

# HAYLAND

## Country School Reunion

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




### A Great 2012 Hayland Grade School Reunion

We had eighty five participants at our reunion. Mrs. Wilkens, Isabelle Hardy Day, Bill Hatch, Don Broberg, Walt Young, Tillie Girard, and Caroline Bolz held the jewels of our early history. Chuck Bolz flew in from Seattle Washington. Colorado, Michigan, Wisconsin, and South



Dakota were also represented. Recent high school reunions have struggled to get the locals to come. Well, the locals have done themselves proud for this grade school reunion. The pot luck deserts spoke volumes. People showed up early. There was pent up desire to get together. Well, we will do it again next year. Laurel Anderson Fladmoe, Georgia



Dranselka Nelson, Ruth Oss, John Oss, and Ruth Samuelson Lee enjoyed pulling together this reunion. Darlene Hatch Rogne is joining the group for putting on the 2013 reunion. Suggestions are welcome.

Folks were generous with our contribution can. Expenses totaled over \$500. Contributions totaled \$515.40. Oh, there are a few dollars and cents that Ruth Samuelson Lee tracked. She shared the details with our committee, and issued checks to take care of all bills submitted. A further breakdown of the monies are as follows: requests

received for reimbursements: park permit - \$35, pies, ice cream, paper products, etc - \$100, newspaper ad - \$101.50, newsletter production and postage - \$270. Donations: checks - \$94.75, cash \$420.65. Thanks to all with a special thanks for the \$100 bill donation. The balance remains as seed for next year.

The pictures that were scanned will serve as material for future news letters. Some of the pictures were already on file, but there is always a



question of quality. The original picture limits what can be done. The quality of the digitization and the original picture controls the quality of the digital file that can be used for publi-

cation. The best of each picture will be organized into an archive that will be available on line. That will take some work and invention for establishing the best means to present the pictures together with captions.



### Laurel Anderson Fladmoe Took Great Pictures



She took such good pictures that a separate news letter will show them all. The quality is high so you can zoom on the computer to pick up a lot of detail. Have fun. She even did a [video of Carol Bobenmoyer](#) playing the flute. Click for [just the audio](#).

**Copies of all News Letters Available**  
Milaca Copy Fast, has copies for \$1.20

black and white, or \$4.00 color. Georgia Nelson has some extras and the Milaca Historical Society will have some. AND click for [Darline and Laurel duet](#).



**HARVEST TIME (Ruth Samuelson Lee)**

After spring rains, preparing the fields, cultivating and nurturing the crops - - it was harvest time!!

The harvest began with the oat fields. The men manning each farm checked the heads of the oats to see whose oat fields were ready to harvest first. Each farmer usually did their own oat cutting and shocking, but if some were running behind, someone would always show up to help with the shocking so each round of harvest would follow the harvesting cycle smoothly.

Johnny Iverson owned the big threshing rig. He went from farm to farm with a few of the neighbors (Cato Rasmussen, Carl Schelin, LaVerne and Oscar Swanson, Darwin Ryg-Alex Girard before Ryg's moved in and my dad, Arnold Samuelson, and a couple others I may have forgotten) following close behind. It was exciting to see the men arrive with their tractors and wagons. Some of them were just sitting on the seat, bumping along the driveway and paths out to the fields, while LaVerne and Darwin would stand straight and tall, with LaVerne always looking straight ahead.

It was fun to watch Johnny set up the rig, as the different pipes and chutes were swung around and placed properly for the straw to be blown out in a huge pile that glistened in the sun and provided bedding for the cattle during the winter. There was also a chute where oat seeds came out, gunny sacks were attached and filled and the grain was separated. It took one man to keep the bags changed. The bags were put in LaVerne's pickup and hauled to our grain shed to be stored for winter feeding. Through this entire operation, Johnny was up on top of the rig, watching to make sure operations ran smoothly.

Then it was mealtime. My Mom had the afternoon lunch that consisted of sandwiches, cakes, pies, and of course, lots of coffee and Kool-Aid. This made me happy because it meant fewer dishes for me to wash. The men filed in, took their seats, and ate heartily while talking about the different harvests and the meals at different farms. I would hear comments like, "Darwin's north 40 had a better yield" "what I have in corn by the road this year will be oats next

year" "Tillie makes the best chicken" or "Wilda's meat loaf was just right."

After the job was done and Johnny took down the threshing rig, he came to the house to settle the cost. There was a meter on the thresher showing how many bushels (or whatever the method was) were threshed out and we paid so much per bushel to have the job done.

A month or two later, after the oat harvest, it was silo filling time. At long last, after riding the corn planter and watching the little green slivers come up forming the long rows,( between my dad and my brother, Allen, careful cultivating), the old corn binder was brought out, the cutting began, and then it was our turn to



have our corn harvested. In our small-farm neighborhood, the same neighbors that helped with the oat threshing had pitched in and bought silo filler. Everyone took turns going from farm to farm until everyone's corn was safely in the silos. Again, it was exciting to see the men arrive with their tractors and wagons. Carl, our old bachelor neighbor, was always the first to arrive. He was the one with enough nerve to climb up the silo on the outside and run the hooks

and ropes for the pipes from the filler that were extended up to the top. Then Johnny came, pulling the silo filler (it wasn't very large but I remember Dad showing it to me one night when it was left at our place). There was a metal chain in the middle of the bed on which the bundles of corn were thrown and fed into the chopper and sent up through the pipes into our silo.

As soon as we heard the power drive start up, we knew that all the belts were hooked up and the first load would soon be arriving from the fields. I remember that sound... the softer purr of the filler (until the corn hit the chopper and the louder pitched grinding sound started) and the blow of the chopped fodder up the pipes. Johnny tended to the tractor and belts because sometimes the men threw a little too much in at one time. This meant he gave more power to the tractor. Back and forth the men went with their rigs to the field. All the noise and bustle was over in a couple of hours. Our field was bare, but the silo was filled with food for our cattle.

Then it was the lunch and the crew moved on to the next farm.

Things changed over the years as farmers began to have their own combines and field choppers. But in looking back, there are many good memories of those times and great camaraderie between farmers, neighbors, and community. Hayland farming gave us a good foundation that is not found in many places or done in that way anymore.

Hayland ~1951



Roger Girard, Ralph Larsen, LeRoy Iverson, Glaydis Bobenmoyer, Carol Bobenmoyer, Ruth Bolz, Violet Johnson, Dorothy Johnson, Karen Larsen, Mrs. Williamsen



Marilyn Anderson, LeeRoy Iverson, Nina Bobenmoyer, Ruth Bolz, Jim Larsen, Paul Larsen, Philip Nelson, Carol Bobenmoy, Allen Samulson, Georia Dranselka, Mary Lou Anderson, Dorothy Johnson, Millie Odegard, Karen Larsen, Alan Larsen



**United Grange of Hayland;** Sitting: Mrs Carl Samuel son, Mrs Cooper, Ruth Young, Jeanette Hatch; Standing: Clarence Quelland, Thelma Dranselka, Loren Young, Gilbert StarAugust Dranselka, k, Cy Hatch, Ruth Oss, Anna Stark, Walter Stark, John Bliss, August Dranselka, William B Pearson

**United Grange of Hayland:** This picture gives evidence to the hard economy. Farmers were concerned that the system was taking advantage of them. The flag and open Bible suggestive evidence to an allegiance to God and country. Milk was held off the market at times. The suits and nice dresses speak to a proud standard. The Grange offered their building for meetings

beyond their Purpose, just like the district 46 school. The control of the assets was local even though both

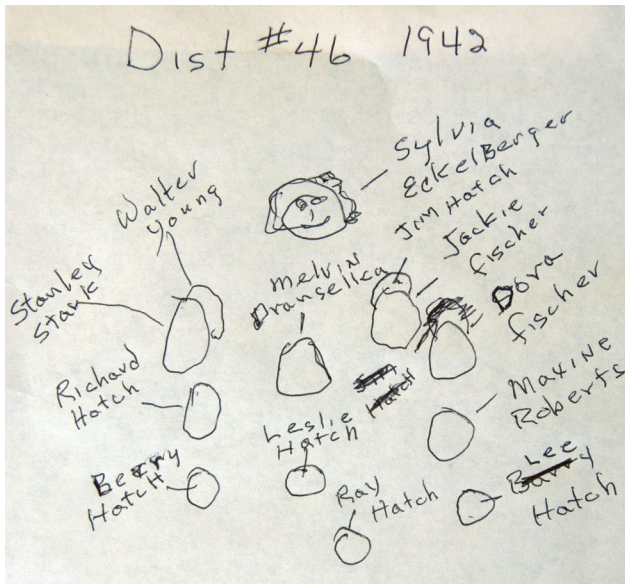
state and regional support is represented by Mr. Pearson and Mr. Quelland.

The degree of the hard times is represented by soap. Ellen and Harold Oss discussed at length whether to buy soap. The home made soap cost less, was likely of higher quality, and made use of cooking grease that would be wasted if not used for soap. John Deer, Farmal, Alice Chalmers, and Ford tractors came on [to replace horses](#) soon after WWII. The REA (farm electricity ) showed up in the same time frame.



**District 46:** Left front to rear: Berry Hatch, Richard Hatch, Stanley Stark, Walter Young;

Center: Ray Hatch, Leslie Hatch, Melvin Dranselka; Right: Lee Hatch, Maxine Roberts, Dora Fischer, Jackie Fisher, Jim Hatch,; Sylvia Eckelberger



Walt Young had this picture tucked away. Every one pictured brings forth memories. We know of the men and women pictured here in childhood. The experiences in that little one room school set the stage for many lives. The surnames ring over fields of Hayland farms. These boys served in Korea, like their older brothers who served in WWII.

**A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SCHOOL BUS DRIVER**

For those of us who drive the bus, it's really nothing new. For others though who do not know, I'll say a thing or two. We do this 'cause it fills a need, we'll say that from the start. The point you see is just that we are masochists at heart.

We get the flu, the sniffles too and all the childhood woe. But we're the guys who still must rise, and off to work we go. For some would fuss if that old bus weren't standing at the gate. While Jim and Fred get out of bed, they yell: "Hey driver, wait!"

I'm sure you know that years ago, back in the olden days. We walked to school and as a rule 'twas all uphill both ways. We love our jobs, the Janes and Bobs who ride with us each day. But we've become a little numb from things along the way.

Like parents who without a clue, want Jimmy off the bus. "Against the law! But I'm, his Paw!" They rant and fume and cuss. Then there's the car who thinks you are the reason why he's late. He strips his gears and then just clears the kids there by the gate.

And here's a quote that gets my goat, as if it's what you did: "And where were you when my sweet Sue got hit by that mean kid?" Now I was here, that should be clear, not really doing much. Try keeping lids on sixty kids, and not miss stops and such.

Our day is crowned when with the sound of barfing in the seat; We stop the bus, it's up to us to keep it clean and neat. And there's the joys of yells and noise, it really is absurd. For then Inez comes up and says: "Jack used the bad F-word!"

Now some might see how this could be a burden now and then. But not for us who drive the bus, we'll do it all again!

**Walt Young** has been driving a school bus up by "the lake". Now that is quite a move from attending district 46. We learned *E pluribus unum* Latin for "Out of many, one", but it now is often *E unum pluribus*. Sweds, Poles, Germans and the Indians who passed coded secrets in WWII were all one. Now the many are in few schools, but the American category is plural. The most important teaching of all "Love your neighbor" is replaced. Walt related waiting for an Indian child who was late for the bus. The mother came outside to hurry her child to the bus. Her toddler in diapers followed her, middle finger presented for the bus driver.

*E pluribus unum* shines as a beacon for those looking before his daughter Binta was born. Now after thirty years he can proudly encourage his daughter to become part of the “unum” of *E pluribus unum* that is our great country. Binta faces many challenges. In McMeen Elementary there are twenty eight different languages spoken at home. Teachers struggle to move the children to English as there primary language. Assemblies are begun in Spanish, and then transitioned to English. Many of the teachers translate when an English speaker needs to talk with the children. Of course there are children of the 26 other languages who are really working hard to get on board.



The same country building traits that Hayland teachers taught us Haylanders are taught here. Strong parental involvement is also practiced. The success rate is high at Highline. There may be two or three languages spoken at home, but English is paramount. The charter school standing of Highline enables and requires close parental involvement with the school. [The existence of the schools is controversial.](#) Many educators feel threatened by the schools. Others applaud their existence.



**Mr. Senegal Diop** exhibits traits that many Haylander parents also displayed. He struggled to come to this country thirty years ago. The VI-SA cost \$3000. It took ten years, three English proficiency tests, and another \$500 before he became a citizen. Those two failed kept on until he got it right. Mr Diop did learn English, but language exams did not stop him. It took another ten years he never learned to love lutefisk.



Less than half of those who start in Denver high schools graduate. We must do better. Hayland grade schools did better. They operated for nearly three quarters of a century. Much of what is thought wrong with current schools was right with Hayland local grade schools.

The book: [The Schools We Need: and Why We Don't Have Them](#) by E.D. Hirsh cuts to the major problems. The president of StCloud University recommended reading this book, after being asked what could be done to reestablish top class schools.

Mr Diop is just like my grandfather was when my father flunked English the first time. He

kept on until he got it right. Mr Diop did learn English, but language exams did not stop him. It took another ten years he never learned to love lutefisk.



Connie Ryg

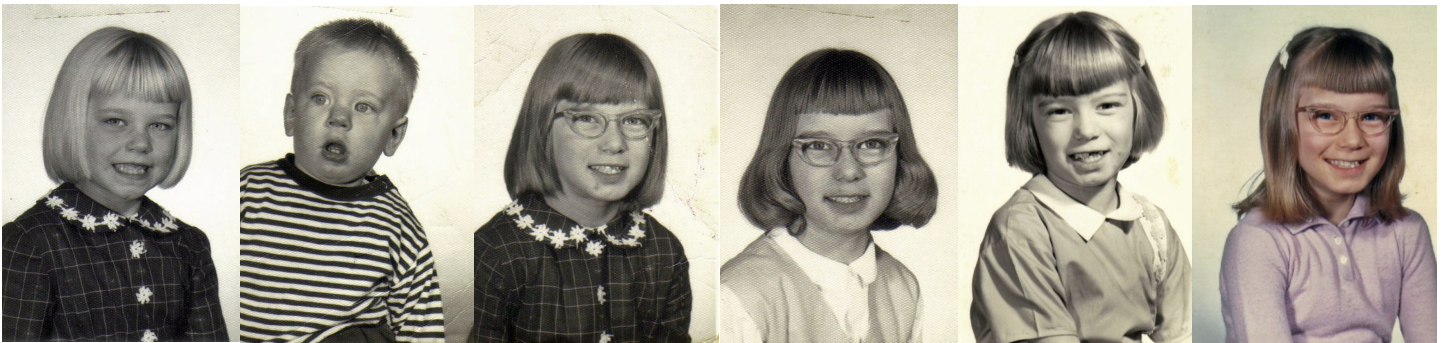
Daniel Hatch

Richard Hatch

Joe Walbridge

Joe Walbridge

Laurel Anderson



Patricia Swanson

Randy Walbridge

Barbara Swanson

Barb Swanson

Barb Swanson

Barb Swanson



Karrie Anderson

Karrie Anderson

Linda Ryg

Linda Ryg

Patricia Swanson

Patricia Swanson



Karrie Anderson

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Assistant Editors are welcome. The web site <http://oss4us.com/Hayland/> lists news letters. You can jump in during the drafting of a newsletter with emailed suggestions, and material. The newsletter will continue publication until new material and corrections stop coming.

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**Memories Departments: School, Community, Biography**

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**We are collecting Hayland memories.** The first were 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 Memo-**

**ries:** 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 are free.



Get link for Carol's Audio

Put Dorothy Millam up in the senior credits.