



Above: Soo train no. 17, the northbound *Laker*, makes a stop at Stone Lake, WI in August 1959. The Soo Line also ran summer camp specials to Stone Lake for several years beginning in the mid-1950s—*Donald MacBean*.

Right: The old depot building, sans bay window, in early 2008, waiting to be moved to the new museum site. A sliding, barn-like door has replaced the original freight room door—*Stone Lake Historical Society*.



and by mid-winter their machinery and equipment was transferred into the new building and the depot was empty, waiting to be moved. The museum site was just a quarter mile north of where the depot had been located, on land donated by the local town government for a museum. Now the historical society owned the building, had secured the land, but lacked the \$13,000 needed to move it.

In December 2007, a plea for financial help went out to American Transmission, who had just completed a project through the Stone Lake area. They provided two gifts: \$5,000 in December of 2007 and \$5,000 in January of 2008. Stone Lake's own Cranberry Festival Board of Director heard about the dilemma and offered a \$6,000 donation in February of 2008. Through the generosity of these two organizations, the move was completed in April of 2008 onto the foundation which had been prepared before winter freeze-up, in anticipation of the move.

Now, they had a 99-year-old building with its operator's bay cut off and boarded up, cracked and peeling paint in the pas-

senger area and agent's office, coal dust and oil thick everywhere in the freight area—but a solid, sturdy building, just begging to be put back in use. They were grateful that the family who bought the building for \$1.00 some 13 years ago had put a new roof on the building, covered all broken windows, and sided over the area of the operator's bay so that the building had been protected from the ravages of weather.

The plea went out for volunteers to start the restoration. One 74-year-old retired builder stepped forward and said "I'll give it the summer," and a friend of his said "just call me when you need me," and those two began. A retired electrician said "I'd like to donate all of the electrical work you want done," and he began what was to end up as 42 hours of labor. He wired up lights,

fans, track lights, wall outlets and exterior lights ...everything and anything needed was provided by this generous volunteer. At the same time, the historical society began a fund-raising campaign to pay for the materials these volunteers would need. Now there was an actual building donors could see, visit and donate their labor to, and the funds began to flow in.

The first unexpected expense, after many hours of hand-scraping the interior's painted and peeling walls, was to call a sand blaster. The contractor realized the task would be impossible for a two-man crew to accomplish, as too many coats of paint had been applied, one after the other. So, \$4,000 and one week later, work could finally begin on the interior. The passenger side was primed and painted with two