Alumni Donate $7,800 to MAEF

It was a real pleasure to meet with Peggy Mann Reinhart on November 12th and turn over to her a check for $7,800 for the Marshall Access and Education Fund (MAEF) which provides scholarships for disabled students at the University of Minnesota. MAEF was started by the Marshall Class of 1939 with funds that were left over from their 50th reunion in 1989.

This $7,800 donation to MAEF was generated by the All Classes Reunion that was held on August 28, 2010. The planning committee learned about the MAEF scholarship and early on agreed that any money that was left over from the reunion would be donated to MAEF which is administered by Disability Services at the University of Minnesota. This donation is the largest single donation that MAEF has ever received. The committee members who gathered at the U of M for the presentation represented about 1/3 of the Marshall/Marshall U High reunion planning committee. Lois Maturi joined us in presenting the check to Peggy. Lois has served on the MAEF committee and was involved in selecting the students who received the MAEF scholarship funds in 2010. We have declared Lois Maturi to be an honorary Marshallite.

TMD

The Committee passed the check to Peggy Mann Rinehart, U of M Disability Services.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: Scott Watson, Vicky Bayerl, Lisa Robinson, Otto Lausten, Peggy Mann Rinehart, Jan Duff, Lois Maturi, and Tom Daly

Thank you, & you, & you for attending, participating, and for making our efforts fruitful! Without you marvelous, caring Marshallites the Reunion would have been a flop!—

The Committees XO
The committee, after months of work, enjoys fun, food, and fellowship. Left Side of table: Charles Rice, Jan Ott, Ron Andersen, Otto Lausten, Paul Abelseth. Right side: Scott Watson, Lisa Robinson, Jan Duff, Anne Lindgren. Brunch at Applebee’s.

in 1913 in honor of Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, who established the first U.S. sanatorium for tuberculosis patients. The school was run cooperatively by Minneapolis Public Schools and various health organizations. Trudeau was a “fresh-air school” where students who had “tubercular tendencies” studied in the dead of winter in classrooms with wide-open windows. The fresh air was healthy.

In the 1920s Minneapolis Schools took over completely and the emphasis shifted to students who had problems gaining weight and/or had low vitality. School nurses from throughout the city sent underweight students to Trudeau to make them healthy. Many, probably most, students commuted by streetcar.

Trudeau enrolled about 100 students in grades three through eight. Nurses and doctors regularly checked student’s health and often students transferred out after six months while some stayed until high school.

There was no gym or art class, but there was a lot of singing and eating. One line of their school song was “Oh me, oh my, we’ll get there by and by…” “Getting there” meant getting well enough to go to a regular school.

At Christmas the Shriners put up a tree and gave a party with fruit and candy, magicians and clowns. For impoverished students it was probably the only Christmas they had.

One alumnus realized as she grew older that attending Trudeau carried a stigma. Some outsiders called it the “skinny school”. “Kids in the neighborhood asking why we’re going to this school. I’ve heard people say if you went there, there was something wrong with you. I never felt the stigma. Everybody was poor then.” The Trudeau program was phased out in 1938.
Felix Perry—at 91, He’s Always on the Move

That is the title of Sheila Mulrooney Eldred’s September 27, 2010 Minneapolis Star Tribune article on Marshall’s class of ’37 grad Felix Perry. It reads:

“The early years: We didn’t have TV so we moved around. The kids in our neighborhood would spend summertimes swimming in Lake Calhoun, which had a 26-foot diving tower, or the John Ryan Baths in northeast Minneapolis. It was a nickel for a towel and a nickel to get in.

The new shuffle: Now I walk, play tennis, play golf, bike, in-line skate, cross-country ski, ballroom dance and garden. I play doubles tennis two or three times a week, summer and winter, in mixed gender groups as does my 88-year-old wife. I walk nine holes of golf once a week, pulling a cart, with my wife. I bike around Lake Harriet at least once a week. I in-line skate around Lake Harriet once a week. I started about 20 years ago when my wife went out West kayaking with her sister. I felt put upon so I went out and bought skates and started skating. I skated two days before my last knee operation. In-line skating resembles an old man’s shuffle. It is low-impact and easier than walking.

When sitting: We only watch Jim Lehrer and Brian Williams. And I only read nonfiction, because I have enough excitement in my life. I do spend at least two hours every day on my computer, writing letters to four grandsons, other family and friends, and following the vagaries of the stock market.

Good as new: I had my left knee replaced one year ago with a metal joint and my right knee less than two years ago. I had a St. Jude plastic aorta valve and 6 inches of Dacron tubing spliced into my aortic artery a decade ago. And, I have had a few miscellaneous operations. A year ago, I could not walk more than a city block. Now my mobility has been restored and the arthritic pain is gone.

Most enthusiastic: Dancing has always been a big thing for us. On cruises we won prizes for enthusiasm.

Slope sense: I quit downhill skiing two years ago because of my knees. My wife fractured her skull skiing at Lutsen once; I realize from being an engineer I have an awareness of situational dangers.

Two straws, please: We don’t pick up a lot of weight; we just eat and drink in moderation. When we go out for dinner we always split the meal: we split a chocolate malt and grilled cheese or gyros and we still bring some home.”

The 1937 June Cardinal defined Felix as “Personality Preferred” and showed his participation included: Inner Circle, German Club, Glee Club, Judge, Cardinal, Mid-west Studies, Basketball, Track, Boy Scouts and National Honor Society. Felix was the Sports Editor for the Judge and he continues to enjoy writing, regularly publishing a newsletter to his grandchildren.

Felix went on to graduate from the U of MN in Aeronautical Engineering in 1942 and started work for Northwest Airlines. He stayed with them for 48 years. His wife Barbara, née Wackerman, graduated from Marshall in 1940. They had five children.

May Felix and Barbara have continued good health!

Scholarships are possible because kind people like you donate $$.  

Perpetuate Kindness & Generosity!  

TODAY IS THE DAY YOU can make a difference in the life of a student. Remember that Marshall high School invented mainstreaming! Those who attended our school weren’t disabled... they were classmates!! Please contribute to the—

Mail tax-deductible contributions to:

MAEF  
CM9407  
P.O. Box 70870  
Minneapolis, MN 55455
I first met John Larson in the spring of 1958. He was a tall freshman about 6’3 “and weighed about 170 pounds when he went out for track and I was head track coach; in fact, I didn’t become head football coach until two years later.

It was March of 1958 and it was typical March weather; snowy, sloppy, and wet outside. It became evident that John had some speed and I thought with his size that I would try and make a hurdler out of him. As John was new to the hurdles, every day in practice I would set up three hurdles ten yards apart and have John go over them. John didn’t care for the hurdles, especially when he banged his knees on the hurdles. John would have an occasional bad practice; a practice in which he would bang his knees on the hurdles.

Then one day it happened. We were at the University of Minnesota working out. John was going over the three hurdles time after time. In my usual pleasant manner, I was urging him to go over the hurdles and working on getting his trailing leg through just as he banged his knee on the hurdle. I said, “Let’s do it again.” He said, “Ah, the hell with it.” I said, “What did you say?” John repeated, “Ah, the hell with it.” I said, “Get out of here; I’m kicking you off of the team. You’re incorrigible and I don’t want anything to do with you.” John, in a fit of anger, picked up his sweat clothes and stormed out of the field house. I was equally mad because of his outburst.

The next day at school a few kids came up to me and said, “John really wants to run track.” My response was, “I don’t want him around; he’s incorrigible.” Because the kids were scared of me, they left hurriedly. The next day another group of kids came to see me essentially saying the same thing as the first group. My response was the same as the day before. As a coach, I began to think of ways to bring the entire track team back together. I decided to have a team meeting. After school the next day I met with the track team. I explained to the team that I didn’t want John back and discussed the reasons why, but in fairness to all concerned I would do the following:

“John could appear before the team (without me in attendance) and explain why he wanted to rejoin the track team. Upon the conclusion of John’s request, the team would vote to either reinstate John or uphold my decision. (John and myself would not be in attendance)”

All parties agreed with the proposition.

Guess what, the team voted to reinstate John and I accepted the team decision. The next day he returned to the team. He came to me and said, “Coach, I would like to run the 440 yard dash.” In those days it was the 440 yard dash not the 400 meters. In my experience, no one who knew anything about the 440 yard dash ever volunteered to run it, but John did. I was still mad at him so I said, “John, you can run anything you want.” I really didn’t care.

A week or two later we are preparing for our first outdoor dual meet at Roosevelt High School. I had entered John in the 440 yard dash. Just minutes before the 440 yard dash is scheduled to start, John comes up to me and asks, “Coach, how should I run this race?” I responded “Run with the pack and if you have anything left after the last 100 yards sprint” It should be noted that John was a ninth grader running against juniors and seniors.

The next day Mr. Sovell, his homeroom teacher, asked John how he had done. John replied, “I took a third in the 440. Coach Deitz said to run with the pack and if I had anything left at the finish, I should sprint, but I couldn’t find the pack.”

John was academically ineligible as a sophomore, but he was able to participate in the City of Minneapolis Sophomore Track Meet. He won the 440 yard dash and set a new record in time of 52.4. There was a small article in the newspaper the next day. John was hooked. His grades improved. In 1960, the spring of his junior year, he won the 440 in the Twin City Indoor Track Meet. Most notable about this victory was the fact that he beat the 1959 State 440 Champion from Minneapolis Central High School. The Central kid had fouled John by cutting John’s stride at the 110 yards causing John to fall. John got up and continued the race and nipped the 1959 State 440 Champion at the finish in the record time of 50.2. The Central kid never finished a 440.,

In 1960, John became the first track athlete in Minnesota to break 50 seconds in the 440. He set a new state record of 49.4 on a cinder track at the University of Minne
How Smart Continued from Page 4

nnesota. In the state meet, he tied for first in the 100 yard dash, won the 220 yard dash, and won the 440 yard dash. As a team, Marshall High School placed fourth in the Minnesota State High School Track Meet. John earned all of our points.

In 1961, his senior year, John experienced another record-breaking year. In the Minnesota State High School Track Meet, in the 100 yard dash – time 9.9 second; first in the 220 yard dash – time 22.0 second (new record); and first in the 440 yard dash – 49.1 seconds (new record – breaking previous record). John ran all of these events within a 42 minute time span. Marshall High School’s point total for the 1961 Minnesota State High School Track Meet was 18; actually John’s point total was 18. Minneapolis Central High School won the Minnesota State High School Track Championship in 1961; their team total was 21 points.

DEITZ–HOW SMART I AM YU/PERSOnAL
Class of 1961

The Speed of John Larson, Class of 1961

In my sophomore year, Mr. Deitz caught me running in the hallway of Marshall High School. He stopped me with his huge frame and stared at me with his beady eyes and said “If you can run that fast here, do it on the track field.” Thus, began my track career.

Coach Deitz must have known something because I not only was faster than all the sophomores, but juniors and seniors as well. I continued to improve but not without some threats of quitting along the way. In the beginning, Coach Deitz started me out in high hurdles; however, I wasn’t flexible enough. Coach Deitz had one response each time I said I couldn’t do it anymore. “There is no such word as can’t”, staring me down with those beady eyes. Nevertheless, he moved me to the sprinting events. [See Deitz’s version of this story]. With his words of wisdom ringing in my ears, I went on to become state champion in track.

Mr. Deitz and Mr. Sovell, another great coach were my mentors. They had a never-give-up attitude which I continued to apply throughout my life. I often tell my children that I would have never finished high school were it not for these two important influences in my life. That may be why I have always pushed my kids harder on academics. Don’t get me wrong, I did push athletics onto them.

One situation that I found kind of funny. After practice we would all be in the showers. The coaches were in the first row of showers. The athletes would be in the next 2 or 3 rows. I would turn the hot water off on the first row where Coach Deitz was showering. Using my blazing speed, I rushed back to the third row of showers. I would continue showering while acting innocently. I could hear Deitz yelling at the athletes in the second row. I thought it was funny. The athletes getting chewed out did not think it was so funny--no sense of humor.

I attended the University of Minnesota and joined the track team. Feeling like a small fish in a big pond and forgetting the words I lived by at Marshall, I joined the U.S. Army. I served 3 years and returned home to marry my high school sweetheart, Audrey. (FYI, Audrey may have been one of the reasons I wanted to quit track once or twice!).

I have four children: Dawn (age 42), Heather (age 40), Amy (35) and John (33). All played for Coon Rapids High School teams, also the Red and White Cardinals! Daughter Amy took after me and was All-State in track. All of them have become successful adults. I was actively involved with my kids’ sports and coached softball, football and basketball. During those years, I reflected back on the teachings of Coach Deitz and his effective method of getting through to kids. Times are now different than when I was at Marshall. I learned I had to soften the direct approach that worked so well for Coach Deitz and Coach Sovell.

At the age of 57, I retired from Graco Manufacturing after 30 years. My wife, who retired from Qwest Communications, and I enjoy traveling with our RV, going to NASCAR races with our family, which now includes four wonderful grandchildren. We spend time at our cabin near Brainerd. I built this cabin and woodworking has become a second love of my life.

Funny, at one time we were someone else’s grandchildren and now we have grandchildren. Life has sped by me and it seems like yesterday that I was running down that hallway at Marshall High School, unaware of what amazing life experiences would lie ahead of me. Special thanks to my coaches and teachers for their support and to my classmates at Marshall for their friendship.

JOHN LARSON
Class of 1961
Very Long Family Car that Many Alums Remember

Scott Watson ’74

For transporting our family of ten people, and at other times the youth-sports teams he coached, our dad originally was thinking of buying a full-size used school bus, but our mom, plus some of the oldest kids, disliked that idea. At a local used-car lot Mom steered him towards the limo instead. The limo became our main family car during the mid-1960s. Too long for our garage, and also too long for our short driveway, the limo was always parked on the street, at the corner of 14th & Talmage.

It was a 1958 white-and-turquoise Chevy Biscayne custom airport limo, retired from airport service; *Four seats, eight doors, a full-size trunk, and a built-in luggage rack on top.*

We youngest kids loved it because everywhere we went in that thing it was like we were a one-vehicle parade, attracting lots of fun attention. (But it’s understandable if the oldest kids were less enthusiastic.)

A lot of Marshall alums can easily remember the limo, not just from seeing it around the neighborhood, but also because for several years our dad used it to help the basketball coaches transport team members and cheerleaders during winter-break out-of-town tournament trips (I recall destinations like Sleepy Eye and Austin and Ashland). And also for driving the summer baseball teams of ninth- and tenth-graders he coached (based at Marshall Field – which within a few years got obliterated by freeway construction). I remember that well; he’d bring me, as a little kid, along most of the time, little brother too, to chase after foul balls and errant throws. One time we broke our own record, hauling twenty-some players and associated others to a game. I rode stretched across several ballplayers’ laps.

The limo had eight window seats, but there were ten of us. Meaning two kids would get stuck with a middle spot – usually the last kids out of the house during the mad dash to claim the choicest spots. In rushing to claim those choicest spots, we also needed to take into account recent weather conditions; around a couple of the windows, the weather-strip was shot, so you might claim a choice spot only to wind up sitting in a puddle of water pooled atop the vinyl upholstery.

The choicest spot, which was always claimed first, was “back seat, far window”. It was the favorite spot because of its maximum distance from parental supervision, with the poor sightline, via the rear-view mirror, for our father in the driver’s seat... enabling the lucky kids in that spot to get away with, undetected, all sorts of questionable conduct. That spot was almost always secured, by hook or by crook, by a certain, very determined, older brother; I gave up on vying for that spot, after learning, the hard way, that it would always result in me first getting clobbered, and then getting unceremoniously dumped into the seat ahead.

On at least a couple of occasions we put the limo to good use as a camping bunkhouse, such as at our grandparents’ lake place. We loved that. Our parents, and any of us kids who were too young or not enthusiastic about roughing it, slept indoors, but the rest of us bedded down across the four seats – plus the two oldest brothers used the rooftop luggage rack as an alfresco double bed.

Our dad ran the family plumbing business, and took only one week of vacation a year, our Easter vacation from school. In the years we had that limousine we took several long-distance Easter-break road trips: to St. Louis and Kansas City one year, to Denver another, and Winnipeg another.

The year before we got the limo, we had taken an Easter-break road trip to Kentucky, in what was then our family car, an International-Harvester Travel-All – an SUV-like vehicle of that era. It was either a three- or a four-seater, I’m not sure, but with only four doors, plus a tailgate, and we’d removed the back one or two seats to create an open area for several kids to stretch out in, atop a mattress. (This was back in the pre-seatbelts era.) Near the end of that trip I came down with the measles, prompting my mother to turn that rear section into my own private quarantined sick bay, requiring the other nine family members to squeeze together across the two bench seats. It was decided that we should get home a day early, on account of my illness, so, crammed together like sardines, they rode all the way from central Illinois to Minneapolis in one day. (And that was before the interstate-freeway system, so our route was entirely along U.S. and state highways -- typically two-lane roads -- with frequent slow-downs and stops when going through the centers of towns.) Immediately, and then for many years afterward, my siblings chided me about how I had “ruined” that trip for them. (Even though I was then only five, I took that in stride; in our big family, I was already quite used to getting teased, taunted and worse. I knew that it hadn’t been my fault, plus, until that last day, we’d all been enjoying a great trip.)

According to my oldest sister, the limo’s spacious seating enabled us to

*Family Car Continued on Page 7*
Mrs. Frances Anderson and the Armistice Day Storm of 1940

Last November 11th was the seventieth anniversary of one of the worst blizzards in Minnesota history. I remember hearing of it from Mrs. Frances Anderson, our Social Studies teacher, when she told our class of her experience:

Mrs. Anderson and her sister took advantage of Armistice Day (now Veterans Day) off and pleasant weather with a great day of shopping and lunching downtown. What a surprise when they stepped outside Dayton's department store to catch their streetcar home, a blizzard was raging and the streetcars were snowbound. They tried to get a hotel room, but the hotels were already filled. The two of them, along with many others, ended up staying overnight in a hotel lobby, sleeping sitting up, on chairs with their feet propped up on a second chair.

Excerpts from the Minneapolis Morning Tribune the following day gave details: “Many took advantage of the mild holiday weather and made plans to spend the day outdoors. Then came rain…which turned to snow, accompanied by howling wind…and more snow…and then the cold. More than 16 inches of snow fell…Temperatures dropped from near 60 to the single digits in less than 24 hours…winds reached a velocity of 60 miles an hour, drifts piled up as high as five feet…Nearly 100 persons…were marooned near New Brighton following a mass traffic accident…49 people died…many of them duck hunters trapped in remote bottom land along the Mississippi…In Minneapolis, where the rush hour of automobile traffic late in the day packed ice into the ruts of trolley rails, streetcars were practically at a standstill…nearly 40 streetcars were off tracks…motorists who got stalled on tracks locked their cars and abandoned them…Every available plow…of which 11 were in Minneapolis got on the job…Thousands of persons stranded in the loop crowded downtown hotels, taking every available room and overflowing into dining rooms and lobbies…”

RKH

Family Car Continued from page 6

spread out much better, resulting in us squabbling that much less. Maybe she’s right, but I don’t recall noticing any difference; I recall us being just as eager for more-spread-out squabbling. (But fortunately, as adults we have always gotten along very well.) Eventually the limo’s floor rusted through enough that we could see the white lines on the road when changing lanes; we loved that.

We had the limo for about four years. Its next several owners were all local, in the Southeast neighborhood, so we continued to see it around for several years.

At the recent Marshall/Marshall-U reunion, lots of alums recalled their own fun personal memories about the limo. At the end of his life, our dad loved to encourage everybody to “Remember the good times!” Well, that’s exactly what’s been happening – and that’s beautiful.

Scott and his brothers and sisters are all Marshall grads (’66 to ’77), the same as their father Chuck, ’37, and mother Vera, ’45 (as well as Watson uncles and aunt, Paul, Nolan, and Carol, between ’37 and ’45). The limo photo appeared in The Judge during the ’62-’63 school year. Family members recall that the photo was taken by Judge photographer Ann Godfrey, class of ’64, who grew up across 5th St. from Marshall High.
Bob Hayes
9142 W. Utopia Road,
Peoria, AZ 85382

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Mark your calendars!
Another all-class reunion is a
mere 19 months away!

March 5-7
Riverside Resort & Casino
Laughlin, Nevada

Questions? Call—
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