

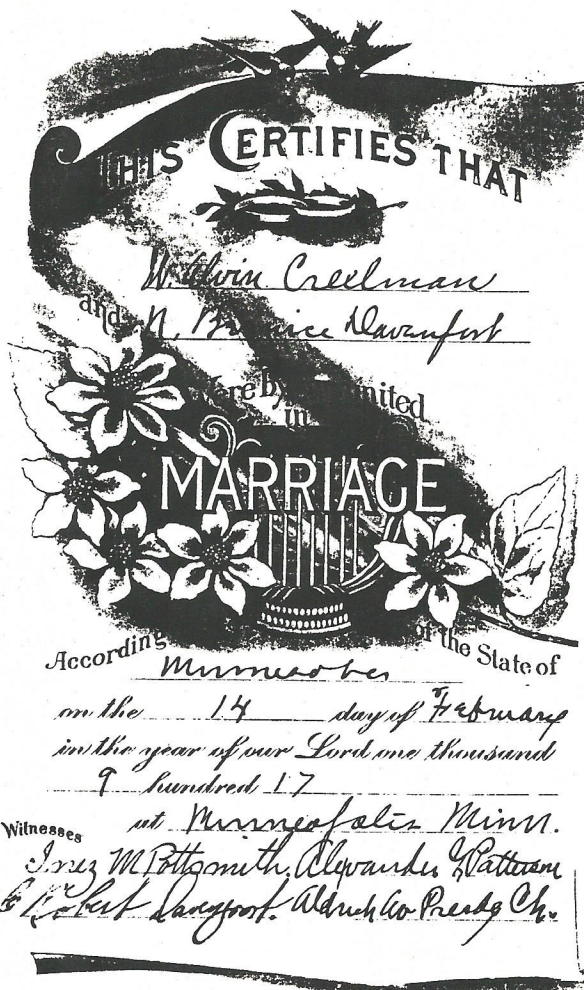
OUR FARM IN PLYMOUTH "TOWN"

Memories of farm life
in the thirties...

Carol Creelman
March 1986

As a young girl, my mother, Nellie Bernice Davenport, lived on a dairy farm neighboring the Creelman homestead in Plymouth. Her father managed the farm. It was here she met Alvin William Creelman who told her at 14, "Some day I'm going to marry you!" And he did.

After their wedding in Minneapolis on February 14, 1917, my mother and father drove to the farm in Plymouth by horse and buggy. Just as they arrived at the farm the buggy tipped over in the snow on the road!



Creelman-Davenport

The wedding of Miss N. Bernice Davenport to Alvin W. Creelman, of Parkers Lake took place Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Davenport, 3202 Lyndale Ave. So., Minneapolis.

Rev. A. J. Patterson, pastor of the Aldrich Ave. Presbyterian church read the ceremony in the presence of about forty friends and relatives.

Miss Dorothy Ward was at the piano. Miss Inez Pottsmith was bridesmaid and Robert Davenport brother of the bride was best man. Little Alice Davenport and a cousin, Dorothy Amidon, stretched the ribbons. Tiny Florence Jean Amidon was flower girl.

The bride's gown was of white voile with silk lace. She wore a tulle veil and carried a bouquet of brides roses and hyacinths. The bridesmaid wore a flowered voile dress and carried pink roses and narcissus.

The bride is a former resident of Wayzata and the groom is our former neighbor. They have the best wishes of their many friends.

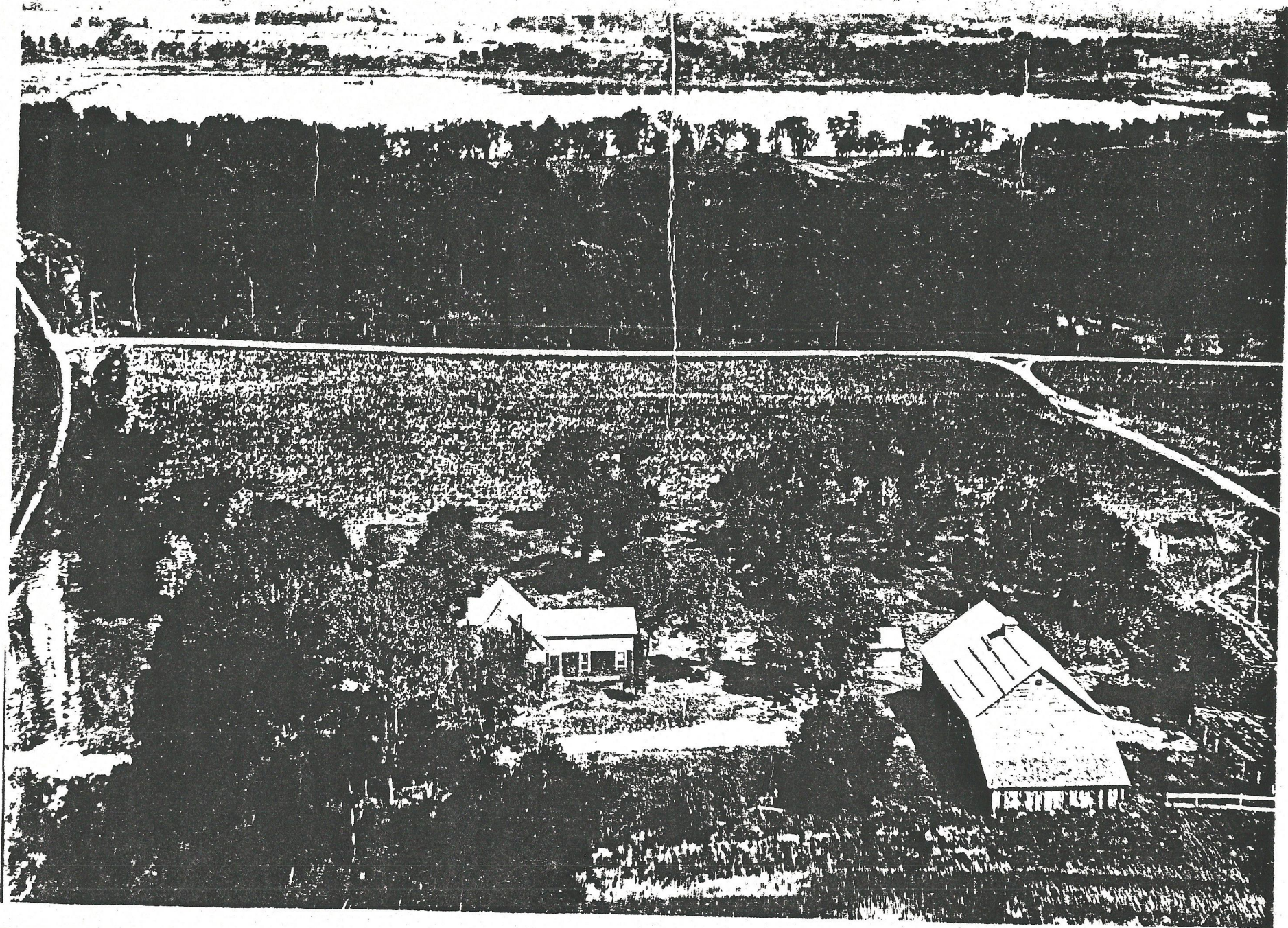
Weddings

Creelman-Davenport

The marriage of Miss Nellie Bernice Davenport, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Davenport, 3202 Lyndale avenue south and Mr. Alvin W. Creelman of Wayzata, took place Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents. The Rev. R. J. Patterson, pastor of the Aldrich Avenue Presbyterian church, performed the ceremony in the presence of about 40 guests. Miss Genevieve Ward played the "Lohengrin" wedding march as the bridal party entered.

Little Alice Davenport, sister of the bride, and Dorothy Amidon, a cousin, stretched the ribbons. Little Florence Jean Amidon was the flower girl. Miss Inez Pottsmith was the maid of honor and Mr. Robert Davenport, brother of the bride, acted as best man.

A reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Creelman will be at home after March 15 in Wayzata.



THE FARM IS A GOOD PLACE TO BE FROM!

(Memories of life on the farm in Plymouth by Margaret Carol Creelman, daughter of Alvin William Creelman)

Recollections of life on any farm in the Thirties could be covered in a few words:

Gardens and fields, ponds and woods, cows and horses, chickens and ducks, fences, roads and railroad tracks, tornados and blizzards, good crops and bad, family, friends and travelling salesmen, dogs and cats, cooking and canning, washing and cleaning, sewing and ironing, school and church, singing and playing, remembering and reminiscing, recession and depression.

Borders of our farm were those fences, woods and the Creelman Crossroad; the south border was the Luce Line railroad tracks. Those held a special place in our farm experience, because our grandfather, James William Creelman, had given the railroad a narrow strip of land in the woods for a spur track. This intersection became the "Creelman Crossing" where there was a tiny "depot" shelter where we could wait for the 9:00 a.m. train from Wayzata and points west.

We flagged the train to stop, and 10¢ took us to Minneapolis in a half hour; another 10¢ brought us home at 6:00 p.m. (Sometimes for diversion we would watch our penny flattened by the wheels of the engine as it rumbled by.)

Riding on the Luce Line was an experience -- the passenger car smelled heavily of formaldehyde, and swayed one way while the engine swayed the other.

We took special delight in playing in the tiny log cabin on the hill beyond the Creelman Crossroad (now Vicksburg Lane) which had been built for the Gilfillan boys for hunting. We imagined cowboys and Indians had used those bunk beds, and we learned that Grandfather Creelman had helped build the stone chimney. (Hopefully, this cabin will be historically preserved)

The woods everywhere offered us beautiful wild flowers. Mothers Day brought May Flowers, and one year when they bloomed a week early, I presented my mother with huge bouquet. No one knew how disappointed I was in "Mother Nature" that year. To us mushrooms growing on the roots of trees were "Indian Moccasins" and we found wild strawberries and wild gooseberries, as well as a few hazelnuts.

We always had cats and a dog. When I questioned the absence of our dog, I accepted the fact that he had gone to his "Happy Hunting Ground". A white Spitz dog, Trixie, came to us after being abandoned on the highway. She played ante-ante-over with us, catching the ball and bringing it around the house to be tossed again. Sadly, she was hit by a car on that same corner where we found her, and she too went to her "happy hunting ground".

Our pond across the road offered us diversion, there was an apple orchard beyond, and even thorn apples along the fence. When our neighbor's farm buildings caught fire in the night trucks from Wayzata pumped water from our pond to put it out. It was frightening to see Keller's buildings burning.

Form C. F. M.-2		From	To	From	To	
B	40648	Minneapolis		Silver Lake		
FARE PAID	HALF ★ FARE	Lakewood		Komensky		
Dollars	BAGGAGE	Medicine Lake		Hutchinson		
1	PASSAGE	Elmhurst		Acoma		
2	MINNESOTA WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY CONDUCTOR'S CASH FARE RECEIPT <small>SPECIAL NOTICE TO PASSENGERS: Conductors must indicate by punchmark stations from which fare is paid, and give this receipt to passenger who should retain it until called for by conductor. To be punched in presence of passenger. Fare is good from applicable GOOD THRU DAY AND TRAVELING DAY. NO STOP-OVER ALLOWED. NOT TRANSFERABLE.</small>	Parkers Lake		Cedar Mills		
3		Creekside		Corvuss		
4		Wayzata		Cosmos		
5		Crystal Bay		Thorp		
6		Stubb's Bay		Lake Lillian		
7		Sunny Valley		Blomkest		
8		Lynedale		Roseland		
9		Watertown		Prinsburg		
Dimes			Hazleton		Pierston	
1			Ocean		Clara City	
2		Winsted		Ginok		
3		Sherman				
4						
5						
6						
7						
8						
9						
Cents						

The house was heated in the winter by huge chunks of wood. We cut away panels of large corrugated cartons, placing them over the furnace grating to send the heat into the far corners. One morning we discovered a fire in the dust and lint which had accumulated around the base of the furnace. While I ran out in terror into the front yard, toothbrush in hand, screaming about the fire, Eleanor in her usual calm manner, went for water to put it out. She loved to go out into the yard in a heavy rain storm and let the rain splash on her face. During one tornado, though, we all watched from the cellar, and later found the storm had uprooted 14 elm trees in the yard.

Eleanor and I slept in the upstairs north bedroom. There was one little grate in the floor above the central furnace for heat so water froze in the glass on the dresser while we slept under heavy crazy quilts. She had vivid dreams and would scream in her sleep -- even the neighbors on the hill said they sometimes heard her. I chose to walk in my sleep, wandering downstairs, scaring Mom half to death.

We all wore bib overalls, and here we are lined up against the front porch.

Eleanor loved to climb trees, and my brothers climbed the barn roof!

We sometimes went to Wolsfeld's maple sugar farm west of the farm for picnics -- fee: 25¢. We never understood the sign, "Gentiles Only!"

Gordon collected big bullfrogs and put them in the toolbox of the

mower when he cut hay; he skinned them and served up a pan of fried frog legs. Mmmmm!

Harvesting was hard work for all, neighbors helping each other on the threshing rig as it circulated to all the farms, arriving early in the morning for a hearty breakfast, and stopping only for a generous lunch. Our farm machinery was far from sophisticated -- a plow, disc, harrow, mower, manure spreader, hay rack -- all horse-drawn. We eventually had a gasoline motor on the water pump to send water to the huge tank for the horses, and up to an overhead tank that provided water for washing, piped into the house. (Of course, we had no indoor plumbing -- not even electricity). Our drinking water was pumped and carried into the kitchen in large pails.

We were often visited by relatives from Minneapolis, northern Minnesota, and Iowa. One Iowa cousin, Donald Davenport, while attending the University of Minnesota, often appeared on the road from Parkers Lake, singing all the way. We enjoyed the visits from a family from Minneapolis whose three children were just our same ages. They joined us in exploring the gravel pit in search of "carnelians" and other surprises. As an assignment in school I wrote a letter to Marian, signing it, "Sincerely, Your Cousin", because I was sure we must be related.



MARDELL LARRY CAROL GORDON -

More than once Mom would see three or four heads appear over the ridgepole -- luckily, no one was hurt in these escapades.

A large pit developed when gravel was sold for roads -- for tax money. When the pit reached water level we found tadpoles, frogs and turtles. (This is now called "Cimarron Ponds")

ELEANOR

Children's Day at the Parkers Lake Methodist Church was special. One Spring Sunday I was all prepared with my "recitation" wearing a new hat. As my mother carefully adjusted it, I visualized a lovely pale blue straw, but the mirror reflected an average straw-colored hat -- I almost cried. Another Children's Day I was sick at home alone while everyone else went to the service. Over the years we were quarantined for various ailments -- scarlet fever, mumps, measles, chicken pox -- if one had it, we all stayed home.

Every fall our "Little White Church on the Hill" (sung to the tune of the "Little Brown Church in the Vale") put on a huge chicken dinner. Everyone donated food; we usually did potatoes, and the Epworth League served "all you can eat" to people who came clear from Minneapolis to enjoy the repast. I still remember spilling coffee on one patron in my novice waitress style.

One Christmas I found my old baby doll, completely restored with a new china head, tucked into a full sized baby crib -- an unexpected and tearful reunion. Once a little black baby doll arrived at Christmas in a red cradle. We sewed for our dolls and ourselves on the old Singer treadle machine. Eleanor had received a beautiful, one-year size, doll from our Aunt Ethel in Florida. It had real hair, and clothes we made from real patterns. It had a tiny phonograph in its tummy with cup-shaped records, and after turning the little crank, we heard a clear child-like voice reciting songs and poems.

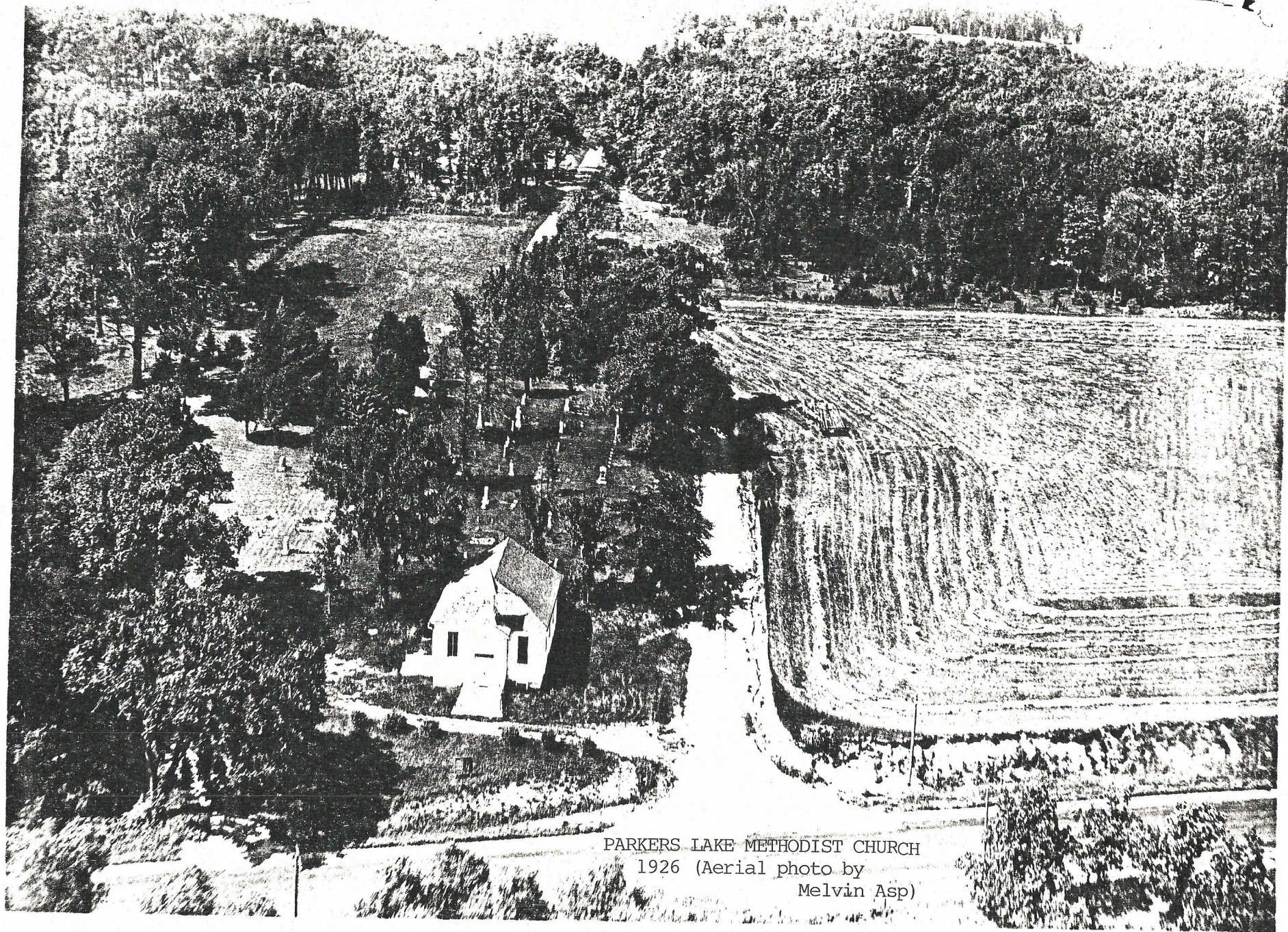
Grandma Davenport once gave me a little flat, covered wicker basket, and under a collection of little fabric pieces, there was a tiny pair of scissors.

Cooking for a family of nine was a never ending task. Breakfast was always oatmeal with a handful of All-Bran to fortify us for the day. Milk and cream was plentiful; we bought back from the Twin City Milk Producers Association butter and cheese and "whey" which we made into cottage cheese. Often this depleted our credit for the milk sold, and I remember Mom crying with relief when a "milk check" for \$6.00 finally arrived after a zero balance for several weeks. The "milk truck" picked up our cans every morning, delivered them to the milk company, then dropped them off every afternoon.

Lunches for school were put together on an assembly line in our pantry: homemade bread for peanut butter and/or jelly sandwiches, cookies or cake, and if we were lucky, an orange or an apple. Mom baked eight loaves of bread every other day in black metal pans which were placed in the warming oven across the top of the wood range for the second rising. She always said she couldn't go to the Ladies Aid Society at church because she had bread baking. Eleanor liked to cook and often augmented the bread baking with good caramel rolls or pies. I often chose to do the cleaning and dusting while Eleanor baked. After Gordon's "crystal set radio" became sophisticated with a speaker, I listened to music while I dusted.

Washing clothes was a real challenge -- first with a "hand pumped" machine, then with a gas engine added. A big oval boiler covered one end of the wood burning range for heavier washing in boiling soapy water -- we grated Fels Naphtha Soap for our washing. (This same boiler served to hold many quarts of "Ball" canning jars for cold-pack canning.) We strung clothes lines between trees and hung out the washing until it was bitter cold. The frozen "longjohns" were then draped over a folding rack and placed over the big furnace grating to finish drying.

With several "flat irons" heating on the range we managed to keep our clothes neatly pressed...no drip-dry clothes then!



PARKERS LAKE METHODIST CHURCH
1926 (Aerial photo by
Melvin Asp)

Canning for the winter months was an important part of summer. My Home Economics teacher, Miss Backer, read my report in disbelief, and one Saturday, drove to our farmhouse to see for herself my summer project. I watched her drive along the Creelman Crossroad in her little "flivver" all prepared to prove our 400 quarts of canning: pickles, relish, sweet corn, green beans, tomatoes, Swiss chard, beets, rhubarb...augmented by crates of peaches, pears and plums, a barrel of sauerkraut (from which we snitched cold samples occasionally) and even canned pork chops and head cheese. We kept rutabagas and great quantities of potatoes in the cellar. We would all gather around a tub-sized container on the front porch to "snap" beans for canning the next morning. When I started taking piano lessons, Mom managed to have mounds of green peppers, green tomatoes and onions all chopped and ready for canning chili sauce as soon as I emerged.

Our Home Ec teacher saw Eleanor's project too -- cafe curtains for the kitchen made from flour sacks with perky little applied flowers across the hems cut from scraps which were left from our dresses. We used flour sacks for dish towels, and even night gowns; and when our panties should have matched our dresses we used flour sacks trimmed with scraps of the matching print along the bottom hem.

From the back of a horse-drawn wagon we picked pails of chokecherries near the woods. Cooked with apples and drained through "flour sacks" we preserved many jars of jelly. Turkeys and ducks strayed into our yard from the City Workhouse farm east of the crossroad, and we collected their eggs and hatched them under our chickens, adding to our somewhat meager flocks. Occasionally we had roast pheasant for a treat -- sometimes out of season!

We often had travelling salesmen at our door -- when Mom bought a big aluminum roaster, she received a premium of a tiny 5" Wearever frying pan, just right for one egg, and still in use today.

I was told that a peddler sold a turquoise stone (which was set in a gold chain) to Aunt Alma Eleanor Creelman, and I still wear her gold chain. She died at the age of 24 of tuberculosis, so I never knew her; and the tragedy was repeated when my sister, Eleanor, named after her, also died at age 24 at the birth of her son. Of course, when my father died in 1923, I was too young to know him.

Aunt Alma's diary of 1893 offers up some precious accounts of life on the farm at age 14:

To Alma from sister Alice -- "Write something in it every day"

Jan. 1 - 20° above. I am going to try to go to Sunday School every Sunday I can.
I did not have a lesson leaf this week so I did not know my lesson by Sunday.

Jan. 2 - 0°. I faced a pair of mittens for my Uncle Graham, helped wash this morning, and ironed this evening. I am going to help mak doe nuts soon.

Jan. 4 - Very cold! Alvin caught a rabbit this morning. We are going to have it for dinner tomorrow. I have been sewing ever since ten o'clock this morning till nine tonight.

Jan. 8 - Windy! Our teacher was not at Sunday School today so we had Genie Hatcher for our teacher.

Reference to the teacher didn't surprise me -- Jennie Hatcher Kreatz was still teaching Sunday School at the church in 1940!

The highlight of the travelling salesmen was the one who sold correspondence lessons in piano, and to record that great adventure, I want to go into more detail.

"Two for the price of one" was his offer: \$50 for 60 lessons from The American College of Music in Kansas City, Missouri (est. 1906). Mom remembered the promise made years before that some day her "girls" would take piano lessons. (She had learned by herself and even played a little "pump" organ at church in Minneapolis). She told us how our father had saved a few dollars in Buffalo nickels, put them in the bank where they drew small amounts of interest, and earmarked the savings account for music. Before they were married she had spent a few months working at the Community Church in Wayzata as a janitor, and was paid not in cash but with a big upright piano. The promise of piano lessons had come true.

Eleanor signed for the lessons, and we were promised that we would be able to play immediately -- with the help of a two-inch chart that fit behind all 88 keys. The chart matched the spacing of the keys and corresponded with letters and pictures to the music. So, our first lesson was: Cow-dish-ear-ear-cow-dish-ear-fish-ear-fish-acorn-girl! (Copyright: MXMXXVII). We were playing "My Old Kentucky Home" with the right hand. After filling out a questionnaire about that lesson and mailing it in, we received Lesson No. 2, the same tune in the bass clef for left hand; Lesson No. 3 was BOTH hands with no chart! And we could sing along: "O the sun shines bright....".

The pictures disappeared, the notes became smaller, and we were playing standard piano music, and beginning to find hymns and "Best Loved Songs" in simple keys that sounded WONDERFUL! (In those first weeks I memorized the chips on the piano keys as my "starting place".)

Time between lessons seemed like an eternity, and when Eleanor procrastinated, I would answer the questions, sign her name, and receive a new lesson. They were all familiar tunes and harmonies so we knew when we made a mistake. Flora McCurdy, Teacher, patiently corrected these pages, marked them, sometimes with a red rubber stamp which said, "100 - Excellent". (At the end of the course I took Eleanor's examination and received a certificate: "Eleanor Jane Creelman has satisfactorily passed").


Somewhere in the maze of new lessons (#27: "Rock of Ages"), Eleanor got lost, and the rest of the lessons were all mine. (#60 Copyright MCMXX). In no time they began to send sheet music as a bonus, and I began playing in church for a children's choir: one tenor, one bass, and six or seven girls. (We made white surplices for the choir, and it wasn't long before those seams were bursting.) We put sacred words to old familiar Stephen Foster songs; and once when a response for a church service was rather high for our fledgling sopranos, I transposed it to a lower key, then suddenly I began to "read" the real notes and slipped into the higher key. Undaunted, the choir slid right up with me and finished without anyone realizing it.

I played some at school, but there were always others who had real teachers. I remember wondering what those other girls were talking about when they named notes A, B, C, etc., and not Do, Re, Mi -- they knew something I didn't, and now I knew.

All this was happening during the dreadful depression of the thirties, and the minute I graduated from high school at 16 in 1938, I worked for \$2.00 a week and spent \$1.00 for a music lesson with a real live teacher. Eleanor had begun to sing in a beautiful high, clear soprano, and we found jewel-like songs in the Etude Music Magazine she had given me as a graduation present. I never learned the words to any songs because I was always at the piano; however, there were times when I joined her as an alto to harmonize songs at church or at weddings.

With my excellent teacher, Joseph Merz, I made great progress and my first recital in six months included a Chopinesque number and the Liszt Hungarian Fantasy, with Mr. Merz playing the orchestral part on a second piano. After the farm was sold and we moved into Minneapolis I studied with other teachers, but those years with Joe Merz I shall treasure forever. When he first came to the farmhouse and heard me play a piece from the Etude, he said, "I don't know what to do with you!" Now more than fifty years later I still play the Bach Gigue, the "Intrata", a Partita, and "Lento" -- all treasures I learned so well. And it all stood me in good stead in pursuing advance piano study, along with pipe organ, and over thirty years as a professional church organist.

LESSON No. 1



AMERICAN COLLEGE

MUSIC

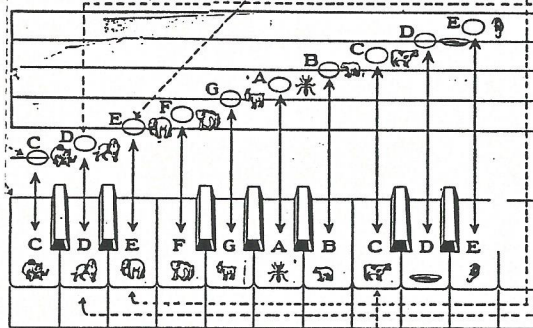
KANSAS CITY, Mo.

PIANO-ORGAN-VIOLIN

ESTABLISHED 1906

To make it easier for you to remember these notes at first and find their right location on the keyboard we are giving you a picture of a different object for each one, as shown in the illustration on page 4. You will notice that the FIRST LETTER of the name of this object is the same as the name of the note beside it. For example, the note on the first added line below the staff is C, and the object representing this note, and its corresponding key on the keyboard is CAT. The first letter of Cat is C, which is the name of the note. Now look at the illustration and you will see that whenever you play a note that is found on the first added line below the staff you are to play the key that has the CAT on it.

The note in the first space below the staff is named D, so we have given you the picture of a DOG, because Dog begins with D. Now look at the illustration and the key that has Dog on it is named D, and is the one you are to strike whenever you want to play this note. When you want to play E, on the first line of the staff you will play the key that is named E, and has the ELEPHANT on it, etc.



You will notice that there are a great many C's, D's, E's etc. on the staff and on the keyboard, and each one of these is represented by a DIFFERENT object. For example, the note C in the third space of the staff is represented by the COW, so look on the keyboard and find the C key which has the COW on it, and you will know that this is the key you must always play when you want to play the note in the third space of the staff. This C is just RIGHT keys above the C represented by the CAT. You will also notice that the C represented by the Cat is the C nearest the center or middle of your keyboard and is, therefore, called MIDDLE C.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Course for Piano or Organ

LESSON 39

EXPLANATION OF STUDIES

The Chromatic Etude in this lesson gives special training for the right hand. Practice very slowly at first playing each note distinctly and holding it until the next is played. Be very careful to use the fingering given for this is important.

Watch your accidentals closely and gradually increase the speed.

The left hand chords are played firmly and held their full time value.

EXPLANATION OF SHEET MUSIC.

The selection "Evening Star" from Tannhauser arranged by Liszt is in the key of A flat and in 6/8 time. Notice the quarter note following the treble clef sign in the bass of the first measure is played with the left hand and held throughout the remainder of the measure. The second measure is played in a similar manner. The right hand rests through the two following measures and then plays the melody in the bass, as indicated by the bass clef sign at beginning of staff. The left hand crosses over the right to play the last chord in many of the following measures.

On page 3, line 3, second measure, the small notes following the dotted quarter form a Turn, and must be played very rapidly before the fourth count. Practice to end of this line only for this lesson. While the reading of the notes seems simple, there are so many accidentals that great care must be exercised to always strike the right note. Observe the Vertical Slurs and repeated changes from bass to treble clef.

MELODIC MINOR SCALE B FLAT—RELATIVE OF D FLAT MAJOR.



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EVENING STAR

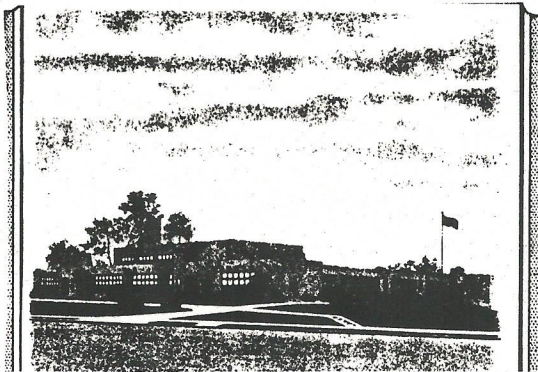
from TANNHAUSER

Andantino



When my oldest half-brother, Larry (Day), was in fourth grade we were assigned to coach carnival acts, so Eleanor and I taught Larry to sing "...and my saucy ship's a beauty", not knowing it was from a real opera. We dressed him like the Crackerjack boy in a sailor suit, and he sang his way around the carnival selling his wares. Little did we know that after he was discharged from the Army in World War II, he would go to music school, win vocal contests, sing solos in oratorios, at weddings and funerals, be a member of the Sheik's Sextet, teach college music, direct church choirs, produce operas and even sing in the same cast with James McCracken of the Metropolitan Opera. He will tell you his career in music started on the "Farm" where he sang opera while he milked the cows!

Our years on the farm were difficult -- there were no subsidies, no support programs, no money for improvements, no price or production controls, and of course we weren't required to have insulated barns, and there was no electricity for sophisticated dairy operations. It was subsistence farming -- we existed, survived, endured. The records repeatedly show: "foreclosure/redemption" -- it was the DEPRESSION!



Gordon Creelman

Carol Creelman

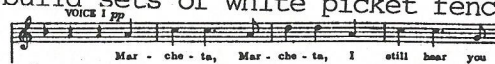
Before I started school, District #48 (west of the farm on "Sixth Avenue North" and the "Hokanson" Road -- now Dunkirk Lane) was abandoned and the area was consolidated into Wayzata School District #144. The first bus I remember was very square, blue, and sputtery as it chugged down the road. My step-father drove a new yellow bus; he drove east to pick up some kids, then returned to pick us up. This gave me a few minutes with the teakettle bubbling on the range for a "steam" treatment for my curly hair, something I still do to encourage my now gray, but still curly hair.

One big mistake the school officials made was to "skip" me from Grade I to Grade III. I can still feel the trauma as I lingered in the hall that first day of Third Grade and a classroom full of strangers. From then on I was the youngest, but tallest girl in my class!

In Third Grade we sang a song about George Washington -- "First in the hearts of his countrymen", and many years later I discovered the tune was from the "Academic Overture" of Beethoven. Our Sixth Grade teacher, Miss Imogene Burt, was a great taskmaster, having served about four generations of pupils. We learned our Palmer Method penmanship well from this white haired, buxom lady.

Freshman cooking classes were rather stilted (having come from a household with cooking for nine) as Miss Backer had us each make one cupcake, carefully dividing a beaten egg among several students. Our inter-class basketball was coached by Miss Beatrice Davies, and Miss Elaine Hartwick drilled us in Wayzata High School's first a cappella choir since the traditional "Girls Glee Club" era. We gained some reknown in the lake district, but when we sang in the Wayzata Community Church the Catholic kids couldn't participate.

I pretended to be brave enough to take part in a class play, "Marcheta" --the beginning and end of my acting career. Gordon helped build sets of white picket fences and alcoves which we decorated with pink paper roses.



To earn \$9.00 for a class ring I picked strawberries on a neighboring farm for 2¢ a box. Other kids who did this were surprised to find me in the berry patch because they somehow thought I was "upper crust". Actually, I will never forget my Freshman year when I had one brown skirt, one pink blouse and one yellow blouse, all hand-made, or hand-me-down. Eleanor was especially skilled in designing. She made a beautiful pale blue organdy formal for her Prom with long puffed sleeves, buttoned down the front with a Peter Pan collar. It made such a hit she was asked to wear it in a style show.

Four of our favorite teachers, Mike Vukas, Joe O'Connell, Einar Ryden, and Mr. Gullixson (Principal), formed the "Foursome" clothing store for men in Wayzata. Mr. O'Connell, our science teacher, was tragically drowned in a fishing accident shortly after we graduated. I remember his discussing "colors" and insisting that we weren's "color blind", but "color ignorant".

I took shorthand and typing from Miss Bernice Hart. My pin for shorthand speed of 135 wpm is carefully ensconced on my shelf along with a choir pin, a National Honor Society pin, and of course all of those Palmer penmanship pins I received in grade school.

Our 1938 graduating class of 58 chose "apricot and blue" for class colors (Wayzata H.S. colors were blue and gold); our motto was "Rowing, Not Drifting", and our class was the first in Wayzata history to wear caps and gowns.

