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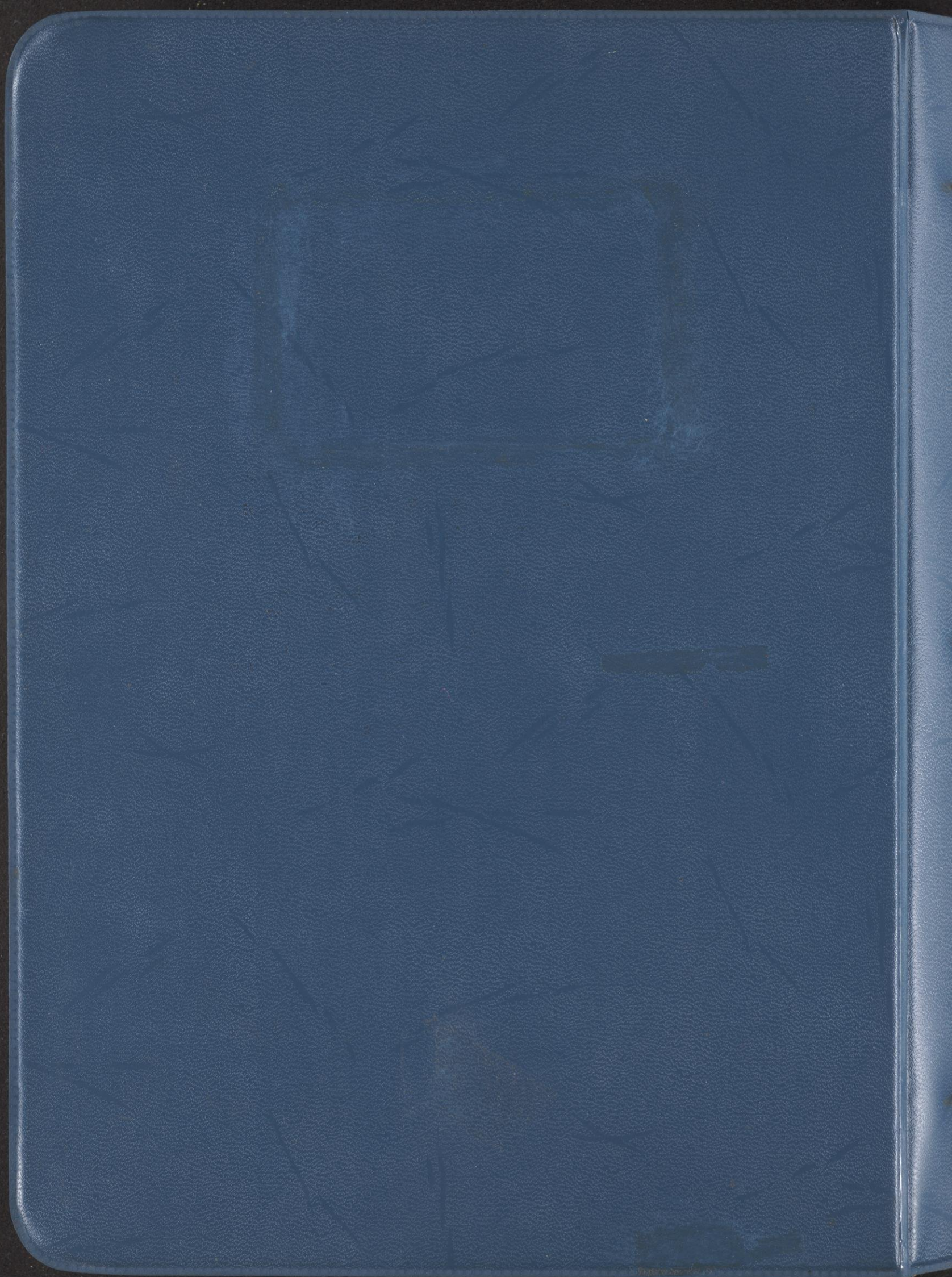
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TORNADO

JUNE 8

1984



Milwaukee Sentinel

Barneveld is proud place, teacher says

By Jay Joslyn

Barneveld is a small town with a lot of pride and a stubborn population, John F. Helmenstine, who remains the village's historian although he now lives in Milwaukee, said Friday.

The Winnebagos called the site "Weehaukaja" — the high place with a wonderful view. Barneveld occupies what the pioneers called the Military Ridge.

The Ridgeway ghost reportedly has tramped its byways for years, watching from a ditch or walking beside unsuspecting travelers.

When David Simpson gave the Chicago and North Western Railway land for its depot on his farm in what was to become Barneveld, the sharp deal killed the nearby village of Jennieton.

Helmenstine said there were two legends about how Barneveld got its name.

Simpson made his deal with a railroad surveyor by the name of Orbison, whose hometown was Barneveld in the Netherlands.

The other story is more romantic.

"Some people think Simpson's wife named it after her favorite 16th century poet, John of Olden Barneveld," Helmenstine said.

The history of the village goes back to Dec. 10, 1853, when the land office registered its acreage to a Benjamin Evans, who sold the land to Simpson on July 10, 1854.

"Unless it got blown away," Helmenstine said, "Simpson's farmhouse still stands."

In 1881, there was quite a community at Jennieton but the loss of the railroad to Barneveld was considered so important that Jennietonites piled their buildings on wagons and hauled them five miles east to Barneveld where they've been — until Friday morning.

The village was always a part of the transportation system.

"The Military Road was built between Green Bay and Prairie du Chien on an old buffalo trail along the ridge," Helmenstine said. "The railroad followed the Military Road. Barneveld straddled the railroad."

The Ridgeway ghost, depending on what legend you hear, reflects the village's entire history. He's believed by some to be a miner, killed in a cave-in; by others, a victim of a railroad accident or a banker killed in a robbery.

Barneveld has been a typical railroad market center. Through the years it has had a lumberyard, a feed mill, three stores and a bank. At one time 19 cheese factories were in operation.

Things have changed, however. Now most of the people commute to Madison, about 30 miles away.

One thing hasn't changed, Helmenstine said. That's community pride.

"When I graduated in 1961 there were 99 in the whole high school," he said. "This year there were 102. A lot of the neighboring communities have lost their schools in consolidations but Barneveld hangs on."

The population has stayed around the 500 mark, he said, with progress experienced in spurts.

The last 10 years had been one of those spurts as a strong American Legion post and a new Junior Chamber of Commerce chapter led the way to considerable new construction.

"Nothing anything like the tornado ever happened to Barneveld," Helmenstine said. "But they're a stubborn people. They will come through."

Helmenstine, of 3334 S. Princeton Ave., is a teacher at Wauwatosa East High School, but he keeps his Barneveld roots strong.

He founded the Iowa County Historical Society and continues to edit its newsletter. He's written two books on Barneveld.

Earl to seek federal funds for Barneveld

By Sentinel staff writer

Barneveld — After a tour Friday, Gov. Earl promised the strongest possible action to obtain federal aid to help rebuild this tornado-devastated community.

Earl said the damage was "the worst I've ever seen" and the case for federal disaster aid was overwhelming.

"I cannot conceive how we could be denied assistance for the damage that has occurred here," Earl said.

"If we're denied it in this instance, the criteria for that (federal disaster aid) program ought to be re-examined from top to bottom," Earl said.



Gov. Earl

When the state's bid for disaster assistance for tornado damage in Oneida and Vilas Counties was rejected by federal authorities last month, Earl recalled, officials said they needed evidence of destruction of public facilities.

"Well, every public facility and private facility in this community is gone," said Earl after touring the decimated village of almost 600 people, along Military Ridge about 30 miles west of Madison.

"The post office, fire station, all the utilities — everything is gone here," the governor said.

He said the "strongest case possible" would be made for the disaster declaration necessary for victims to obtain low-interest loans.

Federal disaster officials were "on their way" to Barneveld to view the devastation, Earl said.

(over)

"I think it's imperative that they get here, and get a look at it themselves, see firsthand what the problems are," Earl told reporters after driving through the main part of town, which resembled a battle zone.

Earl held a news conference in Madison on Friday morning, promising aid in the "tragic situation," then went by car to Barneveld.

Earl spoke with local officials, including Iowa County Board Chairman Dick Scullion.

"It's total devastation," said Scullion. He said his two nephews' homes were destroyed.

Earl said he doubted that Barneveld could rebuild without federal aid. The municipal building and fire station next door were destroyed along with scores of homes and business buildings.

The governor said he will be in touch with Sen. William Proxmire (D-Wis.) and Sen. Robert W. Kasten Jr. (R-Wis.) to enlist their help in getting federal assistance before he leaves for a China trade mission this weekend.

Sen. Richard Kreul (R-Fennimore) said he "experienced absolute, utter shock after viewing the death and destruction at the Barneveld tornado site."

Kreul toured the area with Earl and Rep. Joseph Wineke (D-Verona). He said that from his vantage point, everything in sight of Main St. was totally annihilated.

Wineke said he was "awestruck to see the town totally gone."

Wineke's father operated Barneveld's Village Bar until a few years ago. "All that's left now is the foundation," he said.

Kreul said the scene reminded him of a war zone. "This community and the surrounding farming area has been through hell and then some," he said.

The lawmakers said they would work with the governor to have the area designated both a state and federal disaster area.

Kreul said that "if the disaster isn't qualified immediately by the feds, the whole program should be discontinued."

Kreul said he was certain a "rebuild Barneveld" fund would be established in coming days. He said people wishing to contribute immediately can contact their local American Red Cross units and make monetary contributions.

By Jerry Ambelang

Area News Chief



Ambelang

BARNEVELD — Residents here are still painfully aware of the trials and tribulations they suffered during the first long winter following the tornado that slammed through the village eight

years ago.

"I hope they are ready for it," said longtime Village Clerk Pat Messinger, speaking of the Wau-shara County victims and the twister that moved through that area in late August.

"That first winter was a rough one," she recalled, "Many businesses were still housed in trailers, including the Jabs Country Store. And the trailers brought in by the federal government were drafty and poorly insulated. They were just plain cold."

Barneveld received a tremendous outpouring on funds and volunteer cleanup and rebuilding assistance following the June 8, 1984, tornado which killed 9 and demolished the business district and most of the village.

Something that really impressed me about that community's heart and sensitivity in the post storm era, that even as they were rebuilding, they had crews of local volunteers head out for Ohio to assist tornado victims clean up and help restart the building and healing process. And donations were sent to twister victims elsewhere.

Three days after the Wautoma area storm, members of Peter Stevens' social studies classes spent two days helping at a Wautoma mobile home site

that had been hard hit by the storm.

"They literally cleaned up and disposed of what was left of two mobile homes and deposited them in dumpsters," said Stevens. "They really worked hard and accomplished a lot."

The school and community also collected food, blankets, toys and clothes for the second day's trip to Wautoma. They gathering enough in one day to fill the back of the bus and require a pickup truck to transport additional donations.

Women of the Barneveld Lutheran Church also sent a supply of homemade quilts to that area.

Other people from the community have helped in the Wautoma area. On Sunday, a benefit bingo session was held at the local American Legion clubhouse with proceeds earmarked for Wau-shara storm victims.

Yes, a compassionate Barneveld remembers.

Incidentally, the word has gone out from officials in Wau-shara County that the number of volunteers has tapered off and additional groups are needed for cleanup "to help beat the snow."

Monday, Sept. 28, 1992

AMBLING WITH AMBELANG

Barneveld hasn't forgotten how a twister changes lives

*Milwaukee
Sentinel*



A front-end loader began cleanup operations Friday in the Barneveld business district after a tornado killed at least nine people.

Sentinel staff writer

Barneveld — Law enforcement officers and National Guard troops fenced off this shattered village Friday night, after the state's deadliest tornado in 26 years killed nine people and caused tens of millions in damage.

The early morning storm injured about 200 and ruined about 170 of the 225 buildings in this village of nearly 600 about 30 miles west of Madison.

Only emergency personnel were allowed inside the village after 7:30 p.m. The village was expected to reopen at 9 a.m. Saturday for residents, emergency workers and journalists, according to Susan Miller, field service manager for the Red Cross.

Damage from the tornado was expected to be in the tens of millions of dollars, said David L. Sperling, a public information officer for the Division of Emergency Government of the State Department of Administration.

The division said Friday night it would cost more than \$10 million just to cover Barneveld's uninsured losses

from the tornado. An additional \$8 million to \$10 million was estimated for the damage in surrounding areas of Dane and Iowa Counties. The figures include the costs for temporary housing and rebuilding loans.

Gov. Earl mobilized the National Guard on Friday morning to help protect the community.

Donald Erickson, information officer for the Guard, said 36 to 40 Guardsmen were being brought in for security purposes.

Emergency phone lines were strung along the ground by General Telephone, the local telephone supplier Sperling said.

"Their local building was gone, also," he said.

The village was sealed off Friday to all but the residents, emergency workers and journalists.

—Sentinel photo by Allan Y. Scott



A woman faced the massive debris after a Friday tornado struck Barneveld in Iowa County, killing at least 9 people and injuring about 200.

—Sentinel photo by Carl D. Hoyt

Milwaukee Sentinel

Storm damage in tens of millions

Nine killed in Barneveld



Rescuers walked through rubble left behind Friday in the wake of a killer tornado that roared through Barneveld during the night.

—Sentinel photo by Allan Y. Scott

Village is buried in itself

By William Janz

Barneveld — The village was still here Friday, but barely. Much of the town was buried in itself.

A truck had been dropped inside a church. A car was upside-down in a basement. A second church disappeared in the night. The landscape



Janz at Large

was blown up, and lives and buildings and vehicles were scattered like confetti over streets and fields.

As residents and newspaper and television reporters and photographers went from one pile of debris to another Friday, they'd often ask, "What is this?"

This is Barneveld.

* * *

What is this, this rubble and these steps with no building? This was a small Catholic church, St. Mary's, which the night cut into a million pieces. On Friday, the churchless ground was made of wood and paper and wire and candles.

The wind took almost all of St. Mary's, but it left part of page 168. The wind tore it from a hymnal and pinned it to the ground with a chunk

Village is turned topsy-turvy

Janz

From Page 1

of a pew. Page 168 is a song: "O Come and Mourn With Me Awhile."

* * *

What is this, this gully of debris? This was what was left of Glenn Gerardy's neighborhood. His house was the only one standing. Gerardy, 47, began counting the dead.

"Three in that house over there, I think, and two over there make five, and one makes six, and another over that way, makes seven," he said.

When he ran out of his house after the tornado went by, "I heard people hollering," he said. "The first man I saw was nude coming down the street, bleeding from his legs."

He wrapped him in blankets. He and his wife, Linda, 36, supplied clothes to neighbors who couldn't find theirs. The Gerardys were lucky. The ceilings and walls of their house are cracked, but the house is still there, and almost everything else in the neighborhood is gone. It was such a mess Friday an observer couldn't tell how many houses had been there Thursday.

"When we heard the wind, we bailed out of bed and headed toward the basement, glass hitting us in the back," Gerardy said.

As he spoke, birds began to sing. Birds without trees.

* * *

What is this, these cars piled up against red trucks? This was the Barneveld Fire Station. Red-eyed and haggard, Chief LeRoy Evans, 45, pointed out his equipment, a rescue van and several tankers and pumpers heavily damaged when station walls were blown out and several cars were tossed inside by the wind.

"This was the front of the building,"

he said, stepping on a spot where there was no building.

Indicating two overturned cars in the station, he said, "Those cars came from 35 or 40 yards away, but that one" — he pointed to a twisted car smashed into the front of a fire truck — "I don't know where that car came from."

Evans, who lives nearby, said, "When the wind came, we went into the basement of our house and I was so close to the floor I was eating cement."

After looking for lost equipment, a volunteer firefighter reported he couldn't find a single boot.

Smiling, maybe for the first time Friday, the chief said quietly, "They're probably over in Blue Mounds," which is four miles away.

* * *

What is this, this place with a truck in it? This was Barneveld Lutheran Church, which also had a tree in it. And a boat trailer. The boat was crushed in the yard. The yard also was crushed.

Much of the church had become a field of bricks and two-by-fours. The organ, or maybe it was a piano, was upside-down. Hymnals were everywhere, scattered like bright, fallen leaves.

The bell tower was still standing, but some papery debris was wrapped around the bell. Incongruously, there was a large steak on the ground.

Nearby, a badly smashed tree had been decorated by the wind with green Christmas garlands. The tree was dead, the garlands torn.

* * *

What is this, this roofless place? This was Rowena Kirschbaum's house. She had a black eye, a cut on her head. Her husband, Duaine, had 11 stitches. The wind put the ceiling of their house on their heads.

"My little girl had the flu and was

vomiting and I was up getting her 7-Up in the kitchen when I heard the wind," Mrs. Kirschbaum, 33, said. "Janet (her 7-year-old daughter) started screaming and I ran toward her room and the ceiling caved in on me. Then I couldn't find Janet, I was screaming for her. Then she hollered and Neil (her 10-year-old) found us, and we all crawled out the front door."

A few blocks away, Julie Reese, 21, the shock still in her eyes, was coming out the front door of what had been her apartment. When she heard the wind, she was in bed, she said, and she put a pillow over her head. Just before the window over the bed blew in and glass splattered over the bed.

The wind ripped through the apartment, but the wind and the glass didn't touch her, under the pillow.

* * *

What is this?

It was difficult to tell what it was Friday, but the people here insisted it was Barneveld. Huge trucks were overturned. A new- and used-car lot was a tangle of cars that'll never be used now. Some homesteads were reduced to holes in the ground called basements. A red Toyota, power lines wrapped around it, was on its side on a lawn. Pieces of metal, hanging in leafless trees, sounded forlorn calls in this village that had been wrapped around itself by a tornado.

Nine dead, dozens injured, and a village badly injured, nearly dead.

Paul Ranum, of nearby Arena, drove into Barneveld to help.

"I saw a young man, 16, 17, he was trying to find his mother," he said. "I had a flashlight and we found his house and we yelled for her. She was tucked into a corner of the basement, under a table."

The tornado had been gone for about a half hour. The woman in the basement said she was OK, but she wouldn't come out.

By day, Barneveld sees the devastation

By **JERRY AMBELANG**
Area News Chief

BARNEVELD — Emergency officials by 8:15 a.m. today had completed a house-to-house search looking for casualties.

The search started anew when someone reported that two more boys were missing. Heavy equipment, bulldozers, front-end loaders, were already piling storm debris on trucks to initiate a cleanup of the community and unblock streets strewn with debris, overturned cars and large pieces of lumber from destroyed homes.

Craig Humphrey said he was one of the fortunate ones, as his home suffered only moderate damage. He said he was awakened by the storm that "blew like crazy. I never got time to get my family down to the basement," he said.

"The storm blew through and then was quiet. Then I could hear screaming. I ran out the door to my neighbor's house and I brought him and his wife back to my home. We were

out of town."

Gloria Nachkash, said she and her husband lost everything in the storm. She said she was in bed when the storm hit and the lights went off. She said she heard her children, Tania, 3, and Becky, 7, scream as the storm hit. Then the whole room "exploded right around me. I was buried under debris from the roof and furniture. My husband came in and dug me out from under the debris and luckily I wasn't injured." She said her husband, John, was struck by flying wood and was taken to the hospital.

She and her daughters fled the building and, after waiting outside in a stalled van, flagged down a deputy sheriff who took her to the home of a rural friend.

"It was horrible," she said. "I would never want to go through that again. I just wanted to get the kids to safety."

The downtown business area was one of complete devastation. The second floor of the Barneveld State Bank had been blown down and bricks and other debris filled the inside lobby area. The Iowa County Chrysler dis-

badly damaged with the windows blown out. The Lutheran Church was destroyed. The front of the Barneveld Implement Co. garage and show room were completely wiped away but catalogs and implement care pamphlets still filled the racks on the back wall of the office portion.

Tim Liebmann, parts manager, said the building was a total loss and they would move to a storage building several miles west of Barneveld.

Ken DeSmet, a local Realtor, picked through the rubble of his office and said it was completely worthless, "I lost two buildings. This one and another office building. Both were completely demolished.

"I was lucky," DeSmet said, "I don't live here. But it's a real tragedy, several of my friends are missing. I hope they're OK."

One of the few things that weathered the tornado's blast was the village elevated water storage tank with the name of the community painted on the side.

'God, oh God, I'm alive,' survivors cry

BARNEVELD — Though huddled in grief and surrounded by devastation, the living of Barneveld spoke quietly today of escaping real tragedy: the lives snuffed out, many in an instant, by this morning's monster tornado.

They spoke of a family of four, all scattered in different directions as their house exploded. The bodies of the mother and father were found 150 feet from the ruins of their home. The two children had been blown even farther, and in the opposite direction. One died enroute to a hospital; the other, found furthest from the house, clings to life.

Another talked of a three-year-old boy who was killed instantly. The

child's mother is reportedly hospitalized in critical condition.

An exhausted fireman recalled digging furiously to rescue another family of four from rubble that had buried them alive. He reached three in time; the fourth was already dead of suffocation.

This morning, the survivors lined up to use emergency phone hookups. Some inquired about neighbors, friends or relatives who had been taken, condition unknown, to hospitals in Dodgeville and Madison.

"I'm not dead!" one young woman shouted into the phone without even first identifying herself. "Oh God, oh God. I'm alive!" she cried.

Storm debris scattered 55 miles away

DALTON — They were getting a special kind of airmail in Dalton.

Catherine Willegal, who runs a farm with her husband, spent the morning picking up debris carried away from Barneveld — some 55 miles northeast of the tornado site.

It started when she and her husband started picking up pieces of board.

Then they found a canceled check, apparently from the devastated Barneveld State Bank. And a Christmas card, "All the joys of this holy season."



Barneveld's Main Street, which runs through the top center of this photo, is virtually gone today.

BARNEVELD TRAGEDY

BRINGS TEAMWORK

Thank You

FOR HELPING BARNEVELD

When the tornado struck last June 8, readers of The Wisconsin State Journal came through with immediate help for their neighbors in need.

You responded with food, clothing, equipment, volunteer help, emergency aid, prayers — and money.

State Journal readers contributed more than \$300,000 to help Barneveld residents rebuild.

On February 25, the Inland Daily Press Association gave its Community Service Award to The State Journal for its news coverage and efforts to help the community recover.

The staff of The Wisconsin State Journal wishes to share the Community Service Award with all of its readers who responded so generously. Thank you for being on the team that cares.

* The Inland Daily Press Association is an organization of 525 newspapers in 28 states. It is the oldest and largest association of daily newspapers in the United States.



**Wisconsin
State Journal**



S. 1st St.

S. 2nd St.



The blown-out wreckage of what used to be the Barneveld fire station looks like it was hit by a bomb.



DAVID SANDELL/The Capital Times

A Barneveld resident removes rubble from what was once his living room.

The devastation of a killer tornado



Barneveld's Main Street, which runs through the top center of this photo, is virtually gone today.



The interior of the Congregational Church was virtually gutted by the tornado. However, the stained glass window above the door, shown at left, survived.





Rescue

Desperate rescue workers carry a victim of the Barneveld tornado to an ambulance after extracting her from the rubble of a building.



The devastation in downtown Barneveld is starkly illustrated. The view looks northeast along the tornado

Some were lucky to recall

By Ron Seely
Regional reporter

BARNEVELD — At 12:50 a.m. Friday, this was like any other sleeping village in the Wisconsin countryside — at 1 a.m., it was gone, literally blown from the Earth and there was nothing but rubble, the sickening smell of plaster and gas, the dazed survivors, the wounded, the dead.

It happened, some said, in 20 seconds, preceded only by an ominous silence, a tremendous bolt of lightning that many will remember forever as a warning that something terrible was about to happen and then the eerie, high-pitched whistle of the tornado itself as it did its work.

Ruth Ann Koebke, 33, had been uneasy earlier in the evening when, during the Tonight Show, a tornado watch flashed across the television screen. But the family — Ruth and her husband, Dale, their daughter, Carren, 7, and Lauren, 11 — went to bed after the show and slept. Until that bolt of lightning. She'll never forget the lightning.

"It was like," she recalled, "someone was saying 'This is your last chance,' "

The family plucked the pet guinea pig from its

cage and went to the basement as the tornado destroyed the village around them. When it seemed that the storm had passed, Koebke ventured up the dark stairs and outside.

"He came back in tears," Mrs. Koebke said. "A grown man and he was weeping."

Just two blocks north, Bobby Schaller, his wife, Cindy and Mark and Melanie, their son and daughter, were in their second-floor bedrooms when they saw the lightning. Even before they could rise from their beds, the wooden-frame house began shaking. They knew from the strange whistle outside what was happening and they headed for the stairs. But before they reached the stairs, the house disintegrated beneath them. Schaller, still in the bedroom, felt the floor drop from beneath him and watched as the wall in front of him fell away.

"I dove into the bathroom and rode the floor down," he said. "The whole house shook. It only took 10 seconds, if that long, and it was done. I didn't even open my eyes. I didn't want to look. I thought my life was over."

Seconds later, Schaller opened his eyes. He was on the ground with the bathroom in shambles

nightmare

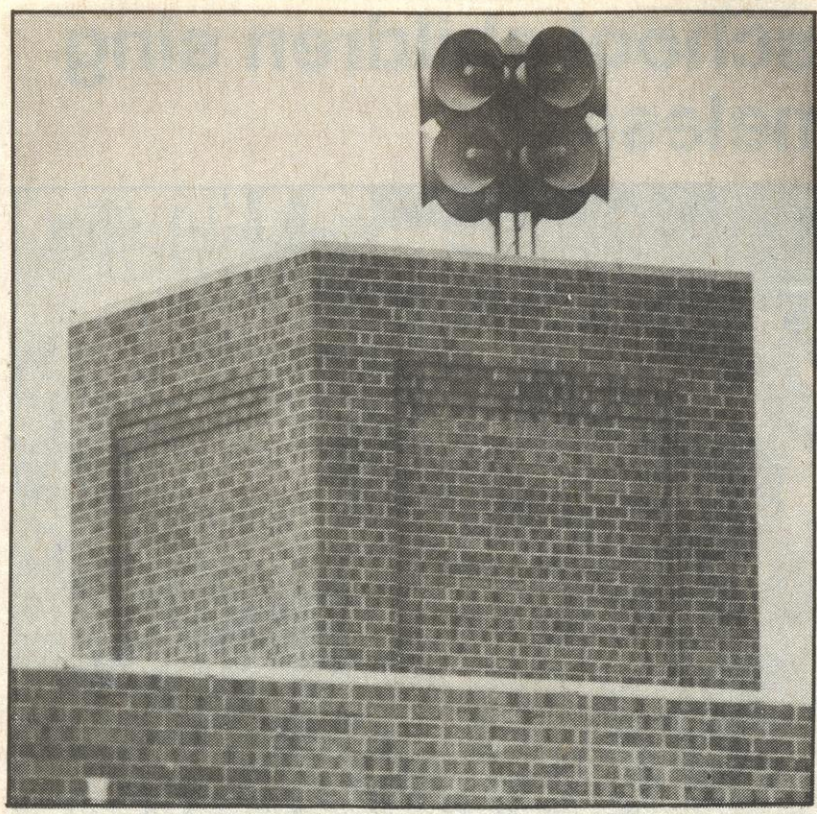


's path.

around him but he was unhurt. He heard screams, saw his son pinned under a door frame, alive but apparently not badly hurt. He heard his wife and moments later found her beneath the roof of the house just a few feet away, a gash in her back two inches deep. She was hospitalized later and treated.

At about 12:45 a.m. Dick Ehlert, an off-duty dispatcher with the Iowa County Sheriff's Department, ran with his family down the basement stairs of his Barneveld home. As he ran he yelled into a walkie-talkie, alerting the Iowa County Sheriff's Department that Barneveld was getting hit. His was the first word the county received that anything was amiss. Later, after the storm passed, Ehlert called in again and said "the whole town was blown away." The dispatcher on duty refused to believe him at first.

All of these things happened on the village's West Side, soon after the tornado touched down and began following its course to the northeast. It pounded its way through the small downtown, reduced it to piles of bricks and wood,



The Civil Defense Warning System on the Barneveld Municipal Building reminds emergency crews that disasters can and do happen. Because of the June 8 'Barneveld Tornado' area fireman, rescue squads and others are keenly aware of the importance of being prepared.

by Cindy VanMatre

By now, there are probably very few people in the United States and most areas of the civilized world who have not heard of the killer tornado that claimed nine lives in Barneveld and virtually destroyed the village of about 610 people early Friday morning, June 8, 1984.

The town clock in Barneveld stopped at about 12:50 a.m. Friday and it is estimated that the tornado struck the village at about that time.

Edwin Addison, meteorologist at the National Weather Service in Madison, said that first signs of destruction from the tornado occurred southwest of Barneveld and followed along a northeasterly path at about 35 miles per hour. The wind speed in the tornado reached about 200 m.p.h., he said.

The tornado also caused considerable damage to a portion of Black Earth and continued northwest until its destruction ended near Marxville, about 15 miles northwest of Madison.

A spokesman for the state Division of Emergency Government reported that the tornado damaged 86 homes in Barneveld,

with 24 more being heavily damaged, 24 receiving minor damage and the destruction of 18 public buildings.

About 80 people were treated at hospitals in Dodgeville and Madison, with numerous more receiving cuts and bruises that didn't require hospital attention.

The news media, at the local, state and national levels, swar-

med the village on Friday and throughout the weekend. The tornado was the lead story for the network news on all three networks, CBS, ABC and NBC, and a reporter from as far away as the Los Angeles Times was sent to cover the story. The tornado also received international coverage. Barneveld, Holland, Barneveld's sister city, first heard of the

tragedy on the news.

Closer to the area, television crews and newspaper reporters were spotted from the Twin Cities, Chicago, Iowa, LaCrosse, Milwaukee and Madison. However, a complete listing of the media covering the Barneveld story was not available.

The damage caused by the tornado cannot be possibly imagined until it is seen. Only about ten percent of Barneveld escaped serious damage, with the remainder of buildings being either completely gutted or splintered to small fragments of wood and debris.

The Barneveld that everyone in this area was familiar with is now no more than an image fixed in our memories. But the people of this village are not quitters and are determined to rebuild.

The material improvements that will be made in rebuilding the area will probably greatly enhance the community, but there is nothing that will improve the people of Barneveld, there's no need to. The people of that village already were, and continue to be, some of the best that can be found.

Generosity Great!

Barneveld village board member Danny Williams was working at road checkpoints leading into Barneveld during the weekend to help law enforcement officials identify local people and relatives.

Williams said many people would try to tell the officials that they had relatives in town but then just ended up being sight-seers.

However, Williams said that one couple from Kenosha stopped at a checkpoint and said that they

didn't want to go into Barneveld, they just wanted to make a contribution. The woman was crying as she wrote out a check, Williams said, and then handed the officials a personal check for \$1,500.

"I know that for a fact because I saw it myself," Williams said. "The generosity of people has just been astounding." But he also added that it's going to take a pile of dollars to put Barneveld back on the map.



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Hospital staff meets challenge

By Sunny Schubert
Feature writer

DODGEVILLE — By dawn Friday, the worst was over for the staff of the Iowa County Memorial Hospital.

Twelve severely injured victims of the Barneveld tornado had been admitted; some were resting comfortably; others hovered between life and death. Dozens more had been treated and released.

Ambulances, from Arena, Avoca, Mount Horeb, Highland and other communities, still rolled in with the wounded, but not with the jamming frequency of the pre-dawn hours. Nurses still moved down the hallways with stiff-legged urgency, but some stopped long enough to grab a cookie or sweet roll from the reception desk.

An orderly swabbed the lobby linoleum, scrubbing at slashes of mud, smears of blood. Then he ventured outside to raise the American flag, which snapped in the warm, damp wind.

Ah, the wind. It howled and moaned outside the office where Phyllis Fritsch, director of community relations, and assistant administrator Peg Rock began their special task, just as the medical people were finishing theirs. Ms. Fritsch and Ms. Rock manned the phones, which rang incessantly with calls of inquiry about the missing, the injured, the maybe dead.

"No, no one with that name has been admitted," Ms. Fritsch would say. "Yes, my list includes the Madison hospitals. That probably means they're all right. You can try the Dodgeville High School, that's where they're taking the survivors; let me give you that number."

And Ms. Rock: "Yes, we have your daughter here. I'm afraid she's not doing well. She has head injuries and is not in the best of shape. Yes, you can come; we're on the South Side of Dodgeville."

Ms. Rock sighed wearily, and twisted her lips in a small smile of bitter irony. "You know, we had planned to have a disaster drill later this month. I don't think we will now; I think this night has been sufficient."

For the two administrators, the tornado that destroyed Barneveld provided tragic but necessary proof that the system works. The flood of storm victims began pouring through the doors shortly after 1:30 a.m., but by then, the entire staff of the 40-bed hospital was already on hand: 12 doctors, more than 50 registered nurses, and dozens of other staff members, from records clerks and receptionists to lab technicians and licensed practical nurses.

In the hospital corridors, small clots of survivors gathered, to hug each other in relief, to cry in pain and loss, to mourn the dead and pray for the dying. The clergymen of the community moved among them, offering what comfort they could.

Some wore hospital gowns or clutched blankets around themselves; most others were garbed in odd rag-tag costumes of ill-matched clothes salvaged after the tornado yanked them from their beds.

Gordon Dimphl wore golf shoes. "They were in my van," he explained in a shaking voice. "I was barefoot and in my underwear when it happened. There was no warning of any kind, it just happened so fast. The wind woke me up and I had maybe 30 seconds before the house . . . just collapsed." His eyes looked away, at a vision of horror shared by hundreds, and he wiped his beard-stubbed chin with a trembling hand.

"I could hear my son screaming and somehow I got to him and pulled him out and then climbed out a window in a wall that was left. Then I just stood there. It seemed like the longest time. I was scared, so very scared, and I just stood there. Then I heard my wife and my other son and my daughter and I called to them . . ."

"We got out; that's what counts." The only injury was suffered by his wife, Pauline, who stepped on a board with a nail in it. But their 5-year-old home on what was once Oak Park Drive, and everything in it, is gone.

That same look of distant horror glazed the eyes of Mary Ann Myers, who wandered the corridors with a blanket draped over her nightgown, a once-pink nightgown turned dusty rose by the night's whirling dirt. "Oh yes, I can tell you what happened," she said. "Oh, yes. By the way, I am a village trustee — Not that it matters at this point because the village isn't there anymore."

"It was 12:55. I woke, and I looked at the clock, and the power went off. Then the wind . . . oh, the wind."

"My first thought was to get my daughters, and go to the basement. I got up, and I opened the door to the hallway — and the hallway wasn't there."

Half of Mrs. Myers' home on Jenniton Avenue had collapsed. "Or exploded; I don't know which. I was calling and praying — I was praying awfully hard — and I crawled through the rubble. Then my daughters came in the front door. They had gotten out somehow and came looking for me."

Somehow, Mrs. Myers sprained a wrist. "I have no idea how; maybe opening a door. Things were flying all around." Both daughters suffered lacerations.

"I thought it was just our house at first, then we got out and climbed over the rubble, and everything everywhere was gone. We saw the police cars coming, and we went to them. The ambulance crews were wonderful; they should all be commended."

"I work at the post office, and I knew everyone in town," she added, using her good hand to brush at flecks of insulation tangled in her champagne curls. "I was going to work for two hours today, then go on vacation. The mayor, he's in New Orleans for the World's Fair, and I was going to leave, but the town left instead." She smiled wryly, but her lips trembled.

Just then, her son Mike, a Janesville police officer, walked in, and Mrs. Myers' careful composure collapsed. "We're OK, Mike, we're OK," she sobbed. "Everyone's OK."

"We're alive."



Barneveld trustee Mary Ann Myers.



Rescue personnel assist stunned victims of this morning's deadly tornado that ripped through Barneveld.

DAVID CALLENDER PHOTO

Reagan Grants Federal Aid

United States Senator Bob Kasten, Republican from Wisconsin, announced Tuesday that President Reagan has declared Iowa and Dane Counties federal disaster areas as a result of storm damage last week that leveled the Village of Barneveld.

"The administration acted very expeditiously in approving these funds as a result of this

declaration needed federal assistance can be provided to help these two counties recover and rebuild following this terrifying disaster," Kasten said.

Under the federal disaster program, Iowa County will become eligible to receive public assistance funds for the rebuilding of schools, hospitals, roads and public buildings.

Individuals and families in both counties who were hard hit by the storm will become eligible for grants up to \$5,000. The declaration also triggers eligibility for low interest loans from the small business administration and Farmers Home Administration," Kasten said.

Kasten visited Barneveld on Sunday.



"Their Love Endures"

In spite of the devastation that took place on Friday morning, the wedding between Tory McGraw, Ridgeway and Doug Manteufel, Barneveld, took place as scheduled on Saturday, June 9. There was a lot of question as to whether it would happen or not, as Doug's parents, Beulah and Gale's house was demolished during the storm. The reception and dance for the wedding was to have taken place at the Barneveld Legion Hall. The groom and his brothers and sister had lost all of the garments for the wedding in the storm, and had to get them replaced on Friday. The reception was held at the Don Q Inn. Tory said, "I'm just thankful that Doug is still alive," as Doug was thrown out of his house during the storm. The wedding turned out beautiful, amid the air of true love, caring and understanding. During the ceremony, Father Donald Moran of St. Bridget's Church in Ridgeway, gave a brief speech which touched the hearts of everyone. He stated how the reading, Col. 3:12-12, which was picked out long before everything had happened, coincided with the disaster; that no matter what happens "love endures," and that true love will withstand anything.

Nine Lives Lost In Storm

Nine people were killed in the tornado that hit Barneveld early Friday morning and another life was lost on Sunday as an indirect result of the terrible destruction to the village.

Seven of the nine people whose lives were claimed in the storm

Friday lived in a new subdivision area just east of the fire station on the village's east side. Those killed who lived in that area included the Bruce Simon family—Bruce and Jill and their daughter, Cassandra, 8; Kirk Holland, 40; Matthew Aschliman,

2; and Elaine Slewitzke, 59. Her brother, James Slewitzke, 57, of Mosinee, was also killed.

Robert Arneson, 52, was killed at his west side home, while it is believed that Ralph "Rick" Hammerly, Jr., 38, was living in a house just off Main

Street in the center of town at the time of his death.

Sgt. Stuart J. Searles, 38, of Baraboo, was killed Sunday while flying the Sauk County Sheriff Department's helicopter to Barneveld to help operate a communications center. The helicopter apparently caught fire near Merrimac, forcing Searles to make a crash landing. Searles had been helping in Barneveld since the tornado disaster occurred.

Bruce Simon was an ambulance attendant instructor at Madison Area Technical College and an ambulance attendant with the Barneveld and Fitch-Rona crews. He had previously been the English and driver's education teacher at Barneveld High School.

Jill Simon was a Girl Scout troop leader and also baby sat for six families with working mothers.

Kirk Holland was a teacher at Barneveld High School, and was also the school's athletic director. In addition, he was the head coach of both the boys' and girls' track and field teams for the past five years.

Elaine Slewitzke had worked for the Farmers Home Administration office in Barneveld for 14 years. She was also a retired U.S. Army sergeant major.

James Slewitzke was in Barneveld to help his sister paint her house. From Mosinee, he was a retired elementary school custodian.

Robert Arneson was a dairy farmer. His farm was located just on the west edge of town.

Ralph Hammerly, Jr. was a dairy herdsman.



This area on the east side of the village was where seven of the nine lives were claimed.

Red Cross.

Rescue workers on the scene claimed at least 60 are injured, many critically. Those numbers could not be confirmed by authorities. The chaos of destruction needed no confirmation:

The handful of homes that still stand are gutted and windowless;

Mail from the heavily damaged post office is strewn through the devastation like careless litter;

Cars lie belly up or on their sides, their roofs pressed about tree trunks, some inside houses;

Sheets and blankets hang from trees like ghostly shrouds;

On the southwest side of town, a grove of 50-foot trees has been sheared off as if by some giant lawn mower;

The water tower is caved in on one side. Still bearing the name Barneveld, it now serves as a crumbling tombstone marking a community of death.

WITH ALL POWER out during the first hours after the monster tornado hit, the predawn darkness was broken only by the flashing lights of emergency vehicles, as rescue squads arrived from neighboring communities and worked feverishly to free victims trapped within the wreckage.

Amid the crackling of walkie-talkies and CB radios, men and women gathered in small groups, crying, consoling, sharing grief and exchanging news and rumors of

death and injury.

It was not until dawn that sunlight first revealed the full extent of the damage: a panorama of total chaos and human tragedy.

Downtown was gone. The State Bank of Barneveld was wrecked, and Army reserve units had moved in to prevent looting. A steady stream of police, fire, army reserves and utility trucks poured into the town, which had been cordoned off, even to residents, while rescue workers sifted through the collapsed houses and overturned vehicles looking for survivors.

"People were crying and buried under rubble," reported assistant Hollandale fire chief Jim Hendrickson, one of the first rescuers on the scene this morning. He estimated that the dead and injured add up to about 12 percent of the village's population of 500.

"It's unbelievable there weren't 100 or 150 people killed," Hendrickson observed. He spoke of pulling a family of four from the rubble of their home, in which they had been buried alive. Three lived; the fourth smothered to death before Hendrickson could get to him.

HOLLANDALE was one of about a dozen area fire companies to respond minutes after the twister hit. All remained on the scene at noon today.

At Al Wright's home, the clock stopped at 12:50.

Wright, a member of the Barneveld Emergency Rescue Team, was in

Madison on a call when the twister descended from the skies on the southwest edge of the village. The ambulance he was driving is the only emergency vehicle in town not destroyed.

"Where does a guy start?" Wright asked as he walked through the devastated landscape below the watertower with co-worker Janet Meudt. "It's like you don't recognize your own town."

Some residents recalled hearing the village's emergency sirens go off, followed by a screaming, whining noise. After that, the twister hit with a catastrophic explosion.

Charlene Wright remembers the twister's approach only as "a dry and distant thunder ... We never even got to the bottom of the house, to the basement, before the windows started coming out."

Although Wright lost parts of her home, she was among those celebrating their good fortune this morning in not losing any family members.

Next to Wrights' house the whole upper level of a barn was lifted off, revealing bales of hay that somehow remained neatly stacked today amidst wreckage scattered over hundreds of feet.

"It's the most god-awful thing I've ever seen," said Jill Mork, an Iowa County sheriff's deputy who was on the scene less than an hour after the tornado hit.

THE HOME OF Barbara and Ted Arneson, brother and sister, was one

of the few houses left standing downtown. A flickering candle revealed their sister-in-law, Lois Anderson, huddled mutely in a corner inside.

"We're just lucky," Barbara said.

Lois and her husband, Carl Anderson, were not so lucky. While they hid in a basement two houses away, their home was reduced to rubble all around them.

Still, admitted Lois, "We are very lucky to be alive."

She recalled being awakened by severe lightning and heavy rain. Carl had just got up to check the windows when suddenly she heard a roar, and the couple headed for the basement. Moments later, "the furnace collapsed and the whole house went off."

Clad only in their pajamas, the Andersons managed to find raincoats, boots and flashlights in a basement storage room and make their way out of the house, "afraid the ceiling would collapse on top of us."

Outside, standing in pouring rain, they heard a voice: "Carl, is that you?" It was their neighbor, Tom Mauger, carrying his four-year-old daughter. Mauger's wife, Roberta, pregnant and two weeks overdue, was with them.

IN THE FIRST sunlight, Iowa County Sheriff Nicholas Basting was leading emergency officials on a house-to-house search. Construction vehicles from the Dodgeville Army reserve base were starting to clear away the debris — which in this case is virtually the entire town.

"There's no more Barneveld," said one rescue worker gesturing to the debris all around him. "They'll have to bring in the bulldozers and level everything, then build from scratch."

A command post was set up in what was once the center of Barneveld, and about 75 people were given shelter at Dodgeville High School, while others were evacuated to the Ridgeway School.

Authorities initially barricaded the town to everyone except police and fire officials, including residents, until about 7:30 this morning, when the press and others with passes for the area were allowed in to view the destruction.

Residents were being allowed to re-enter the town by noon — but only for the purpose of surveying damage. None of the homes are livable.

Officials were delivering portable toilets, installing emergency telephone and electrical lines, but only for the rescue operation.

At last report, 50 injured had been taken to a hospital in Dodgeville, others went to Madison hospitals. Some had reportedly been pronounced dead on arrival at each.

"It hit so quick, you didn't get a chance to do anything," said Ruth Hauck. "I just can't believe it. It lasted maybe 10 minutes at the most. There was a loud crack and lightning, but all I remember is glass flying by."

Rowena Kirschbaum was up with her daughter, who had the flu, when the twister hit. "It's gone," she said about her house. "The roof came off, and everything came out. Everything's gone."

JILL WRIGHT, her left eye black and blue, swollen and bandaged, described the sound of the twister as being like "pop cans exploding."

"It's just a relief I'm not dead," said Linda Jabs, as neighbors gathered around her, sharing reports about who was evacuated to Dodgeville High School, who was taken to Madison and Dodgeville hospitals, who

was alive to talk about it this morning, and who was dead.

The destruction is so total an observer cannot see where there was a downtown, except by signs on collapsed buildings like the Barneveld State Bank.

"We will rebuild," pledged bank president Ted Arneson, but he added that insurance and federal and state aid will be needed.

All over the city, cars are upended, trucks are overturned, and houses look like they have been put through a blender. Power poles lie in piles of toothpick splinters. Destroyed buildings include two feed mills and a major car dealer. The landscape resembles the ruins of a model railroad squashed by some giant hand.

Stunned residents gathered just outside of town. People dressed in coats and nightgowns were still waiting to go back to their homes to pick through the rubble.



RICH RYGH/The Capital Times

At its worst, the tornado ground what once were houses to little more than large



DAVID SANDELL/The Capital Times

Residents of a Barneveld neighborhood survey the damage to their homes.

Thunderclap split night

as if in warning

Barneveld — A loud thunderclap awoke most Barneveld residents moments before the tornado hit.

Perhaps it was a warning.

"The lightning woke me up, and I didn't like how the trees were bending outside," said Mary Ojibway, who lived at 405 Oak Park Dr. before a tornado destroyed the home early Friday.

She went to get her son, Kerry, 16. "My son said we had to get to the basement," she said.

They stayed in the basement for about an hour, while disaster reigned outside.

"The house was gone and the lights I saw were from our neighbor's house," Mrs. Ojibway said. The only part of their house that remained was a segment of the front outside wall, she said.

The garage was gone, but the truck that had been in it remained where it had been parked.

Afraid to drive it over downed, live power lines, they sat in a neighbor's car for three hours.

"It seemed like an eternity, but we're alive and that's what's important," she said.

Wall collapses during rush to basement

Above the Village Bar and restaurant, owner Mark Rideout was watching television. His wife was sleeping.

The clap of thunder woke her up and they went immediately to the basement "because you could feel the pressure collapsing on the house," Rideout said. "By the time we got here (pointing to the basement), this wall was falling. We dug to get in."

They were joined in the basement by Dorothy McSherry, the bar's co-owner. When they decided it was safe to leave, the trio had to push up a collapsed side wall to get out.

A fourth person, William Friedli, had remained on the first floor of the bar. None of the four was injured.

Couple blown 500 feet from their bed

Next door to the Village Bar, Theodore and Mae Tilley also were awakened by the thunderclap.

They tried to get out of bed but realized they had run out of time.

They stayed in bed, holding each other, but were thrown 500 feet out of the house, landing across the street near an alley.

Theodore Tilley was unhurt, but his wife was taken to the Memorial Hospital of Iowa County at Dodgeville for observation.

All Mr. Tilley could remember was "flying out the side of the house going in circles and coming to in the alley."

He said he and his wife crawled under a board there to protect themselves from the rain and debris.

"We're lucky we never got to the basement," Mr. Tilley said. The floor above the basement caved in and collapsed into the basement, he explained.

He said he did not know where his 14-foot boat was. It had been parked next to the car in his garage. The car remained, but the garage was gone.

"We're lucky we never got to the basement."

— Theodore Tilley

Driver goes to aid of unconscious boy

Robert Guck, a nightclub deejay on his way home to Avoca, had been working in Mount Horeb. He stopped at Barneveld because of heavy rain.

Frightened family huddles together

Douglas Salisbury Jr. lived on Sylvia Circle before the tornado leveled the subdivision on Barneveld's east side. Located on the highest ground, it was the most recently developed area in Barneveld.

When the tornado hit, he was halfway to his basement. He dislocated a shoulder falling into the basement. He fell onto his daughter, Megan, 8.

"My daughter was underneath me and the floor caved in. I don't know where the house is now," he said.

To keep warm during the downpour, he wrapped his

"The lightning woke me up, and I didn't like how the trees were bending outside."

— Mary Ojibway

daughter, his son, Kevin, 6, his wife, Patti, and himself in some plastic.

"I was too scared to do anything else for a while," he said.

Then he heard a hissing sound that he thought was a leak in his neighbor's liquid propane gas tank and decided to crawl out of the basement, he explained.

"There isn't much you can do about it," he said. "You see it all the time on TV and you wonder . . ."

Later Friday, he returned to the rubble of his home because his daughter wanted to find her six Cabbage Patch Kids dolls.

He found one.

Boy loses entire family to deadly twister

Elsewhere on Sylvia Circle, the loss was measured in terms of lives, not dolls.

At the Simon house, Bruce Simon, 35; his wife, Jill, 31, and their daughter, Cassandra, 8, were killed.

A son, Trevor, nearly 2, was in the University of Wisconsin Hospital and Clinics at Madison with a broken pelvis, arm, leg and bruised kidney and liver, according to his uncle, Mark Simon, of Watertown.

The hospital listed his condition as serious but stable.

Several hours after the tornado struck, Mark was at his brother's home searching for a will.

Neighbors, relatives among the dead

At the house south of the Simon house, a family of four survived the storm.

William Aschliman said he and his wife, Beverly, were awakened by the loud clap of thunder. They each

grabbed one of the children, Rebecca, 3, and Robert, 4, as they ran to the cellar.

As soon he closed the door, Aschliman said, he "heard things start to fly."

The family of Aschliman's brother was less fortunate.

Charles Aschliman; his wife, Susan; and their two boys, Matthew, 2, and Michael, 4, reside in the home immediately behind that of William Aschliman.

Matthew died in the storm and his mother had a finger amputated and suffered back injuries, according to Beverly Aschliman.

At the home next to William Aschliman's, Elaine Slewitzke and her brother, James Slewitzke, died.

He had been staying with her as he painted her home, neighbors said.

Across the street from William Aschliman's home is the Holland home.

Judy Holland and her son, Michael, 17, made it into the home's cellar. Judy's husband, Kirk, didn't. He was killed.

Farmer dies; rubble traps daughter

On Barneveld's west side, the tornado claimed the life of farmer Robert Arneson.

Arneson's wife, Bernadette, and his daughter, Sara, 20, survived, although Sara needed 20 stitches to close a leg injury. She had been trapped in the rubble that had been her home until her brother, Eric, who lives next door, freed her.

Robert Arneson's brother was at the farm Friday afternoon, searching for wallets, purses, insurance policies and other valuables.

The brother, 67, did not want to be identified. He said his brother's farm had been in "apple pie order."

Gone from the farm, in addition to the house, were three silos and an 80-by-60-foot barn.

Three tractors were smashed, the brother said, along with an antique Ford tractor that was Eric's "pride and joy."

"You can always fix and build, but you can't bring people back," he said, as his eyes welled with tears.

38-year-old father of two fatally injured

Ralph Hammerly, 38, died when a piece of wood struck him in the head, according to his nephew, Ralph Reeson. Three other family members — Hammerly's wife, Carol, and their two small children, Casper and Susan — were also in the home when the tornado hit.

Rescuers removed Carol first. Then, it took them another hour to free the two children. Mrs. Hammerly was taken to a Madison hospital where she was admitted for observation, Reeson said.

Senior citizens found shelter together

John Morrill, 73, lived in the senior citizens complex in Barneveld.

"The first warning we had was when it knocked out all the windows and the roof ripped off the second story," he said.

Five other residents came into his room then because it was the only one with a roof left.

They stayed there the rest of the night, but none slept, Morrill said.

They didn't leave, Morrill said, until about 6 a.m. because they were afraid of stepping onto downed electrical wires.

Woman buried three hours in debris

Sandra Doeseckle was buried in the debris of her Barneveld home for three hours Friday before rescuers found her, according to her father, William Smith, a former Milwaukee police officer.

"They were yelling and she was yelling back," Smith said. "They didn't hear her and went away."

Later, Doeseckle managed to attract attention and was freed and taken to a Madison hospital where she remained Friday night.

She was worried about her money — \$650 she had left on her refrigerator, her father said.

"They found your money," he told his daughter by telephone from nearby Blue Mounds late Friday afternoon.

Smith said a relative was looking through the debris and found the money "under a board."

"It's the only thing she has left," Smith said.

'It came so fast you couldn't describe it'

By **MATT POMMER**
Capital Times Staff Writer

Cindy Schaller lay in bed this morning listening to what sounded like a "motor humming." She thought that was odd since the electricity had gone off. Outside her home in Barneveld the wind had quieted and the rain had eased. Then the killer tornado struck.

"The wind came up. You knew it was bad. You should just feel the tremendous pressure. You knew something was wrong," said Schaller today from her bed at Madison General Hospital.

"There were six people in our house, I thought someone was going to die. It came so fast you really can't

describe it," said Schaller, who works in the Barneveld school district office. "The wind blew so hard, you knew it was a tornado."

The family's 70-year-old, two-story frame home was reduced to rubble in a few seconds, she said. The Schallers' Dodge extended van was tossed upside down into the debris. But only Cindy needed hospital care.

Cindy and her husband Bob were in their upstairs bedroom. Bob got to the bathroom before the tornado hit while Cindy only got to the top of the stairs. Their 19-year-old son Mark was trapped in his bedroom. Their 14-year-old daughter Melanie apparently got downstairs. Their 16-year-

old daughter Melissa and her boyfriend, Jan Zander, were in the living room.

"All of a sudden I was just falling. I was waiting for the final blow. I thought 'I'm going to be hit with something, and I'll be dead,'" Cindy recalled. A large piece of the house eventually hit her in the back.

"As I laid there we just screamed for each other. One by one, we knew we were all there. Melanie appeared out of nowhere, and I told her to put pressure on my back. I knew I was bleeding. I knew I wasn't paralyzed because I could wiggle my toes."

The family did their own head count, shouting "I'm OK. You're OK. We're all OK!" By then, the rain was pouring on the debris that had been the Schaller home. Other neighbors began to gather at the home of Roger and Jo Uptegraw, which hadn't been as badly damaged.

Among those who came there was a young couple who didn't know what

... And a child is born

BARNEVELD — Somewhere in the midst of the tornado's wrath, a child was born.

When Carl Arneson left the basement of his decimated house, he heard a voice, "Carl, is that you?"

It turned out to be his neighbor, Tom Mauger. Tom was carrying his four-year-old daughter. Tom's wife, Roberta, was still in the basement of their home.

Roberta was pregnant, two weeks overdue.

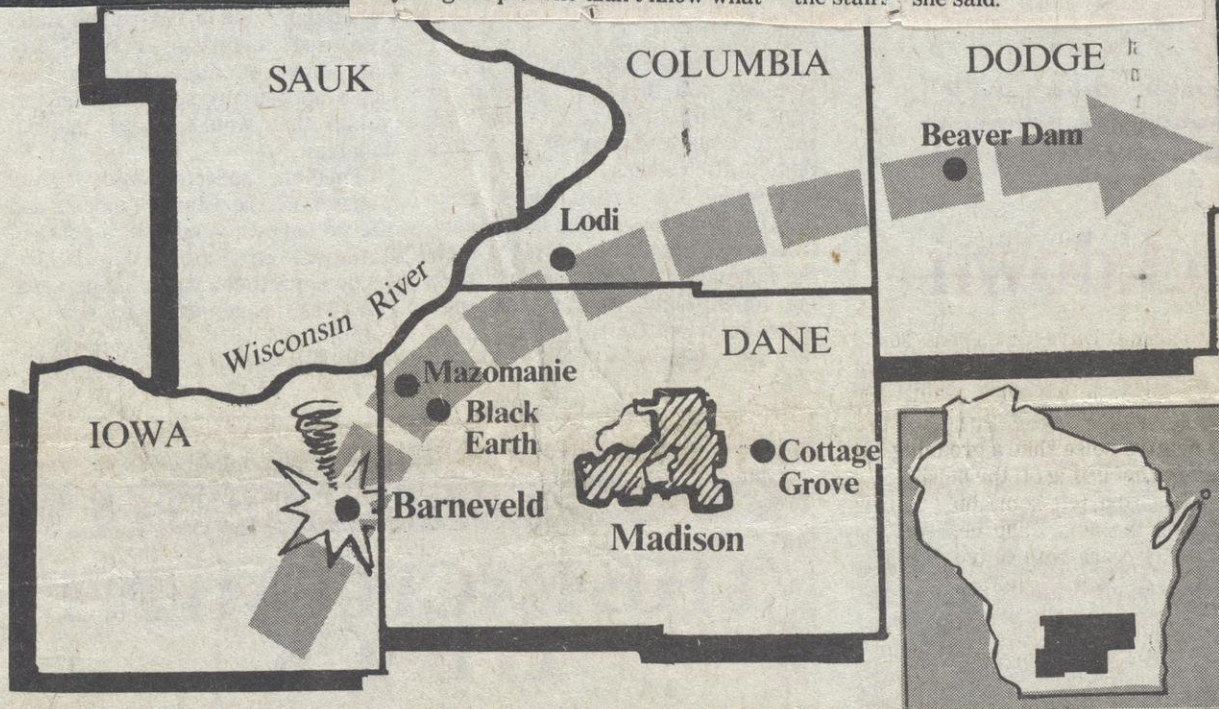
While most rescuers worked desperately to save lives, one squad was helping bring a new life into the world, the child of

had happened to their baby. Rescue authorities had found the infant on a nearby lawn. As she began her trip to the hospital, Cindy told them where to find the parents.

The Schallers were first alerted to the storm when their fire alarm beep went off. It had apparently been triggered by an interruption in electric service, followed by a new surge of power. Cindy decided to reset the digital alarm. It was 12:50 a.m. Shortly afterward the power went off completely.

"I remember there was no rain and no wind. But there was a lot of lightning and thunder. I was lying in bed and it sounded like a motor humming. But it couldn't have been a motor because there was no electricity. I asked Bob what he thought it was.

"Then the wind started up. There was no time to get to the basement. I couldn't even get the 15 or 20 feet to the stairs," she said.



Barneveld

on the
west side of town, a grove of 50-foot trees had been sheared off as if by some giant lawn mower.

The water tower is caved in on one side. Still bearing the name of the village, it now stands like a bleak tombstone over a community of death.

With all power out, the predawn darkness was broken only by the flashing lights of emergency vehicles as rescue squads worked feverishly to free those trapped inside.

Amid the noise and confusion of walkie-talkies and CB radios, men and women gathered in small groups, crying, exchanging news and rumors of death and injury.

It was not until dawn's first light that the full extent of the damage became known. The sun rose here to reveal a panorama of chaos and human tragedy.

Downtown was gone. The State Bank of Barneveld was wrecked, and Army reserve units had moved in to prevent looting. A steady stream of police, fire, army reserves and utility trucks poured into the town, which had been cordoned off, even to residents, while rescue workers sifted through the collapsed houses and overturned vehicles looking for survivors.

"People were crying and buried under rubble," reported assistant Hollandale fire chief Jim Hendrickson, one of the first rescuers on the scene this morning. He estimated that the dead and injured add up to about 12 percent of the village's population of 500.

"It's unbelievable there weren't 100 or 150 people killed," Hendrickson observed. His department, as well as about a dozen other area fire companies, responded shortly after the twister hit and remained on the scene all night.

At Al Wright's home, the clock stopped at 12:50.

Wright, a member of the Barneveld Emergency Rescue Team, was in Madison on a call when the twister descended from the skies on the southwest edge of the village. The ambulance he was driving was the only emergency vehicle in town not destroyed.

"Where does a guy start?" Wright asked as he walked through the devastated landscape below the damaged watertower with co-worker Janet Meudt. "It's like you don't recognize your own town."

Some residents recalled hearing the village's emergency sirens go off, followed by a whining noise. After that, the twister hit with a catastrophic explosion.

Charlene Wright remembers the twister's approach only as "a dry and distant thunder ... We never even got to the bottom of the house, to the basement, before the windows started coming out."

Although Wright lost parts of her home, she was among those counting their good fortune this morning in not losing any of her family.

Next to Wrights' house the whole upper level of a barn was lifted off, revealing bales of hay that had somehow remained neatly stacked amidst wreckage scattered over hundreds of feet.

"It's the most god-awful thing I've ever seen," said Jill Mork, an Iowa County sheriff's deputy who was on the scene less than an hour after the tornado hit.

The home of Barbara and Ted Arneson, brother and sister, was one of the few houses left standing downtown. A flickering candle revealed their sister-in-law, Lois Anderson, huddled mutely in a corner inside.

"We're just lucky," Barbara said. Lois and her husband, Carl Anderson, were not so lucky. While they hid in their basement, two houses away, their home was reduced to rubble all around them.

Still, admitted Lois, "We are very lucky to be alive."

She said she was awakened by severe lightning and heavy rain. Carl had just gotten up to check the windows when suddenly she heard a roar. The couple headed for the basement. Shortly after, "the furnace collapsed and the whole house went off."

Clad only in their pajamas, they managed to find raincoats, boots and flashlights in a storage room and make their way out of the house.

"We were afraid the ceiling would collapse on us," Lois said.

As the sun came up, Iowa County Sheriff Nicholas Basting was leading emergency officials on a house-to-house search, to see if any one was left trapped in the rubble.

Construction vehicles from the Dodgeville Army reserve base were starting to clear away the debris which in this case is virtually the entire town.

"There's no more Barneveld," said one rescue worker as he pointed to the debris-scarred watertower. "They'll have to bring in the bulldozers and level everything, then build from scratch."

Authorities set up a command post in the center part of Barneveld as they assessed the damage. About 75 people were given shelter at Dodgeville High School and others were evacuated to the Ridgeway School.

The police had barricaded the town to everyone except police and fire officials, including residents, until about 7:30 this morning, when the press and others with passes for the area were allowed in. Officials were bringing in portable toilets. Emergency phone and electricity was being installed.

The Wisconsin State Patrol said all county roads leading into Barneveld had been closed. "Six or seven squads have been there helping with the traffic problem since 4 a.m.," the dispatcher said.

Authorities said they expected to allow residents to reenter the town sometime around noon. But it will be only for the purpose of surveying the damage. None of the homes are livable.

At last report, 37 injured had been taken to a hospital in Dodgeville, another 20 to Madison hospitals. Some had been pronounced dead on arrival at each. Rescue workers were saying that at least eight had died as of 8:30 this morning.

"It hit so quick, you didn't get a chance to do anything," said Ruth Hauck. "I just can't believe it. It lasted maybe 10 minutes at the most. There was a loud crack and lightning, but all I remember is glass flying by."

Rowena Kirschbaum was up with her daughter, who had the flu, when the twister hit. "It's gone," she said about her house. "The roof came off, and everything came out. Everything's gone."

"It sounded like pop cans exploding," said Jill Wright, her left eye black and blue, swollen and bandaged.

"It's just a relief I'm not dead," said Linda Jabs, as neighbors gathered around her, sharing reports about who was evacuated to Dodgeville High School, who was taken to Madison and Dodgeville hospitals, who was alive to talk about it this morning, and who was dead.

The destruction is so total an observer cannot see where there was a downtown, except by signs on collapsed buildings like the Barneveld State Bank. All over the city are

upended cars, overturned trucks, and houses that seem to have been put through a blender. Power poles were turned into toothpick splinters. Entire buildings were destroyed, including the old fire station, two feed mills, a major car dealer, two churches and most houses.

The entire landscape looks like the ruins of a model railroad, where a giant hand came down and squashed it.

Some people, especially older residents, looked stunned. People dressed in coats and nightgowns were still waiting to go back to their homes to pick through the rubble. As of 8:30, no official lists of the injured or dead

were available.

Roger Jabs, Barneveld, "I left Barneveld about 3 a.m. from what I could see the west side of town was just flattened. And from friends I heard the other side is worse. I woke up with the roof on top of me. Our house is just totally flattened.

"My wife woke up and said, 'What is that noise?'" She went to the living room and the next thing she new she was 60 feet across the yard and in the street. We've got a 7-month-old baby. I checked for the baby. Digging through the ceiling and plaster board and finally got down to her. She's OK just scratches. I didn't know where my wife was. I sat there in rain yelling for my wife."

Jim Myers is the third generation to operate the Myers Oil Company in Barneveld. The business was started with his grandfather, Lee in 1946, who was joined by his son, Thane, and Jim joined with his father to make it a "family-run business" since 1946.

"Everybody relies on everybody else in a small town," Myer said. "We have to provide a service to keep people buying in town--that way the money stays in town, too."

Like others, the company is feeling the 'burden' of being new. "Nice is nice, but you pay for a new building," Jim said. "There's a lot of added expenses that you're forced to pay."

He mentions new equipment, up-

keep, a new building, and higher taxes as a major "added expense." At the same time he's dealing with all of this, again the farm crisis comes up. "A lot of farmers have gone out of business or have put their land in the 10-year program," he adds. Like others "being competitive" and giving good service are hallmark qualities in Barneveld.



MEYER'S OIL CO.

Barneveld, WI



Jeanne and Roger Jobs, Barneveld, wait with 7-month-old daughter, Leslay, to be picked up in Dodgeville.

—State Journal photo by Edwin Stein

Jabs spent the next minutes digging through the ceiling and plaster board to find his infant daughter. The seven-month-old is "OK, just scratches," he reported.

Others parents were not so lucky; at least two children — one only three years old — are reportedly among the dead.



SUPPORTING JUNE DAIRY MONTH

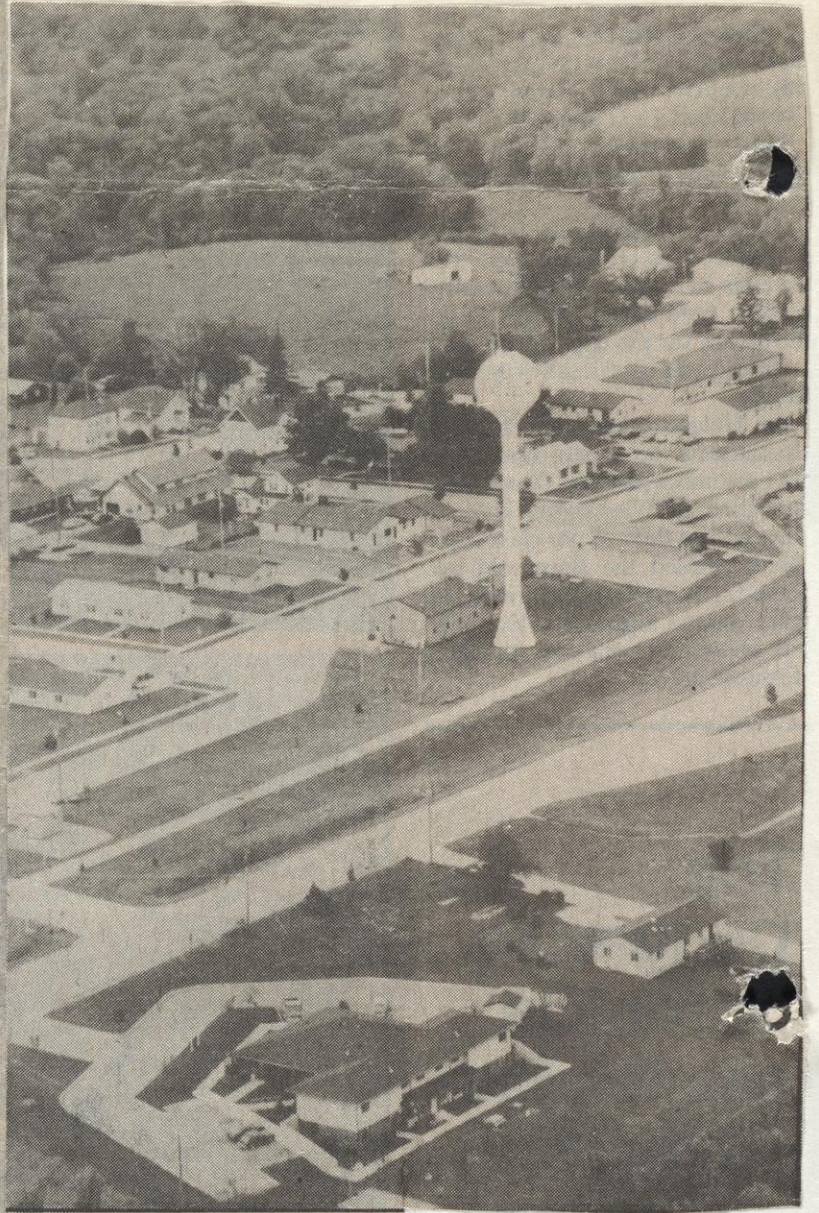
We're proud to service a high % of the top DHIA herds in Iowa County.

Wright's Feed Service

Barneveld, WI

At Wright's Feed Service has little of the 'old look.' only a large bin was brought over from the ruins of 'downtown'. Two years after the tornado Wright and his crew were feeding 71 percent of the top herds in Iowa County. "I don't know the percentage right now," says Wright, "I haven't seen a DHIA chart for a couple of years, but it's a high percentage."

About the tornado, Wright said, "I know it's made the business people in Barneveld more close-knit. We know the importance of 'you scratch my back, I'll scratch yours.' I don't care what Randy charges for gas..that's where I'll get my gas," he adds, and that holds true for buying groceries in his home town.



The town keeps growing---and are trying to fill "empty lots." Carl Arneson notes that money is available in the village for construction of new buildings.



Barneveld's spirit never was broken by the tornado.



RON'S STORE
Barneveld, WI



Barbara and Ted Arneson's house had to be demolished.

"I was down on the porch when I heard the trees start cracking. All of a sudden I felt the whole porch shudder."

Arneson slammed the door and ran to the basement. "I yelled she could to the basement. "I yelled for my brother Ted, but his bedroom was on the other side of the house, and by then the roar was so great he couldn't hear me," she said. "It couldn't have been more than four seconds later that I got to the basement, and by then the tornado was right there. I got down next to this big freezer in the southwest corner and just hunched over and waited.

"The noise was tremendous, the breaking of the glass and those big trees coming down. They say it only lasted 15 seconds, but it seemed a lot longer to me than that," she said. "It was terrifying, life-scaring."

The next thing she knew someone was knocking at her door. She climbed the basement stairs in time to see Ted, who was also all right,

answer the door. It was a neighbor, wearing only a nightshirt, soaked to the skin by the rain. His house had collapsed, and he needed help to rescue his wife who lay trapped in the wreckage.

The Arnesons stepped out into the storm and stood transfixed for a moment. Even through the dark and the rain they could see the devastation. "My other brother had a house just up the road, and we looked and it was gone, just gone, we thought he was dead," she remembered.

"He and his wife got into the basement at the last second. That's the only reason they weren't killed. Otherwise they would have been blown right out of the house."

Soon emergency crews from all over the county began arriving, and the survivors began to grasp the horrible truth. Barneveld's main street had been destroyed, completely. There had been five houses, a Catholic church and a massive car garage across the street from Barbara and Ted's house. Now there was nothing.

On either side of them the destruction was equally complete. Only their house remained standing, thanks to the massive oak trees that had deflected much of the tornado's force and probably saved their lives.

But the structural damage was too great; the walls and roof had literally puffed up like a balloon amid the high winds and violent drop in air pressure. The house their father had built 70 years before, where Barbara and Ted had lived their whole lives, would have to come down, and a new one would have to be built.

Sadly, almost unbelievably, many people were left with far less. More than a few homes were instantly pulverized by the tornado, the buildings and everything in them sucked into the funnel cloud and then strewn haphazardly for miles around. Everywhere lay bits and pieces of once-precious photographs, toys, silverware, books and the like. Those who survived such complete obliteration no longer had anyplace to go.

Help was swift in coming. Almost immediately a vast fleet of bulldozers and trucks materialized, bearing the names of dozens of cities and towns across the state that wanted to do something for the stricken community. The power company had electric lines going back up less than 24 hours after the disaster struck. Where

necessary, workers sunk new utility poles to take the places of ones snapped in half by the tornado, or twisted completely out of the ground.

Crews cut down precariously dangling trees and pulled hundred-pound sheets of corrugated iron off power lines, where they had been wrapped by the winds of the twister. The Salvation Army brought in safe water, food and sanitary facilities, and converted the county garage, which was unscathed, into an all-purpose aid center.

The scene in the garage was chaotic, but inspired. Those in need found clothes, food, tetanus shots, and compassionate hands to cleanse and dress their wounds within. People who needed more serious attention were quickly taken to nearby hospitals.

Tool benches were hastily converted to food preparation centers, and volunteers cut vegetables and made sandwiches amid the rolls of duct tape and tools hanging on the walls.

Maybe 100 people waited to be served, and held each other, and shared their horror at the tragedy, and joy at being alive.

A message board was set up so that neighbors could still communicate with each other. Notices were posted by doctors who had placed themselves on 24-hour call, people with bulldozers and tractors willing to be of service, and one young woman who volunteered to babysit for as many children as she could fit in her house.

The biggest note was left by Kathy and Tom Maugher, whose baby was a week overdue the night the tornado struck. "IT'S A GIRL!!" it proclaimed, along with the new arrival's weight and measurements. More than one person paused and smiled at the small sign of new life among so much tragedy and death.

The Salvation Army began setting up chairs at one end of the garage, and soon a 300-pound man wearing the group's full-dress uniform and strumming a 12-string guitar began to sing religious songs. His singing was loud and hearty, but decidedly off-key. In another setting it would have been funny.

But in the chairs before him sat two older women, each with an arm around the other's shoulders, openly weeping. Their feeling could not be mistaken: it was grief, cold and unmistakable, that came bubbling up from the women's souls along with their tears.

Many people who had been bantering in the good-natured fashion common to survivors stopped and swallowed hard at the sight, and more so the sound. The looks on a dozen faces said, my God, it really happened, our town has been destroyed.

* * *

Three months later, Barbara Arneson was growing impatient. She and her brother Ted operate Barneveld's bank, which their father founded, and they had been trying to speed up the distribution of federal funds to people trying to rebuild their homes, their businesses and their lives.

Things were not going as well as Barbara would have liked. "It's just a lot of red tape, a lot of paper-shuffling," she explained. "You know,

any time you put in an application to a government, they say thanks, but it's going to take a long time to process them.

"Every time I try to get on the phone, I end up talking to the same people from Atlanta," she huffed. "You try to get tough with them, and they just get sassy. We've even tried to get Senator Proxmire to put some pressure on them, and they won't even respond to him!" she said. "They don't realize what they're doing to people," Arneson continued, visibly upset. "They should be up here, not down in Atlanta. They've got an entirely different climate than we do. You call them up and say, we just had a 29-degree night here and people want to start building before the ground freezes. And they say, 'Really? My that's interesting. Thanks for the weather report.'

"The money's going to come, I guess, but right now I'm a little impatient," she said, as tears appeared at the corners of her eyes and her voice wavered just a bit. "I really feel for these people. My own problems are bad enough, from being right in the mainstream of this disaster, but these people really need help."

The Arnesons' house was bulldozed two weeks after the tornado, and construction has begun on a new one on the same location. Insurance will cover the costs. In the meantime, they're living in a house that escaped destruction, but was abandoned by its tenants after the disaster.

Obviously, Barbara and Ted know how to take care of themselves. But they're also committed to helping victims of the tornado who were less fortunate. "It's a problem of stewardship," Ted explained. "Someone has to look after those who need looking after." And in small towns, bankers are often in a position to make a real difference.

Largely through the Arnesons' efforts, dozens of new homes are being built, and those with lesser damage now sport sparkling new shingles and siding. New families are being attracted to the town by a "sweat equity" program that allows people without a lot of money to help build their houses in return for good loan rates.

"Nineteen new families are going to be moving into Barneveld thanks to that project," Ted said proudly. "We've had something like it on the drawing board for a long time, but the contractors got greedy and decided to go somewhere else. Now since the tornado, everybody wants to build here."

Ted smiled. "One of those families is even a different color than you and me," he said. "We're all going to grow a little bit from this tornado, you wait and see."

Their professional functions aside, though, the Arnesons still demonstrated an uncommon love and devotion for their hometown. Barbara went so far as to get special power lines run to the filter and pump for her swimming pool, so she could open it up to the community's children right away.

The bank building stayed up during the tornado, but was severely damaged, forcing the Arnesons to run the Barneveld State Bank from a trailer. Next to her desk on the wall she displayed, proudly, her building permit. "I want people to know that we're going to build, because they were saying, we think you and Ted are going to just sell the bank and leave town. Now I can point to the permit and say, we're staying, look at this.

"I guess they thought Ted and I were going to move to Atlanta," she said sardonically, with obvious dislike for the bureaucrats in that city she had been fighting with. "And we said, why would we do a thing like that? This is our home. Our family's been here for a hundred years."

Obviously, it would take more than a mere tornado to make Barbara and Ted Arneson pull up stakes and leave Barneveld. Their roots are there, as deep and strong as the oak tree roots that held back the twister and saved their lives.

As Barneveld puts its pieces right and grows in the years to come, it will be because of the Arnesons and people like them, who realize they have something worth more than money, and are willing to work to keep it and make it even more prosperous.

"You watch, on June 8, 1985, the one-year anniversary of the tornado, the bank is going to hold a big party for the whole town," Barbara said. "Everyone's invited."

It promises to be quite a party.

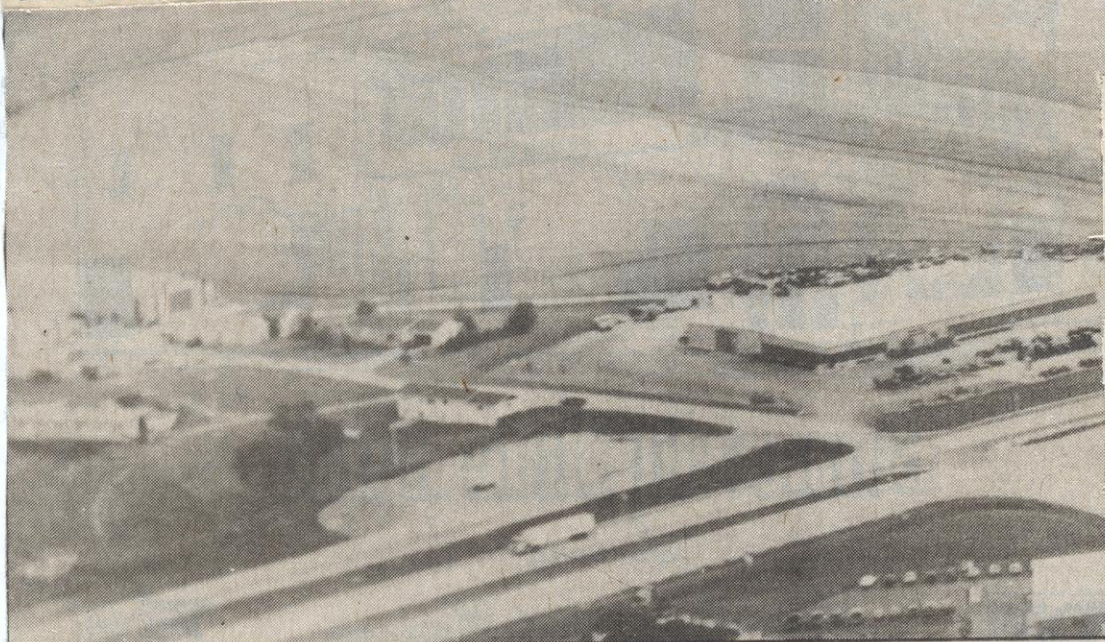


Top: Barbara opened her pool to neighbourhood children, The girl in the water needed 150 stitches to close her scalp after crashing through a plate-glass door during the storm. About

Thursday, June 8, 1989

Barneveld five years later

A small town with an awesome work force



There are about 80 businesses listed in a yellow Barneveld directory, available at most bussiness places in town. According to the directory there's not much they can't offer. From baking cakes, typewriter service, quilting, hand-crafts, helicopter service, carpenter work--the list goes on and on.

A Barneveld brochure says, "The bison made it, Native American tribes traveled it for thousands of years, and European settlers--their wagons loaded--followed it (Today, it is the Barneveld Walking Tour)...west to the frontier".

Perhaps, Barneveld, 1985, was the new frontier for many as they moved forward--not knowing what the future held. Today, they are as one person put it "an awesome work force."

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Barneveld, WI

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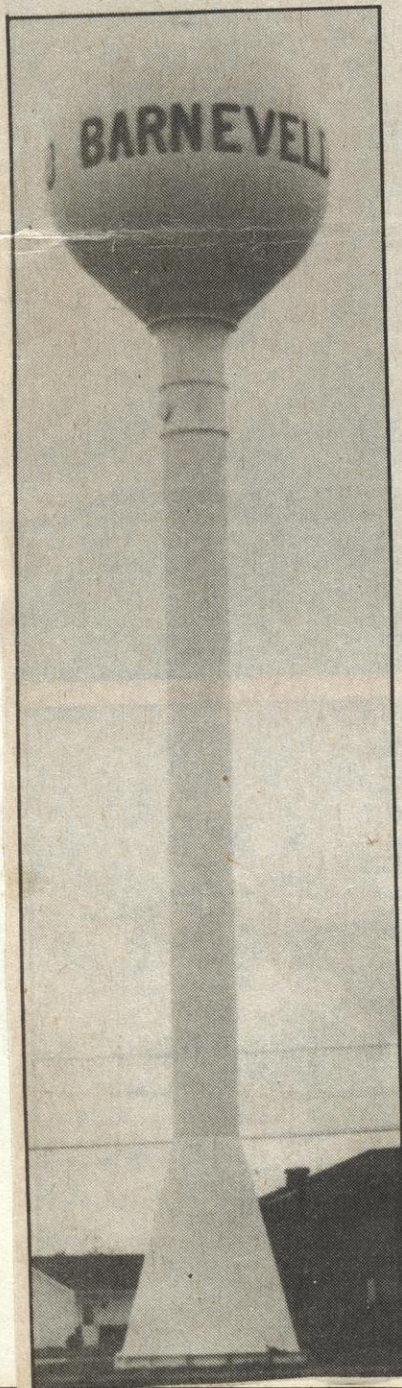
Barneveld State Bank

Oldest bank in county, locally owned
has long-standing record in community service

by Jeanie Lewis

It's June 8, 1984, just at dawn...my son-in-law, Kim Cleary, and I walk into Barneveld to take pictures of a destruction--so terrible that not even pictures can begin to tell the whole story.

Our first sight of the Barneveld State Bank was of heavy-duty equipment taking out large chunks of the 'broken' bank as volunteers with equipment began the process of making the town safe for townspeople to come back.



People had been evacuated shortly after the tornado struck--leaving in its wake a town in ruins, its people torn with grief, and the burden of rebuilding.

It's hard not to think of this time, especially now--today marks Barneveld's five year milestone of rebuilding their town, their homes and its people. They've done an excellent job, I thought as I walked and drove through the village several times in the past week.

Like a lot of places here, I'd been to the bank for pictures and stories many times before June 8th, 1984, a time that will always be remembered as the date of "The Barneveld Tornado."

Because the Barneveld State Bank and its people have always been a vital part of this community I know its history. Its employees share a close relationship with the community. They--like most of the people in this town support and are active in the many local organizations, including church groups, the American Legion and Auxiliary, Music Parents, Women's Club, Girl Scouts, 4-H, Firemen, Rescue Squad, the Barneveld Advancement Association and others. They are community homeowners as well.

This past Sunday, while I was taking pictures of the bank's drive-in service, I noticed a Norwegian Flag flying as well as an American one. "We do that for Syttende Mai," said Carl. "In March we fly the Irish one for (Mayor) Mary Ann Myers; then August 1, we put up the Swiss flag for Ralph Thoni and Clara Koenig," Carl smiles, perhaps thinking of this 'in-town' celebrations for its own people. "They're the only ones who have brought in their nationalities flag, otherwise we'd probably fly others," Carl adds.

Probably, my first encounter with the bank was working with Lois Arneson as I did my first 'big story'. It was the Barneveld Tulip Story. Barneveld made national and international headlines at that time, too, when they received thousands of tulips and other flowering bulbs from their sister city in Barneveld, Holland.

And, I've taken pictures of the girl scouts selling cookies just inside the door of the bank.

The bank's history goes back to 1886 when Jerome J. Jones opened a bank in Barneveld. At the time he had a room at the Wisconsin House Hotel (where the bank is located today). It was known as "Jerome J. Jones, Banker." The name was changed to its present one in 1904 when banking laws required chartering of such financial institutions. The capital at the time was \$10,000 and its officers were Jerome J. Jones and Ed Williams.

Although, the bank has long been thought of as "The Arneson's Bank" it wasn't until 1911 that Anton S. Arneson became associated with the bank as Cashier. The bank enjoyed a steady growth and in 1927 received statewide attention as it celebrated its first \$1,000,000 of deposits; with capital stocks of \$40,000; surplus \$10,000; and undivided profits of \$4,000.

When Jones retired in 1940, he sold the controlling interest to his "long-time employee--Arneson," who became President and Chairman of the Board; and he appointed John B. Watkins, Vice President; David Baumgartner, John Minix, and Edgar Arneson as Directors.

Under Arneson's leadership the bank continued to prosper. The bank touched all aspects of the community life, serving as the financial and social cornerstone of the community--that's true yet today.

Up until recently, loans were given "with a handshake--" a man's word--so to speak--was all that was necessary to obtain a loan. "That tradition was a long-standing one," Carl said. "It started with my father, continued with Ted (Arneson) and with me." Carl would prefer that method yet today, but notes, "We have to meet the requirements of bank regulators."

The bank is a member of the Independent Bankers Association of America and the Independent Bank of Wisconsin. They are also insured

by the F.D.I.C. Carl says, "It's harder to do business this way--as many people just don't understand the banking profession's new philosophy."

I also recall getting a notice from the Barneveld State Bank when I was very ill in 1973. Today, I'm not sure who started the fund, but they started it out with a \$100 donation of their own. I mentioned this to Carl Arneson, today, as I interview for this story. He doesn't remember...I didn't expect him too..

Carl mentions that attracting new industry to Barneveld is hindered in one way as "there are no old buildings to renovate." On the plus side, the village and the bank have in the past, and they'll continue, to make money available for construction projects. "We want to fill in the vacant lots," Carl adds.

The father, Anton, continued as President until his retirement in 1962 when his son, Theodore I. Arneson, Cashier since 1940, became President. During this period Edgar Arneson and John Minix retired from the Board of Directors and their seats were filled by Philip G. Arneson and Theodore I. Arneson. The death of Watkins and resignation of Baumgartner created vacancies which were filled by sons Carl F. Arneson and Anton S. Arneson Jr.

Anton Arneson, Sr. died in June of 1969. Phillip Arneson resigned.

Anton's daughters, Barbara A. Arneson and Rebecca Arneson Nause, took up the reins, forming a five-member family directorship of the Barneveld State Bank.

In 1969 the bank opened a branch office in the village of Ridgeway. "I can hardly believe we're celebrating a 20 year anniversary," Carl said. This, of course, was done to "better serve the community." The bank's financial resources are tied almost entirely to the area it serves, its own success depends upon the community's prosperity, he said.

In 1981 I took pictures of their open house, celebrating 85 years of continuous service to Barneveld and the area.

At the time of the tornado, the Barneveld State Bank-like many financial institutions--was experiencing "difficult times" due to the farm crisis. The bank has always played a vital role in supporting the area's agricultural sector, and when agricultural prices fell, the bank also felt the crunch.

When asked how the banks business is today, Carl notes, "The fact we're still here and are continuing to

serve the community is evidence in itself that we've been able to survive--all the trials and tribulations."



The Barneveld State Bank offers drive-in service to its customers--yet another service provided to accommodate the area's banking needs.

Carl Arneson now serves as President of the bank, Theodore Arneson as Chairman of the Board, their sister Barbara is Senior Vice President; Valonne C. Eckel is Cashier, with Carl's wife Lois as Executive Secretary; and Bernard Bober is Senior Loan Officer. "Ted said this management succession realignment will provide more time for his real estate brokerage business from his office in the bank," Carl said.

I mentioned seeing Barbara working in her flower garden as I walked about town. Carl said, "Ted and Barbara are now semi-retired so they can pursue other interest."

Chatting with Ted about several events featured in the Dodgeville Chronicle in the past, we glanced out the upstairs window (looking east). "Remember when all those beautiful trees were planted...look at how they've grown!" Ted exclaimed. "We've got Dorothy Jones Frautsch to thank for them. I'll always remember how she handed me the \$50,000 trust check to be used to beautify our town."

Mrs. Frautsch had presented the check as a "fond remembrance of her own childhood in Barneld." Her father, Jerome J. Jones, was the founder of the Barneveld State Bank.

Carl does not measure a bank's success by the magnitude of its growth or of its size--"It's the quality of service that you provide. That's what we've prided ourselves on these 93 years. We're a safe bank, with a good record." Smiling, he adds, "That still stands today."



WISCONSIN POLICE SERVICES

Disasters - CD - Emergencies

Temporary Pass:

Name: Albert Miller

Address: Barnes Road

Date of Issue: 6-12-84 Time: 2:30 P

Sheriff or Chief

Issued by W.S. [Signature] W.S.P.

Veh. Lic. No. AB 72-792 2700

MVD 1103



Barneveld, the morning of June 8, 1984.

WISCONSIN POLICE SERVICES

Disasters - CD - Emergencies

Temporary Pass:

Name: Lilas Miller

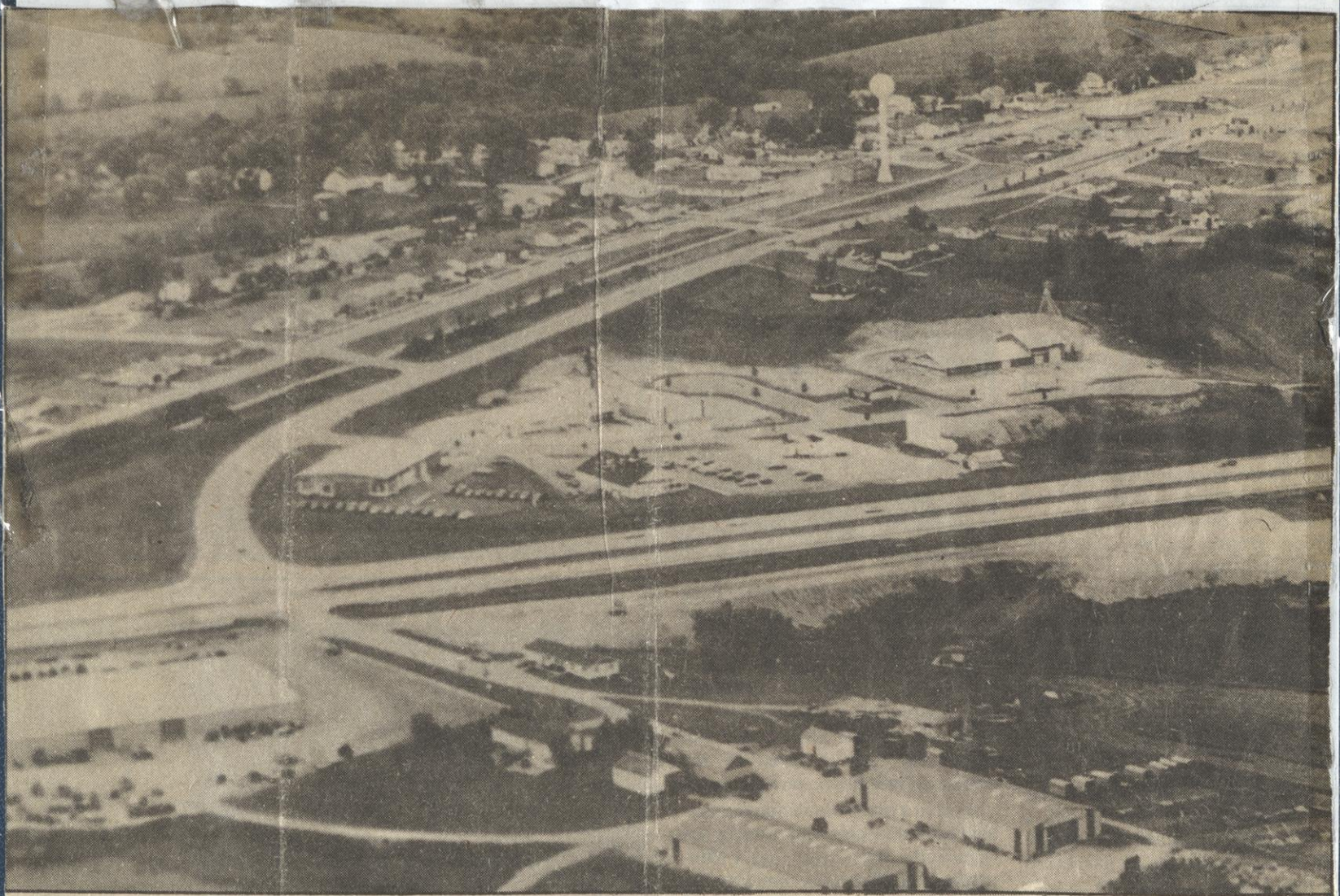
Address: Barneveld

Date of Issue: 6-8-84 Time: 11:45 AM

Issued by: J E Thompson Sheriff or Chief L750 #16

Veh. Lic. No. _____

MVD 1103



A birdseye view of Barneveld, as it marks a five-year milestone of growth since the devastating tornado of June 8, 1984.

Ron's Store, is noted for its fresh cuts of meat as well as "hometown service." One customer mentioned this fact saying, "He (Ron Jabs) is immaculate when he is cutting and packaging meat. And they say when everything is put away for the night, it's spotless." She also mentioned liking the "old-time quality of having my meat cut to order, while you watch," she adds.

This kind of concern towards their customers is also found in Anita as she "thinks of ways to give better service." On this day she's re-arranging products on the long rows of shelves in their modern full-service grocery store. After the tornado, setting up the store was largely done by "warehouse people," she explains. Today, she's figuring out ways of stocking the shelves to make it more convenient for her customers. She's also finding new brands to provide a wider selection as well as competitive prices. She points to their latest addition saying: "Our Rainbow products will provide quite a savings to our customers."

Ron feels that all small-town shops are feeling "hard times. It's hard to put your finger on," Ron said, when asked for a reason.

At the 1000 Island Bar and Cafe, Lori Thousand's rustic looking log-cabin is bustling with people as they come in for her "noon-time specials."

If pressed, Barneveld people will talk about "right after the tornado." Like everyone else, Thousand pitched in to help in whatever way that was possible. People needed a place where they could socialize. She got a trailer in, skirted it with wavy lines to resemble an island, and began business. Later, she built. "I knew the majority of people were building, so I did too." Not building "never crossed my mind," she adds.

Bonnie Baker Hodgson, with 13 years of experience at Blanchardville, decided it was "time to go out and make a new beginning...everybody else was doing it." She'd moved to Barneveld after marriage to Mark Hodgson.

The Cuttin' Corral now has two full-time employees, and they not only take care of hair and nails, for women, men and children, but also have a tanning bed. They keep up to the latest trends in both fashions and hair by attending six or seven classes a year. They also have tech-

nicians who come to the shop and train. In the four years she has been in business even "perm rods are ever changing."

Hodgson loves the people of the community and enjoys her work. "I have two wonderful employees and we have fun. I've never been sorry about my decision to build in Barneveld," she emphasized.

Betsy's Kitchen was one business that gave birth "because of the tornado." In the aftermath of the tornado, the newly built Brigham Town Garage became known as "Betsy's Kitchen" when Betsy Thronson became the coordinator for food preparation. Betsy, and, as she puts it--"with the help of hundreds, prepared 'meals' for about 2,000 volunteers who came daily to help Barneveld get back on its feet."

She recalls how the garage was all set up with chairs and tables as the town board had planned an open house (June 8) for their new facility. "It was the only big building left in town undamaged," she recalls.

"I had wanted to go into business," Thronson said, "and after feeding all those people...I realized I liked the restaurant business."

After two years of schooling, struggling and planning, on Feb 26, 1987 she opened for business. Often the volunteers she helped to feed in 1984 stop in. "They are thrilled to see the town now," she says, adding:

"They're the kind of people who would come in a time of need, and they're the kind who are thrilled to see our community thriving." She especially mentions the Salvation Army, Grange and Minonite volunteers "as they came and kept coming."

Betsy and her husband, Glenn, were farmers and lived on a farm nearby at the time of the tornado. In telling how hard it is to get started in a new business she relates: "Now I can't imagine how people endured...having lost everything--homes, businesses and in some cases a loved one as well. We can't dwell on the past, we have to focus on what has been accomplished," she said.

About her business, almost prayerfully she says, "We've been very, very fortunate. We've been busy."

RECORDS

