

HAYLAND

Country School Reunion

June 30th ~ 1:30 p.m.-5:30 p.m.

Reineke Park, at the north side of Milaca



North Hayland 1 Room School

Both North and South Hayland had schools. The Stark, Hatch, Young, Baker, Dranselka, Packard, Royal, Green, Oss, Fisher, and Postal families provided students through the years. Read from Beth Bork's history of Hayland farms to possibly see other names. Beryl Martinson was teaching in 1947. She later taught at South Hayland dist. 25. When Raymond graduated from the 8th grade, Green family moved and the Drost family moved in. Wannie Hatch and Harold Oss were on the school board in those days. They decided that it was not practical to keep the school open. So, for two years North Hayland went out of business. Emil Dranselka transported the kids South in his 2 door sedan. It was great for the boys because the girls didn't all fit without sitting on somebody's lap. Marline Drost had a bonny behind, but that was just fine.

In my, John Oss, opinion we had good and bad teachers. One very good teacher was Raymond Peterson. He was a veteran WWII bomber pilot. He boarded in an unfinished, uninsulated attic room in our house. He was teaching the year the Fisher house burned. He gave Dora special assignments following the fire. She was so traumatized that she could not speak. Raymond gave her written assignments to cover the work she needed to keep up in class. Raymond's expert "special ed" efforts were successful. The Dora we know and love today is here in both mind and body. Thank God for Raymond. He progressed in education until his retirement as Superintendent of Princeton High School.

My early views of teachers came primarily from Raymond Hatch. He let me attempt to ride his bike, and clued me in on the teacher he had. She was bad. Luckily she was boarding in our attic. My Dad let me help him clean the barn with my little shovel that was made for one handed cleaning of ashes from wood stoves. Being a loyal friend, I devised a means to get back at the bad teacher. With my shovel, I went to the barn, and then to the attic. At bed



North Hayland One Room District 46, 1947
Front: Gerald Green, Delmont Dranselka, Donald Stark;
Back: John Oss, Les Hatch, Imo Gene Leigh, Raymond Hatch

time the bad teacher gave out a scream. My folks ran to discover the smell. Johnnnny! Well, they did let me live. I don't know if Raymond ever had a more loyal friend. Raymond rewarded my loyalty by letting me join him in hunting down Christmas trees for school. They were decorated beautifully for our Christmas programs. Yes, Mary and Joseph made it to North Hayland. I think Santa likely had them packed in with the delicious apples we received after executing our parts. The same beautiful Christmas story was a delight at South Hayland for the two years we Northerners went there. We sang Silent Night, Away in A Manger ... They were the same songs we heard in church a couple days later.

So this picture shows Raymond, my first best friend. It took a few years after Raymond went on to Milaca HS to move on to Donald Stark as my best friend. My Dad let me borrow his 22 to go hunting. Donald and I got our first big game just south of the beaver dam north of Hatch's place. We cleaned the bird, scalded it in boiling water, plucked the feathers and made our first meal of wild chickadee. It was magnificent being such resourceful hunters. We stepped up the hunting standard a couple years later. The 22 wasn't going to cut it going bear hunting. So, we sharpened up the edges on two of Albert's best gravel shovels. You see, the bear we were hunting was in a hole a quarter mile north of our grade school. Donald explained there were two holes because the bear wanted the freedom of choice on which to use. The plan was for Donald to start digging in one hole, and I would slice the bears head off with my sharpened shovel. It seemed a bit far-fetched but Donald assured me the shove was plenty sharp. It all fell apart when a great roar came from a third hole we had not seen. I don't believe I ever ran as fast in High School track as I did then. I was leading, and afraid I would stumble if I tried to look back. Sooo, I asked Donald if the bear was still coming. Yees, he answered as he passed me. Oh my, we ran completely out of the woods into a swamp, or a shallow lake with clumps of swamp

grass. It was so easy jumping from clump to clump. After enough time went by we figured it was safe. It's lucky that the water wasn't too deep because there was no way we could jump from grass clump to clump. When we left we were totally differently equipped than with the bear close behind. An excited phone call to Uncle Walter Telander, a load of hounds and guns, and a diagnosis of "badger" finished the wild hunt. <<< More Letter >>>

Anderson Family Hay Rack Newsletter Masthead:

So who can help but ask, who's on that hay rack? We'll, take a zoomed in look.



Now notice that the picture is pushed beyond the resolution available. Hopefully it can be scanned with a higher resolution, and allow us to see who are missing two front teeth, but looking forward to Christmas.

Please bring pictures to the reunion for 600dpi resolution scanning. That worked good on most of the ladies aid pictures. Some pictures have even im-

proved under 1200dpi, but that is rare. Many seemingly small prints may have a lot more picture content than you realize. A little bit of Photoshop editing can



Front left to right Phil Jr. A. holding Kala A. (Ra'a), Kathy Ripke (Bette Ann's) hold Mark A. (Phil's), Laurel A. (Phil's) holding Susan A. (Aemer's), Karrie A. beside Aaron A. (both Ra's).

clean off some dust particles. This photo is the current best for the Hayland News Letter masthead. There may be others that want to compete for the spot. Dig through those archives.



1949 Big Room

Left Row: ?; Center Row: ?; Right Row: Marylou, Allen, ...

Students should all be named. If you are reading this on your computer, you can be an editor of this caption. This newsletter will be updated on the internet based on emails that come to john.oss4us@gmail.com

The same is true of all the content in the newsletter posted on the internet. The name Larsen is now correctly spelled with the "e" versus "o" in edition 1.1.

Nina Bobenmeyer Reports:

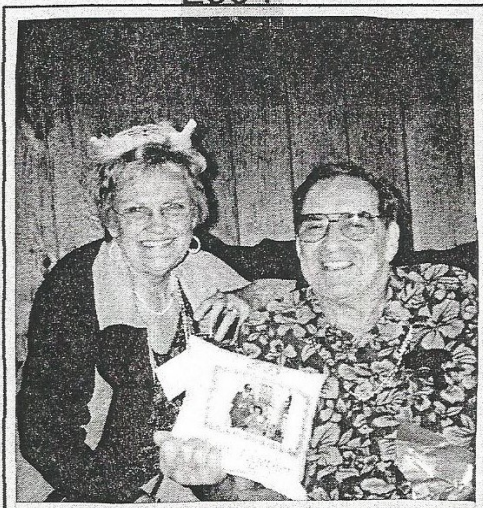
1956



1974



2004



GEORGE & NINA 25TH ANN'

I was Nina Bobenmeyer way back then. I went to Hayland grade school till 1952 then to Milaca High till 56'. I married John Erickson, [Bock boy], and we had 5 children. We divorced and I started a career in entertaining. I played with different bands until I met George McDermott in 1969. He had Minnesota Photo Co. in Cambridge and on week ends we worked our band jobs. We married in 1979, retired and moved near Hayward, WI. We still spend our summers there but bail for Mission, TX when the snow flies. George and I will be married 27 yrs soon. I still entertain a little...mostly volunteer gigs. I wrote a song & call it the "Has Been Blues". The lyrics came easy! HA
 My oldest son is retired Navy and raised his family in Fl. The other 4 live within 3 hrs. of us [in Mn & WI]. My parents, Dorothy & Melvin Millam live in the Sr high rise in Milaca & are lovin' it.. My sister Gladys recently moved to Milaca also. Sister Carol lives down the road from us...both in TX & in WI. Brother Dr Jim Millam is at UC Davis,..It will be wonderful to see you classmates in Sept. 06'





**George & Nina
McDermott**

<p>Texas NOV - April 509 Sagittarius Mission, TX 78572</p>	<p>Wisconsin May-Oct 12441 W LaRush Rd. Hayward, WI 54843</p>
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Things that have changed since 2006...My husband ,George, died, 2007, my sister Gladys died 2011, Our parents moved to Heritage House in Milaca...My sister Carol was widowed this winter and moved to Milaca ...yesterday....My sister Gladys Greene would have been sooooo involved in this reunion if she'd be here... She was known and loved around Milaca and Pease. She fell off a ladder, hit her head and died one year ago in Milaca. I am doing this because she wants it. 2 years ago ,she and I decided to go back to the family farm, between Broberg's and Nelsons[past H L Larsen's,] , we .left our car, and walked to school and back...3/4 mile...so much for the stories we'd been telling our children about walking 3 miles to school. Bless you for doing this....Nina



Fifties Ladies Aid; First Row: Mrs. Alton Nelson, Marsha Hatch, Alma Dranselka, Ruth Young, Beth Bork; Second Row: Janette Hatch, ?, ?, Phyllis Stark, Wilma Anderson; Back: ?, Lillian Nelson, Ellen Oss

Hayland Ladies Aid:

The ladies of Hayland met regularly for many decades. Weather conditions effected the clothing and turn out, but they met. Elaine Larsen Sanderson was a long time loyal participant. Beth Bork spoke well of Elaine in conversations about the history of the Ladies Aid. I don't think there is a higher complement. Elaine, please stir up the ladies for stories that help explain the devotion of the group throughout the years.

The ladies would share recipes and enjoy rice crispy bars. Melting



Vi Larsen, Anstis Anderson, Steve Bolz, Caroline Bolz, Grace Samuelson, Tillie Gerard, Irene Odegard

marsh mellow over the top of some breakfast cereal made a real hit. Bet they are still being made today.



Ladies Aid in Fifties: Irene Odegard, Vi Larsen, Caroline Bolz, Tillie Girard, Grace Samuelson, Agnes Broberg, Anstis Anderson



Vi Larsen, Lillian Nelson, Anstis Anderson, Idel Baker



Caroline Bolz, Ellen Oss, Dorthy Milliam, Ruth Young



Front: Girl, Girl & Elaine Larsen Sanderson, Girl & Lewisa Bork Stark, Sophie Johnson, County Home Agent; Mrs Smitana & Boy, Dorthy Stark, Anstis Anderson; Ruth Young & Chucky Bolz, Caroline Bolz, Irene Odegard, Boy, Who; Wilma Anderson, Tillie Gerard, Ellen Oss, ?, Idel Baker, ?



Ruth Young, Idel Baker, Lillian Young Stalkup, Mrs Smitana, Lillian Nelson, Marcia Hatch, Dorthy Milliam, Ellen Oss



Front: Georgia Ann Dranselka, Ruth Bolz, Diane Hatch; Second: Norma Bolz, Milly Odegard, Lorraine Johnson, Mary Louis Wilkins, Marylou Anderson, ?; Third: Alan Samuelson, Dicky Mileen, Paul Wilkins, Jimmy Broberg, Ronald Wilkins, Darwin Broberg, John Oss, ?; Back: Ellen Oss

All that ladies aid activity couldn't help but produce fruit. The Hayland Coworkers 4H club was a natural activity involving both fathers and

mothers in expanding the skills of their children.

Hank Anderson Barn Burns:

Laurel Anderson (Phil Anderson’s daughter, Hank Anderson’s granddaughter related:

Not sure if you remember how my grandfather’s barn caught fire, when it burned down. Grandpa Hank was out getting the cows in and he was just crossing or near a fence when the lightning hit the barn. Evidently, the charge followed through the fence wire enough to knock him down unto his behind! Luckily, it had lost enough strength so it didn’t kill him outright.

When the barn came down and the new barn went up, the little milk house, off to the west of the barn, remained there for years. Quite a contrast, that, since it was made of the old reddish blocks, as opposed to the clean, concrete blocks of the new barn. Later a huge, white silo was erected on the southeast corner of the barn and it held the emblem of two capital A’s, slanted together. This stood for A. Henry Anderson, Amon Ra Anderson, and later Aaron Anderson, who have all worked the farm. Even Aaron’s oldest son, Adam, has done some farming there, too.

Laurel tells: I remember it like it was yesterday! Supposedly, I stood there with my hands on my hips (age 3?) and said, “Sure burns like hell!” Needless to say, I must have heard someone else say that very thing!! I don’t remember saying it, but I do remember all the neighbors gathered around and watching it burn and burn. I will remember until I die that at least one bull couldn’t be taken out, so someone had to aim a gun through the window (northeast side?) and shot the poor creature. I remember its belling and belling (only word that sounds right for this occasion) – the agony that beast must have been in – until it was killed. Then, when the fire was dying out, a man and his teenage daughter went into the barn. Why? I don’t know, but I never saw them come out. They probably came out through another door, but I was positive they had perished and that I was the only one who knew about it! I tried to tell people, but they just ignored me. The fire had taken out the electricity so, when I entered Granma and Grandpa’s house, the place was lit with candles and (I hear tell) I asked “whose birthday is it?” Ah, the memories!

Hank Anderson’s barn burned in about 1958. Laurel added: I was talking to Mom and she reiterated the same quotation I put down. ... But, we did have a grassfire near our house— Dad had been told that we had all perished— before he got to the scene. That was the year some guy was setting fires around Hayland. We also had two chimney fires in the little house before Dad built the



Hank and Laurel Anderson
A successful husband, father, grandfather, and farmer enjoys a moment on his porch

brick house in 1961. John Oss writes: My memory of the barn fire is of the rebuilding activity. I came with my father when he joined the barn raising. The yard was full of cars. That many men couldn’t have all been there without many putting their own farms second. Their families put Hank’s family first. Oh yes, there was probably insurance money to be had for labor. These farmers were farmers, not routine construction workers. The labor they gave was a bit like a book end on the other side of the Fisher fire. A poor family and a rich family each received the support of the community. Both families were valued. Both received Hayland community help. Of course there is reason to think about the circumstances that preceded each fire.



Front: Mary Lou, Anstis, Hank, Allyne Jane. Back: Aemer, Ra, Phil, Bette Ann



Phil Sr. in sailor suit WWII

Those circumstances did not stand in the way of either family being helped, and of either family maintaining the dignity that we should all carry all of our lives. These two fires offered Haylanders an opportunity to define themselves. Define they did. I see this screen through tears of joy. We Haylanders have seen opportunity. We have seen bad, and gone forward to increase the good.

Yesterday was Memorial Day. We Haylanders survived and thrived. Phil was among many who served our country well. Hopefully stories come in from those who served or those who grew up knowing of the service their predecessors gave. The 4th of July is coming, and is to late to remember.

School Days:

The way to school could be a mud road. Phil Anderson gave the kids a lift. The roads presented many varied conditions. John Oss remembers skating to school after an ice storm sheeted the snow packed roads that sheeted the gravel. Barbara Swanson Sorenson remembers the last Christmas program presented at district 25. The ice was so bad some couldn't get up Deruds hill to the east of the school. Still, the Christmas Pageant was given to a packed house in December 1970. Frost boils were the order of the day in the spring. Between Glendive Nelson's and Wannie Hatches was a bad stretch, and between Nelson's and Anderson's was also bad.



Phil Anderson taking kids to school over muddy roads

knowledge that surpassed that of myself and most teachers of today. I'm a St. Cloud BS graduate. I taught HS math and physics, and never touched a Latin book. That speaks to my low standing in classical education relative to Mrs. Hatch. We've descended a long



Sahlstoms, Did they have it going or what?

way baby.

Mrs. Hatch (comments, John Oss):

Marcia Philips Hatch blessed all the kids she taught. She taught in North Hayland for school years 52-54. Ruth Samuelson had this picture from South Hayland. Her hiring and performance are one of the great success stories for small country schools. She experienced a couple years in "Moose Lake", a mental institution. Of course it would be hard for any school to hire a teacher after such a record. The North Hayland school board, including my father, made one of the wisest decisions effecting my young life. They entrusted the six of us to her care and skills. She had a tremendous love for teaching and for all of her students. You just had to give it your best. She was trusting and depending on us all. I am very pleased that she went on after North Hayland closed at the end of the 8th grade class of 54 to teach in South Hayland. I believe she was a product of St. Cloud managed "normal" school. Many of the country teachers came that route. No one should look down on the educational accomplishments of those teachers. Latin was in the curriculum. My son Eric attended Latin classes at Fresno State College in California. Among the thousands of students, only a couple classes were held. The foundational Septuagint version of the Bible was in Latin. Of course law and medical students are exposed to the language to practice their professions. These country school teachers had subject matter



Mrs. Hatch 55-56



Mrs. Wilkins

Participation Naming of Teachers:

We had great teachers, but who can name them from their pictures? Ruth Samuelson Lee has a treasure trove of pictures. She likely knows the captions for each, but it's getting late. You take a shot at putting the correct caption under each teacher. These young heroes and heroines were there to give us a start. Why in the world

wouldn't our parents side with the teachers and give us double when we acted out of line? Of course we got the message. Nobody was going to spare the rod. Get your act together, or suffer the consequences. The teachers pictured here taught in the fifties. Mrs. Hatch headed the crew, but the memories are wonderful. Barbara Swanson Sorenson told her Milaca big system teacher about the wonders of the country school in 1970. She was in the seventh grade and beyond what South Hayland dist. 25 could handle. Just one year away from the end for dist. 25 education. Her teacher was unaware that competition existed for the big system. Barbara brought her report card in to educate the teacher of reality. How much farther does the problem extend? Currently Denver public high schools graduate less than half. They labor with many dozens of languages spoken in the home. Only two of those languages are given serious consideration. Those awarded with Super Citizen awards are pictured with evidence of the great hope of the many coming here for liberty.



Mrs Williamson

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 % Laurel Anderson Fladmoe
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HAYLAND



Country School Reunion

June 30th ~ 1:30 p.m.-5:30 p.m.
Reineke Park, at the north side of Milaca

If you went to school in Hayland, in either of the country schools, please join your classmates in a fun time at our reunion. If you know of anyone who went to Hayland, please tell them about this! *Let's all get together* and share our memories, pictures, writings, and memorabilia. *Oh, and please bring your lawn chairs!*

There will be pie, ice cream, coffee, lemonade, and water served, but if you would like to bring another dessert to share (remember those days way back when with all the yummy goodies we shared?), please feel free to do so, but it's not necessary.



If you have any questions, please call
 Laurel (Laurie Anderson) Fladmoe at:
320-266-6550
(If you didn't go to school there, but would like to join us, please come!)

Hayland Country School Reunion, June 30, 2012 Newsletter

Editor: John Oss (720-210-8056)
 7851 So Carr St, Littleton, CO 80128

Assistant Editors are welcome. The web site <http://oss4us.com/dist25.46.2012Reunion/> lists published, corrected, and draft news letters. You can jump in during the drafting of a newsletter with emailed suggestions, and material.

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We are collecting Hayland memories. The first will be in newsletter form at the reunion. Three types of memories are obvious. School memories, community, and biographical memories.

1. **School Memories:** Teachers, students, activities, help from friends and family
2. **Community Memories:** Ladies Aid, 4H, Saw mills, fires and rebuilding, harvest time, elections, feelings about keeping country schools open.
3. **Biographical Memories:**

Impact of the school and community, occupations, faith, families, and service in military, plus what you want to share.

Mail, or give your memories to John Oss. Typed, written, recorded, or video are all OK. They will be gathered and shared with whoever wishes a copy. Downloads from the internet will be free. Postage and publishing costs will be known and advertised once the materials are assembled. This news letter and following letters will form the main input to the assembling of the memories.