

When a lad is ten or eleven, his senses get a deep impression from unusual old stores like Arenberg's, Peickert's Meat Market, Gwidt's Drug Store, French and Campbell's, Hafner's City Fruit Exchange and Moll-Glennon Department Store. They had so much personality and oh, they were fun!

Arenberg's Jewelry Store

It Will Sparkle Forever

E. A. Arenberg is the town jeweler I could never forget.

He and his store were meant for each other.

E. A. was a neat man whose face was so shiny and suit so blue and collar so white and tie so rich and ways so genteel that I wanted to see him serving customers in his beautiful store forever.

It was magic to look into the windows. They shined like the jewels inside. Everything sparkled and reflected each other's starlight.

Often the brass-handled door would open for you and the King himself would be nodding good morning, opening the kingdom for you. And how are your mother and father?



THIS STORE CAST A SPELL. Remarkable photo taken in early 1900's. Arenberg's stood between 1129 — 1145 south side of Main Street. From left: Mr. Arenberg, John Grawl, unknown, unknown, Mrs. Oster, Miss Margaret Glennon, Joe Kryder, Mrs. Arenberg. (The shy Miss Peickert hid back of Miss Glennon's bountiful hat!)

You never had to buy anything at Arenberg's Jewelry Store just because the name on the outside was in Old English letters and gold as the sun.

You never had to buy anything just because Mister Arenberg and slender Miss Min Peickert were the neatest Two Jewels In The World.

Never, never did they make you feel pressure. Never could they make you feel uncomfortable since it wasn't in them.

There were no noises in this warm haven. Only friendly, soft voices muffled in dignity.

When I stood inside, surrounded by their arrangements, their lighting, their master works, the sparkle and the world's cleanest smell, I felt serene. My voice assumed a strange quiet.

Yes, they understood what you were looking for. There are some here and over here. And they added just the bits of information you needed to help decide. Take your time. Aren't they gorgeous? Surely you may try it on. Do you like these?

My eyes couldn't stretch wide enough to see them open the backs of those stately display cases of shining mahogany. Or reach into the glassed china cabinet with curved windows. Or the mahogany cupboard with spotless glass shelves and sterling pieces enthroned on royal silk or blue velvet. It wasn't hard to imagine the pewter chalices rising to the lips of the gods. Or the Spode dinner plates sparkling for the maidens of Camelot.

Everything in Arenberg's Jewelry Store looked precious and fine. Quality sang a quiet melody. It told you a story.

No one in all of Stevens Point ever made a bad buy at Arenberg's.

Mister Arenberg and Miss Min Peickert were a composite part of that magic store — a part of the gold, silver and diamonds. They blended into the mahogany, glass and china. Their motions painted a graceful ballet moving with soft lights of chandeliers.

They performed there to cast a spell. Not to sell. And they did both well.

Even as I was ready to select a purchase, Mister Arenberg would nod and pause graciously to let me change my mind. "If she doesn't like it, you be sure to bring it back and we'll try again."

He would open the door for me and say goodbye.

As I looked at his shining face, his suit so blue, his collar so white, his tie so rich and his mannerly ways, it never entered my mind that someday this exceptional store would disappear from Main Street because we would pass it by for a new sparkle, a different showcase, a more modern ballet of things and people.