NEW GLARUS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS REPORT

The Board of Directors met on Tuesday, September 24, where the priority discussion focused on financial management as a result of losing Treasurer Doris Arn on September 11, after more than 30 years in that role for the Historical Society. See Doris' obituary below. Former Board member Ann Marie Ott was asked to fill Doris' term on the Board through Spring 2022 and was elected Treasurer at the September meeting. Ott's financial management knowledge and experience results from leadership and management positions over the past 25 years with Dane County Human Services, assisted living facilities, the State Department of Health Services and most recently, from 2006 – 2018, MetaStar, Inc.

IN MEMORY OF DORIS ARN

Doris M. Arn, age 80, of New Glarus passed away, on Wednesday, September 11, 2019 at Meriter Hospital in Madison. She was born on August 24, 1939, in Gretzenbach, Switzerland, the daughter of Wilhelm and Clare (Graber) Gruetter. Doris graduated from college with a degree and training to work as an interpreter and translator. In 1961 she emigrated to the U.S. and worked as a waitress and at the drug store in New Glarus. She also taught classes in conversational Swiss, that she had developed. In 1967 Doris earned her U.S. Citizenship. On January 19, 1963, she was united in marriage to Richard Arn at the Swiss United Church of Christ in New Glarus. Doris served on the Board of Directors assuming the Treasurer's role for the New Glarus Historical Society for nearly 30 years. She also enjoyed golfing and was a member of the Edelweiss Chalet Country Club.

Doris is survived by her husband Richard, son Michael (Ashley) Arn, and grandson Mason James Arn. She is further survived by her sister-in-law Ruth Gruetter and niece Denise in Switzerland. She was preceded in death by her parents and brother William in 1990.

Per Doris's request no services will be held.

WHEN IS A SAUSAGE NOT A SAUSAGE?

Do you make it a point to know exactly what you're eating at every meal? For some individuals with food allergies and sensitivities, it is a critically important step to maintaining good health. For others, the desire for identification of ingredients may be seeking a more balanced or varied diet, weight loss, or elimination of chemicals in meals. But sausage means meat, does it not? When is a wurst not a wurst?

In 1969, according to an article in the Milwaukee Journal, the Wisconsin State Department of Agriculture for a time questioned whether the Swiss specialty, Kalberwurst or veal sausage, could be recognized as a sausage. The Department declared that "instead, it will be called a nonspecific meat food." Who eats "non-specific meat foods?" How could "non-specific meat food" be considered a desirable entrée when visiting one's favorite restaurant serving Swiss food?

The Department inspectors raised the concern and suggested the change in labeling when they discovered that fresh whole milk was being used in the Kalberwurst recipe in amounts greater than allowed in specifications for sausage. Change the recipe, reduce the milk content from 30 percent to three percent, or use a different name was their directive. The Department of Agriculture Division Chief, Edward D. Baker, had another idea. Keep the recipe, but call the product "Veal Pudding!" Now Kalberwurst is not a wurst, not a sausage, but a dessert item.

Baker's assistant in the inspection division, William L. Abbott, found a solution without making local butchers change what they described as a 600 year old recipe and 120 year old tradition of making Kalberwurst. Abbott suggested an internal Division change in policy. Moving Kalberwurst from the Department's "sausage" inspection category and placing it into an inspection category which did not limit the dairy content of the product would allow local butchers to meet the standards. At the time, Baker encouraged butchers to try to limit use of the term "veal sausage" fearing that the State policy change could be upset by pending Federal changes.

So we thank Mr. Abbott for ensuring that we can still go to Hoesly's or Ruef's meat market and buy one of our favorite wursts, without having to ask for a ring or two of "non-specified meat product."

Kuttle: Swiss Dish Still Has Magic

By Millard Tschudy

This article is reprinted from a newspaper clipping from an unidentified newspaper, dated March 1970, found in the archives of the Historical Society:

"To the uninitiated, the sign in William and Clara Ruef's Glarner Stube that says simply "kuttle" is no more than gibberish. To a dedicated Schweizer, kuttle (rhymes with put-la) means a delectable rare dish that bears its centuries old history proudly. No matter how you spell it and this varies according to the place of your birth in Switzerland—"kuttlen," or "chutla," or the way Ruefs have decided was their thing---this cold weather treat draws men from the mountain like a magnet. The Ruef's son, Willy, proprietor of Ruef's Meat Market explains that to a non-Swiss the common name is "tripe."

The Swiss, it seems, have an affinity for mountains. Tripe arrives at the market in 300 pound "mountains" where it is cooked in a 100 gallon kettle for about two hours. After chilling, fat is scraped off, and the meat sold over the counter or packed in 25-pound boxes, frozen and distributed to New Glarus and Monroe retailers.

William Ruef's family ran a gasthof (inn) in Oberreid on the Brienzeree, Canton Bern. Clara was employed as a cook and developed an outstanding recipe for kuttle. Berner gourmet went for kuttle, while William was sure that Clara was the girl for him. They married and came to American with four sons, a daughter. And with the Ruefs came the kuttle recipe.

Clara says: "Switzerland imports many of her foodstuffs, mothering is wasted. There's wide use of herbs, tomatoes and spices." She has utilized the best of Swiss food preparation to make her kuttle an unforgettable treat. She slices it into ribbons and pressure cooks it for 20 – 30 minutes. She lets it simmer for about five minutes, adding fried onions, seasoning and dry white wine. She explains: "You can eat it right then and there, or put it into the freezer for later use." Either way, you're in for a real Swiss taste treat!"

Preserving Your Memories

Schneider (now Forbes) home on 6th Avenue

Painting of the Schneider home, by Bob Schneider

Archives volunteer Rebecca Forbes has a special interest in the history of homes, based in part on her past experience working with an organization in the eastern part of the United States that conducted research on presumed haunted houses. When she moved to New Glarus and bought a home, she contacted the Historical Society to see if information was available about her new residence. While we could identify it as the "Schneider house" because of its previous residents, no photos of the house could be found in the files. But, now, she is able to see exactly how her house used to look, thanks to Bob Schneider.

Bob visited the Swiss Historical Village in early September, accompanied by his grand-daughter to help her learn about his New Glarus roots and history. During a conversation following his tour, he shared a picture of a painting he had done from an old, fuzzy photograph of the home where he lived in his youth. Rebecca is thrilled to see the images and is already planning for the day when she can remove the enclosed porch and restore the exterior to its original style.

Bob has not only become a talented artist in his retirement, he has enjoyed classes in creative writing. He graciously shared his story, *Night School,* with the Historical Society and we are seeking a means to publish this short story for your reading enjoyment and a trip down memory lane, perhaps in an installment series in the coming year. The opening to Bob's story reads: "This is the true story of one young fifth grader who takes a small step in finding himself amid the trials and tribulations of changing schools from one small town to another."

Here's a brief excerpt taken from the beginning of Chapter One, *Out One Night*: It was the early part of May and I was just about to complete one more long day of fifth grade. Art was the last class of the day and I was attempting to create something with colored dots. Of all the classes of the day, this was the one I was almost interested in. It generally demanded no thinking, memory skills, homework or responding to teacher questions. It did require my smile of accomplishment for the teacher when she strolled by my desk to see if I had actually done anything. She would give me that approving nod as she passed by but I felt that what I had created wasn't up to her level of expectation.

I disliked school. It was confining, uninteresting, intimidating, meaningless and degrading. I could think of a thousand other things I would rather be doing. It didn't help that this was my second year in the fifth grade.

Our family had just moved to New Glarus from Blanchardville so my dad could have a better job. A change to a new community did not improve my report cards. I left my friends in Blanchardville. I found peaceful hiding places that felt good. In this school I just felt alone.

Checking the clock to see how much longer I had to sit in this classroom, my thoughts drifted to what I would do after school. It was 3:15p.m. with only fifteen minutes to go. I glanced out the window to see what I could see. I needed to lean up in my seat to see the field across the road where horses grazed. I had ridden one of them when the owner was feeding them and I happened to be watching by the fence. He asked if I wanted to ride and he lead me around on one of them bareback. It was fun.

As my thoughts started to drift, my eyes became focused near the windows as my attention centered on a large gray metal tube. It started in the upper left corner of one of the large windows and crossed at an angle to the lower right of the next window being attached to the outside of the building. It had always been there but I hadn't noticed it quite the same way I did today. I always looked past it. I lowered my head down almost to the floor to look up at the upper corner of the window. It was a huge metal tube. What was it for?

. . . . . "To be Continued"

DID YOU KNOW?

Did you know that a recipe for Swiss Tripe, called kuttle, appears in the Heirloom and Ethnic section of the cookbook published by the New Glarus Historical Society: *Past and Present Recipes, Swiss Historical Village, New Glarus, Wisconsin*. Read more about kuttle in this edition of the newsletter on page 2 and purchase a copy of the cookbook in the museum gift shop. The recipe book makes a great holiday or birthday gift. Purchase price for the 396 page, spiral bound book is just $18.

We thank the Bank of New Glarus for their support in publishing the New Glarus Historical Society newsletter.

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