



NOJOSHING

Indian word for "straight tongue"

land protrudes out into Lake Michigan like a straight tongue

Newsletter published quarterly

Non-Profit Organization 501c3

June 2021

Good Bye Jim Goodwin 1929-2021

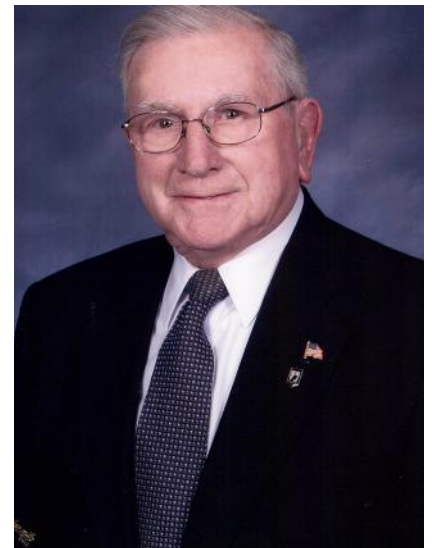
by Anna Passante

On February 23, 2021, Jim Goodwin, past president of the St. Francis Historical Society passed away at the age of 92. He will be greatly missed by his family and friends. All remember him as a kind and caring man. In his eulogy, son Dave spoke of his father as "a man of integrity, a true role model," a man who believed that one leads by example. Jim was a very outgoing person with a cheerful disposition who always put others first, said Dave, and was an engaged father and doting grandfather.

Jim served in the U.S. Army from 1951-1953 in Alaska. In his eulogy, Dave said, "Although Dad shared little about his service time, we did hear about what he learned, how he endured the cold, the spectacular northern lights, and the less than exciting food he was served." Soon after his discharge, Jim took employment with Wisconsin Bell (later known as AT&T) and retired after 33 years of service. As a relatively young retiree, he had the energy to keep up with chauffeuring around his wife Dolores, babysitting grandchildren, and serving as project handyman for the family.

Volunteering took a big chunk out his retirement days, including ushering at Divine Mercy Catholic Church, president of the St. Francis Historical Society, board member of the South Side Scholarship Foundation, member of the Bell Telephone Legion Post Honor Unit, and according to his friend Ed Wagner, a volunteer at "Camp America" military camp for the disabled in Tomahawk, Wisconsin.

According to Bill Drehfal, a current St. Francis Historical Society board member, Jim Goodwin was the "rock that held the historical society together when local interest in the Society was at a low point." Drehfal had joined the Society around 2005, and at that point, Jim was almost single handily repairing and maintaining the Lupo House, which served as the Society's house museum, that once sat at the present-day Vretnar Memorial Park. According to Kathy Matthew, Jim was always willing to give a



tour of the artifacts at Lupo House. Bill said Jim was “extremely handy and could fix anything,” but Jim had his work cut out for him at the Lupo House. The roof leaked badly and the Society’s historical collection of artifacts and objects were in danger of being lost. Finally, in 2010, the City of St. Francis, who owned the Lupo House, made the decision to demolish the structure. After a number of moves, the St. Francis Historical Society finally found a permanent space in the new City of St. Francis Civic Center in 2014 due to the generosity of a local business owner who paid for the office space, storage room, and eight display cabinets in the civic center rotunda. According to Bill, “Jim’s upbeat attitude, faith in the community, and connections with city fathers, planted the seeds, which grew into the home [the Society] has today at the civic center. His leadership and involvement secured [the Society’s] future.”

Kathy Matthew served as secretary of the Society and worked with Jim for many years. According to Kathy, Jim encouraged anyone interested in local history to join the Society. Like others, Kathy especially remembers seeing him at the soccer field at the old Cousin’s Center on weekends, cheering on his grandchildren. Jim, said Kathy, loved to joke around with her children, and share stories of taking his grandchildren out for monthly breakfasts, as well as breaking his wrist at age 70 roller skating at Rollero with his granddaughter.

Both Kathy and Bill remember Jim’s participation in all the city parades, dressed in his Civil War uniform. He would always be waving, smiling and having fun, said Kathy.

In his eulogy, son Dave said, “We often called Dad a rock for what he endured during the last 20 years of his life: the sudden loss of Mom [in 2001] and his debilitating stroke. But when life got hard, this man never gave up.

His strength and resolve was certainly an inspiration to the family, and we will all miss his dearly.”

Dave wrapped up his eulogy with these thoughts:

...Dad was so proud of [his grandchildren], their involvements, their accomplishments, and loved being part of their lives. He rarely missed any of their events. Dad even held his own award ceremony for the grandkids, issuing personalized trophies associated with their athletic or band activity. For Dad, it wasn’t about how many points you scored, whether you won or lost, or how well you played, it was about working hard and trying your best. I’m sure all the grandkids will remember that after a game or event, he would often ask them one simple question...’did you have fun?’”

What’s New?

Board Meetings

Board meetings will resume beginning June 20, 2021, 9:30 am at the St. Francis Civic Center at 3400 E. Howard Ave. Members welcomed.

2021 Membership

Due to the Covid-19 situation, 2020 membership will be extended through 2021. No need to renew.

Please consider including a gift to the St. Francis Historical Society in your will, trust or beneficiary designation.

For more information, please contact Anna Passante at 414-316-4391.



The Dennis Logan Story

by Jay Wesner

This is the story of a young man, Dennis Lloyd Logan, who grew up in our city of St. Francis. Dennis was well liked in our Harbor View Village neighborhood, and he had a lot of boyhood friends. His chums gave him a nickname "Skinny" and the name stuck with him all his life. Dennis was born on May 14th, 1950. When he was three, his parents Lloyd and Margaret Logan buy a Zenoff house on Denton Avenue. Dennis attended the old Thompson Elementary Grade School, but it appears that he was held back one year. He graduated from St. Francis High School in the class of 1969. It is not known what Dennis did during his first year after graduation, but his number came up in the draft and he got inducted into the Army in July 1970. He was assigned to Germany but later reassigned to Vietnam. During Dennis's first year in service, he learned his parent's troubled marriage was ending, and they decide to divorce. His mother wasn't handling her depression well. In March 1971, she committed suicide. Dennis finished his military service and was discharged in February 1972. He could now begin to start planning his own life.

The Dennis Logan story does not end here; it is just the beginning. Fast forward to April 1988 when Dennis (Skinny) Logan was 37 and single. He was working full time at The Continental Can Company, in Oak Creek and renting a room in a boarding house above the Eastbound Lounge and Nightclub bar in Cudahy, on Layton Avenue. During his free time, Skinny patronized several of the local bars and was known as a nice, friendly guy. On Saturday April 9th, Skinny and his boarding house neighbor James Pauwels spent the evening drinking beer and watching a baseball game on TV at a nearby bar. James called it a night, and left Skinny at the bar around midnight returning to his room to retire for the night. At 3:07 am, the Cudahy Fire Department received a call that there was a fire at The Eastbound Lounge and Nightclub at 3455 Layton Avenue. The fire department responded and extinguished the fire. The residents were accounted for except for one. Skinny was missing. After a search, the nude body of Skinny Logan was found on the second floor hallway, two doors from his room. The State Fire Marshal and the Cudahy Police conducted an investigation into the cause of the fire and concluded that the worse of fire damage occurred in Skinny's burned out room. They definitely agreed that there was a trace of some flammable fuel that was the cause. It was ruled a suspicious homicide. This is where the death of Skinny Logan remains unsolved to this very day and the questions of who did it and why remain unknown. Dennis Lloyd Logan (Skinny) was buried with military honors at Woods National Veteran's Cemetery on July 14th, 1988. His tombstone reads: Dennis Lloyd Logan, May 14th, 1950--April 10th, 1988--Sp 4th CI U.S. Army Vietnam.

This story continues sometime later, after the fire, smoke and water damage are cleaned up and the Eastbound Lounge and Nightclub reopens. There are some strange late evening occurrences that start happening. The Eastbound Lounge owners, at this time a husband and wife couple, have closed the bar one night and the wife was alone in the barroom counting the day's receipts at the cash register. She sensed a feeling that there was someone watching her. She knew that she was the only one there. She dismissed this feeling and continued counting. Suddenly she felt a hand on her shoulder and she quickly turned around to find no one was there. Her husband had a similar situation. He recalled that one time late at night, when he had been alone in the stock room taking inventory, an eerie feeling came over him and then all the bottles mysteriously started vibrating and clinking together



Dennis Logan high school photo



The City Lounge at 3455 E. Layton Ave. Cudahy

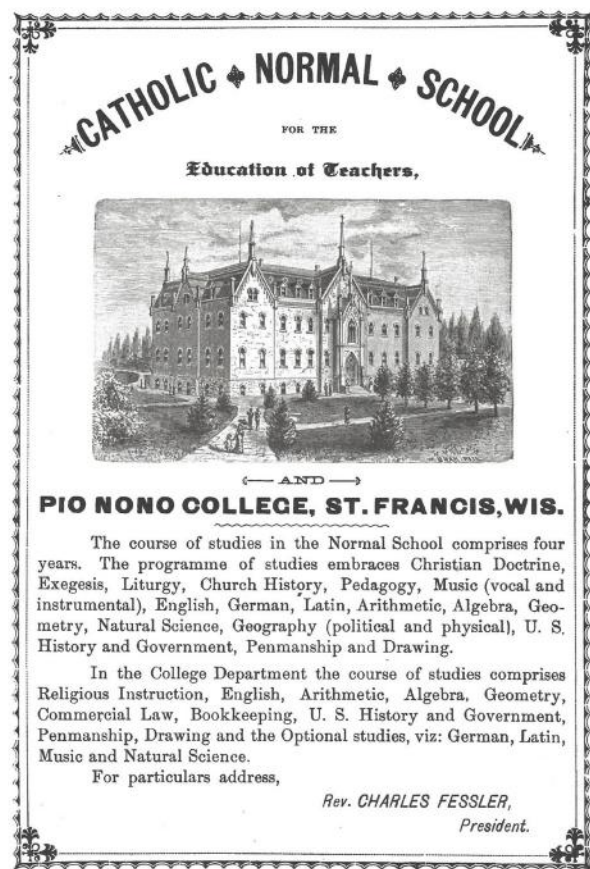
like they do when the train comes through. There were no trains at this time. It was very easy to assume that since Skinny died a sudden and tragic death in a room above this bar, this event could have been perpetrated by Skinny's long lost spirit.

What other cause would be the reason for these strange occurrences? Could it be the spirit of Skinny Logan who is lost and cannot find his way? Is Skinny trying to communicate a message of what really happened to him the night he died?

It has been over 30 years since that night in April when Skinny lost his life. Since there were no more happenings, perhaps he has found his way? Today his childhood chums that knew him will on some occasion wander into the bar that used to be The Eastbound. They come there to enjoy a few drinks and eventually the memories of old Skinny come up in the conversation. When the time comes to call it a night, they offer the last drink as a toast to their old friend Skinny Logan. Here's to you, Skinny! Are you still with us?

This is the Dennis Logan Story.

The following is an excerpt the book *From Nojoshing to St. Francis, From Settlement to City, Part 1* by Anna Passante (available on Amazon.com and through the St. Francis Historical Society).



Catholic Normal School of the Holy Family & Pio Nono College

From 1856 to 1866, the St. Francis Seminary property stretched along present-day South Lake Drive. As the seminary expanded, more land was needed. In 1866, Bishop Henni purchased 160 acres of heavily wooded land west of the seminary grounds, along present-day South Kinnickinnic and St. Francis avenues. It was purchased from Sanford J. Williams, a civil war amputee, for \$10,000. The seminary harvested the timber on the land and stored it for future building construction. The seminary also cultivated some of the land to help with feeding the growing seminarian population. These 160 acres would become the site of the Holy Family Normal School and Pio Nono High School, and later St. John's School for the Deaf and Sacred Heart of Jesus Parish.

As early as 1851, Henni was contemplating the establishment of a normal school/teachers' college that would provide badly needed Catholic male teachers. It wasn't until 1864 that solid plans were realized. But with the advent of the civil war and the lack of funding, efforts for a normal school slowed, but by mid-1870, Henni was able to break ground. The four-story German Gothic-revival building, the first of its kind in the United States, was dedicated on January 2, 1871.

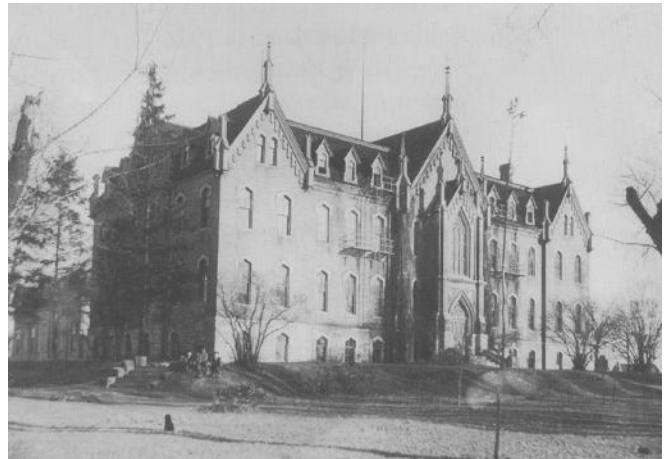
Mother Caroline of the School Sisters of Notre Dame said the following about the Catholic Normal School of the Holy Family:

There were nineteen young men enrolled on the day of dedication. The purpose of the normal school was to train lay teachers for the Catholic parochial schools of the country, as there were at that time few sisters who were permitted to teach boys beyond the age of ten or twelve years.

Above:
SFHS member Glenn Gierzycki provided this image of the Catholic Normal School of the Holy Family. Glenn scanned it from a souvenir booklet from 1886 for the Saengerfest gathering in Milwaukee. According to Wikipedia, Saengerfest is a German singing festival.

Always strapped for money, the Holy Family Normal School needed to increase income by sharing the building with Pio Nono College. The word “college” is a misnomer, since the school was basically a high school. “College” was replaced with “High School” around 1900. The Pio Nono curriculum included business courses and became more popular than the Normal School. Mother Caroline said the following about Pio Nono:

To the normal school, Father Salzmann added the Pio Nono College. The latter was to provide for such young men as wished to become neither priests nor teachers, but who desired to remain under Catholic influence and in a Catholic atmosphere, while fitting themselves for a business career. For the use of the students of Pio Nono College, Father Salzmann requisitioned part of the normal school building, which was sufficiently large to house both departments, at least for some years to come.



Holy Family & Pio Nono College at the present site of St. Thomas More High School. It was razed in around 1930.

In 1872, Holy Family Normal School added a music department and began the training of organists. The Holy Family Normal School was faltering due to low enrollment, which was due in part to the convents now allowing the Sisters to teach boys. The Holy Family Normal School closed in 1922. Pio Nono, however, stayed at the site as a high school, but with increasing enrollment, more building construction was initiated, including a gymnasium.

The Holy Family Normal School building was later razed, replaced with the red brick Salzmann Hall in 1931. It housed the administration offices, a chapel, a library, study halls, and dormitories. The campus became the St. Francis Seminary Minor Seminary in 1941, enrolling only boys who intended to study for the priesthood. The Salzmann Hall building housed the four-year high school program and the first two years of college.

As of 1947, Pio Nono Minor Seminary enrollment was 400 students. The minor seminary continued on this site until 1963, at which time De Sales Preparatory Seminary on South Lake Drive opened. De Sales continued as a four-year high school and two-year college, until around 1970, at which time the college department changed to a four-year program and relocated. De Sales closed in 1979 due to low enrollment. The building was used by the archdiocese and renamed Cousin’s Center and is presently Mary Mother of the Church.

In 1965, Salzmann Hall, facing Kinnickinnic Avenue, was reopened as Pio Nono High School, and a new building was added to the rear of Salzmann Hall in 1968. In 1972, Pio Nono high school merged with Don Bosco High School, forming the present-day St. Thomas More High School. The old Salzmann Hall building is still in use by the high school.



The red brick Salzmann Hall at still exists on Kinnickinnic Ave.



St. Thomas More High School addition at 2601 E. Morgan Avenue.

My Field of Dreams

By Karen Gersonde

On Mother's Day, after I had brunch with my husband, I decided to take a walk despite the cold wind coming off of the lake. I wanted to get out and get some fresh air. It was my day so I took a drive to my old homestead on E. Crawford Avenue and let my husband relax at home. I wanted to walk the fields where I grew up and played, which is now the Nojoshing Trails in St. Francis. I took along my Cousin Ed and my daughter Kim. It was a perfect day for a walk!

Nojoshing is an Indian word meaning "straight tongue" ... land that protrudes out into Lake Michigan like a straight tongue. These trails are for public use now on land that used to belong to the Lakeside Power Plant. The vast fields used to have numerous train tracks, train coal cars, and coal piles. Piles and piles of coal that were brought in by these trains were then dumped or stored in these fields until they were needed to fuel the power plant. Although this was all private property, as a child, these fields were ours for the taking and playing in them.

At the end of East Koenig Avenue, it was a grassy field. Coal piles were not present there. This is where, as kids, we would play baseball. I don't remember who used to cut this portion of the field, but it was mowed all summer so we could play baseball. Growing up in the East Crawford Avenue and East Koenig Avenue area, back in the 1960's, we had a lot of kids to play with and everyone knew everyone. We would get together and have pick up baseball games in the field all summer long. Boys and girls were welcome; we would take whatever kids we could find. We used to play out there for hours, late throughout the afternoon when it was time to go home and have supper. It was always a lot of fun and certainly gave us something to do during the long hot days of summer. We didn't need a playground, the field was it!

In the middle of the fields, there used to be a black crushed cinder block service road. We used to ride our bikes up and down that trail all summer long. It was rather hard on the bike tires, and if you fell, which happened a lot, you were sure to get cuts and scrapes, as the cinder pieces were sharp and jagged. We made sure never to get too close to the coal piles or the tracks as workers were always there and we did not want to get yelled at and told to leave.

The fields were also good for catching grasshoppers, frogs, and butterflies. Since the fields were wild, wild flowers and weeds abound and numerous swamps were alongside the train tracks. I can't tell you how many frogs, tadpoles, grasshoppers, and other critters I used to take home in my little bucket. I loved nature and animals and this was a child's dream to be in this element.

At the end of East Crawford Avenue, there



These homes in Trestle Creek Subdivision, built about a decade or so ago, replaced Karen's baseball field.

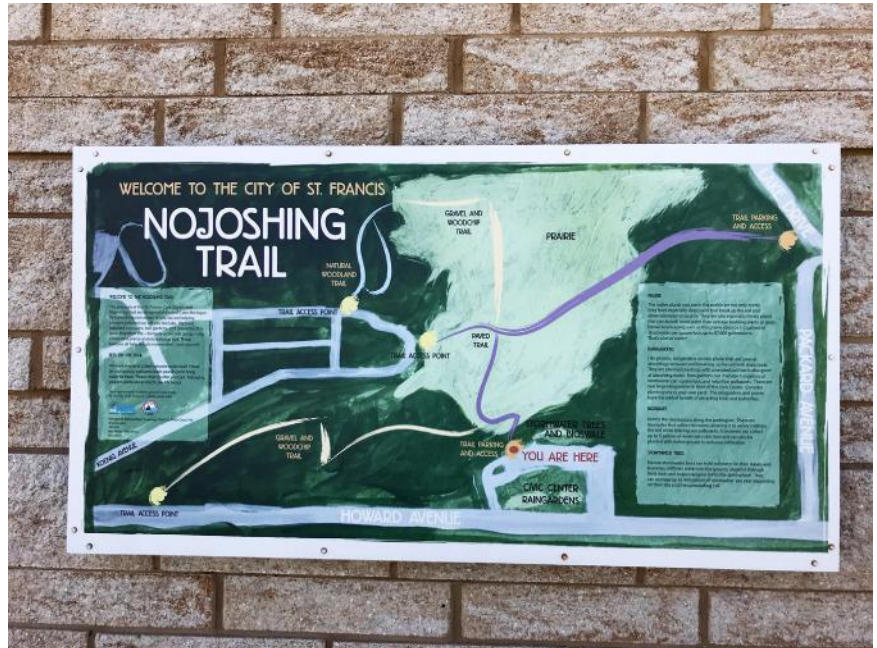


Karen at the entrance to the trail at the St. Francis Civic Center at 3400 E. Howard Ave.

was a clump of trees, near the end of the Seminary Woods. I don't know the name of these trees, but a lot of them were really old and gnarly. They were perfect for climbing. And the area was shaded and out of the hot sun. I used to climb these trees with my friends and sit up on the branches and talk. We would take about everything or talk about nothing. Sometimes we would just cloud watch and see what type of shapes the fluffy white clouds were forming. Was it a dog, a cat, a bird...it didn't matter it was something to do. We would talk about growing up, going to high school, and what our dreams and plans for life might be. Most of the boys wanted to be baseball players and be stars in the major leagues. They all wanted to be like their baseball heroes and idols back then. I never really knew what I wanted to be. I liked animals a lot and thought I would be a veterinarian. This never happened as in my teens, it was discovered I was highly allergic to animals. So there went that dream. But it was still fun to imagine.

These fields hold so many memories for me from my childhood. My favorite daydreaming trees are long gone as is the power plant, coal piles, trains, train tracks, and my favorite swamps. My baseball field is now Trestle Creek Subdivision with big beautiful houses. How sad! But I must say they are great looking houses and now those people get to enjoy the fields where I once played and the Nojoshing Trails are in their backyard. How lucky to live there in such a natural setting and raise a family!

Those fields were my field of dreams. I was very lucky to grow up there! Although the fields have changed, my memories of the good times playing there with my friends will never change. Those memories will stay with me forever! Thank you, my field of dreams. I will never forget you!



Karen's companions ramble through the wooded area near the trail.



Above, a map of the trail

Bottom, a paved pathway that runs through Nojoshing Trail



St. Francis Historical Society
3400 E. Howard Ave.
St. Francis, WI 53235

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Vice-President..... Sister Ceil Struck
Secretary.....Stephanie Maxwell
Treasurer.....vacant

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Jay Wesner
Nancy Goltz

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Ralph Voltner
Marge Tessmer
Kathy Matthew
Terry Duffey
Carol Wojtecki

Newsletter

Anna Passante

Mark Your Calendar

Meetings at the St. Francis Civic Center at 3400 E. Howard Ave.:

The monthly board meetings 3rd Saturday of the month at 9:30 a.m.

June 20, 2021

July 18, 2021

August 15, 2021

Upcoming events (see "What's New" column for details)

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