

You Said It

“I always tell people, the hardest part, is walking through that front door.”

~ Shannon Seyforth
Mad Shannon's / Page 16

Rumor Has It

Super Mario Bros was the first “side-scrolling video game,” a term coined by Arnie Katz, editor of Electronic Games.

Pac-Man was invented by game designer Toru Iwatani, who got the idea when he picked up a slice of pizza and saw the shape of his future character in the remaining pieces.

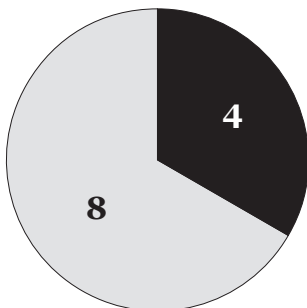
Hit the Polls

Do you play video games?

Yes = 🟢
No = 🟡

Go to the *Courier Sentinel* Facebook page to find this week's poll and vote!

Last Week's Poll
Do you consider oatmeal a cereal?



Yes = 8 | No = 4

The mission of the *Courier Sentinel*, as a local, hometown newspaper, is to support our democracy, by publishing editorials and letters to the editor, that stimulate thought and discussion, but, because of the ongoing divisiveness following the recent U.S. presidential election, we have decided to put in place a moratorium on editorials and letters that will further inflame partisan rancor, and ill-will within our community of readers. We need a period of quiet, so we can begin to listen to one another. The newspaper will continue to run editorials, but as commentary on our local news coverage. We welcome letters from our readers that also focus on local issues, things that we cover in these pages.

Kris O'Leary,
general manager

– Editorial –

Cornell must invest in future of pulpwood stacker

Members of the *Courier Sentinel* editorial board include publisher Carol O'Leary, general manager Kris O'Leary and *Star News* editor Brian Wilson.

There are few symbols more iconic, than the pulpwood stacker that soars for 180 feet and dominates the City of Cornell skyline.

Located along the banks of the Chippewa River, in Mill Yard Park, the stacker was in use from 1912-71, for the Cornell Wood Products Mill. From the start, the stacker has had a dominating presence in the community, serving as a reminder of the heritage of the region, as a hub of economic progress.

For generations of visitors, the stacker has inspired awe, and a renewed sense of the history and importance the logging industry had for the region.

When the stacker was added to the National Register of Historic Places and the Wisconsin State Historical Society's own listings nearly three decades ago, it was noted the structure is likely the

only remaining one of its kind in the United States.

Time exacts a toll on all things, from mountains to the structures made by mankind. The forces of wind, water and Wisconsin's ever-changing weather, continue to take their toll on the stacker.

This summer, the City of Cornell hired James Orr Coating Inspection LLC, to inspect the pulpwood stacker. As reported by city administrator Dave DeJongh, it was not the coating, but the concrete base holding the stacker upright, that needs to be addressed, sooner, rather than later.

As reported in last week's *Courier Sentinel*, the estimated cost of the concrete repairs is \$45,252. As with any other project, that cost will grow the longer it takes for the work to be done. If anything, the estimate of 5 percent increase, per year, is low, reflecting inflationary increases, without taking into account additional structural damage, which will occur if the structure is left to decay.

While brat fries and bake sales have their place, relying on them solely to raise the money needed to make the necessary repairs to the concrete

base, would be foolhardy. As the preeminent city landmark, Cornell cannot afford to let the stacker crumble and must make a budgetary commitment, much as the city does with any other piece of infrastructure.

City leaders must look at all options, including borrowing the funds needed to repair the concrete base and complete other projects to stabilize the structure, and ensure it remains a landmark for decades to come. While there is a cost to borrowing, debt service payments are outside state-imposed levy limits and will allow the repair costs to be spread across several budget years, minimizing the tax impact.

In addition, the interest rates for municipalities, while currently higher than recent years, are under the cost of the projected inflationary increases in construction costs.

Rather than banking on bake sales, the City of Cornell should commit to making the needed repairs and move forward to having them part of the coming year's capital project plans.

– Random Writings: Column by Rebecca Lindquist –

Four-leaf clovers are definitely lucky

Hot summer days remind me of farm life. There are always chores that need doing. One particular task that comes to mind, that makes my heart happy, is picking up rocks.



Anyone who farms, understands the importance of walking the fields and picking up, sometimes digging up rocks, and removing them, before plowing, disking or planting.

When I was little, early elementary age, Dad would hook up the old manure spreader to the tractor and Mom would pack a lunch of cold fried chicken, potato salad, homemade bread with homemade blackberry jelly, pickles, apples and ice water in fruit jars.

Mom, my brother, Tim, sister, Beth Ellen, and I, would climb into the manure spreader and Dad would drive us to one of the hay fields, and park in a central location. Mom would spread a blanket on the ground, under shade trees, and deposit the lunch and me there, while she and Dad, and Tim and Bethie, would start picking up rocks and toss them in the back of the spreader.

I would periodically wander out to help from

time to time. I'm pretty sure I whined more than anything. I thought it was fun, but it was also extremely hot.

Being fair-skinned, Mom took extra precautionary measures and had me wear a long-sleeved shirt over my short-sleeved shirt, after liberally covering me with suntan lotion (SPF 15 sunscreen wasn't a thing yet in the early '70s.). Pants and a large floppy hat completed the sweltering ensemble. So, my endurance was relatively short-lived, each time I ventured from the shade.

In my high school years, when we lived next door to the Ciolkosz family, I was always in their back pocket and when I found out they had to spend the afternoon picking up rocks, I immediately volunteered. When I went home to tell Mom, she was irritated, saying, "If you're looking for something to do, why don't you work in the house or around the yard?"

Why in the world would I want to do that? The Ciolkosz kids were so much more exciting than working around our place. Bethie thought it sounded fun and decided to join us.

Michael was driving the tractor, hitched to the hay wagon, and stopped to pick us up. The hay field that was our destination was just down the

gravel road a piece. It was a hot summer day, with a lovely breeze blowing.

I was slathered with suntan lotion and wearing the pre-requisite pants, long-sleeved shirt and sun hat. I barely noticed the heat, because we talked and laughed the entire time. Their mom came to help, as well, so it was extra fun. The crew consisted of Julie (Momma Ciolkosz), Judy, Michael, Mary, Tammy, David, Billy, Cindy, Johnny, Bethie and me. Jimmy and Roseanne were busy elsewhere that day.

The littlest ones, Billy, Cindy and Johnny, mostly sat in the shade and played, while the rest of us diligently worked. We had made substantial progress, until Julie handed me a four-leaf clover. I was so excited that she had discovered such a difficult to find treasure.

A recent study shows that it's rare finding a four-leaf clover on your first try; the odds are one in 10,000. The chance of spotting the elusive rarity at all, is a staggering one in 5,000.

When I told Julie how excited I was, she just smiled and said, "I can show you how to find them, if you like," as she casually bent down and picked another one, which promptly resulted in the lot of us laying down on our stomachs, in the middle of the hay field. I don't remember Julie's technique, but once I spotted one, it seemed easy to discern from the abundance of surrounding clover.

Years after I found my first four-leaf clover, I could walk through any yard, field or meadow, and spot one at a glance. I'm sure we got a lot less rock picking done that day, than we should have, but we gained valuable knowledge and expertise in the intricate art of clover picking.

Ancient Celtic or Druid priests claimed four-leaf clovers contained magical powers of protection, that were able to ward off evil or bad luck. Each leaf represents faith, hope, love and luck. They believed that the rare four-leaf clover enabled the bearer to see fairies.

Celtic fairies were dangerous little creatures, known to play deadly tricks or steal small children, so carrying a clover meant evasive action could be taken if a fairy was spotted. Superstitious or not, I believe four-leaf clovers are lucky.

After all, I was lucky enough to meet and live by some pretty great neighbors.

