***Joseph Franklin Bradley***

***[Entry 4/4.10/a]***

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Joseph Franklin Bradley was born April 25, 1914 in Paris, WI.

He was married to Ardith Hurley on December 23, 1939 in Madison, WI

He and Ardith had 3 children; Candace May, Joseph Franklin, & Kathleen Lynn.

Franklin passed away on October 6, 1992 in Janesville, WI.

**Memories of Franklin**

[Entry 4/4.10/n01]

**Joseph Franklin Bradley**

**by Joseph (Joe) F. Bradley V.**

I have spent weeks trying to figure what to write about my father Franklin Bradley. He was a soft-spoken role model that did not like being in the limelight. He did not speak much at public forms, but when he did the room became quiet to hear the well thought out softly spoken remarks. And it seems like he always started with “now then”. He was not a disciplinarian (Mother did that very well), but you always knew the standards you were expected to keep.

I know I am very prejudice, but if Franklin & Ardith Bradley could raise all the children of this world, there would be no crime or wars, standards would be set high and we would reach those high moral and personal standards.

About a year before his death, dad (Franklin Bradley) was interviewed by his lifetime friend, Robert C. Bjorkland who reported agriculture news for 41 years in the Wisconsin State Journal. The following article appeared in the March 3, 1991 Sunday addition of the Wisconsin State Journal and just about says it all. One correction I must make about the article, I never saw a Guernsey that dad owned. Sorry Morris family.

He Stuck with Farming Through Thick and Thin

By Bob Bjorkland – Wisconsin State Journal

Cooksville - In the little a red brick house on Webster Road that easily could have been the House of the Week aback in 1850, Joseph Franklin Bradley sits in a small office decked out with pictures and documents of his 77 years of family, farming and community.

If you wonder who Joseph Franklin Bradley is, you should understand it was the state of Wisconsin that altered his name. This happened when one of the state’s first electronic registration systems wouldn’t accept his preferred name of J. Franklin Bradley.

“The person at the drivers licensing counter said the machine couldn’t accept “J” as a first name so I no longer was Joseph” he chuckled.

Now Franklin Bradley spends hours in his well-organized office warmed by a blue electric heater with a steady grumble, which often drowns out Bradley’s subdued voice.

Bradley was born on a farm next to Wind Point in Racine. After graduation from the Racine County School of Agriculture he went to Madison and the University of Wisconsin College of Agriculture, and joined the Class of ’37.

Bradley, who lived at Babcock House, 432 N Lake St., once the home of the famed UW scientist, still gets a laugh when he recalls how Madison’s newspapers reported a complaint the “the boys at Babcock House were seen playing baseball in Babcock’s beautiful hollyhocks. Babcock, who developed the test for butterfat in milk, was a hollyhock fancier.

Bradley majored in animal husbandry and agricultural engineering and graduated in 1937. The “W” he earned was for his service as manager of the UW basketball teams under Harold E. (Bud) Foster as the coach built up the team for the 1941 run for the NCAA championship.

After his marriage in 1938 to Ardith Hurley, daughter of R.V. Hurley, one of the first Dane County Extension agents, he put both his agricultural interests to work on the farms he either worked on or owned in Racine, Kenosha and Rock counties, for the next 45 years.

Her retained his interest in farm machinery and equipment and still is a serious student of technology. Today he represents Badger and Berg equipment companies.

Rock County has been his base since 1946 when he moved to the area east of Janesville where he operated the 750-acres Stone Farm until 1950. That’s when he and Ardith became owners of Ardlin Farm, dairy operation (Guernsey). He and his family of three children operated the farm until 1983.

One of the gems in his home today is a quilt with squares that portray the history of the family of Ardith and Franklin. For those who were too young to prepare their segments, the squares were their drawings on the fabric with crayons.

Having his own, adequately sized farm was a goal Bradley always had after a trusted, experienced friend advised him, “it’s foolish to work for anyone else, be independent and just stick with farming.”

And Bradley had the independent spirit needed in agriculture, even when he took nearly a $100,000 loss after the Ben Green’s grain service went under. He recovered about a dollar for each $1,000 he lost.

In every niche of his office and around his fine home (even with the leaky flat roof), Bradley has some little catch phrased framed or pinned to the wall. For instance, he has one brief message reminding visitors the “the taxpayer is a person who doesn’t have to pass a Civil Service examination to work for the government”. Or” patience is idling your motor when you feel like stripping your gears.” And who can disagree about the finding that “an optimist is wrong as often as a pessimist, only he is happier.”

What must have been the first anti-litter message, was one Bradley found at Camp Upham Woods, the 4-H camp at Wisconsin Dells: “If you with litter would disgrace and sad this place, may indigestion wrack your chest and ants invade your pants and vest.”

Bradley found single life difficult after the death of Ardith death. He is planning on a spring wedding, but not revealing the name of the bride to be so he can surprise his friends. After the wedding, they plan lots of travel in the newly acquired travel home.

“Life has been good to me” Bradley said.

***Candace May Bradley***

***(daughter of Franklin & Ardith (Hurley) Bradley)***

**Candace May Bradley BIO**

[Entry 4/5.11/b01]

***“My Sister Candy” by Joe Bradley***

Candy was the first grandchild born to J. Frank and Jeanette Bradley in September of 1942. She came home to original Bradley homestead on the Racine/Kenosha county line NW of Somers, WI.

She told me one of her first memories was sitting at the base of the winding main staircase of the Highway 38 farm watching her Aunt Elinor Bradley descend that stair case in her white flowing wedding dress to become bride of Roger Biddick, dressed in his stunning Naval Officer uniform.

When our parents Franklin & Ardith moved to the Edgerton farm, she entered first grade attending the Cox school in Fulton Township. This was a one room country school. Dad was managing the 750 acres Stone Farm, owned by one of the owners of Motorola radio. When Motorola needed capital to get into the TV business, that farm was sold.

At that time Candy and the rest of us moved to the 200 acre farm east of Evansville, WI. She finished her elementary education at the White Star School and graduated from Evansville High School in 1960. From a very young age Candy always wanted to be a Nurse. She attended and graduated from Swedish-American School of Nursing in Rockford, Illinois.

While in Rockford she met her husband, Augusts Cornelius Durdin IV (Ace). Sometime in their courtship Ace came to the farm to ask Dad for Candy’s hand in marriage. I remember Ace going into the barn while Dad was milking. Franklin was OK with the idea, but gave his son-in-law to be a teasing hard time. They were married in 1965 and J. Frank and Jeanette were both in attendance. I think this was the only grandchild they saw married.

Candy and Ace moved to Platteville to finish Ace’s final year are at UW-Platteville. Candy nursed at the Cuba City hospital. From there they moved to Sheboygan County where Candy continued in nursing at several hospitals and nursing facilities and Ace taught at the Kettle Moraine Vocational School in Fond Du Lac, WI. She continued her nursing education and received Bachelor of Science degree. Candy and Ace were both career oriented and drifted apart and after 18 years the marriage was dissolved.

Candy and her children moved to Plymouth, WI where she continued her work as a county nurse and a teaching nurse until her retirement.

While in high school she learned to play the clarinet and she played in community bands all her life. She was also very active in the Red Hat Society and her church. She was very caring and giving person who gave of herself and her resources to anyone in need. She would also tell you what she thought about a given situation and give advice as to what should be done.

On the evening of May 29, 2012 while driving home from a meeting, a drug induced individual crossed the center line and struck her van head on. A nurse to the end, when the paramedic came to her assistance she was concerned and asked about the other driver. She then proceeded to tell the paramedic just what needed to be done to help her until she fell into unconsciousness and left us.

***Joseph Franklin Bradley***

 ***(son of Franklin & Ardith (Hurley) Bradley)***

**Joseph “Joe” Franklin Bradley BIO**

[Entry 4/5.12/b01]

Quick summary of life so far.
Born in Racine and came home to the Bradley original homestead on the County line NE of Somers. Our family moved to Edgerton where younger sister Kathy was born and then in the winter of 1949-50 we relocated to Tuttle Rd in Evansville.  I am still here.  I attended the White Star School, a one room country school, Evansville High School and graduated from the University of Wisconsin – Platteville, in 1968.
One very important date in my life was June 8, 1963. I met a pretty young lady and we are still sharing our lives together 54 years later.
Growing up on a dairy farm gave me a great respect for agriculture in general and the dairy industry in particular.  Have been invalid with agriculture my entire life. I entered the military shortly after graduating from college and served in Vietnam.  I came home to having the experience of being called a “baby killer” and had my auto insurance cancelled for wanting to take my car to Ft Hood, Texas to finish my military obligation.  Great time in American history.
 That pretty young lady, Bobbie, and I have had the privilege of bringing four wonderful people into the world and have watched in total amazement as they have grown. They all are contributing in their own special ways to their communities, and to this great nation and world.  Bobbie and I are now having a lot of fun watching the grandchildren start to become members of this society.
In my professional life after the Army, I was a fertilizer location manager in Monroe, Wisconsin, farmed with my parents for many years, owned and operated a feed/fertilizer business, did dairy nutrition for many years. I am trying to finish my working career as an owner/broker of a real estate firm that deal primarily in dairy farms and agriculture land.  I still enjoy a lot of it, but would like and will back away from about 80% of it.
Life has been good.  I would like to pass on to my grandchildren my faith in God, respect in their fellow man, self confidence in themselves and a solid work ethic.

**Memories of My Grandparents**

[Entry 4/5.12/n01]

**By Joseph “Joe” Bradley**

As a member of Generation five, J. Frank & Jeanette Bradley were my paternal grandparents. What I remember about the farm on 38 North West of Racine or just east of Franksville and their last home in Somers. The stately white three-story home was big, very big to young eyes.  Its winding stair case that came down into the front entry must have made any young princess coming down for that special dance or wedding, swelled with pride and anticipation. My Aunt Elinor Bradley came down that stair case to greet her prince, Roger Biddick.  They took their wedding vows in the front room in front of the charming fireplace. I was too young to remember this wedding, but my older sister Candy remembered the bride coming down the stairs.

 The rest of the house is somewhat of a mystery.  The kitchen was a galley kitchen or in today’s terms as a “one butt kitchen”, very narrow but deep. There was a very nice dining area as well as a larger front room. The second floor had the bedroom and a bath room.  The main thing I remember were the two stuffed Blue Jays that were in a glass display case.   Then there was the apartment on the third floor with a kitchen added at ground level.  Looking up that interior second stair case, there must have been 500 steps to the top.  When Morris Bradley boys looked at that they must have thought they were climbing to heave.    Don’t I sound like a real estate agent?

As a young person, I enjoyed going to see Grandma & Grandpa Bradley although we only got there three or four times a year. When the day came that we went to see dad’s folks and the cousins, Mother would have the girls up early so that they could help get the chores done early.  It was neat to have all five of us in the barn working together.  About the time the sun was coming up we were out the door heading east right into the sun.  Being kids and siblings, we would FIGHT.  The solution to this was to put the boy in the first seat between Mother & Dad.  No sun visor, so very bright all the way over.  Dad did not want to leave very early so it was the same thing on the way back, driving west into the sun again.

 When at the farm, I remember Grandpa milking in the parlor.  I think it was a step up, but not sure.  I do not know if there was a pipeline or just a step savor line into the milk room.  In the milk room there were several milk cans that had covers on them with two spigots on the top of the each can.  The milk would come in from the cow and go into the first milk can, when this can was full the milk would flow through a plastic milk hose into the next until all milk cans were full.  From here the cans were wheeled up to the milk house to be cooled.  Grandpa was always forward thinking. Today one of the things that amazed me is the bunker silo he was using in the early 1950’s. He used his little green John Deere crawler tractor for packing the forage.  It was not until the late 80’s or early 90’s that this became standard practice for storing forages in well packed bunker silos.

 Grandma Bradley (Jeannette) was a small lady in statue but a dominating force. Like all good & loving wives, she kept J. Frank in line.  As she grew older the arthritis in her hands meant she was in a great deal of pain most of the time.  On one occasion as we were leaving the big white house to return to Evansville. My dad turned to me and said, “I wish you could know your grandmother as I knew her.”  In her last years, she was very hard on J. Frank.  When they came to visit, it was always a surprise.  All of a sudden, their yellow and white 1956 Dodge car would come right up to the back door.  It must have always been at meal time because I remembering Mother telling us to help Grandma into the house.  They would stay a couple days and then would be off.  They were in Evansville the day of the live changing hail storm came through. Grandpa said he watch the kitchen window bow in and out like rubber before it exploded through-out the kitchen.  After Grandma died and the last time Grandpa was at dad’s farm in Evansville, he was still driving his 56 Dodge, Candy’s husband Ace and I were trying to convince him that he needed to buy a brand new bright red Dodge Charger.  Needless to say that did not fly.

 As grandparents they were kind, but distant and very hard to talk to.  Always willing to help, but quiet. They seemed to be very moral people. Things were right or things were wrong and that was the way it was!  When they did speak their statements were well thought out.  Education must have been very high value to them.  Both of them had an education beyond high school and all three of their children graduated from the University of Wisconsin. Just imagine of how thinking outside of the box must have impacted their lives. Dad told me the last horse left the farm when he was 14.  They knew civil war veterans and Viet Nam veterans and all wars or conflicts in between. They read about Wright Brothers flying and saw 707 jets fly. One time when I was at Grandpa’s farm, he was standing watching a long freight train across the field. He was counting the cars.  He told me he had always dreamed of being an engineer on the rail road and loved to watch trains.

  The last thing Grandpa taught me was on the day that he was buried. I was 21 and I was standing next to my father looking into the casket.  It hit me that the man lying there had spent 80 years living life with all of its ups and downs and I had never taken the time to learn from his wisdom. In a matter of moments all of that wisdom died with him. If at all possible, I am hoping we can pass on some wisdom to our grandchildren.

***Kathleen Lynn Bradley***

***(daughter of Franklin & Ardith (Hurley) Bradley)***

**Kathleen Lynn Bradley Family**

[Entry 4/5.13/f01]

**By Jim Rutledge**

Kathy and Jim were married in 1969, and after Kathy finished her senior year at Madison, they spent most of two years at Fort Bragg in North Carolina. Kathy taught Kindergarten while Jim served as a chaplain’s assistant in the Army.

After the Army, they moved to Delavan, WI where Jim worked as a County 4-H Agent, and Kathy was a teacher’s aide at the State School for the Deaf. During the 7 years in Delavan (71-78) the sons were born. Ken in 1973, Scott in 1974 and Paul in 1977.

In 1978, they moved to Cheyenne Wyoming. Kathy created a brand-new child care center called Nurture House and served as the director until she went back to school, over the hill in Laramie to finish a teaching certificate for secondary home economics. Jim worked as an Area 4-H Agent. During this time, they built an earth-bermed passive solar house in the country and the boys got a real taste of country living.

In 1983 they moved to Stillwater, Oklahoma so Jim could pursue a doctorate and work as a state 4-H Specialist. Kathy finished her Masters in Early Childhood Education and served as the childcare director at the Stillwater YMCA and then the Methodist Child Care Center. Jim finished his degree and became the State 4-H Program Leader.

In 1994, they moved to Corvallis, Oregon where Jim served as the State 4-H Program Leader. Kathy served for several years as a lead teacher in the 4&5 year old class at the community college in a nearby town. After 8 years she was much loved and greatly respected as a teacher, coach and mentor.

In 2004 both Kathy and Jim retired and they moved back to Stillwater to be closer to all of the boys. They were enjoying time with Ken’s boys, getting reacquainted with church and community friends, when Kathy suddenly died in August of 2007. She really enjoyed seeing everyone at nephew Bob Durdin’s wedding in Wisconsin in July of that year. Her sudden death from a heart attack was the greatest tragedy of our lives.

Ken finished his technical degree in graphic design communications at OSU Okmulgee and got married to Michell. They have two sons, Nick and Braden, born in 2001 and 2003 respectively. Ken and Michell are divorced but they have shared custody and the boys are doing fine. Ken is currently working as a CNC operator at a shop in Tulsa. Nick plays baseball and football. Braden likes his video games and just hanging out with friends.

Scott completed a BS and MS in Civil Engineering and after several years in land development for some of the biggest firms in the Dallas Fort Worth area now works for Hilti Corp as a manager at headquarters in Plano, TX. Scott was married to Terri in 2008. They adopted Mason four years ago. Mason is 4.5 now and loves trucks, cars and Disneyland. Terri taught Kindergarten before they were married, so she is an excellent “first teacher” for Mason.

Paul finished his BS in Aviation Management, and then went into the Navy. He had one tour to the Middle East and one to the Pacific, and then spent a year on shore duty in Bahrain. He is still in the Navy Reserve and will be on active duty again from November through next September in the Gulf. After 11 years in the Navy, he pursued his dream of being a pilot, and now flies for American Eagle routes out of Chicago. Paul has been married to Alison since 2010. They are huge Cubs fans and enjoy all the sports activities in the Chicago area.

Jim is now married to Pat McNally and they live on a small acreage just outside of Stillwater. After 12 years with the Oklahoma 4-H Foundation, Jim is retired again. Jim is developing some of the land into Juniper Ridge Develop-ment. When the development is complete there could be as many as 30 homes. With both Jim and Pat being retired from work with the State 4-H Office in Oklahoma, they are involved with a number of community volunteer efforts and they also stay busy with grandkids and visitors to the “Ranch.”

We love to welcome guests. We have a park like setting with lots of flowers, large open yards, chickens, pets, wildlife such as turkeys, deer, coyotes, etc. We have a couple guest rooms, but please call ahead to make sure we are going to be home.

Children, Grandchildren, Family and Friends are the greatest joys of our lives and we are richly blessed by our family and friends. We live each day to the fullest and invite you to come spend some time with us to we can share that joy with you.

Jim Rutledge

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***Augustus C. Durdin***

***Son of Ace and Candace (Bradley) Durdin***

[Entry 4/6.111/n01]

**Memories of my Grandparents & Bio**

**By Gus Durdin**

As a kid I remember going to the farm in the summer and helping in the barn early in the morning and then coming in the house and grandma would have breakfast on the table. After breakfast we go back and clean the milk parlor and then take a drive and check on the fields. Grandpa always had chocolate covered cherries on the dash of his truck. Grandma I remember most for is all holidays. The farm house was decorated and full of people.

About myself I’m married to Andrea and have four kids Gabby, Olivia, Alec and Allie. We live in Mayville Wisconsin. Andrea is a nurse at Froedtert St. Joe West Bend I work for the Wisconsin Dept. Corrections for the past 22 years and served in the U.S. Army on active and National guard for 21 years till I retired in 2006.

***Sarah Ann (Durdin) Clark***

***Daughter of Ace and Candace (Bradley) Durdin***

[Entry 4/6.112/b01]

**Sarah Ann (Durdin) Clark Bio**

My name is Sarah Clark (Durdin), the daughter of Candace Durdin (Bradley). Candace Durdin (Bradley) was the daughter of Ardith and Franklin Bradley, my grandparents. I have 2 brothers Bob and Gus Durdin. Bob Durdin lives with his wife Andrea and daughter Angela in Plymouth, Wisconsin. Gus lives with his wife Andrea, Alec and family of girls Gabby Abby and Olivia in Mayville, Wisconsin.

I was born December 16, 1969 in Plymouth, Wisconsin. My parents Candy and Ace Durdin owned a small sheep farm on County T, outside of township of Greenbush, Wisconsin. When I was growing up I was involved in 4-H, drama, gymnastics and singing. I did a lot of baking growing up as well.I played softball and volleyball in high school. In high school I was involved in musical theatre. This was my passion. I was determined to be an actress on broadway. After graduating in 1988 from Plymouth High School, I then went onto Webster University in St. Louis Missouri, majoring in Musical Theatre to earn a Bachelor of Fine Arts. Although I didn’t earn a degree from Webster years later I did earn one from UW-Milwaukee. I earned Bachelor of Science with a Biology major and a Chemistry minor. From Webster University to present I managed to meet my best friend and husband of 17 years Brian Clark and start a family with him. We have 2 awesome kids Nick (14) and Jack (13). Since 1993 I’ve managed to live in a different country (England) and 5 different states, Missouri, New York, Georgia, California and New Mexico. My husband and I enjoy traveling. We’ve traveled throughout Europe with Greece being a favorite. Before getting married we got certified for Scuba Diving. Since being certified we’ve managed to scuba dive in Turks and Caicos, Jamaica, Okinawa, Belize and California. Our family enjoys camping at Devils Lake and other Wisconsin family campgrounds. We also enjoy supporting each other where it’s playing baseball, lacrosse, wrestling or volleyball. Our family is involved with our church, First Congregational Church of Wauwatosa. Our oldest son has gone on the mission trip to Applicia for the past 2 years. We also enjoy traveling together as well. Our most recent trip was to Costa Rica this past April where we zipped line across the tree tops of the rain forest.

A special moment in my life besides the birth of my kids and getting married was when I received an acceptance letter after from Webster University for their musical theatre program. Over 800 people auditioned and I was one of the few they chose. Going to Webster was an amazing experience. Despite the obstacles I faced to earn a college degree I pushed forward and Graduated from UW-Milwaukee with Bachelor of Science degree majoring in Biology and minoring in Chemistry. During my schooling, I was asked by my professor to travel to Washington DC and give a poster presentation about my research on correlation of the health micro-invertebrate organisms and water quality. My education was meant to launch my career path towards in Fresh Water Science but the family handyman and painting business has become a front runner.

Our family enjoys spending time together traveling, playing games and supporting each other's sporting events. We enjoy holidays putting each other on scavenger hunts and family dinners. I do miss having simple country life at times. Simplified life is the key to genuine happiness and family unity.

**Grandparent Memories**

[Entry 4/6.112/n01]

**By Sarah Ann (Durdin) Clark**

Ardith and Franklin Bradley. The drive from Greenbush to Evansville to Grandma and Grandpa Bradley’s was just over 1 ½ hours away. It seemed like it took, awhile, meandering thru back roads seeming lost along the way, but when we made the final turn on to the road that had property Ardlin Farms, I knew we were close.

Holidays were the times we got together with all my cousins, aunts and uncles. We would have sleepovers at Grandma and Grandpa Bradley’s house and Uncle Joe and Aunt Bobbies house. My cousins Tara, Carrie and I would also show off our talents performing “Yankee Doodle Dandy” in the backyard . As a platform for our talents we stood upon 3 tree stumps performing this song at least once during the summer.

What I remember most is the excitement my Grandparents shown when we arrived. Grandma Bradley would be waiting at the back door, arms wide open. Her hugs were amazing, you felt so incredibly loved after receiving one.

The week with the Grandparents: During the summer, each grandchild got to spend a week on their own with Grandma and Grandpa Bradley. It was so special that I never wanted to leave. The week I spent at Grandma & Grandpa Bradley’s allowed time to spend with my cousins Carrie, Tara, Lauren and Adam. I especially enjoyed spending time with Carrie and Tara, it was a refreshing break from being the only girl in a house full of boys. For one week, I actually felt like I had a sisters. The best week I spent with Grandma and Grandpa was the week they rented a pony for me. It gave me an idea what it was like to own a pony. I rode that pony everyday even after it bucked me off. Apparently, the pony didn’t appreciate me grabbing a stick to use for a crop. Needless to see before I even got the chance to use the pony bucked me off.

My grandparents taught my brothers and I what it was to be a family. Spend time together and have fun. Work hard and enjoy the fruit of our labors. Being around my Uncle Joe, Aunt Kathy and my mom Candy you saw the bond between them. This type of unbreakable bond could only exist if not for the roots they came from, Ardith and Franklin Bradley. They were hard working people that loved family.

***Robert Lewis Durdin***

***Son of Ace and Candace (Bradley) Durdin***

[Entry 4/6.113/n01]

***Carrie Margaret (Bradley)***

***Son of Joe & Bobbie (Conners) Bradley***

[Entry 4/6.121/n01]

**Carrie Margaret (Bradley) Ronnander BIO**

Born in 1970, I’m the oldest of Joe and Bobbie Bradley’s four children. I’m also third grandchild of Franklin and Ardith Bradley. I graduated from Evansville High School in 1989, moved to Milwaukee to attend Marquette University, met my husband Chad Ronnander at Marquette and married in 1991. After graduating with a B.A. in History in 1993, we moved to St. Paul, Minnesota so Chad and I could attend graduate school at the University of Minnesota. I received an M.A. in American History with a Minor in Museum Studies in 1998, Chad completed his Ph.D. in History in 2003. Along the way, I secured a part-time Curator of Collections position at the Dakota County Historical Society in South St. Paul after interning there for a semester. In 2000, I finally got my first real, full-time museum job as Curator of Collections for the Chippewa Valley Museum in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. I eventually became Curator and since 2016, have been Executive Director of the Chippewa Valley Museum. It is the largest and only accredited regional history museum between Madison and the Twin Cities and I encourage everyone to stop in for a visit if they’re anywhere near Eau Claire: [www.cvmuseum.com](file:///C%3A%5CUsers%5CBradB%5CAppData%5CLocal%5CMicrosoft%5CWindows%5CTemporary%20Internet%20Files%5CContent.IE5%5CPN847ZXL%5Cwww.cvmuseum.com).

Our first child, Rachel Margaret, was born a week in Milwaukee before we moved to St. Paul in 1993 (that was an interesting time). Carl Delano came in 1998 while we were still living in St. Paul, and Marie Roberta arrived in 2002. Three children, all about five years apart, has meant many years of public schools, numerous soccer games and swim meets (both Rachel and Marie chose swimming as their go-to sport), and lots of time to spend with each child. Rachel is now engaged to Joe Ricchio and living in St. Louis Park, Minnesota, having completed a B.A. in Marketing from the University of St. Thomas in May 2016. Carl will be starting his second year at the University of Wisconsin-Marathon County in Wausau, studying Communications with plans to transfer to UW-Milwaukee in 2018. Marie is entering her freshman year at Memorial High School and plans to swim for Memorial, compete in ballet with her dance studio, and continue being active in 4H, the only one of our three children who joined 4H.

**Memories of my Grandparents**

**By Carrie Margaret Ronnander**

I was born in 1970 and from the age of 3, lived just a quarter mile from my grandparents, Ardith and Franklin Bradley. Grandma and Grandpa Bradley called their place Ardlin Farm. It had a hen house, machine shed, a couple of silos, couple of barns, pasture, and a milking parlor. A cement foundation for some structure was in the yard, the original hen house I think, and I grew up knowing that my Aunt Kathy had burned it down as a child. I also knew that she had lost a finger in some accident as a child and that my father had nicknamed her Brilliance because of her various mishaps. But this is supposed to be about my grandparents.

My father, Joe Bradley, milked Holstein cows morning and night in that milking parlor. It wasn’t until years later that I learned the milking parlor was an advancement over stanchions and that Grandpa Bradley had installed a milking parlor AFTER my dad graduated from high school in 1963.

The farm was just a short walk down the road, or through a soybean field, or through a cornfield if a path had been made at the right time. I can still remember Grandma’s flower garden behind the house – she made us flower dolls from one of her bushes --the small bedrooms upstairs in a farmhouse that had to have been built in the early 20th century, the dank musty smelling basement where Grandma’s pottery wheel sat. There are so many other quiet, sometimes mundane, memories that make me smile when I think about being a child at my grandparent’s place. Memories like:

* performing songs like “I’m a Yankee Doodle Dandy,” complete with choreography, in the backyard over and over again, using stumps as stage props (and driving relatives forced to watch the performances nuts, I’m sure);
* making a playhouse out of the old milk house, and enjoying the process more than ever enjoying the actual playhouse;
* picking strawberries in Grandma’s mega garden (by my standards) not because I wanted to, but because I was told to;
* washing dishes by hand with the other women whenever there was a family meal, not a pleasant activity for a child of the dishwasher era, and it didn’t seem fair that my male cousins didn’t help;
* hunting for Christmas stockings with my cousins, and finding an orange and goodies plus a little baggie of rotten food in the stocking to remind me that I could do better;
* watching Love Boat and Fantasy Island with my grandparents while eating off tv trays;
* finding Grandma and Grandpa in the backroom where Grandpa had his desk, them talking, one of them smoking, and knowing somehow that I had intruded on their quiet time together.

These particular memories all date to before July 14, 1981. That was the day Grandma Bradley died. She was 64, and I remember folks remarking on how young she was. Of course, being that I was only 10, she seemed rather old – she had grey hair after all – but I knew better than to make that point with adults. For a child that had lived a pretty blessed, untroubled life, this event unsettled me. Thirty-six years later, it’s kind of become a “Stand By Me” moment when I grew up overnight, but I think that’s probably putting too much weight on one event. Still, while the Age of Innocence wasn’t exactly over, a piece of my childhood was over.

I remember Grandma Bradley as a strong-willed, dominant presence who had much love to give. She also had high standards for good behavior, and the one time that I made her really angry still sticks with me. Grandpa Bradley was quiet, and it was okay to be quiet with him. I always felt like he understood me, an important quality in an adult for any teenager. Perhaps without knowing it, they taught me about relationships, about discipline, about the importance of allowing children to be children, and about family. I was lucky to have them as grandparents.

***Tara (Bradley) Williams***

***Daughter of Joe & Bobbie (Conners) Bradley***

[Entry 4/6.122/b01]

**Tara Williams’ Biography**

I am the second child of Joe and Bobbie Bradley’s clan of four. I was born Tara Suzanne Bradley, but for the past 17 years, have gone by Tara Bradley Williams. Growing up on a farm in Evansville, Wisconsin provided many days of adventures and learning opportunities. As farmers and later feed mill owners in town, I was able to help my parents with all sorts of daily living chores and am so thankful that I had their constant presence growing up.

In high school, I was involved in all sorts of activities, including playing baritone in the band, basketball, volleyball, musicals, and just about anything where I could socialize. I studied Sociology and Spanish at St. Norbert College in De Pere and had the opportunity to go on several mission trips, which changed my direction in life. I also spent some time overseas studying in Spain. Upon graduation, I further spread my wings and landed in Denver, Colorado doing a year-long volunteer program working in the inner-city. I spent the next eight years of my life in Colorado, where I met and fell in love with my “mountain man”, Jim. After we married, I was a bit homesick, so I convinced my Colorado boy to a “2-year experiment” to try out Wisconsin. Fifteen years later and three children later, we are now happily settled in Lake Mills, Wisconsin.

My career has always been centered around some kind of social work, Spanish, and education. I have taught Spanish at all levels, worked with Latinos in nonprofits, and currently serve as our district’s ELL (English Language Learner) Coordinator, where I work with Spanish-speaking students and their families. My husband and I also founded a business when we moved back to Wisconsin 15 years ago called Pronto Spanish ([www.ProntoSpanish.com](http://www.prontospanish.com)). While it has morphed over the years from Spanish Immersion Weekends, to writing Spanish curriculum and textbooks, I now focus my energy on teaching “occupational Spanish classes online”, like Spanish for Healthcare, Spanish for Educators, Spanish for Law Enforcement, etc.

Jim and I have three children, plus have hosted two exchange students (Kingsford from Ghana and Laura from Spain).

Molly is fourteen and ready to enter high school this fall. She is a very social young lady who is into all sorts of things, including doing well in school, basketball, student council, photography, percussion, and spontaneity. She loves any kind of leadership role and being “on camera”.

Kevin is twelve (2 weeks shy of 13!) and loves his sports and all of the stats that go with it. His favorite sport is whatever is in season. He plays soccer, basketball, and baseball - but watches and follows every other college and professional sport. He is an introspective young man who enjoys school, plays trumpet, and thinks big ideas.

Erin is ten and generally has a big smile on her face. She loves dance (this year, she took ballet, lyrical, tap, and jazz) and sports, including cross country, basketball, and softball. Next year, she will be entering middle school for the first time and playing the flute.

My husband, Jim, grew up in the mountains of Colorado (Gunnison). He started his career as a software engineer, but earned his PhD a few years ago and now teaches in the Computer Science department at UW-Madison. In his “spare time”, he coaches youth basketball and enjoys hiking, camping, and reading.

**Memories of My Grandparents**

**By Tara Bradley Williams**

I had the privilege of growing up 200 yards from my grandparents, Franklin and Ardith Bradley. They lived on the next farm over - just through the cornfield where my father often cut a path with the lawnmower for a shortcut.

I only knew my Grandma Bradley for eight years. I loved going over there to dance in the living room, eat her amazing meals and desserts, create clay figures, learn how to sew, and have “tea parties” with an antique picnic basket. I also remember that she had an enormous garden, so I often had to help pick strawberries and weed the flower beds. On the farm, she helped us convert the old milk house into our playhouse, complete with homemade curtains, which provided my sister and cousin Sarah with countless hours of fun. Speaking of cousin Sarah and my sister, we also used three stumps in Grandma and Grandpa’s backyard to do our “musical and theatrical shows” - that we forced everybody to watch and clap for us. :)

Grandpa Bradley was more of an introspective man. I was lucky enough to know him for 19 years. He was very kind and genuine and because he didn’t speak much, when he did, you would listen! I enjoyed just hanging out with him, which I did often while my parents were working on the farm or at the feedmill. There weren’t a lot of expectations with Grandpa Bradley, as he was simply supportive of just about everything I did.

Looking back at my childhood, I feel so blessed to have the opportunity to grow up with my Grandparents right down the road from me. They were wonderful role models of how to be a good citizen of the world. Speaking of which - I believe they are the reason that I got interested in international work and languages. It was not uncommon for me to walk into their house and meet a person from another country there sitting at their dinner table. (Dad once told me that he came home from school one day and he found the President of Czechoslovakia sitting there at the table!) For living in a small, rural community, I felt like they helped open the world up to me - and for this, I am forever grateful.

***Joseph Lauren Bradley***

***Son of Joe & Bobbie (Conners) Bradley***

[Entry 4/6.123/000]

***Adam Douglas Bradley***

***Son of Joe & Bobbie (Conners) Bradley***

[Entry 4/6.124/000]

***Ken James Rutledge***

***Son of Jim and Kathleen Rutledge (Bradley)***

[Entry 4/6.131/000]

***Scott Franklin Rutledge***

***Son of Jim and Kathleen Rutledge (Bradley)***

[Entry 4/6.132/000]

***Paul Andrew Rutledge***

***Son of Jim and Kathleen (Bradley) Rutledge***

[Entry 4/6.133/n01]

**Memories of my Grandparents**

**By Paul Rutledge**

I was born in Elkhorn, Wisconsin but only lived there a short time. I’ve had the privilege to live in many different places: Wyoming, Oklahoma (x3), Oregon, Florida, Washington, Nevada and Illinois. I served on active duty in the Navy and am currently in the Naval Reserves. As a child and teenager, I loved to play sports but mostly football and baseball. Currently, I don’t have any hobbies, but I enjoy playing a round of golf from time to time. My wife, Alison, and I like to travel and enjoy outdoor activities like hiking, visiting National Parks, shark diving and skydiving to name a few. I am an airline pilot for Envoy Air (American Eagle) and so travel is a little easier. Ali and I live in Algonquin, go to Cubs games, we have an awesome cat and new puppy.

Grandma passed when I was three so I did not get a chance to know her very well, but the feelings I have of her have never left me. I knew I was loved by Grandma and my great mother helped me to always remember that. As for Grandpa, as a kid I was always afraid of him. He was a tall, strong, confident man. I did not understand at the time how all those qualities were good ones to have. He was also a loving, charismatic man. One of my greatest memories of Grandpa Bradley is when he came to visit us in Oklahoma. We had a go cart and he spent all afternoon zipping around our side yard (1.5 acres) and had a big smile on the whole time. That was one of the few times I remember clearly how bright his smile was. Also, I remember when he told us to paint something on one of his walls so that he would have something of us all the time.

My mom, Kathy Lynn, was a wonderful, amazing, loving, caring and compassionate woman. I like to think she got those qualities from her parents. My heart sings when I think of her and the infectious smile and warmth she had.

***Alec Augustus Durdin***

***Son of Gus and Juliet (Geurin) Durdin***

[Entry 4/7.1111/000]

***Nicholas Franklin Clark***

***Son of Brian & Sarah Ann (Durdin) Clark***

[Entry 4/7.1121/000]

***Jack Clark***

***Son of Brian & Sarah Ann (Durdin) Clark***

[Entry 4/7.1122/000]

***Rachel Margaret Ronnander***

***Daughter of Chad & Carrie (Bradley) Ronnander***

[Entry 4/7.1211/n01]

Written by Rachel Ronnander.

My grandparents on my mother’s side are Joe & Bobbie Bradley. I’m the eldest child of Chad and Carrie Ronnander- a Minnesota resident and marketing professional. My Fiancé, Joe Ricchio, and I got engaged in May of this year and are in the midst of wedding planning chaos.

Joe & I love to travel. We just visited San Diego in May, and are planning a trip to Cancun in October. On weekends, you’ll find Joe visiting vintage record stores and hanging out with friends, while I like to play my piano, catch up on reading, and practice French (I’m hoping someday I’ll actually have a reason to use it). Our favorite activities together are going for jogs or playing soccer in the park, trying out new breweries, and exploring different parts of the Twin Cities area.

I’d describe my grandpa as a patient and quiet sort of person. I particularly remember being in my teens and not *getting* my parents and Grandpa being there to listen and impart advice. Grandma, like my mom, is attentive and takes care of others. She loves puzzling people out- whether it’s a good mystery show, or people-watching, or genealogy.

My memories of visiting them include dressing up in Grandma’s old ‘60s dresses (shockingly short!), reading Bernstein bears books over and over again, and the antique piano with our ancestor’s pictures hanging all around. From documentaries to old movies (*Arsenic and Old Lace* stands out), touring old lighthouses and visiting museums, even playing Chronology at family Christmas’, my grandparents imparted to me a reverence for history- a lasting impact on my life.

One of my fondest memories is from college when my grandparents took my brother and I on a trip north to Sault Ste. Marie. It was a wonderful trip not because we share the same penchant for museums, old architecture, and shorelines (which therefore made the trip thoroughly interesting and enjoyable) but it was one of the first times I got to see my grandparents through the eyes of an adult and realize the magnitude of just how much they have helped shape my life, from the way I look (I’ve got what my mom and I call the “Bradley cheeks”) to my love of antiques, and many things in between.

***Carl Delano Ronnander***

***Son of Chad & Carrie (Bradley) Ronnander***

[Entry 4/7.1212/n01]

Written by Carl Ronnander

Grandpa Bradley was exactly what any kid wants their grandpa to be like: a jolly, congenial man with a gold mine of Stories to tell. And while plenty of these stories, had decent morals to go along with them, my favorites were always the ones where he was just kickass. You want your grandpa to be a man who has plentiful experience poppin’ off rats in a junkyard with his buddies in the middle of the night. And it doesn’t hurt if he got an arsenal of Vietnam War stories to remind you that he wasn’t just a goofball with a rifle, but a man who got going when it go tough (although selfishly I’m thankful he wasn’t on the front lines). Joe, for me, was a man to be looked up to as a grandpa, a comedian, a veteran, a role model, a yarn-spinner, and the guy who made sure my first fling experience was had in World War I-era plane.

Grandma Bradley wasn’t quite as outspoken, but that’s not a knock; she was the cool and collected matriarch who clearly ruled the household, but always seemed to do it calmly, patiently, and tactfully. She was the ultimate diplomat: to be able to convince a 5-year-old Carl to stop throwing a ball around the house with a simple “dear, we don’t wreck anything now” was a truly legendary ability. As a kid, I didn’t’ ever see her as strict, because she was just so sweet. As a young adult, I admire her strength and everlasting patience. And simply put, she was just nice, a trait that’s somehow become underrated.

Bio: Carl is a second-year student at UW Marathon County who’s currently majoring in Communications, He’s alright.

***Marie Ronnander***

***Daughter of Chad & Carrie (Bradley) Ronnander***

[Entry 4/7.1213/n01]

**By Marie Ronnader**

I’m the youngest daughter of Chad and Carrie Ronnander. I’m going to be a freshman in high school and I’m pretty sure I signed up for too many classes. I enjoy doing many things (re-occurring theme) and my schedule is often in trouble because of it. I like to bike around Eau Claire, which I originally started doing because my mom didn’t have enough time to drive me to all the things I’d signed up for. I also love Latin music, painting, practicing romantic languages, writing, ballet, and adding to my travel list.

My Grandparents, Joe and Bobbie Bradley, are some of the most interesting, hardworking, and kindest people I have in my life. I have been lucky enough to come down to their house every summer since I was a very little kid. My oldest memory is either catching fireflies in their backyard, or getting lost in their corn field with my cousin, Molly Williams, and having Grandma come and get us because we were too short to see over the stalks of corn. My Grandparents have worked so hard to get where they are today, I am constantly told stories about milking cows and the pet rabbits that were forced upon them as Easter presents. I’ve heard the story of how they met in high school countless times. Every year they make time to come to at least one of my swim meets/other sporting event and my annual dance recital.

Two years ago, the summer of 2015, my Grandparents were generous enough to come down to Eau Claire for a week and help me redo my bedroom. We did lots of bargain shopping then, and I love my refurbished 8x10ft. room that they helped me to make into my own. But this isn’t the only act of generosity that they have shown towards me, the summer of 2016 they took me on a trip to the Dakotas. They were very patient with my silly habits and even let me carry my yoga mat with me to the different hotels. The badlands had been my favorite part of the whole trip. They let my hike through it by myself (maybe not the best choice but still fun for me). They also took me to the reservasion my dad taught at for year and we (of course) went to Mt. Rushmore.

Over-all Grandma and Grandpa Bradley are the best grandparents I could have ever wanted. I’ll always have these beautiful memories of them in my head and heart. Every time I think of them I think of fresh country air, the tire swing in the backyard, and the skinny cow ice cream treats grandma has every night. I’ll look back at their yard where so many adventures occurred, such as grandpa teaching me to ride a lawnmower and making me practice my figure eights, trying to “skate” and being scolded because we almost broke the satellite down, and climbing the trees as high as I could go without being seen and told to get down.

***Molly Suzanne Williams***

***Daughter of Jim & Tara (Bradley) Williams***

[Entry 4/7.1221/b01]

**Molly Williams’ Biography**

I am the first child of Tara and Jim Williams. I have two younger siblings. My younger brother, Kevin, who will be going into 7th grade next year and my younger sister, Erin, who will be going into 5th grade next year. In school, I enjoy participating in leadership activities and being creative in art class. I like to spend my free time hanging out with friends and participating sports such as tennis and basketball. Even though summer is the best time of year, I am excited to begin High School in the fall!

**Memories of my Grandparents**

My grandparents Joe and Bobbie Bradley have always been fun to be around. In other words, they tend to “spoil” us. When my siblings and I were younger, they would allow us to watch inappropriate movies at the time like Ferris Bueller’s Day Off. They would let us stay up late and give us ice cream at night (which they probably regretted when bedtime came). Whenever we came over, grandma and grandpa always had a stash of tasty food in the pantry that we generally wouldn’t be allowed to have. They would spoil us by feeding us “sugar cereal”, mac & cheese, Papa Murphy’s pizza. They would tell us stories of my mom as child and all of the bad things she did.

Grandpa was known to let me help him with the yard work by letting me drive the lawnmower and pick up sticks. I also enjoyed the funny stories grandpa would tell. My favorite was the one about the girl who made money by shooting gophers because she didn’t want to babysit :). Grandma would let me help her bake cookies and introduce me to new foods such as a tuna melt. (She would also let me binge watch Netflix series when she had to take a nap.) Some of the greatest weekends I had were spent at grandma and grandpas house. They claim that we always seemed bored, but actually, we had the time of our lives. They always supported us by coming to our sports games, music concerts, and many other school events. I have learned many things from my grandparents, but one of the things I will never forget is while material things can make you happy for a little bit, but the unbreakable relationship between a grandparent and grandchild is forever.

***Kevin Williams***

***Son of Jim & Tara (Bradley) Williams***

[Entry 4/7.1222/b01]

**Kevin Williams’ biography**

I’m Kevin and I’m 12 years old and the son of Jim and Tara Williams. I like hanging out with friends, basketball, baseball, soccer, and watching all types of sports. I always love when we go to my grandparent’s (Joe & Bobbie Bradley) house and especially when I stay over. We watch movies, play games, eat junk food, eat ice cream as a late night snack. Recently, I taught the grandparents how to play an online game, “Kahoot”. My grandparents are the best. They watch my sport games and come to school events. They let us ride lawnmowers and help install attic ladders while listening to Rush Limbaugh.

***Erin Kathleen Williams***

***Daughter of Jim & Tara (Bradley) Williams***

[Entry 4/7.1223/n01]

**Erin Williams’ biography**

Hello, my name is Erin Kathleen Williams and I am 10 years old. My mom is Tara Bradley Williams, and my dad is James (Jim) Stephen Williams. I have two siblings. Molly , the oldest, she is 14 going into her first year in high school. Kevin, is older than me but younger than Molly, so, he is the middle child. And that leaves me as the youngest. I have blond hair, hazel eyes, and I like to play sports. I play basketball, softball, soccer, and I do dance.

Something I love about my grandparents is that they are so nice to me. And I am not kidding! They gave me and my siblings ice cream at night!!! And they let me drive their lawn mower, and the grass did not even need to be cut!!!

Thank you for reading this it means a lot to me for my family getting to know each other. And once again Thank You.

***Turner Chase Bradley***

***Son of Adam & Emily Ann (Turner) Bradley***

[Entry 4/7.1241/000]

***Parker Cruz Bradley***

***Son of Adam & Emily Ann (Turner) Bradley***

[Entry 4/7.1242/000]

***Nicolas Grant Rutledge***

***Son of Ken & Russell (Nail)***

***Rutledge***

[Entry 4/7.1311/000]

***Branden James Rutledge***

***Son of Ken & Russell (Nail)***

***Rutledge***

[Entry 4/7.1312/000]

***Mason James Rutledge***

***Son of Scott & Terri (King)***

***Rutledge***

[Entry 4/7.1321/000]