

The Iowa bottle featured this month is from the New Vienna Brewing Co. which was located in the small town of New Vienna, Iowa in Dubuque County.

The bottle shown is an amber picnic beer style bottle which stands nearly 14" tall. This company also used aqua quart sized bottles but this type bottle used the crown top lip as opposed to the blob style lip on the picnic beer bottle.

H.G. Hesselmann and E.C. Peaslee purchased a closed down brewery formerly run by Frank Bunker. The name of this new brewery would be The New Vienna Brewing Company and they opened the brewery soon after 1900. The brewery closed down several years later and on May 15, 1909, it was sold at a sheriff's auction for \$7,000. The building would never be used as a brewery again.

Note by Julien Schaetzle:

In the numerous papers I have regarding the Brewery, "Frank Bunker" has never been shown to have been associated with the brew-

ery. In 1903 a 5 or 6 story brick addition was built adjacent to the original brewery.

We also have a copy of the label from the beer bottle in our possession.



Fire destroyed the brewery on March 30, 1947.

SCHAETZLE'S TAVERN

EXCERPT FROM THE WRITINGS OF JULIEN SCHAETZLE

The Schaetzle family started in the Tavern (or saloon; the proprietor was sometimes called a confectioner) business in New Vienna with the purchase of the Washington House Hotel and Saloon in 1860 by my grandfather, Sigmond Schaetzle. My dad, Henry Schaetzle, and his brother, Joseph, began managing the Tavern in 1889. After a major fire in 1898, they rebuilt the complex to include two brick buildings, one on the original hotel spot, which became the Schaetzle's Tavern with a hotel and our living quarters above, another brick building which became the bank building with Joe's living quarters above, a livery stable, an ice house with a laundry room, and a low building that was once used as a bowling alley. Our family consisted of my dad and mother, Henry and Mary (Hoefer) Schaetzle, and

Lucille (Stephens) born in 1909; Laura-belle (Blamey), 1911; LaVerne ("Misch"), 1913; Virginia, 1915; and Louie, 1917 and me, Julien, born in 1922.

Here's what I remember of the operation of the Schaetzle's Tavern, called the Tavern, in this story from my time there, which was 1922 to about 1940.

First, the physical part of operating a tavern. It was necessary to keep beer and other commodities cool in the Tavern, so we had a large walk-in cooler with an ice box attached. We made ice for our cooler from the Maquoketa river that ran by New Vienna and stored the ice in our ice house. We also sold ice to people with ice boxes in their homes. Here's how we "made ice".

ICEMAKING

Icemaking was the big project of the

year that Dad, Misch and Louie looked forward to. Ice-making started weeks before the actual ice making day. It usually took place just west of the bridge in the town of New Vienna. In late fall, a rock dam would have to be built across the stream for two reasons: so the water would be deep enough to freeze to a minimum of 12-14 inches; and so the water would be above the sewer that Dad and Uncle Joe built from the Washington House to the creek. The sewer emptied into the river about 25 feet west of the bridge.

Ice-making usually took place in January or February, depending on the weather. The snow continuously had to be shoveled off the ice for weeks before ice-making, so the ice would get thick enough. The snow would act as an insulator, and not allow the ice to thicken. The ice cutters, plows, picks,

scrapers, tongs, saws, etc. would have to be removed from the shed and sharpened days before the "D Day" excitement would begin. All of the equipment would have to be hauled to the ice-making area. Also, an adequate supply of sawdust would have to be available near the ice house. This was hauled from the Bolsinger saw mill northwest of Luxemburg, about a mile north of the highway at the entrance of a timber that ran for miles. The ice house was about four stories high, and all the pulleys and ladders to the top had to be checked. The work force had to be lined up--the bob sleds or wagons and teams of horses from the farmers, in all, about 20-25 people would be working for two days once the ice-making started. My mother and sisters were in charge of getting lunches several times a day.

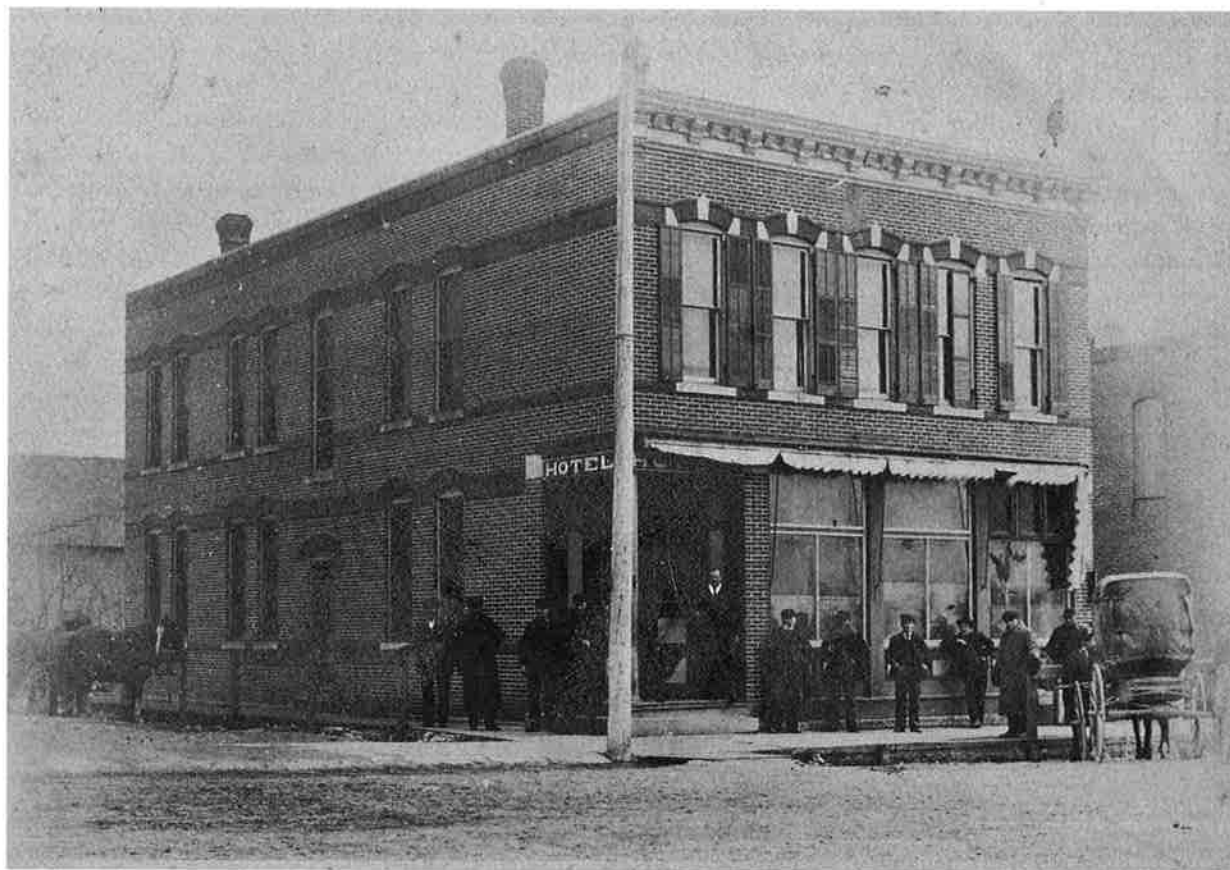
The family was up very early in the morning on "D Day", and the day started with a big breakfast. Dad and my broth-

ers had everything well organized as to who worked the creek and who worked in the ice house. Dad had the cutting plans all laid out, and this was quite a job in itself. The ice cutters had to be pulled by a horse, and the ice cut in sections, and a channel had to be cut so the cut ice blocks could be floated to the loading sleds or wagons. After the horse drawn ice cutter went through, there was still a lot of cutting to be done by hand. I cannot say how deep the cutter cut the ice, but I assume it was 6 to 8 inches; then the men with approximately 4-5 ft ice saws would cut the ice into blocks 18" wide and about 24-20" long. Then men with long poles with a sharp pick on the end would push the ice into the channel to the loading area, where men with tongs would load the sleds with ice blocks to head for the ice house. At the ice house, the men had the floor covered with sawdust in a 25' by 25' square. After the sawdust was covered with the first

layer of ice, a layer of sawdust was added, and another layer of ice started, and so on until the ice house was filled to near the top. After the first wagons or sleds arrived, there were enough sleds that the men were kept busy continuously unloading the ice. There was a pulley on top of the ice house, and after the first several layers of ice were in place, tongs attached to a rope would be used to grip the chunks of ice, and a horse would pull the rope to lift the ice so that the ice house could be filled to the top. The main ice house had 8-inch joists, and the 8-inch space between the outside walls and the ice was filled with sawdust from the top (4 stories) to the bottom. The sawdust served as a perfect insulator to keep the ice from melting around the perimeter of the ice house.

After the ice-making project was over, it seemed the spring season came all too soon, and another project started that lasted from spring into late fall--moving

the ice to the ice box/cooler in the Tavern. In the winter, we started at the bottom and worked to the top



The new Washington House, later known as Schaetzle's Tavern, was built in 1898. The second floor hotel later became the living quarters for the Henry Schaetzle family.

to fill the ice house. Throughout the rest of the seasons, we climbed to the top of the ice, and worked to the bottom by removing the sawdust to uncover a layer of ice, get the ice chunks, and drop them to the ground. Many time the ice chunks were stuck together, and we had to pry them apart with an iron bar. There was very little breakage when we dropped the chunks down because they landed on a bed of sawdust. The chunks were pulled to a cement cleaning area where the sawdust was hosed off, then loaded on an old fashioned farm milk cart and wheelbarrows, and pushed to a small room adjacent to the ice box and cooler in the Tavern, where Dad would be waiting in his leather apron to help load the ice into the large ice box.

The ice box was about 4ft wide and 10 ft long and about 4-5 ft high. Adjacent to the ice box was a walk-in cooler, where the beer, pop, candy, etc. were stored. Above the ice box was a pulley with a rope and ice tongs attached, and each chunk of ice had to be pulled about 4ft high into an opening in the ice box. Inside the ice box, either Misch or Louie was bent over, putting the chunks in place as Dad lifted them into the opening to the box. I would say it took 15 or 20 chunks of ice to fill the ice box. During the months of May through August, this was a weekly chore. During the remaining weeks, the ice box would be filled about every two weeks.

The ice box stood about 4ft off the ground, and under the box was a large

drainage pan where the water would flow outside. The ice box and cooler were built on blocks, which was nice because in the summer, the air would dry the moisture from the drainage pan. To keep the merchandise in the cooler from freezing in the wintertime, the perimeter of the base of the ice box and cooler was lined with boards, and another perimeter of boards about 18 inches high was built 2 ft wide. In the late fall, the space between the boards was filled with sawdust to keep the base and floors of the cooler from freezing. In the spring, the sawdust had to be removed again for air circulation. Sometimes the walk-in cooler and adjacent storage room got so cold in the winter that a round wick kerosene heater had to be lit at various hours during



Ice-making crew. Barney Wente, Herman Neuhaus, Joe Schaetzle, George Recker, Al Pape, Ben Neuhaus, Tony Mescher, Barney Neuhaus, Ferdinand Freking, John Mescher, Louis Pape, Hank Neuhaus, Frank Wilhelm, Leo Oberbroeckling, Albert Ploessl, and unknown. In front: Frank Freking, Andy Ploessl, Leo Kramer and Herman Schwes.

the day and for a few hours before closing to keep the merchandise from freezing. There were also deep window wells around the house and Tavern, and these were filled with sawdust each fall to keep the basement from freezing.

To keep the sun off the ice box and cooler, heavy braces were built from the main brick building to the end of the cooler and ice box, about two feet high over the entire roof. A heavy grape vine grew up the sides and on the braces over the roof, protecting them from the sun. I believe the days of ice-making ended for us between 1935 and 1936. Sometime during these years an electrical refrigeration system was installed in the walk-in cooler.

The ice cream freezer was cooled with ammonia gas in the 20's and 30's. The compressor for the freezing unit on first floor was in the cellar. If a leak developed in the lines, the ammonia could be smelled throughout the entire building, and it gave a sharp, stinging sensation to the eyes. The unit was owned by Meadow Gold Ice Cream Co. of Dubuque, and thank God they were responsible for its upkeep. It seemed several times a year, there would be an ammonia leak, and after they repaired it, the building would have to be well-ventilated for hours.

HEATING THE BUILDING

One might say that preparing for heating the building right after the previous heating season. Each spring, Dad took the family for a workout on the gardening acreage just south of town. We trimmed the apple, plum and walnut trees, and cleaned up a lot of branches that had fallen during winter storms and cut the wood into shorter lengths with a bucksaw. To break the momentum, it was always fun when our wonderful dog, Skippy, would chase a rabbit out of the bushes, and several times he actually caught the rabbit. Skippy was a terrier loved by all of us. He would jump on the running board of the 1927 and 1928

Chevrolets, and go with us for hours of excitement at the gardens—and at times I'll bet he and dad were the only ones thrilled about going. It we took the way home by the blacksmith shop, he would occasionally jump off the running board and get in a fight with "Pom-Pom", the blacksmith's dog, and come home via the alley. He was with us quite a few years, and when he met his demise, I cried for days. I built a small coffin for Skippy and buried him on the acreage just below the apple trees, decking the grave with flowers.

But back to wood cutting. Off of Highway 3 between Luxemburg and Colesburg, by the Fred Vorwald farm, was a turn off to the north leading to a huge timber that extended for many a mile. Bolsinger Saw Mill was approximately ½ mile into the timber. From there was a one-way road, where the branches would brush the sides of the car, and about two and a half miles down this road, Dad and Uncle Joe had 15 acres of land on which they had a hunting cabin. The clearing was filled with delicious white and blue grapes, apple trees and the most delicious pear trees. Before my time, Uncle Joe and Dad hunted there. I can recall that there was a large sink hole on the property. At one time the wood had to be hauled out by horse and wagon as the road was not wide enough for a truck, and the horses had to turn into the timber and then circle back to the narrow path.

Trees felled in the timber were cut into 4 ft lengths and hauled to the vicinity of the Bolsinger Saw Mill, where they could be stacked so the cords of wood could be counted, as a cord is 4ft high by 4ft wide by 8 ft long. Other parties did this too, making their stacks in the summer and then sometime in the fall, the stacks would be cut into lengths suitable for wood-burning stoves.

The cutting saw was about 3 ft high, and attached with a long belt to a large car motor mounted on a platform trailer. The saw was mounted in a platform similar to table, with half the blade showing above

and half below. The one part of the platform acted as a workbench and was moveable back and forth. One or two men would bring the 4 ft lengths of wood to the man tending platform. One would hold the end of the length, and the other would rest it on the platform while the man in charge of the platform pushed the log through the saw in 12-16 inch lengths. Another man threw the cut chunks off the platform. It seemed that there were mountains of wood at the sawmill that had to be hauled away by the different parties.

The Schaetzle family, and many others, would haul the 4 ft pieces to their residences in town. By the fall, there were lots of stacks of wood in town, and farmers would bring their portable saws in and go from house to house cutting piles of wood. In the fall of the year, the "zing-zing" of the large wood cutting saws could be heard from one end of town to the other. It was like a symphony being played as the saws cut through various thicknesses of wood, sometimes giving out a high pitched "zing" when hitting a large knot in the wood.

Beside our timber, Dad, Louie and Misch also felled trees in the Barney Schulte timber and in the Lansing timber east of town. The trees were cut down with large hand saws, about 4 ft in length, with one person on each end of the saw. Then the larger branches were cut away in 4 ft sections and hauled home.

In the 1920's Dad had two open touring cars that had side curtains with izen (mica) glass for windows, a 1927 Chevrolet, which had a square box type body to it, and a 1928 Chevrolet. Misch was handy with cars. He took the body off of the 1927, and Dad and he built a platform on with racks, and hauled wood from the Bolsinger Saw Mill with this. We also hauled slab wood, slab wood being the outer 2-4 inches cut from four sides of the tree to square the tree so lumber can be cut from it. The slabs were cut into 12-16 inch chunks for stove size pieces and these

chunks consisted of half wood and half bark. This wood in a hot stove would last about as long as a snowball in hell, but was very good to lay on top of kindling to get a hot fast flame to start green (undried) wood burning.

After the truckload of wood arrived home, it was backed to the outside basement doors, and thrown down the stone steps. One person had to be in the basement to throw the wood a good distance away from the doors, as the wood just kept coming and coming until you couldn't get another piece in the wood storage area. The top of the basement doors were then closed, but the loads of wood kept coming, and were unloaded outside along the building or between the Tavern and the bank building. After the wood was home, a lot of it had to be split into halves and fourths to make pieces small enough to fit into the cooking stove in the kitchen.

There was also a coal cellar located on the north side of the building by the two large window wells. The wells were used to throw the coal from the delivery truck into the basement. Besides the wood used, I would estimate 15-20 tons of coal were used each winter to heat the Tavern and our quarters. Dad purchased coal from Armstrong Lumber Co. in Dyersville—a brand called Yellow Jacket. It was a real hard coal, and each piece had a yellow mark on it. Finally, corn cobs were hauled in from farmers to start the fires.

Now that all the wood, coal and corn-cobs were in place, another chore began. Each summer the huge cast iron heating stove that was located in the middle of the Tavern was taken down, so it had to be set up again for the winter. The stove was located in the center of the Tavern, about 15-20 feet from a chimney. The pipe to the chimney had to be polished and shined before being installed. A large steel shell, standing on legs about 8 inches high, was placed around the stove. The shell was as high as the stove, about 8 inches larger in

diameter than the stove, and had a large door in front that aligned with the stove doors. By the time all this work was finished, it was cold enough to fire up the stoves.

Beside the large Tavern stove, there was a wood burning stove in the living room and a cooking stove in the kitchen upstairs. Wood and coal had to be brought from cellar to the Tavern and second floor daily. And ashes had to be removed from the stoves daily and thrown in steel 42 and 66-gallon barrels. Every week these ashes and other garbage had to be hauled to the dump. Bill Steffen had a dray line for years, and made weekly trips to Dyersville, trucks lines and railway stations to pick up merchandise that had been ordered. During the week he did a lot of odd job hauling around town. Bill was not a real good driver, and one day, while backing up to pick up the barrels of ashes, Bill knocked down one of the three pillars supporting the upstairs porch. I believe that was the end of ash hauling by Bill. He still did other hauling for Dad, but was not allowed to back up to the building. Here comes the bad part of Bill no longer hauling the ashes. Uncle Ray Hoefer, my mother's brother, who operated a butcher shop in Earlville, mentioned that he had an old Model T which he wanted to get rid of. Dad bought it for \$10. I was in 7th grade and thought this would really be fun because I might get to drive it. I did, sooner than I thought. Dad cut the rear trunk out of the coupe, and made it into a truck box. I was now in charge of hauling the ashes and junk in the neighborhood to the dump, which I thought was great—but oh, what a dirty job hauling ashes was, and wrestling with the large barrels at the dump. This, I believe, went on for two heating seasons when Gregory Vaske, who farmed on the hill just south of our acreage, came in the Tavern and asked Dad if he could pick up the ashes to feed his hogs. He had read in the Farm Journal that there is a lot of potash in ashes, and that it was very good for hogs when mixed with corn and other

feed. That was the end of my ash hauling. I can still see myself standing there, grinning from ear to ear when Greg and his sons drove in with their truck to haul the ashes.

I believe I was in the 9th grade when oil burners came into fashion. The wood-burner in the upstairs dining room was replaced with an oil burner ordered from Spiegel catalog, and Nellie had a Quaker Oil Burner installed. We had a 42-gallon oil barrel outside of the building, and had to carry 5 gallons of fuel oil to the upper level of our building and to Nellie's. It was easier than hauling and carrying wood and getting rid of the ashes every day. Sometime later Louie installed a pump that pumped the oil directly to the upper level oil burner. The combined wood cooking and heating stove in the kitchen remained for several years. During the summer months, the cooking was done on a kerosene combination stove and oven located on the back porch. This and the stove used in the tavern for cooking were later replaced by gas stoves that used Hi Test gas that could only be purchased from Ahlers store or Pape's filling station. The Hi Test gas was poured from a gallon can into the tank to a certain level, and then, using a pump built into the tank, air was pumped into the tank until it reached a certain pressure. One hot summer day when Dad and I were working in the garden on the acreage, the fire bell rang. Since Dad was a former Chief of the New Vienna Hook and Ladder Company, we hurried into town in the 1928 Chevy. Coming down the hill, Dad said "Somebody is really getting it". I said "Dad, that's our place or Nellie's". He said "Step on it", which I did. We found the fire had just been extinguished before we arrived and that it was caused by the gas stove exploding. Bob Kerper was the hero of the day, as he put out the fire with a large extinguisher. The Hi-Test gas stoves were replaced with propane stoves, upstairs and downstairs in the Tavern.

THE ROOF

The roof was flat to 1/8th or so pitch. Through expansion with heat in the summertime and contraction with the cold and ice buildups in the winter, there was a constant problem with leaks in the roof. Tarring the roof to repair the leaks was in many years, a spring and fall job. In earlier years, the tar had to be purchased in chunks, put in heavy cut-off metal barrel drums with a fire below to melt the tar. The tar would then be poured into 5-gallon heavy buckets kept hot with blow torches. The buckets would be pulled to the roof and the tar spread over the entire roof with large tar brushes. In later years, it was no longer necessary to heat the tar, as it came in liquid form in five gallon buckets. The snow always had to be shoveled from the roof due to the weight of the snow that gathered on the flat surface.

DAILY BUSINESS

We were open seven days a week. On Sundays, no matter if farmers came to church by car, or by horse and buggy or sled, in the winter months, they always seemed to come a half hour early, and expected the Tavern to be open and warm for them. If it wasn't open, they would knock on door. After Mass, a lot of the people who attended first Mass, would stop in the tavern, stores, and butcher shop, and then hurry home so another group of their family who were left home to do chores, could get to the second Mass. The taverns, stores, etc. would close when second Mass started, and open up again right after Mass ended. The Des Moines Register was sold in the Tavern, and for years brother Misch delivered the paper in town, and after he grew out of it, I took over delivering the paper. The Tavern would stay open the rest of the day on Sunday. People would spend the day playing pool and cards, eating and in the early days, drinking "Home Brew". It seemed the entertainment for the elders on Sunday afternoons was going to church, then going

to the Tavern, eating, playing poker, punch boards, the juke box and slot machines and pinball machines. A lot of times, during the winter months, Vespers was held in the church at 3:00 p.m. on Sundays. The Tavern would then close again so everyone could head for church, and it would open again immediately thereafter. The farmers would head home to do chores, and a lot of them would return after supper. In the summer, after ball games on Sundays, the Tavern would be filled with people.

Before the 1920's and thru the 1930's, New Vienna had its own creamery. During the hot summer months, the farmers would bring their cream to the creamery three times a week and during the spring and fall, twice a week, because the farmers did not have electrical refrigeration or adequate cooling systems. In the winter, cream day was only once a week for many. During the early spring, before the farmers started to get busy with field work, they would stay in town several hours on cream days, socializing with neighbors in the taverns, drinking beer, etc. (no coffee could be purchased in town), playing the slot machines and punchboards, for enjoyment, and then head for home.

When the spring field work started and during the summer months, they would get to the creamery early and wouldn't hang around town very long. The Tavern had to be open early, the farmers would stop for a few minutes for cigars or cigarettes, a drink or two, a couple of punches on the boards, spin of the slot machine wheels and would tell us to get a case or two of beer in the pickup truck, and away they would go. During the harvest season, it would be the same, only they would need extra cases of beer for the help during the harvest.

After the harvest season and into the fall, even into the fall when the corn picking started, the farmers started spending more time socializing in town again. In those days, there was no fast method of getting the corn out of the field, and

sometimes farmers were still picking corn in December, and if the weather was bad, there was still some corn in the fields in January.

During the winter months, a lot of the farmers would spend a good part of the day in town, mostly at local taverns, playing different card games, punch boards, slot machines, and having their favorite drinks. A lot of the cigarettes and cigars were gambled for by shaking five dice from a dice cup. This was usually done between the bartender and the customer. If the bill would be \$1, and the customer would lose, he would pay \$2. If the customer won, he would pay nothing. Sometimes the dice shake was done between customers themselves to see who would buy the drinks. This was a very popular game.

A lot of funny and laughable happenings occurred in the Tavern. One I remember involved the fellows in the tavern being up to some fun. Frank "Buster" Abeln's neighbor, LaVerne Von Lehmden knew it was Buster's birthday, so they wanted to give Buster a present. They got a hog casing, used to stuff sausage into, from the local butcher shop, and tied one end, blew it up with air, and tied the other end to make it look like a piece of sausage. They gift-wrapped it in a box and put Buster's name on it. They knew that when Buster would go to the post office in the evening, he would stop for a beer, and when he did, the crowd presented him with the present. In the box was a note with the present, on which they had written in their best German a message that translated said. "If you take the skin off, then you can eat this on Friday". In those years Catholics were forbidden to eat meat on Fridays.

THE WINTER HOLIDAY SEASON

We had our family Thanksgiving celebration at noon, when Mother and, in later years, Ginger, always prepared a great feast, but for many years, the afternoon was not a time for leisure and rest. On Thanksgiving

night in the early years, there was always a dance at the Community Hall across the street, at which a well-known band played and crowds of 500-1,000 were not uncommon. All the family pitched in to prepare for a night like this, when the Tavern would be at capacity from 9:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. The two back rooms in the Tavern that were closed during the week were opened in the morning so they could be heated. The extra stored chairs and tables were brought out to the main Tavern area and the back rooms. Dad made sure we had every table dusted and polished, that beer and pop coolers were filled, and that everything was ready for the night rush.

Mother and Ginger were upstairs patting out hamburger patties. On large dance nights, 50-75 lbs of hamburger was sold. Everyone loved the hamburgers we sold; the taste was mouthwatering. In the afternoon, Mother or Ginger would mix the hamburger. Wetted dry bread, eggs, onions, salt, pepper, and maybe more were mixed into the hamburger. Dad would never have our hamburgers served on a bun, but always on sandwich bread. Buns were too doughy, and had too much bread to get the full taste of the hamburger.

Mother and Ginger wore white uniforms, and the dress code for the men was pressed trousers, pressed white shirts, or ironed shirts, ties, shined shoes and white aprons. The men customers were always dressed in suits, white shirts and ties. The women wore dresses or suits and many of them wore hats. The place was filled from early evening until 1:00 a.m. At 11:00 o'clock when intermission was announced at the dance, most everyone headed for the Tavern for sandwiches and beer. For about 45-60 minutes, the place would be so packed you couldn't get another person in. Somehow, everyone seemed to get served and the crowd slowly dispersed back to the dance hall to dance the night away until the band played "Home Sweet Home" at 1:00 a.m. to signify the end of the dance. The taverns locked their doors at 12:45 so no one could enter after that. The customers in the Tavern were allowed to finish their drinks, and by 1:15, the Tavern was cleared.

The crowd in the Tavern was usually very orderly, but if a couple of fellows did start to tangle or start an argument, Dad immediately came between them. Dad was a big man, strong, extra strong in cases like this, had a fist twice the size of many;

didn't take time to listen to either fellow in the argument, didn't take sides even though he knew one and not the other. He would take them by the neck and bounce them out the side door and warn them not to come in the Tavern again that night, and to do their fighting outside. When he did this, it happened so fast many of the customers in the place didn't know of an incident taking place.

After the dance, we would start to straighten up and clean for the next morning; tables would be cleaned, the bar wiped; sometimes the floor would be swept at night, and sometimes left until the next morning. We would take some beer upstairs, have a snack, and to bed we would go. The Tavern opened between 7:00 and 8:00 a.m. the next morning, and the remainder of the cleaning, such as washing a few hundred glasses, putting beer and pop bottles in their respective cases, was finished. Shortly after Thanksgiving was the beginning of Advent Season, and there was always another big and last dance before Advent, that had all the characteristics of the Thanksgiving dance.

There was always an excitement in the Tavern the weeks before Christmas. Dad



Farmers stopped at the Tavern to pick up beer for the harvesting crews to enjoy at the end of the work day.

always had the Tavern decorated and it was made to feel "Home Folksy" like. Throughout the morning hours, especially between 8-10, most people throughout the town would walk to the Post Office to get their mail, and a number of them would stop in for an "eye opener" or a few beers for a little more Christmas cheer. In the wintertime, there was only one what we "Cream Morning" a week. Farmers would bring their cream to the local creamery on one designated day a week, and a big part of them would spend the best portion of the day in town. Also, many farmers brought their children to school between 8:00 and 8:30, and would stay in town, drink beer, have their Christmas cheer, and play cards until school was out, and would then head for home. In the winter, there wasn't as much to do on the farm, so farmers enjoyed their vacation in town.

The closer the weeks came to Christmas, the more intense the spirit of the season became in town. People from distant places slowly drifted home for the holiday season, and one of the favorite meeting places for friends not seen for some time was in the Tavern. Several days before Christmas school would be let out for the holidays and confessions would be heard in church in the afternoon and evening for people receiving Holy Communion on Christmas day. The days before Christmas were enjoyable social gatherings in the Tavern for a lot of people.

Then finally came the day before Christmas and Christmas Eve. In the afternoon, free beer was dispensed, and a free lunch of cheese, sausage, crackers, chips, and other goodies was served in the Tavern. The Tavern was crowded throughout the afternoon and at 5:30, drinks were stopped being served and the Tavern closed by 6:00 p.m. I believe, in earlier years, Dad kept open until later in the evening, but in the 1930's the above was the custom. The Tavern was then cleaned, the glasses washed, and then it was suppertime. In the

late 1920's and early 1930's, we had our family Christmas Dinner on Christmas Day. Later, when the older girls started coming home with family, we had our Dinner on Christmas Eve.

THE JOBS

What Misch was to Dad on the outside of the business of the Tavern itself, such as chauffeur, mechanic, general engineer, brother Louie you might say became Dad's General Manager of the Tavern Business itself. As far back as I can remember, Louie was racking pool table balls and hustling behind the bar with Dad. I don't think Misch cared too much for the tavern business and to be behind the bar serving the public. At the time, I was too young for any of the technical aspects of the business, but was assigned racking the pool balls, sweeping the floor and getting the wood and coal supply in. A lot of this was done when they could catch up to me.

My job during these early years was general handy boy. I inherited Louie's job of taking care of the pool table, getting the wood and coal out of the basement, dusting, filling the pop and beer coolers and NOT TO FORGET cleaning the spittoons or cuspidors, as they were also known. I could look forward to this filthy, dirty job almost daily after school. One day, after a year or two of this, I decided I had had enough of spittoons, so I got my little red wagon, loaded all six spittoons on it, and headed down the alleys to the creek. Mother and Ginger, from their eagle's nest on the upstairs porch, saw me leave the Tavern with the spittoons and head down the alley past Aunt Josephine's (Meis). When I came back, questions were asked about the spittoons. I gave notice; I threw them in the creek, and threw them in the deepest part, so they couldn't get them again. Really, neither Dad nor anyone else said too much, as they were maybe glad to see them go, too. People with Redman or Beechnut Chewing Tobacco just had to walk to the toilet

to spit it out. Cuspidors never returned to the place. Old Doc Warborg, who worked in the tavern next door was cleaning spittoons one day and said he had heard we had gotten rid of our spittoons. I told him I would get rid of his, too, if he wanted me to. It wasn't long after when Warborg's Tavern also got rid of their spittoons. Another job I had was to sweep the floor every morning before I went to school, along with a few other odd jobs. We had very little space inside for empty beer and pop cases, so every few nights after school, the bottles had to be sorted into their respective brand cases. In summer, this was okay, but in the winter, it was something else to sort bottles in the cold and snow. Most of the time there was between 10 and 20 cases of empties.

Up until the mid 1930's, nearly every business place in New Vienna had hitching posts to tie horses. The most elaborate was the 75-foot section that ran along the south side of Fangmann's Hardware store. The long rail and curved posts were made of 4-inch tubular steel, with a slick coating that had very little rust on it after being exposed to the severe elements for years. Others had wood posts and galvanized pipes. In front of the Schaetzle buildings, there were a number of decorative posts with a hitching ring below the rounded top. Not many horses came to town during my time, but when they did, if there was horse dung on the street, Dad would send me out to haul it away.

From the 1920-40's, the Huberty Bottling Works in Dyersville supplied us with 90% of our soft drinks, not including Coca Cola, Pepsi, or Dr. Pepper. The Huberty products were of outstanding quality and anyone who hasn't tasted a bottle of Huberty soda water has missed something. Their Lemon, Crème Soda and Ginger Ale were something different with a flavor all their own. All the beer cases and pop cases were made of wood and were heavy. I think it was in the mid to late 30's when the lighter cardboard cases originated. There

were no cans or throw-away bottles. Every week there were 75 to 150 cases of empty beer and pop bottles that had to be sorted and stacked before the supply trucks came.

The beer kegs were all of the wood stave type or small vat wood barrels and came in eighth, fourth, and half barrel sizes. These barrels, full or empty were heavy. The steel and aluminum barrels originated about the early 1940's. Dad didn't think too much of the new barrels. Being a connoisseur of good beer, he was of the opinion the steel or aluminum would greatly affect the taste of the beer.

Here's an example of what salesmanship can do. Dad and Louie got into an argument with the Coca Cola driver or salesman. I cannot recall what it was about, but they took a liking to the Dr. Pepper salesman, and started telling everyone how good Dr. Pepper was over Coca Cola, and how good Dr. Pepper was with a mixed liquor drink. The Cola people used to drop off 20-30 cases a week, depending on the season, and Dr. Pepper only 3-5 cases. It didn't take long before the numbers were reversed. This also spread to some of the surrounding towns in the area.

PROHIBITION

The years from 1918 to 1932 were known as the Prohibition Years, when the manufacture, sale, and transportation of alcoholic liquors, beer, or any alcoholic beverages was forbidden by Federal Law. The only beer that could be sold was "Near Beer"; it tasted like beer, but without any alcohol content. These were also known as the Home Brew days. A good many people were making their own brew, and from time to time, home brew was sold in the Tavern. It was also a time when people were making their own whiskey and pure alcohol. A lot of this was known as "Rat Gut", and these were known as "Bootlegging Days". People would buy a bottle of near beer, take a swallow or two, and pour alcohol into the bottle. People who couldn't handle their

drinks would become highly intoxicated in a hurry. Being too young, I never did get to try the beer-alcohol combination.

I can recall when Home Brew was being served in the Tavern, and when it was rumored there would be a raid by the State, Misch, Louie and Dad carried home brew from the Tavern and the cellar to the second floor, and then by ladder to the attic. The attic got very hot in the summer, and one time the bottles in the attic started to explode from the heat.

During these years, there were penny, nickel and dime slot machines in the Tavern. Pete Ferring, who had a tavern across the street, and slept above the tavern, didn't have slot machines. The machines were noisy, and Pete complained in the summer about all the noise when his bedroom windows were open so Misch found a way to silence the machines.

In 1932, the Federal Government repealed the Prohibition Law, but it also had to be repealed by the state. Illinois and Wisconsin repealed the law, but Iowa lagged behind. Dad, Misch and Louie made trips from time to time to Illinois to pick up cases of beer before the law was repealed in Iowa.

You could say that brother Louie came into the Tavern in the "New Deal" Era of FDR., and what FDR did for the country, Louie, with his innovative ideas, did the same for the Tavern. The penny slot machines were taken out; the nickel ones remained, and dime and quarter ones were added. Later a larger console slot machine was added that could take nickels, dimes, quarters, and half dollars. Four people could play at one time with one pull of the handle. Various pinball machines and juke boxes were added. The penny and nickel punch boards were replaced with quarter and dollar punch boards. Each board had 1,000 punches, with \$1, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50 prizes and maybe a grand prize of \$100 or \$150. On many days, five or more boards were punched out.

In the mid 1930's, on Saturday nights we played a game called "SPIN-O" in the Tavern. Everyone who came in on Saturday nights received a free Spin-O card. On the back bar there was a board with numbers from 1-50 arranged in a clockwise position, with a large dial hand in the center. The dial hand would be spun electrically and the number it stopped on would be called out to the crowd. There were various nice prizes given away. The grand prize started with \$10 and five spins, and if no one won by having the five numbers in a row across, diagonally, or down on their card in the five spins, several dollars would be added to the main prize and the next week it would start with six spins, and if no one won, more money was added and the next week there would be seven spins for the grand prize. This went on until someone won the grand prize. There were five prizes given away each night, as the spins continued until someone had five numbers in a row on their card. The next prize might be a picnic of beer, the next a quart of beer, a sandwich and a beer. Then we would spin until someone had all the numbers on their card filled, and that person would win a case of beer. The game started at 10 p.m., and the Tavern was packed long before the start. People who went to the movies in Dyersville came back to the Tavern to play Spin-O instead of staying in the taverns in Dyersville.

Also at times during the Spin-O game, Louie would come up with a quiz or question that he thought people couldn't answer. He would give the crowd one half minute to answer, and if no one would give the correct answer, he maybe would give the crowd another question. The winner would get a prize.

When Prohibition was repealed, and laterpassed in Iowa, the law was that beer could only be sold to customers seated at tables, and that free pretzels had to be available on the tables. This was only a state law, and the idea was that if people

were eating, they would not become as easily intoxicated. The taverns in New Vienna, outside of the Buenker Tavern, that Rev. Reinert patronized, were known as the "Hell Holes" by Rev. Reinert. He also referred to the Community Hall with the same respect.

Selling hard liquor over the bar in Iowa was illegal. The taverns in Dubuque county purchased a liquor license and different taverns started selling liquor. The license protected against the Federal Government, but hard liquor sales were still against state law. For some time, Schaetzle's hesitated selling liquor for fear it would interfere with the more lucrative gambling business. Eventually it came to where liquor was sold. On dance nights, punch boards and some of the machines were put on the side. Also, it was thought that selling liquor over the bar could become a problem due to the crowds, so the last back room area was made into a liquor bar area. The bar was only about 8 ft long, and people who wanted liquor in the main tavern area could take the drinks back to their tables. This worked out so well that punch boards and slot machines were added to this area on dance nights, as one man could handle it this way.

Dubuque County was known by the rest of the counties in Iowa as a "state within a state". The county really didn't make its own laws, but only followed common sense rules that gave the people what they wanted: liquor by the drink and gambling before its time in Iowa. The Mississippi River was

the only thing that separated Iowa from Illinois and Wisconsin, both with more liberal laws. Dubuque knew what had to be done to keep business in Iowa and they were intelligent enough to follow common sense rules and they never had any trouble in the county.

Mary Loes, brother Misch's future wife, was a telephone operator in Dyersville. When there was a rumor that State Agents were coming or were in the county to check on illegal liquor sales or gambling devices, Mary would call and so advise. At that time, all telephone calls, both local and long distance, went through central operators, so the local telephone operators were well informed of the happenings of the day.

I think it was in the 1950's that the state started to consider legalizing liquor by the drink. Before this time, liquor had to be purchased through state-owned liquor stores, called packaged stores. Liquor could only be sold to individuals by bottle for home consumption. When legalized sale of liquor by the drink was being considered by the state legislature, the Dubuque County Tavern Operators were not too enthused. They already had liquor by the drink without paying a high state license. The Federal license ran only \$20-\$50 a year, and they knew there were many restrictions being added to the state liquor law. The law passed in the early 1960's, and with it came restrictions that almost took gambling out of Dubuque County, as there was a provision that if an establishment with a liquor permit was

found to have gambling devices on the premises, it would lose its liquor permit. Along with the high cost of the permit, was a high amount of insurance that had to be purchased by tavern operators. I can recall Dad talking about the high cost of insurance they had to have in the late 1880's and 1890's up to Prohibition, and think it was similar to the liability insurance taverns must have today.

One last memory of the operation of the Tavern. My two oldest sisters, Lucille and Laurabelle, went to nurses' training in Davenport. Our family would travel to Davenport once or twice a year to see them. This was always an exciting time as we piled in the 1927 Chevie with a picnic lunch and packages for the girls and spent a day on the road. Louie usually stayed back to handle the Tavern. One day Dad and Mother missed most about not getting to Davenport was the day the girls graduated from Nursing School. One of the several large picnics that New Vienna held yearly occurred on the day of graduation. I know they talked about every angle of getting there, but none seemed to work. Tavern business started early in the morning on picnic days and lasted until 1:00 or 2:00 a.m. the following day. Starting in the afternoon, 50 to 150 people would be in the Tavern all day and night. Dad and Mom felt very bad about not getting to the girls' graduation, but with this kind of business, there was only one alternative and that was BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.