

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal
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The Journal, Established, 1877.
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MEMORIAL DAY.
Could anybody read the life story of W. A. Moldenhauer of Norfolk without more than ever resolving that Memorial day should be a day of sincere tribute to the soldiers who fell in battle, and that its mission should be perpetuated?

Little do people of the present day who did not go through that awful conflict realize what a terrible war it was, or how great the sufferings of the brave soldiers who fought and fell for the stars and stripes.

Ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic are not so well filled as once they were. If Memorial day and all that its services mean are to be perpetuated, it would appear that the younger generations should be impressed with the importance and serious significance of the day.

BRYAN-SULLIVAN PEACE.
It is said that Mr. Bryan has patched up a peace with Roger Sullivan of Illinois. Illinois democrats are said to favor the Nebraskan as a presidential candidate in preference to Johnson of Minnesota.

It is said that Sullivan and his factions of Illinois democrats are to make no war on Bryan for the presidential nomination. In return Bryan democrats are not to disrupt the party in Illinois.

MADISON COUNTY ROADS.
It is no small compliment that the Nebraska state capital people should turn to Madison county as a county in which the example of good roads is to be found.

Madison county people have always been progressive. They have always been thrifty and industrious and they have always had enough good hard sense to see the advantages and benefits in any proposition.

THE TARIFF AND 1892.
Grover Cleveland was elected president of the United States in 1892 because of his cry that the then existing tariff rates were robbing the people.

TURNING ON ROOSEVELT.
The Omaha World-Herald is making full use of the efforts of some of the Nebraska "reform" newspapers which chose to call themselves republicans and which are doing their utmost to impair the efforts of President Roosevelt in his movement to place regulation of interstate business institutions where it will be most effective.

protection against purely vicious and frenzied legislation without investigation on the other, he says, can come only through centralizing regulation in the federal government.

It will be an extremely delicate matter to undertake and a difficult one to accomplish, to slice down those tariffs which appear susceptible of the shaving, without in any way disturbing the overwhelming balance which could not be touched without injuring and imperiling our present prosperity.

OTHER FALL FESTIVALS.
Last week marked a fall harvest festival for not only Omaha, but for Kansas City. While the Aksarben festivities were going on in Omaha, the Priests of Palace held sway in Kansas City and tens and hundreds of thousands of visitors from Kansas City territory gathered there for the event.

Where prices are shoved up by a trust as high as the consumer will stand, it is the combination that does the work and the tariff plays no part. The tariff is not a drop in the bucket on those commodities which are now controlled by trusts and for which exorbitant prices are being charged.

FALL FESTIVALS.
Omaha thinks a fall festival is a fine thing for pleasure and for business. Chicago thinks a fall corn festival is a fine thing for pleasure and business. Sioux City thinks an interstate fair after harvest is a fine thing for business and sport.

AROUND TOWN.
If they run, it ought to be a real race.
What a lot of trouble a little bad money can stir up.

Trade promoters are urged to bear in mind the fact that they will meet tonight.
George Losey has run a good many political races; will he turn down this challenge for a footrace?

Apparently Cramer thought those confederate bills had worked all over northern Nebraska and that they must be still good.
Are you going to wear your sleeves short or long? It would seem that they've worn the short ones long enough already.

People who read The News didn't get caught with any \$20 confederate money. Sometimes a dime in time saves \$20.
It is said that a Norfolk whist club is in danger of being abandoned another season because the members have all learned to dance.

That Pierce romance ended right, after all. The father and mother blessed the children just as they do in the story books, and the lawsuits were dismissed. Cupid is hard to beat in the final wind-up.
Where is there a finer season of the year than this? Crisp, cool mornings they are, with just enough frost to stimulate the blood and inspire men with energy and enthusiasm; with just enough sunshine to flood the world with cheerfulness and good spirits; and with just enough red and brown to the tree leaves to add a touch of sentiment to the time—a touch of pathos at the dying of the summer's life, a touch of new life over the harvest that is safe!

into South Dakota. The only railroad entering that territory comes straight from there to Norfolk. It takes people of that territory three days to make a trip to Omaha and back, or to Sioux City and back. Three days is too long. A market center, a commercial center must, by the very geography of the territory, be established in the northern part of Nebraska.

There is prosperity in the land today as there was before the election of Cleveland. Wages are good, labor has plenty of employment. There is a full dinner pail, and everybody has the wherewithal to satisfy his demands, though commodities do bring good prices.

Logically, then, it is to the interest of Norfolk to get acquainted with that territory now. Today there is the opportunity, tomorrow it may have vanished.

Norfolk has done much within the year to expand in business. The Trade Promoters have established a fare refunding plan. An exchange day for farmers of all this section has been practically worked out.

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Such has been the life of William August Moldenhauer of Norfolk, the last pioneer business man of the early days to have remained in business activity up until the present time.

He has been a life of terrible war when it was war, a life of serene and ideal peace and quiet and contentment when it was peace. Conquering two rebel bullets which sank into his flesh during the battle of Chancellorsville and which were considered mortal wounds, W. A. Moldenhauer lived to be on hand almost at the birth of Norfolk and to remain a factor in the community's life from that day to this.

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Fought and Bled For Stars and Stripes Nestor of Norfolk Business Men Today

To have fought and bled for one's country; to have learned early in youth how to work with the hands and to have made an honest living in that way; to have been the father to a family of twelve; to have helped in the founding of a city and to have participated in the business of that city longer than any other man; and to have led an honorable and peaceful life, marked by industry and thrift, enjoying the respect of one's neighbors—could Roosevelt ask for more in a man?



W. A. MOLDENHAUER.

No one else was in the room. Presently a surgeon approached, saw the private and asked how he came there. "I just crawled in to get out of the heat. I'm wounded," answered the soldier.

"Well this is no place for privates," retorted the surly surgeon. "This room is for officers. Get out!" "I'm too weak to walk out alone, so that you will have to carry me out if you want me away," answered the wounded man.

"All right," came the response. "I'll get my assistants." But he never did it. Over in the other corner of that room there rose up on one elbow, despite his terrible wounds, a dying man who wore the shoulder straps of a union general.

And it was in the battle of Chancellorsville, in Virginia, (sometimes called the battle of the wilderness) that Mr. Moldenhauer fell a victim to two rebel balls of lead. It was on May 2, 1863, that he was shot twice in that terrible conflict. Twenty thousand soldiers were slain in that fight and the wonder was that this man who afterward came to Norfolk ever recovered.

The first bullet passed through Mr. Moldenhauer's right thigh. It was the first engagement of consequence that this regiment had participated in. The first bullet gave its victim a sting like the sting of a bee and, though he felt the sharp twinge, this young soldier did not falter in the line of march.

It was about an hour afterward that the second bullet struck Mr. Moldenhauer's left groin and imbedded itself in the flesh. To this day he carries that bullet and it gives him trouble now and then. A surgeon after the battle told him that he would carry this bullet to the grave and advised him never to allow anyone to attempt to take it out.

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Unique Site Selection.
The Moldenhauer house and the J. S. McClary house were started the self same day, within an hour of one another. Mr. McClary led by that margin. Both almost built on Braasch avenue, but didn't.

A man named Marsh conducted the "Stovepipe" hotel on Braasch avenue. He declared Braasch avenue would be the main street of the town and McClary and Moldenhauer had both selected sites on Braasch avenue, ready to start building next day.

For ten years W. A. Moldenhauer was Norfolk's only shoemaker and shoe dealer. He took a homestead north of the August Raasch farm, west of the city, and owns it today. Also he took a forty-acre pre-emption a half mile north of the sugar factory site, which he still owns.

W. A. Moldenhauer has been a member of St. Paul's German Lutheran church from the time he reached Norfolk, when the church was a small building, until now, when its new home is being built as the finest church in all this northwest and at a cost of between \$20,000 and \$30,000. He is a member of the school board in connection with the parochial school.

He was elected county commissioner of Madison county, in which capacity he served for three years with credit. Other than that he has declined to consider political office, though at times his name has been prominently mentioned about the city in connection with councilmanic and majority offices. Up until 1896 Mr. Moldenhauer was a democrat but he voted for McKinley and has been a republican since that time.

W. A. Moldenhauer was born eight miles from Berlin, Germany, September 15, 1841. His parents came to America in 1843 and settled on a farm near Watertown, Wis., having bought government land at \$1.25 per acre. Of ten children, he (who is the youngest) and his oldest brother are alone alive today. The father died when this youngest son was six years of age.

Through the afternoon general and private rested there, both suffering from their heavy wounds, side by side; night stole on and the long night dragged through. When another day dawned the generous-hearted general had found relief from his suffering and had gone to the land that knows no war. He had died beside the private whose life he had saved.

The name of that general is no doubt written prominently in the history of the United States. But who he was the wounded private beside him has never been able to learn.

That night was a terrible one. Outside a terrific thunderstorm came up and beat down the thousands of dead and wounded soldiers with its torrents. And while W. A. Moldenhauer lay protected within, he could hear all through the long night the cries and moans of the men lying out on the ground in the storm, unable to move on account of their wounds.

It was nine days before the wounds of this man were dressed. And he survived in spite of that.

75c For Coffee.
For three weeks he lay in that hospital. Then he was traded back to the union army in return for prisoners held by them. One day during that period a confederate soldier came around with cups of coffee which were eagerly bought at seventy-five cents each. The food consisted mainly of flour and water. At the end of the three weeks Mr. Moldenhauer was moved to the home of General Lee, which had been converted into a hospital. Here he remained three weeks and then, on a freight car, he was transferred to the Chestnut Hill hospital, Philadelphia. It was a severe ride, and the jarring over freight trucks was no pleasant experience for men with wounds. Following that ride Mr. Moldenhauer suffered an attack of fever and one night it was thought that he was dying.

After he had partially recovered he asked for a furlough but was told that, owing to the fact that so many soldiers who had secured furloughs had never returned, the government was shutting down on these and a discharge would be a simpler matter. So he took a discharge and, with still an open wound, returned to his mother's farm in Wisconsin.

After a year on the farm, Mr. Moldenhauer went to Fond du Lac and worked for a hotel. A year later he returned to his trade and established himself in business at Juneau; in 1866 he was married to Miss Amelia Hirth

of the best women are buried in homes, and are never heard of. The loafer always has time to find fault with a hustler.

Times come to every optimist when he has to lie a good deal to live up to his reputation. Talk to the average woman five minutes and she will tell you how she has overdone herself. A plug girl, if she is young, can pass anywhere as a princess if she can keep her father and brothers out of sight.

and in 1870 came to Norfolk. W. A. Moldenhauer came to Norfolk because of the German colony that had come from Watertown and who had founded the town. From Herman Braasch, who laid out the townsite, he bought a lot across the street from the flouring mill. Here he built a home and in this house piled his trade until eighteen years after, when he built his store.

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