



# Aggie

Volume 23  
Number 3

**Inside:**

**Flashing back to  
1954, Spotlights on  
this year's reunion**

**Growing up  
Campus Kids with  
the Pilkeys**

**Historic Murals  
Restored**

**Newsletter of the Northwest School of Agriculture Alumni Association**

# From the Alumni President

## Ray Dusek

Dear NWSA Alumni,

It is hard to believe, but I am writing to encourage you to attend the 2004 Northwest School Reunion on June 25 and 26! I cannot tell you how much you are going to enjoy this year's lineup of events. The schedule is included in this issue, but I want to highlight just a few things for you.

Please attend our annual meeting and the Really Big Show that follows. That program honors our Class of 1954 and our other honored classes,

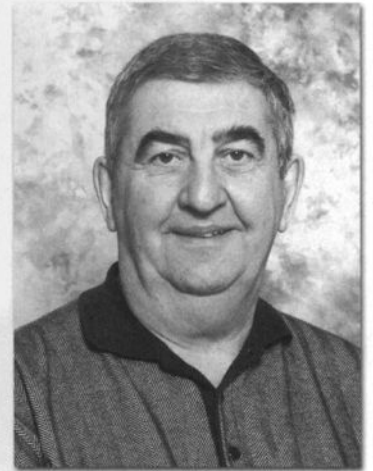
but I guarantee it will include something for everyone. There will be music, trivia, and it will conclude with a special video tribute like the one we enjoyed so much last year. You won't want to miss it! We are fortunate to have talented people like Tom Sondreal from the University of Minnesota, Crookston's media services working on the video production. All the photos and music really help make the reunion unique and special.

New this year is a Friday evening fish fry. There will be a tent in the parking lot of Kiehle where we will gather to enjoy freshly fried fish and our

reunion social. The social last year was one of the biggest ever so let's plan to get together again for reminiscing and catching up with our friends and classmates.

I also have to mention the privilege we have to honor our Top Aggies. This year we will honor six special alumni. We have a legacy rich in graduates who have gone on to bring honor to the Northwest School in so many ways. It is exciting to hear about these alumni and recognize their achievements.

Mark your calendar, attend the reunion, and make 2004 our biggest reunion ever. I look forward to seeing all of you.



As president of our alumni association, I want to encourage you to take time out to greet your board members and help us continue to keep our NWSA Heritage Alive!

Sincerely,  
Ray Dusek  
NWSA Alumni President



On the cover:  
Superintendent  
McCall presents  
Richard Kluzak with  
the 1938 Class  
Memorial Trophy in  
Speech & Dramatics.

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# Alumni Spotlight

## Richard Kluzak '54

Have a little fun every-day..." That is the motto of Richard J. Kluzak '54, and it is a good one. Richard is hoping everyone will be back for the reunion this summer. He shared a few of the reasons why you should come back, and if you are a member of the Class of 1954, it is a great way to have even more than a little fun! Here are some of Richard's reasons why you should attend the Northwest School of Agriculture (NWSA) 2004 Reunion:



"We Shook the Family Tree" was a three act comedy by Perry Clark presented in 1954. Richard Kluzak appears as part of the cast. He is the first on the left in the back row.

- Reconnecting with those we spent so much time with during our formative years
- Sharing experiences with those we grew up to love and respect
- Taking advantage of this opportunity to get together
- Sharing life stories with each other and comparing what we thought then about the future and who we are now.
- Sharing our stories no matter where life has taken us, we are a part of each other's lives
- Having fun together

Richard had fun at the Northwest School, and he has fond recollections of that time. As one of the younger students on the campus (he was only thirteen when he came), Richard recalls that most students were still living on the campus. The boarding school experience was not much different than boarding schools anywhere. "We have things in common with those who attended private boarding schools," Richard shares, "We were taught to think for ourselves, and we knew about self-reliance. We also learned how to manage our money."

Richard grew up on a farm near East Grand Forks where he rode horses and did all the

things that farm kids did. He was the eldest of four, two brothers and a sister. Following his graduation from the NWSA, he attended the Twin Cities campus of the University of Minnesota and graduated in 1958 with a degree in ag business. His first job following graduation was as an appraiser and loan officer for the Federal Land Bank. After that, he went to work for a mortgage company.

When the mortgage company wanted to open a branch in Fargo, they asked Richard to move and take responsibility for the state of North Dakota and the northern half of Minnesota. He was married to his wife, Mary Elizabeth, on May 26, 1962. Three years later, he was offered a promotion in the Minneapolis area with the same company. After looking it over, he and Mary Elizabeth decided not to make the move. Richard bought a real estate company and began working with three sales associates. Fifteen years later when Richard sold the company, he had forty-five employees, and it is still the largest residential real estate brokerage company in North Dakota.

One thing that Richard is very proud of is the



Richard Kluzak, 1954

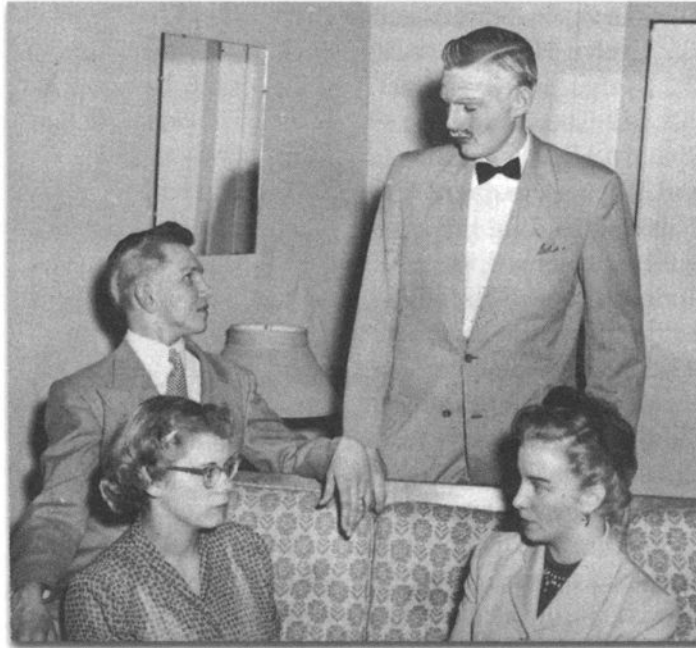
fact that he was instrumental in developing an investor group that put together and built a privately owned and operated toll bridge across the Red River. This accomplishment is remarkable as this toll bridge was the only privately owned and operated toll bridge anywhere in the United States built in the last seventy years. It was something Moorhead and Fargo had been trying to build for fifteen years, and for various reasons was not successful.

Richard retired at forty to Flathead Lake, Montana. He learned from the retirement experience that if there is one thing he does not want to do, it is to retire! He went back to work. He even lived for a year in Australia before returning to the United States in 1981. Now, he enjoys working on special

## *“Have a little fun every day...” —Richard Kluzak*

projects that give him satisfaction, and recommends taking vacations more often rather than retirement. Richard has 4 grandsons and two granddaughters, and another grandchild on the way. He has fun living in “reflected glory through his children and grand children.”

What other things does Richard remember from growing up at the NWSA? There are many. He recalls the preceptors at Stephens hall, where he lived when he first came to campus, Mr. and Mrs. Lysaker, the parents of Herschel Lysaker. “They were nice people, Richard says, “and they were like foster parents to us.”



He remembers that there were boys who would sneak out of the first floor windows after the 10 p.m. room check to attend the dances in Stephen or Florian.

“They would get back at two, three, or four in the morning, but they were pretty tired the next day in class,” he said. He also enjoyed Margaret Larsen’s American

History class, along with classes from Jean Kjorlie, Charles Whiting, and A. M. Pilkey.

Like typical students, when Mr. Whiting was dating Darlene Johnson, it was really exciting for the students. Richard said, “We all wanted to have the latest gossip.” These memories are just a few of the ones that are shared by members of the Class of 1954. There are so many more, please attend the reunion and share your memories with your classmates and friends. Contact Rose in the alumni office at 218.281.8439 for details on how you can join the fun this summer! ❖

## Upcoming Events

**Ada Golf Tournament** .....Friday, June 18  
.....Heart of the Valley Golf Course, Ada, MN

**UMC Teambaker  
Golf Classic** .....Saturday, July 17  
.....Minakwa Golf Club, Crookston, MN

**Mark Olsonawski  
Golf Tournament** .....Thursday, July 22  
.....Two River Golf Course, Hallock, MN

**Fall Semester Classes Begin** .....Monday, August 30

**Athletic Hall of Fame/  
Outstanding Alumni Banquet**.....Friday, October 8

**Homecoming 2004** .....Saturday, October 9

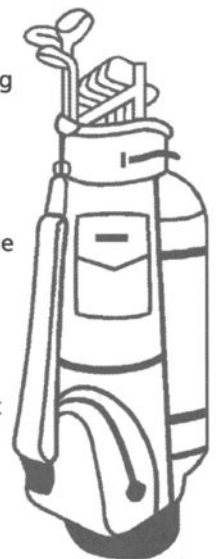
### Join us for golf!

Get your classmates and friends together, and join us for a morning of golf on Saturday, June 26 at Minakwa Country Club, 901 Fisher Avenue West, beginning at 9:00 a.m.

Practice your swing, and encourage your classmates to come out, and enjoy a little golf with old friends from the Northwest School!

Please contact Rose Ulseth at 218.281.8439 for details. You must call ahead for tee times and to reserve a cart.

We look forward to seeing you at the 2004 NWSA Reunion!



# From the Director of Development

## Mike Meyer

As Ed Sullivan might have said, "We have a really big show for you." Of course, I am talking about this summer's NWSA reunion. We plan to make it a great time for everyone to get together and get reacquainted with classmates and to meet other Aggies.

Alumni President, Ray Dusek has already touched on some of the highlights and some of the new features that we are adding. To wrap up the weekend's event, we also will be honoring the 2004 class of Top Aggies at the Saturday evening banquet. This year's hon-

orees include: Stan Alseth '35; Evelyn Holy Bancroft '54; Margaret Lerud Garr '34; Bill Gatheridge '64; Richard Holmgren '33; and Wayne Odegaard '64. This outstanding group will be presented with their award and their Top Aggie "A" at the banquet.

Let me encourage everyone and especially the honored classes (those whose year of graduation ends in a "4" or a "9") to get your registrations in soon.

I also want to sincerely thank all of our loyal alumni and friends of the NWSA who have contributed to the annual NWSA Heritage Fund

Drive. If you have not gotten your charitable gift into the Development Office yet, please do so soon. Your gift goes toward supporting the "Aggie," assists us in hosting reunion events, provides scholarship support to relatives of NWSA attendees that are attending UMC, and many other projects that keep the spirit of the NWSA alive and well.

Please send in your tax-deductible contribution to our office today...even better, send it in with your reunion information. That way, we can thank you in person at the reunion!



Mike Meyer  
Director of Development

Take care, and I look forward to seeing you soon.

Mike Meyer  
Director of Development

**Congratulations  
to the 2004 Top Aggies!**

**Stan Alseth '35**

**Evelyn Holy Bancroft '54**

**Margaret Lerud Garr '34**

**Bill Gatheridge '64**

**Richard Holmgren '33**

**Wayne Odegaard '64**

### Northwest School Newsletter Available

The University of Minnesota, Crookston (UMC) Library completed a very important archiving project recently. The Northwest School News, formerly the Northwest School Monthly, is now available on CD. Every issue is on the CD, and they are fully searchable. You may simply enter a name or a word, like homecoming for example, and all instances of that name or word will be located in the text.

- This is a project of the UMC Library. It began two years ago and its' completion is in sight. Work on the project is done by UMC Library staff.
  - The newsletter is not just a good history of the Northwest school but also Crookston and the region. It provides a fascinating glimpse of the life of young people on this campus during important historical times such as the Great Depression and two world wars.
  - The purpose of the project was two-fold: preservation and access. The only copies if this previously were in paper format. This project will insure that the newsletter will be available long after the paper copies have yellowed and become brittle. What was only available in the offices of UMC before, will now become available on CD and on the Web. So anyone can read it from their home.
  - The library will begin a new digitizing project upon the completion of this one. Many of you may have seen this project demonstrated at one of the NWSA reunions, but now you can own your very own.
- Watch for it at the reunion, or contact Liz in the alumni office at 218.281.8432 to find out more!

## A.M. Pilkey

by David Pilkey and Ruth Pilkey Faleide

These memories of life with Dad are when I was growing up between the 1930's and the early 1950's before David and I were married.

A.M. Pilkey came to the Northwest School after graduation from the University of Manitoba, Canada in 1922. Mr. Selvig went up to Winnipeg and convinced my father to come down to Crookston and look over the department and the University campus to see if he would like it. He must have been impressed as my parents stayed for 39 years.

Mother and dad were both born and raised in Eastern Ontario, Canada. Dad drove back in the summer of 1923 in his new Ford to a General Motors town (mother always mentioned how her brothers gave dad a rough time about driving to Oshawa with a Ford with curtains on the windows) to marry Ruby Mounce and bring mother to the Northwest School. They drove back across the country from Oshawa, Ontario (near Toronto) to Crookston in dad's new Ford car in late August, 1923.

Dad was with the animal husbandry depart-



A.M. Pilkey

ment in the poultry division, he worked very closely, his last several years, with Dr. Sloan, head of the department in St. Paul. Dad was very interested in the research involving the improvement the chickens and the turkeys. He was also interested in finding the causes and developing the cures of their diseases. I remember one particular research project that was quite interesting. They were developing turkey meat that was more moist as it was always so dry. This was done by many different changes of the turkey's diet. Dad would bring home the cleaned turkey and have mother bake it so he could test how moist the meat was. This went on for over a year, some of them were good and some were really not very good. That research was the beginning of the

Butterball turkeys of the late 1930's.

Another research project I remember hearing about was developing a cure for Newcastle disease. I think I remember hearing that the disease started in Newcastle, England and came to this country and the University of Minnesota worked on the cure. Dad was very involved with the St. Paul station in developing the cure for the chickens.

The springtime on campus was always fun with all the new animal babies. The hatching of baby chicks and turkeys was an exciting time. The incubators were always on a very controlled time schedule of when the eggs had to be turned and checked. This was all done manually as automation had not arrived yet. Weather didn't always cooperate with the schedule. One time it was -52 degrees and we were living downtown, but dad got the car started and went out to the campus to check on the incubator. Another time a bad blizzard came up during the night and Hilbert (who worked for dad) thought he better sleep down at the poultry house, so he would be there to turn the eggs when needed, but the

power went off and he felt he should let Dad know. He made it to our house, we were back living on the campus then, it took over an hour for him to fight his way through the blizzard to get to our home, and Hilbert was nearly frozen to death when dad got him in the house.

Hatching time was a very busy time, with banding the chicks and getting all of the chicken houses scrubbed and disinfected and everything ready for the baby chicks and turkeys.

Dad worked very close at all times with the University in St. Paul on many research projects. Dad received many awards and acknowledgements for his research in both the United States and Canada. In his later years, he wrote articles for a few farm magazines, was regularly on the radio station in Crookston, and gave speeches around the country and in Canada.

In the summer time Dad would visit many of the student's homes and farms to check on their summer projects. A few of the families would invite Dad to bring his family. I remember how we would really enjoy the visits and the wonderful hospitality the students' parents

Continued on page 6

# Alumni Spotlight

## A.M. Pilkey

would give us.

Retta Bede, Mr. Kiser, Mr. Dunham and dad were regularly invited every summer to the different county fairs in northern and central Minnesota. They were asked to judge the different homemaking projects, all the animals, and the grains. Quite often Raymond (Sonny) Dunham and I would accompany our dads to the county fairs. We would come home and try to duplicate some to the performances we would watch in the grandstand. We looked forward to being able to go along.

Dad enjoyed teaching during the school year, not only teaching animal husbandry, but also teaching math. He enjoyed consulting and working with students. Seemed when I would run over to the Kiehle Building to get the mail or use the library, I would run upstairs to dad's office and there would usually be some students in talking with dad. Our house was always open to many of the students who needed help or some TLC.

Thanksgiving was a

wonderful event, the students couldn't go home because of weather, and the dining hall would put on a feast to remember. Each table of students would decorate their table, and they would have a host who would carve the turkey (after several weeks of lessons on how to carve a turkey from dad). Some of the faculty would judge the tables and announce the winners. All of the faculty and families would sit at one long table and everyone was dressed in their Sunday best. After dinner, the students would put on a program and play, which was quite often Dickens's "Christmas Carol," in the auditorium of the Kiehle Building. We all looked forward to it every Thanksgiving. Remember this was all in the 1930s and early 1940s.

Dad and Mr. Kiser always competed with each other in the gardens behind our homes as to who would have the first ripe tomato. Dad really enjoyed his garden every summer, and it was a big one. Not only every kind of vegetable you could think of, but also all kinds of flowers. In the summer time, we had fresh vegetables at every meal and also had flowers he would pick and bring

in to mother. One of the folks' biggest pleasures was sharing vegetables with friends downtown who did not have gardens like we did.

When dad and mother bought the cottage at Union Lake, it was a great outlet for dad. Dad was always building or fixing something around the cottage. Between living on the campus and the lake in the summer, we had the best of two worlds to grow up in.

On Christmas Eve, dad would dress up like Santa and do his "Ho, Ho, Ho" for the younger children on the campus. We have many wonderful memories of a great father who loved the Northwest School and the University of Minnesota and mother and dad always talked about what a great place we lived in to raise David and me.

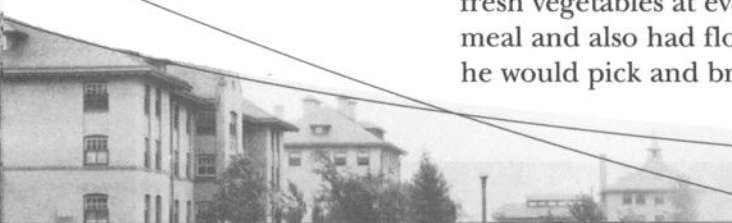
Dad died of cancer in January 1962 and was only able to enjoy their lovely new retirement home in Sarasota, Florida for three months before his death. Mother continued to live in their Florida home for seventeen years and her last thirteen years she move to Atlanta, Georgia to be closer to my family.



Ruth and David Pilkey, children of A.M. and Ruby Pilkey picture on their first day of school. Read their memories of growing up on campus beginning on page 22.

Mother passed away in September 1992 at the age of 95. Both mother and father are buried in the Crookston cemetery.

In August 2002, David and Leona celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary and our Pilkey cousins from Canada came to Park Rapids for the celebration. While they were there, David and I were thrilled to take them to Crookston to see where we grew up. We drove them all around the campus and they were very pleased and impressed to see where their Uncle Morley lived and worked. ❖





## Neal Bjornson '54

Neal Bjornson '54 earned the honor of salutatorian for his Northwest School of Agriculture (NWSA) graduating class. He grew up in Arvilla, North Dakota, but now resides in Texas where he retired in 1998. Neal attended the North Dakota Agricultural College (NDAC), now North Dakota State University (NDSU), in Fargo, North Dakota following his graduation from the Northwest School. His degree was in ag economics and he went on to work for the Farmers Home Administration, and then did as he calls it "a stint in the army." Following his time in the service, he returned to North Dakota where he worked for the extension office in Cass County.

Later, he went to work as assistant trust and farm manager at First National Bank in Fargo until 1963, when he took a job for Senator Milton Young. For nine years, he served as his agricultural assistant. Neal was married in 1961 to his wife, Patricia, whom he met while attending the NDAC. Following Neal's time working for Senator Young, he spent twelve years as the legislative

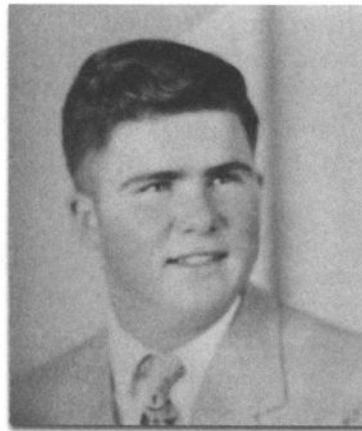
director for the National Milk Producers' Federation, a group representing dairy cooperatives across the country.

In 1984, he moved to San Antonio, Texas and took a position as director of economics for the Associated Milk Producers until 1998. Currently, he enjoys volunteer work, and when he and Patricia built their home, Neal had a woodworking shop included where he enjoys his long-time hobby of woodworking. He and Patricia have two children and two grandchildren.

When Neal looks back, he recalls his favorite instructors: Lavon Sumption in animal husbandry, American history with Margaret Larsen, Olaf Soine, and A.M. Foker, who he says "had an interesting outlook, sense of humor, and demanded that we did things right or we must do them over." Neal took part in debate and recalled his debate coach, Superintendent T.M. McCall.

He remembered his roommates, Richard Kluzak and Ray Beck. He also recalled that when you attended the NWSA, "you were on your own, you had to make your

## 1954 Spotlight



Neal Bjornson, 1954

"I know that attending the school gave me a real sense of independence."

— Neal Bjornson

brothers and a sister who also attended.

Neal is planning a trip back to his fiftieth class reunion this summer. He encourages all his classmates to do the same. He reminds them all, "This is our fiftieth, and it is time for us to come back!" Neal will be there, and we hope you will too. Contact Rose in the alumni office at 218.281.8439 for more information. ♦

own decisions," and he said, "I know that attending the school gave me a real sense of independence." When asked if he ever got into trouble, he responds with a laugh, "Let's say, I never got seriously caught!" Neal wasn't the only member of his family who came to school here; he had two



National Honor Society, 1954 – Standing: Evelyn Holy (see page 12), Mr. Reiersgord, Adelle Larson (see page 8); Seated: Neal Bjornson, Paul Bergeson, and Richard Kluzak (see page 2).

# 1954 Spotlight

## Adelle Larson Phillips '54

Adelle Larson Phillips hasn't been back to her class reunion for twenty five years. That is why she is looking forward to this one. She hopes the rest of the class is too. "I hope we have a good turn out for the reunion," she says, "I haven't seen anyone for a long time, and I am looking forward to it."

Serving as her high school class valedictorian, Adelle went on to Concordia College for two years after graduating



"My dad inspired us to attend the Northwest School of Agriculture all those years ago," Adelle explains.

from the Northwest School of Agriculture (NWSA) and then transferred to Northwestern College in St. Paul. She graduated from there with a degree in music and has been teaching piano ever since. Adelle says, "When children stop being fun, I am going to quit, but they are still fun!" Every week between thirty and forty young people come to study the piano in her studio. She also did some graduate study at the University of Minnesota and the McPhail College of Music.

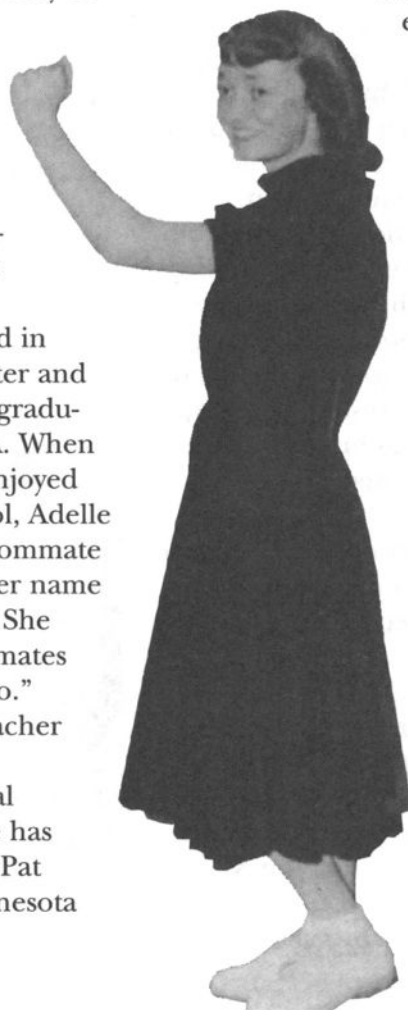
Attending the Northwest School was a family affair; Adelle's father, Manley Larson, graduated in 1928, and her sister and two brothers are graduates of the NWSA. When asked what she enjoyed most about school, Adelle responds, "My roommate was lots of fun, her name was Carol Ewing. She and I were roommates at Concordia, too."

Her favorite teacher was Pat Harmon Nortwin, the vocal instructor. Adelle has had contact with Pat through the Minnesota Music Teachers'

Association (MMTA). Pat served as president of that organization just a few years ago. She also remembers Miss Bede's home economics class, which she says was lots of fun for the girls. She was a cheerleader and enjoyed participating in many of the musical activities.

Adelle has enjoyed traveling over the years. She and her husband, Bill, took their daughter and

two sons to almost every state in the



Adelle Larson, 1954

union. Their biggest trip however was when they went to Germany and then on to Czechoslovakia in 1973 just after it had reopened to tourism. They had their children and Bill's mother with, and she was able to visit family that she had not seen since she had immigrated. Sadly, Bill passed away from lung cancer about ten years ago.

"My dad inspired us to attend the Northwest School all those years ago," Adelle explains. We hope she might be the inspiration you need to come back for the 2004 reunion this summer! Please contact Rose in the alumni office at 218.281.8439 for more information. Hope to see you there! ❖

## Do you Remember?

## 1954 Spotlight

Do you remember 1954?

The fall of 1954 found enrollment higher at the Northwest School than any of the other Schools of Agriculture in the University system. Here are the enrollment figures from the fall of 1953: Freshmen - 94 boys, 16 girls, Sophomores - 95 boys, 24 girls, Juniors - 104 boys, 16 girls, and Seniors - 63 boys, 15 girls.

A queen was crowned, the weather was fine, and football game was won by the home team, all which adds up to a successful Homecoming at the Northwest School on October 17, 1954!

The Homecoming celebration started in the morning with the judging of the dormitory decorations. Due to the close competition between the dormitories, the judging of the decorations was difficult. The dire threat in the theme of the display by the girls in the new dormitory "To Grind Grand Rapids" proved to be the general facetious theme for other displays. The girls' dormitory won the trophy for the best dormitory Homecoming decorations.

Richard Kluzak of East Grand Forks, president of the senior class, served as master of ceremonies for

the Homecoming assembly program. Elaine Thureen of East Grand Forks, a graduate of 1953, returned to sing on the program. Speeches were made by Superintendent T.M. McCall, Coach H.H. Lysaker, and co-captains of the Northwest Aggies, Bruce Kramer of Peoria Illinois, and David Viker of Ada. The Homecoming skit was in the nature of a football game score auction with Charles Kramer of Peoria, Illinois, as Chadwick Kramerski as auctioneer.

Elaine Thureen, 1952 Homecoming queen, climaxed the program by crowning Evelyn Holy of East Grand Forks as the 1953 Homecoming queen. The queen's attendants elected by the students were Harlene Hagen, Gatzke, Mary Baird, Crookston, Lorraine Zipoy, Angus, and Marlys Love, Euclid.

The Northwest Aggies won the game 49-0.

Class officers for the 1954 Senior Class were Richard Kluzak, president, Neal Bjornson, vice president, Lorraine Zipoy, secretary, Audrey Hellerud and Harvey



	THEY	WE
Crookston	7	6
Warren	27	14
Walker	2	19
Grand Rapids	0	49
Fertile	6	26
Fosston	6	39
Morris	7	13

Halstensgaard, treasurers, and class advisors were Mrs. Alice Ittner and E.N. Reiersgard.

The forty sixth annual commencement exercises were held on Thursday, March 25 at 2:00 in the auditorium. Assistant Dean T. H. Fenske of the Institute of Agriculture, University of Minnesota, St. Paul was the commencement speaker. The senior class had seventy-five students. Adelle Larson of Twin Valley was named valedictorian and Neal Bjornson of Arvilla,

North Dakota was named salutatorian.

The prom theme for the 1954 prom and banquet was "Night in Paris." The gymnasium was decorated with a dark blue canopy supported in the center with a miniature Eiffel Tower. Music was furnished by the Jimmy Dunn orchestra of Grand Forks, North Dakota. ❖

*Excerpted from Northwest School News*

## Alumni Spotlight

### Ted Saxman '64

**T**ed Saxman (Theodore Richard Saxman) attended the Northwest School of Agriculture (NWSA) from 1956-1959 and 1963-1964. The intervening four years were spent in the U.S. Navy. He says that his last year at the NWSA was "as worthwhile as the first three years were wasted." He joined IBM in 1964, and he went on to earn a B.A. in mathematics and a B.S. in physics from Minnesota State University Moorhead (1967-1971). He also earned an M.S. in computer science for the University of Missouri-Rolla. He completed the college work during a five-year leave from IBM.



The first "Winter Shows" buildings were located in downtown Crookston.

At the end of 1996, he retired from IBM after working for them for thirty two and half years. He currently lives in Rochester with his wife, Renee, and sons, Eric and Matt.

He shared the following memories with Joan Titus, the wife of Ralph Titus (1958-1966). Mr. Titus taught mathematics and was one of Saxman's favorite instructors at the Northwest School. Many of the memories have to do with having fun rather than learning. These things should be safe to tell, since the statue of limitations for punishment must have run out by now. These memories are printed with his permission. Thank you, Ted, for sharing them.

When you first got to the NWSA, the campus seemed so big; I am glad we had Mrs. Jameson as a dorm mother as freshmen. Mr. Larson, the swimming coach and maybe the freshmen football coach, was the dorm father.

Boys can really get into trouble when they have to dream up mischief, and we had time!

The steam tunnels connected to everything—including the girl's dormitory. If you could get into the steam tunnel you could go everywhere. We knew how to get into it,

but now, I can't remember how—honestly.

The green house-water fights! I don't know how any of the plants survived. I can remember that there was a banana tree. We could get into the greenhouse because one of the students worked in it after school to earn money.

I can remember hitchhiking to Crookston and back; I think that the school thought we walked. The "Winter Shows" was a week in late January or early February. It seems like we played hooky to be there. This was when the "Winter Shows" were within city limits. The "Winter Show" was a fair in the winter.

I remember the pool hall and the movie theatres in Crookston and getting to set pins at the bowling alley.

Once there was a snow storm, and we couldn't go home Friday evening. All the boys ran out of cigarettes. Boys usually had only enough for the week. A couple of us walked to town, following the railroad tracks, bought a carton of cigarettes and resold the cigarettes one at a time at a large profit.

We had projects to work on during the summer for credit. I know that weather was one of them where you would record the high and low temper-

ature, rainfall, wind direction, and how much rain you got for each day.

I remember Mr. Titus. You could tell that you couldn't pull the wool over his eyes. He was fair, but you didn't want to cross him. If you were giving him a bunch of baloney, he would know it, and a grin would start to show on his face. That was a good time to stop. He was different. Ralph was a teacher, but there was something about him that was like us. The fact that he had a college education made getting a college education seem like something that we could accomplish also. My choice of undergraduate degrees in math and physics reflected my admiration for him.

I remember Ma Brown and the dining hall—she would not let you get away with anything, but it seemed we always kept trying anyway. There was always plenty of food in the dining hall, and it tasted good at least to hungry boys. All I can remember was that the tomato soup sometimes tasted as if it had quite a bit of milk added to it.

Farm boys away from home for a week could sure dream up some interesting ways to spend time and get into trouble. A bent coat hanger could open locked doors by

*“Farm boys away from home for a week could sure dream up some interesting ways to spend time and get in trouble,” —Ted Saxman*

pushing buttons on the edge of the doors that engaged and disengaged the locks. In the dorm if there was a room that they didn't want us to go into, they would completely take off the door knob thinking that would ensure that we couldn't get in, but we got in anyway.

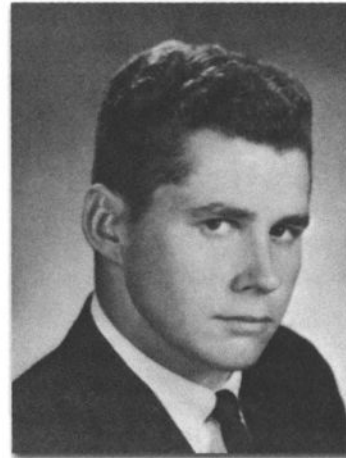
The parking lot where students' cars had to be during the week was locked during the week, but everyone knew which posts were loose enough in the ground that you could lift up three or four in a row far enough to drive a car under them. On Friday afternoon the cars would drive around the square many times before they would actually leave for home. It was a way to show off your car!

I remember the Aggie Inn—where you would go after school during the week to get snacks. It was located below the dining hall.

Boys would smoke in the broom closets in the dorms if they didn't have permission from their parents to use the smoking room. I remember forty to fifty boys in the smoking room in the dorm all smoking at one time. This would happen after the two-hour study period each evening. There would be someone against the far wall that you couldn't see because of the smoke. Talk about second-hand smoke!

I had a dorm room in the northwest corner; we would open both windows, turn off the radiator and play freeze out. This was especially fun when there was a strong northwest wind.

I remember getting back to school Sunday evening and watching TV. When we were freshmen, which meant watching the Ed Sullivan Show because that is what Mrs. Jameson liked. Some boys stayed over the weekend



Ted Saxman, 1964

because home was too far away for weekend trips and others because it was more fun.

As a freshman, you had your roommates assigned. After that, I think you got to pick the ones you wanted. After the first year, boys that wanted to study picked boys for roommates that also wanted to study. Boys that just wanted to have fun picked roommates that wanted to have fun. That is why being dorm parents was a lot harder for sophomores, juniors, and seniors.

While I was there for the first three years (1956-59), there were a lot of boys who wore black leather jackets.

I remember home football games on Friday afternoon. It seems like they started to play early because I think we still got out at the regular

time to go home after the game was done. I can remember taking carpentry and making a creeper for working under a car and also saw horses. Mr. Menzhuber was a nice guy. He also started the carpentry club.

Once a water main broke on campus and the school hauled water out from Crookston, I think, with a tank truck so they could keep the school open. We had four boys assigned to continually flush the toilets on one floor of the dorm in the hope that they would run out of water and have to shut the school down and send us home. It must have happened late in the week because they didn't have to shut down the school.

We had so much fun at the Northwest School; I don't know how any of us lived to tell about it. I also received a good education and good values from the school. I was given a great education.

In closing, Ted was happy to know that the statue of limitations for punishment has indeed run out, and that the alumni office was calling only for permission to share his recollections. It was great fun! ❖



The sophomore class of 1958 with Richard Saxman highlighted.

## 1954 Spotlight

The year was 1950 and hundreds of eighth graders in Polk and the surrounding counties were graduating—many from one room schools. One teacher taught grades one through eight. The one room school house filled a need for families living miles from the city schools. As many rural graduates' thoughts turned to high school, a dilemma existed. In the 1950s, busing of students to school from a rural area was unheard of. I found I had a choice of renting a room; apartments were too expensive, and going to school at East Grand Forks Central or to go away to Crookston to the "A.C." The Northwest School of Agriculture had a good reputation for filling a need for rural students. The school calendar was from October through March allowing students to stay home late fall and early spring to help with the family chores. Also, dormitory life provided a safe and well supervised place to stay on campus for the students.

After making the decision to go to school at the A.C.—Lorraine Zipoy Love from Tabor and I



Evelyn Holy Bancroft, 1954

decided to room together. A wonderful friendship developed as we were roommates for four years. We have maintained this special friendship for fifty years.

Moving into Selvig Hall was a highly anticipated occasion. Sixteen freshman girls blossomed under Mrs. Edwards' tutelage. She taught us social skills as well as impressing on us the necessity of being in our rooms and quiet for study hour by 7 p.m. From nine until ten o'clock, we were free to make new friends, have pillow fights, experiment with make-up, hairdos, and sabotaging and short-sheeting beds. These things were high on our "need-to-do" list. Lights out at 10 p.m. proved to be a challenge.

Classes started at 8 a.m. and finished at 4 p.m. Our minds were molded and our bodies honed by sports of many kinds. Alice Ittner introduced us

## Evelyn Holy Bancroft '54

to freshman English. A break in the middle of the day meant a long walk to Kiehle building to check on our mailboxes for mail, any mail was anticipated. Mr. Reiersgord usually took a break at this time to greet us, get acquainted, and to make sure we weren't too rowdy. A stop in the library usually rewarded us with a smile from Berneil Nelson.

The evening meal was served in the dining hall—the girls were assigned the south entrance and the boys were segregated to the north. I can remember standing out in the cold in long lines waiting for Miss Murphy to open the dining room promptly at 6 p.m. On occasion a boy would ask if he could have our glass of milk (a sure sign he liked you??) as one glass was all that was allotted unless you were a football player. After dinner, jitters commenced as we walked out of the dining room and the boys would be lined up by "our" entrance to ask, "Can I walk you home tonight?" As freshmen, we walked home the short way and fast, especially if a sophisticated upper classman happened to be our escort. Of course, as upper classmen, we allowed ourselves the privilege of taking the

"long way" and perhaps we were persuaded to stop at the greenhouse and check the banana tree. A slow walk home always meant we got to the dorm just as the light blinked signaling the 7 p.m. curfew.

Most of us went home weekends to visit family and to stock up on goodies to share with our roommates. Cookies, rolls, cakes, and kolachy were always popular.

Homecoming was my first weekend for staying on campus. A huge Friday night bonfire set the exciting tone for the weekend. Dorm competition was evident and decorations abundant. The girls at Selvig lost, but our football team won.

We settled into a routine with Miss Bede teaching home economics. Health and nutrition classes were mandatory. Can you believe this was before pizza arrived in northern Minnesota? A trip to Crookston after school in the rickety old school bus with Mr. Anderson at the wheel was a treat. Cake or a milk shake at the corner drug store was a splurge. Trips to health services for sore throats, etc, and visiting with nurses, Miss Macrea and Hesch piqued an interest in nursing for me that determined my career.

## Evelyn Holy Bancroft '54

## 1954 Spotlight

### A night of romance in 1954 compared with today:

Item	Cost in 1954	Cost in 2004
Dozen Roses	\$7.00	\$30.00 - \$35.00
Bottle of Champagne	\$5.00	\$35.00
Price of a movie ticket	\$1.40	\$8.50 - \$9.00
Romantic dinner for two	\$13.00 - \$15.00	\$75.00 - \$100.00

### Other necessities compared:

Item	Cost in 1954	Cost in 2004
Three-bedroom home	\$12,000	\$175,000 - \$200,000
Average income	\$4,291	\$50,000 - \$60,000
New Ford, loaded	\$2,045	\$25,000 - \$30,000
Gallon of gas	\$.31	\$1.75
Loaf of bread	\$.19	\$2.00
Gallon of milk	\$1.00	\$3.50+
First-class postage stamp	\$.03	\$.37

### 50th class reunion

Priceless!

All too soon spring came; we had to decide on summer projects. Home economics was mandatory with strong competition for the seamstresses. Over the summer, we kept in touch by mail. Long distance phone calls were only for family emergencies, in fact, many of us were still on "party lines."

As sophomores, juniors, and seniors, we returned to the "new dorm"—later dedicated as Bede Hall. We were more outgoing, more sophisticated, more daring. We now dared to play our AM radios during study hour, but usually a knock by the "dorm mom" meant we had to turn it down. We enjoyed class parties at the Aggie Inn, at lunch hour the snack shop opened and we could buy candy, sodas, etc. Candy bars were a quarter.

The junior class play was an exciting time; "quiet behind the cur-

tains" was a frequent command by Mrs. Ittner. Junior class rings were selected and proudly worn. National Honor Society members were chosen; our classes competed in music and sports, and livestock, potato and crop judging teams competed also. The Aggie staff met deadlines for the yearly annual and Parents' Day was a proud day for students and parents alike. The Rouser staff published six issues; journalism was a senior requirement so there were many interesting columns written under the wonderful direction of Miss Larson.

Debate teams flourished, as well as our sports teams. All too soon, we found we had gained confidence, wisdom, and friendships that have lasted a lifetime. We had a wonderful education, but an entry in my senior annual by Lorraine says it all, "We

really had good times together this year, I don't know how I could ever forget them. We were little devils at times, but, we can't be good all the time."

We grew up in interesting times. A top movie in 1954 was "Three Coins in a Fountain," "This Old House" and "Let me go Lover" and "Home for the Holidays" were musical favorites. President Eisenhower was in the Oval Office. Elvis made his first record, "That's right, Mama." Liz Taylor got married for the second time. "On the Waterfront" was the movie of the year and Marlin Brando was a svelte, young actor. Grace Kelly was best actress that year, and "Father Knows Best" was a favorite television show.

As years went by, radio turned to black and white TV, colored TV arrived, Elvis made his first appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show (waist up only). We saw Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, Ford, Carter, Reagan, Bush, Clinton, and Bush in the White House. We saw the Korean Conflict, Vietnam, Desert Storm, the Balkan Wars, and now, the Iraq conflict.

Planes went to super jets and a walk to our neighbors turned out to be a walk on the moon.

Dr. Salk's polio vaccine discovery turned to looking for cancer, AIDS, and other cures. Forgetfulness became Alzheimer's (though I tell my kids, it is sensory overload).

Telephone party lines became private and long distance became commonplace. Pagers and cell phones soon followed. The popular Ford Fairlane became the Ford Explorer and RVs became popular. The Apple computer, introduced in 1976, led to laptops and e-mail. In 1957, the Suez Canal is opened and Russia introduced the Sputnik. "I Love Lucy" became a favorite TV show. Many of us are working or finishing college. Many classmates marry, Elvis was doing "Jailhouse Rock" and Debbie Reynolds was "Tammy" and Liz Taylor married a third time.

We've seen many changes; some of us have been blessed with good health, many with health crises. We have changed from active teenagers to parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents. Death has claimed a few of our classmates, but it is God's will we are here today to celebrate our 50th Class Reunion June 25-26. We hope to have 100% of our classmates coming back to get reacquainted. ♦

## Alumni Spotlight

### Charles Anderson '45

The University of Minnesota, Crookston (UMC) has, as you know, many students who have had grandparents that attended the Northwest School of Agriculture (NWSA). This story has even more connections than that. The story begins when the Charles Anderson '45 brought his family to UMC to watch his granddaughter Karna play her last game of the 2003 season against the University of Minnesota, Duluth, and it grew from there.

Charles Anderson was born and raised on a farm near his hometown of Hallock, Minnesota. He had two sisters and two brothers, the older of which, LeMar, attended the Northwest School graduating in 1944. Charles attended Hallock High School through his freshman year. He came to the NWSA as a junior, and he really enjoyed the two years he spent here.

He had many memories of teachers that influenced him. Charles said, "R.S. Dunham was the neatest teacher. If you were goofing off, he asked you to leave. I had soils class from him and he rarely had any discipline problems, but he

did have our respect." He also enjoyed Bill Barron and Harry Soderburg. Charles participated in swimming and enjoyed coaches E.F. Bennett and Clarence Blatchford. Charles says that the only time he would break the rules at the school was to go through the steam tunnels to swim on Sunday afternoons.

While Charles was at the NWSA, he roomed with a friend of his from grade school, Keith Pearson. He recalls pillow fights in the hallway and feathers everywhere, and he remembers that, "sweeping feathers isn't easy." Every once in awhile someone would be thrown into a cold shower with their clothes on, and Charles like so many others, loved dormitory life at the NWSA. He remembers it as fun and recalls "visiting from room to room and playing cards."

The only time Charles went home was over Easter, Thanksgiving, and Christmas when he would catch a Greyhound bus for the ride. He remembers Donald and Lloyd Dufault as the only two he knew with cars. He enjoyed dances at the Aggie Inn and having pop and ice cream with his friends.

Following graduation from the NWSA, Charles

went back to farming. He also worked for his brother in an aerial spraying operation and construction. From 1951 to 1953, he spent time in the army. Afterward, he came home to marry Marilyn Johnson from Hallock. He had known Marilyn all his life and on her birthday on April 10, 1953, she became his bride.

Charles and Marilyn's granddaughter, Karna Plaine, came to UMC to play basketball. She is a 5'10" sophomore that plays power forward and point guard, and she holds UMC's record in free throws made (109). She had other reasons besides basketball that helped her choose UMC. One was the close proximity to her home, and she was impressed with the campus. Karna explains, "People are the best part of this campus; you can go and talk to anyone about anything."

Karna's brother, Andrew, is a student at UMC also. He is an agronomy major. After attending Mayville State University for two years, taking a year off and working in the Hatton potato plant, he decided with some influence from Karna to attend UMC. He is a junior and finds the campus a comfortable place. "It feels like



Charles Anderson, 1945

we all share the same background," Andrew said. He would like to work in agronomy in the long term, but in the short term, he was planning a spring-break trip to Acapulco.

Karna and Andrew both received the Heritage Scholarship from the NWSA Heritage Fund, a legacy given to the direct descendents of Northwest Schoolers. Karna and Andrew are the children of Susan and Kirby Plaine, and that is where this story started to grow. Susan went to the University of North Dakota (UND) and graduated in 1980. Her first job was at the UMC Child Development Center. She worked in the basement of Robertson Hall in the Center for six months, and then, she taught migrant school. In the fall of 1981, she married Kirby Plaine. Currently, she is pursuing her doc-



## “Sweeping feathers isn’t easy!” —Charles Anderson ‘45

torate degree at UND while serving Mayville State University as an assistant professor in Early Childhood Education.

Her husband, Kirby, attended UMC, and remembered Coach Bachmeier as one of his favorites along with the linebacker coach, Al Doran. UMC was ranked fourth in the nation at the time Kirby played, and one of the highlights

for him was playing in Gopher Stadium for the national title, even though they did not win that game. He says that the best part of attending UMC was “all the wonderful people I got to meet.” In 1980, he started working in sales for what is now Agriliance.

This story does not end here however, Charles’ son, Ron Anderson, also attended UMC and graduated in 1977. While at

UMC, Ron was involved in jazz band, choir, and the rock opera put on at that time. He was a drummer and his talents were a part of many musical performances. At times, he was playing drums for three to four hours a day. His wife, the former Alicia

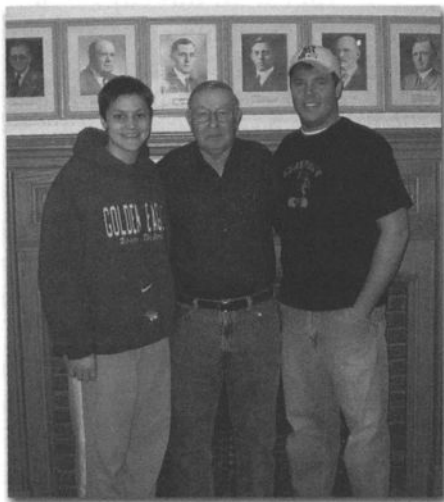
Crummey, attended UMC and while she finished up in 1978, Ron went on to North Dakota State University. They have been married 25 years and been involved in farming the entire time. He is a past president of the Minnesota Wheat Growers Association. They have two children; one attends UND and the other Minnesota State University Moorhead.

Charles Anderson is proud of his family, and he should be. UMC is proud of them too. We are proud to have educated so many of his family members, and we hope that they are just the beginning of many more descendents of the Anderson family. The legacy of the Northwest School continues to live on and the memories that are created are so many. Students find success through the support

of their families and friends and the Anderson family has become an important part of UMC’s history.

If you would like to give to the NWSA Heritage Fund to help keep the spirit of the NWSA alive, please contact Mike Meyer at 218.281.8434, he will be happy to help you. Students’ lives are changed because you give.

Susan said before she left for the basketball game, that it was exciting when Karna received the Heritage Scholarship. She called her grandfather and told him she had received a scholarship because he was a Northwest Schooler. Scholarships are hard to come by, and the Heritage Fund is a unique way to honor the past and make a difference in students’ lives today! ❖



Karna Plaine, Charles Anderson, and Andrew Plaine.

## Looking for the “Greatest Generation”!

In an upcoming issue of the *Aggie*, we are hoping to feature stories of the veterans of WWII—the men and women that Tom Brokaw refers to as the “greatest generation.”

The *Aggie* staff would like to pay tribute to this generation by sharing their stories with alumni and friends everywhere. We owe a debt of gratitude to the men and women who served in our military during this extraordinary time.

On the other hand, maybe you were part of the war effort at home, and you might have a story to share. We are interested in printing as many of these stories as possible and look forward to hearing from you!

Share your story with us by calling Liz at 218.281.8432 or 800.232.6466 ext. 8432, or if you would prefer, you may send your story via e-mail to [ltollefs@umn.edu](mailto:ltollefs@umn.edu) or to the following address: Liz Tollefsen, 2900 University Avenue, Kiehle 215, Crookston, Minnesota 56716.



Photo by Phil Baird associate professor of natural resources at the University of Minnesota, Crookston

## Alumni Spotlight

### The Torkelson Siblings

Northwest School of Agriculture (NWSA) meant more to the four Torkelsons than just commuting five miles southeast from their farm to the agricultural high school campus. Eleanor (1932), Ethel (1934), Alta (1936) and Glen (1948) felt they got a quality education despite the hardships of the Great Depression. These siblings reported in an interview both the blessings and the curse of not living in the dorms during the winter months like their classmates did. Thus, the downside was that they were not able to



"The roads were terrible, awful and dangerous because back then they didn't have graded roads."

bond with their peers. One said, "You can't make many friends when you just go to school and turn around and go home to study and work." Indeed, during the bleak years of the Great Depression and to manage paying for tuition, much work was needed in order to survive. Education was important to the four siblings and even during these harsh economic conditions of that time period, they have many fond memories of their instructors and the quality of education they received.

Leaving a secure, one room school house which was about two miles away from their farm and going to the "big" campus of the NWSA was a bit scary at first for the three sisters who graduated during the worst years of the Depression. But they had each other and though they were youngest in their classes Ethel reported, "We were glad to get going, something besides farming." Alta said all they could remember about the farm was working in the fields and the two others chimed in that it was, "work, work, work." What was expected of farm children back in this era? "Working at milking cows

or herding cows or feeding chickens or feeding pigs or helping with the canning or that sort of thing, it was WORK!"

How did they make their commute from school back to the farm? Eleanor fondly remembers the 1922 Chevrolet coup which was really their older half-brother Emmet Torkelson's. The roads were terrible, awful and dangerous because back then they didn't have graded roads. They were just trails that when it rained it would be slop to slide around in, when that dried, it would be horrible ruts. Eleanor said that sometimes they would take another road that was the longer way to get to the highway #75 but because it was better maintained, it was a little faster. It was not paved at that time but at least it had gravel and was considered a "GOOD" road back then. The alternate route to take would be Highway #2 which was paved but was wavy. Alta wryly said those were "the 'fun' days."

Were there any fun times to be had on the farm? Seems that they played very little, though they did have a piano where they were basically self taught. Their mother Ellen Torkelson gave

them the rudiments of knowing the keys and Eleanor admitted, "we learned how to play, we learned ourselves." Of course there were music classes at school but it cost extra to take voice lessons and unfortunately that was in the evening when choir and glee club would practice. It was the same drill every day after they were through with their classes at NWSA, they went directly home for "milking cows or doing the chores."

The disadvantage of being a commuting family is that they felt no camaraderie with the other students, "except when we were in classrooms and then you had your lessons, then they [classmates] went on to another class." Words that came up to express this hard reality of the Depression era was that the Torkelson sisters felt like "outsiders" or "social misfits." Ethel sadly remembers, "I could have been in the class play, but I couldn't. I was asked by Miss Weinberger..." Ethel mentioned that Cynthia Weinberger was responsible for introducing Shakespeare and some other really great classic plays. That was the first real literature she remembers being

## Reflections and Perspectives during the 1930s Depression: Four Siblings Speak on NWSA

Transcribed and written by Kristina Torkelson Gray



The Torkelson Siblings.

exposed to. In fact, Eleanor reminded the others that the NWSA would compete with Crookston Central High school in play competitions and often win.

This was a period of time where it was the worst part of the depression and they didn't have any money at all. Ethel said that the worst time was in 1934, '35 and '36 and Glen remembers that Ameel Torkelson, their dad, lost a crop to hail. "The crops we were able to harvest were worth NOTHING," one of the siblings reminded the others. Alta laughed and said, "We always heard this, Mother would say, 'we're going to end up in the poor house!' Eleanor didn't remember "poor-house" but Ethel confirmed that that was

indeed their mother. The irony of it was stated by Alta, "We had no idea, at least I didn't, what the poorhouse was, but we knew it was a place we didn't want to go."

When asked what the Torkelson parents expected in return for their childrens' education, Ethel stated, "They [this generation] have no idea what our lives were like in those days." In order to cut corners with expenses on the meal plan, Eleanor remembers, "Even at noon, we had to eat a box lunch, they finally found a room for us to eat in [besides] the dining room, downstairs in the basement." Alta nostalgically reminded the other two, "Mother would give us a nickel and we'd buy a Three Muskateers bar and we'd

divide it between the three of us."

So the Three Muskateer sisters all eventually graduated, but not without a minor crisis. It was not just traveling back and forth on bad, rutted roads but the winter of a bad snow. Ethel reminisced "I almost didn't finish school because we didn't have enough money and...so I didn't go to school [final semester] and the president, Tom McCall called my mother and said, 'Well, Ethel has just got to finish.' So they found work for me in the dining hall so then I stayed the last semester at the school and that was the best time I ever had. But I had NO money, that whole time, I had 50 cents. If I had a nickel candy bar, it was a nickel at that time...it was hoarded, you ate it piece by piece."

Glen said, "I remember that Reta Bede had quite an influence on you girls too." when they were answering who their favorite faculty were. He remembered Bede because "I was visiting you when you were staying at the dining hall, doing meal preparation...she gave me this little wooden duck with wheels and I kept playing with that through my

years and then we had it available for grandchildren to play with."

Cynthia Weinberger, Fay Hughbanks, Rose Kolski and Mrs. Hollander were other names mentioned.

After Alta said, "we also had home projects we had to do at home during the summer, we went out earlier and we had these reports where we had to keep records," naturally Hersh Lysaker's name came up as a favorite teacher for Glen. He remembered, "Hersch Lysaker was the coordinator [of home projects] during the summer and this was an ideal chance for Hersch to be scouting around for his best football prospects for the new season, basketball people included...the NWSA had some really good teams and that's why the field-house is named after him."

When asked if the siblings got into any mischief or did any pranks while attending school, Ethel immediately responded, "We didn't have time to get into trouble." Alta said, "You didn't want to embarrass your family and didn't want to embarrass your parents or yourself, so you didn't do anything." They do recall that some students would go behind the heating house to

Continued on page 18

## The Torkelson Siblings, cont.

smoke but that was considered taboo. Of course with dating there seemed to be few issues, the girls and boys would meet in the parlor under the watchful eyes of Reta Bede. Alta said, "...all these people would be sitting around, talking and

trying to kiss and Reta Bede was there watching over us." She admitted that there wasn't much going on.

The highlight of the girls NWSA experience was not graduating or leaving school. No, in fact, Ethel said, "I hated

to leave school...I didn't want to leave, I loved it." For Alta, her highlight was the senior prom though she doesn't remember who her date was. She laughingly remembers having fun decorating for prom. The three sisters agreed that what made a difference was being able to stay on

campus in the dorms and Alta was able to do that her last year. She said, "I guess I thought all those things but about staying there [on campus] was so special." Glen confirmed that with, "I definitely enjoyed the school...the friends I made [William Ash and Chuck Korinta] were best friends." ❖

## Scholarship Spotlight

The grandson of DeForest Palm '48, Cory Palm, will graduate in December 2004. He is a recipient of the Northwest School of Agriculture (NWSA) Heritage Scholarship. He considers it a privilege to have received a scholarship in his grandfather's



DeForest Palm

memory. The school DeForest enjoyed as a young man has been home to his grandson since his graduation from Mayville Portland High School in 2001.

DeForest transferred to attend the NWSA in 1947 from Climax High School. He had enlisted in the navy at seventeen and came back to finish his high school career at the

NWSA. He was interested in football and played for the Aggies that fall. Although DeForest was only here for one year, he served as the sergeant-at-arms for his graduating class and was one of 172 other NWSA students that graduated on March 25, 1948. Following graduation, he farmed near Nielsville, Minnesota and was a mail carrier for 32 years in the Cummings/Buxton, North Dakota area. DeForest married Anna Mae, July 28, 1950.

He continued to enjoy athletics and played baseball for the town of Nielsville from 1946 to 1948 when he injured his knee. Anna Mae told Cory that his grandfather gave every year to the fund for scholarships and other things. "In a way," Cory said, "that feels pretty special to me that he gave, and now I am getting back from that. I know he would be really proud of me. Even

though he isn't with us anymore, what he did in the past is still helping me out today." DeForest passed away on July 27, 1997. Anna Mae sums up DeForest's memories of the NWSA this way, "He talked about his friends like Clarence Sargent," she recalls, "He enjoyed his time at Crookston and was glad he made the choice to attend the Northwest School."

This is the second year Cory received the Heritage Fund Scholarship. He did not realize that he was eligible for a Northwest School scholarship until his grandmother shared his grandfather's graduation story. Cory is a Plant Industries Management/Aviation major and wants to become an agronomist. He chose UMC over North Dakota State University. He like the atmosphere of the UMC campus and said, "When I came to visit, everyone was so friendly."

## Cory Palm



Cory Palm

He also chose UMC because it was close to home and had his major.

Currently, Cory is employed by Agrilliance and custom farms near Nielsville. He loves this area and wants to stay here. "I have known what I wanted to do since I was a junior in high school," Cory explains, "I will be able to do just what I want to do with the degree that I get from UMC. I enjoy this campus, and I am happy I chose UMC." A choice his grandfather would have been happy about. ❖

## Dion Turgeon

## Scholarship Spotlight

Jerome Turgeon was on the basketball team in 1951. As a member of the "B" Team, Jerome and his teammates at the Northwest School of Agriculture won seventeen games straight. Jerome's father, Walter Turgeon, was on the debate team, football team, and he also made the honor roll a number of times. That legacy is something that current University of Minnesota, Crookston (UMC) student, Dion Turgeon, will be continuing. His great grandfather, Walter '24, began the family tradition on this campus that would be carried on by his grandfather, Jerome '54 and now by Dion.

He is a sophomore at the UMC majoring in natural resources and interested in waterfowl. "I have been a part of the "Living and Learning" floor in Skyberg hall, and I was also involved in the Summer Start program," Dion said. Summer Start gives students the opportunity to come for a one week session in August to help integrate them into college life, meet other students, and take a course introducing them to the laptop computers. Living and Learning, on the other hand, is a

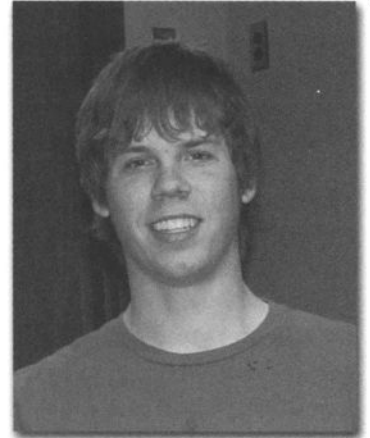
group of first-year students who live together on the same floor of a residence hall and take the required Composition I course. Dion enjoyed the experience very much. Dr. Dan Svedarsky serves as his advisor.

Dion is also a member of the Sportsmen's Club, and this summer, he will be working for the Department of Natural Resources (DNR) in Karlstad, Minnesota. He started working for the DNR as part of their fire crew and will spend the summer working as summer help.

Dion received a scholarship as a freshman that is given to direct descendants of alumni of the Northwest School also. He says, "Receiving a scholarship is a real moti-

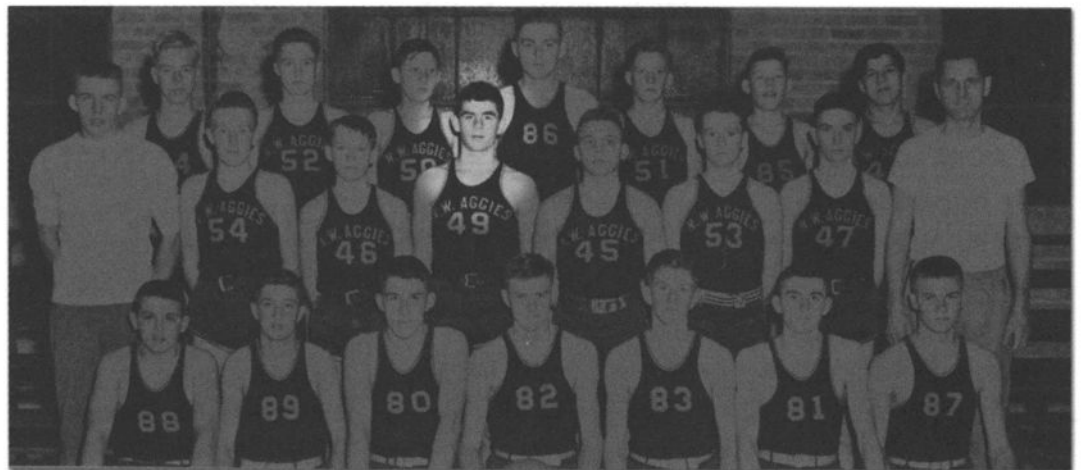
vator, because it makes me do better as a student. I want to honor the people who gave it to me, and since I am a new generation of Turgeon's to come to this campus, I want to carry on the tradition."

His grandfathers were very involved in campus life. Jerome was involved in the Newman Club. Walter played the athletic director in the senior class play entitled "A Strenuous Life." At 199½ pounds, the Northwest Monthly newsletter proudly announced that "prospects for the football team received a boost" when Walter decided to return for the advanced year and play tackle. Following graduation, Walter returned with his orchestra, "The Foxy Five" to play for



Dion Turgeon

homecoming, and he attended many reunions over the years. Dion has a real Northwest School history to build on; the Heritage Fund Scholarship that he received will help him carry on that history. It is something all those who attended the school can be proud of! ♦



Jerome Turgeon pictured above with the basketball team.

## Follow-up

The article in the winter 2004 issue of the Aggie on the blizzard of 1941 brought a wide response from our readers. It would be remiss of us not to share these stories about this horrific storm. I would like to thank everyone who wrote; your letters are encouraging to us. We sincerely appreciate the time you take to correspond with us and look forward to hearing from everyone!

The descriptions of the



"The young folks all talk about this storm or that being the worst. Well, I know the worst one. They don't come like that any more. It had a mark on me all my life."

—John Lamberson

March 15, 1941 blizzard will long be remembered. The storm is certainly one of the worst in our history. Thanks again to John Christgau for bringing this story to us!

*John Lamberson was 20 years old at the time, and he recalls the night of the blizzard vividly. He and another student named Wilbert Swanson had double-dated Donna and Rayma Hillmon, the daughters of the same George Hillmon who had been the rope party leader. John and Rayma, Wilbert and Donna had also been at Kiehle Auditorium when the storm hit.*

*They walked the Hillmon sisters home before the storm reached its peak. However, once they got to the Hillmon's they discovered that George Hillmon wasn't there. According to Lamberson, "Rayma went nuts," since her father had only been out of the hospital for a few days and was still not 100%. At Rayma's urging, Lamberson and Swanson headed back to Kiehle to find him, but in the process got lost themselves in the worsening storm. Eventually, they stumbled into a familiar and large campus tree, got their bearings, and headed back to Stephens.*

*They were just staggering into the dormitory building when they met the rope party being led along by George Hillmon. Hillmon ordered Lamberson and Swanson to join the rope party as would-be rescuers for anybody who fell or lost a grip on the rope.*

*By this time, visibility was*

*zero, and after they had dropped off the Kisers, it was somewhere between there and the Clark house (where we lived) that my sister Kathy lost her grip on the rope and fell.*

*Lamberson says, "I just happened to step into her, or she'd of been lost. We'd of never found her."*

*He scooped her up with one arm (he was only 5'9", but bull strong from farm chores) and carried her along while holding tight to the rope with the other.*

*"She was very quiet," he remembers. "Not a whimper. I think she was pretty scared."*

*"The young folks," Lamberson says, "they all talk about this storm or that bein' the worst. Well, I know the worst one. They don't come like that any more. It had a mark on me all my life." — John Lamberson '40*

*I remember the Black Blizzard and it was good to read about it as remembered by John Christgau. I was a part of a group of upperclassmen that thought we should go out in search of Miss Manning and Miss Frykmann, who were reportedly in Crookston by car and had not returned. We did not have the best clothes to keep warm in a storm, but we tried. The teachers got back okay, our group got back okay but I didn't fair so well as they put me into a bath tub (probably in the health service as I don't believe Senior Hall had a bath-tub) to warm me up. — Clarence Sargent '42*

*My family, Dad, Mom, baby brother and I, are all survivors of that blizzard—spent most of*

*the night in a snowbank for shelter. Years after Mom told the story on the Art Linkletter show in Hollywood. —Harlene Hagen '55*

*Reading about the blizzard I remember that it was the first real spring day and I went shopping for groceries downtown with Mother with a light jacket and a spring dress on when we met a girlfriend of mine and her mother in the meat market and they invited me dinner and Dad was to come for me later that evening. I was talking to Mother on the phone wondering if Dad had left to come for me. Mother said Dad had his coat on and was just leaving, but that the President had just come on the radio and he was listening to him and would be down for me as soon as the President finished. Just then we heard this noise and Mother said the wind is awful and that I had better spend the night with my girlfriend and that Dad would be down in the morning. I was at their house for a week before I could get home and had to borrow my friends clothes to wear for the week. That was the time when the highway department had gotten this new snow blower and they were trying it out on the curve going toward Grand Forks. When my husband read the article of John's, it brought back memories to him of what it was like in Grand Forks also.*

*—Ruth Pilkey Faleide, daughter of A.M. Pilkey*

*I was a junior in 1941 and living in Stephens Hall. It was a beautiful day, and did not*

*"We looked out the window, and the snow was fine like smoke and the street lights were hardly visible." —George Dave Kotchan '42*



attend the entertainment in Kiehle Hall that night. At 8:00 p.m. on second floor in Stephens Hall that night, the window was open, and we heard a sudden noise.

We looked out the window, and the snow was fine like smoke and the street lights were hardly visible. We were not informed what was happening. The next morning at -30 degrees, there were snow drifts five feet high at the entrance from Highway 2. We walked on it as it was packed so firm that a large snow blower was hired to clear the entrance. By the radio and newspaper we learned of the tragedies. I will remember the name of the instructors mentioned in the article.

My parents lived just north of Roseau, Minnesota, at South Junction, Manitoba. My father read that two cars of students and a coach were at a basketball game. They became stranded on the highway. The coach suggested they all enter the best car with the most fuel. They sat on each other and every so often the person on the bottom would move to the top and not fall asleep. They kept the win-

dows slightly open. They all survived.

As one of three Canadians attending the NWSA, we praised the University of Minnesota in providing facilities for education and the benefits to the instate students. We had to pay for everything in advance. The superintendent, T.M. McCall had to vouch for us in order to obtain a visa. I enjoyed every moment of being privileged to attend the NWSA, plus, I thank my parents for the financial sacrifice.

—George Dave Kotchan '42

Arne Hanson '30 told his story of the blizzard to his daughter, Phyllis Weiss, and she shared it with us. Here it is in their words:

Today I had the opportunity to talk with my parents about their memories of the March 15, 1941 blizzard. Of course, as children, we heard about this storm many times and as each of us learned to drive and be out in Minnesota winters we were shown the newspaper articles and it was drilled into us how dangerous storms on the prairie can be. We still have

these articles that my Mother clipped from the papers.

When I asked my Dad about it these were his words: "I didn't suffer much from the storm but I sure was scared!" According to my father, early that evening he had driven in to Warren, Minnesota, which was three miles north of their farm in Farley township of Polk County, to sign papers for his sugar beets at the ASC office. A wet heavy snow had fallen earlier in the day and his car made deep tracks in the snow on the road into town. These tracks are what saved him from disaster later that day. When he left Warren, it was still a mild pleasant evening. About one mile from their home, the storm hit with a vengeance. He considered stopping at a neighbor's house, but he knew they didn't have a telephone and Mother would be worried about him so he ventured on. Dad was correct because Mother had already called the office and learned that he had left for home. With the aid of the spotlight he had on his car, he could barely see his tracks on the road, however it was enough to keep his car on the road. He was able to get through a snow bank that had already formed at one of the crossroads. Dad said he was very concerned how he would know when he reached the farmyard, but the wind charger on the farm was going so fast and making a loud noise that he could hear above the blizzard. He knew he was close. Mother had put lamps in every window facing the road hoping it would help him see the house. He aimed the car spotlight at the house and was able to find

his way. When he stumbled into the house, my Mother could not recognize him because he was covered with ice and snow. He tells us it took him over one hour to drive that one mile. Also, he knew he was fortunate that his car kept running in that horrible wind and snow.

—Arne Hanson '30

The sun arose on a glorious spring day. Spring fever broke out on the campus of the Northwest School of Agriculture. Needless to say, there were snowballs flying and couples walking hand in hand around campus. A movie was scheduled in Kiehle at seven o'clock. Suddenly the sound of a huge muted bomb and the lights out sign flared in a pink glow. The fierce northwest wind and snow engulfed our campus.

We gathered in the lobby while deciding what to do. The decision was made to form chains of five people with a guy leading us back the short distance to Robertson Hall. Clarence Sargent led my chain. Naturally, after such a beautiful day, we were not dressed for a snow storm. The snow was now up to our waists as we stumbled and fell.

Rescue teams, I don't know what or who, brought stranded people to our dormitory. Many of them were seriously frozen. Our beds were given up to many as a place to sleep and to warm up. We slept in chairs and on the floor of the parlor. I don't know how many people died in that storm, but I do know it was the worst storm I have ever seen in all my years living on the prairie.

—Joan Phillips Flaatt '41 ❖

# Campus Kids David Pilkey & Ruth Pilkey Faleide

The Northwest School campus was a great place to grow up. Although we, David and I, and I can safely say most of all the campus children didn't appreciate or realize how fortunate we were at the time. Nor did we realize the advantages we had. As I have gotten older and raised two daughters in a city, I really feel how lucky I was and how our parents didn't worry or fuss much about where we were.

Annette Dowell and I were very good friends and loved to go over to the Kiehle Building and go up to the auditorium and play up on the stage as if we were putting on a show. Sometimes our Dads would peek in on us and shake their heads, just laugh at us and leave. At times we would find costumes behind the curtains and of course try them on and had a wonderful time with playing actresses and dress-up. I have many fond memories of the good times. Sleep overs and meals in the White House and Annette had just as many at our home. It was a sad

day when they moved to St. Paul, but I have to say we had some good times in St. Paul also. One of the many adventures was when we attended the State Fair. I guess Annette and I were suppose to be with my Dad and David, well somehow we got separated from Dad and Annette and I found our mothers and had a wonderful afternoon with them, while Dad and David spent the whole afternoon in the police station on the fair ground broadcasting over the loud speakers for the two of us and we didn't hear it. Needless to say they were not too happy with us when we all finally returned to the Dowell's home.

We had the wonderful big green mall in front of our homes with a great tree on the corner, by the sidewalk that lead to the barns to climb. It was great to sit in and read. We would all come out after supper and play every type of game any of us could think of, until it was dark nearly every night. We all had bikes and rode around and behind both campus. I don't think there was any place on either campus that we didn't know about and that we could



A.M. Pilkey

think of something interesting, to us, to do. We never lacked something to do or to make; boredom was not in any of our vocabularies. I have never understood how anyone could say they were bored. It seemed like we never had enough time in the day to get everything in that we wanted to do.

Springtime was always an exciting time for us when all the baby animals were arriving. We could go pet and cuddle the lambs and piglets. Get excited over the calves and colts, even sometimes would name the colts. I remember that either David or I named one of the colts "Ruby" which grew to be a pretty big work horse and that was my mother's and Mrs. Kiser's name. I really don't think either of them were too thrilled



Ruby Pilkey

with doing that. Especially when they would be spreading the manure in the early spring across the gardens and mother would hear them calling "Getty up Ruby!" When the baby chickens and turkeys hatched we would love going down to the poultry house and help our dad, and whoever was working for dad, feed them and love them, they were so soft and cute. My first year of teaching, dad built me a small copy of one of the chicken coops and a white fence to go around the chicks yard. He also brought a few baby chicks to my classroom for the second graders to enjoy and learn how to keep them warm, how and what to feed them. My class really thought they were special.

The campus was a great



## Growing up as campus kids in the 1930's and 1940's

place to learn to drive a car. Dad hurt his right hand when I was about 6 or 7 and I remember how special I felt cause Dad couldn't shift very easily and I got to go everywhere with Dad and he taught me, at that young age, how to use the shift. After his hand recovered I could sit on his lap and steer around the campus, going down to the poultry house or over to the office. Boy did I like that. I learned to drive at a rather young age and when there were no students on the campus Dad would let me drive by myself to pick him up from the poultry house or office.

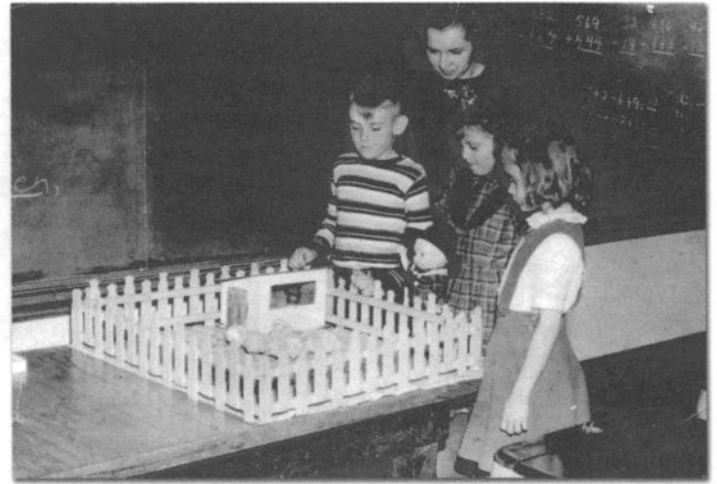
The skating rink was well used in the winter time and in the summer it was a tennis court. Swimming at the gymnasium, by sometimes talking someone into getting a key to get in or otherwise we would go through the tunnels, as Dave said was an adventure by itself. During the school year "Aunt" Elise Kingston taught Dave and me how to swim. When they built the new gym with an indoor pool we really felt we had everything.

Behind all of our houses in the winter would be

huge snow banks, sometimes they would completely cover up our swing set and nearly over our 20 foot high bird house. The snow would be so solid that we could play on the top of the bank. We dug down in it and built rooms and tunnels under the snow banks. We played many, hours and days under those big snow banks.

Miss Lippitt was the dietitian at the dining hall and she had a radio which fascinated me, as it had a large brass bell, like a tuba bell, and I would sit by the radio and enjoy listening to music and programs coming through the big bell. I thought it was great because we didn't have anything like it at home, and it was really different. Quite often after dinner on Sunday afternoon I'd listen to the radio.

The summer of, I think 1943 or 44, when school was out and the students had gone home, the glider pilots that were training at the Crookston airport, north of the AC and at the air base in Grand Forks, were housed on the campus in Stephens Hall. Now that was exciting, all my girlfriends really liked to come out to our house and slowly



Chicken coop, fence and chicks we hatched my first year of teaching that dad made for my class.

cruise around the campus. When some of us are together we still have a good laugh and talk about the summer at the Northwest School campus with the glider pilots. We did get to know quite a few and some of them would enjoy a Sunday at our cottage at Union Lake. David really enjoyed being included as their mascot. David said he sold so many Minneapolis Tribune subscriptions to the pilots that summer; he won every award the paper gave for the number of subscriptions he sold. I found out after I was married that my father-in-law was one of their instructors at the Grand Forks air base.

Andy Anderson was a wonderful bus driver who was always looking out for

each of us. He would watch for us running to get to the bus in the morning and would wait patiently even when we were a little late, and he would never fuss just laugh at us carrying our books, instruments. Beth Kiser would come carrying her cellos and she would really be puffing when she got on the bus. Andy would be back, parked between Lincoln Grade School and Central High School waiting for all of us to come strolling out of school in the afternoon. He knew when we had after school activities and then he would look for us at 5:30 p.m. at Wallace's Drug Store where he would be to pick up any of the students who had come into Crookston in the late afternoon and

# Campus Kids David Pilkey & Ruth Pilkey Faleide

any of us who stayed later after school. He would always ask us as we would get on the bus, "How was your day?"

Mr. Mac was a carpenter, up in the carpenter shop, at Owen Hall who would make joined dancing dolls that we would hold on our knee and make dance. It was fun to go up there and he would be fixing something or let us play with the dolls. He would pick up the shaving and fix them in our hair so we would look like we had



"It seemed like we never had enough time in the day to get everything in that we wanted to do."

long curls. If we broke something we would go up to see Mr. Mac and usually he could fix it for us.

One of our daily jobs would be to ride our bikes down to the dairy building, across from the barns, in the afternoon. We knew about the time they would be done milking and would bring the fresh milk into the dairy building to be separated. Winston would let me help turn the separator handle. I think he did most of it, but let me believe I was doing it. We would fill our milk pails with the warm fresh milk and the smaller pail with thick rich cream. Had to be sure the covers were on tight as we carried them home on the handlebars of our bikes.

The root cellar over by the boiler plant was a favorite in the wintertime as it was the only good hill around to slide down. We had slides but used cardboard or garage can covers as slides most of the time. If we got to cold we would run in the boiler building to warm up.

The library was a wonderful source for just sitting and checking out the magazines and reading books. When we were in middle school and high school and had to write papers. The library and

librarian were most helpful in helping us find material for any topic we were working on. We never had to go back down town to the public library, like our friends in town did, because we had our own library. One more big plus of living on the AC campus.

One of the most treasured memories was the closeness of all the families that lived on the campus row. We got together often for picnics at special places in the summer and we would have games of all kinds. One I remember was we would have two legged sack races. Holidays, everyone would bring a dish and we would have wonderful dinners together at different homes. After dinner quite often we would look forward to card games, like Rook or Rummy. It would be everyone together playing around the table, young and parents. Our parents never gave in to us, we all played together with the same rules.

Our children today don't have the wonderful care-free freedom we were lucky to have been raised with on the University of Minnesota Northwest School Experiment Agriculture Campus. As we got older and didn't care as much



Ruth Pilkey and her brother David (pictured at left with a giant snowball) enjoyed growing up on campus.

about the games, animals, and farm life (with our work) we still enjoyed the many student activities on the campus. Like the programs, plays, all athletic events, the special holiday programs, every year they would put on "Charles Dickens Christmas Carol" after the Thanksgiving dinner, and the dances and prom in the gym.

We really had the BEST OF TWO WORLDS, life on the campus with freedom, love of all the farm animals, and as we grew older we had life in town and our friends in high school. David and I are both most grateful that our parents gave us the privilege of growing up on the campus with a great happy life. ❖

## Murals Restoration

The murals in the Kiehle Building have undergone a restoration as the final phase of the Kiehle renovation. The cleaning, repairing, and touching up was done by staff members from the Upper Midwest Conservation Association. The murals definitely will be looking their best at this summer's Northwest School of Agriculture (NWSA) Reunion!

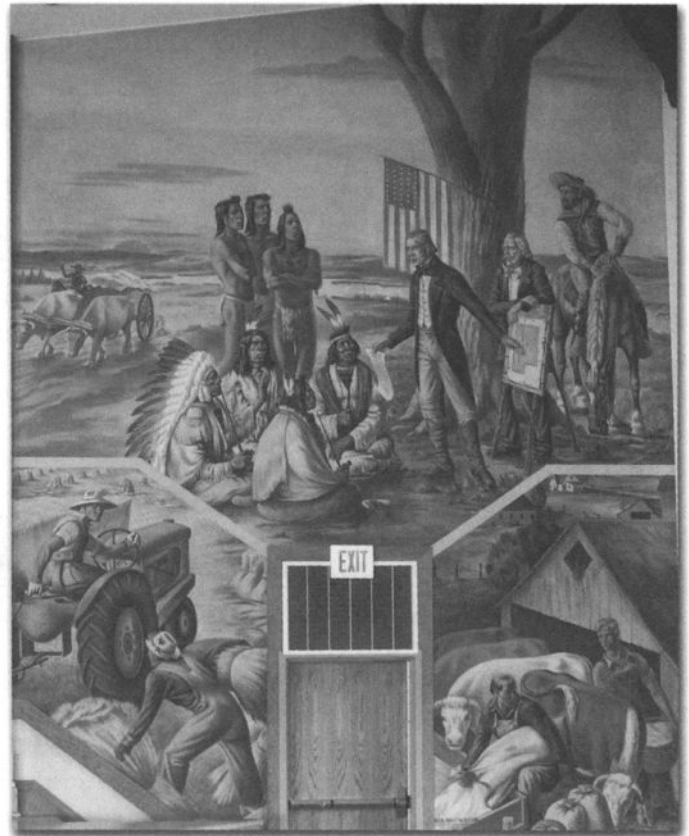


The murals, originally painted by John Martin Socha, were completed in 1942 and donated by the NWSA's class of 1932. These murals are becoming more rare across the nation as older buildings are demolished, and these murals have been a part of the history of the campus for over sixty years. The four artists who worked on the project spent February 12-18 on the restoration. One of those artists, David Marquis, said "Compared to many of the other murals we have seen in public spaces, these paintings have not been damaged as badly as others. ... They are in very good condition, which is rare."

The process they used was described by Marquis to Andrew Svec this way: They dry cleaned the surface of the murals, and then clean the face with water. There are four individual canvases glued to the walls. They reattached the canvas to the walls where it was coming away, filled holes, removed over-spray and wall paint from the canvases that occurred after each painting of the auditorium through the years. Finally, they in-painted areas of loss, and then selectively applied varnish where it was necessary. They did not embellish or add anything to the original work; they simply painted areas with loss to match surrounding design and color.

The murals are now restored to their original beauty. Make sure you check them out when you attend the reunion this summer or when you visit campus anytime of year. The auditorium and its murals are certainly one of the most recognized and unique places on the University of Minnesota, Crookston campus. We would encourage you to stop and appreciate them whenever you have a chance. ❖

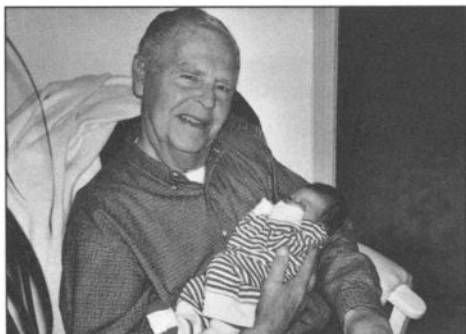
*Excerpted from the spring 2004 Torch article written by Andrew Svec, UMC Director of Communications*



Above left: Staff members from the Upper Midwest Conservation Association (from left), David Marquis, Joan Gorman, and Kristy Collins (not pictured, Elizabeth Buscher) spent February 12-18 cleaning and repairing the murals in Kiehle Auditorium.

Top right: Historic murals have been a fixture in Kiehle Auditorium since 1942.

## Class Notes



### Telfred "Telly" Slettvedt '40 San Francisco, CA.

*The following is an excerpt from a note from Carol Slettvedt.*

My husband, Telly, graduated in 1940 from the NWSA and has enjoyed your mailings which he has shared with me. He was an active participant in school in sports, choir, dance and was vice-president and was generally a popular, nice guy.

Although he spent the greater part of his life in California with his family as a San Francisco Homicide Inspector and even assisted in the technical directing of the movie "Bullitt" with Steve McQueen (and had a speaking part!), he had fond memories of his early life in Minnesota. He was married to his first wife who passed away in 1995 and then to me for less than four years. A wonderful, yet short marriage it was for us both!

Telly passed away on January 21 this year. The picture is of Telly with my granddaughter whom he loved very much.

### David Vilven attended 1940-41

Farmington NM

David Vilven attended the NWSA for just a short time. He also worked on the campus after the war picking eggs for Mr. Pilkey and later as assistant herdsman in the dairy barn for Mr. Elmer Radke. While working on campus he lived with another employee above Coach Lysaker. He earned his GED in Milwaukee and went on to study at the University of North Dakota and transferred to the University of Texas in El Paso and graduated in 1952. He has not been able to attend any reunions but did return and visited with Mr. Larson in the White House on campus. David thought the blizzard story in the Aggie was very interesting and remembers riding shotgun the next morning in a Canoti milk truck and seeing livestock hanging in the barbed wire fences.



*J. Wodahl plowing with the John Deere Model B*

### James Wodahl '41

Hill City, SD

James Wodahl enjoys the Aggie and enjoyed the story of the blizzard by John Christgau very much. He is going to save the story to prove to friends that his experience is not exaggerated. Jim and his wife, Eunice, raised five children. Email

## Alumni News

James at [maestro@hills.net](mailto:maestro@hills.net). The following is a selection from a story written by Jim:

*First of all, my ag school years of 1938-1941 are filled with fond memories of friends and fellow students from all over the Red River Valley and beyond. The faculty were top quality and had a certain way of getting their messages across.*

*My parents wanted me to attend the NWSA. My father knew we was going to switch from horse power to tractor power and he wanted me to learn all I could about tractors. After working out an agreement with the John Deere dealer, dad bought a Model B tractor and several implements to go with it. The tractor was a big plus but my mother was the first to benefit from my education at the ag school. One weekend when I was home, I mentioned that Mr. Pilkey says chickens will never lay very good unless they are fed a mix containing 18 or 19 percent protein. Mom and dad knew the feed store carried such a mash but the comment on the subject was that it was too expensive.*

*After I hitched back to school, my parents bought two 100 pound sacks of 18½ protein laying mash. Mom only had one 12-dozen egg case but soon needed two 30 dozen cases to keep up with production.*

*My guess is that mom's extra income was more than enough to pay for my room and board.*

*After the NWSA, I jumped from one mechanical-type job to another finally going to work as a machine millwright for Blandin Paper Company in Grand Rapids MN. I had only been on the job a few days when a call came from the No. 3 paper machine. Most of the crew was gone and they needed someone to splice a rope immediately. I could see this*

## Alumni News

## Class Notes

half-inch rope needed a special kind of splice, one that could travel through a narrow groove sheaves and around sharp bends at high speed. I had locked out the power to the section I was working on and the minute I removed the lock, the operators speeded everything up to production speed which is about 2,000 feet per minute. I stood back to watch this fascinating procedure where the ropes play an essential part by carrying the leading edge of a new ten-foot wide continuous sheet of paper through a long series of dryers. As I was leaving, the tour boss thanked me for a job well done. He said, "That unscheduled down time was costing seventy-five dollars a minute."

That was the beginning of my career as a Blandin millwright and later a millwright supervisor thanks in part to the long slim taper rope splice that I learned in Mr. Peterson's farm shop class at the Northwest School of Agriculture.

### Cheryl (Bjella) Horton '44

Fremont, NE

Cheryl is recovering from colon cancer surgery that occurred last June but says "life is good!" She hopes to be back to her old self again by late spring.



### Frances Tribon '49

Buffalo, MO.

When my parents brought me to the NWSA in 1946, I knew no one. The first student I met was Elaine Perry. She was short like me and very friendly. I needed that as I was pretty shy. Later that day she and I found some boys that she knew and they took us for a ride that evening. One thing I'll never forget is that Elaine and I sat in the rumble seat and that was a first for me. I was glad to get back to the campus and in the dorm. That is when I met my first roommates but the next day a girl came down from third floor and asked if I would change rooms with her. I said I would since I didn't know any one and that is when I met Helen Peterson and Adeline Harder, my new roommates. From then on it was fun, fun, fun. I don't remember who my roommate was the second year. Was it Pete (Eunice H. Peterson) and then LuElla Brekke the next year or visa-versa? I do remember Arlene Bergman was my roomie the fourth year and we had a ball. We were fortunate enough to get a corner room in the new dorm.

I enjoyed my four years at the NWSA so much. I'm glad for all the

pictures and memories I have and I enjoy the Aggie newsletter very much. I wish more people that were in my class would write about themselves for the newsletter. About myself... after graduation in 1950, I moved to Waterloo, Iowa to find work. My best job was in the order writing department of Rath Packing Company. Through friends I made there, I met the man I married. We eventually moved to Missouri and had three daughters. I have spent most of my life doing childcare, either foster care or day care. In August of 2002 we would have celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary, however, in July, Herman was killed in an accident on the highway just a few blocks from our house. I still do some babysitting and my daughters all live close by so we do a lot of things together. I have seven grandchildren and five great-grandchildren that I also take care of a lot. I go to Sunday school and church at the Buffalo United Methodist Church and sing in the choir among other things.

Hi to everyone. My email address is [frannyt@pipinternet.net](mailto:frannyt@pipinternet.net) Hint! Hint!

### Correction:

There was an error in the last issue with Margaret Ristad Bankers' information. Here is the correct information!

Margaret Bankers  
1108 W. 57th St. #306  
Sioux Falls, SD 57108  
Phone: 605-335-3788  
Email: [Pegbankers@msn.com](mailto:Pegbankers@msn.com)

# In Memory

**Gertrude Dale Berhow '26**  
Fertile, MN  
March 25, 2004

**Arnold "Slim" Wolden '31**  
Saum, MN  
February 22, 2004

**Delbert Gustafson '33**  
Hallock, MN  
January 8, 2004

**Martha Rasmussen  
Holtkamp '36**  
Hillsboro, IA  
February 29, 2004

**Arley Forseth '38**  
Crookston, MN  
April 27, 2004

**Esther (Worman) Hall '38**  
Crookston, MN  
May 14, 2003

**Norman Anderson '42**  
Thief River Falls, MN  
March 14, 2004

**Alton O. Kaste '43**  
Northport WA  
April 5, 2004

**Anna Mae Ecklund  
Blade '45**  
Alexandria, MN  
January 13, 2004

**Irvin Godtland '46**  
Gonvick, MN  
March 20, 2004

**Kenneth R. Johnson '46**  
Stephen, MN  
March 13, 2004

**Melbern "Mel" Hoefst '47**  
Euclid, MN  
January 26, 2004

**Carol Ewing Ellingson '54**  
Thief River Falls, MN  
January 15, 2004

**Daniel Stahn '63**  
Murphys, CA  
December 6, 2002

**Bertha Reiersgord**  
Minneapolis, MN  
March 21, 2004  
Bertha was the wife of E. N.  
Reiersgord who was the  
principal from 1944-68.

## Ludmilla K. Sahlstrom, April 11, 2004

Memorial Services were held on Friday, April 16, 2004 for Ludmilla (Mil) Sahlstrom at Benson Funeral Home Chapel in St. Cloud, Minnesota. As wife of founding provost, Stan Sahlstrom, at the University of Minnesota Technical Institute in Crookston, Mil balanced a career of teaching and work in real estate with university life. She received the University of Minnesota, Crookston's highest honor, the Torch and Shield Award, in November 2003. Mil is survived by her husband and four children, Kristine, David, Stephen, and Timothy.



**Wilma E. (Anderson) Oss**  
Colombia, MO  
May 12, 2004

**CORRECTION**  
**Theresa Gruhot '54**  
Crookston, MN  
December 15, 2003  
*Theresa had been listed in a  
previous issue with a graduation  
year of '52.*

## Memorial Gift

**In memory of Anna Mae  
(Ecklund) Blade**

*by her sisters Rosella  
(Ecklund) Moritz '36,  
Liberty, MO and Camilla  
(Ecklund) Johnson '45,  
Hopkins, MN.*

## Win \$100! Help Us Design the UMC/NWSA Centennial Logo



With its roots in the Northwest School of Agriculture dating back to 1905, today's UMC is a four-year, public university. Beginning in June 2005 and running through November 2006 (November 30, 1966, was UMC's dedication as a college), the campus will mark a century of educational service to the state of Minnesota.

We plan to offer a series of events for all UMC and NWSA alumni, but we need your help designing a logo. Draw up your concept and send it to us. If the Centennial Planning Committee uses elements of your logo design, you could earn a \$100 prize!

Send your logo ideas to:

UMC/NWSA Centennial Planning Committee  
c/o Mike Meyer  
115 Kiehle Building  
2900 University Avenue  
Crookston, Minnesota 56716



Do you recognize anyone? These photos feature some of our honored classes at this year's reunion, June 25-26.

Come back and join the fun.  
Call Rose at 218-281-8439  
for more information.



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June 25-26

On the campus of  
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For information,  
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NWSA Alumni Association  
University of Minnesota, Crookston  
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Crookston, MN 56716-5001

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