

### You Said It

“Come out for some great family fun in the snow.”

~ Dana Hetchler  
Strap on the skis / Page 5

### Rumor Has It

In 2019, approximately 11.6 million slow cookers were sold over retail channels in the United States.

Each time you lift the lid of a slow cooker, you need to add 30 minutes to the cooking time, so try to resist the temptation, no matter how wonderful it smells.

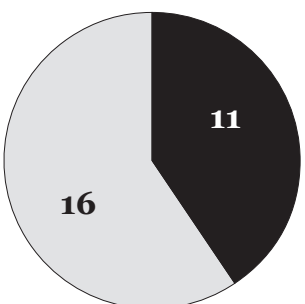
### Hit the Polls

Do you own a slow cooker?

Yes = 🟢  
No = 🟡

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

Last Week’s Poll  
Do you eat lobster?



Yes = 16 | No = 11

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 –

# Support Cadott road referendum

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

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\$147 per year.

Residents in the Village of Cadott, need to decide if they are willing to pay that amount to keep their roads maintained.

Earlier this month, board members voted to move forward with a referendum, seeking an additional \$125,000, per year, in local taxes from village residents. The money will be used for street maintenance projects. If passed, the village referendum would result in a tax increase of about \$147, per year, on a home assessed at \$100,000.

Voters will decide at the April election, if maintaining their roads is worth an additional \$12.25, per month, or if they should let them decay to the point where it will take costly reconstruction to get them into shape.

At less than the monthly cost of a standard Net-

flix subscription or gym membership, the referendum is affordable for taxpayers, and helps prevent or delay larger expenses, down the road.

The only major downside to the referendum, is that it has to happen at all. State coffers are overflowing with tax revenues. The state ended 2022, with a surplus of \$6.6 billion, for 2022-23. That does not include the roughly \$1.7 billion in the state’s so-called rainy day fund.

Given the current political climate, the chances of any of that surplus trickling down to address the growing needs of cash-starved local governments, rests somewhere between slim and none, as legislative leaders instead are focused on budget-breaking tax system changes, which will shift more costs onto middle class families.

Thanks to decades of state tax policy focused on starving local governments into submission, Wisconsin leaders at the state level, are having caviar dreams going into the biennial budget, while local municipalities must beg voters for extra pocket change, in order to continue basic

functions of government.

As Charles Dickens wrote, “It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.” For the “haves” sitting in their seats of power in Madison, the sky is the limit, while local governments scabble for proverbial pennies that have fallen into the cracks in the pavement.

Referendums, such as the one proposed in Cadott, are an essential tool in giving power to the people, to say that spending on road maintenance is a necessary priority. Voters should support the referendum, to allow the community to maintain what it has in place and move forward in the future.

The referendum is the right step to take, to address immediate and ongoing local issues, but at the same time, there needs to be a long-term fix for the state, to either increase shared revenues or allow municipalities the power to budget for what they need, without having to jump through the hoops and added expense of holding referendums.

## – Random Writings: Column by Rebecca Lindquist –

# I never wanted to be king

The older I get, the more I realize I am totally over the whole snow thing. When I was in kindergarten, it was so fun to get several feet of snow and school would get canceled. Oh, to have the innocence and naivete of youth, and not worry about the weather.



We lived on a farm, out in the country, so missing several days of school was not uncommon. The farm was situated at the top of the hill, and the wind would blow the snow across the fields and the main road. I remember one winter, when we were hit with a huge blizzard.

The drifts were enormous, hemming us in. It was at least 48 hours, before we heard the road grader

slowly struggling up the incline. It almost made it to our field road driveway, at the top of the hill, and got stuck. Dad went out with a shovel to render assistance, but no amount of shoveling made any difference.

The driver came in to call the town shop and to get warm. Shortly, a second road grader, sporting snow chains, came and eventually, they were able to get the first one free. That’s how they finished plowing that stretch of road with plow No. 2 pushing plow No. 1. That was quite the sight to see.

Road graders aren’t exactly lightweight machinery. When the first operator was cresting the top of the hill, the cab was the only thing visible, but the rest was lost in copious drifts. It wasn’t unheard of to have six to eight-foot drifts during a regu-

lar snow squall.

We milked cows during that time, and they’re very inconsiderate, expecting to be milked morning and night, regardless of the elements. Mom and Dad tied off ropes, attaching one end near the house and the other to the granary, then one from the granary down the hill to the barn, so they wouldn’t lose their way in the whiteout conditions.

I felt like we were pioneers of old, the only inhabitants, forging our way through the primitive, desolate wilderness.

Once the road was passable and the school bus could safely make the trip, my brother, Tim, my sister, Bethie, and I would bundle up in snow pants (only the really rich kids owned snowsuits back then), two pairs of socks, hat, mittens and two pairs of scarves, for the 30-minute

route to school.

The best part of the storm, was going outside for recess. The maintenance man would push the snow behind the swing sets, into huge mounds that reached the top of the playground equipment.

For several weeks after that, our recess game was King of the Mountain. The only drawback, was the five, fifth-grade boys, who were obnoxious, rough bullies. Any other boys who were brave enough to attempt the ascent, would mercilessly get shoved off, landing in an undignified heap at the bottom of the snow pile, mortified, as they were heckled from above by the *Lord of the Flies* wannabes.

Girls didn’t even attempt the climb, because the treetop tyrants made it plain no girls were allowed. Apparently, I missed that memo. I clawed my way up the huge bank of snow and the girls were horrified, telling me I wasn’t supposed to go up there.

I was in second grade at the time, and was determined to go all the way to the top. The gang never bothered me. I think, mainly, it was because I was a chubby child and they were imagining the struggle it would be to try to push me off the top.

Sitting on top of the swing set bar, surveying the frosty landscape, is one of my favorite memories. I didn’t do it to be the king, I just wanted to see how thrilling it would be to sit up so high. I don’t think I made too many trips to the top after that, it was tiring and used up a lot of recess time.

I often wonder what happened to that former self-imposed leader and smile, every time I see a new generation of kids playing on huge banks of piled up snow, vying for the prestigious king of the mountain title.



Where am I?

(See Page 5 for location)