



Niagara Area Historical Society \_\_\_\_\_ Niagara, Wisconsin

## *The Kimberly-Clark Years... 1898 to 1972...*

*Whistle Down the Wind...*



The Wallenfangs Of Niagara

NHS Class of 1927

Dave Wallenfang...

THE WALLENFANGS  
OF  
NIAGARA, WISCONSIN

The Family Story of  
Elizabeth Tappa & Frank X. Wallenfang  
in Niagara

By

Dave Wallenfang  
Died: February 3, 1990

Story Submitted by daughter  
Jeanette (Wallenfang) Istre  
of  
Covington, Louisiana

October 10, 2002

Story Written by David Wallenfang on October 17, 1987

## **A Biography Of Frank X. Wallenfang And His Wife, Elizabeth, As Related By Their**

Fourth Child, David F.

Let me first tell the basic facts about their lives. FX was born at Fort Howard which now is a part of Green Bay, Wisconsin. He was the 7th child of Henry Wallenfang and Susan (Kaiser) Wallenfang. They both came from the "Old Country"; he from Germany and she from Luxembourg. FX was born on 9/20/1876, and he died at the General Hospital in Iron Mountain, Michigan, August 20th 1955. Niagara, Wisconsin, located only five miles from Iron Mountain, was his home for all his years after the age of 22.

Elizabeth Tappa was born on a farm about 5 miles from Stiles Junction, Wisconsin, which is located in Oconto County. She was the 9th child of Georgiana N. Neadeau. We are not sure of her mother's maiden name; it could have been Georgiana N. Mirreau. Elizabeth or "Lizzie" as she was called by my dad was born on the farm on 2/4/1885. She died on 10/12/47; she spent the last 45 years of her life at Niagara, Wisconsin.

FX and Lizzie were married at Niagara, Wisconsin, on 10/14/03. She was working as a maid in a newly constructed hotel (Porter's); he was working as a maintenance man for Kimberly—Clark Company. Both my mother and father came from families that were fighting poverty, so both of them knew the need to make ends meet and to live frugally. Permit me to give the background about Niagara and the KC Company so that you can better appreciate the general circumstances in which they lived. There was no Niagara in 1899. The area used to be known as the Quinnesec Falls. About 1899, or maybe a little sooner than that, KC decided to build a paper mill at the site of a pulp mill that was located at the falls on the Menominee River—a drop of 40 to 50 feet, and a good source to develop water power.

Among the first actions required by KC was to build a big hotel to house the construction workers and the factory workers. The hotel was named "The Grand View Hotel" and it was certainly a grand view from there because it was located on one of the rocky bluffs close to the mill site and was high enough to oversee a view of the falls.

To get the picture of Niagara in those early years you must know that there was no railroad, very little in the way of roads, and that the nearest town was Quinnesec, Michigan, about 5 miles away. Iron Mountain, Michigan, was 5 miles north of Quinnesec and Norway, Michigan, was 3 miles south. There was no railroad passenger service into Niagara. The mill's freight service was by way of a branch line of the Chicago and Northwestern RR.

My dad came on this scene in 1899. He was working for a bridge company on construction work and came into this area and learned about the mill that was being constructed. He did not stay on this first trip for very long but he did decide to return about 1900. He was hired by KC as a maintenance man. He had learned how to splice ropes—the big manila kind

that were two to three inches in diameter and were as long as 40 feet. The rope was used to make a connection with a water wheel and a drum pulley 20 feet or more away. As a youngster I made many trips into the mill with my dad. Marie is of the opinion that dad did go to work at the small pulp mill that was operated at this site by Stovekin and then right on with KC when they took over.

I do not know the circumstances covering my mother's coming to the new Porter's Hotel on the west side of Niagara. I assume she was there somewhat prior to 10/14/03 when they were married. She was 18 1/2 at that time. I do not know whether she came by herself or with friends. To come to Niagara from the old log house in which she lived and get all the way there did take a lot of time and I assume money. First there would be the trip from their home to Stiles Junction, about five miles; and then the trip by railroad from the junction to a road crossing called Anderson Spur, about 70 miles. The last leg of the journey was another horse and buggy trip of 4 miles to Niagara. (I ask myself now why I never questioned my mother and father about their early beginnings.)

I describe their early start as being on a frontier. There were no wild Indians to contend with but there was always the influx of new workers into the town. Some of these came from a skid row type of environment at Green Bay, Marinette, Minneapolis and other larger cities where recruiting was done by KC to keep the mill staffed.

KC had to build a number of houses to provide places for people to live in order to attract and hold others in the town. The houses that were built were of 2 or 3 styles and it was in one of the smaller styles that Mother and Dad lived at first. Around 1910 they decided to buy one of these larger houses from KC and they lived in that house for the rest of their lives. That same house is now being lived in by my sister, Marie. How crude of me to say that "same house; on the outside there is a resemblance in many ways to the original structure but on the inside oh how many changes were made! Marie says that it was about 1915 when they bought the house after having rented it for about 5 years.

If you want to get a tally on this couple's economic progress you need only have a record of the improvements that were made. A very vital fact of life is that they were among the first to buy a house from KC. I don't know the terms but I am sure that it was just as big a deal for them then as it now is for a young couple to buy a \$100,000 house.

Remember the house had no running water, no sewer system, no electricity, no furnace, no basement, no grass, no garden spot, no paved roads, only wooden sidewalks in the street, no gutters, no drainage systems. But even with all these no's I am sure that they did not dwell on them, for they now had a home that was far superior to anything that either of them had ever had. I do not think any one at that time had a notion of all the changes that were to come.

I never heard my mother ever say anything about their first child, Raymond A., who was born on 7/14/04 and died 10/6/04. I do know about the 7th child, Robert Francis, who was born 2/17/22 and died 4/6/22. I was 13 at the time and I can remember the constant crying and the visits of the KC nurse. I don't know how they reacted to that death. If my sister, Ruth, were alive she might be able to tell me. Ruth was their 2nd child, born 9/25/05, and died 10/21/60 of

burns from a picnic charcoal burner fire. Marie, the 3rd child, born 5/18/07, now the matriarch of our family could have come of the details. Marie says that both these babies were “blue babies”.

Dad was in search of the burial grounds of that first child. I remember being with him when he went to the Quinnesec cemetery. There was no burial grounds then at Niagara. There had been a fire at the Quinnesec cemetery and most of the records were destroyed. So my dad's efforts were unproductive. Robert is buried in the family plot in the Niagara cemetery, the Catholic side and not the Protestant side. It is only in the last 20 years or so that the churches yielded to the idea that there Deed not be a dividing line and that burial could be a matter of choice by the relatives.

This might be a good place to talk about the Catholics and the Protestants in those early years. If I go beyond the bounds of good judgment, please forgive me. Industry and many commercial activities had their management primarily by Protestants, many of whom were Masons. It was not common to find Catholics in this area and at that time in a position of business leadership. KC a little later on had a F. J. Sensenbrenner, a Catholic who rose to the presidency of KC. In Niagara we had no one in the higher management such as Mill Manager or Superintendents who were Catholics. I speak of the earlier years say from 1900 to 1930. Until President Kennedy it was unthinkable that there could be a Catholic president. The Knights of Columbus were not active in Niagara until the 1930's. The Ku Klux Klan was so far as I know not very active in Niagara. My memory is not too sure but I have some recollection of cross burnings and maybe even one at the top of the bluff that is in front of Mother and Dad's house.

In this kind of set up (I speak braggingly) Charles Jansen, a friend and a Catholic, and my dad were on the Niagara School Board for a great number of years. Likewise, they both were directors in the local bank, both of them were foremen in the paper mill.

I would be remiss if I did not speak about another group in Niagara, the Polish segment, representing as much as 40—50% of the town's population in the earlier years. They had their own stores and saloons and were actively Catholic. We had a few Irish who added color to the community. We had no Indian population and no blacks only whites. I must add no really rich and very few who were absolutely destitute. The loafers and the trouble makers left of their own accord or were separated from KC's payroll and since there was no other place to work they left town.

This purging of the population resulted in a civic minded community and a strong sense of pride in the village of Niagara. With leadership from KC the town excelled and was more progressive than many other towns and villages. The schools, the churches, the houses, the streets, the swimming pool, the community club house, fire protection, and athletic activities, all of these demonstrated a rising, prosperous village.

But what has this to do with the biography of Mother and Dad? First they had to help with some of these activities but more importantly they could feel and know the good influence on them and on us children by living in a prosperous community with steady employment good schools and good recreational activities. What a contrast this was with what my folks saw when they went visiting with some of our relatives and what they saw in other communities.

What biography of those years would miss talking about the automobile. Dad and Mother bought their first car in 1917, a Buick, a status car in our small town. Charles Jansen and his wife bought an Oakland, also a status car. My dad loved to make trips and especially long trips in those early years when the automobile tires and the roads gave so many problems. Today we take it for granted about highway numbers and maps but a trip of 50 miles to Escanaba, Michigan, included many stops to be sure that we were on the right road and also stops to repair tires. We made trips to Marinette, Wisconsin, Green Bay and finally the big trip all the way to Milwaukee. My mother directed many of these trips to visit with her brothers and sisters. My dad seldom visited his family relations as compared with the great number my mother called for.

I am writing this biography like the game: you name a subject and the person next to you lists something somehow related to that subject and so it is that I am now doing. The automobile reminds me that Dad had enough skills to keep that car running with seldom having to take it to a garage repairman to get it fixed. You know when electricity came along, he was among the first to learn about the basics of how to use it. I understand that he wired our house in the very early years of its ownership. He also wired other houses. The electricity came from the KC plant—there were no utility companies then in Niagara.

Speaking of extra jobs or what we today call moon lighting jobs—Dad had one that meets that description. In the early years the street light was one made with a piece of carbon that became aglow when the electricity was applied to it. That gave a good light but as I recall the carbon had to be changed if not daily at least once a week. Dad told me and I suppose others in the family that you could not make financial progress if you depended on just one job or just one source of income.

If I write of the skills of my father, I now will write of those of my mother in cooking, sewing, and housekeeping. She, like most of the women of that age, spent a good deal of the time in the kitchen especially in the summer when there were vegetables, berries, and other fruits to can. All of us children knew about Mother's wood cook stove in which she did all of her cooking and baking. She took special pains with bread and said that the wood stove was the only way in which to make the best bread. She used that stove for many years after the electric stove was in use so that she could make that bread that all of us so enjoyed.

My mother also added to the family income by keeping the books for the local chapter of The Royal Neighbor Society. She also prodded Russell and myself to do the janitor work at the school. I worked as an "office boy" in the hours after and before school started. (That income did not get added to their income but it didn't stop me from asking them for money.)

This might be a good place to list some of the changes that have come about in the home since 1900 especially in the smaller towns and rural areas: clothes washing machines, drying of clothes by electricity or gas, sinks at which one could get hot and cold water, vacuum cleaners, electric toasters, pressure cookers, refrigerators and ice making machines, electric lights, exhaust fans, automatic temperature controls on the stoves and even timers, mixing bowls and so on and on the list could be made.

I might mention a few other more personal things about my mother. You know there was a time when it was not right for a woman to cut her hair. Mother was one of those who went for a long time before yielding to the trend of that day. Many women did it because it was more comfortable and took less time to keep clean. My dad among them was not too encouraging to have the daughters or their mother cut their hair. I don't recall in Mother's case if she had the job done and then presented my dad with the results or if he had said; "Lizzie do as you want."

Along came the fashion to smoke cigarettes and that too was a revolution in social attitudes. Mother at first did her smoking secretively in the house but some of her private places were quickly known by the odor or even the sight of the smoke. Slot machines were common and Mother once in a while when she came upon one would work the machine awaiting the jackpot. There were nickel and dime machines (only big gamblers ever played the quarter machine and so there were few of them around in our areas.) What a disappointment for Mother and others to work the slot machine and then have to give up because the jack—pot just didn't come up. Then have someone else take over the machine and as it were take the jack—pot with the next nickel or dime that was put into it.

But back to my father and myself. I remember the start of prohibition and the old saloons of those early days because Dad took me into a few of them. In his later years we would go to one of the six or seven taverns located in Niagara and then have two or three beers and return home. We could easily walk to any tavern in the town.

One thing I never understood about my mother and some of her guests was the difference in the start of conversation and what it was a little later on. Those lady friends, about 6 or 7 of them, would be in our living room and some of us children would be in the bed room above that room. We would be in contact with the activity of that room by means of the register that allowed the hot air to warm the room above. We could see something of them and we could hear a lot from them. Mother sometimes said sternly: "Close that register." I learned later from my sister that it was wine that made the talk livelier.

My mother and her sisters could speak Canadian French and whenever they wanted us not to understand, they would revert to that French and keep us in the dark. My dad never spoke in German; I don't know if he could. Both Mother and Dad could read and write despite their limited schooling. Dad was an avid reader and he always urged us to read the sport—page, the comics or anything that would get us in the habit of reading. He was always a subscriber to the Milwaukee Journal and later on to the Iron Mountain News as well.

What biography of that period 1900 to 1955 would be complete without talking about the wars even the aftermath of the Civil War, World War I, II, Korean, Viet Nam. The only contact I had with anything about the Spanish American War was with a local bar tender who was a veteran and had picked up "the yellow fever." W.W.I brought with it a fear and suspicion of any one who was German. There was some of that suspicion even in Niagara and it was not a comfortable time for my father and others. There was no demarcation of those born in this country of German parents and those who had never established their citizenship in the U.S. But there was also the possibility that Dad might be drafted; he was 41 in 1917 and the draft age was being raised all the time. He missed the draft but both of them faced some of the food shortages

such as wheat flour, sugar and other items. There were scares about poisoned food especially candy. (Maybe that was one way parents had of controlling their children's appetite for candy.) There was the news of casualties. There was the rise in prices especially at the war's end.

There was the boom after the war with splurges in the buying of silk and other items of luxury clothing. The "Flapper" days were well underway at this time. What a time KC was having in holding a full crew. Ford Motor Co. decided to build a manufacturing plant to make the wooden parts that were being used in the Ford cars and trucks. Wages were set at \$5.00 per day and all received the same pay regardless of the job. Many KC men went to Ford at that time because that daily rate was much higher than at KC. Dad and most others decided to stay with KC.

Before World War II was The Great Depression extending from 1930 to 1941. Dad never lost time because of it but he along with other salaried workers had their wages drastically cut and always the fear would their job be cut or even would KC survive. Stocks and bonds all suffered and Dad had a few of these. The bank situation remained critical and there was that day when all the banks were closed by government order, and there was the going off the gold standard and even the law to turn in all of your gold to the government in exchange for paper money. Dad and Mother were not among those having any gold to turn in. There were severe dust bowl storms so that even as far away as Niagara, Wisconsin, the dust was visible in the sky. Many people in the dust bowl area started moving out but mostly towards California rather than the northern or eastern states.

All over the United States and Canada there was the movement of men and some women via hitching rides in empty railroad box cars. The search went from town to town but always with the same results: no jobs no work and very little food to spare. There were the long lines of the unemployed and even long lines of people waiting for free food. Niagara was not afflicted to that extent, so for many people there the depression was not as deep as in other towns and cities.

Again I must say that I am skipping about in my memories without regard to continuity or organization. There was the influenza epidemic of 1919 and 1920 and with it the closing of the school and the churches and a great number of funerals conducted by Mr. Van Dyke who had the horse drawn hearse. Every generation has its storehouse of experiences and certainly for my mother and dad the years of their married life were filled with fears, sorrows, joys, and plain every day routine repetitions. Just think of all the anxiety about the fear of communicable diseases they must have had, and were spared from all of these. No big yellow or red signs were placed on the front of our house warning others not to enter.

They did have a house fire in which there was damage to the downstairs bed room. One of us children was the cause I was told so this little red hen says, - I didn't do it." Was it Ruth? Marie? Russell? David? Lee, Clyde, and Jean were too young or not yet born. This is one of those skeletons in the closet that no loyal brother or sister would say, "who done it."

But there was one big fire in the village that left a mark on most all of us. That was the fire of the J. P. Mason all purpose store that burned completely down on a very cold and "blizzardy" night. There was great fear that the volunteer fire department would not be able to



contain the flames. Our house could have been in line for the fire if it was, not controlled.

Speaking of fires brings up the subject of the KC mill whistle which could be heard for miles around. The mill whistle was used to signal the volunteer fire fighters to report for fire duty. The whistle was blown with long blasts and short blasts according to a pattern which told where the fire was located; what area in the town or what location in the mill. There was a special pattern to call volunteers to help locate a person lost in the woods. There was the 9.00 p.m. curfew whistle to warn all children to get on home as fast as they could. There was a noon whistle for the dinner period. Dinner for most all the people was the main meal of the day and supper was a lighter evening meal. And then there was the early 5.00 a.m. whistle to get people up in time to report for work; there were some who said it had other purposes but this is a biography not a "National Inquirer" feature story.

But speaking of sounds we also had the church bells that sounded the time for the reciting of the Angelus prayers and the start of mass. There was also the tolling of bells for the person who had just died. One toll of the bell for each year of their life was the proper way to ring this. How did they handle the child one year or less of age? I know what I'll do; I'll ask my sister, Marie. So much of this biography will be that way and I will get the answer but I may not take the time to give you her answer.

I have spoken of sights and sounds so maybe I ought to talk about odors or the more descriptive word smells and stinks. The Niagara KC mill at times of the blow off of a digester sent out a very piercing type of acid odor. This was not the kind of odor that many paper mills had that used the Kraft process of making pulp. The Niagara mill odor lasted only 5 to 10 minutes.

Speaking of odors let me tell you about a night scene that took place after 9.00 p.m. when all, the children and decent people were off the streets. Like in any good detective story there could be heard the "clippy clack" of a horse's hoofs on the paved road (the one in the center of town). This horse was pulling a two-wheeled box like cart that opened from the top and could be closed. On this box sat a man and his son, the son's nickname was "Frog". The father's name was Frank and any connection with the dignity attached to my father's first name was nil. On this cart they carried a lantern—a mark of "distinguishment" like the chimney sweeps silk hat. But this lantern had a very practical purpose; it was not too bright to attract attention but gave enough light at the scene of their professional endeavors to make for a clean and fitting operation.

I was acquainted with "Frog" and he told me that the mark of graduation in this profession was the ability to eat with relish, while carrying on the work, a ham sandwich with white bread. Frog's father was the only man on the KC Mill payroll who was on a piece work basis and differentiated by a lower scale in summer and a higher scale in winter when there was freezing weather to deal with and made their work so much harder. Their work was of such a nature that there was no one who supervised the activity. It was said and maybe rightly so that this Frank often made more per week than the Mill Manager. To bring this to a quick close let me say that the cart, horse, and driver were designated by the expressionist "Here comes the Honey—Wagon." On the KC payroll the title used was "Scavenger". The Scavenger's trade has become obsolete with modern forms of plumbing. I must add a foot note for those not acquainted

with the rocky and hilly terrain in Niagara. The two “holer” was located in a shed that provided a place to store wood and other items like might be kept in a utility room. Because of the rocks and the limited space on a house lot, it was not practical to dig a new hole each time. KC owned more than 200 houses before they made efforts to sell these houses.

Let me after this long digression get into the area of parental guidance or use the word in vogue today “parenting”. My mother used the leather razor strap as a means of reinforcing her belief that we boys had done something wrong. She used the strap to hit us on the lower legs. I remember a time when my brother, Russell and I had been clearly told not to step out of the yard but we had gone off into the mill area and had returned home much later dirty and soiled. My mother used the strap on me; I jumped high enough so that the strap missed my legs and got hers and that led to a more lively and effective disciplining. My mother also used a form of pinching especially when at Mass we were misbehaving or not paying attention. This pinching of the body parts at a level not noticeable to others near us was very effective in getting our attention and we knew that if we let out a cry that there was more in store for us when we got home. I don’t recall that my dad ever hit any of us physically but he did have a way of letting us know when our behavior needed to be corrected.

Mother and Dad believed in the need for more education and so opportunities were provided for us to go beyond high school. They did insist that each of us get our diplomas from high school. I know that I was given much help to attend the University of Wisconsin but disappointed both of them by my failure to complete my studies. Lee and Clyde were the only two who did earn college degrees. But they did this with a minimum of help, if any, from Mother and Dad.

Our children Jeanette, Barbara, and Butch had the very great pleasure of going to Grandmother’s house during those early years of their life. But they were the only grandchildren that were to have that opportunity of personally knowing their grandpa and grandma. The other grandchildren of that age were not living in Niagara during their growing up years and had to depend on occasional visits.

Can a biography be disentangled from the many relationships that exist with their children and the children’s children. They were not to see any of their great grandchildren nor even to see all 23 of their grandchildren. How many thousands of miles have been logged over the years in terms of visiting with family members

I am coming to the end of my steam and will now resort to a few sentences and phrases that will touch off memories for some of us in the immediate family; 1. Mother to me: “David, slow down you’re going 40 miles an hour on this loose gravel road.” 2. Lee as a young child fell into the water at Spread Eagle but was quickly rescued. 3. Russell steps into a kettle of hot lead and has a serious foot infection. 4. We had berry picking sessions covering sometimes an all day deal when we would travel by car to a good picking area. I hated those trips. 5. The upright piano was purchased from the Wurth’s who lived in Escanaba, Michigan. What a wonderful purchase that piano was. It led to many trips to that city to visit with those people. But more importantly it brought about many singing sessions for all of us at home and often with neighbors. 6. All day trips to and at Lauerman’s big department store at Marinette, Wisconsin, for clothing and

household items. 7. The ride on the horse drawn wagon with old Mr. Noel who would bring us to meet the steam train at Anderson's Spur or bring us home from there. 8. Ruth goes to the big city of Milwaukee for school and to live there. 9. The very many auto trips to Marinette, Escanaba, Green Bay, Milwaukee, Stiles Junction, Antigo, and also to Uncle Alex. 10. Apple buying time in the fall of the year when we would buy many bushels that might last even up to Christmas time. 11. The hand operated pump in the back yard and the warning do not stick your tongue on the spout in the winter time or it will stick to the metal. 13. The free movies with Ruth Burden and others at the piano to fill in the gaps for the silent movies that were being shown. The movies were free to us because Dad was the movie operator for a good many years. 14. The wedding of Jean and Bud at Niagara—the last of the children to get married and this one was done with a big bang. We have one photograph in which all of us were pictured on 5/14/46, and is shown on the last pages of this biography.

There is no end to all the memories that might be evoked when thinking back on our family life. I have not tried to give equal attention to all of us children. I have relied too much on my own memories but any of my brothers or sisters can feel free to make up for my omissions. I am mindful that there are many in the extended family such as our own great grandchildren who may never choose to wade through all of the details mentioned here. But at least they can have the choice which we as children could have asked about but did not until it was too late.

Let me now look at the end of this biography of husband, Frank X. and wife Elizabeth (Tappa) Wallenfang. The end was abrupt, sudden and was not prepared for. Mother died on a Sunday morning 10/12/47. Her death at 62 was what we today would call a massive heart attack. There was no opportunity for the exchange of information with her. She was dead. There was no lingering. No chance for any of us to share anything with her in any human way.

She was survived by Dad, then 71; Ruth was 42, Marie 40, I was 38, Russell was 35, Lee 30, Clyde 23, Jean was 21.

I speak of this as the end of the biography because it ended so much of what we knew as family. Mother was the binding force holding the family together. Dad by that time had been retired from KC since 1944, and his main drive in his economic life was at an end. He was not unwell but he was not actively healthy. With Mother's death Marie and Patsy took over and came to the rescue. They gave up their home and came to live with Dad. Marie and Dad did a fair share of traveling together but the punch line was out for him; he had no driving interests anymore. One of his last major acts a few years before his death was to make out his will and divide the estate equitably with the result that there were no arguments among us children on the settlement of the estate.

Dad's death came on Saturday afternoon, 8/20/55, at the General Hospital in Iron Mountain, Michigan. His death was caused by a prostate cancer. I don't know how long he was afflicted with that. That and other physical conditions may account for his need for much sleep in his last years. He was buried in the family plot at the Niagara Cemetery; the plot that had two blue spruce trees. One of these died but one remained and has grown tall and beautiful.

I choose to think of that surviving blue spruce tree as a sign of a family heritage; a tree

with deep roots and closely knit branches that on the outside show a blue color but within are the deep green of the pine tree family. Yes, we on the outside and as a family have a common background which is supported by a faith in God and a love for each of us in the family.

As of this writing on a Sunday afternoon, 8/16/87, the living members are Marie and Lee living in Niagara in houses that were originally purchased by Mother and Dad but came to that ownership by an equitable estate settlement. Clyde lives at Milwaukee; Jean at Shawano, Wisconsin. and Florence and I live in Childersburg, Alabama.

Ruth lived at Milwaukee, Russell died at Peoria 9/25/81. Now if you choose, look at the family history and see how out of the union of Frank and Elizabeth there are now 129 people connected with each other.

I have dedicated this family history to give thanks and honor to my father, mother, brothers, sisters, spouses, in—laws and children.

I could not do the organizing of this history without the assistance of many in the family and most especially Marie for her previous efforts on the family history and for reviewing what I am doing in this gathering of data.

Our son, Butch, has allowed me to use his computer equipment to get the family history in organized and printed form. I am indebted to his Secretary, Dot Sexton, for technical assistance in the use of the computer and for general assistance on this project except that I have personally been the one to touch each and every key on the computer for any numbers, spaces, lines, letters, that show up on this record. So by reason of the many mistakes that I have made there are just as many touching of keys that will never be seen and for that I am thankful. I mean this not as bragging but as a way of making reparation for my failures to have picked up rocks and weeds from Mother and Dad's garden plot and for failure to pick berries—all of that in my early youth. Naturally I am skipping my major offenses.

Presented somewhat humbly,

David Francis Wallenfang

4th child of FX & Liz N.

WE B:BIOGRA.FXW

Final draft, 10/15/87

RED B:BIOGRA.FXW

Rough draft 9/14/87

10/17/87

I did have a rough draft but one day on coming to my desk, there I found the completed collection of the sheets of this biography with margins on the left and right being even. Note the initials WS that stand for “Word Star”—a system on the computer I know nothing about.

I am writing this in my own hand writing so that you will have a greater appreciation of the readability of the printed word.

May the peace of the Lord be with all 129 of us connected to my mother & dad.

Signed: David F. Wallenfang

# The Wallenfangs



**October 12, 1947**

The children of Frank and Elizabeth "Lizzie" Wallenfang.

Back L to R: Ruth, Jean, Marie

Front: L to R: Clyde, Russell, Dave, Lee

Picture Courtesy of Ellen (West) Wallenfang.

(Ellen is the wife of Lee Wallenfang)

# Niagara Area Historical Society



1<sup>st</sup> Museum  
1024 Main Street  
Niagara, Wisconsin 54151

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