

# FRANK B. KOLLER MEMORIAL LIBRARY

The Latest News from Manitowish Waters Library



## Who was Frank Berkley Koller?

by Janelle Kohl, Librarian

When you see the name “Frank B. Koller” on the library sign, does it make you think of Frankie Koller?

Or, maybe you ask yourself “Who was Frank B. Koller?”. For me, it does both. I never knew Frankie.

What I did know was I’d have to do some digging to learn who he was.

Early on in my search, Sarah began to help and emailed several people. This is a tiny bit of what we learned: Born on March 27, 1947 to Frank and Betty Koller of Manitowish Waters, Frankie became popular right away.

Since his parents were both working long hours on the cranberry marsh, he had to be with a baby sitter, **Mary (Knopp) Scheld**. Mary recently sent us a little write-up about Frankie: “Since I was 10 years older than Jr., I could babysit him. When Jr. was 2+ years old, he would walk to our house. He often stayed with us for days (weeks!) as Betty and Frank were working long, hard hours building the marsh. He was at home with us and called my parents ‘Aunt Mar and Uncle Frank’, and I was ‘Muttie’. We loved him as our own. When they(Frank & Betty) moved to the pump house, Frankie would often ask his mom if I could sleep over, and I would.



Frankie had a faithful dog named Salty.

Once he went out on his own (maybe 4-5 years old) and did not find us home so he walked with Salty, in the snow, a mile to Theisen’s tavern! I also remember Petunia (a pet skunk).

Cousin *Cindy Burns* remembers his younger years: “He had a pet skunk named Petunia who loved tuna fish. Petunia was very friendly and Frankie let me take care of her when I was there. Thankfully she had been de-scented. I can’t remember how they wound up with a pet skunk.” Frankie was lucky on his birthday, his mom “Betty, was a fabulous cook and baker and made Frankie his favorite cake every year for his birthday, German chocolate cake.”



I also talked with *Jody Miller*, a Manitowish Waters schoolmate of Frankie’s, who provided me some fun information: “There were three girls and one boy in our class when we started 1st grade. Frankie was like a brother to us. He was quiet and never wanted to hurt anyone’s feelings. He was everyone’s friend.”

Thank you to Mary, Cindy and Jody for sharing these fond memories of Frankie in his early years. Stay tune next month for more stories of Frank B. Koller.

(Picture: Frankie age 6 or 7)

