

Home Drive, Rock Lake 1918

Dear Donna + Family,

It has been a joy to put this
book together. I hope that you
and yours may also experience
enjoyment as you look at it.

Love,

Jack

Aug. 16, 1997

FORWARD

Mrs. Glennis Graham Turner wrote (in part) in her compilation of THE RALSTON FAMILY RECORD--1958:

Sometimes we are prone to feel that only our own life is of much importance, but as we scan these pages, we realize what a small link our one life is in the network of a family. We can admire the courage of those before us, who lived through difficult times and conditions; and we can feel a greater kinship with others who share our heritage. (Emphasis added.)

*****As I recounted family stories and histories in the process of compiling "Jack's Story," I became acutely aware that I am who I am not only because I was blessed with the abilities to act on and, to an extent, control my destiny but, to a large extent I am who I am because of the significant people who have been major players in the days and years of my life. If there is blame I would like to point at others and if there is credit I would like to claim it for myself; however, the way things really are nearly all of the credit must be shared with significant others, and, unfortunately 99.9% of the blame is mine. For those who influenced me for good I extend my heartfelt thanks. For those who suffered from my sins of commission or omission, I beg your forgiveness.*****

Information quoted here from Mrs. Turner's compilation is italicized.

There are certain marked abilities and characteristics which have appeared in many of the Ralston families. Not all of us possess them, but in those who do it can be said, "they are Ralston's!" One trait is a remarkable capability with their hands, and deftness of fingers, no matter what their work. It is an old saying that, "A Ralston can do anything with his hands." This ability might be illustrated with this story:

A young woman, an acquaintance of a "Ralston who possessed this trait," accepted a position in a large concern in a distant city where, he told her, a relative of his happened to be employed. No mention was made of the relative's name, nor of the department or capacity in which she worked. One day the supervisor of one of the departments was surprised by a young woman asking her "Are you a relative of 'so-and so' (mentioning the 'Ralston's' name)? "Why, yes," replied the supervisor, "but how did you know?" "I know you," the young woman answered, "by the way you use your hands--just as he does."

There are members of many of the Ralston families who are gifted with artistic ability, manifested in various fields, some to a professional

degree, and many although they do not have creative ability, nevertheless have a definite appreciation, or artistic sense. This is true also of musical ability, which appears in quite a number of the families.

There were rugged old Scottish characteristics in the older generations, and a semblance of these is still noticeable, even with some who are not robust but have a remarkable wiriness, endurance and physical reserve. The old family saying of "you can't kill a Ralston" has proven true many times when members have recuperated from almost hopeless illnesses. And one still sees the resolute determination to keep active and well, and the personal confidence that "there is nothing wrong with me!"

John Ralston at 83 (in 1888) is remembered by one of his granddaughters as still active, and that he thought nothing of walking from his home in Bervie, Ontario, to Kincardine, seven miles distant, to visit one of his children, and then on three miles farther to Stoney Island to his daughter Jane's. If offered a ride, he would decline, saying that he was in a hurry.

Another story illustrating this old ruggedness, is told of one of the older Ralston's. After being plagued by a tooth-ache, he was finally persuaded to go to the dentist. When he returned home, he discovered that the dentist had pulled the wrong tooth. Infuriated, he seized a pair of pliers and pulled the tooth himself! Unfortunately he used such force that he broke off still another tooth!

Have we lost something of that rugged quality, in this age of painkillers and tranquilizers? Perhaps -----but each generation has shown its own strength, and in many ways has improved.

There is another quality that still appears in some of us, in every generation. We won't say it is a Ralston trait--perhaps it is just a manifestation of some of that good old Scotch "determination". This can be a good quality in some ways, but at times it makes us difficult for others who may have different views. We won't call it "stubbornness," but if we think something, we pretty much adhere to that idea! We hope, however, not to the extent of one old Scotchman (not a Ralston in this case), who could not be persuaded that he was mistaken about a certain regulation. Even when confronted with the book of rules and regulations, he declared there was a mistake in the printing!

There is an old family story of a Ralston who "couldna face his friends" because one of the family married someone of Irish ancestry, and of another who told of how on the Sabbath, he would walk with his Catholic wife to her church, leave her there, and then go on to the "hoos of God."

The following letter was written to his father by William Miller who was married to Margaret Glendenning Ralston:

Lanark-on-the -Clyde
Perth, 2nd. October, 1820

I have got my land and money and everything as was said. My farm is 20 miles from this town and 5 miles from Lanark township. It is in the township of Dalhousie, No. 14, in the 2nd Concession; I am just going off on Monday to build my house. It is a nice lot of ground. I have got ten acres of meadow hay on it. If I had been here two months sooner I would have had a cow this winter. If I have time I will cut some hay yet and get a cow, but this I cannot say till I get my house. Two pounds a head is just what we paid from Quebec to Perth Government settlements.

In this town there are six or eight large stores where you can get anything, as you or I could in Glasgow, but castmetal is very dear, and crockery-ware. It is only four years since Perth was a wilderness of wood. There are four churches in it. The distance from Quebec to my farm is 409 miles. I intend to keep my family in Perth till I have my house up and provisions for them. The winter beef is 3d a pound; pork 5d; butter 15; tea .45 a pound, sugar 9d.; tobacco 15-30 a lb; rum 15 a bottle.

When you write me direct to William Millar, farmer, No. 14, 2nd Concession of Dalhousie, by Lanark. I have called my farm Whitelee, but it will not be known by that for some time. My friends need not come here, but for farming. No tradesman is wanted mostly at all.

We came from Quebec to Montreal in a steamboat, and land carriage from that to Lacine, and from that in boats to Prescott, and from that to Perth in wagons, and such horses for running I never saw in my life. I thought when they started that the men were mad, for they went off like a shot out of a gun, up hill and down dale was all alike. They were most of them farmers, and I told the man that was with me, that if we were to run our horses that way we would kill them, but he said no fear of them; they are the most mettlesome creatures I ever saw.

I can tell you, and you may tell all you know, that my wife bakes loaves as good as the best risped loaves in Glasgow. I thought that I would miss the oatmeal greatly, but I do not.

If you come, get into some society-- a great saving. A pot which you will get for 4s. will cost 2 pounds here, and a kettle costing you 6s. costs two pounds here. Pots and pans be sure to fetch, and a grindstone. A set of tea dishes which you will get for 3s. will cost one pound here. A 4s. 6d. dollar is 5s. here, and one of your shillings is 13d. and your farthing is 1/2 d. and a pennypiece the same. Everything you have, if it be the shape of a copper goes for 1'2 d.

I have gotten two pounds this day, and I get as much this day three months and as much in three months after that, and I get farming utensils of every description that I need. Thanks be to God for being so fortunate as I am. I got information this day from Capt. Marshall how I will get you out free of expenses, and if I get this for you, I think I shall be happy. This I write, if I get it for you, how you are to do.

THE FAIRS AND THE RALSTONS

{In July of 1983, Mary and Jack received the following letter from Doris (Ray) Pullen with the family history that she refers to. I am including a copy of her letter in an attempt at accuracy.} Doris was the daughter of Clyde Ralston's aunt Margaret (Maggie Fair) Ray--Eliza (Fair) Ralston's sister.}

Dear Mary and Jack:

I finally have assembled what I have on the Fair family. I'm also sending something I have written for my children--thought you'd be interested in the part about Aunt Eliza and your Great Grandfather Fair.

I went to New York in mid June for a check up with my Dr.--all OK. Rae came up & we all had a good time--saw two Broadway plays. Rae's daughter, Lee Rae, is expecting in Sept.--so I'll be a great grandmother!

Margaret Marie Fair was born in Bervie, Ontario, Canada, May 27, 1871. Her mother died when she was five years old. Four years later, her father married Mrs. Cuyler. Margaret's sister, Eliza was 12 years older than Maggie and was more like a mother to her as they didn't like their step-mother. They adored their sister-in-law, Margaret Jane Cuyler, who married their oldest brother, John, about the same time as the parents married. Maggie attended the little village school. She often told the story about one of her classmates (a boy) who would yell at her (when he was far enough away so she couldn't chase him) "You're fair by name but not by nature!"

Maggie adored her father. He was an excellent local preacher, and ran a sawmill for years. Altho small in stature, he was possessed of considerable athletic ability performing feats which seemed almost impossible. In the evening he would often box with some of the young men. Maggie told the story of her father boxing with a man, who fell to the ground without being touched! She bragged that her father had knocked him down with the "wind of his fist." The truth was he had tripped him.

After finishing school at Bervie, Maggie started further study in another town, where she worked for her board and room with an elderly aunt. Later her father asked her to return home and keep house for her two unmarried brothers. She stayed with them for several years until one of them married. It was while living with them on the farm that she became very proud of her milking skill! (Maggie liked to brag that she could milk a cow faster than anyone else.) Later she went to Inkster, North Dakota to visit her sister Eliza, where Eliza and her husband Alan, were living. It was during this time that she met Lynn Boyd Ray, who she later married.

Best Regards.

Doris[(Ray) Pullen]
Maggie (Fair) Ray's daughter

Eliza and Allen

Eliza was born on June 21, 1859. Eliza had grown up in a rather large family and had lost her mother (in childbirth) so she became a substitute mother to some of the younger children especially to her younger sister Maggie. Maggie (and probably Eliza) weren't fond of the woman that their father had married so their alliance was cemented by their dislike for their stepmother. Eliza and Maggie had spent their childhood and young adult years in or near Kincardine so their roots remained on the banks of Lake Huron. The feelings of closeness survived throughout the lives of the sisters. When Maggie achieved maturity Eliza left home and became the proprietor of a millinery store in Kincardine where she specialized in the making of hats.

Allan McLean Ralston was born on August 13, 1860, at Ontario, Canada (exact location-unknown). As a young man he moved to Hillsboro, North Dakota (probably 1881) where he worked on (thought to have been the manager of) a "Bonanza" farm. In the late 1880's he bought a farm near Inkster which he operated for a few years. He returned to Ontario in 1893, for a short time and on February 15, 1893, Allan and Eliza Fair were married at Bervie, Ontario. Nine months later on November 24, 1893, a little boy was born to these newlyweds and they named him Arthur Clyde Fair Ralston.

Allan, Eliza and Clyde moved to Inkster where they operated Allan's farm for a few years and then sold out and moved to Manitoba, Canada, where they farmed near Rock Lake. While Allan and Eliza were living near Inkster Maggie paid the young couple a visit and while there she met L.B. Ray. Maggie and L.B. were married (after an appropriate courtship, of course) and they moved to Petersburg where L.B. owned and operated a bank (later during the depression L.B. and Maggie lost ownership of their

bank). Maggie and L.B. had two children--Lynn and Doris. Lynn never married and Doris married Web Pullen. L. B. died at an early age but Maggie and Lynn continued to live for the remainder of their lives in the big house that L.B. had built. About 1910, Allan packed up his family again and moved to a farm that he and Eliza purchased from the man who had homesteaded it near Petersburg, North Dakota where they lived until Allan's death in 1917. Clyde and Ruth and their family lived on Allan and Eliza's farm after Allan's death, Donald and Joyce lived on and ran the farm when Clyde and Ruth retired from farming, and Steve and Jan (Don and Joyce's son and his wife) lived on and ran the farm when Don and Joyce retired.

According to information reported in the "Ralston Record," researched and written by Glennis Turner, the earliest record of the line of the Ralston family began with John Railtonne, who was born in 1662. Carrie Christine Ralston, using the "Ralston Record," assembled the following brief family line:

John Railtonne ==
 John Ralton married Isabell William==
 William Ralton married Mary Blair==
 James Ralton Married Margaret McLean==
John Ralston married Margaret Glendenning==
 (John emigrated to Canada about 1830)
Allen Maclean Ralston married **Eliza Fair**==
Arthur Clyde Fair Ralston married Ruth Bergene==
Jack Arne Ralston married Mary Karen Larson==
 (and after Mary's death married
 Shirley Ellingson Huseby)
Carrie Christine Ralston married Olgeir Jon Thorisson==
Thorir Jakob Olgeirsson
Nikulas Arne Olgeirsson
John Christopher Ralston

It is not known to this writer whether Eliza and Maggie ever returned to Kincardine after moving to Petersburg, but, in 1964, Jack drove his mother and father to Kincardine to visit the many cousins who lived there. Jack and his parents stayed for only a week as Jack had to get back to prepare for school and Clyde was anxious to get back to the farm to assist with the harvest. To make the rounds of all the cousins who wished to host the travelers it was necessary to plan a morning coffee visit in the home of one cousin, a luncheon visit in the home of another cousin, and an evening dinner visit in the home of another cousin. Each of the host cousins provided a lovely lunch, dinner, or whatever meal (in fact Clyde, Ruth and Jack were greatly challenged to show a continuing enthusiasm for eating because of the wonderful oversupply of food.) The three travelers were

staying in the home of Clyde's cousin, Ralph Elliott and his wife Francis (Francis also was a gifted cook and always had some tasty dish to offer). The following is a list of the cousins that were visited while on the 1964 vacation trip to Kincardine (the names of relatives are printed in bold type):

Bill Elliott---Ripley
 Clifford L. Hewitt and **Lucretia + young Clifford**---Kincardine
Mrs. Gordon Fair (Elizabeth)---Bervie
Frank Fair and Elizabeth---Ripley
 Henry Needham and **Ella**---Kincardine
 Carmen & **Jean Pollock**---(Ottawa, I don't recall why the Ralston trio was able to visit them in Kincardine)
 George and **Francis Rutledge**---Kincardine (Cousin on the Ralston side)
Minnie Fair---Ripley
Bob Baird---Kincardine
 Morris And Marjorie Reid---Kincardine
Ralph Elliot and Francis ---Ripley
 Elmer and **Joyce** (daughter of Ralph and Francis) **Courtney**---Ripley
 Eliza Ann Walker and **Clara Downey**---Lucknow
Hazel Elliott---Lucknow
John Almer Aekert---Lucknow
Lola and Goldie Harris---Kincardine

Eliza and Allan, and Ruth and Clyde are buried in the Ralston cemetery plot in Petersburg.

Information supplied by Edna (Bergene) Nelson (Nov. 12, 1980)

THE BERGENE FAMILY

Grandfather and Grandmother Bergene (*Grandparents of Ruth, Olaf, Annette, and Edna Bergene*) lived in Norway in a place called Valders, which is sort of a county. Their children, probably not according to age are: **Arne**, Mrs. Martin Rust, Nels, and, I think there was another son and a daughter whose name was Annie.

Mr. and Mrs. Rust-----Thief River Falls, Minn.---Farmers
 Anna-----Teacher---Married and lived in Sask. Canada
 Olena-----Teacher---Died in her twenties from an appendectomy
 Martin, Jr.-----Farmed the family farm. I think some of his family live there

Carrie Klopp----Thief River Falls, Minn.

Nels

Ole

Chris

Severt (All worked for the Soo R.R.)

Ragnild Lee (daughter) lives in California

Nels Bergene married the widow of -----Arneson. Mr. Arneson was either Nels' cousin or brother. She had three children : Norman, Corinne and Emma

Uncle Nels and she:

Oscar---retired--Berkeley, Calif.

Casper---had oil property in Texas and a bulk oil co. in Wisconsin

George---Contractor--Sacramento, Calif.

Ruth---Widow of Zean Douglas (Sheriff, Wisconsin)

Nettie Phillips---Husband, Joe, works for Col. Highway Dept., Eagle, Colorado

Arnold---Retired--Cumberland, Wisc.

Lillie Britt---Widow, Oconomoc, Wisc.

Arne and Christine Bergene (Married 1888)

Olaf---married Clara Udby, June 26, 1913

Bertha---drowned

Infant---lived hours

Annette---married George Klennert April 26, 1921

Ruth---married Clyde Ralston Nov. 24, 1914

Infant---still born

Andre---died of Jaundice

Edna---married Robert Nelson Sept. 9, 1931

Jennie---died of pneumonia at the age of 18 months.

Christine Haugen (Bergene) was born at Grand Meadow, MN and lived there with her mother, her father, and her baby sister. Christine was the daughter of Gilbert Haugen and _____. Christine's father worked in the north woods during the winter months and her mother stayed at home to take care of the farm and the children. Apparently they had a cow or cows. The winter that the baby was born Christine's mother was kicked by a cow and died of the injury. Christine didn't know what to do so she bundled up the baby and got on the train to go to northern Minnesota to find their father (She didn't know exactly where he was.) The baby had been nursed by her mother so Christine didn't know how to feed the baby. On the train some kind women helped her to get the baby to eat by soaking a rag in milk and then getting the baby to suck the milk from the rag. [Christine did find her father in the north woods and there must be much more to the story but any effort on my part to relate more of the story would be more fiction than fact so I will have to leave that part of Christine's story to your imagination and to others who may be able to more accurately relate the narrative.]

Comments or information written in italics are the thoughts and comments of the writer.

Dad (Arne Bergene--In Norway his last name was Brakke --pronounced "Brock-kay") came to the United States when he was 21 years old. Uncle Nels, the Rusts and Arnesons, were already here. I don't know exactly what he did at first. He probably was with his relatives for awhile but I know he worked in Crookston because I have a letter of recommendation for him from the hospital in Crookston, where he had been a nurse and did other work. In 1883, he bought 160 acres of land near St. Hilaire, Minn. He married Christine Haugen (daughter of Gilbert Haugen) on August 26, 1888. Christine was born in Grand Meadow, Minn., but grew up in Northern, Minn. St. Hilaire was their nearest town at that time.

They sold the farm in 1892, and moved to Crookston where he worked at various jobs. He worked in the brick yard, then he worked for the Post Office as a rural mail carrier. He drove a horse and buggy from Crookston to Red Lake Falls, Huot, Gentilly, and home. He held that job until his asthma got so bad he couldn't work steadily. Then he worked at common labor and he always had a big garden so he sold vegetables. Mama (*Christine*) had to be the bread winner doing day work for families, usually taking one of the babies with her.

Problems arose caused by overwork, worry and Dad's sickness. Occasionally Dad would drink a little and Mama didn't like that so eventually they separated when I was eight years old. Olaf stayed with Dad and we girls stayed with Mama.

When Dad had asthma attacks Annette and I would stay with him to help him. They were really bad. Mama, Ruth, and Olaf all worked so they couldn't stay with him. Papa and Mama became very good friends for many years. He used to spend many Sundays with us until he got too sick with cancer of the liver. He died March 22, 1922.

Children of Arne and Christine Bergene

Olaf and Clara Bergene----No children

Ruth and Clyde Ralston

Leslie----died age 16 of appendicitis

Lynn and Florence----farmed near Petersburg, North Dakota

Verne and Jill----farmed (also sold insurance) near Petersburg

Don and Joyce----farmed near Petersburg

Bob and Marge----college professor, Mayville, ND

Faye and Joe Sturlaugson----teacher, farmer, and county auditor, Cavalier, ND

Howard and Lynn----art teacher, Grand Forks and Rochester, MN

Jack and Mary---- teacher, Hatton, N. D., elementary principal, Lockhart, Barnesville, and Litchfield, MN

Annette and George Klennert

Charles and Lavonn----Boeing Aircraft, Benton, Wash.

Lois and Loren Jung----labor union office Buena Park, Calif.

Rosalie and Don Bedard----college professor Cypress College, Calif.

Dorothy and George Bodlovic----NW Power and Light, White Bear Lake,
MN

Ruth and Gene Wright----Bulk oil, Sillwater, MN

Edna and Bob Nelson

Bob and Diane----Newport Beach, Calif., Triad Business Forms

Kenneth (Major) and Darlene----chaplain U. S. Air Force

Donna and Jack Rayl----(Widow) works for Monsanto Plastics,
Anahiem, Calif.

ARTHUR CLYDE FAIR RALSTON

Nov. 23, 1893, at Kincardine, Ontario, are the dates and the location of Clyde's birth. His parents were Eliza Fair Ralston and Allan Ralston. Shortly after his birth Clyde's parents moved to the U.S., and farmed near Inkster, North Dakota. After a time they moved again--this time to Manitoba, where they lived on a farm near Rock Lake. When Clyde was a teenager they moved yet again to North Dakota and lived on a farm near Petersburg. This proved to be a permanent address for Allan as he lived there until he died. Clyde and Ruth had lived on a farm near Dahlen until Allan's death and then Eliza transferred the farm to her three children (Clyde, Jack--(John was his given name but everyone called him Jack), and Doris). Clyde and Ruth operated the farm renting the property from, Jack and Doris until they could afford to buy the land from his brother and his sister.

This small farm (two quarters of land) provided for Clyde and Ruth and their family. Clyde and Ruth were hard working, honest, Christian people and did whatever it took to make a go of it. Clyde had a natural leadership quality that resulted in his holding several positions that allowed him to serve his neighbors, family, and the community at large. He held many offices in the church; he was township clerk for many years; his neighbors looked to him in times of trouble or uncertainty, and he was county commissioner for several years after he retired from farming.

Clyde attended grade school in Manitoba, but when Allan and Eliza moved their family to the U.S. he didn't (probably couldn't afford to) attend high school. Later he did find the resources to attend Aker's Business School in Grand Forks. It was during this time that he met Ruth. Clyde and

Ruth were married on Nov. 24, 1914 (Clyde's birthday), at Lakota, North Dakota.

Clyde credited Ruth with raising their eight children although this credit was not 100% correctly placed. Much parenting was done while shocking oats, or running the binder, or caring for the horses. Jack recalls an instance when he was in high school. Jack had gotten to an age where it was not only possible but in his mind desirable to experiment with smoking cigarettes. Jack drove the family car back and forth to high school and he and some of his friends had been conducting an experiment with the art of smoking in the car the previous day. They had carelessly left butts in the ash tray. Clyde had cleaned the car out the previous evening and had noted evidence of smoking in the car that could have gotten into the car only through the efforts of his youngest son. He told Jack what he had found and said, "Be sure that your mother doesn't find out." By that quiet admonition he did far more good than if he had ranted and raved and preached on the evils of smoking.

As a part of the farms diversity, sheep and their lambs were raised. Inevitably, a ewe would give birth to triplets and be able to successfully feed only two lambs or the ewe would die after the birth and the lamb or lambs would have to be raised in some other way. These "extra" lambs invariably became "bottle lambs." A bottle lamb was fed from a nipple on a bottle for a period of time and then was taught to drink milk from a pan. A lamb was taught to drink from a pan by offering the lamb a finger to suck on in place of the customary nipple and when the lamb was happily sucking on the finger push his nose down into the pan of milk. After feeding the lamb from a pan it was wise to more or less wring out the lambs nose as the lamb drank milk so rapidly from the pan that it didn't get the message that it had consumed enough milk when the milk in the pan was gone and the lamb would then nuzzle its surrogate mother (whoever had brought the milk) and in the process, get milk all over the surrogate mother if most of the milk had not been gotten off the lamb's nose first. The younger members of the Ralston family were usually the ones who were responsible for the care and feeding of the bottle lambs.

Clyde struck Jack only once. One night shortly after Verne and Jill had established themselves on their own farm, they had come to eat the evening meal at Ruth's kitchen which was always well supplied with good food. Jack was intrigued by his dynamic older brother's return as well as by his attractive new sister-in-law with the charming English accent. The presence of these two distractions completely removed responsibilities (feeding the bottle lambs) from his mind and he was busy enjoying the conversation with Verne and Jill. Somehow his dad became aware that Jack had neglected the bottle lambs so he delivered a lecture on Jack's responsibilities to his lambs--not only because the lambs must be cared for if they were to grow sufficiently to be profitable but there was a moral issue as

well. Clyde asked Jack how he would like it if he were not given any supper. Jack heard his father refer to the lambs as belonging to him and he also heard him speak of the neglect. He found all of this humiliating and lashed out with words as only an adolescent can. He said, "You speak of those lambs as if they were mine but when it is time to sell them I am sure I will never see the check as I never have in the past. Since you get the check they must be your lambs. Why don't you feed them?" These smart Alec words held enough truth so they no doubt hurt, but denying responsibility to the whole of the family effort probably hurt more. In addition the open rebellion no doubt made his father angry. Without thinking Clyde raised his hand and struck his son hard enough that he fell across the room. On the spot Verne asked if Jack could come to stay at his farm and help him there. This offer sounded like heaven to Jack, and Clyde--being the loving parent that he was--no doubt saw that a serious problem was developing within his youngest son and saw this as a solution worth exploring. So between a loving brother and a loving father a solution to a potential problem was found that was satisfactory to all. Clyde's reactions in this instance stand out in Jack's memory because Clyde responded violently which was atypical and because when emotions were back in control he settled for a solution that was kind, loving, and gentle. Jack could not recall that Clyde had ever responded to any of his children with physical violence.

During the harvest one fall Jack and some of the older brothers were shocking while Howard and Clyde were binding the grain. Howard was driving the tractor and Clyde was riding and operating the binder (Clyde always ran the binder because it frequently broke down--especially the bundle tying mechanism--and he was skilled at making the necessary repairs.) In the middle of this particular morning those of us who were shocking heard Clyde begin to shout at the top of his lungs. Everyone heard except Howard, the tractor driver, heard Clyde shouting and realized that he was trying to warn Howard that there was a large rock hidden in the grain straight ahead. Since Howard didn't hear the shouting the rest of us thought that perhaps we could help by shouting, waving our arms, and running towards the tractor and binder. Nothing helped. Admittedly the old Fordson tractor made a lot of noise but Howard had a habit of mentally wandering off in his own little world and while he was there he was completely oblivious to sights and sounds around him. Howard drove the tractor and the binder straight ahead and the binder hit the rock with a resounding metallic BOOM!, and the tractor stopped dead. There was some damage to the binder of course but Clyde dismantled the broken parts with the intention of taking them to town to get them repaired. In his usual low key way Clyde decided at lunch that he would attach a string to Howard's straw hat and would pull his hat from his head if he needed his attention and couldn't get it by shouting.

Years passed, Bob, Faye, Howard, and finally Jack, all went to college at Mayville. Don and Verne both attended Whapeton School of Science for

a short time and studied electricity. Bob and Verne both entered the army during World War II, Verne spent his military time in the signal corps and Bob was in the air corp briefly as he fell during training and sustained a broken arm that proved to be debilitating to the extent that he was discharged. Don stayed at home and was the mainstay on the farm. As years went on he eventually was doing most of the farm work and Clyde assumed the role of the helper. In 1955, Clyde and Ruth sold their livestock and machinery and took the formal step of retiring from farming. Clyde sat in the house most of the time except for doing a little yard work such as mowing the grass. The result of this unaccustomed inactivity was that he became quite overweight and he slept a great deal. His children and Ruth became very concerned because it appeared that Clyde was in a rapid decline. A family council was called (that means that all of the children and Ruth ganged up on Clyde) and Clyde was advised that his just sitting around made absolutely no sense at all and that if he were to live much longer he needed to find something to do. A county commissioner had recently announced his retirement and Clyde thought that this work might be something that he would enjoy. Clyde's position in the community served him well and he easily won election as a County Commissioner and he continued in this work for many years. It was wonderful for Clyde but it was hard for Ruth as she wasn't much for joining and had devoted her whole life to work. She didn't find it easy to reach outside of her family. Don and Joyce now lived in the house next door and the grandchildren were a source of tremendous joy to Ruth.

Jack and Howard came home from college at least once a month or so and Jack made an interesting discovery. His father had seemed to be something of a dolt while Jack was in high school with the occasional exception when his father helped to bail him out of a potentially nasty situation; but, when Jack came home from college he found that his father was really well informed and had excellent (in fact superior) insights into political and governmental affairs.

Time passed and Ruth and Clyde began to show their years. Clyde developed severe circulatory problems in his legs and eventually his right leg became so seriously damaged that amputation was necessary. Clyde resisted this disfiguring surgery saying that he would rather die but the family signed the necessary permission forms and the surgery was done. Clyde struggled to become skilled in the use of his prosthesis but years and his circulatory illness had affected his entire body and he was unable to use the artificial limb successfully. He wore the limb most of the time but it was only for cosmetics as he spent most of his time sitting in a wheelchair. Clyde died of complications of his circulatory problems on May 5, 1976. Ruth had experienced a series of strokes which had resulted in unfortunate personality changes--she became sharp, suspicious, and angry in her relations with her husband and Clyde would not allow his children to do anything about it. He loved her and was determined that nothing

uncomfortable should happen to her (The children had suggested that for some part of the year it might be better for both of them if they were to visit the homes of their children separately.) Clyde was determined to stay with his wife of 62 years (at the time of his death) no matter how much pain was felt when he was with her. Shortly before Clyde died he asked Jack to promise that he would never allow Ruth to be placed in a nursing home. Jack struggled with this request but did promise to take care of her to the best of his abilities and do everything that he could to avoid placing her in a nursing home.

Ruth had suffered another stroke at the time of Clyde's death and for a time it appeared that Ruth and Clyde would be buried at a single funeral. She rallied eventually and began to regain her strength. When it became likely that Ruth would survive for a time she was told that Clyde's life on this earth had ended and that he was now in heaven with his Savior and that he had also been reunited with his parents and his son (Leslie) who had died before him. Although Ruth had very little speech she communicated that she too was not only ready but anxious to die. Jack remembers that when she was told of Clyde's death she responded, "Me, too."

RUTH

Ruth was 85 years old when she died in 1980. She had been afflicted with many small strokes and some larger ones but she was born with an indomitable spirit and that spirit carried her through. She lived independently most of the time even after having suffered a number of strokes but the last six years of her life she required living assistance in a nursing home. The last conversation that Jack, Ruth's youngest son, had with his mother where he knew that she understood what was said was in the Mayville Nursing Home. Ruth's speech had been severely damaged early in her battles with stroke and it had gotten worse with each succeeding episode. That day when Jack arrived at her room she was lying there apparently unaware of her surroundings and not caring about either speaking or hearing. Ruth began to respond to her youngest child's efforts to interest her in his conversation in, what seemed to Jack, to be an almost polite but disinterested way, until he remembered something that someone had told him about dementia--that the old memories are the last to go--so he tried telling one of the stories about her life that she had enjoyed telling to him and to others:

Back in the days before Ruth and Clyde got their first car (the old Maxwell) Ruth was capable of driving a horse the four miles to

town and took great pleasure in doing so. She would hitch a horse to a buggy and away she would go, to sell her eggs and cream, and to buy groceries. One of Clyde's friends in the Grand Forks area raised horses that were bred and trained to be pacers to be used in racing. One of the horses developed a lame leg and Clyde's friend asked him to take the horse to the farm and keep it until the horse either recovered or proved to be damaged beyond recovery.

One day Ruth needed to go to town and on impulse decided to harness and drive the pacer. It usually took two men to harness and hook the nervous animal to a buggy but somehow Ruth did it by herself (she had a natural way with horses--and probably other animals as well). The trip to town was pleasant but uneventful.

When Ruth finished her shopping she and the pacer set out for home. A man in a Model T Ford caught up to Ruth and the pacer about a mile out of town and the driver obviously wanted to pass Ruth and her horse. Ruth was afraid that the passing car would spook the skittish horse so she encouraged the horse to go down the road a little faster thinking that it wouldn't be asking too much of the car driver to stay behind her until she got home. (This was a race horse and it was moving along at what she thought was a good speed.) Eventually, the man lost patience and he drove his Model T up alongside of the buggy tooting his horn "A-A-A-ROOG-A, A-A-ROOOGA!!" This was too much for the pacer and it jumped into the ditch, pulling the buggy behind him.

Miraculously Ruth kept her seat and also kept some semblance of control of the horse. By now the racing instinct of the pacer was in control and Ruth, the buggy and the pacer were flying along in the ditch. Ruth could see that they were gaining on the Model T so she decided to go for it so she cracked the whip once over the back of the horse, steered the horse and buggy back on the road, and took up the race in earnest!

When the horse got back on the road where the footing was better he took off like a streak--never breaking his pace. Ruth steered the horse and buggy around the car and left the Model T and its driver in the dust. [After this episode Clyde decided that the horse was cured and asked his friend to come for the horse. He likely wanted to get that horse off of the farm before his dare-devil wife was killed or hurt.]

As Jack told this story to the woman who had told the story to him, he could see that she was becoming more and more animated even to the point of attempting speech. Unfortunately the stroke damage had done its work

too well and speech was no longer possible for Ruth. In Jack's subsequent visits to Ruth, she never again showed any sign that she knew of his presence. In the early stages of Ruth's illness before she required nursing home care, her small and large stroke episodes left her with less ability to understand what was said as well as an inability to say what she wanted to say. After one particular stroke episode she lost the ability to use most nouns in a sentence and would often use incorrect ones--for example she would call girls, "boys," and boys, "girls." At this point in this awful illness she substituted the word "Kitty," for a large proportion of the nouns in her sentences. One day Jack was taking Ruth from the farm to the Rehab Hospital in Grand Forks to visit Clyde who was recovering from surgery on his leg. They stopped in a restaurant just outside of Grand Forks for lunch before they continued the trip to the hospital. Jack asked his mother if he could help her place her order. She said with some irritation that she could do it herself. Jack tried to surreptitiously help by asking her yes and no questions about various items on the menu but when the waitress came to take the order Ruth insisted on placing her order herself. The sweet-young-thing-waitress asked, "What do you see on the menu that looks good to you today?" Ruth answered, "Kitty." The waitress almost took a step backward when she heard this unexpected response, but she decided that she must have heard incorrectly and asked again, "What can I bring for your lunch today?" Ruth again said "Kitty." Jack at this point interrupted this interesting exchange and told the young waitress that he thought that his mother meant that she would like to have a ham sandwich.

Ruth grew up in a family where all members of the family had to do what they could to support the family. Ruth needed to go to work at her first opportunity to help support the family and she did. Ruth had a job in Grand Forks where she met Clyde. A mutual admiration society was instantly formed and they were married on Clyde's birthday, November 24, 1914. Leslie, Clyde and Ruth's oldest son, was born ten months later and Jack, the youngest of eight children, arrived nineteen years later. Ruth and Clyde lived in a small two bedroom house that had been built by the man who had homesteaded the farm before Clyde's father and mother purchased it. Clyde and Ruth added rooms and remodeled the existing rooms from time to time but accommodating such a large family stretched the little house's capabilities almost to the breaking point. Luxuries and niceties were rare for Ruth and Clyde.

Ruth and Clyde had lived through the depression and drought years of the late twenties and thirties and were not strangers to hard times. There was a severe flue epidemic about 1920, that afflicted nearly every family. Many died and many families were unable to care for themselves.

Ruth saw the great need of her neighbors so she went from house to house and offered help and care to those who needed it. Of course she was exposed to this dangerous virus in mega-doses but she came through this

trial without becoming deathly ill. Those difficult years, especially the drought, and the depression, made Clyde into a very careful man who hated to take chances, and it left Ruth wanting some of the good things in life. She knew that life is short and felt that she should grab some of the good things when the opportunity was presented.

One morning at breakfast Ruth informed Clyde that she thought that it was time that they added a dining room. Clyde thought briefly about Ruth's statement and replied, "I don't think that there is any way that we can do that now but I will think it over." Believing that he had taken care of the matter he and his farmhand sons went to the fields to continue with the farm work. The noon meal (dinner) was always served at twelve o'clock so the farmhands were always there promptly to chow down on another of Ruth's excellent meals. At noon Clyde and the boys walked into the kitchen where dinner was always served and were startled to see what appeared to be a window that had been cut into the wall. The net result was an unobstructed view of the back yard unhampered by either glass or window screen. One of the boys asked, "What happened here?" "I've started cutting the opening that's going to be the door to the dining room," Ruth replied. Construction began as soon as possible and Ruth had her dining room.

Ruth was a complex person--she was understanding of her children and their problems (she usually thought that her children could do no wrong) and defended them vigorously if she thought they were being wronged. When Jack was thirteen he was in confirmation class and Rev. Wiltzene, an evangelistic preacher, who believed in public confessions and testimonials, was the teacher. Jack was quiet and shy and was truly afraid of the man who was his confirmation teacher. Once Jack had been deeply embarrassed by Rev. Wiltzene in confirmation class and was not anxious to repeat the experience. Jack was making an entry into puberty but was still unable to find whiskers that regularly needed shaving. His complexion was clear, he had rosy cheeks (especially in winter) and brightly colored lips. One winter day his mother had parked the car at the grocery store which was a couple of blocks from the church so Jack walked to the church. It was cold and blustery but he hurried so he didn't get cold although the wind stung his face as he hurried down the sidewalk. When Jack got to the church and was taking off his jacket Rev. Wiltzene asked him what he had put on his face. With a sinking feeling Jack felt of his face thinking that he must have carelessly eaten something and left some of it on his face. There was a small mirror on the wall of the classroom so he immediately went to it to take a look to see what embarrassing thing he had failed to wash off. He looked in the mirror--but only his own face reddened from the winter wind looked back at him. Now he was embarrassed so he looked back at the minister and asked him what he meant. The good Reverend said that it was the makeup on his face. The pastor said that he couldn't understand why young ladies insisted on wearing makeup on their faces but it was a terrible

thing when young boys started wearing makeup too. Jack was not only embarrassed now but angry at this false accusation so he vigorously denied that he had put makeup on his face. Rev. Wiltzene said that his lips and his cheeks were so brightly colored that it couldn't be natural coloring. Jack let it drop and made no further response but he learned from this experience that the man was not to be trusted. Jack resolved to be very careful that the man not ever find out anything about him again as he knew that Rev. Wiltzene would use whatever information that he might gain to Jack's detriment.

Rev. Wiltzene required that all members of his confirmation class must report in class that their families were holding family worship. It was customary for the Ralston family to say grace before meals and on special days Clyde would say his special table prayer:

"For these and all other mercies,
Oh Lord make us truly thankful.
Bless them to our use and us to thy service,
For Christ's sake.
Amen"

Or, sometimes he would offer a short extemporaneous prayer. Jack knew that even though morals and religion were of great importance in the Ralston family, regular family worship wasn't likely to happen; he also knew that he would be publicly humiliated again if he went back to confirmation class and told the truth. The day that the family worship assignment was due Jack at last summoned the courage to tell his mother of the requirement and also told her that he understood the problem for the family. (He had not told her of the makeup episode and he didn't tell her now.) Ruth told Jack to sit down on the couch. She then took out the family Bible and read from it and when she had finished reading she said, "Now you go tell the good Reverend that your family has started having family devotions."

Ruth loved to play cards. In the early years the favorite card game was whist and Ruth, Clyde and the three youngest children often would bundle up in a covered sleigh* and they would be off to a Farmers Union

Author's note*: A covered sleigh was an enclosed vehicle usually with seating for three to six persons. A covered sleigh had a windshield that opened in the front so that you could speak to the horses and two small holes also in the front so the reins could be brought into the sleigh without also bringing in a great deal of the cold winter air. A small coal or wood

burning stove was built into one corner of the sleigh and the chimney, of course, went through the roof. On a frigid winter day it was not uncommon to go down the road behind the horses in this little sleigh all cozy and warm beside a rosy red glowing stove. (Jack never heard of a sleigh burning but it must have happened.) If a storm came up that made it impossible for the occupants of the sleigh to see it was quite common to hang up the reins and allow the horses to find their way home.

 meeting at one of the neighbor's. After a meeting for the men the adults would all gather and they would play whist (there was a prize for the man and the woman who won the most card games as well as for the two who lost the most games) and the children would usually retire to the upstairs bedrooms to play games such as "Blind man's Bluff," or "Spin the Bottle." In the later years the local Farmer's Union meetings pretty much disbanded so there were no more neighborhood card parties but Ruth and Clyde's children were approaching maturity and they had enough people to form their own card games. The family often played whist, rook, hearts, rummy, and old maid, until Don learned how to play pinochle. Don taught everyone in the family how to play pinochle and PINOCHLE was king! Ruth was hooked! Some don't know that card games can be addictive but Ruth was a Pinochle addict. She loved to play and continued to play quite well long after she had suffered strokes that had left her quite disabled.

When old age came to Ruth it was terrible to see her life slowly slipping away--one small stroke after another--but a lesser person probably would have succumbed to the devastating effects of the strokes much sooner. In the minds of her family she always came out a "Winner," and Jack was certain that she came out a winner at the end of her life also! Jack envisions his mother in heaven knocking a hole in one of heaven's walls so there would be a door into the new addition.

SCHOOL

Jack went to school with Howard and Faye the year that he was five. The school was a typical rural school--one classroom containing children in grades one through eight that was heated in winter by a big coal stove that sat in the front of the room, far enough out from the wall so all of the students could sit on all sides of it with their feet up against it on cold winter mornings. There was a small room that you entered first as you came into the building where the children hung their outdoor clothing and their lunches. That room, oddly enough, was called "the entryroom." A family of skunks lived under the school house and when the children made too much

noise they would make their displeasure known as skunks can do so well. This would usually happen on days when the weather made it undesirable to play outdoors at recess time and the teacher permitted the children to play indoors. On at least one occasion the skunks were so displeased with the noise made by the children playing indoors that school had to be dismissed. After that, the schoolboard thought it best that they attempt to remove the smelly creatures from under the school. It was decided that the best way to rid the school of the skunks was to gas them so somebody hooked their car exhaust up to a hose, stuck the hose through the hole in the foundation that was the skunks access to their schoolhouse lair. All other holes were plugged to keep the gas under the schoolhouse. Apparently the skunks thought that car exhaust was no worse than their own because they continued to lay claim to their humble home under the schoolhouse.

Miss Hoikret was the teacher Jack's first year in school. She was a first year teacher (having never previously taught) but she was determined to do her best. Like many teachers of that time she thought that she was likely to be judged by how tough and demanding she was with her students. Miss Hoikret was replacing the good and kind Agnes Ringstad who had been the teacher there for many years. Agnes had done a marvelous job of teaching the children in that school and she was loved by children, graduates from her classes, and parents alike. Faye and Miss Hoikret locked horns nearly immediately over how things should be conducted in the school. Faye was in eighth grade and the oldest student in the school so she felt that with her experience she had considerable insight into what worked and what didn't work at Nash # 2 (the name of the school). One day in November, Jack raised his hand and indicated that he needed to go to the bathroom just after Miss Hoikret had called the school to order for the morning session. Miss Hoikret said that since the day had just started she and Jack would have reading class first and then Jack would be permitted to go to the bathroom. Jack was the only child in first grade that year so Miss Hoikret made a habit of holding him on her lap whenever it was time for a first grade class. Jack undoubtedly was a cute little guy like most children in first grade and she probably enjoyed holding him, or possibly Miss Hoikret thought that by holding Jack on her lap she could demonstrate to the older children that she was really a warm, caring person. It probably doesn't matter why Miss Hoikret held Jack on her lap but she did have him on her lap on that fateful November morning and she did it with full knowledge that he had asked to go to the toilet. She did not know that Jack had anything but marvelous bladder control and of course the inevitable happened midway through the reading class. Jack wet himself and of course Miss Hoikret too. Miss Hoikret wasn't pleased and made this known in rather strong language. Faye rose up in defense of her wet little brother and there was a battle (verbal of course) between the teacher and the eighth grade sister that will not soon be forgotten. This time there was a note that went home to parents and this time parental intervention was required.

Jack never learned what transpired at that parent teacher conference but the results were satisfactory--school seemed to go on as usual and nothing much seemed to have changed. Jack's entry to the public schools occurred in 1939. In 1939, America was unaware, but Japan was girding itself for war and in a very few, short years America and Japan would be locked in deadly battle. For reasons that seem somewhat obscure there was a silk shortage and ladies' silk stockings were expensive and difficult to get in 1939. Miss Hoikret always wore silk stockings to school and was dressed well in every observable respect. One brisk windy day in the fall Miss Hoikret gave her pupils permission to play in the willow patch about an eighth of a mile south of the school building. She imposed only one condition---the children were to listen very carefully for the school bell and they were to run back to the school building as fast as they could at the first sound of the bell. The school bell at this school was hand held and was rung by sharply swinging it back and forth.

The children loved to play in the willows and on this day it was special fun because they could hear the wind blowing and moaning over the tops of the willows but they were not chilled a bit by the wind because they were screened from the wind by the very willows that offered themselves as such a fun place to play. A lively game of tag was organized through the pathways through the willows and the game continued all through the recess period. Everyone was allowed to participate in the game--even little Jack--and everyone was having a grand time until some one looked up and saw a red faced Miss Hoikret heading for the willows ringing the bell with all her might. Moments after she had been spotted she seemed to lose her final shred of patience and she threw the bell as hard as she could. It landed about twenty feet away in a growth of burrs in the ditch. She stood, momentarily looking at what she had done and then she gamely walked into the burrs to retrieve the school's bell. When she emerged from the plant growth and the children could see that her silk stockings and her dress were well covered with burrs. By now the boys and girls were all in full flight, headed for the school. Naturally they all got back to the school building well ahead of Miss Hoikret. There was another scene when she got back to the school but by then there had been enough scenes so the children were all pretty well hardened to them. Miss Hoikret had come to Nash # 2 from a German settlement to the east and north of the Petersburg community. The little rural school community that constituted Nash Number 2 was made up almost exclusively of people of Norwegian extraction (except for Clyde who was of English/Irish/Scotch extraction). As a result of Miss Hoikret's German heritage she had a considerable knowledge of the German language and she decided to teach all of the children to sing the old carol, "O Christmas Tree," entirely in German for the Christmas program. Of course the actual conflict between the U.S. and Germany had not started in 1939, but there was a generally hostile feeling towards Germany because of what was happening in Europe. What was likely an innocent effort at expanding the children's experience in language proved to be the last straw

for the school patrons of Nash #2. Miss Hoikret was dismissed during Christmas vacation and Agnes Ringstad was hired to come back to complete the school year.

There were four or five first graders the year that Jack was in second grade. Since this was a one room rural school everything that went on in every grade was readily audible to every other pupil and grade. Jack had learned to read in first grade using a book called Ben and Alice, and now that he was in second grade he was forced to listen to the first grade having a good time reading from a lovely new book named Dick and Jane. He was so envious of the children who were having such a good time reading this lovely first reader that he considered asking if he could be in first grade again. Jack continued at Nash Number 2, through third grade and part way into fourth grade. The year that Jack was in fourth grade the school was taught by a young man named Myron Halstenson, who loved to make model airplanes. Unfortunately in the spring of the year, Myron's teaching career was cut short by the military draft. Since there was only a short time left in the school year the kids from Nash Number 2 were sent to the school in Petersburg to finish the school year. Jack returned to Nash Number 2 for one additional year and then the school closed for good and he finished elementary school and high school in Petersburg.

Intense concentration was a skill that served Jack well in the rural school setting. Obviously classes for other grades were continuously in progress making it necessary for children who were not involved to block out the conversation and recitation. He discovered that plugging his ears with his fingers was very helpful in blocking out distracting noise. When he entered school in Petersburg he still used the skills that he had learned in country school. One day for geography class there was a reading assignment about the Inca Indians in Peru. Jack found the assigned reading fascinating and read the whole chapter before he realized that he had read more than the assigned material. He became aware of his error when his teacher, Miss Kello, shook his arm and told him that he had to participate in the class so he had best unplug his ears and pay attention. She then asked Jack a question about the assigned material and Jack, full of enthusiasm about the Incas, answered her question and in the process told Miss Kello and the class all that he had learned about the Incas (which may have spoiled her lessons for the next week or so). Miss Kello was not amused. She was of the opinion that children needed to be alert and be ready to participate in class activities when she wanted so Jack was required to sit in during recess the following day.

North Dakota's rural roads were not everyone's dream in those years, in fact the snow plow usually gave up by Christmas and travel was restricted to horse drawn sled, walking or horseback. Until Faye graduated from high school the Ralstons would rent a small apartment where it was possible to do light cooking and Faye would cook and be substitute mother for Jack and

Howard. When Faye graduated from high school Howard and Jack stayed at a board and room owned by Mrs. Benson. The last three years of school were spent at the home of this elderly widow who provided housing and meals for 8 to 10 high school boys and several men. The men had private rooms but the boys were all housed in two large bedrooms. The widow Benson also kept one high school girl at her house to provide assistance with the cooking and clean up chores. That girl shared a bedroom with Mrs. B., (as the boys called her). The food was good and served in generous quantities. Ten hungry teenagers, a few men, and a teenaged girl can consume a lot of food.

One day when Jack was in seventh grade a member of the Gideon Society visited his class and presented each student with a miniature New Testament. It was very attractive to Jack as the cover was a simulated maroon leather (maroon was his favorite color). By now Jack had established that he loved books and loved to read and collect many kinds of books. Now that he had his own New Testament he set out to read it and was pleasantly surprised to discover that it was anything but boring. He spent many nights reading into the early morning hours. One night Jack had a dream that John the Baptist came to talk to him about Jack's life. John the Baptist told him that he should spend his life teaching God's word. Jack interpreted that to mean that he was destined to be a preacher but the opportunity to become one never presented itself so that did not seem to be what John the Baptist had in mind.

Iverna Johnson was teaching seventh and eighth grade students when Jack was in those grades. Iverna soon learned that Jack loved to read and that he also loved to tell others about the books that he read so when there was time she often called on Jack to share something that he had read with his classmates. When Jack was in eighth grade the school used a math book that was thought by the teacher and students to be fairly difficult. Jack was usually able to master the problems in this math book so when it was necessary to explain mathematical processes and solutions the teacher often called on Jack to explain it to the class, saying that she didn't know how to explain it. (When Jack became an adult he told his former teacher that he thought that she had been clever in providing him with opportunities to share his knowledge and interests in math and reading. He told her that it had done a lot to elevate his self esteem.)

When Jack was in eighth grade he was called upon to sing a solo (The Twenty-third Psalm) for a music contest. He practiced singing the familiar words with his music teacher and thought that there were no big problems with the anticipated performance. When he got to Lakota (the site of the contest) and it was nearly time for his performance he realized that he couldn't recall any part of the song that he was to sing. He found his music teacher and told her of his problem and panic and she told him to just get out there and sing and it would come back. She was right to a point--part of

the song did come back but only the first verse so he sang that three times. That was the end of Jack's solo singing career.

High School was more or less a bore for Jack although he enjoyed certain aspects of it. He quickly discovered that he wasn't an athlete so he applied himself to other projects. His classmates were used to listening to him (that may have been the reason) so they elected him to class office throughout high school and the last couple of years to the student council. As the leader of the student council Jack started an open school night once a week which was sort of a school canteen idea--they sold pop, played games, listened to records--and danced if they wanted, and so on. The most difficult part of the canteen was that the student council had to arrange for adult supervision for each night that the school was open. Amazingly very few couples refused to help in that capacity.

School plays were also something that Jack enjoyed. He assumed a comic role in the play his junior and again his senior year. He was type caste as a comic. In one of the plays Jack's character was attacked by a wronged lover. The play called for her to chase him and threaten to hit him with a dishpan. Jack thought that it would get a better laugh if the wronged girl friend actually hit him with the dishpan so he brought a dishpan from home that made a satisfying B-O-I-N-G! when it was struck on the bottom and made a deal with Iva (the girl playing the wronged girl friend) to actually hit him over the head with the dishpan on the night of the play but he also pledged her to secrecy as it seemed likely that if the play director learned of the plan that he would veto the idea because of possible injury. Iva socked him over the head with the dishpan about three times and each time it made that lovely "B-O-I-N-G!" sound, and it did draw a lovely laugh from the people who saw the play. It may have been the excitement or whatever but it didn't particularly hurt either. Perhaps this was the first evidence of what many would later point out--that Jack was a complete "block head!"

Jack was privileged to experience a number of situations where he could make presentations that would make people laugh such as writing and reading the class will and history. Jack doesn't remember any serious presentation that he made in high school. The only outstanding achievement that he recalls is that he was the fastest student typist in the high school. His best was being tested at something over ninety words per minute.

Girls were his friends in high school but he was too shy to initiate anything more than a buddy relationship with any of them. He took Janice Appeman--Joyce's sister-- to the prom the year that he was a junior (she was almost like family--so that was safe enough). The spring of nineteen fifty was very wet. Many roads were under water, in fact to drive the four miles from Petersburg to the farm without going through a flood they had to drive twenty some miles. For a boy to take a girl to the high school prom a

car was essential so Don consented to help Howard and Jack get the car to town. He hitched his team of blacks (2000 pound percheron horses) to the car and pulled it through the flood. The water ran in under the doors but not too bad. Jack was too shy to ask anyone to go with him the year that he was a senior. A number of his girl buddies got on his case and tried to press him into asking Iva (the girlfriend in the play) to the prom, but along with Jack's shyness was a strange self defeating stubborn streak that made him unable to admit to anyone that the real reason that he didn't ask Iva or anyone else to the prom was his inability to overcome his shyness, but he wanted it to appear that he just chose not to go. So he didn't.

Jack survived high school.

Jack applied for and was granted a "One Year Rural Scholarship," for his first year in college. That meant that he would be given three hundred dollars to use toward tuition and books for his freshman year and in return Jack had to promise to teach for one year in a one room rural school. Jack attended Mayville State College that first year and loved the freedom the challenge and the change. He also loved being with new and stimulating people who shared many of his interests. In high school it seemed to Jack that most guys main interest was sports and he couldn't share their interest in those activities. Jack washed dishes in the Mayville cafeteria and was able to pay the costs that weren't covered by the scholarship money. Howard was attending Mayville at the time also so he and Jack were roommates in the dormitory. Weekends were often spent by Howard and Jack in doing handyman work for folks in the Mayville community. The money that they earned through this work provided them with a little spending money. Dr. John Hove was the freshman English teacher at the time and he led Jack to love the subject and consider a major in English. Dr. Darlington was the teacher of the general science classes that were required of students in the One Year Rural program and he led Jack to love the subject and consider a major in Biology. Mr. Hank Ragaz was the teacher of the geography class that was required of the One Year Rural students and he led Jack to love the subject and consider a minor in the subject (majors in geography weren't offered at Mayville). Academically the first year at Mayville was a joyfilled awakening for Jack until he got to student teaching in a rural school. The teacher, a Mrs. Alice Brekke, required Jack to be the driver of her car each day that they drove out to the school. Normally that would have been fine but in cold weather the car was very reluctant to start and the student teaching was during the winter quarter. Jack's inability to start the car caused Mrs. Brekke to have bad feelings towards Jack and as a result she didn't seem to like anything that Jack did. Towards the end of the quarter she informed Jack that she planned to give him a grade of C for the student teaching experience. A grade of C was not acceptable for OYR students so this disastrous grade was a problem that required a solution. Jack talked to Miss Moen who was the supervisor in charge of all OYR students and she suggested that Jack accept

incomplete for his rural experience and teach within the Mayville School for the spring quarter. The grade that he received for that quarter's experience would be applied to his winter and his spring quarters' student teaching. The potential disaster was averted.

Jack "graduated" from Mayville State Teachers College (Later the school was called Mayville State College and later still Mayville State University) with a certificate that made it legal for him to teach in a one room rural school in the spring of 1952. Jack had signed a contract to teach in a rural school just east of Hatton, North Dakota. The summer passed quickly for Jack and September arrived making it necessary for Jack to quickly change gears from a care free college kid on summer vacation to a "Teacher!" He moved in with the Benson family who lived on a farm about two miles from the school. The school building was one classroom, of course, but had been modernized by the addition of a chemical toilet in the back of the school building. The school also had an oil "parlor furnace" in the back of the room. Jack was grateful that he didn't need to cope with a coal or a wood burning stove but the chairman of the schoolboard told Jack that he would be required to shut the parlor furnace down at the end of each day as it cost too much to keep it fired up all night. There were nine children in the school, the youngest in first grade and the oldest in eighth grade. There were children in first, second, third, fourth, sixth, and eighth grades. Jack was surprised to learn later on that the Stormo children would arrive at school each day in a tiny Crosley car driven by Donovan who was in sixth grade. Marsha another sixth grader and Darrell and Dennis (the fourth grade twins) all arrived in the tiny car with Donovan. It was customary in one room schools to assign tasks to the students such as raising the flag, cleaning the black boards, and general dusting. They would rotate through these jobs so everyone had a chance. Jack was always nervous when it was Marcia's turn to put up the flag. Marcia was a little dyslexic and often made the mistake of raising the flag upside down. Of course an upside down flag is a distress signal so on the days that Marcia made that mistake there would be someone knocking on the door wondering what was wrong.

Professional supervision was provided to rural school teachers by a County Superintendent. Jack's supervisor was a seemingly humorless lady named Mrs. Miller. Jack was busy teaching a group of children when Mrs. Miller arrived in his classroom. Jack normally had children sit on a bench behind the teacher's desk for class recitation but Mrs. Miller told him that she wanted to sit at his desk so on this day Jack had the children remain in their desks and he stood beside their desks for class. A one room school is a very busy place as many things need to happen all at the same time to get everything done and Jack soon discovered that he had forgotten to tell Mrs. Miller something that was very important. When she informed him that she wished to sit in his desk he had been somewhat surprised but he simply stood and went about his business. Jack was busily teaching and Mrs. Miller

had seated herself in his chair behind the teacher's desk. Suddenly there was a crash up by the desk and poor Mrs. Miller had tipped over in the teacher's chair and was lying on the floor. Jack had forgotten to tell her that the Spring that permitted one to lean back gradually in the chair had broken and when you leaned back the chair, it went quite suddenly and if the person sitting in the chair didn't catch themselves you could end up on the floor. Mrs. Miller was quite gruff for the rest of the visit and she never came back for a second visit. The fall progressed and things went more smoothly as Jack became more relaxed and comfortable with the routine. Soon it was time for Thanksgiving and Jack went home to Petersburg for a welcome break with his family and friends (November, 1952).

THIS IS THE ARMY

When Jack was inducted into the service (July, 1957) he was assigned to Fort Carson, Colorado for basic training which he hated with a passion but he determined to grit his teeth and get through it because it would soon be over (he thought). About two weeks before the completion of basic training Jack caught Asiatic Flu which turned into pneumonia as Jack attempted to tough out the flu and avoid the risk of missing training and possibly extending his time in basic training. By the time Jack got to the hospital he was delirious from fever and didn't know where he was nor why he was there. In the fog of his delirium he remembers sitting in a waiting room for a long time and then there was a gap in contact with reality. The next recollection was sitting in an office talking to some man, probably a doctor, but without doubt, an army officer. As Jack emerged from his delusional fog he became aware that he was berating the army in general and the stupid people associated with this hospital in particular. The man seemed to become more and more angry and as Jack reentered the real world he became aware that he was in a very strange and uncomfortable position. Obviously he had been talking to this officer as though they were equals and taking him to task quite vigorously. Jack had learned a long time ago that a generous dose of humble pie was the most appropriate treatment for a serious or near fatal case of foot in mouth so he apologized profusely and explained that he was ill and didn't really know what he had been saying. The medical person decided to check this out so he called a nurse in to take Jack's temperature which proved to be very high. Jack heaved a sigh of relief and thought, "saved by the thermometer". Two days later after a couple of shots of penicillin he was doing better and the doctor determined that Jack should make the rounds with him each morning since he was in the hospital anyway. Jack was asked to take notes on the doctor's observations of each patient and assist in anyway possible. One of the tasks that Jack was given was to check identification information with patients who were newly assigned to his ward and give each patient cough syrup and APC pills. In 1967, Asiatic Flu was making its first appearance on the North

American continent and Jack was lucky enough to be among the first ones to become exposed and infected. A substantial percentage of hospital staff was also ill with the nasty virus--thus Jack's promotion from patient to doctor's assistant. In making the rounds with the doctor Jack remembers one young soldier who was so frightened of being stuck with a needle that he would yell and physically resist the administration of medication by needle. One day Jack talked to the young soldier after the Dr. had gone and asked if he didn't know that he had pneumonia and without penicillin his recovery would be very slow and very serious complications were a very real danger. He told Jack that he realized that, but he just couldn't control himself. Jack commented on his physical maturity (he was athletic in appearance) and stated that he had the appearance of a man who could handle pain and discomfort. He assured Jack that he could handle a lot of pain and discomfort but he just could not handle having someone prick him with a needle. Jack pointed out to him that that little needle prick certainly couldn't hurt any worse than someone slapping him on the butt, and he said, "Yes, but I just can't stand to be stuck with a needle." Jack said, "If someone were to slap you on the butt just before you got stuck with a needle you would feel the sting of the slap but you wouldn't even know that someone had given you a shot of penicillin." The young soldier said, "Could we try that?" Jack said that he didn't know what the Dr. would say about it but he would talk with him. The next day when it was time for rounds Jack reminded the Dr. about the young man who made such a fuss over his shots and told him of the anti-pain spanking agreed to by the young soldier. The Dr. said that he couldn't possibly do such a thing but that if Jack wanted to do it he would allow it so when it was time for the young man's shot Jack asked the Dr. exactly where on the anatomy of that young man did he wish to give the shot and he pointed, Jack slapped, the Dr. swabbed the area with alcohol, administered the shot and it was business as usual. Of course the slap stung but Jack's antipain procedure was completely successful. The next day the pain intolerant soldier thought that it might hurt less just to have the shot without the slap. Because of his somewhat strange role as a fill-in medical assistant Jack became friends with an older nurse who was a major. In a private conversation with her he asked her what she thought of his medical status in the army since he could not hear well, could not smell, and had transient bouts of weakness in his left side. She told him that in her opinion he probably would be eligible for a medical discharge if he put in for one but she advised him that in the long run it would probably be in Jack's best interest if he could finish his military obligation. She pointed out that there would be countless explanations required if he were to obtain a medical discharge and it would be possible that some employers would hold this discharge in some suspicion. After thinking about it for a time Jack decided that she had probably given good advice.

It seemed to Jack that basic training would last forever but it didn't. November 6, 1957, the US Army declared that Jack was basically trained so they put him on an airplane and sent him to Fort Lee, Virginia, where they

entered him in a school to learn to be a petroleum technician. The plane landed at Richmond and the soldiers were loaded on a bus and transported to Petersburg, VA. By the time Jack got off of the bus in Petersburg, many hours had passed since the start of the journey and to say that he was sleepy would be an understatement. He collected his duffel bag and dragged it into the bus depot to await the arrival of a bus that would haul all of those sleepy troopers to Fort Lee. He noticed that the bus depot was predominantly filled with black people but he realized that he was in Virginia and thought that was probably the way it was. Jack sat down on one of the benches and hung his head, trying to rest until they came for him. After a few minutes an older black man sat down beside Jack and told him that Jack didn't belong on this side of the depot. Jack's new found friend told him that white folks belong on the other side so Jack picked himself and his duffel bag up and dragged himself around the bus depot to the other side where white folks were supposed to be.

The Fort Lee experience consisted of going to class daily and spending most of the day in a laboratory setting. At the end of the day Jack and friends would don civilian clothes, and disappear as quickly as possible to the base library or to a movie or to a combination thereof. It was important to disappear quickly because if you hung around the barracks it was possible that some job might be assigned by some noncom. Jack found the Fort Lee experience quite pleasant as the training was college like, and the living conditions were vastly improved. Fort Lee is located in an interesting part of the US just outside of Petersburg, Virginia and Petersburg is located just a few miles from Richmond. Weekend trips to Washington, DC, were possible as well as other diversions such as a guided tour to Colonial Williamsburg, attendance at a few plays, etc.

At the conclusion of training in Virginia Jack was informed that he was to depart from the U.S. shores on a ship that was anchored somewhere in Brooklyn. His departure was scheduled for the end of March so a few days before that date Jack, his friend-Ron, and others who were headed for Europe got on a bus and went to New York City.

They arrived in New York a day ahead of schedule to allow themselves a little time to check out the "Big Apple." They arrived in New York in the early evening so they found a hotel and got something to eat. Then Ron, who was the adventurous and sophisticated one, went out to do a quick look around. Jack who was feeling a bit over wrought by the big city decided to spend that first night in the hotel room. The next morning when it was time to get up and get going on the big sight seeing day, New York was covered by many inches of white, wet, slippery snow. The city was virtually shut down by this late spring storm. Jack and Ron did find a taxi that was moving around so they got on board and took a short driving tour of the city and then went to the observation deck of the Empire State Building. It was fun to stand up there and imagine King Kong climbing up.

Because of the extreme difficulty in getting around the city we decided to check into our assigned army group where we would be processed for departure. In a day or two we were transported down to the harbor and were loaded aboard the ship that was tied up there. The spring storm that had spoiled our sight seeing trip to New York was still with us and it was cold, windy, and wet. The weather was so bad that the ship delayed its departure for two days to wait out the bad weather. We were told that the sea was very rough and the sailors thought we would be better off waiting in the harbor. At last we sailed. One of the things that Jack was looking forward to seeing was the Statue of Liberty. Jack had always thought that the statue was located far out from the harbor so all departing ships went by. Of course the statue is located in the harbor very near down town. The visibility was terrible so it is possible that the ship went by the statue and it wasn't seen but more likely the ship left from a location that made it unnecessary for it to go by the Statue of Liberty. New York was a major disappointment for the departing soldier.

The sailors knew what they were talking about when they said that the sea was rough. When the ship was a couple of days out to sea it became so rough that the back end of the ship would come out of the water on the way down the waves and the propellers would spin without catching the water. This, of course, had the effect of making a great noise and vibration. Sleep was impossible in the rear area of the ship where Jack and his fellow troopers had been assigned. It was a rough nine day crossing but Jack learned that he had a great tolerance for movement and was spared the dreaded sea-sickness. When they at last arrived at Bremerhaven he noticed that the docks and sidewalks continued to move.

Life as a petroleum lab technician in Germany proved to be a pleasant assignment. The work was interesting, the company was pleasant, and the German food and beer were excellent. There was plenty of time for leisure activities so Jack went to movies, read books, played tennis, and on weekends enjoyed the opportunities for local travel.

Smitty was the sergeant in charge of the lab in Germany, but he was much more interested in **beer**, women and song than anything the army had to offer and he found it nearly impossible to sound militarily official about anything anytime. Periodically (about once every two weeks) Smitty would announce to the lab crew that it was time for us to collect samples at the "Zoo." It turned out that the "Zoo," was a German Gasthaus located off the beaten track in the woods. It was called the "The Zoo" because they had two ostriches who were given the run of their considerable outdoors. Smitty and his crew would spend the afternoon drinking beer and eating good German food and when it was quitting time we would get back in the truck and drive back to the barracks to rest. The owners at the Zoo had a large garage and they always left the doors open so when Smitty and his crew

came they could park their truck in there, close the doors, and be relatively certain that it would not be discovered in the wrong place at the wrong time by the wrong people. One warm and humid July night Smitty came into the barracks room obviously upset. He told the five young soldiers in his most official sergeant voice that they were officially on the highest level of alert and that under no circumstances were any of them to leave the barracks room as it was most likely that their unit would be moving out sometime in the night. He said that he didn't know where they were going nor the purpose of the upcoming reassignment. The members of the 562 Quartermaster Petroleum Laboratory Corp., sat in their barracks room quietly wondering and privately worrying about what world shaking event had occurred that called them away in the middle of the night. They publicly supposed that it was another military game designed to keep them "ready." Midnight came and the barracks was quiet with no one stirring so the alerted Petroleum laboratory technicians went to bed and went to sleep-almost. Just then Smitty burst into the room and shouted, "I thought I told you guys to stay on alert. Now you-----Jack, Mel, and Helmut get your asses out of bed and pack your things. Pack only your equipment for hot climates!" "Where are we going?" they all asked in unison. Smitty said that he didn't know where they were going but as soon as Helmut got dressed they were taking the ten ton truck out to pick up the lab and when they returned with it Jack and Mel had better be completely packed and ready to go.

An hour later Smitty and Helmut were back with the lab and had also hooked onto the mobile generator that was pulled by the "deuce and a half truck." Mel got into the deuce and a half with Helmut and Jack got into the ten ton truck with Smitty and they headed down the autobahn. When we were safely under way Jack questioned Smitty more directly and learned that the first destination was Landstuhle Airbase near Kaiserslautern where Smitty assumed we were meeting air transportation to someplace hot.

The nervous and somewhat scared group arrived at Landstuhle Airbase and more or less bullied their way out to the military airport (none of the military personnel at Landstuhle knew who we were, why we were there, nor what was going on). At the airstrip we indeed learned that we were meeting two planes that would load the ten ton truck and the lab on one plane and the deuce and a half and the ten ton generator on the other plane. The group waited and waited and waited and no plane appeared. All hands were bored, scared, impatient, and suspicious that the whole thing was another big military farce. Smitty decided that something must be done and (true to form for Smitty) he said that he would like to go out and buy some beer if he had any money which he didn't--Smitty never had any money. Jack hated to buy beer for Smitty because it was pouring money down a bottomless hole but he liked the idea of having a beer so he gave Smitty some money and told him to go out and buy a beer for everyone. Smitty did--in fact he came back with a case of liter bottles of good German

beer. Everyone drank their share and were feeling relaxed, mellow and a little silly when it was announced that the first of the two airplanes would be touching down in one half hour and that the lab and the truck to pull it were to be loaded immediately and it would leave with as little delay as possible.

Surprisingly the military did what it said that time and the plane arrived twenty minutes later and Smitty was ordered to drive the lab aboard. He took Jack with him and told Mel and Helmut to load the remaining equipment on the second plane as soon as it arrived and they would regroup at their destination which still was unknown to the group leaving Germany. Usually Smitty drank at least his share of beer whenever it was obtainable and while waiting at the airbase for the plane he had acted completely in character. He had drunk more beer than anyone else there, his speech had become slurred and his judgment which was never thought to be too good was in question. Jack, and Mel thought that the Lab was a goner when Smitty insisted that he was going to back the Lab up the ramp and into the C134 airplane. They had well founded fears that the airplane might not survive his drunken bravado efforts; however, Smitty backed the lab and the truck up the ramp and into the hold of the huge airplane without the slightest miscue. The hydraulics on the plane pulled in the ramp closed the huge bay doors and Smitty, Jack, the lab, the truck, and the airplane took off for their next stop which was Adana, Turkey, with one stop in Naples, Italy where they would eat.

The flight to Italy was nothing but boring! Nothing to see, nothing to do except worry and wonder, "What on earth could be the purpose for sending them to Turkey??!" Naples was boring and looked like a military base anywhere and the food tasted as though it came from a military kitchen anywhere. Immediately after eating the plane crew and Jack and Smitty reboarded the plane and set off on what was thought to be the last leg of the journey to Turkey. As the huge military transport plane neared Greece Smitty noted that, oddly enough, there was a fighter plane flying distressingly close to the transport on the right hand side of the plane and when Jack and Smitty looked out the other window there was also a fighter plane flying distressingly close to the transport on the left hand side. Approximately at this moment the captain of the military transport came back into the cargo/passenger area and told them that they were being escorted to a landing at Athens, Greece, as there had been a pilot error in reporting in to the Greek authorities when permission was requested to enter their air space. He attempted to reassure by saying that this was all quite routine and that no harm would come of it, but he did caution Jack and Smitty to offer no information to the Greek authorities. He advised the lab crew to answer, "I don't know," to any question that the Greeks might ask about the destination and mission. The fighter planes escorted the transport all the way to the ground and stayed with it until it stopped. The Greeks came on board and escorted the captain off the plane and left Jack, Smitty and the remaining crew on the plane under the supervision of two

armed guards. About one hour later the pilot returned to the plane said that it was all a misunderstanding and that we were going to "Get the Hell out of there!" As the plane took off Jack watched out the window and saw the Parthenon! It looked just as it did in pictures of course but seeing it in its reality was somehow breathtaking, even if the view was from a plane that was gaining altitude as rapidly as possible. That view stayed alive and well in Jack's memory for the rest of his life.

The plane landed at Adana, Turkey. The truck and lab were unloaded and parked on the grass next to the tarmac, and the plane taxied away. Jack nagged Smitty into going to headquarters (about a mile or two from where the lab was parked) to find out what they were supposed to do and where they were supposed to go. When Smitty came back he told Jack again what he had said in the first place--sit down and wait for further orders. It was dreadfully hot in Turkey and the only shade to be found was under the lab. Eventually (about a day after Smitty and Jack had arrived in Turkey) Mel, Helmute, and the deuce-and-a-half arrived and they too sat and waited for further orders. The lab crew sat for approximately a week (night and day--sitting beside the runway--trying to sleep in between the take off and landings of planes on the runway a few feet away). At last the orders came---prepare to reload on the airplanes and get ready to ship out for Lebanon. The airmen had been told when they had arrived in Turkey that they should load the plane to the maximum with gasoline as they would be departing for their home base in the U.S., so when they were told that they were to reload the lab, trucks and generator they were more than a little upset. They worried that their plane was overloaded for a take off with all of that gasoline and heavy equipment. The first lesson taught in the military is to accept orders. Apparently the airmen had learned that lesson in the air force just as Jack and the lab crew had learned that lesson in the army. It was all reloaded on the planes and it was time for take-off. Mel and Helmute had not gotten along with each other on the trip from Germany to Turkey so Helmute had suggested that Mel and Jack should trade places on the last leg of the journey. Helmute spoke English but not fluently and he and Jack had spent much of the time while sitting on the runway, working on English so Helmute thought that the continuation of the trip to Beirut would be a good time to continue this study.

To stabilize heavy equipment on board the plane, heavy tow straps were attached to the cargo and secured to buckles embedded in the plane's cargo floor. The angry airmen grumbled as they went about the work of fastening down the equipment. Helmute and Jack watched the airmen fastening down the equipment and noted that the man tying down the deuce-and-a-half truck was called into the cockpit before he finished his job of tying down the truck. He had placed the straps but had not tightened them. The plane began its taxi and the big truck rocked forward and back about a foot or so that was permitted by its loose tethers. Jack and Helmute assumed that when the plane reached position on the runway for take off

that it would pause and the airman would come back and finish the job of tying down the truck. The plane reached its position for take off on the runway and instead of pausing the pilot turned onto the runway, gunned the engines and the plane lurched down the runway with the truck bouncing around in the cargo hold. Helmute knew what had to be done so he sent Jack to one side of the truck to tie it down and he went to the other. He shouted directions to Jack and luckily the task was accomplished. The plane shuddered into the air with its heavy burden and started out over the Mediterranean. It seemed to be struggling for altitude and may have achieved one or two thousand feet of altitude.

The plane never did get high enough to make it impossible to have a good view of each individual wave on the sea below. After what seemed like a few minutes it became obvious that the plane was losing altitude and waves could be seen coming closer and closer to the plane. The landing gear was lowered and Jack wondered if it was SOP to put the landing gear down to ditch at sea. Jack and Helmute could see that the waves would soon be touching the wheels when they heard the familiar shriek of tires coming into contact with the runway. What they didn't know before starting the trip from Adana to Beirut was that it is a very short trip by air across the Mediterranean and that the runway in Beirut goes nearly to the water's edge. The plane came to a stop, The massive cargo door in the nose of the plane was opened and the airmen announced that it was time for all soldiers and cargo to get the "€€€€" out of their airship and out of their way. Machine gun fire could be heard through the open cargo door although it was rather distant and Jack made a cautious survey of the situation from the door of the airplane and decided that they probably could get off of the plane without getting shot so they took their equipment and got out of there. The minute that they were off of the plane the airmen closed the cargo doors, revved up the engines and began to move the plane into position for take off. Helmute and Jack didn't waste any time getting out of the way as it appeared that those airmen intended to run over anyone or anything in their way. Jack could find no one who seemed to know or care who they were and certainly no one knew where Smitty and Mel had gone with the Lab. At last Jack found a sergeant who remembered talking with Smitty the day before and knew approximately where he had taken the Lab. The sergeant kindly consented to go with Helmute and Jack in the truck and show them the way. They found the Lab, Mel, and Smitty in an olive grove and started the process of setting up for business.

Helmute was bright, creative, and had a wonderful common sense that helped greatly as the crew prepared to evaluate petroleum products in the lab. The lab was parked in the middle of a wonderful olive grove that had been there for several hundred years. (Helmute was the lab unit's electrician so of course he stayed with the generator.) Helmute was a native of East Germany--escaped to West Germany--applied for permission to immigrate to the United States--and worked in Mannheim, Germany, where he waited

nearly two years for action on his request. At last his request was granted and he went to the U.S. where he got a job, met a young lady whom he married, and then was drafted into the U.S. army. That all happened in a little under six months. The army trained him as an electrician and sent him to Mannheim, Germany, where Helmut resumed his social life with the friends that he had left a few months ago and reclaimed the scooter that he had given away as he left for America.

Smitty, who was the sergeant in charge of the lab, disappeared three days after the lab had been unpacked and readied to do petroleum evaluations. None of the lab crew knew where Smitty had gone and, of course, didn't ask. The lab crew knew that Smitty had problems with anything that made him feel better such as liquor, drugs, and women and we assumed that he had found a place where these addictions could be nurtured. It seemed that all who knew Smitty liked him and no one desired to have his military career come to an ignoble end so no one inquired about his whereabouts and trusted that he would eventually reappear. In the meantime the three lab crew members went on with the function of the lab which was to test petroleum. A first lieutenant was the officer in charge of the lab but he was an infantryman and had received no training in the function of the lab nor had he any insights into the chemical or physical processes that were used in the evaluation of petroleum.

The marines had been the first U.N. military personnel to arrive in Lebanon and were aboard ship just off shore waiting to disembark at the appropriate time. The airborne division of the infantry had flown in to Beirut two days before the arrival of the 562 QM which was the Mobil Petroleum Laboratory. The airborne infantry had made the decision to set up camp in the olive grove so it was only natural for all other military units to follow them. The Lab crew set up in the olive grove across the street from the airborne unit. Naturally there was no field kitchen nor field shower unit in fact it was a month before either of those units arrived. The soldiers were told that they would be given the new and improved C-Rations for their meals and were told that they were indeed fortunate to be in the military at this time as the old fashioned C-Rations in existence during World War II and the Korean War were indeed inferior to the new palatable C-Rations now being offered in Lebanon. If their statements about the superiority of the new C-Rations had been true the U.S. would have lost both wars (World War II, and the Korean) because of starving soldiers. The chocolate bars were edible although it appeared that they were army surplus from 1944, and the cigarettes smoked but were so dry that they nearly burned in a flame. The meat (at least it looked like meat) was salty salty salty and the vegetables, soups, and whatever else were salty salty salty.

The Lab crew lived in comparative luxury in Lebanon as the lab couldn't function without electricity, refrigeration, gas, and water thus the lab was assigned its own generator. Since none of the lab crew were stupid

they surreptitiously used these advantages in their attempts to make C-Rations edible. They cooked the C-Rations (didn't help) refrigerated the C-Rations (same result) and attempted to make Hobo stew by mixing it all together and boiling it in water thinking that boiling in water might dissipate the salt to some extent. The Hobo stew was the most successful of their efforts to make the C-Rations edible, although eating C-Rations remained a labor of survival. Of course the lab soldiers ate C-Rations but only as much as they could stand and that was probably enough to stave off starvation. Since running water was essential to the function of the lab it had its own system built in. It didn't take long to jerry-rig a shower just outside of the lab. That was great until the officers learned of it--then it was a problem to do anything in the lab except keep the shower operational for the officers. Jack finally complained to the officer in charge of our lab and he got the battalion commander to tell the officers that they couldn't shower at the lab anymore.

With opened C-ration cans with half eaten contents lying about, the army camp site quickly became unsanitary and a garbage system had to be quickly developed. A "K.P." type detail was soon organized to clean up the area and haul the waste out to a designated dump. Jack was assigned to the garbage detail a couple of times. He and the others on the detail would pick up the discarded cans and food with a shovel, throw it onto a truck and haul it to the dump where it was shoveled off of the truck onto a pile. As the soldiers shoveled their discarded trash onto the garbage pile there was an enormous swarm of huge black flies loudly buzzing their pleasure at the feast; however, they had stiff competition from hordes of children and adults who also swarmed over the pile eating directly from the cans with their fingers.

Since there were no shower facilities and very little available water--cleanliness was a concern in the Lebanese July weather. Jack hung a thermometer from an olive branch and it registered one hundred fifteen degrees every day--it seemed strange that there was no variation in temperature, but there was not. Every day without fail the temperature was one hundred fifteen degrees F. The obvious source of water was the Mediterranean Sea which was about a mile away from our camp. Soon the fine minds that controlled the military operation in Lebanon became tired of their smelly charges and decided that it would be a sensible solution to load the whole works up in trucks, drive them away from civilized centers and let them have a cleansing swim in the sea. Unfortunately it seemed that the entire sea front was populated---in fact the swimming area seemed to be heavily populated by Muslim women walking around with baskets on their heads. There didn't seem to be any men in the area but there were a few children. The Muslim women of course were clad from the top of their heads to their feet in black garments. Their faces were covered except for their eyes. When the soldiers arrived at the designated beach they would strip and go skinny dipping in the salty but refreshing Mediterranean Sea.

It seemed strange that the women and the children seemed entirely oblivious to all of those naked soldiers cavorting on the beach and in the water. It seemed that they didn't even see all of those naked men.

Many people around the world paid thousands for the privilege of visiting Lebanon (then known as the playground of Europe) and enjoying the sugar sand beaches and the warm salty water of this huge sea. One day Jack and friends were swimming in the sea when there was a shouted message to get out of the water as there was an undertow. Jack and Helmut were out quite far when they heard the message but they started in for shore immediately. Soon the undertow swept them from their feet and they soon discovered that they were on their way out to sea. Since Jack had never learned to swim while growing up in North Dakota, this was a problem. Fortunately the property of salt water that makes it support the weight of a human body was perfect for a person in Jack's predicament and the motivation to learn to swim was never stronger. So Jack swam as hard as he could (yes, he learned to swim) and when he got close enough to shore he grabbed the sandy bottom with his fingers and his toes and dragged himself into shore. Helmut was a fair swimmer and had no serious problems getting to shore but he wasn't such a good swimmer that he had anything left over so that he could offer assistance to Jack. Anyway the two exhausted soldiers eventually reached shore and lay panting on the warm sand.

One day towards the end of July the General in charge of the Lebanese Peace Keeping Operation decided to inspect his military operation by means of a fly over in a helicopter. He intended to fly over the ships and then planned to fly down the coastal area to inspect the newly established military camps in the olive groves. He succeeded in his fly over of the Navy units but shortly before he reached the shore to begin his flyover of the land based troops the motor on his helicopter stalled and the helicopter crashed into the sea. No one knew what had happened to the helicopter but Jack had a pretty good idea. In his experience of evaluating gasoline in Germany it appeared that an appalling amount of the gasoline products had been stored for so long in huge piles of "jerry cans" in the sun and the weather that the gasoline had deteriorated to an absolutely unusable state. When Jack heard of the general's mishap (fortunately the general was rescued) Jack and Helmut drove to the airport where the gasoline that had been brought from Germany was stored. Jack opened a number of the drums and withdrew samples. No test was required to evaluate the condition of the fuel. It was full of visual contaminants--rust, etc.--and was even discolored. Smitty was AWOL (as far as the lab staff knew), the officer in charge of the lab knew nothing of the lab or the processes conducted within it, the general had gone in the drink probably because of bad gasoline in his helicopter and the only logical thing to do was to withdraw the gasoline from being issued further so Jack "Redlined" the gasoline in the name of the battalion commander and signed his own name and rank. When he got

back to camp he looked for the lab officer to tell him what he had done--couldn't find him so he went to the battalion commanders tent and told a captain there what he had done. The captain said that he would communicate this information with the battalion commander as soon as possible.

Later the colonel who commanded the battalion called Jack to his tent to further discuss what had been done and at this point Jack felt that he had to expose Smitty's absence as the colonel would think it strange that the sergeant in charge of the lab didn't take on this responsibility. Jack told the colonel of the generally pathetic state of gasoline that was stored in Germany and advised that if it was possible to purchase gasoline locally that it would likely be of higher quality than the gasoline that had been stored in Germany. Decisions were made at high levels and we were soon asked to evaluate Lebanese gasoline (at least gasoline that did not come from American refineries). The gasoline was water colored rather than the typical color of American gasoline. The gasoline passed all but the carbon test in the lab (it came close to passing but did fail the carbon test). Smitty's whereabouts were still unknown so Mel and Jack busily went on with their work which was to evaluate petroleum products and submit their report on each sample to the sergeant in charge of the lab who would submit a recommendation to the lab officer. The pile of reports got higher and higher as there was no sergeant in charge of the lab to be found, but Mel and Jack kept up with their evaluations of samples.

One day the Lab Officer (lieutenant in charge of the lab) came to the lab and asked Jack what happened in the lab and what happened to the recommendations on samples that had been evaluated. That seemed to be the appropriate moment to tell him of the failure of the Lebanese gasoline; however, Jack did point out that the failure was minor and almost certainly would have less damaging effect on American engines than the obviously spoiled gasoline that had been brought from Germany. The next day Smitty appeared at the lab along with some very well dressed men who turned out to be men from the Lebanese Mobile Oil gasoline refinery. There were harsh words all directed at Jack! It was strongly suggested that the results on all of those reports should be changed to conform to American Petroleum Standards. Jack responded that he could only record his observations while conducting the tests that were prescribed. Smitty and the Lebanese men finally left and Jack continued to run tests and the American military continued to use Lebanese gas. (Jack never did find out where Smitty had been nor how he became connected with the Lebanese Mobile Oil people.)

While in Lebanon it was necessary for all enlisted men to stand guard duty every night--two hours on--two hours off. Needless to say, the net effect of this regimen was to provide those soldiers on guard with half a night's sleep. Since this went on for the entire period of time that the "Peace Keeping Army," was in Lebanon this not only got old it got to be

downright exhausting. Sleep deprivation combined with varying stages of dysentery resulted in physical as well as mental stress. A small number of American soldiers were murdered while on guard duty and the military supplies that were under guard were stolen. There were real dangers in the area and the American soldiers were standing guard with live ammunition. Because of the genuine security concerns, the guards were instructed to stop all persons attempting to cross guard lines and demand the pass word of the day and identify the person to the best of their abilities. In the camp area it soon became obvious to anyone except an idiot which persons were genuine Americans and which were not. Those who were assigned guard posts near the camp area, often amused themselves by stopping officers with whom they had some real or imagined grievance and putting them through every delaying action that the guards creative little mind could devise thus making the officers experience at least momentarily a feeling of being under the control of the enlisted man. The officer had no choice but to stop and submit to the interrogation of the guard regardless of the discomforts and intense urgency brought on by dysentery (officers seemed to be no more immune to the illness than their lower ranking peers).

Every day during July and August it was one hundred fifteen degrees during the day and somewhat cooler at night although not cool enough that you wanted anything covering you. The moonlight often was nearly as bright as daylight and always the mosquitoes (which were even larger and meaner than Minnesota mosquitoes) vigorously went about their work of draining blood from any and all warm blooded creatures. Eventually the soldiers became so tired that they slept regardless of the mosquitoes. One night Jack and Helmut were paired up as guards and sent into the olive grove to guard rolls of mosquito netting that was stored in a small clearing. As always it was two hours on while your partner-guard slept and two hours off while you slept. Jack thought that the moon shone with an exceptional brightness and beauty that night and the shadows of the ancient olive trees created a somewhat spooky but lovely scene. Jack stood guard for the first two hours, woke Helmut, who then took over the guard post, found a nice piece of dirt to sleep on and fell instantly into a very sound sleep. Minutes later it seemed Jack was awakened by something. He looked cautiously about him without moving to signal that he was awake and saw a soldier standing nearby with what appeared to be a camouflaged uniform. None of the Americans had camouflaged uniforms so he knew that it must be someone there to steal the mosquito netting. Jack thought that his only chance was to make a quick break for his carbine which was a few feet away and shoot the intruder before the intruder shot him. He jumped for his gun and heard a familiar voice ask, "Vas is los?" Even in his half awake condition Jack realized that it was extremely unlikely that there would be a German speaking thief in the middle of a Lebanese olive grove. If Helmut really had been the enemy he could have shot Jack at least twice in the amount of time that it took Jack to reach his rifle. Jack was undone. If his plan had

been successful he would have shot his German pal. Helmut had awakened him because it was Jack's turn to take guard duty.

Near the end of the Lebanese Peace Keeping Action Jack was on guard duty again--it had been one night on guard duty and one night off (two hours on--two hours off) for the last month or so and for the two months previous to that it had been guard duty every night (two hours on--two hours off). By this time Jack weighed about one hundred thirty five pounds. By this time the medical corp. was in Lebanon and Jack had received appropriate medication that had pretty well taken care of his problems with dysentery but exhaustion and discouragement with what appeared to be an entirely hopeless situation were taking its toll. In other words Jack had just about reached a point where he just didn't give a damn about military protocol and regulations. He was quite willing to do what needed to be done but had come to believe that common sense could possibly be applied in certain situations. The early morning in question Jack was on guard in the camp area, the sun had just risen above the horizon and soldiers were beginning to move about the camp area preparing for breakfast. Jack knew of a stump where the entire length of his assigned guard area was visible so he sat down on the stump and waited for the few minutes until reveille when the guards were relieved from their posts and they could go to breakfast before getting on with the days work. A young second lieutenant unexpectedly appeared on the scene shortly after Jack was seated on the stump and wanted to know why Jack wasn't patrolling the length of his assigned guard post. Jack explained as well as he could that the guard post was plainly visible from the stump, that it was now morning, and that there was virtually no possibility of infiltration from hostiles at that time. The young officer was completely incensed at Jack's ignorance of military protocol (he asked Jack to recite the general orders for guard duty that every recruit has to learn in basic training--Jack said that he couldn't remember them) so the lieutenant took him immediately to the command tent where he suggested to the battalion commander that it would be worth his while to interview this soldier as he assumed that he would wish to initiate military discipline. Fortunately for Jack this was the same Colonel who had interviewed him in regards to the gasoline. The Colonel listened to Jack's story, the same one that he had told the lieutenant, cautioned Jack to keep a sharper eye out for this young officer in the future and sent him to breakfast.

Wherever and whenever there was military Jack thought that he observed that there was nonsense--officers who didn't want you to sit on a stump because it wasn't in the manual--officers who are in charge of units but haven't the faintest idea what the unit is about--enlisted men who become favorites of superiors because of their ability to always have highly shined shoes and belt buckles--drunks who wouldn't have a chance off of skid row in the real world who somehow make a career in the military-----. Since there was nonsense everywhere Jack and many like him often joined in (many times with more than a little sarcastic ring.)

The petroleum lab unit was independent to a large extent enabling it to move from place to place and fit into the military hierarchy wherever without carrying a lot of army brass with it (one first lieutenant as company commander)---(The Lab company at full strength was made up of a company commander, a lab sergeant, four lab technicians, and an electrician-mechanic). The one consistent part of the military puzzle that was the petroleum lab was that it was always assigned to some Quartermaster Battalion. In Lebanon the entire Quartermaster Battalion was camped on one side of the road in the midst of the olive grove and on the opposite side of the road was a Battalion of airborne troopers---of course airborne troopers go through the most rigorous training and take great joy out of being macho, physically fit, and jumping out of airplanes. (Don't misunderstand, those soldiers without question were prepared to do what needed to be done even if that meant putting their lives on the line.) Those air borne soldiers would get out of bed every morning and run four or five miles up and down the roads in the olive grove singing:

"R-A---R-A--- *
 ALL THE WAY
 ALL THE WAY
 EVERY DAY
 EVERY DAY
 R-A---R-A---
 ALL THE WAY
 ALL THE WAY
 EVERY DAY
 EVERY WAY

AIR BORN--
 AIR BORN--

* (R.A.--stands for Regular or volunteer Army.)

Twice a week Jack and his Quartermaster pals were roused out of bed as they too had to put in some Physical Training so they too would run up and down the streets. One day, since this seemed really boring Jack thought that it might help if they sang a bit as they ran-----like the airborne guys did----- so Jack began to sing:

" QUARtermaster
 QUARtermaster
 EVERY DAY
 EVERY WAY

QUARtermaster
 QUARtermaster

It was probably just bad luck that Jack began to sing this song just before they went by the Airborne camp and by the time they were in front of the Airborne Camp the whole group of Quartermaster guys had joined in the singing. The airborne guys dropped what they were doing as soon as they heard it and started on the run (maybe to join the fun that the quartermaster guys were having?). Some Quartermaster noncoms began to yell and make angry noises and some Airborne noncoms got involved too. The Quartermaster song was forbidden music from that day forward and a serious effort was made to find the culprit who had started the near riot. No one squealed!

On November 6, 1958, Jack, his lab partners, and everyone else loaded up on C134's and flew back to Germany. Germany seemed like home. It was wonderful getting back there. On November 6, 1957, Jack had flown from Fort Carson, Colorado, to Fort Lee, Virginia. November 6 seems to have been a very lucky day for Jack (Including November 6, 1933--the day that he was born).

Shortly after getting back to Germany and taking a few days to rest and recuperate Jack was called into the office of the Battalion Commander. He thought, "Oh my gosh somehow they found out who started that airborne thing and they think that it was serious enough to do something about it even now." Jack was wrong. He was presented with a letter of commendation for taking charge of the gasoline when the general's helicopter went down and for keeping the lab operational in Smitty's absence.

Jack took a two week rest and recuperation leave shortly after returning to Germany and visited Jill's parents, Tim and Dorothy Scott, in Cambridge. Jack caught a military hop to England and then took a train to Cambridge, and a taxi to the Scott's house. Jack still was severely underweight and looked much as he did when he stepped off of Lebanese soil. He rang the doorbell and Dorothy answered. She opened the door and said, "My God, Jack! You look awful!" With that warm greeting Dorothy invited him in and gave him a glass of sherry. She frankly told Jack that she was going to fatten him up and that sherry was good for increasing one's appetite. Jack soon found that between the sherry, the cheese, and the unfamiliar English food that his stomach rebelled and he was dependent on his Tums for survival. Dorothy was so sincere in her caring ways that Jack never did have the courage to tell her that he was having problems with all of the dietary changes.

Every morning when Jack woke up there was a lovely cup of hot tea sitting on the night stand. Tim and Dorothy were both gone about their business when Jack got out of bed so they must have brought up the tea just as they were leaving the house. Jack would get up, enjoy a hot bath, go down stairs to eat breakfast that Dorothy had set out for him, and go off to

explore Cambridge. They often arranged to have some of their friends pick him up and take him to some special point of interest. One day one of their friends (As I remember she was Jill's Aunt Jean) picked Jack up and they drove around England in her little Messerschmitt car. The Messerschmitt auto was a three wheeler with the single wheel in the back. Drivers and passengers entered the auto by opening the door (the front of the car) backing up to the car and sitting down in the seat. Driving about in this little machine was an experience in itself but driving on the left side of the road added to the feeling of insecurity. The driver was a lovely woman and perhaps the kindest person out, but she had a reputation as a driver who finds creative solutions to traffic problems and she commenced to demonstrate that characteristic. More fun than a carnival ride---! Another day a friend of the Scott's took Jack on a guided tour of Cambridge University and then to her house for tea. Her apartment was near the University and was very old and very elegant. On another day Tim drove his American guest out in the country to see the Ely Cathedral. Tim and Jack were driving on their way when Tim suddenly stopped the car, told Jack to get out of the car and stand quietly at the side of the road. He said, "He would explain later what was going on". Apparently England observed a moment of silence on this certain day in remembrance of some event in the war. Tim must have forgotten about it until he heard something on the radio and then it was too late to explain to Jack what it was all about before the moment of silence. Ely Cathedral was wonderful. It was built about one hundred years before Columbus sailed to find a new way to the Indies, and Jack was amazed at the enormity of the building. The Cathedral was being refurbished so it was not possible to enter it but it was worthwhile just viewing it from the outside. On the Saturday that Jack spent with the Scots Tim took him to a pub where Tim met a number of his friends for a glass of beer. Glass of beer! It seemed that every time that Jack took a sip of beer that someone refilled his glass. It soon became obvious that he was going to have to take extreme care or he was going to end up falling down drunk. Tim and his friends appeared to be professional at their Saturday morning diversion without ruffling a hair no matter how much beer they drank. They all seemed to be fairly large, robust men and Jack was a one hundred forty pound weakling. Jack attempted not to drink beer at all but they soon noticed and encouraged him to drink up. Drinking up was impossible as the glass was perpetually full! When they thought that Jack had drunk enough to loosen his tongue they began to bait him with anti-American remarks. Jack realized what they were doing so he either joined in with their anti-American comments or made remarks that were intended to slide by or at least not confront their expressed sentiments.

When Jack left Cambridge he went to London to spend a week. Tim called a hotel and made reservations. Jack arrived in London, took the subway to his hotel and began to observe the sights that he had read of in books of fact and fiction--St. Paul's Cathedral, Big Ben, The Tower of London, The Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar Square,

and Westminster Abbey. Riding on a double decker bus, riding the subway, Seeing the London of Charles Dickens, Sherlock Holmes, and William Shakespeare. Being there was like having a personal look into the past. The day came when it was time to plan to start back to the military base in Germany. Jack talked to the hotel desk clerk asking his advice on how to get back to the military air base. He said that he would arrange everything. He asked Jack to check back with him in an hour. When Jack checked back with him he said that Jack would have to get out of bed a bit early but that someone would be in the kitchen to get him "a bit of breakfast" and he wanted to know what he wanted to order. The clerk told Jack that someone would knock on his door at 3:30 in the morning and that he should come down to the restaurant with his bags in time so that he could eat his breakfast and be ready to leave by 4:30. A taxi would be waiting which would take him to the train--Jack should get off of that train at a certain station and a taxi would meet him there and take him to another train at a different station--he should get off of that train at a certain station and a taxi would be waiting to take him to the military air base where he could catch his military flight back to Germany. The taxi drivers had accents that made it extremely difficult if not impossible for Jack to understand what they said, however, they were watching for him at each stop and they knew where they were to go without waiting for Jack to tell them so Jack sat back in the seat and went where they took him. As expected Jack arrived at the military air base just at the appointed time. Jack paid the taxi drivers and tipped each of them (Jack had asked the hotel clerk how much to tip). The hotel clerk would accept nothing for orchestrating Jack's trip from the hotel to the air base. No one would admit it but Jack strongly suspected that there had been an exchange between Tim and the hotel which probably included a greasing of palms. An unforgettable two weeks!!

Jack returned to his work at the lab which continued without incident. Towards spring Jack was sent to Kaiserslautern on temporary duty where he and one of the lab technicians from Kaiserslautern became the night shift. The night shift was nice as they worked at their own speed, slept late in the morning, and spent the rest of the day playing tennis until it was time to go back to work on the night shift. When Jack returned to his home assignment in Mannheim/Kaffertal he put in for a leave to visit Paris. Jack contacted a friend from Fort Lee days, and they agreed to meet in Paris. Strolling the Champs Elysees, going to the top of the Eiffel Tower, Visiting the Louvre and looking at the work of the masters--he especially enjoyed seeing the Mona Lisa [although he found the somewhat green looking lady (The Mona Lisa) somewhat disappointing even though her eyes did follow you wherever you went] strolling the left bank, the Arc de Triomphe, and Notre Dame. It was a sight seeing five days that left memories never to be erased. When Jack got on the train to return to Germany he found that a well dressed black man would share his compartment. He attempted to converse but found that Jack's almost complete lack of understanding in the French language eliminated that

language as a means of communication almost immediately. The two men then tried German and found that they both had some ability with that language. Jack managed to ask his compartment companion what type of work he did (Jack's skill with the German language was indeed limited so it took a great effort to communicate that question.) Jack nearly fell off the seat laughing when his interesting companion said that he was an American soldier stationed in Germany. When they discovered that they both spoke English communication was easier.

Jack had applied for an early release from the military so he could resume the education that had been interrupted when he was drafted. He told the military that additional education was essential so that he could regain a job as an elementary principal. He received approval of his request and found himself a civilian again in the middle of May, 1959.

JACK-MARY-JACK

Nov. 24, 1952, Ruth, Clyde, and the rest of their clan were invited for Thanksgiving dinner and birthday party for Clyde to Lynn and Florence's home. The dinner was delicious, the food was in great abundance, and everyone seemed to eat at least a little more than his or her fill. After the late afternoon meal all sat around enjoying each others company until chore time when the men left to care for the livestock, do the milking and make things ready for the night. After chores the men returned to Lynn and Florence's for more eating and then would spend the rest of the evening playing whist. Jack thought that it would be more exciting to visit his friend Dan Adamson so he got in his 1935 Ford and drove the ten or so miles over to his house. Jack and Dan had both attended Mayville College the previous year on what was known as "a One Year Rural Scholarship," so they were both teaching.. A One Year Rural Scholarship meant that if the selected person agreed to teach in a one room rural school for at least one year the state of North Dakota would provide that person with most of the money for college expenses for that one year of education (\$300). When Jack arrived at the home of Dan's parents they had finished eating and Dan, Jack, and Francis Dahlen (one of Dan's cousins) set off for Michigan for a movie or possibly to McVile where there was a dance. The destination was to be decided on the way. Jack remembers leaving Dan's home in Dan's car and starting out for Michigan but as he attempted to recall details of this trip he could recall it only up to a point and then it was like driving into a thick fog--hazy recollections, and then nothing. The reason for this memory lapse was that there was an accident and Jack was injured. Dan was driving his dad's flashy almost new 1951 Ford which did nothing to help him temper his habit of driving fast. Dan, Francie, and Jack, were cruising down the gravel road towards a good time when they came to a car that was stopped

on the road apparently going to make a left turn crossing Dan's lane. At the last minute the driver in the stopped car decided that there was time for him to make the left turn before Dan's car got to him so he turned. Dan felt that he would hit the car so he swerved into the left lane to avoid hitting him broadside and hit an unseen car head on that had been stopped behind the car that made the turn. Somehow the passenger door on Dan's car crumpled and Jack flew out of the car, up in the air above the car (so he was told by those who witnessed it) and from there did a nose dive onto the road surface. A car soon drove up to the accident scene and two young men got out to assess the situation. They found the older couple in the car that had been struck head-on were badly shaken up but, fortunately, neither was badly injured. They found that Dan had wrenched his knee in the collision and had sustained a nasty cut on his leg. Francie was bruised and shaken but essentially uninjured. Jack was lying in the road with blood coming from his eyes, his nose, and his mouth. The two good Samaritan travelers who stopped could not get any reaction from Jack and they could not detect any breathe so they moved what they assumed was his dead body to the side of the road, got the injured all loaded into their car and took them the few miles to the Michigan hospital where the local Doctor administered immediate care to the injured and then sent the good Samaritans back for Jack's body. When they carried Jack into the Doctor's office it was apparent that he was still bleeding from his nose, his mouth, his ears, and his eyes. Of course dead people don't bleed so the doctor immediately initiated appropriate care.

Days dragged on with Jack still deeply unconscious, but after a time he began to speak and soon it was obvious that he was aware of the identity of people who were in the room. In his unconscious-semiconscious state he had no grasp of the gravity of his injuries and was quite uncooperative with doctors and nurses to the point where it was necessary to place Jack in restraints to keep him in bed. The hospital asked the family for their assistance in managing Jack during the night so a family member always sat with Jack. Jack frequently preached a sermon to the family member who was present and quoted scripture at considerable length as a part of the sermon (Jack has never been able to quote scripture at any unusual length in his conscious state). Jack's father asked the doctor what were Jack's chances of recovery. The doctor stated that his chances were uncertain but if he did recover it was likely that Jack would require institutional care. It is likely that this question and the doctor's response were asked within Jack's hearing as Jack had a dream where he was again visited by John the Baptist.. In that dream Jack asked him whether he would live or die and whether God's plan included Jack's responses and interactions. John the Baptist told Jack that whether he lived or died was Jack's own choice and whether he lived to serve God was a decision that was up to Jack to make.

Jack was unconscious for 9 days after the crash and when he regained consciousness his brother Don was sitting with him in a strange hospital

room. Out of the window it was obviously winter as there were banks of snow and the wind was blowing it around. Jack realized that he had no idea where he was other than he recognized that he was in a hospital room. He greeted his brother, Don, and made small talk about the weather and the obvious seasonal change (last he remembered it was late fall and there was only a light dusting of snow). Then Jack asked Don what had happened and where was he. Don explained that Jack had been in an auto accident with Dan and Francie and that Dan had been slightly hurt but that Francie was OK. At that moment Jack began the difficult process of trying to understand that he had fractured his skull in an accident even though he remembered none of it, (there was a large bandage around his head and over his ear but he had no idea why) he was strapped into a hospital bed in Michigan, N. D. and obviously was expected to stay there (Don wouldn't help him undo the straps and that made Jack angry but he thought it best that he not show his anger until he found out what was going on.) Jack recuperated quite rapidly and on Christmas Eve Day (Someone brought a sprig from the Christmas tree into Jack's room so he could smell the Christmasy odor. It was then that Jack realized that he couldn't smell.) it was deemed that Jack was well enough to continue his recovery at home so an ambulance was brought to the hospital and Jack was persuaded that he must allow himself to be carried to it rather than walk. (He had not been allowed out of bed since the accident.) Jack refused to ride in the back of the ambulance and insisted on sitting in front with the driver.

Jack was sure that if he told himself very firmly that he was OK that saying so would make it so. With that in mind he returned to Hatton after the First of January to finish the school year teaching in the one room rural school where he had been since September. It was hard because his equilibrium had been effected, he had lost his sense of smell, and most of the hearing in his left ear was gone and had been replaced with a sound like steam escaping from a pressure cooker. He had not regained his strength and the neurological damage done had a strange way of short circuiting messages to his left side occasionally resulting in dramatic changes in direction when he was walking that weren't planned as well as an inability to put on overshoes if it required that he stand on one leg. Short term memory was also adversely effected. On weekends Jack usually returned to Petersburg and would usually go somewhere with Dan. When walking on a sidewalk Dan nearly always kept within easy grabbing distance of Jack or even held on to an arm so that one of Jack's short circuits didn't result in his walking out into traffic.

With more than a little help from his family and friends Jack made it through the school year but swore that he would never again teach in a one room country school. {Age and wisdom taught that teaching six to eight grades in one room is nearly an impossible task best left to such saints as Agnes Ringstad.}

The spring of the year brought the dismissal of school for the little charges in Jack's school but it also brought a confrontation with the realities of adjusting to the changes in strength, orientation, and outlook dictated by his injuries. Jack's family had hired a lawyer to sue for damages so a complete medical evaluation was demanded for that purpose, if not for determining which injuries were permanent and which of them could be alleviated with proper treatment. This medical evaluation required many hours in doctor's offices and clinics--in fact it seemed to Jack that he spent most of the summer crouched in a corner of some doctors office wearing nothing but his underwear and shivering. (Have you ever noticed how a comfortably air conditioned clinic can seem like a corner of the arctic if you are stripped of your clothing?) One of the most difficult disabilities that Jack had to deal with was his inability to sleep. The doctor prescribed sleeping pills but if they were used it provided a leaden sleep that wasn't very restful and the sleep continued well past the night into the next day adding to the difficulty of sleeping the next night. His disabilities resulted in a 4-F draft status so the mandatory military service was postponed until his health improved.

The summer passed and Jack re-enrolled at Mayville State College. School had always been the one thing that Jack did best. Sports were a disaster for him so academic competition was not only something that he enjoyed but something that he did well with relative ease and the success experienced in this area was a major source of self esteem. When classes started at Mayville in the fall of 1953, Jack was back on campus but was dismayed to find that some of the struggles from the rural school would persist and evidence themselves as academic troubles at Mayville. The academic troubles never got to a serious level for Jack but when trouble seats itself on the throne of ones forte'---it requires an adjustment. One problem stemmed from his inability to smell. Nervous tension had some physical ramifications such as excessive perspiration. This perspiration had Jack convinced that he had an unpleasant body odor and many times attempted to fit a quick trip back to the dorm to take a wash cloth underarm bath between classes. Midway in that school year a college job that permitted the completion of Jack's degree rather than just the completion of one year and then back teaching became available and Jack jumped at the opportunity. With the aid of that job Jack continued in school---summer, fall, winter, and spring until graduation in the summer of 1955.

Jack obtained a job teaching a self contained seventh and eighth grade class at Lockhart, Minnesota for the 1955-'56 and '56-'57 school years. These were to prove to be two of the happiest and most rewarding years in Jack's young life. Teaching (Jack was also the principal of that four classroom elementary building), being with adolescent-preadolescent kids, and with other teachers was the most enjoyable thing that he had ever done and they paid him for it! Mondays were Jack's favorite day of the week.

During the summer of 1957, Jack was recalled by the draftboard for a physical re-examination and at that time they found that he was suitable for military service and was scheduled to enter the military about the end of July. Jack had enrolled in graduate classes at Moorhead for the summer of 1957, but his military obligations required that he drop out. He entered the army in the middle of July and journeyed off to military assignments that eventually included Fort Carson, Colorado (near Colorado Springs), Fort Lee (near Petersburg, Virginia), Funarri Barracks (near Kaffertal-Mannheim, Germany), A Forgotten Base Name, (near Kaiserslautern, Germany), An Olive Grove, (near Beirut Lebanon) and brief stays in other places such as Brooklyn, Adana, Turkey, Chicago, and at last HOME! The military obligation lasted just less than two years but made an impact on Jack that never diminished. Many times as a young man Jack wondered why veterans referred to their military experiences so frequently. After his own military experiences he had a better understanding--the brain washing that occurs as a normal part of military training, the suspension of individual rights, the advent of dictatorial discipline, the communal living with countless young men who have nothing in common except their commitment to the strange and foreign thing called their military obligation. If that military experience had also included actual combat Jack would have clearly understood that the experience would likely change the individuals involved forever as his own "peacetime" military experience made a substantial and lasting impact on him. In later years when veterans wanted to, or sometimes, needed to talk of their military experiences he understood and tried to be a good listener.

Jack received an early release from the military in early summer of 1959, to resume his graduate studies. He attended Moorhead State College (now called M.S. University) and in the fall of 1959, he moved to Barnesville where he taught remedial reading and was elementary principal. Jack worked at Barnesville for six years and thoroughly enjoyed the experience, the people and the community. The last year that Jack worked in Barnesville he worked with a Superintendent of Schools who did a number of things that were completely unacceptable to Jack. Jack became aware that the Supt. was "borrowing" money from the petty cash fund that was kept in the safe in the elementary building where Jack worked. Unfortunately the Supt. left no record of the loan so it was not possible to track the repayment of the "loan." On another occasion the Supt. loaned a film to Jack and suggested that the next time that Jack had friends in that he might enjoy showing the film. The film was hardcore pornography. The superintendent had terminated the employment of one of the teachers in a manner that seemed unfair to Jack and did much to destroy morale among the other staff members. Under the circumstances Jack thought it best to find employment elsewhere (A young lady named Mary Larson had recently accepted employment in Anoka and Jack thought that it might be fun to be located nearer to his friend.) Following his friend as a reason for moving certainly entered in but the ethical dilemma of working with and for a man

who lacked what Jack thought were certain necessary personal and moral strengths was the primary impetus. After resigning Jack had a private discussion with the chairman of the schoolboard sharing his concerns about the superintendent but no action was taken. A couple of years later the superintendent unexpectedly left town in the middle of the night with the wife of one of the highschool teachers.

Jack moved to Litchfield as principal and picked up his friendship with Mary. The first time that he called Mary for a date from Litchfield he invited her to attend a movie and set eight o'clock as a reasonable time for the date. Jack had driven through Anoka on his way to Minneapolis when he lived in Barnesville so he had a pretty good idea where Anoka was and how to get there. Unfortunately Anoka was considerably farther from Litchfield than he realized and he was an hour late for his first date. Mary was not the kind of lady who tolerated an hour lateness unless there was an excellent excuse. Unfortunately Jack didn't have a really good excuse and their friendship came very close to ending on that sour note. Jack invited her out for coffee since it was too late for a movie and Mary had already changed from date clothes to jeans and after Jack did his persuasive best she accepted and later they stopped at a sing along bar for a drink. The friendship was back on a firm footing and the dating became an every weekend event until the day that Mary told Jack that there was a teacher in one of her buildings who had been asking her for a date and she had decided to accept. Jack was crushed, but what was he to do so he told her that if she changed her mind and wanted to date with him again that all she needed to do was write or call. The Wednesday following was a pea soup kind of foggy day. That evening Jack's phone rang and it was Mary who MUST see him that very night. Jack pointed out that the fog was terrible and was it something that could possibly wait until a day when it might be a little easier to drive. "No," she said, "she had to see him that very night." So Jack got in his car and got to Anoka (75 miles away) as quickly as he dared.

When Jack arrived in Anoka he and Mary went to the Embers Restaurant where they usually went for coffee. Afterwards Mary told Jack that her date with the teacher had made her realize that she loved Jack just as he had been telling her that he loved her. They also decided that night that at some point they would get married to each other but that she didn't want an engagement ring.

Mary and Jack were married on May 13, 1966, in the Methodist Church in Anoka. The ceremony was performed by Bea Brown's (LaRock to be) minister father and Bea and Jim LaRock stood up as witnesses for them. No others were invited to the wedding as Mary's mother had become very depressed about the whole thing and refused to attend. Myrtle refused to speak to anyone although she would talk to Jack in private---Jack had been friends with Myrtle and Russ before he met their daughter. Myrtle never told Jack why she was so depressed but he guessed that she probably

thought that the seven year difference in ages between Jack and Mary would leave Mary a widow for a long time and it was also possible that Myrtle thought that Jack was less than her daughter deserved. Whatever the reason the union was made and the young couple started out on what was to be 21 happy years together which produced the world's two most wonderful children and also included the two hardest years of their lives as they struggled with Mary's cancer and eventually were forced to accept her impending death.

It may sound strange but even those two bitter years of struggle for life and health were happy in their own way--Jack and Mary continued to share their love, their concerns and hopes for their children, and most important of all they continued to share their religious faith and knowledge that Mary would soon be relieved of her pain, she would be reunited with her Grandma Carrie, and her mother and also be with her Lord and Savior. Mary's cancer started in her breast so she went through a mastectomy. She then went through radiation which resulted in a brief remission and later a second bout of radiation. During this series of radiation treatment someone was careless and unnecessarily rough and a torn rotative cuff resulted which required painful surgery.

Mary and Jack decided to initiate a law suit for damages at this time and contacted a lawyer. (Unfortunately Mary's mental capacities degenerated past the point where she could participate in a lawsuit before the suit went to court so the suit was dropped.) They also decided to change doctors and through Bea LaRock selected an excellent doctor at the Park Nicollet Clinic in St. Louis Park. This required a seventy five mile trip (one way) to the doctor instead of the thirty mile trip to Willmar, but Mary and Jack thought that the level of care at this facility had greater promise.

Chemotherapy resulted in a period of remission which lasted for a short time but soon Mary developed symptoms that proved to be a transfer of cancer to her brain stem. They treated this new site with radiation and with Chemotherapy. Mary needed to go to St. Louis Park everyday for treatment. Jack received permission from the school district to take whatever liberties that he needed with his work schedule (this was during the summer) so he drove her to St. Louis Park most days. A group of Jack and Mary's friends had made themselves available to drive Mary for treatment on days when Jack was unavailable. The doctor soon told Jack and Mary that there was no longer any hope for a cure, nor even a realistic hope for prolonging her life and he advised that treatments be discontinued as the treatments always resulted in desperate illness for at least one day and usually two. Mary refused to give up hope and asked that chemotherapy be continued. At that point Jack always drove Mary to and from treatment. They always took an icecream bucket with them as Mary always became violently sick to her stomach on the way home. After the vomiting sessions Jack would stop the car somewhere along the road. Empty the bucket and

continue the drive. Mary would always fall asleep after her bout with vomiting and Jack would usually weep for the rest of the drive home. At last the doctor refused to administer chemo therapy and Mary and Jack went home to enjoy Mary's last days as much as possible. Dr. Leitch, one of the Litchfield doctors, offered to be on call (He advised Jack and Mary to telephone him rather than enter the hospital as he would be obligated to support life by all means until the end if he were to treat Mary in the hospital.) When Jack called him (at home) he would prescribe pain medication, give advise, or whatever was needed at the time. The county nursing service also was of great help. The county nurse made a home visit about three times a week until Mary was desperately ill and then she came everyday. She also arranged for other ladies from the community (volunteers) to come into Jack and Mary's home to sit with Mary and care for her when the family needed to be elsewhere. Once a week the volunteers came to the house in the evening and insisted that John, Carrie, and Jack go somewhere together as a respite from the tensions that unavoidably existed at home.

The cancer society provided them with a hospital bed, commode, walker, and anything else that they needed in the line of equipment. Jack slept in the same room with Mary in Carrie's bed as that bedroom was on the ground floor and Carrie slept upstairs in the bedroom that had been Jack and Mary's. Mary wanted to sleep in her own bedroom but Jack was afraid that she would get out of bed without asking for help and fall down the stairs.

Jack was awakened about two A.M.. on Sept. 29, 1987, and heard irregularities in Mary's breathing which became more irregular and labored as he listened. Jack soon realized that Mary was at last going to leave the body that no longer served her and go to be with those who would love her forever. Jack asked Mary not to leave until he went upstairs and brought their two children down so they could say goodbye. A few minutes after John, Carrie, and Jack arrived in the bedroom and said goodbye, Mary took her final breath.

Mary had planned her memorial service (Mary had decided that she wished to have her body cremated) even to the point of making A drawing of wild daisies to be used on the cover of the bulletin that was to be distributed at the time of the service. At the top of the bulletin on the cover page it said:

*One of
the most beautiful bouquets
I ever picked
was a memory bouquet
of a field of flowers
left untouched.*

*Help us to remember, Lord,
as we grow in might and power,
to leave a little space untouched
for growing wild flowers.*

The first inside page was the order of service and facing that was Mary's obituary that Carrie had written. The Obituary said:

Mary was born on December 30, 1940. She lived with her parents, Russell and Myrtle Larson, her brother David, and her Grandmother Karen (Carrie) Martinson above the family grocery store in Barnesville, MN. Mary attended elementary and high school in Barnesville, and attended college at Moorhead State and at Ohio University. After graduation Mary taught kindergarten in Fargo, and she worked as a speech clinician in Barnesville, Anoka, and Litchfield. Mary and Jack were married in 1966, and eventually had two children--Carrie, who is 17, and John, who is 14.

Mary quit her work as a speech clinician when the children were born to become a full time wife and mother. When the children were no longer infants she found that she needed more than mothering so she took up painting. Soon Mary was selling paintings and decorated items as well as teaching many others to paint and love painting as she did.

Mary was a member of the PEO Sisterhood, she taught Sunday School, sang in the choir, and with the help of several other ladies, founded the Crackerjack Nursery School. Mary became an enthusiastic runner in her later years. When Mary participated in the Sherry Nelson Run, Walk or Crawl Classic, in 1985, she won a trophy and a daffodil when she came in in first place. She loved the trophy and it sits in her family room, but the daffodil had special meaning for Mary. Just a few weeks before the race Mary learned that she had cancer which required an immediate mastectomy. Mary eventually lost her race with cancer but she proved to be a really tough competitor.

On the back of the bulletin John wrote:

*He walked through the field,
And looked at all the beautiful
Daisies,*

*He took a good look at every one,
 He began to pick a bouquet,
 It was more beautiful than any
 Mortal could ever pick,
 There was one flower that was so
 Beautiful
 It couldn't be passed up,
 He bent over to sniff it,
 It had a beautiful aroma,
 He tried to pick it
 It held fast,
 He pulled harder and harder,
 It finally came,
 He stopped to listen,
 There were many objections,
 From those that were beside her,
 The flowers cried out to Him,
 Let her remain with us,
 He walked away deaf to our crys,
 And one day we all shall be
 Picked,
 For only He knows the time,
 And no one can argue,
 For there is a purpose in death,
 And faith shall have it better.*

The first years that Mary and Jack were together holidays were split between the Larson/Ralston grandparent homes. Christmas Eve was usually spent at the home of Russell and Myrtle and Christmas Day was usually spent at the home of Clyde and Ruth. When Grandma Carrie died it soon became evident that hosting Jack and Mary's young family was more than Myrtle could comfortably cope with so the Christmas format changed. Russell and Myrtle would PACK their station wagon with toys and presents and drive to Litchfield for Christmas. One of the first Christmases (probably about 1976) that they were in Litchfield, Eva Wogenson, from next door, came over to wish everyone A Merry Christmas and stayed for coffee. The conversation turned to Christmases in the "good old days." Soon the reminiscence seemed too good to forget so the tape recorder was turned on with the following results:

Mary: Is it on now?

Russ: Eva you will have to start.

Eva: I was listening to what Myrtle was saying about what she got for Christmas. We had very few Christmas presents when I was little. In fact I think that the biggest Christmas present that I ever got was a school tablet,

and we got pencils and we got school tablets and maybe a hair ribbon, (Mary interrupts--Oh gee, that was something!) and maybe some homemade cookies, and of course we thought that was JUST WONDERFUL! But we did have a lot of good things to eat at Christmas [John interrupts--inaudible--(something about a train). (Myrtle interrupts--shouting--HOME MADE ICE CREAM!) (Mary: right) but then we had all kinds of goodies like donuts and then we had lutefisk of course, that was one of the biggest things that we had at Christmas time but then we did have a lot of homemade goodies that probably weren't as good as we thought they were (Myrtle interrupts--When you had homemade ice cream did you ever sit on the oven door and eat it?) Well we were seven children you know and we were all around there gawking at them making ice cream (Myrtle--Pull that old dasher out and eat the ice cream off of it? Uhhmm.)Yah , right, that would have been fun too. But anyway Christmas was so exciting that the day before (John--The Light mostly inaudible) we just couldn't do any of it (Myrtle--I suppose you went out and cut your Christmas tree right out...) Oh yes, Dad was a real lover of Christmas and he loved to go out and get a Christmas tree and of course we would all go along and we would put real candles on it. (Myrtle---You know Dad, there's another thing . How come there is always things so explosive now--and I remember we always had candles all over that tree and we had them all lit!) But there was always a bucket or two close by when we had them lit. (Myrtle--I spose.) And then we would all say our piece. We would always had a program together on Christmas Eve. We were always together with the cousins that I get together with now so we were about four families of cousins and everybody had a piece, of course, but they were pieces that we always had in school so of course we already knew ---. (Myrtle--did you have a school program?) (John--I want to do it.) I was really a sleepy head. I never was very good at staying up at night, so the night before I had hardly slept at all so the night of Christmas Eve I was so tired that by the time the presents were passed around I had crawled in bed but usually the bed was coats and blankets and everything as people came in a sleigh you know and we had no heating except the blankets, so I crawled in there and went to sleep. My mother said I was on top of a mountain because I would crawl in there and go to sleep. But Christmas was just a wonderful time for us. But we got so few presents, you know, (Mary--Bet you really appreciated what you got then...) So Christmas day we had these new pencils and tablets... but, Grandma and Grandpa would give us these other little toys and things. But as we got bigger I think that mother used to make dolls for us. But we lived way back in the woods and we didn't get out very much--but maybe we only got to a big town like Thief River Falls like twice a year and that wasn't very often. (Myrtle--sure--) And that was to buy groceries. But if it was fall then and Dad would usually buy apples. So we usually got one apple a day and that was a big treat.--at night. We would tell stories and things and we read a lot we had books and we would usually do a lot of reading, so we were really tucked in. We used to get our mail---a man would come on skis one day a week and we would get our mail (Mary--Oh my goodness! That is really interesting) We were really back in the woods.

Finally we got so that they had horses and then we would get mail like twice a week. And then finally we got roads back there and we got mail every day. And I think the kids now days are so lucky. Lydia (Eva's sister) always said that we didn't know that we were poor we thought that we were pretty wealthy we didn't know what poor was. (Russell--Everyone else was just like us so we didn't know) Yah. We used to get a box from my cousin Jean, she was an only child. And about twice a year we would get this big box of clothes. Her mother would make all of her clothes. My sister and I were about the same size. (Mary--that was such a treat.) That was so wonderful because her clothes were always so nice and new you know. I never could of gotten anything that I would like better at the store. And when I think of now--what has happened--my sister--my sister she gave me a muskrat fur coat that she wore a couple of years when I was up there now she can buy a new fur coat if she wants (Mary--I've never seen you wear it.) I'm not a fur coat wearer. OK now Myrtle (Mary, OK. is it on now?) (John, Um-huh.) All right Myrtle you go ahead now, it's your turn--I want to know where you were born.

MYRTLE: You know we really always had a good-a good Christmas. You know just plain but---(Eva, But where did you live then, in North Dakota?) But Lela and I, even when we were just a li'l twerp, we didn't have much of a tree but (John--it's on again.) I remember that we each got a wrist watch for Christmas. (Eva, Oh you were rich people!) Yes. (Mary laughs) Anyway Lela and I--anyway I still have mine but mine is battered now, you know, but Lela tried to talk me out of it. (Mary, You still have a watch that you got when you were little? I've never seen it!) Yes. And, a, she wanted--she wanted it--(Why, Mother, why have I never seen that) (Russell--When she was little she lived in Volga, South Dakota--- [probably quit talking in response to a dirty look from Myrtle and then said, "Well she wanted to know where you lived."] I never lived in Volga, South Dakota. (everyone laughed loudly) (Eva---Where were you born, Myrtle?) Mother never got to see the doctor from Arlington so I was born at home. (Eva--Arlington, North Dakota?) South Dakota. I don't know who---I don't know who we had for her. To help her---. (Eva--And your mother had a midwife?) Yah--I kind of think I know (*who it was*) but -----we never had no hospitals for babies then. (Eva--We never had no doctors for babies either.) Well you know Peggy Douglas (*one of Myrtle's friends from Barnesville*) that is how she made--how she made a fair living. (Eva, Sure.) You know until--(Eva, They are going back to that now. Many midwives.) Oh, that little room of Peggy Douglas's, there were many babies born in there. (Eva--How many children were there in your family then?) Well, there was just the three of us. (Eva--There were three in your family?) Umm. (Eva--No wonder that your folks could afford wrist watches then.) [Myrtle laughs.] (Mary---China, dishes for three.) [Myrtle laughs again.] (Mary--What kind of things did you eat then?) What did we have to eat? Oh! You know I remember when we were the happiest--holidays we ever had--Thanksgiving kind of-- I had an uncle who was Irish--that was Aunt Mary and Uncle John--and-a we had raised a lot of squash that

year a-and the Irish kind of liked that, so Mom she had fixed it for dinner--mashed it up and put butter on it. But anyway Dad had--he was a lot of fun--and he had said before dinner, "You know, Myrtle, when John comes, now he said, we won't feed him too good. We will fill him up on squash, we have lots of squash." And sure enough when John started telling stories we would pass Uncle John the squash and he would fill his plate with squash. Myrtle laughs. He ate so much squash I just about died. (Mary, He didn't know that he was eating it?) No, he didn't realize it, no. (Russell--he was a great story teller and he would always have to go into all of the details so it would take him about an hour to tell it so he wouldn't know what was going on) Tell us-Uh huh. He didn't know if he was eating squash or what. (Russell--That was after we were married) Yah, I guess it was. (Eva--Well did you guys eat Swedish food?) No, Un, A. (Eva--well did you guys have any Scandinavian food?) Yah, both my mom and my dad were Norwegian. (Eva--Oh, they were.) (Eva--I--Well, did you have rummegrot?) You bet! (Mary--Oh--) (I--And primost--) I think--I think that my favorite food was krub. Did you eat krub? (Eva--Oh, yes, we had krub) (Russell--Krub?) Do you know how to make that? You grind up potatoes. (Eva--Yah.) And let them fry and add the meat, and then the second time you slice it. (Eva--But you did have rummegrot?) Oh, yes, lots of it sometimes that was supper. (Eva--that's Norwegian. We had Lillegrot. Lillegrot is made with milk but rummegrot is made with cream.) When you make Lillegrot you take that fat off of there. (Eva--Right) (Russell--Her mother came from Norway.) (Eva--Oh-h-h, well, no wonder. Did you have lefse, and--) My daughter-in-law, I'll tell ya, she's no slouch at making lefse. We had lefse over at her house--(Eva--Does she have a lefse grill?) Yah, there was a lady out in the country that made a lot of it and she called Kay and she told her that she had so much potatoes that are all right and ready for lefse and a grill do you want to come get it so she got it and she needed Carnation milk and it was thin----(Russell--she had over a hundred pieces when she was done.) (Mary--I like it when it is still warm with butter and sugar on it. (Eva--I like it any old way.)

RUSSELL: Well I don't remember much about Christmas. But we were a big family and we lived a mile north of the college--Brookings--and a, well, we usually got about one toy or something, I don't really remember what kind of toys we got. We had a neighbor across the road, Joe Dunlop, they had a boy by the name of Merritt, he was the only one in the family and he would get five or six things for Christmas. We kind of enjoyed his Christmas more than we did our own. I remember one time he got skis and we went out and tried to ski down the straw pile. (All Laugh!) (Chatter about skiing in the straw) Well I don't remember if we always got toys--we probably got clothes or something. I can't remember what we did get. But we would only get about one thing and Merritt would likely get about five things. (Mary--He must have been pretty nice to share that with you.) Well, you see, Raymond was older than I, and I suppose that Merritt Dunlop would be next to Raymond and then it would be Lyle and I. When we would play then Lyle could be the youngest and Raymond and Merritt could be the oldest. So

Raymond would play with Merritt. We would play out in the barn and things like that. As far as Christmas and what we would have to eat, I don't know. (Eva--you didn't have Lillegrot?) Well, I'll tell you in our home it seemed like every Saturday night my mother would make rice. We would put sugar and cinnamon on it. I suppose that my mother made things like Lillegrot too although she wasn't born in Norway. My dad was born in Norway. (Eva--you have a lot of Norwegian in you then.) (Mary--One hundred percent Eva.) (Eva--so what are you then Russ?) (Mary--He is all Norwegian too.) (Eva--so you are a hundred percent Norwegian?) (Mary--Oh! You didn't know that!) (Eva--No.) (Mary--Sure we are purebreds!) (All laugh). (Eva--Here we are Norwegians and Swedes.) You would never know it would you. (Myrtle--Do you like fattigman then.) (Eva--Oh, sure. Lillegrot and other Scandinavian dishes) (Mary--I've never eaten that though. I might like that.) [Myrtle tells how to make Lillegrot.] My father would bring home special cheeses then, brown cheese, primost, (Eva--gomaloast) gomaloast, and stinky cheeses--the rest of us wouldn't eat it--he would have to eat it. He would say that it was good but it smelled so bad that we wouldn't dare try it.

JACK: We would set up the Christmas tree on Christmas Eve and open our presents on Christmas morning. I remember one Christmas especially when the Nelsons (Ruth's sister, Edna and her family) came to spend Christmas with us. Kenny, and Bob, and Howard and I were decorating the tree with a type of rope decorations. We had green and red and gold colored rope decorations. It was just like a May Pole--we just took that rope and we just wound that tree up so tight that there wasn't a branch sticking out anyplace. (All laugh) I remember another kind of decoration that we had for our Christmas tree--it was kind of a white, pearl like, glass rope. The beads were attached together in about eight inch lengths so it was flexible at the joints. It had little silver bells and balls that hung from it. I am anxious to go through the old house to see if that decoration is still there. (Myrtle--You may find that someday. Wouldn't that be something? Yes sir! it wouldn't be much but it would be something fun for you to have.) Mother never threw anything away, you know. (Russell--Did you get a lot of expensive presents then?) No, no. Many of our gifts would be home made. In our stockings we would get things like peanuts and, many times, an orange. Oranges were special in those days. Sometimes we would get hard curlicue candy. (Mary--What would you have to eat?) Well we would usually have goose for Christmas Day. (Eva--Boy, you were really up there with that kind of food.) Well you know we lived on the farm and we raised all of that stuff ourselves. (Mary--Yes, they were always in the yard.) Well, you are wrong about that Mary, geese and other animals weren't allowed in the yard. If the dog was near the house he would chase any animals to the other side of the fence. (Mary--I thought you had turkey.) Yes, we had turkey at Thanksgiving but we usually had goose at Christmas. (Russell--I think that we had geese too. It's so darn long ago that it is hard to remember! Laughs) (Mary--Tell them about the truck.) Well I don't know for sure but it may have been the same Christmas that the Nelson's spent at our house, but I

Russell and Myrtle Larson, John and Carrie's grandparents, moved to Barnesville about 1935. Both Russ, and Myrtle had grown up near Brookings, South Dakota---Russell on a farm just outside of Brookings where the University is now located, and Myrtle on a farm near Arlington. Shortly after they moved to Barnesville, Myrtle's father died and Carrie Martinson, John and Carrie Ralston's great grandmother, moved to Barnesville to live with Russ and Myrtle. David Larson, John and Carrie's uncle, was born on Dec. 12, 1939, and Mary Karen Larson was born on Dec. 30, 1940. At that time Russell, Myrtle, and Grandma Carrie lived in a large apartment above the Red Owl Store that the family owned and operated.

Mary was the bright, sweet, talented, red headed little girl that Myrtle had always wanted and Grandma Carrie was the perfect grandmother to her. Mary's parents doted on their daughter. She grew up doing all of the correct things such as being loved by all teachers, learning to play the piano (although only passably well), being successful in public speaking, and being valedictorian of her high school class (Jack used to tease Mary about being valedictorian because the salutatorian became a Rhodes Scholar). Mary continued her academic career at Moorhead State College after high school. She became a teacher and taught kindergarten in Fargo for one year after she finished her first Bachelor's Degree. Mary told of one day when one of her kindergarten students brought his pet to school. The pet was a very large German shepherd that scared Mary to death (She was not very brave around dogs). Mary told the child that the dog would have to go home immediately and she left her classroom full of children and one dog, to go to the office to call the child's parents. Apparently the child misunderstood Mary's directions as she came out into the hall accompanied by her pet German shepherd. The dog became excited at that point and ran down the hallway barking. Mary felt that she had to catch the dog, fear or no fear, so she sprinted down the hall in hot pursuit of the spooked animal. The principal came to see what all the commotion was about and shouted, "Miss Larson! You get that dog out of here!" One of the other teachers whose classroom was near the end of the hall also came into the hallway to see what all the commotion was about and had the presence of mind to open the exit door at the end of the hallway, thus releasing the dog to seek his fortune in the outdoors. Mary also liked to tell of the principal's classroom observation technique. Apparently the man was shy and didn't dare walk into the classroom to make a supervisory observation so he would park his car in the parking lot just outside of Mary's classroom and observe her teaching through the classroom window (while he was seated in his car). When the schoolyear ended Mary decided that she wanted to pursue clinical speech as a career so she went back to Moorhead State and took additional classes for a year that allowed her to become certified as speech clinician. It was during this year that she went to Barnesville to enter into a paid part

time teaching practicum, that she met Jack.

In 1962, the time came when it was necessary to hire a speech clinician in the Barnesville Elementary School where Jack was principal. Phil Tenney who was superintendent told Jack that he knew someone who would just fill the bill. This young lady had graduated from Barnesville High School a few years ago when Phil was still the High School Principal. Jack thought, "Oh, sure. I can just imagine what kind of bumpkin she will be." The day came when the young lady came to Barnesville to interview for the clinical speech job. Phil interviewed her first and then brought her to Jack's office so he could also interview with her. Phil went to Jack's office followed by an attractive young woman with red hair and he said, "I'd like for you to meet Mary Larson." Mary presented herself very well in the interview and also presented herself very well. Jack had a personal policy that he didn't become involved with co-workers in a romantic way, but his meeting with Mary made him think that that policy could possibly have some loop holes.

Mary was hired to work in the Barnesville schools for the 1963-64, school year and predictably Mary and Jack learned to enjoy each others company even though they never went on a date until the school year was nearly over. Mary was given a makeshift office in a small room that opened off of the main hallway. As a part of the principal's duties Jack needed to supervise the hallways during noon hours and usually found that the hallway needed supervision just outside Mary's office door. Since Mary was in her office during noon this made it natural that they should visit together. When Mary finished her year at Barnesville Elementary she enrolled at Ohio University in Athens. Jack and Mary occasionally wrote while she was in Ohio, and they got together socially during Christmas vacation when she returned to her parent's home for the holidays.

At the conclusion of her academic year in Ohio, Mary signed a contract to work in Anoka and Jack left Barnesville and signed a contract to work in Litchfield during the 1965-66 school year. The 75 miles between Anoka and Litchfield seemed to be a small obstacle so Jack found his way to Anoka to enjoy Mary's company nearly every weekend that year. At the end of that year they decided to marry. Jack and Mary were married on Friday the 13th of May, 1966, in the Methodist Church in Anoka. There had been a funeral in the church that afternoon and they had thoughtfully left some flowers to decorate the church for the wedding. Jack and Mary had decided that they wished to be married by Bea Brown's Methodist minister father, Maxwell Brown, as Bea had been Mary's college roommate at Moorhead, Athens, and Anoka. Bea and her boyfriend, Jim LaRock were the maid of honor and the best man, respectively. The other attendee at their wedding was Bea's mother who played the piano.

At the end of the school year Mary moved to Litchfield as a full time

resident She had lived there only on weekends until the school year ended. Speech Clinicians were in short supply at that time so Mary was hired to serve as a clinician in Litchfield, even though Litchfield--like most schools at that time, had a policy that said that husband and wife could not both be employed within that school district. Mary continued to work in the Litchfield Schools until 1968, when the two decided that if they were going to be parents they had better get started (Jack was 35, that year and Mary was 28) They agreed that if they were to be parents that their children must have at least one parent in the home to provide full time parenting and that neither of those parents could smoke. They had agreed that Mary would not get pregnant until they had both quit smoking. Jack had quit so many times that he was good at it. It seemed that he didn't become addicted to cigarettes as most do so it was much easier for him to quit than it was for most people. Mary, however, wasn't so fortunate and she struggled with the nicotine monster for some time before she, too, was successful.

Pregnancy was easier to achieve than it was to quit smoking but it did take several months before it was accomplished. Mary was a rather small lady (5 foot 2 and 110 pounds soaking wet) and the doctor told her that she must not gain very much if any weight or the birth process could be difficult. As a result of this advise Mary watched her caloric intake and walked faithfully. She gained very little weight during her pregnancy. On December 18th, 1969 (the due date) Mary suspected that she had started labor so she visited her doctor at his office where he confirmed the fact that labor had commenced. He instructed her that unless she became very uncomfortable she might as well stay at home until the labor pains were regular and coming at a prescribed frequency. Mary called Jack at school to announce the happy news but this was the day of the faculty Christmas party and everyone at Ripley School was in the musicroom for the party and the noise that they made covered the sound of the ringing telephone. Since there was no emergency Mary gave up and waited for her partying husband to come home so she could surprise him with her news. Jack did go home early that day and was not only surprised but frightened. What if she had been calling to tell him that she needed help immediately. Well it was happy news and all was well.

Later that evening Jack and Mary went to Ripley School where they walked around the building enjoying the Christmas decorations and later going to the office to stuff the mailboxes with Christmas cards. Mary also gave Jack explicit instructions for the distribution of birth announcements which she assumed would be ready for distribution the next morning. Mary had prepared two sets of announcements--one if the baby was a boy and another if the baby was a girl. Mary and Jack then decided to drive around the town to enjoy the Christmas decorations. This proved to be uncomfortable for Mary so they proceeded to the hospital and checked in.

When the birth took place (about 1:00 in the morning on Dec. 19, 1969) the Doctor felt it necessary to assist the birth with forceps. In those days the father was allowed in the labor room but it was unheard of that he should be allowed at the delivery. Jack waited in a waiting room for some time and then a kindly nurse invited him to a breakroom for coffee. It was at that precise moment that a nurse walked out of the delivery room carrying Jack and Mary's daughter. Carrie Christine was all bundled up in a pink blanket and was looking about at her father and the world with what appeared to be coal black eyes that seemed to see all and were filled with great wonder. Her thick hair was nearly black but had a decided reddish cast.

Mary had neglected to tell her doctor that she was very sensitive to many medications and that pain killers affected her profoundly. At last they brought Mary from the delivery room and she was higher than a kite (from the anesthetic). She demanded that they bring her baby to her and that hers was the most beautiful baby in the world. She went on and on in a rather loud voice. Jack tried to calm her and tell her that she must not wake the other patients. She told her husband that she didn't give a damn about the other patients but she wanted her baby and she wanted her now! They placed Mary in a small ward where there were two other new mothers. One of those ladies understood Mary's feelings and problems in a way that no husband nor father could and she got out of her bed and came over to Mary and talked with her. This kind lady was successful in reassuring Mary and making her comfortable in the knowledge that the hospital staff was giving her new daughter appropriate care. Even though Mary was now calm she insisted that Jack stay out by the nursery to observe every move that the nursery nurses made and come to report to her the moment that anything happened. After about an hour of this Mary was successful in going to sleep and Jack decided that he was no longer needed at the hospital. Jack went back to Ripley School where he stuffed the mailboxes with the new "daughter" birth announcements doing his best to follow the instructions that Mary had given.

The forceps birth had been a difficult one, of course, and Mary and Carrie were hospitalized until Christmas Day as a result. Jack felt that he received the best Christmas Gift **ever** when he was allowed to bring his wife and baby girl home on Christmas Day. Carrie was placed in an oversize Christmas stocking by the hospital staff and when she got home she was placed under the tree and had her picture taken.

The next few days were exciting. Mary had been born and raised in a family whose nearest relatives were nearly two hundred miles away so she had not had the experience of assisting with very small children. Jack had grown up the youngest of seven children and had experienced nieces and nephews from birth on so he was not totally inexperienced. This made it natural that he was privileged to bathe his daughter initially. Of course when

Mary saw how much fun it was and that it really wasn't very hard nor dangerous she quickly got in on the act. Mary was delighted when she received confirmation that she would be able to nurse her baby. When she had no milk on the first few tries at nursing she was enormously discouraged and felt that she was a failure. Fortunately Mary had a wise friend (the wife of one of the doctor's) who counseled her in the art of nursing babies and reassured her that it was entirely normal that her milk didn't arrive simultaneously with the baby. When Carrie was five months old Mary became quit ill with a flu and lost the ability to produce milk in sufficient quantities to meet the baby's needs so it became necessary to supplement Carrie's food supply by bottle. Mary's milk didn't return even with her return to health (Mary and Jack blamed this on the fact that she had not allowed herself to gain weight during pregnancy and they thought that her body lacked the stamina to bounce back with an adequate milk supply because of her low weight.)

Carrie and Jack seemed to enjoy a mutual admiration society from her earliest days on. When Jack came home from school (which he did each day as soon as possible--his priorities had changed when he became a father) he would ask about Mary's day and she would usually reply with a commentary on Carrie's achievements and problems. If there was ever a time that Mary reported that Carrie had been fussy or complaining he would immediately take his daughter from her cradle, put a record on the stereo and the two of them would dance. Carrie would immediately settle down and soon would be sleeping peacefully. If the dancing stopped too soon she would awaken and complain loudly. As she danced with her father she would nestle down on his shoulder and cuddle up to him so her head was resting in the hollow of his shoulder by his neck. One result of the dancing was that Carrie's pretty reddish black hair would become oily from the contact with her father's skin. This was not pleasing to Carrie's mother.

Soon the time came when Carrie was moving around on her own and learning about her environment. She loved to watch for her father when it was time for him to come home and often stood on a box at the window watching for him. While standing there of course she also observed much of what else went on in her expanding world. Early on she developed an interest in dogs and Bow (her word for Bow-Wow) was her first word. Eventually Carrie reached the age where she loved to play outdoors and would even do so by herself for short periods of time. She was a shy child who was easily frightened by loud noises and was extremely shy towards strangers. Carrie was an unusually attractive child with her dark eyes, pretty hair (that was loosing its darkness by the time she was about a year old--in fact it was bleaching in the sun to a blond), and she had naturally dark skin that was even darker because of the time that Carrie enjoyed in the outdoors. Mary always dressed her daughter in buttons, bows, and curls. Mary was a skilled seamstress and she enjoyed exercising her skills for her daughter. Ralston family gatherings were always a problem for Carrie as she

was not secure unless she had one of her parents close enough to touch and naturally much to Carrie's distress, many of the relatives made a fuss over her.

When Carrie was about six months old her father decided that it was time that she should have a real doll so he bought her what he thought was a cute, soft, rubber doll that squeaked when squeezed. He presented the doll to his daughter anticipating her joy and pleasure when she received his gift. Carrie took one look at the thing and began to draw away. Her father, thinking that it would help her if she could hear how cute it was when it squeaked gave it a good squeeze and it made its noise as loudly as it could and that succeeded in terrorizing his child. Father's learn slowly sometimes but Jack finally got the message that he had to help his daughter to recognize that this thing was for play and teach her how to play with it. Of course Mary helped. When it came to sensitivity it seemed that Mary was the mainstay in their young family. With a little gentle encouragement and reassurance Carrie learned to love and care for this her first doll (Dee-dee) and many dolls thereafter--she had a collection of valuable dolls as a young adult.

Very early Carrie demonstrated her creativity. A psychologist friend of the family told Jack and Mary that one of the best gifts that parents can give to their children is an interesting set of building blocks so Jack and Mary went shopping for building blocks. It is probably appropriate to point out that Carrie as their first child was their experimental model. They were going to be the ideal parents and they read books--especially Dr. Spock--and any other book that someone said was good. They attempted to put into practice many of the ideas that seemed appropriate for their children---especially their first child. Some of that advice was very good but some of it was equally bad. Jack and Mary were not kids when their children were born. Mary was 29 (just a few days from 30) when Carrie was born and Jack was 37.

The building blocks were a hit with their young daughter. It seemed that she instantly knew how to build interesting structures utilizing the various colors and shapes of the blocks to make it pleasing in appearance. She often would work on a shape for an extended time and afterwards was not anxious to knock it down. Her father enjoyed playing blocks with his daughter and they spent hours together at this pastime.

Three years later John was born. By this time medical and social views on childbirth had changed. It was determined that a natural result of pregnancy was a considerable increase in weight preparing the mother's body for the trauma of birth and the demands of nursing the baby. Mary did gain considerable weight as she carried her second child although she continued to work at maintaining physical fitness through exercise. She adopted the then popular natural childbirth means of delivery of the baby.

This required study, specific exercises to help her body prepare for birth, and finding a doctor who would be willing to cooperate with the natural childbirth plan. This time Mary asked the doctor-husband of the friend who had guided her through nursing to help her through her pregnancy and delivery. Mary was very large at the end of her pregnancy and delivery didn't occur on the date that was thought to be her due date. Because of the size of her baby the doctor and Mary decided that if delivery didn't commence naturally within one week of the due date that labor would be induced. It was determined that she had achieved considerable dilation at the due date so it was thought that artificial inducement of labor should go well. Labor did not commence naturally so on May 23, 1973, Mary, and Jack went to the hospital early in the morning and by eleven o'clock John had arrived. Mary's goal of a drug free birth was achieved if the labor inducing pills were not counted.

Father's were now invited into the delivery room and Jack was there to offer Mary encouragement, remind her to breath in the prescribed manner, and give moral support. A mirror was placed so the actual birth was visible to Jack and Mary. What a thrill when the top of the head first appeared although it looked as though the child was bald like its father and the child's color seemed to be a disturbing shade of gray. As the child emerged from the birth canal it appeared that he was half grown and it seemed astonishing that this big baby could have been carried around inside of the little woman who was giving him birth. At last--the child fully emerged--it was announced that it was a boy and they laid the gray baby on a nearby table. His father had fleeting thoughts about the child's health--was he alive?--why is he so gray?--was there something wrong with him?--why wasn't he crying? Suddenly the child began to turn pink (it almost appeared to diffuse throughout his body top to bottom) he let out an insulted cry about being placed on that hard cold table and his mother and his father began to cry with the joy and wonder of his birth.

John was a precocious child. The summer before he started kindergarten he asked his father to remove the training wheels from his bicycle. His father thought that it was too early to remove the wheels so he suggested to John that they remove only one of the training wheels. John refused to compromise and insisted that both training wheels should be removed so Jack told him that since he felt that way that he would have to remove them himself. About an hour later Jack glanced out of the window and saw his son peddling his bike up and down the sidewalk sans training wheels. Occasionally, as a family outing, Jack and Mary would take their young family shopping at Crossroads Shopping Center in St. Cloud, or Ridgedale Shopping Center near Wayzata. John, on several occasions, would demonstrate his sense of independence (rebellion?) by hiding under one of the clothes racks. Carrie was usually the one to find him as she was close enough to the floor to have a better view of what was under the clothes

hanging on racks than her parents. When John was a preschooler he would accompany his mother wherever she went--coffee parties--church circle meetings--nursery school meetings--etc. He developed a reputation as a model child--playing quietly with toys, puzzles, or books--while his mother did her thing. When he entered kindergarten he loved it--school for half a day and then home to join his mother in whatever she had planned for the other half of the day. First grade, of course was different, he attended school all day and by the time he got home his mother had completed all of the fun things that they had previously shared and was at the point of beginning dinner. Shortly after the schoolyear had started John began showing up in the school nurse's office every morning about ten saying that his stomach hurt. When the nurse took his temperature she would find that he had a temperature of about 99.2 degrees. The nurse would call Mary and she would come to school to take him home. She always put him to bed but she discovered that he always felt much better after one o'clock, and that his temperature was always normal by that time. Mary and Jack decided that it was time to make some changes so they asked the nurse to put John to bed on one of the cots in the sick bay when he came down and tell him that his mother was unable to come for him. John continued to come to the office not feeling well for about three days and then he decided that it was better to stay in class.

Jack and Mary joined the Methodist Church in Litchfield shortly after they were married and were quite active within that church. Both Mary and Jack taught Sunday School classes, worked on various committees and boards, sang in the choir, and helped with occasional activities such as fund raisers. One time the church had decided to hold a "Soup and Sandwich" dinner. Each Methodist family was to bring a large kettle of their favorite soup to church and people who were the paying customers could choose the soup and sandwiches that they wanted. Mary had made a large kettle of soup and she and Jack were hurrying to get ready on time. With a babysitter to pick-up and brief, clothes to be changed, and children to be directed the time got away. It was beginning to look as though Jack and Mary were not going to get their soup to church on time, but they were doing their best and hurrying as fast as they could. At last--Jack was ready and Mary had just two more things to take care of. Mary told Jack to put the soup in the car and that she would be ready by the time he had accomplished that. Mary was a fast mover and just as Jack was about to put the soup in the opened hatch door of their 1976 Chevrolet station wagon she came out and got into the car. Jack was hurrying as fast as he could too and he lifted the large kettle of hot soup and moved to set it on the floor in the back of the station wagon. In his haste Jack didn't lift the kettle quite high enough --the bottom of the kettle caught on the hatch and most of the soup splashed into the interior of the station wagon much as if he had taken the kettle and thrown the contents into the interior of the car on purpose. Jack and Mary were all dressed, the baby sitter was there baby sitting, and everything was ready except there now was very little soup left in the kettle and the car

was a smelly mess (It is strange that something that smells great as it is cooking on the stove becomes a very unpleasant smell when it is soaking the upholstery of your car.). Mary quickly decided that there was only one thing to do. She took the kettle, ran into the house and began dumping cans of Campbell's Soup into the kettle. Vegetable Beef, Mushroom, Green Pea---- you name it, it all went into the "Ralston" soup. We heated it up and took it to church. We were relieved that no one asked us for the recipe for our soup.

The year that John was born Mary had commented that she wished that she could ride bike, but with that big baby riding around inside of her there was no way that she could peddle for more than a few minutes. Jack's idea light came on and he thought that a tandem bike would be the perfect Mother's Day gift for his pregnant wife. It was a hit. Jack and Mary would put Carrie in a child's bicycle seat and off they would go on any length bicycle trip. The tandem was a very large bike and weighed more than double the weight of a normal bike so Jack got in some good exercise pedaling the three of them around the town and nearby countryside. The family continued their excursions on the tandem after John's birth. John assumed a seat in a back pack which his father wore and the whole family was off. One day they were making it down the street and Jack had been watching something off to the side rather than looking to see the condition of the street immediately ahead. The city crew had been making some repairs in the street that had necessitated tearing up the concrete that surrounded a manhole. They had carefully filled in the resulting hole with fine gravel which they had smoothed over so it had an appearance that was nearly identical to the remainder of the street. The Ralston family soon found that a heavily loaded tandem bike didn't go over it as it went over the rest of the street. The heavy bicycle sank into the gravel and went out of control, tipping over. Jack did his best to catch the bike with his feet but the weight and the momentum were too much and the whole family sprawled in the middle of the street. The first reaction of course is are you OK? Mary was frightened but she was not hurt. Carrie was crying but we soon determined that she was frightened but uninjured. John was protected by his back pack and his father's body and he didn't seem to realize that this wasn't normal operating procedure. Jack tore his trousers and some skin but their was nothing serious. The Ralston family decided that the city crew wasn't watching out for them very well but that a guardian angel or someone had done a pretty good job of taking care of them.

The Litchfield Methodist Church frequently had a Lenten prayer marathon. Individuals from the church would sign up to pray at the church for specific periods of time so the net result was that there was a twenty four hour prayer vigil. The people were asked to pray for certain other church members during their part of the vigil so every member of the church was included in prayer during the twenty four hours. Carrie was

always willing to do what was expected of her but John often or maybe even usually needed to know the why and "what's in it for me?" One time we were going to church to meet our families obligation to the prayer vigil and just as we were leaving John announced that he wasn't going. There was a scene naturally--parents insisting that he was going with them and John insisting that he was going to run away from such an unreasonable family. Jack took his threat seriously and gave him instructions on how to run away successfully--come home as soon as he was frightened or uncomfortable--stay away from strangers--if he needed help find any policeman--call home on the phone whenever he wanted to--etc. Jack, Mary, and Carrie went to the prayer vigil and when they went to the car to go home they found John hiding in the back seat. What a risk!! What a relief!!

John, Carrie, and half a dozen neighborhood kids established an unorthodox softball "diamond" (the bases were placed wherever they would fit rather than in a strictly diamond shape) in the Ralston front yard. The home plate was located near the elm tree and second base was located near the hedge between Johnson's and Ralston's yard. It may be surprising to some but Johnson's had a window broken only once. Jack told his young slugger that he had to pay for the window, but Bruce wouldn't hear of it and repaired the window himself. The fact that his daughter Chantel was one of the regular players probably led him to that decision. The baseball game was ongoing and the base lines soon began to clearly show through the grass--the grass was completely worn away around home base. Mary advised that we should concentrate on raising kids at this period in our lives and we would concentrate on growing grass later.

A NEW LEASE

Carrie and Olli completed their stay at the University of Oslo in the spring of 1992, and moved on to Iceland where they stayed with Olli's family for a few months before they moved on to the United States where Olli planned to attend the University of Minnesota--Moorhead. Carrie suggested that Jack should retire and live with them. When this possibility was presented to Jack he quickly decided to retire from his career in education and move to a house that he rented in Moorhead, where he would live and provide a home for the young couple and Thorir. Thorir had made his appearance and quickly became very important to his American grandfather. Carrie and Olli had planned to call Thorir, T.J. (Thorir Jakob), to make it easier for the boy in America where people had problems knowing how to pronounce his name.

Life seemed very pleasant for Jack in retirement. Living with his daughter and her family seemed to fill an enormous vacuum in Jack's life with the daily company of his daughter, grandson, and son-in-law. Occasional opportunities to baby sit Thorir helped to cement the

relationship between grandfather and grandson. The overall plan was to live in the house until spring, tear down the cottage at the lake and build a year-around home at the lake where Jack would live and Carrie and Olli would either continue to live in the rental house in Moorhead or move to the lake and commute. Carrie had tentative plans to complete her degree and Jack had offered to babysit Thorir while she did this if they moved to the lake and commuted to classes in Moorhead. When spring arrived Jack moved to the lake and lived in the cottage. Carrie and Olli came out on weekends and when the spring quarter ended they spent most of their time there. It seemed that everything was in place until one day Olli told Jack that he and Carrie wanted to take him to the Cornfield for breakfast. When they were seated in the restaurant Carrie excused herself to go to the bathroom and while she was gone Olli told Jack that they were going to move back to Iceland in August because he could not become comfortable with the American way of life. He said that he and his father (they were coming for a visit and Carrie and Olli would return to Iceland with them) would tear down the old cottage before they left. The day before they left Thorir (Olli's father), Olli, Joi-Olli's youngest brother, and Jack drove to the lake, tore down the cottage and had it more or less neatly stacked into piles before they went home.

The next day everyone from Olli's family piled into Jack's car and the car that Jack had rented and they all drove to Winnipeg where Carrie, Olli, Thorir, and the rest of Olli's family caught a plane to return to Iceland. Jack struggled with this departure as it was the end of a dream of having grandchildren to watch and worry over on a daily or at least a regular basis. It also was the end of his everyday relationship with his daughter--she would be a guest whenever she made return visits to the U.S., and he would be a guest whenever he visited Iceland.

Jack accepted a generous invitation from the Larsons to live in their house at the lake until construction was completed on his new house. This made it convenient to maintain a daily presence on the construction site and also resulted in a savings of a couple of month's rent. Kay and Pam were very helpful to Jack as he selected decorative items such as carpet and drapes for the new home and made decisions on such things as color.

Jack moved into his new house about the middle of November, 1992. The Larsons were at a remodeling stage in their lake home that made it very difficult if not impossible for them to stay there so on weekends they frequently stayed with Jack. This helped break up the week and provided a pleasant bit of company for him. In September of '93 Jack was volunteering one day a week at St. Luke/Merit Care Hospital in Fargo, one day a week at St. Mary's Hospital in Detroit Lakes, and one day a week at Viking Elementary School in Pelican Rapids.

The very first day that Jack walked into Viking Elementary School,

Annette Thorson (Shirley's fellow teacher, Jack's neighbor and friend to both) literally took him by the hand and hustled him into the computer room to meet the computer coordinator, Shirley Huseby. Shirley was a very attractive lady with a personality as pleasant as her appearance. Jack soon asked some questions about her family status and Shirley made some comment that led him to believe that she had remarried (Shirley later confessed that holding off amorous old lechers with less than encouraging comments had become habitual for her) or that she was in some kind of committed relationship--he knew that her husband had died of cancer some years earlier.

Jack continued to visit with Shirley whenever he could because she was very nice to be around even though he had more or less given up on anything other than a platonic relationship. As the friendship grew he thought that it wouldn't be inappropriate to clarify exactly what was her status as far as involvement with other men. To his delight he discovered that he had either misunderstood or had been misled in his initial contacts with Shirley. She was unattached!

Soon they were spending much time together and making frequent telephone contacts. Jack had entered into the relationship intending to find a friend who would like to do some social things with him, but he found a FRIEND. One pleasant spring day Jack made a date with Shirley. He told her to dress up but that he couldn't tell her where they were going or what they were going to do but that she should plan for an entire evening out. Jack picked Shirley up and they drove out of Pelican Rapids on highway 108 West but didn't turn off on highway 94 as usual if they were headed for Fargo or Moorhead, instead they continued to highway 75 and then went north until they arrived in Moorhead. Jack chose to take the one way street going north near the river. Shirley wasn't too familiar with this area so she didn't realize exactly where she was. Soon Jack drove the car into the FM Hotel parking lot arriving there by way of the back street. He told Shirley that he had to get some money from the cash machine that was located upstairs. (Since there was a bank on the ground floor of the hotel at that time that was not an absolutely implausible lie although it was a lie.) Jack and Shirley got on the elevator and Jack pressed the button for the top floor--The Tree Top Room Restaurant. When they arrived there Jack didn't look for a cash machine as he knew that there was none, but he did tell the hostess at the restaurant that he was Jack Ralston and that he had a reservation. The hostess showed Shirley and Jack to a corner table that was decorated with a dozen long stemmed pink roses in a cut glass vase.

By now Shirley was catching on but was a bit overwhelmed. The happy couple ordered a bottle of wine and a nice dinner and had a very nice time. When they had finished dinner Jack said that he had to go to the bathroom and when he returned they should order desert. Shirley said that she would go to the bathroom also. While Shirley was in the bathroom Jack

found their waitress and asked if she would bring the desert tray to the table when they were again seated. When Shirley came to the table the waitress came to the table and described the items available from her dessert tray. She said that she had a very special dessert available in the wrapped package in the center of the tray. Shirley asked Jack what he was going to have for dessert so Jack chose a dessert and the waitress again turned to Shirley and told her that she would really recommend that she should choose the special package from the center of the tray and Jack seconded her recommendation so Shirley finally gave in to all of this pressure and chose the gift wrapped package. She opened it and found a velvet covered box inside and inside of that she found a diamond ring. Jack did the traditional thing at that point and got down on one knee and asked her to marry him. Shirley and Jack were married on July 10, 1994. The staff at the Treetop Room had very graciously consented to go along with Jack's requests regarding his and Shirley's special dinner and dessert.

After the wedding and a brief honeymoon trip to Duluth Shirley moved in with Jack in the house that Jack had build on Pelican Lake . They then set about making the house at the lake into their home. They converted the attached garage into a dining room and built a detached double garage. Shirley applied her special skills to decoration and through wallpaper, paint, and furnishings converted the house into a home and with a wonderful green thumb and a remarkable creativity changed the yard into a thing of beauty. Shirley's green thumb was also instrumental in making the interior of their home into a warm and inviting place with her beautiful variety of plants.

Did Jack and Shirley live happily ever after? Of course! There are adjustments in marriage that must be made if the marriage partners are twenty one or sixty one, however. Shirley had been a widow for 15 years and Jack had been alone for 7. Shirley had given up her house, her car, and her job at the time that she and Jack were married. In addition she had joined Jack at the little country church that he had been attending. It was too many changes and too many things given up at once. They decided to transfer their membership to Trinity Church in Pelican Rapids where the Huseby's had been members for the years that they had lived in Pelican Rapids. That helped but Shirley still yearned for the satisfaction of meaningful activity that she had trouble finding in volunteer work.

Love in the autumn of life is much like love between young men and women in that one tends to look at your loved one through rose colored glasses early in the relationship but it may be different in that both members of the new union have lived more years and in the process have learned much about living. Both senior members know that a successful marriage is based more on compromise with your partner and focusing on the needs of your loved one more than on your own needs. Shirley was (and is) a past master at putting others first and Jack tries to do better. Yes, they lived

happily ever after if you take happily ever after to mean that they continued to love each other and their love continued to grow and mature. They enjoyed each others company and had good times together and were often able to help each other carry the garbage that people almost always pick up and carry after living for 50 or 60 years.

While Jack and Shirley were adjusting to their life together they traveled to Florida, Iceland, Washington, D.C., New York, Montana, and nearer destinations and enjoyed becoming members of each others family. Both of them enjoyed sharing their lake home with family members. Crys, Rob, and children were the most frequent family visitors but the other immediate family as well as extended family made occasional visits. They shared an interest in reading, writing, and computers. They eventually bought a bigger computer to make it possible to be on the Internet and they then had three computers in what they called their computer room. Both Jack and Shirley were writing their "stories," and Shirley was writing more extensively. She won awards in local writing contests and was published in a local paper. In addition to writing she pursued creative activities such as sculpting doll heads and creating character dolls, making greeting cards from flower petals, sewing artistic vests, and perfecting artistic photography skills (which she also made into greeting cards) and artistic book making. Her artistic talents seemed endless--she would pursue one artistic activity until she had more or less perfected it and then she would establish another. She loved to share her talents with others by teaching classes or teaching people in private settings. She occasionally still taught computer skills for Community Ed. and enjoyed her work on the library board. In addition she did many types of work for the church and was a leader in the Ladies organization in the church. She usually spent one or two days a week doing volunteer work in Crys's art classroom in Pelican Rapids (Crys was the Kindergarten through Sixth Grade art teacher.) Jack and Shirley enjoyed attending musical and drama presentations and took short trips to share those interests.

Jack did volunteer work at Meritcare Hospital in Fargo for a couple of years but soon found that his volunteer work at Trinity Church provided him with all of the volunteer involvement that he needed. With the help of about a dozen Trinity members Jack started a program of shut-in visitation which eventually included distribution of Communion to shut-ins. He met with the church staff once a week and joined them in their discussion of the activities and daily affairs of the church. He eventually became vice president of the congregation. The vice president automatically becomes president of the congregation the year after he/she has been vice president.

Jack and Shirley looked ahead to years when their age could possibly be somewhat more restrictive to their activities and their ability to meet the challenges of living on the shore of Pelican Lake and considered the possibility that they might need to live in a more hospitable setting in the

PARENTS AND GRANDPARENTS

Allan Maclean Ralston	b. Aug. 13, 1851	d. May 13, 1917
m. Eliza Fair Ralston Feb. 5, 1893	b. June 20, 1860	d. Oct. 17, 1945
Arne Bergene		
m. Christine Haugen Bergen		
Clyde Ralston	b. Nov. 24, 1893	d. May 5, 1976
m. Ruth Bergene Ralston (Nov. 24, '14)	b. Apr. 9, 1895	d. Oct. 21, 1980

SIBLINGS**Leslie**

Leslie was born ten months after Clyde and Ruth's marriage and probably benefited from the undivided attention of his parents for the first two years of his life. He grew to be a talented young man excelling in school and in music. He played the trombone with the high school band. Leslie died of a ruptured appendix in 1931, shortly before his sixteenth birthday. Ruth never recovered from this terrible loss and mourned the loss of her eldest son for the rest of her life. Ruth was very ill and was hospitalized in Cavalier at the time of Clyde's death. When Jack talked with her about Clyde's death he told her that Clyde had died and was in heaven with Jesus and had been reunited with Leslie and all loved ones who had died before him and that Clyde was now whole--not missing a leg, and no longer sick, no longer in pain. Ruth said, "Me too." Of course she meant that she too wanted to die, be healed and be with Leslie, Clyde, and the other friends and family that had gone to their eternal home before her.

a. Leslie Allen Ralston	b. Oct. 25, 1915	d. Sept. 15, 1931
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Lynn

Jack's oldest brother was always Lynn as Leslie died more than two years before Jack was born. Lynn was born in 1917, so he was two years younger than Leslie. Apparently the two boys were best friends from infancy on. Ruth loved to tell of Lynn's response to almost any statement of intent that Leslie made--Whatever Leslie said, Lynn would add, "Me too." In many ways Lynn was the roll model for his little brother as the biggest and therefore the most skilled family member other than Clyde--the father figure and the undisputed head of the family. Lynn was the biggest, the strongest, and the most talented in Jack's eyes because he could drive the horses, fix the machinery, chop the wood, and work in the fields. Jack recalls that on his fifth birthday he was standing on a chair behind the kitchen door. His mother couldn't see him and became concerned as she didn't know what he was doing so she came looking for him. When she found him standing on the chair she picked him up, gave him a hug, and said, "Look at you! Standing on the chair you are just as tall as Lynn! It won't be long before you are that tall all by yourself." Shortly after Jack's fifth birthday Lynn and Florence were married. The young couple's oldest child, Leslie (named after Lynn's beloved brother/friend) was born while Jack was in first grade. The morning after Leslie was born Jack went to school and announced to all present that he had been wrong about Florence eating too many potatoes and that "We are all uncles!"

Lynn and Florence always lived near Clyde and Ruth. They were frequently there to share in farm projects such as haying and harvest, as well as more mundane tasks such as taking care of Lynn's younger brothers and sister when the occasion called for it. Their nearness also made it possible to be involved with them and theirs in other ways. When their children were small Jack occasionally baby sat for them when they had a need for those services. When Florence was pregnant with her youngest child, Elizabeth, Jack went to their house once a week to wash floors. At that time Lynn, Florence and family lived one mile from Ruth and Clyde's. Their house was directly across a pasture and their home was readily visible from Clyde and Ruth's house. One foggy day Jack was going to walk across the pasture to wash floors. The fog restricted visibility to approximately 60 to 70 feet but that wasn't a real problem Jack thought because all he needed to do was walk straight ahead and he would reach their house. He walked down the hill, where his parent's home was located, climbed the fence that surrounded the pasture and set off, being careful to walk in a straight line. He had walked across this pasture many times so the sloughs, hills, and even the gopher holes were familiar along the way. Soon Jack noticed that some things just didn't look as he expected them to. He stopped and carefully looked around himself in the circle of visibility allowed by the fog and thought it probable that things would look different when all you could see was 60 feet ahead and 60 feet behind. Besides he had been very careful to walk in a straight line and he knew that that would bring him to Lynn and

Florence's house so he continued. He walked on and on and soon knew that he had been walking much longer than the time that it usually took to walk across the pasture. There was a moment of panic when he realized that he had strayed off the straight line that was required to go from his parent's house to his brother's. He stopped and looked--fog surrounding and limiting; he listened--silence; Jack realized that he was lost within his brother's pasture that was nearly as familiar to him as his parents yard and he found this almost scary but when he stopped to think it through it was fun. After establishing a positive point of view he realized that the solution was simple. He decided that he would continue to walk as straight as he could until he came to the fence and then he would follow the fenceline until he came to Lynn and Florence's. Obviously his plan worked. The only stresser was that he had been in the pasture probably three times as long as normal so he was going to arrive at their house somewhat later than normal.

He was afraid that he would catch heck for being late. When he got there he was slightly disappointed when Lynn and Florence hadn't noticed that he had arrived late. His mini-crisis-adventure went unnoticed.

b. Lynn Clyde Ralston	b. 3/20/ 1917	
m. Florence Elizabeth Casmev (3/ 20/1938)	b.10/24/1917	d. 5/5/1997
a. Leslie David Ralston	b. 9/17/1939	
m. Norma Jean Gunderson		
a. Kristi	b.7/20/1960	
m. Scott Morgan		
a. Hunter		
b. Jordan		
b. Kim	b.11/24/1961	
c. Becky	b. 4/7/1966	
m. Jeff Erickson		
a. Holly		
b. Clay		
d. Jennifer	b. 12/6/1977	

(Lynn Ralston, cont.)

- | | | |
|--|---------------|-------------|
| b. Linda Jean Ralston | b. 6/18 /1941 | |
| m. Charles Steinkuehler | | |
| a. Mitchell Steinkuehler | | |
| a. Chantel | b. 11/19/1990 | |
| b. Brian Stein kuehler | | |
| a. Nicholas | b. 7/5/1990 | |
| b. Mathew | b. 4/14/1993 | |
| c. Bruce Steinkuehler | | |
| a. Christy | b. 5/17/1966 | |
| a. Joshua | b. 5/7/1984 | |
| b. Lucas | b. 8/25/1985 | |
| d. Julie Marie Steinkuehler | b. 6/4/1963 | |
| a. Rosa Maria | b. 8/18/1985 | |
| e. Charles Frederick Steinkuehler, Jr. | | |
| m. Mona (9/28/91) | b. 3/16/1966 | |
| a. Rachel | b. 10/14/1988 | |
| b. Brandon | b. 4/9/1992 | |
| m. Jim Hance | b. 12/6/1954 | |
| c. Thomas Arthur Ralston | b. 5/6/1945 | d.6/21/1985 |
| d. Elizabeth Ann Ralston | b. 9/2/1947 | |
| m. Harry Owen Feild III | | |
| a. Priscilla (Priss) | b. 12/19/1966 | |
| m. Christopher Cockrell | | |
| a. Matthew | b. 8/1992 | |
| b. Harry Owen Feild IV (Chip) | b. 4/14/1972 | |

Verne

Nearly four years younger than Lynn, Verne seemed to be an independent member of the family--not relating to one member of the family any more strongly than to any other member of the family. Jack always thought of his older brother, Verne, as the one who always rose above limiting factors--the one who always did the attractive thing--the one who found his way to "the good life." At a time in the family when there didn't seem to be enough money Verne found a way to buy a neat 1936 Chevrolet. It was shiny and black with fender mounted spare tires on both front fenders. The epitome of sharp! The way Verne seemed to Jack wasn't necessarily how it really was but---. Verne was the first one to bring his girlfriend home on a regular basis; he was the one who rode the high spirited new horse (even though the horse did throw him and break his wrist); he was the one who shot all of the ducks and suggested that Jack should assist in plucking the feathers. (Jack still can remember the slightly sickening smell as he pulled feathers off of all of those dead birds). On the dark side--he was also the first one to enter the military. To Jack his entry into the army was frightening. To Jack's immature mind entering the army at a time of war meant entering the trenches and engaging in hand to hand combat. Shortly after Verne entered the army there was an ad that was carried in a magazine that showed a soldier lying dead in the battlefield with his helmet on the ground nearby with a bullet hole showing in the helmet. Jack often thought of that picture and had a terrible fear that that would be Verne's fate. Verne returned from the war in one piece and also brought his English bride, Jill. Verne invited Jack to spend time with him in the home that Verne and Jill established. Living with Verne and Jill was a new experience for Jack as their expectations of him were definitely of a more adult level than the expectations of him had been in his parents' home. With Verne and Jill he was THE helper. In his parents home he was the youngest of seven and the expectations filtered down. One of the neatest parts of living with Verne and Jill was that Verne permitted Jack to occasionally drive the new 1946 Chevrolet that Verne and Jill had purchased. Jack even got to sometimes drive the car to school when Jack was in eighth grade. Living with Verne and Jill moved Jack's horizons back geometrically!

- c. Verne Bergene Ralston
 - m. Jill Onyette (June 29, 1946)
 - a. Timothy Clyde Ralston
 - m. Mary Kay Keller Ralston (12/21/ 86)
 - a. Mariah Keller Ralston
 - b. 5/9/1921
 - b. 7/10/1927
 - b. 6/25/1948
 - b. 7/18/1948
 - b. 10/22/1987
 - b. Daniel Hunt Ralston
 - m. Debra Jane Ralston (7/25/72)
 - a. Darren Daniel Ralston
 - b. Dana Peter Verne Ralston
 - c. Deanne Debra Ralston
 - b. 6/14/1952
 - b. 6/1/1952
 - b. 8/16/1975
 - b. 5/7/1978
 - b. 4/30/1983
- c. Nicholas Verne Cox Ralston
 - m. Nita Joy Ralston (8/7/77)
 - a. Tiffany Joy Ralston
 - b. Arielle Nicole Ralston
 - b. 6/5/1956
 - b. 5/15/1956
 - b. 1/2/1978
 - b. 2/18/1985
- d. Margaret Ann (Ralston) Dockemeyer
 - m. James Louis Dockemeyer (5-26-'90)
 - a. Chelsea Jillian Dockemeyer
 - b. 10/6/1964
 - b. 10/2/1960
 - b. 9/22/1991

Don

Don was the athlete. He was good at basketball, excellent at baseball (he played the position of catcher and was also a threat to the opposition as a batter). He dabbled in golden glove boxing while at Whapeton State School of Science. Don was the family athlete and Jack considered himself to be the family nonathlete. It seemed to Jack that Don was the can-do person in the family: He always seemed to have an attractive girlfriend. It seemed that he could always drive a car through more snow than anyone. With his team of "Blacks" (big percheron horses) he could pull anything anywhere.

Don's team of blacks were two really big geldings who were put together as a team late in life (at least late in the life of a horse--both horses were probably about 6 years old) and the horses had a violent time trying to establish which one would be dominant over the other. In the midst of this struggle between the horses they would kick at each other, strike at each other with their front hoofs, and try to bite each other. Jack remembers one time when he went to the well to start the pump so there would be water in the horse trough--he was in the well house starting the pump when he heard a loud squeal. He looked out of the window and saw that Tom and Colonel (the names of the two blacks) were fighting. They were kicking, running back and forth to avoid the launched attack of the other, rearing up into the air and striking at each other, and putting their ears flat against their neck and baring their big yellow teeth as they tried to bite each other. It was pandemonium down by the horse trough and Jack knew that there was no way that he was going outside until those 2000 pound dynamos of terror went away--he only hoped that one horse didn't corner the other horse against the well house and push him right through the wall. Don mastered those "dangerous" horses and made them work together with outstanding results.

Don was always there. He married Joyce and they built their house a few feet from his parents house. He made the right decisions; he had a great sense of humor and made Jack laugh; he was highly competitive and enjoyed doing things better or faster which was something that Jack could identify with. Later when Clyde and Ruth were advanced in years and declining he was the one who was always there for his parents partly because this was his nature and partly because of where he lived. At any rate Jack felt more confident about the welfare of his parents because Don and Joyce were next door.

Family History:
Joyce and Donald Ralston

Joyce Birth Date Nov. 4 - 1929
Donald Birth Date Oct. 6 - 1922
Wedding Date June 27, 1948

Cynthia
Birth Date 5-14-54
Wedding Date 7-1-88
Spouse Name Gary PLADSON
Spouse Birth Date 3-7-40

Steven
Birth Date Oct. 26 - 1958?
Wedding Date
Spouse Name (maiden)
Spouse Birth Date

Children:

Name	Birth Date
Eric	3-7-88
Kyle	4-2-92
Kody	4-2-92

Kent
Birth Date 8-31-62
Wedding Date 7-6-85
Spouse Name (maiden) Mary Laavelg
Spouse Birth Date 6-16-58

Children:

Name	Birth Date
Joshua	4-1-87
Tressta	1-26-89
Katelyn	9-20-90

Lisa
Birth Date 7-23-65
Wedding Date 7-30-88
Spouse Name Daniel McCarty
Spouse Birth Date 1-17-62

Children:

Name	Birth Date
Patrick	3-18-93
Kelly Jo	7-10-96

Family History:

Janice and Jerry Hess Family

Janice Birth Date 8/21/36
Jerry Birth Date 3/12/34
Wedding Date 8/2/58

Nancy
Birth Date 7-18-60
Wedding Date 8-23-86
Spouse Name Jeff Broman
Spouse Birth Date 7-19-56

Children:
Name Elizabeth Birth Date 3-2-04

Bob
Birth Date 10-27-64
Wedding Date 8-7-87
Spouse Name (maiden) Valerie Salo
Spouse Birth Date 4-26-67

Children:
Name Birth Date
Alyssa 3-8-94
Breanna 4-5-96
Aaron 3-24-99

Chris
Birth Date 3/27/68
Wedding Date 6/11/94
Spouse Name (maiden) Morgan (Rosser)
Spouse Birth Date 10/28/69

Children:
Name Birth Date
Caleb 12/22/97
Luke 9/23/99
Ben 8/4/01
Silas 8/4/01

Brian
Birth Date 3/27/68
Wedding Date 6/22/91
Spouse Name (maiden) Charlene Callahan
Spouse Birth Date 7/26/69

Children:
Name Birth Date
Livia 8/5/98
Alayna 10/5/01
Lily 4/16/04

David
Birth Date 2-28-62

Harvey Henry Appeman 10/6/95
Delilah Alice Balsley Appeman 11/29/1903

Bob

Bob was the other half of the Don and Bob combination. The two seemed to be always together, plotting, planning, and playing. This friendship lasted throughout their adolescence and young adult years and was only slightly diminished when Bob spent many years pursuing academic excellence and Don was one hundred percent involved in making a living for his young family and maintaining the family farm. Bob started school at the University of North Dakota but had problems maintaining his academic status. He dropped out of school there and entered the Army Air Corps. He had hopes and dreams of becoming a pilot but those hopes and dreams were dashed when he fell from a confidence/fitness climbing apparatus and severely broke his arm. He left the military with a medical discharge and entered school at Mayville State Teacher's College. Bob had matured during his brief military career and education went exceptionally well for him at Mayville. He and Marge were married about a year before he graduated and they lived in one of the small mobile homes that the college had purchased as units for married students. After graduation he taught briefly at Kensal, Carrington, Walhalla, Duluth, and Hawthorne, Nevada. He and Marge then moved to Salt Lake City where Bob completed his Master's degree. Bob was employed as park naturalist at Teddy Roosevelt National Park for a year or two. He was employed at Mayville State College after graduating with his Master's Degree and taught there for several years before an opportunity presented itself to finish his doctorate at the University of Saskatchewan, in Saskatoon. He then returned to Mayville State where he continued his teaching career until he retired. Bob loved his teaching, his green house, his family, his fishing (although he didn't do much of it in his later years), and he loved to talk. In addition to teaching Bob served as the mayor of Mayville for several years. Marge died of cancer in 1988, and Bob developed cancer a short time later and died of complications from surgery that was related to his cancer in 1992.

The following stories were supplied by Kitty Skoog:

"There has always been confusion as to when Kitty was actually born. (Thanks Jack for making me younger [Jack's comment: I had originally reported her day of birth as being Aug. 29]. It all started when the family was moving about out west and for some reason celebrated Kitty's birthday on August 29. Well, the tradition stuck until Kitty needed her birth certificate for some school activity as a freshman. Mom found Kitty's birth certificate and found that she was actually born Aug. 30.'

"Another cute but slightly melancholy story was when we were at the

funeral home after Grandma Marge passed away. Jim at 5 years old was always asking questions and looking for correct answers. After looking at Grandma Marge for sometime in the casket, Jim began to tug on his Mom's (Kitty's) dress and tearfully asked, 'Mom, I thought that you told me that Grandma was an angel now!' Kitty replied, 'Well, yes, Jim she is.' Jim then demanded, 'Well then---Where are her wings!!!' Hours were spent answering that one.'

"Dad, being a biologist, exposed we kids to labs and microscopes at a very early age. At supper one night we all sat down to eat and as usual Dad asked--'Did you all wash your hands?' All of us shook our heads earnestly. Dad said, 'Let's see both sides!' Well to our horror Dean's hands were black! Dad said, 'OK kids, let's go to the lab.' We all went to the lab, scraped our hands and looked in the microscope--Well as you can imagine, Dean had all sorts of things to look at under his microscope. I've decided that must be the reason why Dean is the only one that did not go into biology or a related field.'

"I am sending an excerpt of something Dad wrote while sitting at Mom's side those many nights before she left us. One thing I can say is our Mom and Dad taught us many things, but one most important thing is we are family and that a families love goes far beyond words--it is the heart felt love we have for our whole family."

HOW LONG THE NIGHT

by Bob Ralston

How Long this night is--the only sounds in the room are the sounds of Marge's rapid breathing, punctuated by coughs that produce nothing, but eventually gag and nauseate her. How miserable this defiling tissue--how much the temptation to curse the mass that fills the space of oxygen exchange and inflicts pain depriving her of easy breath. God, how I wish I had the power to touch her and relieve her of this accursed invader.

Then it occurs to me, "Am I asking for me, for suffering from Marge's pain?" That may easily be the most important reason for my anger at this condition that binds me here. Marge's coughs change to plaintive moans; for some reason my thoughts go back to the peace and quiet of our home in Smith Valley. I remember the glitter of the moon as it shone over Mount Grant. I can see the brightness of snow on the Pine Nut range. I feel the presence of my two boisterous boys and the soft touch of my small tender little girl and most of all the woman who was strong. She was the reason for a loving family as we stood in the glow of the moonlight of that Nevada night so long ago. Again, I hear the strumming of guitar held by the Basque sheep herder. I hear the melodious sound of an unfamiliar, but pleasant song as the sheep herder soothes his sheep by the music of his guitar and the low comfort of his voice. I remember with extremely clear reflection as I glance

out our window, not to a full moon but to a scene that is now quiet. Activity has now ceased since the last shift came on, and I feel the presence of my family (though Kim was yet to come) and I search for the sound of our Shepherd. I know He is there, not by the sounds of a guitar, but by a universal strain of comforting sounds that tells us all will be well.

Soon Marge's low moans become quiet sighs, and I feel the warmth of a Savior, a Shepherd whom we all need. I silently pray that God will give Marge back her strength and health, but ask his blessing on her and on our family if that is not to be. It is hard, but I say, 'Thy will be done'.

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|-----------------------------------|-----------------|---------------|
| e. Robert Dean Ralston | b. 7/7/1924 | d. 12/19/1991 |
| m. Margaret Billings (12-19-1948) | b. 3/7/1928 | d. 12/12/1988 |
| a. Allen Ross Ralston | b. 4/5/1951 | |
| m. Marlene | | |
| a. Christopher Allen | b.10/14/1977 | |
| b. Patrick Ross | b.3/4/1981 | |
| c. Molly | b.7/7/1988 | |
| m. Sharon (2/8/1997) | | |
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 | | |
| b. Dean Jay Ralston | b. 6/5/1953 | |
| m. Jennifer Ray | | |
| a. Paul Robert | b.10/17/1976 | |
| m. Corrine (9/3/1983) | b. 11/10/1958 | |
| b. Katherine (Katie) Elise | b. 9/13/1986 | |
| c. Alyssa Margaret | b.10/5/1991 | |
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 | | |
| c. Kitty Colleen Ralston | b. 8/30/1956 | |
| m. Greg Kempf | | |
| a. Heidi Maria Kempf | b. 3/24/1975 | |
| a. Briana Zora Libby | b. 2/28/1993 | |
| b. Matthew James Kempf | b.d. 12/15/1977 | |
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 | | |
| m. Kirby Skoog (8/13/83) | b. 10/30/1955 | |
| c. James Kirby Skoog | b. 12/28/1983 | |
| d. Jeffrey Lee Skoog | b. 2/6/1987 | |
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 | | |
| d. Kim Collette Ralston | b. 5/12/60 | |
| m. Curt McVicer | b. 3/10/00 | |
| a. Noelle | b. 12/16/97 | |

Faye

The only girl born to Clyde and Ruth arrived in the middle of the family--Faye was the fifth child to be born. It was probably difficult to be the one girl in the midst of so many boys--boys tend to be interested in cops and robbers, sports, cars, girls (when they become teenagers as long as those girls aren't sisters), and male issues such as riding horses that really don't want to be ridden. Faye was a tremendous help to her mother in the kitchen, in the garden, in the laundry, and in the barn and to a lesser extent in the field. Faye and her mother occasionally helped in the fields but mostly they were fully occupied with the cooking and cleaning that it takes to keep a farm household operational. Faye dabbled at the play activities of her brothers and attempted to interest her younger brothers in some of the more feminine play activities such as paper dolls. She really didn't have her heart in baseball and her brothers were just mildly interested in paper dolls so it was hard for Faye to find enthusiastic playmates.

Faye was thrown into the assistant mother roll at an early age--helping to care for her younger brothers, helping her mother with domestic chores--in short doing nearly everything that her mother did. The result was that she became protective of her younger brothers and rose to their defense whenever conflicts with other children or even conflicts with teachers arose. The conflicts with the rural teacher, Miss Hoikret, were the most notable example. When the country school closed and Jack, Howard and Faye were enrolled in the school in Petersburg, it became necessary because of the impassable winter roads for the three Ralston kids to stay in town during the worst winter months. Faye was the cook, the parental presence (although the boys--especially Howard--didn't always accept her advice kindly) and the leader of the little household. When Faye graduated from high school Jack and Howard stayed in boarding houses. Faye attended Mayville State Teacher's College for a short time but she dropped out when she decided to get married to Joe.

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|---------------------------------------|---------------|--------------|
| f. Faye Annette Ralston | b. 2/23/1926 | |
| m. William Joe Sturlaugson (6/4/1948) | b. 1/21/1912 | d. _____ |
| a. Joyce Ruth Sturlaugson | b. 3/18/1949 | d. 4/1949 |
| b. Janice Faye Sturlaugson | b. 3/18/1949 | d. 4/1949 |
| a. Sandra Lee Sturlaugson | b. 8/20/1950 | |
| m. Ralph Anthony Mars | | |
| a. Parcilia Ruth Mars | b. 2/22/1975 | |
| b. David Kent Sturlaugson | b. 5/26/1953 | |
| m. Janice Torrance (Feb 14, 1996) | | |
| a. Catriena (Janice m.1) | | |
| b. Victor (Janice m.1) | | |
| c. Mark Douglas Sturlaugson | b. 4/27/1955 | d. 4/29/1983 |
| d. Sheilla Rae Sturlaugson | b. 3/13/1957 | |
| a. Erin Allison Sturlaugson | b. 4/22/1983 | |
| e. Arne Clyde Sturlaugson | b. 11/15/1959 | |
| m. Ethel Jean Hall (1, 22, 1988) | b. _____ | |
| a. Brian Hall (Jean, m.1) | b. 4/29/1975 | |
| b. Kelly Hall (Jean, m. 1) | b. _____ | |

Howard

Howard was born on April 6, 1931. He was about two and a half years older than his younger brother so it was natural that he and Jack should become playmates, competitors, antagonists and best friends. They often played together at the game of horse. That game consisted of finding two "matched" sticks that reached approximately from their waists to the ground. Those two sticks became the front legs of a horse and converted each of the two little boys into a beautiful saddle horse that could run like the wind. These horses were slightly dangerous but essentially they loved the men who were their masters and usually were successful in saving them from the myriad of terrible situations that came up in the lives of these men. Another favorite pastime of the two boys (Howard especially) was to collect wet clay from the ditch down by the road and mold it into shapes such as men, animals, and so on. Howard was particularly skilled at molding clay objects and also was skilled at drawing and coloring pictures with crayons. A game that the two invented one day was called Mrs. Clark. (Mrs. Clark was a harmless old lady who lived in Petersburg with her son who may have been a little slow. Mrs. Clark was a special friend of Aunt Maggie's.) The game had absolutely no relation nor resemblance to the poor lady and only two little boys with mixed agendas could have chosen her name for the game that they played. They played the game of Mrs. Clark one time ONLY! Apparently Jack and Howard had not been getting along very well on the day that the Mrs. Clark game came into being and the two young brothers had been warned by an out of patience mother that if they didn't get along better (no more fighting!!) for the rest of the day there would be dire consequences! They did not get along better but they knew that if they solved their problems in the usual way (fighting) that their mother would indeed inflict some type of horrible punishment. Their mother was a very loving person but when she was backed into a corner she was known to issue threats that were anything but empty.

Howard and Jack were creative kids and went about venting their hostility and wrath towards each other creatively. They knew that they couldn't fight in the usual manner so they created a game that was a little like bowling except each of the brothers was the bowling pins. The game was played by rolling rocks about the size of a man's fist at each other. It was against the rules to hit above the ankles so the rock had to be kept quite close to the ground. Rolling it on the ground was the prescribed method of delivering the rock (bowling ball) to the pin (the brother who was standing about 20 feet away). It was against the rules for the pin (the targeted

brother) to move after the rock had been set in motion. Eventually there were bruises that may have even bled a little and loud complaints of "foul!" The dire consequences may or may not have been imposed but it is likely that a sympathetic mother was distracted by the bruises and the impressive tale that was, no doubt, fabricated to cover the circumstances. (Nearly always when push came to shove and it was time to face parental wrath Jack and Howard joined forces and lied or did whatever was necessary to protect themselves and each other.)

As antagonists Howard and Jack excelled. Howard had a fiery temper that flared readily and often resulted in a modest mayhem towards his smaller brother. Jack's temper was slower to flare than Howard's but was more likely to present itself in a form that crowded the edge of dangerous. In one instance Jack's temper was aroused in the barn and he chased his older brother with a pitchfork but was unable to catch him before his temper cooled (fortunately). In another instance Jack became angry with his brother in the upstairs bedroom and attempted to hit him over the head with a pillow. Howard ducked but in the process struck his nose on the sharp edge of the metal bed post cutting a "C" shaped wound in his nose. If you look at Howard carefully the scar is still apparent.

There were many more times when the spirit of cooperation and mutual support were evident in the relationship of the brothers. They were college roommates for a time which Jack has always considered to be the ultimate test of a relationship. Jack and Howard jointly purchased a car (a 1935 Ford) that they used to drive to and from Mayville. Howard left Mayville to join the Air Force and met and married Lynn during that time. He invited Jack to come to the state of Washington to serve as best man, but Jack was unable to muster the necessary funds to pay for the trip. Jack always considered himself to be best man in absentia. When Howard and Lynn moved back to North Dakota, Jack spent many happy hours with them and their young family.

- | | |
|--|----------------------------|
| g. Howard Ross Raslton | b. 4/6/1931 |
| m. Aleta Lynn Michael (7/16/55) | b. 5/8/1931 d. 2/25/1994 |
| a. Marie Lynnette Ralston | b. 10/9/1957 |
| m. Larry John Weeks | b. 4/17/1955 |
| b. Michael Ross Ralston | b. 12/28/1959 |
| c. Michele Renae Ralston | b. 12/28/1959 |
| m. Glen Goodsell | b. 1/21/1959 |
| a. Travis William Goodsell (Glen's m1) | b. 5/7/1984 |
| b. Ross Aaron Goodsell | b. 7/26/1988 |
| c. Grant William Goodsell | b. 11/22/1990 |

- h. Jack Arne Ralston b. 11/6/1933
- m. Mary Karen Larson (5/13/1966) b. 12/30/1940 d. 9/29/1987
- a. Carrie Christine Ralston b. 12/19/1969
- (Legal Icelandic Name: Karen Kristin Ralston)*
- m. Olgeir Jon Thorisson (7/17/1991) b. 9/14/1968
- a. Thorir Jakob Olgeirsson b. 10/20/1991
- b. Nikulas Arne Olgeirsson b. 10/7/1993

- b. John Christopher Ralston b. 5/23/1973

- m. Shirley Opel Ellingson Huseby (7/10/1994) b. 10/11/1937
- [m. Arvid Roland Huseby (9/24/1957) b. 4/19/1936 d. 12/5/1979]
- a. Crystal Huseby b. 7/1/1958
- m. Robin Thorson (7/27/1979) b. 5/19/1956
- a. Kaija Thorson b. 1/22/1983
- b. Chelsea Thorson b. 7/9/1987
- c. Alexandra (Lexi) Thorson b. 4/17/1990

- b. Karen Huseby b. 2/28/1961
- m. Lane Brettingen (8/28/1982) b. 8/27/1959 (?)
- a. Erika Brettingen b. 6/29/1984
- b. Jay Brettingen b. 12/30/1988

- c. Steve Huseby b. 9/16/1965
- m. Ann Peterka (12/23/1989) b. 2/13/1965

* Iceland requires that citizens have genuine Icelandic names (Approved names are kept on an official, approved list). Carrie was required to change her name when she became an Icelandic citizen and she chose the name Karen Kristin as Karen was her great-grandmother's Norwegian name (in the U.S. she used the name, "Carrie") and the name Karen Kristin was most like Carrie Christine's American name. Icelandic women retain their maiden name rather than take their Husband's family name thus she is allowed to continue to use her last name (Ralston) even though the name is Scottish in derivation rather than Icelandic.

Epilogue

Many have said that life is short. As I look back on my life at the age of 63, it does seem like such a short time ago that I dragged my "Ba" around. I remember that blanket and the sensory/emotional satisfaction that I derived from it. I was Clyde and Ruth's child, I was the young man who was going to change the world, I was Mary's husband, I was little Carrie's and John's father. I am Shirley's husband, and Thorir's and Nikki's grandfather and Kajja, Chelsea, Alexandra, Erika and Jay's grandfather too. I perceive my life as being something of a sandwich--the bottom part is made up of the people who made my life possible--my parents, grandparents and other ancestors--my teachers in and out of school--and my friends and family who supported me. The top part of the sandwich is made up of my children and grandchildren--all the people who are still building their lives and looking to the future. The meat or center part of the sandwich is the present---the flavor and savor of daily living--loving in a religious sense, loving in a family sense, loving in a romantic sense, loving work, loving creation--both God's and the bit of creative ability that He gave each of us. My wish for each of you is that you enjoy your sandwich as I have been privileged to enjoy mine.

You may be asking why did he write this---well the winters get pretty long on the banks of Pelican Lake and here was an opportunity to tell my kids, grandkids, and anyone else who happened to read this that I was a pretty terrific kind of guy, not at all the kind who might be a sloppy eater, or someone who would annoy his wife and others in the surroundings with his snoring or because of a lack of smell might perform socially unacceptable acts and certainly not the kind of guy who would fall asleep in front of the TV. Honestly--I guess that all of those qualities are mine but you don't run around in your underwear in front of the neighbors and you don't tell your relatives and friends that you really just took up space and only added a bit to world pollution.

My youngest .grandsons are Icelanders and if they are ever to know their grandfather as anyone but the guy who comes once a year with a suitcase of goodies from the states I have to tell them who he was. [Boys--this was your grandfather.]

I have purposefully omitted some of the important facts which have mixed in with time and events in the Ralston family tree. I did not wish to

name names and point fingers but of course as in all families their are problems and traits that seem to be passed on along with the intelligence, the good looks, the robust good health and the creative abilities. I am not aware of any interesting criminal records although I know of some habitual speeders, reckless drivers, and chain smokers. All in all I would say that on average the Ralston clan has been good choosers of wives and lovers and have seldom made decisions that weakened the gene pool. Fact of the matter is I've decided to remain a member of the clan. I hope that you will too.

TO THOSE WHOSE NAME MAY HAVE BEEN MISSPELLED, WHOSE DATE OF BIRTH WAS INCORRECTLY RECORDED, WHO WERE NAMED AS THE CULPRIT WHEN THEY WERE INDEED THE VICTIM: I tried to be accurate as I recorded these narratives, histories, and prevarications, but suspect that there are enough errors included to satisfy even the most critical soul. To those who are slighted or offended:

Please accept my apologies!

THE FAIR FAMILY TREE (provided by Doris Ray/Pullen)

No Information

B. _____
D. _____

Margaret Emerson

B. Ireland
M. John Fair Dec. 10, 1856
D. July 17, 1876 (in childbirth)

William Fair

B. 1732, Dublin, Ireland
D. Jan. 1, 1817

John Fair (Had a sawmill & was a local preacher)

B. 1830
M. M. Emerson, Dec 10, 1856
M-2. Mrs. George Cuyler, 1880
D. Dec. 31, 1904

- | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|--|---|---|--|---|
| 1. John Wm.
B. 10-22-1857
D. 2-13-1922
M. Margaret Jane Cuyler | 2. Eliza Ann
B. 6-21-1859
D. 10-14-1945
M. Allan Raiston | 3. Robt Elliot (Lawyer)
B. 3-21-1861
D. _____
M. _____ | 4. Jane Matilda (Jenny)
B. 2-24-1863
D. _____
M. Wm Elliot | 5. Andrew Nobel
B. 2-26-1865
Died young of sunstroke | 6. Alex Taylor
B. 2-5-1867
D. _____
M. Annie Stanley | 7. Mary Emily (Minnie)
B. 4-4-1869
M. George Hudie
1. Tellisille
M. Storey
2. Georgina
M. Harris
3. Lola
M. Misener
4. George
5. Muriel | 8. Margaret
B. 5-27-1871
M. L.B. Ray
D. 4-10-1959
1. Lynn
B. 1-25-1904
UnMarried
2. Doris
M. Web Pullen
Div. 1962
1. Rae Joann
B. 8-12-1933
M. Leo Alexakos
2. William W.
B. 12-22-1939
M. Patricia Booth
D. 10-28-1966
3. Sharon Lee
B. 2-10-1946 | 9. George
B. 6-9-1873
M. Annie Colwell
D. 8-7-1932
1. Florence
M. Huston
D. 12-21-1972
2. Lynn |
| 1. Minnie (unM.)
D. 4-23-68 | 1. Arthur Clyde Fair
M. Ruth Bergene | 1. Marjorie
M. Hugh Broadfoot | 1. Sara
M. Pollock | | 1. Doris
M. Edgar Appleyard | | | |
| 2. Lillian
M. Frank Funsten | 2. Doris
M. Orlie Allen | 2. Margaret
M. Scott | 2. Eva Baird
3. John (unM.) | | 2. Winnifred
UnMarried | | | |
| 3. John George | 3. John (Jack)
M. Ragna Johnson | | | | | | | |
| 4. Ella Ann
M. Henry Needham | | 3. Bernice
M. Richardson | 4. Clara Downey
5. Eliza Aker | | 3. Pearl
M. Shanks | | | |
| 5. Laura
M. Herb Collins | | | | | | | | |
| 6. Frank
M. Elizabeth Scott | | | 6. Joseph (unM.)
7. George
M. Hazel West
8. William (unM.)
9. Ralph
M. Francis Moffit
10. Howard
M. Gladys Stanley | | | | | |

ELIZA

MISS FAIR'S
STYLISH
MILLINERY
ROOMS.
OPENING
Tuesday, April 5th, 1892
104 QUEEN ST., KINCARDINE.

Eliza is seated front and center.
The other ladies assisted in her shop.





SELECTED IDENTIFICATION: 2. Sena Larson, 3. Ethel Mork,
 5. Mrs. Hans Aamodt 7. Vivian Mork 9. Mrs. Hans Hanson
 14. Myrtle Tveto, 16. Frieda Barsness, 21. Eliza Ralston



Grandma Eliza holding (Lynn?)



Ruth Ralston holding Linda, Eliza Ralston,
 Christine Bergene, Lesley Ralston



Page Ref. to Ralston Family Record: Faye Ralston (p. 47)
 Ruth Ralston (p. 46) Eliza Ralston (p. 46) holding Linda Ralston p. 46),
 Doris Allen (p. 48), Christine (Haugen) Bergene, Lesley Ralston (p. 46)



Allan McLean Ralston

Lynn Ralston, Doris (Ralston) Allen, Eliza Ralston, Leslie Ralston



Doris (Ray) Pullen, Lynn Ray, Unknown.
Eliza and her sister, Maggie, each had one
daughter. They both named their daughter,
"Doris."



Ruth and Doris Pullen (1960?)



Ray Pullen, Lesley Ralston,
Bill Pullen, Howard, and
Doris hiding behind the tree



Bill, Sharon, and Rae
Pullen (Children of Doris
and Web Pullen)



Doris, (Ralston) Allen

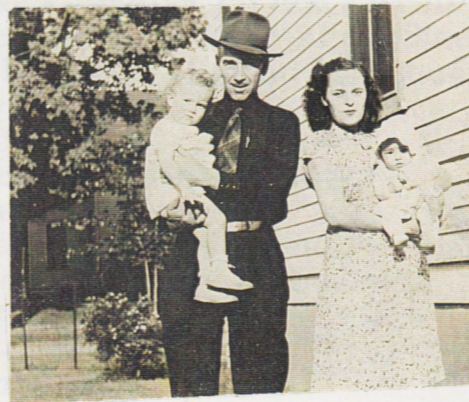


Clyde



John (Jack) and Ragina (Rags)
Here's a snapshot of us. Taken
at the Ray Farm. (about 1915)

Jack and Arlene Ralston
and 2 of Lyle & Arlene's children



Doris (Ralston) Allen, Ruth &
Annette (probably 1916)



Lyle (Jack & Rag's
firstborn)



Bryce (Jack & Rags middle son)
Dressed in Pilot's uniform



Bryce sitting on the Franklin, Bob & kitten, Chum, and Faye



George and Annette Klennert,
Grandma B., Ruth R., Edna, Lynn R.,
Leslie R., ?, Grandpa Haugen, Faye,
Don R., Verne R., Bob R.



Christine Bergene, with Edna and Annette
1918

Christine Bergene, Edna Bergene,
Annette Klennert, Grandma Haugen,
Faye Ralston, Don Ralston, Verne Ralston,
Bob Ralston



Best Guess: back--Edna Bergene, Ruth Ralston,
George and Annette Klennert, Christine Bergene
front--Grandpa Haugen, ?, ?



Grandma Bergene and naked baby



Probably Don Ralston, Bob Ralston,
Grandma Eliza, Faye Ralston



Lynn Ralston, Leslie Ralston,
probably Charles Klennert,
Grandpa Haugen, Faye Ralston
Don Ralston, Verne Ralston,
Bob Ralston



GUESSWORK:
Ruth Ralston, Faye Ralston, Edna Bergene,
George Klennert, Verne Ralston, Lynn Ralston,
Christine Bergene with ? on her lap, Leslie Ralston,
?, ?, Bob Ralston, Olaf Bergene, Annette Klennert,
Don Ralston, Clara Bergene

Grandma Bergene and a baby



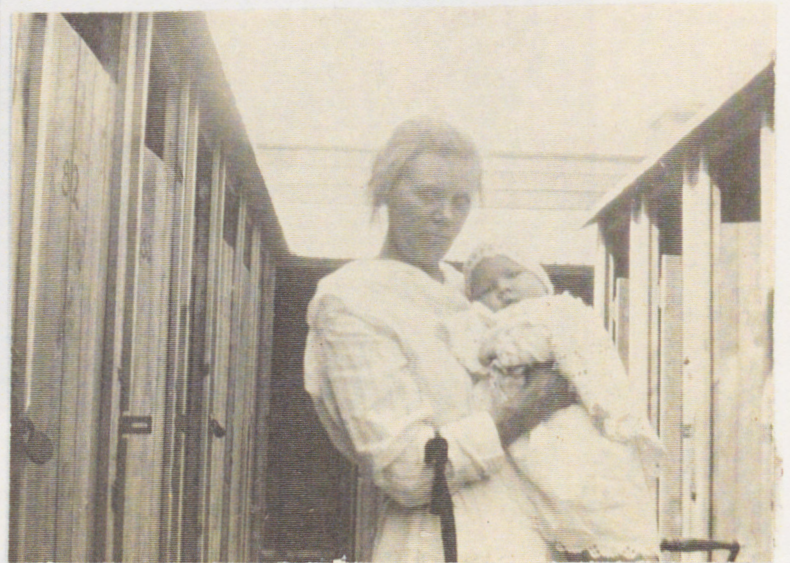
Lynn Ralston, and Grandma Bergene



Grandma Bergene with a boy and a dog



Grandma Bergene--1959



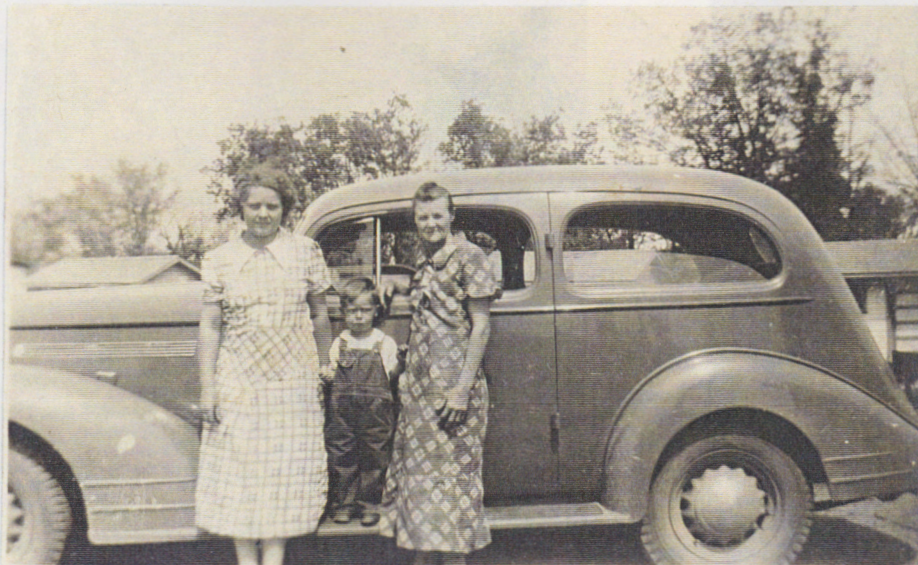
Grandma Bergene and a baby



Faye (Sturlaugson) Ralston, Christine (Haugen) Bergene,
Clara Bergene, Annette (Bergene) Klennert

Grandma Bergene with
Lynn (?)

Bob Nelson, Jr, Uncle Bob, Donna Mae
Charles Klennert, Ragned Nelson, Uncle
George Klennert, Grandma Bergene



Edna Nelson, Bob Jr., and Grandma Bergene standing in front of Bob and Edna's 1938 Buick. Bob said that his Buick would go 100 miles an hour. Clyde said that he was full of beans that it would never go that fast. Bob took us for a ride and we went 100 miles per hour.



Grandma Bergene with Lynn (?)



Bob Nelson, Jr, Uncle Bob , Donna Mae Charles Klennert, Kenneth Nelson, Uncle George Klennert, Grandma Bergene

Best Guys—Charles Klennert, Grandma Bergene
 Fossie Klennert, Lois Klennert, Dorothy Klennert

Edna and Christina Bergene



Christine Bergene with Edna.
On the Back--"Edna just came from
church. That's why she looks so sober."



Christine Bergene---1956



Rosalie, Lois, Charles, Dorothy,
and Arthur Klennert

Best Guess--Charles Klennert, Grandma Bergene
Rosalie Klennert, Lois Klennert, Dorothy Klennert



Edna and Christine Bergene



Annette



Edna, Annette, Ruth (about 1965)



Olaf



Dorothy & Annette (1952)



Annette



Edna, Grandma Bergene, Annette



Rosalee, Lois, Charles, Dorothy, and Annette Klennert



Charles and George Klennert



«««««CLYDE»»»»»

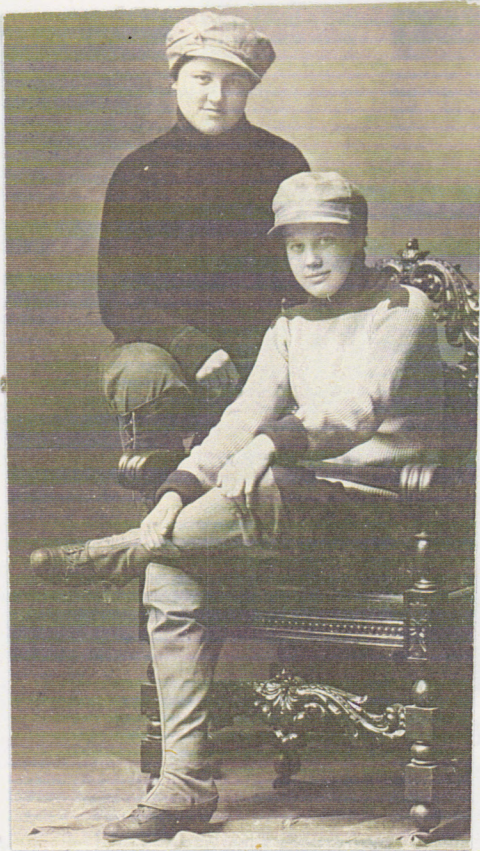


Ruth, holding Faye, and others standing in front of Ruth and Clyde's Franklin automobile



Ruth

Clyde on the right

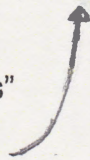


Ruth



Ruth and Annette

Center: Clyde--top picture. Ruth, Leslie & Lynn--bottom picture
Publicity pictures used in the Sears" Catalog where Ruth and Clyde sold Rhode Island Reds chickens



Ruth on the left



Clyde on the right





Ruth and Clyde



Ruth peeling spuds



Clyde swimming with friends



Ruth and Clyde above and to the left





Agnes Ringstad is standing in back third from the left. Ruth Ralston is seated the front-center.



Clyde>>>



Aleta Lynn (Michaels) Ralston's parents visiting with Ruth and Clyde in the Ralston's living room. The children from L to R Shelly Ralston, Marie Ralston, Mike Ralston.



Ruth holding unidentified child, Ruth's cousin, Faye, Verne, Clyde, Don, Edna, Bryce. (Bryce spent quite a bit of time with Ruth and Clyde because of some problems that he experienced in Grand Forks). Bryce was killed while piloting a fighter plane during the Second World War.



<<<<< Ruth and Clyde on their 60th wedding anniversary party.

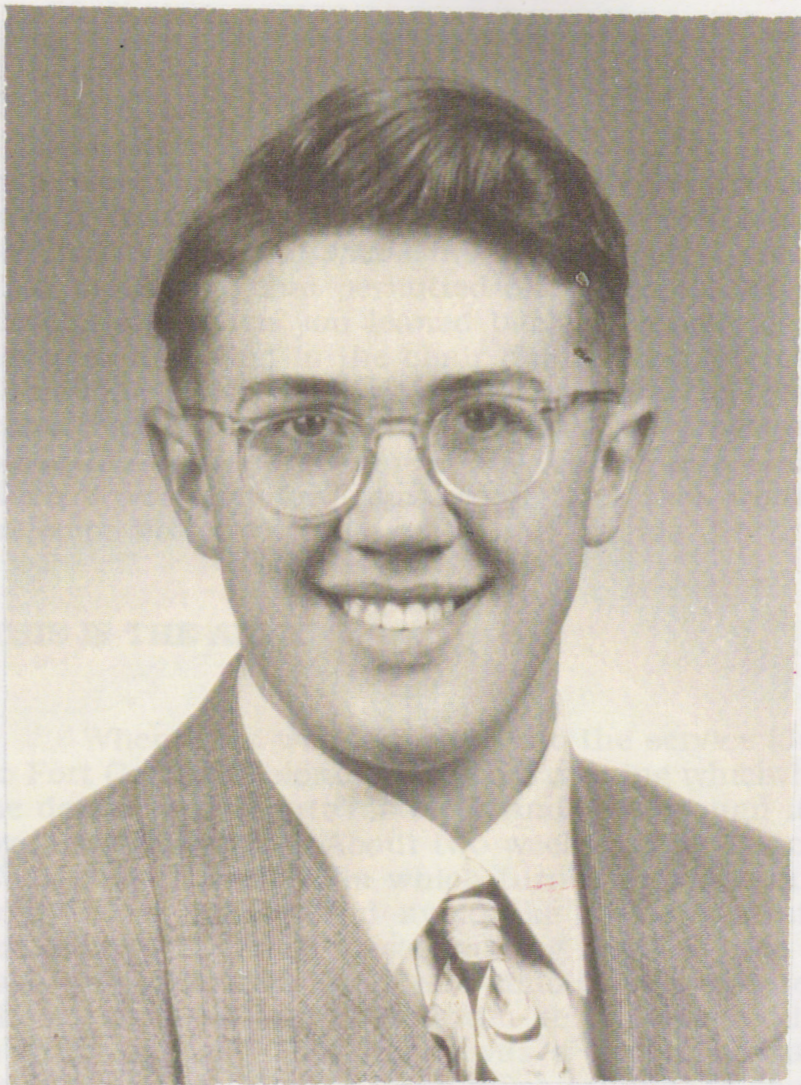


CLYDE AND RUTH





1951--L to R--Curtis Schmidt, Gordon Gilbertson, Iva Fredrickson, Duane Stigen, Supt. Howard Mansager, Nellie Sonderland, Jack, Donna Johnson, Norman Severson, Beverly Barney, Shirley Magnus, Oris Slettebak, Adeline Morkrid, Gordon Hildre (Lolly --Lorayne --Reiten not shown)



Jack 1951



Jack 1960?



Older couple on right were Jack's God parents--Jim and Olga Brooten



Jack 1970?



Jack when he had hair
(Fake fur)



Specialist fourth class
Jack in Germany



Jack with the catch of the day



Jack in the back of the lab in Lebanon

JOHN AND CARRIE





Terry and
wedding.
Russell L.

Mary 1968

Terry and Kathy Larson's wedding. Jack, Myrtle and Russell Larson, and Mary.



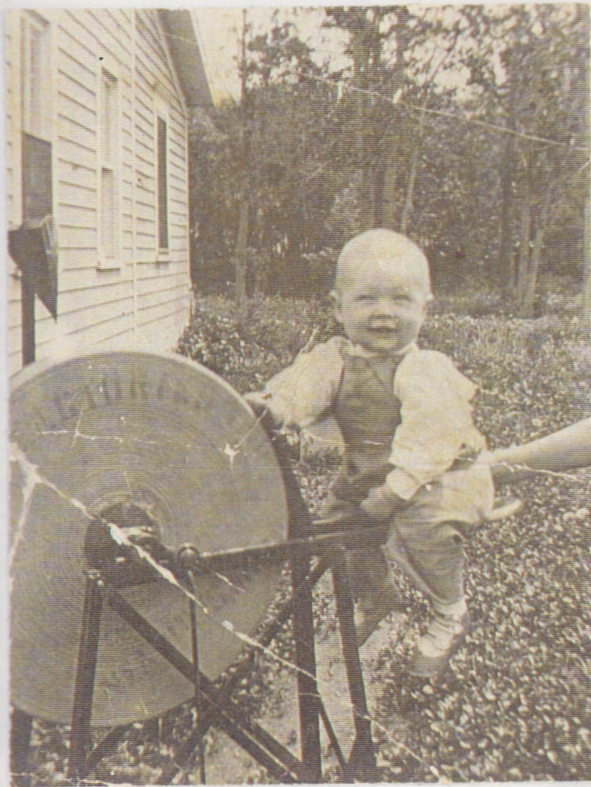
John and Carrie at Terry and Kathy's wedding

Jack & John with Carrie's
host mom Aud Mary Bakos.
Carrie lived with Aud Mary
and Magne Bakos when she
was in Norway as a foreign
exchange student. Mountains
and the fjord are near the west
coast of Norway.

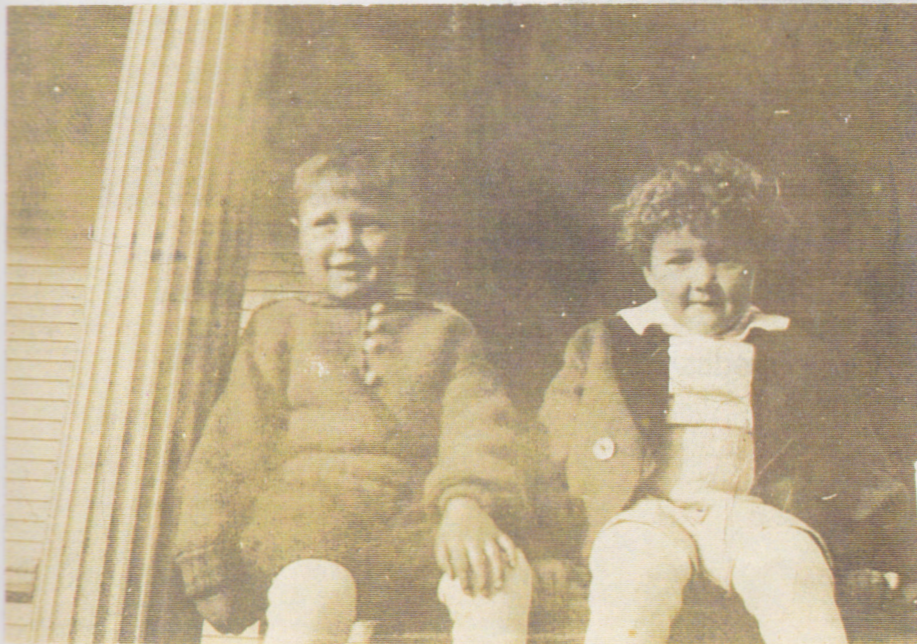
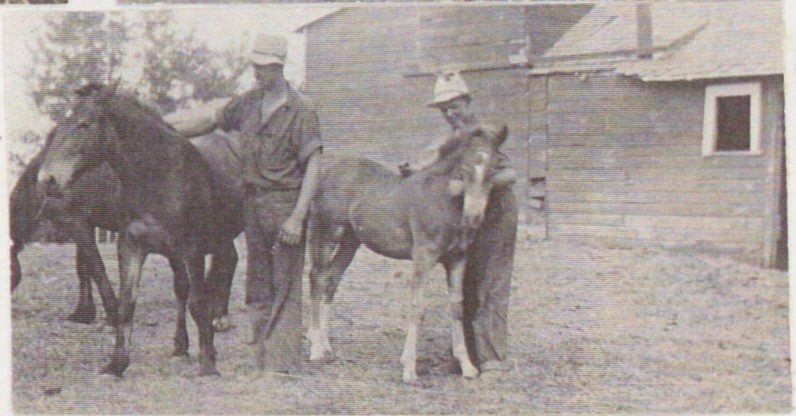




Shirley in Florida, 1996



Above: Leslie (1916)
R: Lynn, Lesley, Linda, Florence
R. Across: Lynn, Verne, Shorty,
and Bird



Leslie, and Lynn seated on Aunt Maggie's porch



Lynn



Lesley, about 1941



Linda and Tom playing dress up



Tom 1963 (?)



Lesley and Florence



Elizabeth ("Liz" Ralston) Field
1964 (?)

Kid-1978

Krist Ralston (1980)
While she was singing with the
Continental Singers

Les & Norma
Ralston's
daughters



Kristi and Kim



Kristi—1978



Kristi Ralston (1980)
While she was singing with the
Continental Singers



Verne and Annette

L.R. Don, Joyce, Verne, and Jill--1996
In front of Shirley and Jack's house



Jill (1957)

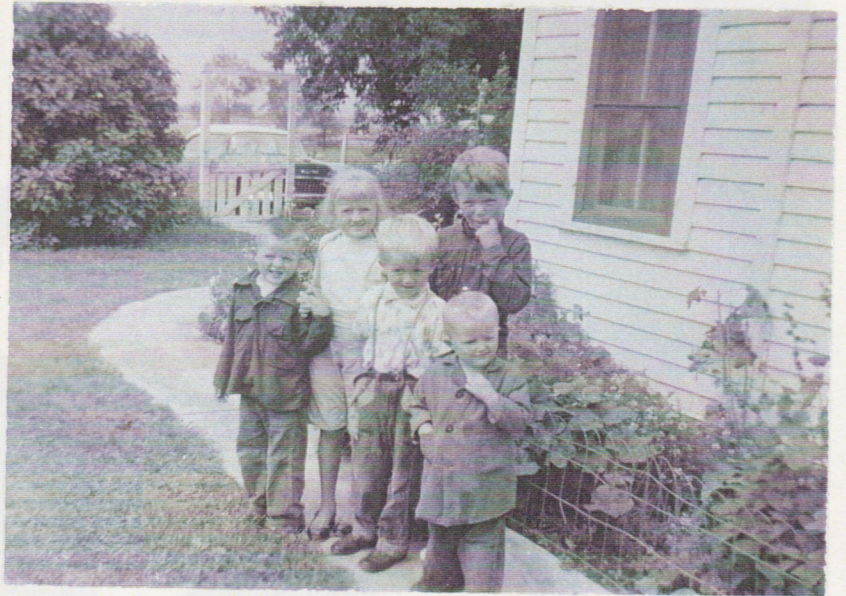


Standing: Terry & Cindy
Seated: Kent, Don, Joyce and Steve

AND JILL'S KIDS



Sandra Sturlaugson



David and Sandra Sturlaugson, Dan and Tim Ralston, and Mark Sturlaugson



Mariah Ralston (with Lindsay)

Dan, 1969 (?)



Lesley Ralston (about 1941)

VERNE AND JILL'S KIDS



Tim 1965 (?)

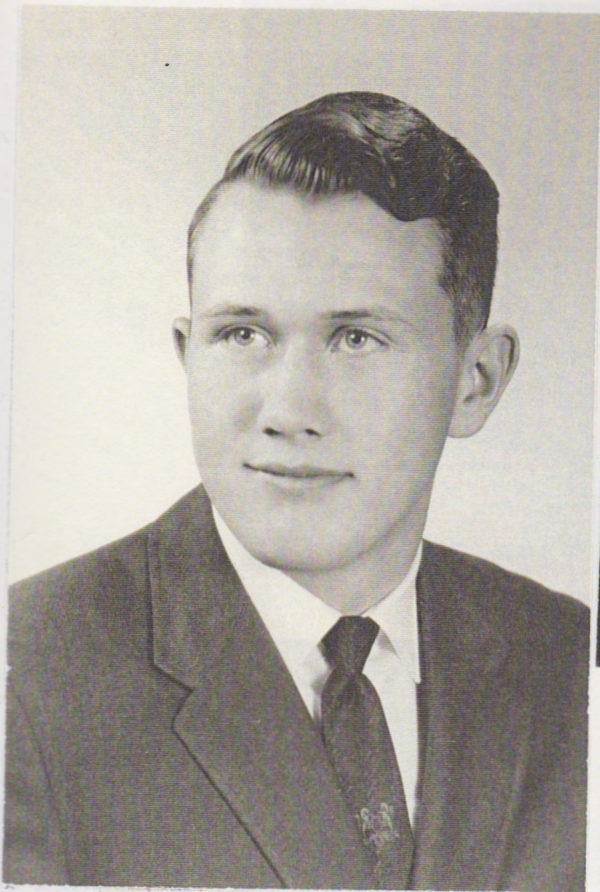


Dan 1969 (?)



Nick ?
(I don't think that this is Nick's Senior Picture.)
Margaret 1983 (?)





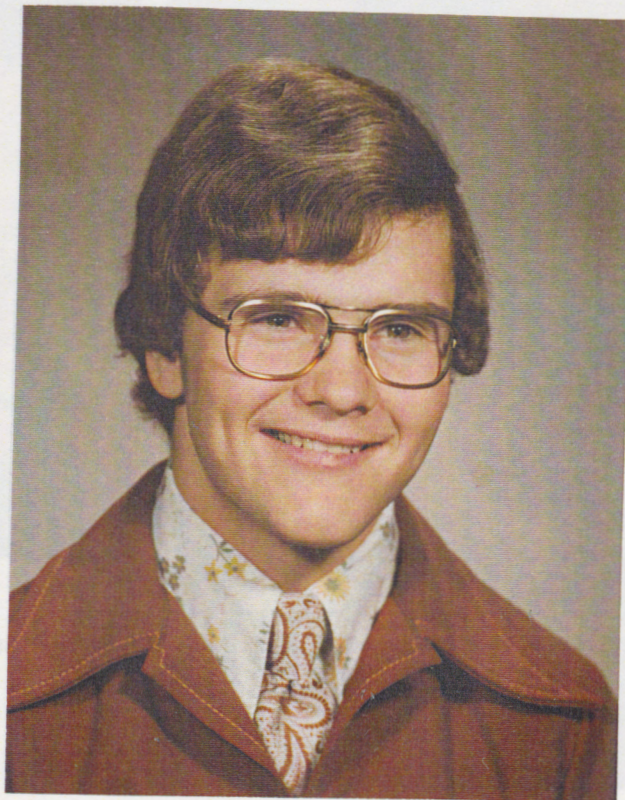
Terry



Kent, Terry, Don, Cindy, Joyce, and Steve Ralston



Cindy, 1959



Steve
Kent, 1977



Terry, 7 years old

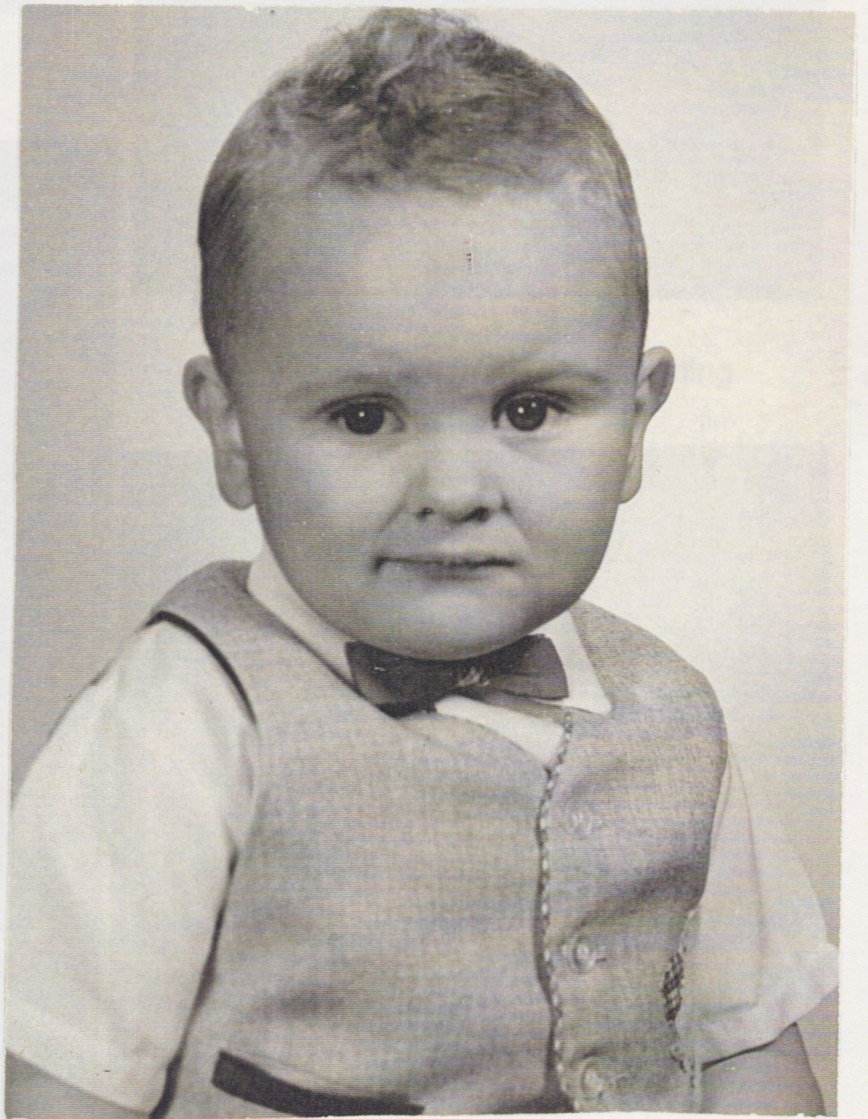
Steve (about 1960)



<<March 1952,
Probably Terry in front of
Grandma's house
(Ruth and Clyde's)



Lisa (Ralston) McCarty
(Likely High School Graduation '82 (?))



Steve (about 1960)

Kent and Mary's children (1992)
Josh 5, Trista 3 1/2, Katelyn 2

Annette, Ruth, and Edna (about 1975)



Ruth and Laddy



Ruth and Clara--Clara clowning



Kent and Mary's children (1992)
Josh 5. Trissta 3 1/2, Katelyn 2



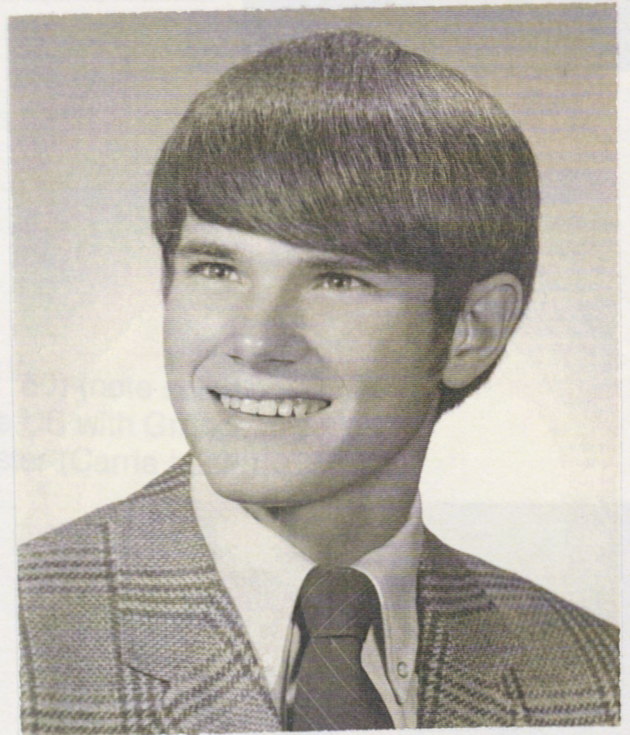
Annette, Ruth, and Edna (about 1975)



Corrine, Katie, Paul, Alyssa, and Dean Ralston (about '9



Allan above and below. Below----about '70

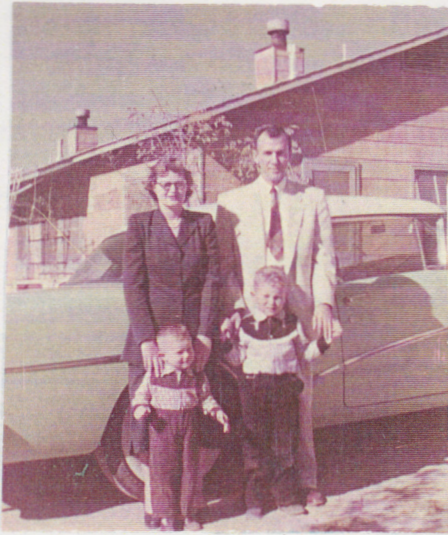


Dean, 1971

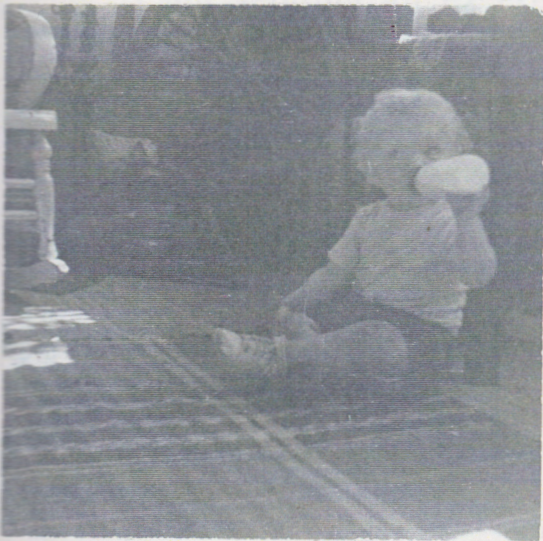
Along Marge, Kitty, and Dean Ralston

Marge, Dean, Allen, and Bob Ralston (about '55)

Kim (Ralston) Olson (about '7



Kitty (Ralston) Skoog's daughter Heidi



<Kitty (about '60) (note spinning wheel. It came to the US with Grandma Bergene's sister (Carrie has it)



Allan, Marge, Kitty, and Dean Ralston



L. to R. Arne, Sandra, Sheila, Faye, David, Mark, and Joe Sturlaugson

Faye



Bob





David Sturlaugson



Sandra Sturlaugson



Arne, Sheila, David, Faye, Erin, and Jo



Mark



Arne



Mark

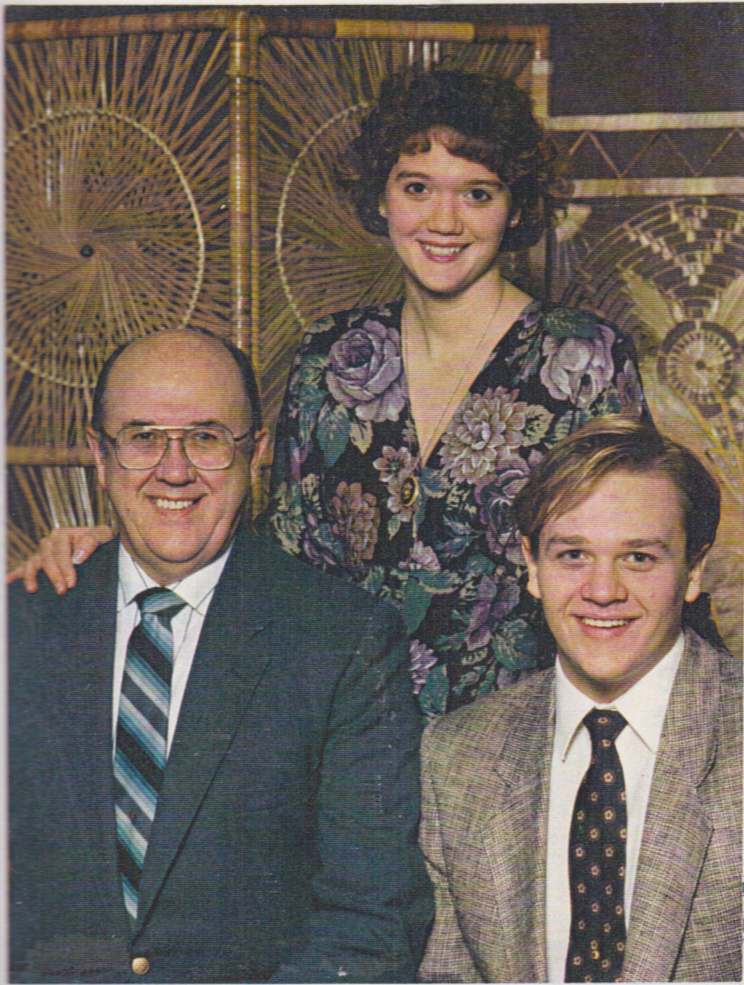


David

Sheila Sturlaugson



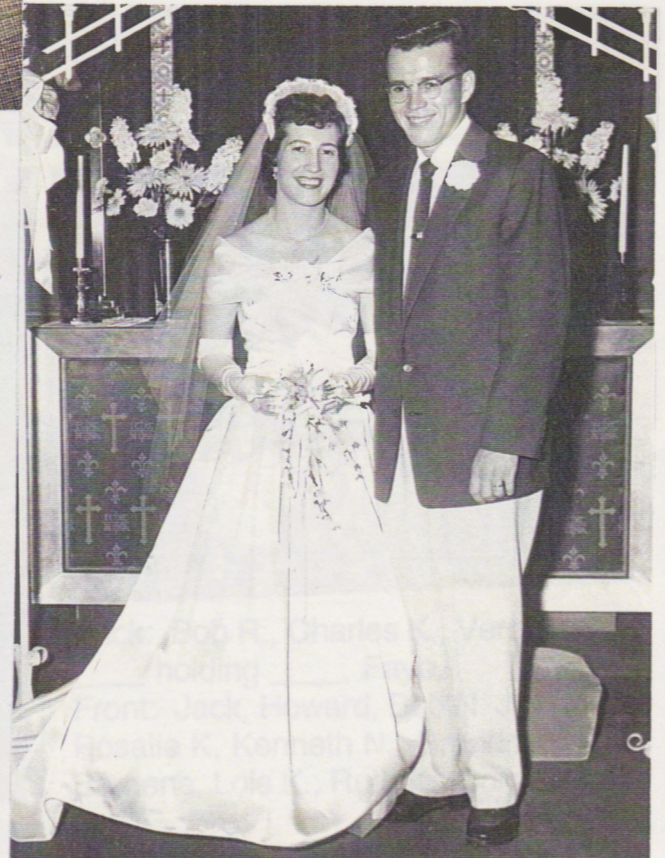
Mark



Jack, Carrie, and John--1969



Jack preparing to ride Rose by standing in the "hay wagon" and Howard holding the horse. Rose didn't like to be ridden and she knew that if she stood too close to a hay rack holding a small boy, that boy would jump on her back and she would have to give him a ride. Howard, the assistant in this case would push the horse towards the wagon and when the horse was close enough Jack would jump on the horse's back and away they would go!



Howard and Aletta Lynn



Bob & Edna Nelson Leaving for California.
 Top: Bob R., Jack, Bob N. Jr., Howard,
 Bottom: Faye, Lois Klennert, Edna, Lynn,
 Don, Bob N. Sr., Clyde, Kenneth N., Verne



Standing: Howard, Don, Jack, Verne
 Seated: Faye and Bob (1986)

Shelby Marie, Howard, and Verne Nelson



Howard, Lesley, Linda, Jack (about 1942)



Back: Bob R., Charles K., Verne,
 _____ holding _____, Faye,
 Front: Jack, Howard, Bob N. Jr.,
 Rosalie K, Kenneth N., Grandma
 Bergene, Lois K., Ruth K., Dorothy K.

Marie Lynette
 Age 3 weeks
 Weight 5 lbs.



Shelly, Marie, Howard, and Michael Ralston



Marie, 12-31-1957



Marie



Marie Lynette
Age 6 weeks
Weight 9 lbs.



COUSINS: L to R--(Ralston unless specified) Dean, Mark Sturlaugson, Arne Sturlaugson, David Sturlaugson, Tom, Marie, Linda holding ?, ?, ?, Tim, Kitty, ?, ?, Sheila, Nick, Terry, Grandma Ruth (not a cousin), Steve, Cindy, Michelle, Sandra, Dan, Liz, Lesley, Michael. (Probably 1962?)

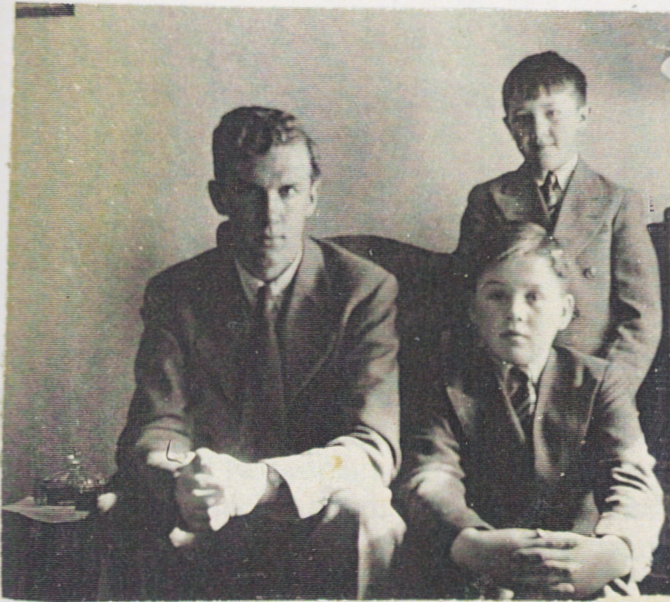
Ralston F. Ralston, Arne Sturlaugson, David Sturlaugson, Tom, Marie, Linda holding ?, ?, ?, Tim, Kitty, ?, ?, Sheila, Nick, Terry, Grandma Ruth (not a cousin), Steve, Cindy, Michelle, Sandra, Dan, Liz, Lesley, Michael. (Probably 1962?)
 Mark Sturlaugson, Jill (Ovrens) Ralston, Don Ralston, Mary Larson Ralston,
 Verne Ralston, Florence (Cassidy) Ralston, Jack Ralston, Lynn Ralston, Dean Ralston, ?
 Sealed--?, Kristi Ralston, ?, ?, ?, Sheila Sturlaugson, Arne Sturlaugson, Steve Ralston,
 ? ?



Ralston Family Reunion--About 1967--At Ruth and Clyde's home;
Standing--L to R. Tom Ralston, Linda (Ralston) Steinkeuler, Chuckie Steinkueler,
Marge (Billings) Ralston, Bob Ralston, Clyde Ralston, Kim Ralston, Tim Ralston,
Faye Sturlaugson, Ruth Ralston, Terry Ralston, Joe Sturlaugson, Joyce Ralston,
Mark Sturlaugson, Jill (Onyette) Ralston, Don Ralston, Mary (Larson) Ralston,
Verne Ralston, Florence (Casmey) Ralston, Jack Ralston, Lynn Ralston, Dean Ralston, ?,
Seated--?, Kristi Ralston, ?, ?, ?, Sheila Sturlaugson, Ame Sturlaugson, Steve Ralston,
?, ?



Jack and Howard in foreground. Faye and Bob in background



Bob, Howard, and Jack



Jack--9 years old