton for \$1,500
- March 18, 1914-Alfred & Ruth A. Jensen for \$2,000
- July 16, 1914-D. E. & Etta E. Knowlton for \$2,000
- September 29, 1921-Louis & Sarah Denton for \$1,412
- October 7, 1921-Quit Claim Deed to Finn & Mae E. Lawler
- October 3, 1923-William Cyrus & Nola J. Young -approximately 6 acres & current home is built
- October 3, 1945-Karl K. Kenerdine
- September 30, 1946-Frank H. & Myrtle L. Rupneck
- July 1950-William D. & Gertrude B. Washburn
- December 4, 1968-Gertrude B. Washburn
- July 12 1993-Samuel E. & Patricia W. Chapman & Robert S. & Suzanne P. Washburn
- 1994-Samuel E. & Patricia W. Chapman



4151 and 4153 Denton Road

John G. Chalmers (B. 8/17/1874, D. 8/8/1962) was of Scottish heritage, a 25th degree Mason, and a well-respected lawyer and judge in Dubuque, Iowa. John Chalmers was the head coach of baseball, basketball, football and track at the University of Iowa while in law school. He coached at the University of Dubuque from 1914 to 1925. He became a judge in March of 1942 and retired from law in 1958. Among his many awards and achievements, Chalmers Field at the University of Dubuque was named in his honor, and on September 14, 1991 he was inducted into the Hall of Fame at the University of Dubuque.

Wishing for an isolated place to build a summer cabin, he headed to Stormy Lake for peace and quiet. He purchased a large tract of lake frontage and built the Iowa Lodge in 1927, which was one of the original log cabins on the lake. His friends the Adams and Spahns purchased tracts from Judge Chalmers and in turn built nearby cottages. The second cottage, the Nowanda, was built in the 1940s. Naudain Chalmers Youngquist and her husband John R. Youngquist were the last year round residents of the Nowanda cottage.

Howard and Nancy Lockwood of Cedarburg, WI, purchased the Chalmers property on September 22, 1992. The sellers were Mary Chalmers and her brother-in-law John Chalmers. There were two lots and two cottages in the sale. The Iowa Lodge was renamed the Badger Lodge. Nancy still resides from time to time in the Nowanda. Howard passed away in January of 2005. The five Lockwood children and six grandchildren enjoy the property as often as they can.

Early Stormy Lake 1928 to 1982

By Charles and Dorothy Rose – Spahn

The first two cottages built on Stormy Lake as far as modern times are concerned were built – one by the Lindens (it is my understanding that this cottage is to be torn down some time in the Spring of 1982). The second cottage was built by the Schaeffels and is still owned by members of that family. The third cottage was built by the Youngs. They lived there into the very late 1930's or early 1940's. This cottage was sold several times and is now owned by the Washburns. In 1928, Judge John Chalmers bought a lot just north of the Youngs and built a cottage. The Judge interested his good friend, G.D. Rose, in buying a lot north of him and he owned several other adjoining lots. Mr. Kenerdine in the early 1930's bought several lots further north of Mr. Denton's property. Mr. Kenerdine first lived in tents and later built several cottages on his property. A business associate of Mr. Rose, Mr. J.C. Collier, bought 600 feet north of Kenerdine and north of Mr. Collier, another Dubuque man, Mr. Poinsett, bought a lot and built a summer home. This last property is now owned by the Hansens. Judge Chalmers bought lots for two of his sons, John and Edward, north of Poinsetts. This takes all the property to the bay that adjoins Pearl Lake, in fact, the Chalmers lots went to the other side of Pearl Lake to some extent.

During this same period of the 1930's, Mr. Denton sold 300 ft. between his home site and Kenerdines to a Mr. J. J. Roshek, also of Dubuque. Mr. Rose bought a piece of shoreline from Mr. Denton in the bay adjacent to his lot for a beach. Some years later a second portion of beach was purchased together with property behind it and that is where our cottage now stands. Judge Chalmers was instrumental in getting a road developed between Stormy and Pearl Lake to serve the lots that had been sold. This is now the dead end of Denton Road. You can see from this that a good section of Stormy could have been a Dubuque Colony. Over 1500 ft. of shoreline from Washburns to the bay at Pearl Lake, with the exception of Denton's and Kenerdines, was owned by Dubuque people. However, this did not happen and today in this early east side area only Schaeffels, Chalmers, Roses through their daughters, Adams, Spahn, and Dentons are still on the lake, five families. This is enough about the early comers and their cottages.

About the lake, my wife, Dorothy, remembers her father and Judge Chalmers helping the conservation people empty milk cans of bass in the bay in front of our present cottage. This was done several times in those early days. I had in my files a letter written by the commander of the C.C.C. telling about the fish shelters they put in the lake. They took fair sized tree limbs, tied them with wire and weighted them with old engine blocks and dragged them on to the ice. As a result of this, in the late forties and early fifties, we had good fishing around these shelters. However, they disintegrated and were not replaced, except for a few private efforts, and fishing changed. Also the conservation stopped stocking with bass and used other species of fish, some that cannot propagate. Mr. Denton told my wife years ago that when the train whistle blew in the early evening was the best time to fish.

During the early years, the tower on the west side was still in use and there was a fair stand of timber around the lake. But between Stormy and Conover there were large areas where my younger brother and Bruce Chalmers, who was later killed in an auto accident, would take off and drive across country in a Model "T" Ford. That was in 1934 or 1935.

The road that is now K left 45 at the same spot and ran in about the same area until you get to the intersection with S except that it was regraded and a new bridge was built over the Wisconsin. The present road swings left at S. However, before you get to S a block or so as you come from Conover, look straight ahead – there still is a partial opening in the trees. This opening continues across S and goes on for several blocks. Now if you continue on K to the Buckatabon road to the left, stop and look to the right there is another partial opening in the trees. This goes back and meets the opening from S. Now take the Buckatabon road for about 1/4 or 1/3 mile there is a gravel road to the right. Take it and you will be back to K and across K is present Denton road. Going down Denton road you can come to a "T" intersection and a group of mail boxes. The right turn takes you to a private road and the Pearl Lake section of Denton road, a left turn at the "T" takes you on Denton road back to K. The abandoned section near S, the section of Buckatabon and the right turn over to and on Denton road and the left turn back to K are all parts of the original road. The curves were right angles, the road was gravel and almost always corduroyed.

In the first Rose cottage in the early day, and I believe it was the same for the others, we had wells and hand pumps in the kitchen. Gasoline pumps were used to get water from the lake and store it in tanks in the attic to give pressure in the bathrooms. Mr. Denton had a big ice house and supplied the ice. Cook stoves to burn wood and heat water and a fireplace for general heat. Then came gas and kerosene lamps. Later came gas lamps and gas refrigerators. Finally in 1952 electricity came. No more attic tanks, electric pumps and pressure systems. Electric refrigerators and heaters, modern kitchen stoves, gas or electric and gas or oil furnaces with blowers. The old days are gone. This is my wife's 54th year and my 49th year not counting early days in western Wisconsin around Hayward. In those early days perhaps 50% of the roads were paved, could have been higher in the eastern section of Wisconsin. Now all paved. When the early trips were made, it was 350+ miles from Dubuque, now it is 310.

The Milwaukee and Chicago area people had one advantage that they lost. A northwestern sleeper left Chicago every Friday evening and ran to Land O' Lakes. It returned Sunday evening during the summer.

July 7, 2004

Howard and Nancy purchased the Iowa Lodge, 4153 Denton road in 1992 (renamed "Badger Lodge") from John II and Edward Chalmers.

Their father had been a coach at Dubuque State University and later a judge. "The Judge" as he was called had the Iowa Lodge built in 1925. Friends from Dubuque, the Adams and Spahn families built their cottages next door about the same time. They had a regular Dubuque society up there in the summer time.

The land had been purchased from the Denton brothers.

About 1944, the Judge, had a small cottage built at 4161 Denton Road for his daughter, Nadine. She named her cottage "Nowanda".

Those were the days people like Liz Taylor and Jack Carson and other stars used to hang out at King's Gateway. President Eisenhower used to stay there because he had a brother who had a summer home at Star Lake.

Howard Lockwood new phone number 479-8606

DeYoung
4183 Denton Road

It was September, 1965. Ray and Marjorie DeYoung had vacationed in the Minocqua area since the 1930's. Their Rock Island, Illinois next door neighbors Ed and Marie Hamming had recently purchased property on the west side of the boat landing on Stormy Lake. Ed and Marie were excited about their new acquisition and invited Ray and Marjorie to the lake for a long weekend.

Ray and Marjorie immediately fell in love with the lake which offered water one could actually see through and unlike Rock Island, air one could not taste. The zoning rules mandated that while the two resorts were grandfathered in, no future commercial establishments would be permitted on the lake. That appealed to them.

The realtor at the time, Herb Oshmann, lived on the lake and Herb had an offering of 300 feet of lake frontage located along the bay on the east side of the bigger circle of the figure eight which formed the shape of the lake. Herb was asking \$9,000.

Well, that was a lot of money and with Ray's industrial laundry business in Rock Island subject to the labor strikes at John Deere and International Harvester, profits were not guaranteed. Then too, there were two sons, Paul and Dave in college. Student loans and Medicare were only in their conceptual stages so there were other contingencies to consider. It was a time when politicians, for the most part, did what they were elected to do but certainly no one was entitled to anything from the government. So Herb would have to wait the winter while Ray and Marjorie pondered.

By Spring, they had decided to purchase. However during the winter Herb had divided the parcel and sold the northern half to George and Audrey Borema. Ray and Marjorie purchased the southern half.

Construction of the house began shortly thereafter with the plans being created on a table napkin. The contractor was Bill Frederick from Conover. We asked him to just "rough it in" and we would take it from there. For a couple of years we brushed our teeth, made our coffee and took our baths with water taken from the lake. There were several trips from Rock Island in laundry trucks loaded with building materials as Ray and Dave slowly turned the inside into a more accommodating home. Much of the work was done in the winter with the only heat being provided by the fireplace.

Of course there was a need for a garage so a 2 car A frame structure was added two years later which also provided some additional sleeping space upstairs.

The lake was different back then. Most of the land on the southern shore was undeveloped. The resort on the southwest corner of the lake was indeed a resort. Nobody on the lake had a boat with a windshield or a steering wheel but I took pride in the fact that I had the biggest motor

on the lake at 18 HP. Most of the boats were made of wood and if one weighed less than 3 tons, well...it just wasn't very well built. One of my treasured memories was going to sleep with the sound of the cable of Chuck Spaun's sailboat hitting the mast as the boat bobbed on the waves.

One of Ray's favorite passions as he eased his way out of the laundry business was to spend time in his greenhouse in Rock Island. Each spring he would populate the neighborhood with flowers he had grown during the winter. Many of his plantings found their way to Stormy Lake. The Columbines are still volunteering to make their presence known each year.

The next door neighbor on the southern side was Albert Denton. The Denton family were true pioneers of the lake and at one time owned all of the lake frontage from their home north to what was called Hansen's boat house as well as several acres of land between Denton Road and County K.

There were three sons in the Denton family: Glenn, Albert and Milo. Glenn owned an upscale gift shop in Conover. Albert, while a quiet fellow, had many skills including cabinet building and was a licensed electrician which he had mastered through a correspondence course. He had a two story woodworking shop on his property, complete with wood burning heat, and spent the winters creating wooden knick knacks which Glenn and other area gift shops were eager to sell.

Albert passed away in 1986 and shortly thereafter we purchased his property which added 100 feet of lake frontage to our property as well as 22 acres of undeveloped land east of Denton Road. We were on our way to acquiring the the 300 feet of lake frontage we had originally hoped for albeit at a higher price. Our new next door neighbors became the Spahns. Albert's house, having been built in the 1920's, was fighting a losing battle with carpenter ants and had to be demolished. The two story woodworking shop was in a similar conflict with the ridge line sagging a good foot and the walls bowing a like distance. It met a similar fate.

At the time that I am writing this, we have been on the lake for 52 years. The house is getting old. We have entertained the thought of tearing it down and starting over but then decided there were just too many memories. Of course it will eventually have to be done but that is a project for future generations. In the meantime, we have improved, added on and improved some more. And then improved some more.

In the 60s and early 70s Conover and Eagle River businesses were all locally owned and operated. There was something neat about that. Ray's Red Owl in Conover was a small town grocery store complete with old oak flooring and a true country atmosphere. Ray was a jovial man in his mid sixties who knew everyone by their first names. His working attire was a white tee shirt and a white apron. He could cut a steak to any dimension you wanted, while you waited, and relayed the local gossip while he did it.

Then something changed in Eagle River. Walgreens and McDonalds appeared along with the tee shirt shops while DeByles and the corner bank turned into other establishments. The commercialization of the south had moved north.

The entertainment establishments didn't exist in those days. Tourists and locals entertained themselves by swimming and fishing. One of the home made entertainment favorites of our family was to spend an evening at the dump which was located just west of the Burnt Bridge off of highway K. No one had a reason to worry very much about the environment and you could take anything you didn't want to the dump. Every now and then the town would bring a bulldozer and cover the deposits but in the meantime the bears enjoyed some good feasts while several cars filled with kids watched them dine. Of course we had to keep the windows cranked up (yes, we did have to crank them in those days) since the bears would walk right between the cars and if you were lucky, occasionally they would peek in.

The advent of electronics came upon us gradually. My dad, Ray always said we didn't need a telephone because they usually brought demands or bad news and our reason for being here was to get away from all of that. If we needed to call someone we could use the pay phone outside of Ray's Red Owl in Conover. We kept a jar of quarters and dimes in the kitchen for such "emergencies". But, Marjorie finally convinced Ray and we got a telephone. It was what was called a party line which meant that you shared the phone access with several other unknown parties. When they were finished with their phone call we could make our call. While waiting, but certainly frowned upon by the phone company, you listen to the conversation of others on the party line. (Great entertainment).

Then came TV. Chuck Spahn and I were in competition as to who would have the highest antenna. He won. On a clear day, we could pick up channel 12 in Rhinelander well enough to see an image on the screen. All in black and white, of course. Then came satellite dishes, color TV, cell phones, smart phones and the Internet...and the days of entertaining ourselves in nature and truly getting away from the stresses at home were over.

Houses on the lake come and go. People come and go. The constant is the lake and it stays. But it is fickle and fragile. Sometimes it's high, sometimes low. Sometimes cold and sometimes not quite as cold but certainly never warm. And, sometimes it lives up to its name!

Generations have come and gone. Ray passed away in 1980. Marjorie passed away in 2006. Both loved the lake and enjoyed the many guests who visited over the years. They were original members of the Stormy Lake Association when it was created in 1977. Of their two sons, Dave has assumed responsibility for continuing the tradition. Of his three children, Susan, Bill and Steve and five grandchildren, all of whom are frequent visitors from as far away as Denver, CO and Charlotte, NC., the serenity and beauty of Stormy Lake will be treasured for a few more generations.

Stormy Lake History – 4221 Denton Road

In August of 1964 realtor and Stormy Lake resident Herb Oschmann first showed the property to Henry (Hank) and Mary Suttle of Brookfield, WI. Impressed by the location and wonderful beach they recommended it to Doris and Frank Paulson, Mary's parents. In August 1965 Doris and Frank first saw the property and fell in love with the sandy beach. They immediately made an offer and purchased it from the owner, Franc Collier Altman, et al of Dubuque, Iowa.

The Paulsons and Suttles cleared the land in the summer of 1966 and put up a small storage shed. They slept in tents and cars, and on occasion rented cabins in the area while completing the project. They put down a well point (believed to be about 20' deep) with a hand pump for water. The water tested out to be good for drinking.

Their two bedroom lake home was roughed in by Stearns Builders in 1967. Finish work was done over the next several years by the Paulson and Suttle families. The lake home was used for summer vacations by the families until Frank retired, at which point Doris and Frank made it their summer home, while spending winters at their home in Milwaukee. Upon retiring in 1994 Hank and Mary remodeled adding 2 bedrooms and made it their summer home, while spending winters in Brookfield, WI and Florida.

On October 14, 1999 the property was deeded to the Paulson's three granddaughters; Sherree Suttle and Lynn Key, both of Brookfield, WI and Kim Zindl of Watertown, WI who, along with their families, continue to use it as a summer vacation home.

Over the years, the lake water level has fluctuated from having approximately 50 feet of beach in 1964 to a high water level and no beach in 1995 to having in excess of 70 feet in 2009.

September, 2009

HEDSTROMS' NORTHWOODS STUGA
4243 DENTON RD.

Stormy Lake has been a big part of our lives beginning with Stormy Lake Resort in 1952. Those summers, with cabins filled with our friends and relatives, were the best memories of my childhood.

My dad, Lester Hedstrom, began planning on buying lake property since he was a teenager. Visiting the Chicago World's Fair with my mom, Clara, he had an artist ask him what he would like to have painted. He told her that he wanted to paint a house on a lake. This was his dream from then on.

For many years, my parents looked for the right house. They wanted it on Stormy Lake for there was no other lake that would compare. When they didn't succeed, they gave it one last try. There was an ad in the Chicago Tribune for a house on Denton Road. My parents had decided that this would be the last one they would look at for they had not found anything that was right for them. It was Labor Day weekend, 1965.

They drove to 4243 Denton Rd. and walked into the house. They turned around and looked at each other and said, "This is it!" Ninety minutes later, they returned and purchased it for a whopping \$16,000. It had what they were looking for: a beautiful beach and a cozy house. The owners, William and Phyllis Frederick, had built the house. He was a builder in this area, and they had lived there for three years. While Bill built the house, Phyllis built the 12-foot fireplace that divides the rooms. She would gather stones out of the lake in her rowboat to build the fireplace. That was September 6, 1965, and we have since enjoyed many summers there.

Our family grew, Dwight and I got married, and we had two daughters, Christine and Barbara, who just love to be here fishing, swimming, and boating. Our oldest daughter met her husband when he went by on the boat and noticed this tall blond standing on the pier. The rest was history! We now have two son-in-laws, Mark Cederberg and Nathan Nordlund who love their time up at the lake. We have five grandchildren, Sanne, Klara, Henry, Ivy, and Nilsa who think Stormy Lake is the best place ever to be! We hope this house will be enjoyed for generations to come. This began as my dad's dream and it is ours, too!

Susan Samuelson

Dear Mary,

Finally, the Olsen's are writing down the history of our cottage. Here goes!

Back in 1967 Bob and I bought a cottage from George Erickson on Denton Road. I loved the cabinets he made for the kitchen, and the "secret" wall in the ^{panelling} ~~wall~~ next to the fireplace.

As the years went by, our family grew, and we decided to make the cabin bigger. We had builders in, giving us ideas as a way to enlarge. But nothing seemed to work for us. We talked about taking it down, but didn't feel good about that either.

Then, one day Bob ran into a man who said he could move it for us. That was a wonderful plan! He cut the garage off first. Then he cut the house in two, keeping the plumbing intact. He moved the three pieces down

Denton Road, then on County K, then down Rt. 45 south to Church Street, at the end of Church St. he put it all together on the foundation he had ready. We went to see it, and he had matched the tile on the floor and the wallpaper on the wall. It is on a nice lot, and we pray that the people who have it now, will done it as we did.

We then built a log house on our beloved Stormy. We enjoy it more each year, as our family does also.

As an aside, Bob's family came up before the present house was built to surprise us. alas, the surprise was on them, as the house was gone. They went up and down Denton Road thinking they were in the wrong place.

We have had our log house for about 12 to 14 years now. There are 20 of us, so far, loving our home.

Not long after Ericksons sold their home to us, they came back and built a house with the Norens, a few houses down from us.

Sincerely, Betty

Nancy

We are writing what we know about Wayne's dad's property at
4251 Denton Road on Stormy Lake

Clifford and Miriam Anderson purchased their lot from someone
who moved to Florida. (?) Mr. Fredricks built their house in 1968.
The house was sold to Mark and Cassie Moore in 2003 after Cliff's
death.

4257 Denton Road

Property History.

The home is presently owned by Norm and Mya Anderson who bought it from his parents, Edgar and Doris Anderson in 1999. Edgar and Doris purchased the property in 1972 from the Fontaines who had the cabin built by Fredricks around 1964. The Fontaines probably purchased the land from either the Chapmans or the Dentons since they owned much of Denton Rd in the 1940s. One curiosity we discovered was a typewritten note found amongst the original papers concerning Denton Road traffic. It seems that since the property extends across Denton Road to Pearl Lake, the note states that traffic may only flow in one direction on Denton Road (to the north), across our property. What makes that strange is that Denton Road dead ends 3 houses to the north. Apparently they didn't want anyone to leave!

