

May 2009

The toys are talking!

The Exodus

“Wow!” says Gumby, “We’re finally on the move.” For the past few weeks our four foot tall friend has been standing in the window of the Fennimore Doll and Toy Museum looking out at the traffic on Lincoln Avenue, wondering why nobody ever waves. But now there is progress to report to his fellow toys, many of whom have been stuck inside dark cardboard boxes for a long time. Rumors have been flying among the dolls and toys who are still waiting to be packed, and they, too, are impatient for news.

“Friends, did you hear all that noise on the stairs last Wednesday evening?” Gumby asks. He is interrupted by a Chatty Cathy doll who says, “Did I ever! At first I thought it was an earthquake, but then I remembered...like... we don’t usually have those in Fennimore, and then I thought it might be a herd of ...like...elephants or something, but then I wasn’t sure, so I just tried to lay down and hide so whatever it was wouldn’t...like...get me, but I really hope you know what it was, Gumby. If you would...like...tell us all what that noise and commotion was all about we wouldn’t have to be worried any more, and...” When she pauses for breath a dozen Barbie dolls all yell, “Be quiet, Cathy!”

Gumby heaves a sigh and explains what he saw that day. “There were vans and pickup trucks lining the curb all along our block, and in front of the Eagle Creek Inn. People started coming in, and the next thing I knew boxes were going out the door. In all, 23 volunteers from the community helped and 6 UW-Platteville students, who took those stairs on the run. In just one hour all the boxes from our upstairs storage rooms had been moved to the basement of our new museum and the college kids were eating pizza. It won’t be long and we’ll all be in our new home!”