

Little Chute Historical Society 2010 Cemetery Walk

Hello, my name is John Wildenberg. I was born on February 6, 1902 to Walter & Katherine Wildenberg. I am the oldest of 15 children. I enjoyed a normal family life with all my brothers and sisters. We worked hard, but played hard too. Everyone called me Sliver and that lasted forever.

In June 1925, I married Myrtle Verstegen and we had three children. Dolores (DoDo), Robert (Bob) and Joan. Dolores lives in Appleton, Bob died in 1985 and Joan lives in Denver.

I worked at the mill in Kimberly but really did not like that kind of job. I went to work for Gloudeman's Dept. Store driving delivery truck. I really liked that. I got to drive all the town and country roads and met many great people.

The time came for me to change jobs. Also, the times were changing. It was during the Depression and there were many unemployed people. I went to work for the VanThull's Bakery from Kimberly driving a truck selling bakery in the towns and rural areas. I thought I need a change so I went to work for C. R. Meyers in Northern Wisconsin. It was fine for a while but I was gone from my family too much. I decided to come back and work at the bakery.

I worked many years driving truck and enjoyed every day. I could take the kids along in the summer and they got to know the people on my route. I know it was not all fun!

I lived hunting and fishing in the woods and lakes in the area and Northern Wisconsin. I always had pretty good luck too.

By this time, the children were grown enough that they learned to enjoy the same things and we had many fun trips.

Myrtle and I had many fun evenings playing cards with our friends. Anna & Pete VandenHeuvel, Casey & Berry Hanegraaf, Marie & Heinie Verbeten, Mags & Pete VandenHeuvel and Josie VanHandel. Everyone in Little Chute played Sheepshead, bridge and cribbage.

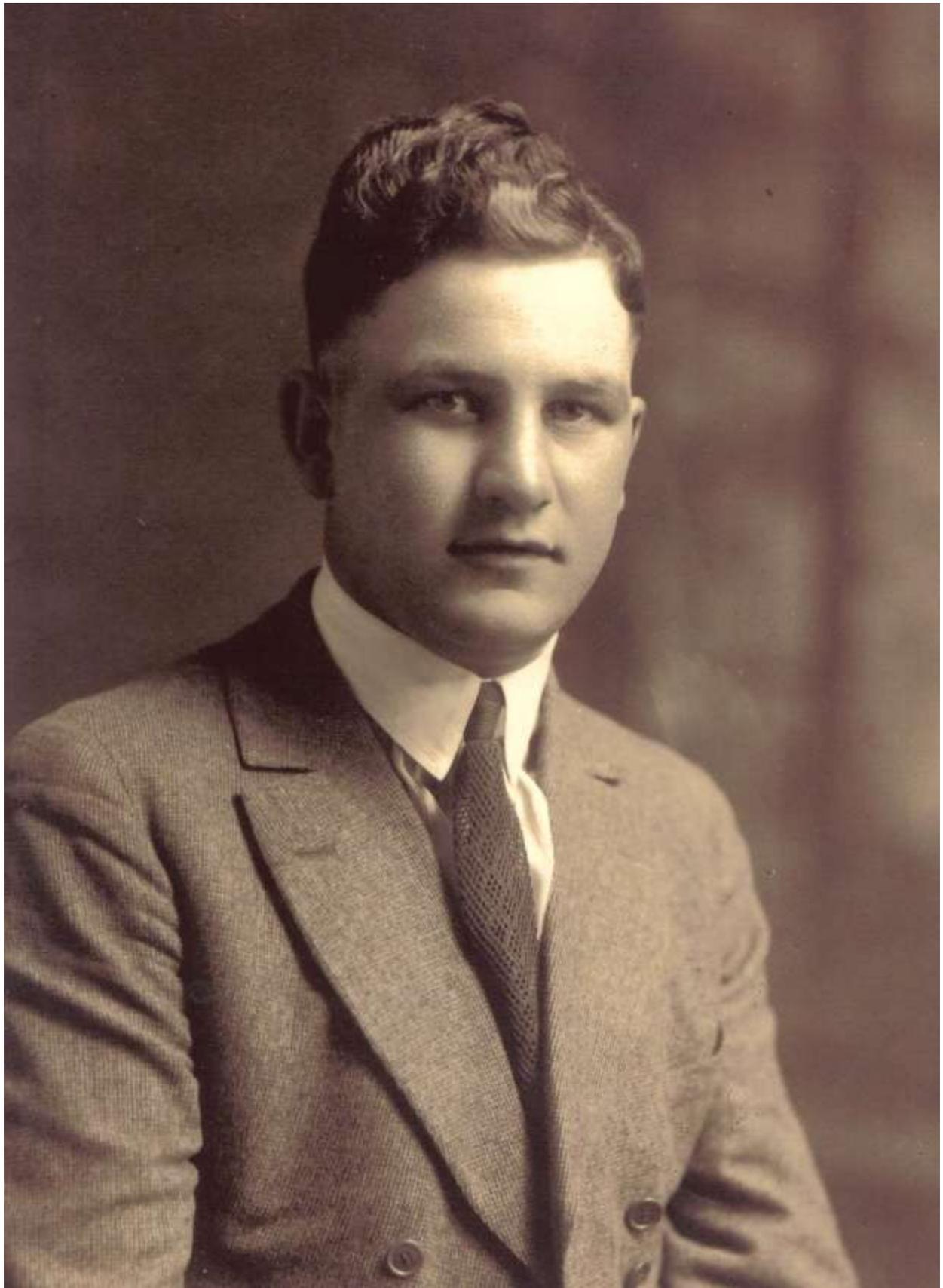
I was a member of the Little Chute Volunteer Fire Department and was the Chief for one year. One night the whistle blew and as I was getting dressed my father-in-law, who lived with us, called for me to hurry. They are coming down this street. Sure enough, they stopped in our yard. The garage was on fire. They saved the garage.

In 1941, we moved from Grand Ave. to Lincoln St. While living there I had the scare of my life. While driving across the new bridge a man from DePere noticed two small children on the ice on the Fox River. He stopped at our house to see what help we could give. We rescued Jeff Driessen & Katie VanHoff from the ice and cold water using a tree trimmer I had in the garage. Thank goodness for that man's quick thinking and the rescue team.

I became ill in 1970 and went to my rest in 1973.







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