



The Pinery

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DONATIONS FROM OUR FRIENDS

***** PUBLIC MEETING *****

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*Readers are urged to plan now to attend the
*following program:
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*Paul DeMain--Advisor on Indian Affairs to
*Governor Anthony S. Earl, State of Wisconsin
*

*Wednesday, October 19, 1983 at 7:30 p.m.,
*Sentry Auditorium, in Downtown Stevens Point
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*Mr. DeMain's primary responsibility is that of
*liaison between the Governor's office and the
*eleven federally recognized tribes and urban
*Indian communities. In addition, the role of
*developing policy, recommendations on state
*services, legislation, communications outreach
*and advisory services to Indian and non-Indian
*organizations is handled through Mr. DeMain's
*office.
*

*Mr. DeMain is a tribal citizen of the
*Wisconsin Oneida Tribe and brings considerable
*experience to his position. Some of his past
*activities include, Acting Director, Great
*Lakes Indian News Association; Self-Determination
*Information Officer of the Lac Courte Oreilles
*Tribal Government; member of the Governors Study
*Committee on Equal Rights; and faculty member
*of the Lac Courte Oreilles Community College.
*

*The precise topic of Mr. DeMain's presentation
*has not yet been determined but he will focus
*on one (or all) of the following areas: the
*problems of tribal groups in Wisconsin, the
*functions of his office, or the current status
*of the Menominee
*

This presentation is sponsored by the PCHS and
*is free. The public is invited to attend. *

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1. Martin and Pratt family papers and one 1920's dress, from Larry Belmont, Stevens Point.
2. Bible (1884), grade school texts, WW2 ration book, straight razor, cook book, memorabilia, from Pete Redfield, Stevens Point.
3. Parlor stove, from Richard Harthun, Plover.
4. Four dresses (ca. 75-100 yrs old), from Mrs. Pearl Pfiffner, Stevens Point.
5. Four WW2 letters, from Ila Risser, Stevens Point.
6. Halbert Lewis papers, from Larry Belmont. Stevens Point.
7. Tattler yearbook (1928), from Palmer Taylor, Stevens Point
8. Stevens Point 50th anniversary visitor registers (1908); Old White School Bell (1857); Stevens Point Academy Charter (1855), from Charles White Library
9. D.J. Ellenwood & Son (Central City) metal badge, from Lawrence Loewen
10. Glass plate negatives, from Paul Thomasguard and members and descendants of Pierce family, Plover
11. Polish Women's Alliance Scrapbook; 50th anniversary issue of Gwiazda Polarna; Adam Bartosz memorabilia, from Bernice Bartosz, Stevens Point

[The PCHS thanks all donors and welcomes further donations to the preservation efforts of the Society]

CLIO'S CORNER

[In 1982 the PCHS conducted a successful fund drive to save the historic Franklin/Calkins house and to integrate the building into the Society's museum/park in Plover. The following research article is, thus far, the most comprehensive portrait we have of the first owner of the house, George Washington Franklin.]

GEORGE WASHINGTON FRANKLIN

My original interest in this project was to research any influence that George Washington Franklin might have had upon area politics, business, or culture during the Civil War years. Knowing that he was one of the first settlers in Plover and a major farmer,¹ I thought that there would be adequate information on the man to compile a competent, if not thorough investigation. After conducting a few weeks of research, I soon found otherwise. A long discussion with Ms. Marge Warner (who has done considerable research on Franklin) confirmed my beliefs that there simply was not enough information on his lifetime, let alone concerning just his life during the Civil War years. I agreed with Marge Warner's contention that G.W. Franklin was a quiet, reserved, and temperate man who did not involve himself with area activities (at least none that were recorded) and lived a more or less isolated life with his family except for his partnership with Hiram Hartwell and a few other endeavors that I will discuss. Therefore, I will discuss what information I did find in my initial research and information uncovered in my ensuing line of research.

Probably the most frustrating aspect of conducting research on Franklin during the Civil War years is the non-existence of the Plover Times during the period 1861-1865. The paper simply does not exist during those years except for a few isolated issues. Consequently, any information that might have pertained to Franklin during those years has been lost. In addition, I did not find any important reference to him in the county tax rolls, Treasurers reports or probate records. Mr. Arthur Fish in the Government Publications division of the UWSP library was most helpful in directing me toward possible sources which, unfortunately, usually led to dead ends. Likewise, the Stevens Point Civil War newspapers in the PCHS Archives included no reference to Franklin. The sources which did mention Franklin were the federal census records, Plover Town Records, Simon Sherman's diary, Malcolm Rosholt's Our County Our Story, and Hiram Hartwell's probate records. If G.W. Franklin had been an active and influential citizen of Plover his name would have surfaced far more often than it did. Now for the information that I did find.

George Washington Franklin was born in Chili, Monroe County, New York on March 17, 1825 and died in 1901 in Plover, Wisconsin. He traveled to Wisconsin and settled in Green County where he worked at farming. In 1844 he arrived in Plover and worked at lumbering and managing Hue McGrier's saw mill at Jordan as well as running the river. In 1847 he entered into partnership with Hiram Hartwell in farming land about a half a mile east of Plover. According to Simon Sherman this was the first farming done in Portage County. The two men continued in partnership until 1871. Franklin married Mary J. Bates on October 7, 1858 and they produced five children, three of whom survived; Mary Adelia born in 1859, Frank George born in 1861, and Cora Bell (Belle?) (later to marry Jerome Hamford Calkins) born in November 1862. According to Sherman, "Mr. Hartwell and Franklin were strictly temperate, honorable and much respected by all who knew them."² As a note, the only other reference pertaining to Franklin that I found in reading Sherman's diary was the March 31, 1865 entry which stated, "Lends Franklin two pick hand spikes."³ Sherman's reference to Franklin's temperance is interesting. In my talk to Marge Warner, she said that what little information she found on the two men concerning the temperance movement was that it seems both were strong adherents to it and centered their activity to around their farms. Franklin's involvement in such activity could be due to his membership in the Methodist Church.⁴

According to the August 21, 1850 U.S. Census, G.W. Franklin, aged twenty-five, was living at the forty-ninth dwelling visited. He could have been living with Hartwell who was listed above Franklin's name and who held \$1500 in real estate. Hartwell was thirty years old and from Vermont. Franklin was listed as a laborer (farmer?) and under his name was a D. Johnson aged twenty-two and from Ohio. Johnson was also listed as a laborer.⁵ By the 1860 U.S. Census, Franklin had amassed \$2000 in real estate. The Census shows that his wife was also born in New York.⁶ In 1870, Franklin still held \$2000 in real estate and now \$600 in private property. The Census also notes that neither of his parents were foreign born and also lists another child, Elitia (?) aged six.⁷ The 1880 Census reveals two deaths, his wife Mary and Elitia. Both are not listed and must have died sometime during the 1870's. Franklin's oldest daughter, Mary, is listed as keeping house, Frank is said to be teaching school, and Cora is listed as being at home.⁸ Concerning the land holdings of both Hartwell and Franklin, Rosholt notes that Hartwell owned eighty acres in the SW 1/4 of Section 23, with a residence on the north side of modern Trunk B. Franklin owned two forties east of Hartwell in the same quarter in addition to an eighty across the road where his house was located.⁹ Apart from some interesting information found in the Census records, a surprising piece of information surfaces in the Plover Town Records.

During the April 1, 1862 town elections held in Plover, Franklin entered the race for Third Town Supervisor. Unfortunately, he lost the race, finishing second. The election returns are as follows:

For Third Town Supervisor the whole number was 84 of which number
G.E. Taylor received 46, G.W. Franklin 27, and James Alpin 11.¹⁰

It is a shame that he lost the election for the sole reason that with a victory he might have become more prominent in the area and left a little more information in his wake. I studied the town elections of 1863 and 1864 and found no mention of Franklin entering any race for public office. His one quest for glory having failed, Franklin probably decided to continue to concentrate on his farming and leave politics to the more ambitious. I did discover that Hiram Hartwell ran and was elected to the Third Town Supervisor post in the April 7, 1863 town election.¹¹ In addition, it is through Hartwell that we also find further information.

Hiram Hartwell, being a long time friend and partner of Franklin, serves as a source for probably the most intensive involvement that Franklin ever partook in outside of his farm. In Hartwell's probate records, Franklin was involved as a witness and appraiser for his late friend's estate from 1879-1888. The following information will be included under one footnote since all can be found in Hartwell's probate records and deal solely with the In Probate Court of Portage County. The information can be found in the Government Publications section of the UWSP Library.¹² On December 3, 1879 Franklin served as a principle co-signer along with Martha R. Hartwell and Charles F. Hartwell in the estate of Hiram Hartwell in the presence of Judge J.R. Kingsbury of the Portage County Court. On December 10, 1879 Franklin and George Barnsdale were appointed appraisers of the estate of Hartwell by Martha and Charles Hartwell. Barnsdale and Franklin on January 22, 1880 swore under oath to Justice of the Peace L.B. Farr that they would "faithfully and impartially discharge the duties of appraisers of the real estate and personal estate of the late Hiram Hartwell." Franklin subsequently signed the Separate Inventory statement for the estate of Hartwell the same day. Of special interest in Hartwell's estate are two items: "One half interest in one Sulkey Cultivator-\$6.00" and "One half interest in one Champion Reaper-\$20.00". It is very possible that these items were shared or co-owned with Franklin since both were partners and worked very closely with each other for years. Later, on May 2, 1882 and December 5, 1882, Franklin again served as an appraiser along with John Sterling for land being sold from the Hartwell estate. A document dated May 31, 1882 as the Sale of Real Estate-Probate Court lists the land on the North West quarter of Section #14 as the land to be sold. More Hartwell land was sold and on October 29, 1883 Franklin again served as an appraiser along with Martha and H.L. Hartwell.

As an interesting note, at the bottom of the page under "executed in the presence of" was the signature of his daughter Mary Adelia. The last entry pertaining to Franklin's involvement in the estate was on July 31, 1888 when he served as an appraiser with L.B. Farr in the sale of more Hartwell land.

This was the extent to which I found information pertaining to Franklin. It seems only appropriate that a quiet, reserved and personal man would become most involved in the execution of the estate of his best friend and life long associate, Hiram Hartwell. G.W. Franklin was probably no different than most men of his age, seemingly hard working, a family man, and a well respected individual in his community. Yet there are simply too many gaps in the available information to conduct an in-depth and adequate study of his life. Consequently, one is only able to draw generalizations and make conjectures as to the personality of the man and the path that his life took.

prepared by
David Ellison
UWSP

NOTES

1. Franklin's obituary in the Stevens Point Gazette, dated February 22, 1901, stated "He proved a very successful farmer, and had the distinction of being the first to engage in potato raising on an extensive scale, and to ship potatoes from this section by rail."
2. Simon A. Sherman, The Sherman Papers Collection 20 (Note Book Number 26), pp. 13-14.
3. Simon A. Sherman, The Sherman Diary Collection 20, 1863-1865, March 31, 1865, no page listing.
4. Discussion with Ms. Marge Warner, February 4, 1983.
5. The U.S. Census of 1850, August 21, 1850, Reel #7.
6. The U.S. Census of 1860, July 25, 1860, Reel number not listed.
7. The U.S. Census of 1870, Reel #23.
8. The U.S. Census of 1880, Reel #26.
9. Malcolm Rosholt, Our County Our Story: Portage County Wisconsin (Stevens Point, Wisconsin: Portage County Board of Supervisors, 1959), p. 201.
10. Town Records 1859-1921 (Town of Plover: Portage County Series 26, vol. 1), p. 23.
11. Ibid., p. 27.
12. The Estate of Hiram Hartwell, In Probate Court-The Portage County Court, for the years 1879-1888.

ALEX WALLACE

[To many residents of Stevens Point and Portage County the late Alex Wallace is remembered as the author of "Stevens Point Through the Years," or, in another vein, as a political gad-fly and curmudgeon. What is generally not recognized, however, is that in addition to a forceful personality and direct narrative style, Alex Wallace also wrote poetry. Printed below is 1) a portion of a letter written by a woman in Madison requesting a poem from Wallace that would capture childhood memories, and 2) the nostalgic poem Wallace wrote in response.]

November 22, 1945

Dear Mr. Wallace

You probably have received many letters of praise on your beautiful poems and I would like to add my name to your many fans. Your poems remind me of the poems of another great poet, who has been my childhood favorite, namely James Whitcomb Riley [sic].

I would like to ask a great favor of you and that is to write a poem for me. I want to make a very special Xmas card for my mother. I want it to be of my childhood memories with my mother.

I know this must be a very unusual request but it would mean so much to me. I have tried to write a poem but I guess I just don't have the ability to make verse.

I will try to picture some of my childhood scenes and memories and maybe you could help me with this.

There were seven children the names being Belva, Doris, Erma, Arvin, Ileen, Verda and Zennieth.

Arvin and Zennieth were the only boys. I was the 2nd oldest child. We lived on a small farm and my father had a milk route. My mother did quite a bit of the farm work with what help she could get from us 3 oldest girls.

My main work was to take care of the younger children.

We had a dog named Fido who was our constant companion and guard.

We were poor but mother always managed to give us something for Christmas and Easter.

Mother always wore a faded blue sunbonnet. One very vivid memory was the field of sugar cane that we had every year. It was always my sisters and my job to see that it was weeded and hoed. Every fall we helped strip and tap the cane and dad would take it to the sargum press and would bring home from 3 to 4 milk cans full of sargum molasses.

Another incident that will always stand out in my memory is that we would always take our cup and go down to the barn every nite for a cup of fresh foamy milk.

There was an old apple tree in the corner of our front yard with a swing in it and a big apple orchard across the road from the house where we spent many a long summer lay.

My sister Erma and I spent many a hour playing with paper dolls which we cut from the catalogues.

I have been away from the farm for 16 years but most of my childhood was spent there.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES
WITH MY MOTHER

Mother on this happy Christmas
Don't you think we ought to go
Back with memory to my childhood
In those days of long ago?
Let us have a grand reunion
Once again down on the farm,
Let me hear you tell a story,
Let me cuddle in your arm.

Let us take a journey backwards,
Let me have a glorious lark
Chasing Fido through the meadow
So that I can hear him bark;
Let me see Dad while he's starting
Out to gather up his load,
Let me see him when returning
On that old familiar road.

Let me feel the thrill of flying,
Swinging in that apple tree
Shared by Erma, Belva, Ileen
And by sister Verda and me;
Let me see that apple orchard
That was right across the way,
Let me play there with my sisters
On a hot, bright summer day.

Let me cut out those paper dollies
Like we did on that good day
When with younger sister Erma
We had used them in our play;
Let me try to help you mother
And I promise I won't shirk
Taking care of younger children
When you help Dad at his work.

Let me see that field of sorgum
Where we young girls used to hoe,
Let me strip a leaf while walking
Down what seemed an endless row;
Let me rush down to the stable
Where I filled a heaping cup
With that warm and sweetest nectar
That I ever hope to sup.

Let me see an old time Christmas
Like we girls had long ago,
Let me see my bothers playing
Making snow men out of snow;
Let me have one Easter morning
Filled with love and joy and cheer
When my memory takes me to you
Love me, love me'mother dear.

Ethelyn W. Aanrud was a co-winner of the 1983 Rothman Award. We reprint here her winning essay, a charming reminiscence about teaching in Portage County rural schools in the 1920's and 1930's.

- MY LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSES WERE WHITE -

The little one-room country schools are now a thing of the past. You could see them throughout Portage County and throughout the state of Wisconsin from the late 1800's on into the 40's.

They were all very much alike: a large white sided building with a front porch and a bell tower, three large windows on either side with the flag post and a pump. In the back were two outside toilets and a woodshed. The yard was large enough for a play ground.

Each township had to provide education for their children from the first through 8th grades. The township was divided into school districts. Each had a schoolhouse that was within the two-mile walking distance of the homes.

Each schooldistrict was governed by the schoolboard which consisted of the clerk, the director and treasurer.

The clerk had to hire the teacher, see to it that the schoolhouse was cleaned (usually twice a year) provide wood for the stoves and generally supervise. To get her salary the teacher had to get an order from the clerk, have it countersigned by the director and then issued by the treasurer. Most of the time you had to see these people every month to get your check.

The teacher's salary was paid from the general property taxes in the township and the funds were then allocated to the school treasurer. Salaries ranged from \$75 a month to \$115 for an 8 or 9 months term.

The country rural teachers were under the supervision of the county superintendent and two supervising teachers. The beginning teachers were visited the first week of school to check on text books and given advice on teaching methods, discipline and given general help. All teachers were visited at least twice a school term.

Teachers were given written criticisms. These were also sent to the schoolboard. Teachers were hired for a year's term. Then they had to apply again. Usually, they stayed two years and then applied in another district. There was a continual turnover of teachers.

- The Story of a Country School Teacher -

The old schoolhouses have been part of this community for over a hundred years. My father and mother attended them as I did and my children. They were part of our lives, not especially interesting but as the old schools have become a thing of the past and are rarely seen anymore "an old school ma'am" may have a story to tell:

- My Education -

"Why do you want to teach?" an old professor asked us. There were a variety of answers. Most liked the good wages which teachers were paid during the depression days. I answered that I had always wanted to teach-an answer he seemed good. In the 1920's you were given a teacher's certificate to teach in the one room rural schools if you were graduated from a high school and took one year of training in a state normal school or county training school.

I entered classes in the fall of 1925 in the Stevens Point Normal school mostly because it was nearest to my home-about 20 miles, and that I could board with my aunt who lived there. The one year rural people had the attic classrooms in the west wing of Old Main which consisted of one large assembly room and two or three small classrooms. The director was a gray, pleasant, smiling Irishman Prof. Oscar Neale - just a perfect teacher. Two other Irishers were with him. Miss Mary Hanna who was a tall, elderly woman who spoke with a

slight lisp--also an excellent teacher, and Miss Roach, who was a brown-haired smiling woman with a wonderful gift of story telling. These gave us a glimpse of the 4 r's which we were to teach and also some down-to-earth advice about problems at school. There were other classes in history, agriculture, art, music, hot lunch, art and gym.

At the spring of the year we were given practical teaching in the Demonstration rooms of Old Main, also in the little Campus Demonstration school in charge of Miss LaVigne, one of those wonderful teachers you never forget, and one week out in a rural school in southern Portage County. Anyway--after that year we were to go out to teach. Pity the poor kids! Scared to death, we went out to apply for jobs and most of us were hired.

- The School House -

I was hired to teach in the Oak Grove school, a pretty, white-sided school house surrounded by big oak trees on about half an acre of land. It had, besides the school building, a woodshed and two toilets with wooden screens in front of them--one marked "girls", the other "boys" (only the Loberg school had chemical indoor closets) also, the flag pole and the pump.

As you entered the school house with its double doors, there was an entry with clothes rooms on either side. Above the clothes hooks were shelves for dinner pails. From the ceiling hung the rope of the school bell. In the large main room there were rows of desks to seat any number from 20 to 38 pupils.

In front of the room was a long recitation bench and the teacher's desk holding a row of textbooks and perhaps a globe. On either side and across the front walls were slate blackboards with eraser trays underneath. Above the blackboards were roll-down maps of North and South America, U.S. and Europe. Also Wisconsin. Three or four large framed pictures were found in every school; "The Angelus", "Song of the Lark" - "Washington" - "Lincoln". Shelves of library books were either in the back of the room or on side walls--wherever there was an empty space. Also a bulletin board. In the back corner was a sink, an earthen-ware water cooler with a bubbler - a sanitary item which replaced the water pail and common dipper. Some schools had the dinner bucket shelves on the inside. The windows had short, white curtains and shades. The room was heated by large sheet iron covered stoves or furnaces.

- A School Day -

It began about 7:30 and you'd go into the cold school room. The fire had to be started in the big wood stove. You'd empty the wastepaper basket into it, add some split kindling and chunks of wood and listen to it roar. Usually the room was warm by 9 o'clock.

It was time to write assignments on the black boards and plan the classes for the day. The eight grades had to be taught reading, writing, arithmetic, language, geography, history, civics, art, spelling and music. You began with music after ringing the bell at 9 o'clock and everyone had settled down.

The "Golden Song Books" were used, Also songs from the Churchill-Grendal books were taught. They learned the Stephen Foster song - the patriotic song, nursery songs, and many others. I played the piano. Some schools had the "music appreciation records" and used the phonograph.

In every rural school the same routine of classes could be found as the teachers followed a manual prepared by the Wisconsin Education Department which contained the order of classes, material to be covered in each class for the year.

The text books were fairly good. The children learned to read from the "Dick and Jane" books, the Elson Readers and others. Most knew how to read well by the time they were through the 8th grade.

Each class was from 10 to 15 minutes in length. There were two recess periods and an hour at noon - they were dismissed at 4. So the teacher taught, gave help, and scolded through the last minutes of the day. After helping to put on overshoes, hunting for lost mittens and saying "good night" there came a time to just sit and perhaps cry.

- After school -

The day still wasn't over. There was housekeeping to be done. From a large tin can in the entry, a handful of green oily sawdust was sprinkled on the floor in front of the black boards to be swept down the aisles - paper was picked up and put into the wastebasket in preparation for the morning fire. Sometimes I had paid some big girl to do sweeping for me at 10 cents an evening. In one or two schools I paid someone to fire-up for me. In the winter the water cooler had to be emptied for fear it might freeze to pieces. That happened to me at Pioneer and I had to replace it. Also the blackboards had to be washed and some assignments written for the next day.

When the room looked tidy, it was time to correct papers, a never ending chore. In the late fall it meant sitting by lamp light as it usually was pitch dark by 4:30. It was sort of an eerie feeling being alone in the dark, quiet room with light shadows on the wall reflecting unusual patterns. Maybe a mouse scampered across the room.

In those days few cars ever passed the school house so I was never frightened except for one time. I heard the sound of fumbling hands on the outside door knob and soon an old man walked in, red eyed and dirty looking. He had been walking home after visiting his son up the road and having seen the light in the school house, wondered if the teacher had forgotten to put out the lamp..

When I realized who he was, I asked if he wanted a ride home-he did- so I put my work away and gave him a ride about a mile down the road. He spoke in Norwegian and he soon learned who my folks were, where I lived and who I was related to.

I drove on home-I lived at home most of my teaching days driving the good Model T Fords about six or eight miles.

- The Socials -

One of the things we were expected to do in the fall was to prepare for the school "social!" The school budget was usually very tight so there was no money for extra things a teacher might want. To raise money she put on a "social" - there were several kinds: "Basket" socials, "pie" socials or "shadow" socials were the common ones. Usually there was a program or one act play. Extra lunch was served too. After the lunch was over, the seats were pushed aside and we'd play singing folk games: "Somebody's Waiting" - "The Needles Eye" - "London Bridge" - "The Farmer in the Dell" and others. Once in awhile there was square dancing but only if a fiddler was available.

In the Peru School, enough money was made to have a swing and a teeter-totter purchased.

- Christmas -

The three weeks before Christmas were spent in preparing for the Christmas program. It meant finding material from the "normal Instructor" or recitation books. Every child wanted to take part. Some spoke "pieces", others had parts in dialogues (little plays). Many Christmas songs were learned. There were drills, acrostics and rythmn band music.

A large christmas tree was put up the last week before the program. In Peru, the big boys were allowed to go into the woods to chop down a balsam tree, haul it to school and set it up. The big girls would then decorate it with trimmings from home or paper chains, lanterns or knotted crimson crepe paper. It was Pretty!

The program was usually given the Friday evening before Christmas vacation. The teacher came early to light the lamps. Sometimes a gas lantern was borrowed. When the parents had arrived and it was time to begin, the teacher welcomed the visitors and announced each number of the program. Usually, it was well done and much enjoyed. When it was time for Santa Claus to come, to make sure every child received a gift, it was the custom to exchange names and bring a present to the person whose name you received. The teacher always provided bags of candy and peanuts and apples for each pupil. She usually received a gift from the pupils. So the people slowly left the school house. A few stayed to help the teacher pick up wrapping papers and peanut shells. It was a good feeling that the evening was over and everything had worked out well.

Then home to enjoy two weeks of being able to sleep late and enjoy the Christmas vacation.

- Valentines Day -

After Christmas the pupils loved to prepare for Valentine's Day. A pretty box with a slitted cover was decorated with white paper and red hearts and placed near the library. The children colored paper hearts and Valentines to their hearts content and placed them in this box. By Valentine's Day this box was almost full.

The last hour of this day was set aside for the opening and distributing of Valentines. Each pupil usually had a pretty boughten one for the teacher. She had some for them, too, and a special treat. The most popular boy usually received the most valentines.

Towards the end of my teaching days there was more money to spend so less and less of the Valentines were hand made. I missed them. I have a box of Valentines that have become collector's items. Its nice to have a day when one can say "I love you" in such a lovely way.

- Winter days and on into spring -

After Valentine's Day there was a let-down. It was much harder to find things to do. The weather usually was very cold. Pupils were often sick and had to stay home from school. It was easier when the days got warmer and everyone could go 'out to play' and then be tired enough to settle down to school work after the bell rang.

Spring brought singing and declamation contests. Each school took part in a township contest. The winners there took part in the final one held in the Stevens Point Normal Auditorium. I had several county winners 'Epaminonds' and 'Little Black Sambo' a singing group from the Loberg school won a trophy and the traveling cup.

In late spring the 8th graders had to prepare for graduation by taking final tests in centers such as Rosholt or Nelsonville. By passing these tests and by completing their special credit work, they received their 8th grade diploma on graduation day in Stevens Point held in the Auditorium of the State Normal School. This was a very special day. Most of the 8th graders went on to high school.

- The Last Day -

After nine months both the teacher and the pupils were glad when the last day came around. The mothers came to watch a program, help with the lunch and then helped gather

up the school papers and books, then to say goodbye to the teacher. Thankfully the teacher put the textbooks away in their cupboards - she picked up her own materials, took one more look around the room and locked the door.

- An Afterthought -

You might ask if the pupils got a good education in these small one-room rural schools. Could they compete with the Village schools? I think they did. What one teacher lacked, the next one made up for. Most teachers stayed in one school for two years to be replaced by someone else. I'm sure the pupils I taught learned more about music and art than they did from other teachers. Perhaps I couldn't teach fractions, but those who went on to high school seemed to do as well as those in the Village graded schools.

One wonders about the influence for good you may have had. Now, 40 years later I meet them; the teachers, nurses or housewives. One girl became a missionary to Colombia. One man taught music in a Japanese concentration camp and later directed the band at West Point. Several were in World War II and were cited for unusual bravery. One died. You meet the fine farmers, mechanics, carpenters and their fine families.

It's hard to describe the warm feeling you get when they meet you and say, "you were my teacher" or "I remember how strict you were." "I got a hundred in Spelling every day for you." "You taught me to play the piano" - "You told me to go on to high school". My sister said I was fair.

Now, those little school houses are gone. They were torn down or made into homes. The Garfield school is a museum in the Rosholt Fair Grounds.

Parents wanted something better for their children so the districts were consolidated and school buses are used to transport them to bigger schools where there are more advantages.

But - let me say this - I know those schools produced as fine a group of citizens as you'll find anywhere today!

Ethelyn Wrolstad Aanrud