The Friendliest Guy

In his senior year at Marshall High, Jim Hunt was picked by his classmates as the “friendliest” guy in the Class of 1953. Jim was also very involved in Marshall during his years there. He served on the movie crew, the ticket crew, the Youth Center Board, the Judge staff, and the Cardinal staff. Jim was on the track and football teams. He ran the low and high hurdles in track and played offensive center in football. He also played one of the leading roles in the senior class play, “Arsenic and Old Lace,” and was one of the six candidates for Homecoming King.

Jim always had fond memories of Prospect Park, Marshall High School and Minneapolis. He grew up on Cecil Street in Prospect Park and was the oldest of six children: three boys and three girls. His dad, Maury, was a talented craftsman and his mother, Betty, was the organist at St. Frances Cabrini Church.

Following graduation from Marshall High School and one year at the U of M, Jim Hunt joined the Army. He served around the country and around the world including Alaska, the Philippines and Vietnam. Jim achieved the rank of First Sergeant and was known as a fair and compassionate leader. During his two tours in Vietnam, he was awarded a Purple Heart, a Silver Star, and two Bronze Stars.

Jim’s daughter Leslie sent us this photo of her dad which was taken in Vietnam in 1969. In the picture, Jim is holding a coffee cup that he made from an empty C-ration can (“Ham & lima beans,” he said.)

He fashioned the handle of his cup from a piece of bamboo. Jim told Leslie that he would use a marble-sized piece of C-4 to boil the water for his coffee. Apparently using C-4 (an explosive) worked well for heating water, but he warned her, “Don’t step on it to put it out. That’s a big mistake.”

After 19 years in the Army, Jim Hunt was forced to retire when he was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis. Following his discharge, Jim did not retire to a rocking chair, but instead went back to school. He earned a B.S. degree with honors from Villanova University in 1975 and a M.B.A. degree from Rider University in 1980. In 1976, Jim and his family moved to Medford, New Jersey where he worked for the New Jersey Office of Telecommunication and Information Systems for the next 16 years. Like his father before him, Jim Hunt became a talented craftsman who enjoyed “woodworking, model building and general tinkering.” He was also an avid reader, a lifelong student of history, and enjoyed music, singing and storytelling.

Eventually, because of MS, Jim’s health continued to decline and he entered the VA hospital in New Jersey in 1999. During the next 12 years, Jim stayed in contact with many friends including old friends from Marshall. In a letter to Bob Daly, Jim’s daughter Leslie wrote, “You loomed large in his memory of the ‘good old days’ . . . . Please thank the JMHS alumni for the many letters, cards and kindnesses they sent him.”

Jim Hunt, the friendliest guy, died on February 3, 2012. He was buried at Arlington National Cemetery in a private ceremony.

Calling all 75+ or - year olders from MHS Class of 1955.
We're having an uncomplicated, relaxing picnic this summer!
Where? VanCleve Park
Date? July 18th, 2012
Time? Noon to 3 p.m.
Food? Bring your own picnic
(No alcohol on park property.)
We'll have a BBQ grill fired up if you need it. You can let us know if you are coming but registration is not necessary in case you want to come at the last minute. A great chance to renew friendships and reminisce. Come Rain or shine!

Page 1
Jack Ryan’s Homecoming

Jack Ryan graduated from Marshall High School in June, 1939. With his senior picture in the yearbook was a one word appellation, “Romeo.” After graduation Jack married his high school sweetheart, Bonnie Nybelin. But like many young men of his generation, he had to postpone settling down with a wife and family. World War II broke out and before long Jack was in the Air Force.

Although Jack Ryan grew up in the Marcy neighborhood, he wasn’t born there. In fact, Jack was born thousands of miles away in France. His father, Ed Ryan, served in France during World War I. After the war, Ed married a young French woman and thus it was that Jack was born in France with a strong connection to both France and the United States.

Ed Ryan moved his family to Minneapolis where he became an outstanding member of the Minneapolis Police Department and his son Jack attended Marcy and Marshall. When Jack entered the Air Force, he went on to further schooling, earned the rank of lieutenant and became a member of a B-17 flight crew. While training in South Dakota, Jack and bombardier Lt. Wayne Rader saved their lives by parachuting to safety. Later in the war, that prior experience came in handy.

On a bombing run over France, Jack Ryan and Wayne Rader were forced to bailout from their crippled B-17. Ryan landed in a tree and wrenched his right shoulder. He scrambled out of the tree and almost immediately met a Frenchman who cried, “Hurry, hurry, the Germans are coming.”

Jack said, “I ran about 15 yards and fell into a foxhole. I thought that if I hadn’t seen it, the Germans wouldn’t. So I stayed there. The Frenchmen acted as though they had seen nothing when a German officer and two enlisted men came along.”

“I stayed in the hole seven hours, then emerged and found an old French woodcutter. I spoke to him in French (my mother was French) and he greeted me with tears in his eyes, as my own father would have done.” Coincidentally, Ryan had landed within 50 miles of the place where he was born. With the help of the French Resistance, Lt. Ryan met up with his friend Lt. Rader and the two of them escaped together from German occupied France.

Back in the United States, Lt. Jack Ryan reflected upon how fortunate he was to be alive. He recalled how twice he was scheduled to fly on bombing missions and then was taken off the crew at the last minute. Neither of those crews came back.

Jack Ryan was one of the lucky survivors of World War, but his luck eventually ran out. Ryan went on to serve in Vietnam and was killed there. He was one of the many Marshall graduates who served their country.

Marian Sorenson was the “Polka Dot Girl”– a WWII pinup!

During wartime there are many ways that citizens serve their country: some join the armed forces, some work on farms or in factories, some care for the wounded, and some raise the morale of the troops. Marian Sorenson, Marshall Class of 1939, was a morale raiser.

In 1943, a photographer snapped a photo of Marian in the surf at Fire Island near New York City. Marian was wearing a two-piece swimsuit, white with black polka dots. The photo ran in Life magazine as part of the “pictures from our readers.” The photo generated 35,000 letters from appreciative viewers. Life ran the photo again, a full page version that was widely circulated and enjoyed by many servicemen. Marian became known as the “Polka Dot Girl.”

Marian went to Hollywood in 1944, signed a contract, became a starlet and appeared in a few films. Ginger Rogers was said to be her mentor. For a while Marian was known as Chili Williams.

Marian left the movie business, ran a dress shop in Las Vegas, and married John Uhlman in the mid-1950s. They had two children, Amy and Cary. Marian and John were married for nearly 50 years when Marian died in 2003. An article about her life appeared in the Star Tribune (October 27, 2003).
Most of us had, in our past, favorite teachers – especially if you were lucky enough to attend Minneapolis Marshall High School. In my case as a Marshall graduate in 1960 I was fortunate enough to have had several “favorite” teachers such as George Keprios, Katherine Irvine, Art Chiodo and Richard Rosegren and special favorites, though not teachers, Celeste Leemhuis and Principal Walter L. Chapman.

I also had a teacher who not only influenced my life and career and whatever success I enjoyed, but who in fact made that career. That was Helen Chapman – English teacher.

In 1958, my junior year, the luck of the draw sent me to Miss Chapman’s English class. I had had five English, Literature and Writing teachers from my Marcy grade school days and at Marshall as well. But I was not prepared for Miss Chapman. As some of you readers know, she had a dominant and demanding presence. She had NO time for poor English or poor punctuation, to say nothing of poor writing. This last was, of course, particularly important, because she was the Faculty Advisor to The Judge, the Marshall school newspaper and was very proud of it. Maintenance of its level of quality and value to the school was paramount.

Our class of 1960 and her English class was a very talented one. As George Keprios told me, some classes, like some students, are exceptional and sadly, many are not. John Lakotas, Nancy Herman, Pam Leino, Marv Borgelt, Jerry Hess and others, made this class academically outstanding. We found ourselves placed in different editorial positions on The Judge that year in lesser roles than the students ahead of us in seniority. I was lucky enough to be one of the two sports editors – a good place for someone struggling to win a letter in some sport or another.

One day Miss Chapman informed us that the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company was offering a fully paid five-week internship to the Medill School of Journalism, at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. It was to be during the summer between our junior and senior years and she asked if she could enter my name as a contestant. I felt obliged to say yes, did nothing to further my entry and mostly forgot about it. I WON.

I had never really been away from home and this was to be five weeks and I would be with elite journalism students from across the country – none of whom I knew. We were talking “scared”.

The first morning about thirty of us traipsed into the main lecture at the journalism school, were introduced to the professors and upper-class student faculty and placed in front of our typewriters. We were told we would each be writing a developing news story based on a reported fire at Old Maine on the campus. For ten hours the story developed. Reports or rumors of persons trapped in the building, injuries to firefighters and an ongoing gauntlet of changes requiring new leads and new developments filled the day.

Journalism was never the same for me after that day. I felt the excitement, distress, the need for ongoing accuracy and the satisfaction of writing the best story you could while under pressure. Medill was five intense weeks of immersion in journalism – writing, editing and speaking. Miss Chapman’s seminar had just set a career path.

When I returned for my senior year at a Marshall I still oh-so-much wanted to major in history and teach at a Marshall-like clone (the word hadn’t been invented yet). But my father’s words held me back “those
who can, do; those who can’t, teach”. (He recanted them some thirty years later – too late in my editorial career).

When school started, Miss Chapman, because of Medill, made me editor of The Judge. I loved that job and worked with her and with some of those fine Marshall students. I still had no college in mind or a major to pursue post-Marshall, but Miss Chapman was not anywhere done with me.

WCCO television anchorman, Dave Moore, had just announced a new four-year scholarship to be granted to a 1960 high school journalism graduate. It could be used only at the University of Minnesota and in conjunction with a broadcast journalism major. Miss Chapman again asked about entering my name and I said “sure”. I heard nothing for six months and then at the end of the school year we all attended a high school journalism symposium. There, Dave Moore announced I was the scholarship’s first winner. I stumbled through an on-camera T.V. interview with Dave Moore and concluded I was going to be a journalism major at the U of M.

That fall, thanks to my journalism background from Marshall and luck, I was offered a position on the The Minnesota Daily staff as assistant to the sports editor. It provided me a weekly salary and the chance to write intramural sports. We had an award winning sports page and my earnings plus the scholarship allowed me to graduate debt-free and thanks to the quality teaching of Miss Chapman and Madill, to graduate Magna Cum Laud.

But all good things end and I certainly didn’t want to go to work, so under heavy parental pressure, I applied to the U of M Law School and the journalism grad program. I was accepted in both and planned to attend Law school, flunk out and go back to Journalism school. My plan misfired and I received my Juris Doctor degree, but undeterred, applied again to grad school.

That was the end of the line. The local draft board informed me I had a “terminal degree and my draft notice was in the mail”. I joined the U.S. Army Reserve in September 1967. But Miss Chapman’s last card was yet to be played. Prior to joining the Reserves, the Star and Tribune executive who had presented me with the Medill Journalism Scholarship offered me a job interview with their legal department based on my two degrees. They had no plans to hire, but decided a combined journalism and law degree education was unusual and worth a look. I was asked if I could be competitive and the whispered voices of my father and Marshall coaches Don Sovell, Art Chiodo and DeWayne Deitz said “Hell yes”. Could I do labor relations? I had no idea, but I did know I didn’t like to lose and one of the interviewers commented “since he’s been a journalist, he understands these reporter-types represented by the Newspaper Guild, so let’s give him a chance”.

Thirty-three years later I walked out the door of the newspaper after 18 of those years as Vice President for Labor Relations, the senior person in that role in the newspaper industry.

All of it thanks to Miss Chapman.

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CLASS REUNION ANNOUNCEMENTS

Marshall High School class of ’62 will celebrate there 50-year class reunion. It will be held on Saturday, September 15th at the Courtyard by Marriott Roseville (2905 Centere Point Drive, Roseville). Activities will begin with cocktails at 6:00 pm. For more details contact:

Lollie Walbon Solberg—solbergmi@msn.com
—or—
Diane Zawadski Hawley—hawleybobos@comcast.net.

REMEMBERING

Obituaries posted in May, 2012 issue of the MUHS Alumni News

• Jim Corbett, class of 1946
Doug Olson, class of 1950
Bob Burroughs, class of 1951
Jack Stark, class of 1951
John Gorman, class of 1952
Jeanne Houg Henry Colby, class of 1952
Frank Perry, class of 1952
Bruce Ward, class of 1953
Dick Benesh, class of 1954
Robert Peterson, class of 1954
Wayne Taylor, class of 1954*

* Year they would have graduated if they had stayed at Marshall
Hello, to a bunch of you—
family members and friends who may find this entertaining.

As Titanic-mania is reaching its one-hundredth-anniversary peak this week, attached here is a fun photo; zoom in on the Titanic movie posters.

My paternal grandfather’s first jobs after high school, in rural northwestern Iowa and neighboring southeastern South Dakota, were with one and then another traveling motion-picture-show companies; they would go from small town to small town showing movies - in a tent during the warm months, and in rented indoor spaces during the colder months. (And these movies were silent ones; films with built-in recorded sound didn’t come along until next decade.)

In the attached photo, the teenager who would eventually become my beloved Grandpa Watson is the guy behind the Titanic posters, in the white shirt and wearing a bow tie. The photo dates from 1912 or 1913 (by 1914 he’d moved to Minneapolis).

Note that the portable venue is no ordinary tent - it’s “The Electrodome”; in that era, electrical power was a hot new technological innovation. “Up To the Minute Moving Pictures - By Electricity”, says the sign near the tent’s entrance.

Best wishes, -Scott Watson
LAUGHLIN ALL CLASS REUNION
Reported by Ardelle Swenson Lilja

The Marshall/U-High All-class reunion was held on March 5 thru 8 at our favorite place, Don Laughlin’s Riverside Casino in Laughlin, Nevada. This was the eighth reunion in Laughlin. Our numbers were down, but that didn’t stop anyone from having a great time.

Highlights were:
Day one began with registration in the Mirror Room. This room became the daily gathering place where everyone enjoyed conversation with classmates, their spouses and friends over coffee and cookies. In the evening we held a ‘Welcome Party’; a cocktail hour followed by delicious and plentiful hors d’oeuvres in the Starview Room overlooking the Colorado River. The room was decorated with Marshall colors and our vintage Marshall High banner.

Following hors d’oeuvres Ardelle Swenson Lilja (me) class of ’51 welcomed classmates to another great class reunion. It was so nice to see so many familiar faces and old friends.

Bob Hayes ’55 invited us to participate in MAEF, Marshall Access and Education Fund, which provides scholarships to University of Minnesota students through the Disabilities Services Group. Bob also encouraged us to access and provide input to the Marshall/U-High Alumni Newsletter. It is published three times a year: January, May and September. Next, Vernon La Comb ’52 and Mary Jane Larson La Comb announced the crowning of our King and Queen for 2012; oldest attendees: Bernie Reidel ’41 and Jackie Braun Holy ’47. Committee member, Lyman Swenson ’54, drew two names as recipients of two door prizes of beautifully decorated Marshall sweatshirts.

Vernon and Mary Jane then introduced our entertainment for the evening – Jackie Braun Holy. Jackie has been in the entertainment world for many years, both by herself and with her three sisters who also attended Marshall. Following very lovely music we closed the evening with ‘Wave the Flag for Dear Old Marshall’ and ‘Hail, Marshall Hail’.

Day two, we held an afternoon boat cruise on the Colorado River. The weather was beautiful. Our Captain gave us a running account of how Laughlin was started by Don Laughlin and who owns all of the casinos along the river. The rest of the day was ours to gamble – or hike along the river.

Day three was our last night. We were again treated to a cocktail hour and a wonderful buffet dinner – of which there was plenty. After our meal Jackie Braun Holy entertained us with her rendition of ‘A Salute to Our Armed Forces’.

She sang all of the armed services songs and had all of the veterans stand to be acknowledged when their respective service song was played. It was a real treat.

Lyman Swenson concluded the evening by asking for volunteers to join the reunion committee for 2015. Three grads volunteered:

Paul Abelseth ’66, Roger Stendal ’66 and Bernie Rasmussen ’54.

I would like to thank all the Marshall High alumnus, spouses and friends for making this reunion such a wonderful event. My thanks especially to my committee for their tireless effort, making all of this so much fun: Vernon and Mary Jane Larson LaComb ’52, Bea Manning McFee ’52, Sharon Butler Padula ’54, Shirley Stemper Rasmussen ’54, Andy Janos ’52, Kevin Erickson ’53, Marian Manning Bartz ’66, Lyman Swenson ’54 and Co-chair Nancy Matheny Abrahamson ’52, Nancy, especially, was my right hand and computer gal who took care of all of our flyers and correspondence sent out to all classmates. Nancy, along with Mary Jane, Bea, Sharon and Shirley handled registration in the Mirror Room. Also, thanks to Marven Donley and his ‘Show Stoppers Group’ for their entertainment over the years, and to Jackie Holy and all the groups of classmates that have entertained us.

The committee would appreciate it if you would contact one of us with updates on your respective classes and feedback and suggestions on future reunions.

Contact: Ardelle Swenson Lilja 763-427-2736, Sharon Butler Padula 763-486-9141, Shirley Stemper Rasmussen 763-493-4562 or Lyman Swenson 612-716-6051. We hope to see you all in 2015.
Additional Laughlin MHS / MUHS Photos


1960s
Robert and Gayle Carleton, Dianne (Abelseth) Kern, and Gayle Carleton

Larry Comeau, 1954, Kathryn Reidel, Pearl Reidel, Bernie Rasmussen, 1954

Frank Reidel, 1945
Pearl Reidel, Kathryn, Reidel, Bernie Reidel, 1941
1960s
Stendals and Abelseths Family

1954s
Edna Swenson,
Lyman Swenson,
Sharon (Butler) Padula

1962
Marv Adler
Susan (Adler) Christ

1954
Larry Comeau,
Bernie Rasmussen
And Last but not Least:

Our Entertainer!

Jackie (Braun) Holy, 1947

Thank you all for attending the Laughlin Marshall Reunion. Spread the word among your Marshall friends and family! Tell them to go on the web and read the May issue (and former issues.) of the Marshall Alumni News.

Type in the web search line: www.ds.umn.edu/

When the web page appears move cursor to the lower right corner and click on the purple box:

The current Alumni News’ links go all the way back to January, 2007 will be displayed. They are underlined and read thus:

You are generous—you give so that others might live better with your help! Those with disabilities struggle hard to receive an education from the University of Minnesota. The Marshall Access Education Fund (MAEF) was established so that others may be recipients of your care and concern. Send your tax deductible checks made out to MAEF and mail to:

University of Minnesota Foundation
C-M- 3854
PO Box 70870
St. Paul, MN 55170-3854

Thank you!

Life is a continuous process of getting used to things we hadn’t expected.

–author unknown

Patience. Good things require time.

–Danish Proverb

When in doubt, just take the next small step.

–author unknown
For those who want a printed copy of each issue of the Alumni News, Bob Hayes offers the following:

**NEWSLETTER HARD COPY AVAILABLE**

A one year subscription, 3 issues, arriving in January, May and September are available for $7.00 for a one year subscription.

To subscribe include your name and address with a $7.00 check made out to Bob Hayes & addressed to:

Bob Hayes, MUHSAN
2520 Le Homme Dieu Hts, #1
Alexandria, MN 56308

Your newsletter mailing will begin on the next publication month following receipt of your subscription.

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Please Contribute to the MAEF Scholarship Fund. The interest portion of the investment fund goes to help disabled students attending the U of M. Remember that many of our classmates attended Marshall because the building was the first high school in Minneapolis that was handicap accessible! Give current disabled students a break!

$ 

Mail Contributions to:
University of Minn. Foundation
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MH/MUHS Alumni Newsletter
180 McNamara Alumni Center
200 Oak Street SE
Minneapolis, MN 55455

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PRODUCTION: Otto Lausten