



SIBLEY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



NEWSLETTER

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JUNE 2016

Volume 21, Issue 2

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Calendar of Events

Check our website for 2016 programs.

- Check us out on Facebook
- Check our website
- If you have suggestions or
comments on upcoming events
Contact Judy Loewe 507-248-3434



Board Happenings & other musings by Steve Briggs

The Twins opened their season in April, as did your Board of Directors. I just hope we fare better than the baseball players! Our first board meeting of the year was held Tuesday, April 26 at the SCHS office in Henderson. The dining room area of the museum was off limits, as it was being used as a staging area for museum opening-day props. So we met in the office kitchen area. It worked fine.

Two new members joined the board – Keith Anderson as VP and Eldrene Ebert as a Director. Ruth Ann Buck (already a Director) took her new role as Secretary. I also was a previous Director and moved into my new role as President. More changes than we are accustomed.

But that is not the end of board member changes. One piece of new business initiated discussions regarding three Directors whose terms have expired and one Director whose term expires in 2016. We will likely be perpetuating the Nominating Committee (which was created last fall) and ask the group to seek nominees to fill these four positions. Don't be shy. Step to the plate if you are interested in a board position or sitting on the Nominating Committee.

The board is also working on revising some wording in our bylaws regarding membership dues. We're not changing the dues, just the wording! Our bylaws have always included the actual dollar amount of annual dues. A Minnesota Historical Society bylaw template suggests we should adopt a more general wording and eliminate the stated dollar amounts. A change in due amounts would still require membership voting at an Annual Meeting, but we would only record the new amounts in the Secretary Minutes, not as an amendment to the bylaws. Less work – I like that.

We also started discussions regarding the creation of a number of SCHS committees. As mentioned above, one of them would be the Nominating Committee. But we also have other day-to-day activities that require teams of people to handle. This topic was continued as "Unfinished Business" at our May 24 board meeting and will extend further before all is in place. Read more about the development of committees in a separate Newsletter column. Some of you may definitely want to be part of this SCHS adventure.

A unique topic on the April 26 agenda was the early American artifacts of the Heinrich collection. The family would like to "loan" this huge collection to SCHS and have it part of the museum's collection. But this raises many questions. Eldrene and Keith are working with the County Attorney to consider the issues.

I am writing this and submitting to Newsletter staff before the museum's May 30th opening. I hope the ladies working on that staging area had everything ship-shape in time for Memorial Day visitors.

That's all folks!

President



SCHS Committees

By Steve Briggs

We are trying something new. At the April board meeting, I introduced to the directors the creation of a number of SCHS committees. In fact, that number would be six. At the May board meeting, the committees were formally “appointed” and a draft Policy of Committees was shared. Our society has many day-to-day activities that require teams of people to handle. The six appointed committees are:

Collections – Communication – Education – Facilities – Nominating – Research

Short lists of committee responsibilities have been drafted – the lists will evolve over time. Since SCHS already has a Policy on Collections, it will certainly be used to guide members of the Collections Committee. As our bylaws state, the president of the board shall be an ex officio member of all committees. Members of the board, insofar as possible, would be appointed as chairs of committees. The remaining members of a committee would consist of SCHS membership. Here’s your chance to get involved!

All of the committees mentioned above would meet the definition of what the bylaws call “standing committees.” These committees perform any work within its particular field of responsibility. They handle many tasks which need to be carried out regularly. Our bylaws also allow for “special committees.” These focus on some specific task and cease to exist when the task is completed. We are not appointing any special committees at this time, but the Country School Book Committee might be a good example of a special committee.

As you all are probably familiar, we already have members that provide volunteer services. Their lives won’t really change all that much under this committee approach. However, they will have the opportunity of working with a designated group of folks on designated activities. Some people may welcome this structure.

Each committee would have a core set of activities/responsibilities/duties/tasks/assignments (call them what you want). The members of each committee would coordinate their time and resources to manage these activities. When things need attention, you would always know the group of people to get the job done! This does not necessarily preclude members from specializing. Everyone has their own interests and passions. For instance, our quarterly newsletter and Facebook account falls under the Communications Committee. However, these activities still may have certain people “specialized” in these areas. You pick the committee that most interests you and you can still focus your efforts on high-interest activities!

One happening that many of you hear of, and may at times been involved with, is what is commonly referred to as our “Tuesday Work Day.” It is not uncommon for the number of Tuesday volunteers to out-number the available chairs. Though many of us may enjoy the game of Musical Chairs, this situation at the SCHS office does tend to get a bit chaotic. Committees will decide for themselves when (how frequent) and where to meet. Feel free to meet any day of the week! Feel free to meet in someone’s home! Feel free to meet at a local restaurant or look for a conference room in a local library. If you must find yourselves at the office/museum, feel free to pick a non-Tuesday so you don’t distract others and they don’t distract you. Is that enough freedom? The committee chairperson will occasionally attend a board meeting; especially when they have a significant recommendation or expenditure that requires board action.

It’s possible, especially in the 21st century with technology, that SCHS members that live out of the county or even out-state could get involved from a distance. We just need to be creative and flexible.

What are we asking of you? If you are already a regular volunteer, then you simply want to get your name on the list of your favorite committee. If you are not currently a volunteer, please consider offering some of your skills to a committee. Board members are aware of more details of committee activities, so feel free to talk with any of them.

Some of you may definitely want to be part of this SCHS adventure. Since Newsletters are only published quarterly, watch your email inbox for further developments.

Wanted: Email Addresses

We occasionally send out emails to the membership and it is common that some get returned as “Undeliverable.” They are either bad or obsolete addresses. Since emailing is cheap & easy, we expect to do more in the future. But if we don’t have a good contact address, you may be left out of the loop. Some members don’t have their own email address, so we may be provided one from their son or daughter – you can too!

We’d love to hear from you, so that you can hear from us. **Contact us at: schs1@frontiernet.net**



A FARM BOY'S EXCITING FLYING ADVENTURE



Wieman family

Part 1

The Curtiss Jenny, a WWI airplane, slowly circled above the Sibley County Fairgrounds at Arlington Minnesota. It was August 1933 and the county fair was in progress. I watched as it landed on the grass near the race track. I was 11 years old, and attending to my Guernsey calf at the fairgrounds cattle barn — my 4-H project for the year. Later as I examined the airplane with my dad and one of his friends, I said, "I sure would like to be a pilot some day." My dad's friend looked at me and asked, "would you go for a ride in that airplane if I bought you a ticket." Of course you know my answer.

The ticket cost \$5 and the ride lasted only 15 minutes. This was during the great depression and precious few people had \$5 to spend on anything as frivolous as an airplane ride. I accepted his wonderful offer — after all, I thought that this just might be the answer to an impossible dream of an 11-year old farm boy.

The ride went very well. It was thrilling, beyond anything I might have expected. I enjoyed every aspect of the adventure — the take-off, the landing, flying between the clouds, viewing our farm from above and seeing how small Arlington really was from several thousand feet altitude. Now, the big question — how to implement my impossible dream of becoming a pilot.

As a young boy on the farm, I often had the same dream at night — that I could fly like the birds. I flapped my arms and flew circles around the windmill and the big cottonwood tree in our yard. Sometimes I chased the birds, and sometimes they chased me. After this flight in the WW-I Curtiss Jenny, I finally had a real live feeling of what it was like to fly.



Wieman, 1942

Eight years later (Dec. 7, 1941), Japan attacked Pearl Harbor and the United States became involved in WW II. On my 20th birthday, May 5, 1942, I celebrated by enlisting in the U.S. Army Air Corp Pilot Training Program. Nine years after that first ride in a WW-I Curtiss Jenny airplane, the impossible dream of that farm boy becoming a pilot was suddenly becoming a distinct possibility. The large scale pilot training program was in its early stages. I was able to continue my education at Gustavus Adolphus College through the end of the first semester of my junior year before I was called to active duty.

During mid-February, 1943, I departed Minnesota. From the Milwaukee Depot in Minneapolis along with many other young men who had enlisted. Our destination was Jefferson Barracks, MO — U.S. Army Basic Training Center. My mother and dad were there to see me off. The old steam engine locomotive pulled a number of empty passenger cars into the station. After a few minutes we started loading. We didn't need tickets — the U.S. Army took care of that. I was anxious to get going — looking forward to my new adventure. My mother smiled bravely as she kissed me goodbye. My dad's eyes filled with tears as we said goodbye. His thoughts went back to the hours/weeks/months that he spent in the trenches in France 16 years before during WWI — hoping I could avoid that kind of experience.

The U.S. Army Basic Training Program lasted six weeks. When we had successfully completed it we headed for Marshall College, Huntington, W Va. There we were given the required instruction in math, physics, Morse Code and military history, plus our introduction to flying.

In April 1943, as an Aviation Cadet, I was introduced to the Piper Cub, a 65 HP high-wing, single engine tail dragger airplane



Gusties who enlisted in the U S Army Air Corps during the summer of 1942.

(tail dragger means the plane had a tail-wheel). It would cruise at about 90 MPH, and it was capable of normal everyday flying — nothing too fancy. It was my introduction to flying. We were taught only to fly the airplane — the instructor did all the take-offs and landings. The objective of the program was to determine how the cadet took to flying — did he get airsick? Was it obvious he enjoyed it? Was he tense? Did he display good coordination — hands, feet, eyes, etc.? After 10 hours of flight time the instructor had a pretty good idea of the cadet's potential for becoming a pilot.

Of the ten 1-hour Piper Cub flights, I had only one that stands out in my mind. On May 5, 1943, my 21st birthday, the instructor, with me aboard, took off and we flew around for about an hour. During that time there was a drastic change in the weather. The wind velocity increased to 50 MPH — a little higher than the Piper touch down speed on landing. The instructor tried to land, but on each attempt we ended up going backward on the runway before touch-down. The airport manager saw our problem and had a solution ready for us on our fourth landing attempt. He had two big guys (at least 250 pounds each) stand



on the runway — one on either side. As our Piper Cub approached the men on the runway, the instructor maintained enough power to keep the plane moving forward with the wheels about a foot off the ground. When we got even with the men, they each grabbed a wing-tip and held onto the plane until it settled down on the runway. They then led the Piper Cub off the runway to the parking area and tied the plane down. As George Bush put it — Mission Accomplished.

There were 10 cadets in our Piper Cub flight. Loy Young, a cadet from Mankato, MN, a city about 40 miles south of my home, became a good friend of mine. He asked



Ten cadets of Piper Cub Flight 1943.

me to be best man at his wedding. There was a problem — state of law in W VA said a groom had to be at least 21 years of age. Loy was only 20. It took a couple weeks for him to get written permission from his parents. This met the state's requirement and the wedding took place. After the wedding, Loy and I were separated, never to meet again for 60 years. My wife and I attended his and Jan's 60th wedding anniversary party. We had a lot of catching up to do. We have been in touch with each other several times a year ever since.

About mid-November 1943, after several months of examination (physical, physiological and intellectual) to determine if we had what it takes to be a pilot, we were introduced to the PT-19 Fairchild primary trainer. It was a two-seat, open cockpit, 175 HP, low-wing tail dragger. The instructor sat in the front cockpit the cadet in the rear. The instructor could speak to the cadet through an air-tube. The cadet could not speak to the instructor. The cadet's only response was to wiggle the stick, indicating that he understood the order. The plan had no radio or intercom system. As planes go, the PT-19 was the most forgiving of all planes — a very good feature for a primary trainer. It was an easy, fun airplane to fly. The wind blowing through the open cockpit at 105 MPH gave one the feeling of riding in a top-down convertible among the clouds — a heady feeling for a young farm lad. It was quite wonderful.

I realized at this point that I had never done anything in my life that I enjoyed as much. It was not just fun — it was the challenge that pitted your skills against nature. After all, man was not designed to fly like the birds. Only the genius of the Wright Brothers and others that followed made it possible. I looked forward to learning everything I could about aviation, aeronautics and meteorology. I wanted to be the best pilot ever

Perhaps the most exciting thing that happened during my primary flight training was my friend Don Wieland's falling out of the airplane when the instructor showed him how to do a slow-roll. Don had forgotten to fasten his safety belt — a definite no-no when flying. Don floated to earth in his parachute. To sharpen his memory, he had to walk back and forth on the flight-line for 65 hours (with periodic breaks) with his parachute bumping into his legs with each step he took.

After 10 hours of dual instruction in the PT-19, my instructor said I was ready to solo. The date was December 24, 1943. The place was Cimarron Field, just west of Oklahoma City. There was about two inches of fresh snow on the ground. My instructor flew me to a vacant cow pasture about 15 miles from Cimarron Field. The first solo was never done at the home field for fear the new pilot might lose control on landing and crash into the parked airplanes, the hangar or the barracks. My take off was perfect, but I had a big problem when I looked down to find my landing spot in the cow pasture. All I could see was miles of white snow — no landmarks, no buildings, no trees, nothing but white snow. I climbed 1,000 feet and flew in circles until I spotted another PT-19 landing at what I assumed was the cow pasture I was looking for. I quickly lost the 1,000 feet of altitude and followed it down to where my instructor was waiting for me. I was relieved when I saw him smiling at me. He said, "I knew exactly the problem you were having, and you handled it very well." He gave me a passing grade and a big "thumbs up". He put my name on a "FIRST SOLO FLIGHT CERTIFICATE" and signed and dated it and gave it to me. For the first time since I started my flight training, I felt like a real bona



Robert at age 21 after first 10 hours of Piper Cub flights.

fide pilot — a great feeling. I was on my way toward becoming the pilot I wanted to be. After 70 hours of flying time in the PT-19 at Cimarron Field, I had completed my Primary Flight School Training and was ready to move on.

Actually, my first solo flight was not the only exciting thing that happened that last week in December of 1943. My girlfriend, whom I met at Gustavus Adolphus College in September of 1941, visited me in Oklahoma City. We had a wonderful weekend, the only time I had off from flying. I asked her to marry me, she accepted and we were engaged. We made no immediate wedding plans; it would happen sometime after I got my pilot wings and commission as a 2nd Lieutenant, U S Army Air Corp.



About mid-January I was transferred to the Basic Flight Training School at Garden City, Kan. The plane we were going to fly here was the Vultee BT-13, it was a two-seat, enclosed cockpit, 450 HP, low wing, all metal tail dragger. It was a bigger, heavier, faster and less forgiving airplane than the PT-19. I was told that every airplane I'd likely encounter, from this point on would be less forgiving, and that my developing pilot skills would have to compensate for this. I was told in a very forceful manner the following, "You must fly the airplane — never let the airplane fly you." This statement would become more and more important as I progressed into bigger and more complex airplanes.

My instructor was a U S Army Air Corp pilot who was more interested in getting into flying combat missions than instructing new pilots. However, like all of us in the military, you did what you were told to do, like it or not. He was a good pilot and I'll be the first to admit, a good instructor. He introduced me to the BT-13. Flying it required much more attention because it



BT-13

was a more complex airplane. Instruments, intercom, variable-pitch prop and the radio were just some of the new things I had to deal with. Little by little they became commonplace and easy to handle. Flying the airplane was the most important. The BT-14 flew a lot like the PT-19 except it required constant attention on the part of the new pilot because there were so many more things to monitor. After 10 hours of the dual time with my instructor, I was ready for my first BT-13. I didn't have to deal with snow on the ground this time, the problem here was dust. A good wind would pick up Kansas dust and reduce visibility. It was a minor problem, however, all things considered. My first solo flight took place at the main air base, not at some cow pasture. A check-ride pilot (not my instructor) gave me the test, which went well except for one minor incident. The check-ride pilot asked me to do a power-on stall. I did exactly as requested. When the airplane lost flying speed and nosed down sharply, I heard a loud crashing sound — nothing wrong with the airplane, just the check ride pilot crashing into the canopy, he had forgotten to fasten his seat belt. If we had been flying in the open cockpit PT-19, he would have been thrown out into the wild blue yonder. He hurt his head and neck, but he didn't complain — he was too embarrassed. Failure to fasten his seat belt, especially while giving a check ride, was not a story he wanted passed around on flight line. He gave me a passing grade with high marks. I was beginning to feel like a real Army Air Corp Pilot. The BT-13 looked a lot like a real fighter plane. I guess that was a part of it. It was beginning to feel right.

The usual Basic Flight School Training Program had the new pilot (cadet) flying the Bt-13 for a total of 70 hours. A new experimental, accelerated bomber pilot training program was being evaluated at Cimarron Field. This program had the cadet flying the BT-13 only 35 hours and then switching to a twin-engine trainer — a plane normally used in Advanced Flight School training for bomber pilots. This program would shorten the bomber pilot training time by a good three months if it proved workable.

Since I had indicated sometime earlier that I would like to be a bomber pilot I was put into this new accelerated program. I had completed my 35 hours of flying time in the BT-13. I was assigned a new instructor and was introduced to the Cessna AT17 — my first twin engine airplane. In addition to having two 250 HP engines, it had retractable wheels, serious instrument, night flying and navigation capability. Cross-country flying would be part of our training with this airplane. The engines were fitted with wooden propellers. This was done on purpose because landing with wheels up would only wreck the propellers — not the engines. Since the wheels were half-exposed when retracted, landings could be made in the wheels-up position with no damage to the plane — only the wooden propellers suffered. Forgetting to put the wheels down prior to landing was an occasional problem for new pilots not used to flying planes with retractable wheels.

The AT-17 was a much more difficult airplane to fly, and not only because it had two engines. It was of a very stable flying machine, at least when compared to the planes we had been flying. Its fuselage construction was light-weight aluminum tubing with fabric covering, making it extremely light weight. This, plus the large wing surface and low wing-loading gave you an airplane that tending to float during landings — especially in cross-wind situations. The plane was commonly known as "The Bamboo Bomber". It was not the favorite plane of many pilots. It didn't have very much going for it.

I was introduced to my new instructor, a very recent 2nd Lt. U S Army Corp pilot graduate — not much older than me. He took me for my first ride in the new twin-engine AT-17. He explained how flying a twin-engine plane differed from flying a single engine plane, and then demonstrated the major difference — he cut the power on one engine. Because of the drag created by the dead engine, and the thrust created by the engine still running, the plane immediately started to roll toward the dead engine, and would have rolled over completely if he had not taken immediate corrective action. He did this several times — first with the left engine then with the right engine, to impress upon me the vital importance of being able to handle this situation any time it might happen. From that point on, every time I rode with the instructor he cut the power in one of the engines, at least once, and didn't stop doing it until he was satisfied that I was in full control of the plane in every situation.





The first twin-engine flight was enlightening, to say the least. It was time to go back to the base. I was to observe the landing technique demonstrated by the instructor. On our first attempt, the plane floated off the left edge of the runway before it touched down, because of a cross-wind from the right. On our second and third attempt at landing, the same thing happened. Finally, on the fourth go at it, the instructor was able to get the wheels on the runway, and the plane back into the parking area. I was concerned that I might have a big problem learning how to land that airplane. No need to worry — I seemed to have had a better feel for the airplane than the instructor did, especially on landing. I never had any problems landing the AT-17, cross-wind or not. My instructor was impressed.

After a number of flights, which included instrument flying, formation flying and some cross-country flying, it was time for our introduction to night flying. The instructor took two cadets, Anno VanderKolk, a cadet from Michigan, and me. Anno got the first lesson, while I sat in the back seat as an observer. It was totally dark outside. The cockpit light made it possible for Anno to read the checklist prior to start-up. Number one on the check-list was, "Set the parking brakes," which Anno apparently failed to do. Further down the list was, "Start engines and let idle," while you complete the rest of the checklist. The thrust from the rotating propellers slowly moved the very light airplane forward without our detection, until a very loud grinding sound alerted us. It proved to be our left engine propeller chewing the tail off of the AT-17 parked in front of us. Anno's immediate response was, "Sir, he backed into us." It was pointed out to Anno that the AT-17 does not have back-up capability. There was the usual investigation to find out who did what, and why. I was not involved, since I was only an observer at the time of the accident. Anno received nothing more than a stern lecture on paying closer attention to checklist procedures on starting engines prior to any flight, night or day.

Our night flying continued in far less exciting fashion. Most of us enjoyed flying at night even though it was less interesting than flying during daylight hours — there was so little to see. Little lights on the planes' wing tips and tail was the only thing that told us that another plane was in the area, and not to get too close. City lights and runway lights could be seen for miles, and you soon learned to navigate by the light patterns that became recognizable. Landing the plane at night was a challenge at first but after very few landings they became no more difficult than day landings. Probably the most exciting thing that happened during night flights was falling asleep while flying and not knowing where you were when you woke up. It happened to all of us at one time or another. Our daytime activities went on as usual, so we were always tired at midnight and later when the night flying took place. As far as I know, everyone found his way back to 9 home base after every night flight, although sometimes an hour or two late.

On one of my daytime cross country flights, cadet F.K. Williams from Colorado was flying co-pilot with me. It was a beautiful, sunny day and I started making some mild aerobatic moves when F.K. grabbed me by the arm and said, "Stop, you're making me airsick." I said, "We're pilots — we don't get airsick." He said, "I do, I fight it every time I go up." It was his secret — now, my secret also. F.K. became a very close friend — so close that I asked him to be my best man when I got married four months later in Del Rio, Texas.

Our flying the AT-17 became routine — we learned to accept, if not like the airplane. It became an easy plane to fly, once you mastered its somewhat unusual flight characteristics. Before we realized it, we had completed our required 35 hours of flight time, which included our first formation flying and navigation experience. When we passed our final flight test we were ready for Advanced Flight School Training. In our case, as part of the accelerated bomber pilot training program, we would be flying the Billy Mitchell B-25 Medium Bomber at Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas. This would be the final step to-

ward our becoming a U.S. Army Air Corp Pilot.

ADVANCED FLIGHT TRAINING SCHOOL

My trip to San Antonio (by train) was uneventful. The weather in Texas was wonderful. It was so much more to our liking than the dust and snow storms of Kansas and Oklahoma. We forgot about the weather when we were introduced to the Billy Mitchell B-25 Medium Bomber. It was a very large plane compared to what we had been flying. As we stood and looked up at it, our only hope was that we would be up to the task of learning to fly it.

The B-25 was 53 ft. long and had a wingspan of 67 1/2 ft. It was almost 16 ft. in height and weighed over 25,000 lbs. It had two Wright Cyclone engines — 1,700 hp. each. It had a normal cruising speed of over 200 mph. Its most distinguishing feature was the large twin rudders. The B-25 had a tricycle landing gear — our first plane that was not a tail dragger. This was the plane used by General Doolittle in the Tokyo Raid on April 18, 1942. My introductory flight in the B-25 took place on April 22, 1944. My instructor pilot was a U.S. Army Air Corp 2nd Lt. He was a good instructor; however, according to him, he had been doing it too long. He wanted to go overseas and fly combat missions. He was the most nervous instructor I'd had so far. Teaching flying for too long a period could produce the nervous symptoms he demonstrated. He smoked cigarettes non-stop. He became very irritated on several occasions when he ran out of smokes during a flight and found out that he couldn't bum a cigarette from anyone because none of his students smoked. When this happened he dug around in the ash tray and lit the longest butts he could find, all the while he complained about having to fly with students who didn't smoke.

On my second flight in the B-25 the instructor asked me to do the take-off. He was in the right seat ready to grab the controls in case I did something wrong. The take-off went very well, and the hour that I was at the controls flew by. The B-25 was easy to fly. It was very stable in the air, and didn't require a lot of attention on the part of the pilot. Single engine technique was demonstrated by the instructor. Later, when I was at the controls, he cut an engine and had me go through the procedure. It was very much like the single engine procedure we learned while flying the much smaller twin-engine AT-17. We had to be ready to handle the loss of an engine at any time. The instructor cut an engine once or twice on each flight. He kept doing it until he was sure we had mastered the procedure and could handle a real-life engine failure. On one of my early lessons he cut an engine on take-off before we were up to flying speed — a very dangerous situation. I was unprepared for this. In my trying to get things under control, I made the worst mistake possible — I cut the other engine. The instructor was ready for my dumb mistake. With both hands he pushed every lever on the throttle control panel full forward. Both engines roared to life and our take-off continued with the instructor at the controls. I didn't make many points during that lesson. After seeing the instructor's reaction speed to correct my mistake, I began to understand why he was so nervous. He asked me if I thought I could do the landing. I said yes, and brought the B-25 in without any difficulty. It was a very easy plane to land. Whoever was responsible for the design of the B-25 knew what he was doing. It was a wonderful airplane in all respects. The only negative I could assign to it was the engine noise. It was so loud that after a two hour flight you couldn't hear well for an hour.



This story of Robert Wieman's flying experiences will continue in a future issue.

What's Happening??

The annual meeting was held in the Courthouse Annex, catered by Hahn's. Steve Briggs, our new president, conducted the meeting and was the MC.



The new and the old; Steve and Rommie



That information is in Steve's article on page 1. Among the displays were "Things that

that displays a bride and groom who are wearing my parents wedding clothing from 1925, their wedding photo and the newspaper article that appeared in 1925. Arlene, Marie, Roseann and Eldrene were in charge of the exhibits. There is a map noting where all the churches were located, many no longer exist. Eldrene researched the Register of Deeds office to find when they were started. There is a map and legend showing the locations.



Roseann and Eldrene are both former courthouse and invaluable expertise.



Keith Anderson (our new Vice President), Dr. Ron Schirmer, Cory Nowak and Ty Warmak. Keith worked with these gentlemen as they identified, sorted and catalogued artifacts of SCHS. Dr. Schirmer presented the program



Retiring Vice President looking very Presidential

Turn and Crank", brought by Fred Lotbitz. Look! An egg beater! I remember them. A churn. A brace - which we could call a cordless drill. These and more will be displayed at our County Fair building in August.

Back at the museum things were getting tidied and cleaned up. Another team was getting the displays ready. The themes this year will be churches and military. There are confirmation items, photos, a funeral display from St. Thomas of Jessenland, First Communions and a wedding



"See how happy we are? We like to clean." I think they found the wine!



Ed Kruse donated his parachute, which is on display upstairs, and he is modeling here. Ed is a 30 year Navy veteran, and former member of the Navy's Chuting Stars parachute team.



This is the Maid's Room. There she is now! Look at that floor shine! Hasn't been this clean in years.

Memorial Day is our annual opening day. This year we had a many more visitors who came to hear our 100 year old organ being played by the guy who fixed it; Myron Lindemann. For our

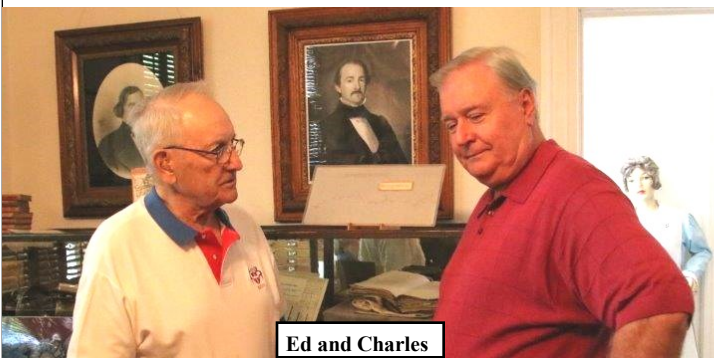


Christmas program, he played the other organ. We REALLY like him! Who



else can fix a century old organ? I think there might be a Viagra joke in there somewhere.

Charles and Donna Meyer were visiting Minnesota, and were at SCHS on Memorial Day. I was surprised to see Ed and Dorothy Kruse walk in. I wanted them to meet each other. Both had parachute experience, although in different area. Charles was a Viet



Ed and Charles

Nam Army vet. Ed was on an aircraft carrier. I feel privileged to know these two guys. I mentioned to Charles that Ed's wife, a Buffalo Lake native, had taught elementary school in Winthrop in the 1940s, before they were married. I didn't member her maiden name. "Was it Schmaltz?" he asked. That's it! Mrs. Ed (Dorothy) Kruse was Charles Meyer's second grade teacher in the 1940s!! Does it get better than that!? It turns out that Greg Johnson of Winthrop was



Dorothy Schmalz Kruse with two of her second graders, Charles Meyer and Greg Johnson nearly seventy year later. Ya gotta love it!

at the museum that day too, and he also had Dorothy as his teacher. Dorothy would have to reach way up today to pull ears if the boys misbehaved! Or don't they do that anymore? And it all happened at the SCHS Museum.

Did you know we are on the web? Did you know we are on Facebook. Check us our. Steve and Roseann do an incredible job adding photos and information about our Society. We will soon be on your Smartphone. There's an app for that. Maybge it has

THANKS

Our thanks go out to; Minnesota Community Foundation (Robert and Arlene Busse), Keith Anderson and the Hender-son Township United Fund for their recent donations.

Memorials: In Memory of Charles McGonigle, by Charles Meyer

In Memory of Mae Ploog, by Sharon Haggenmiller

In Memory of Dorothy Tesch, by Sharon Haggenmiller

In Memory of Viola Ruschmeyer, by Sharon Haggenmiller

In Memory of Ralph Kent, by Marie Kramer.

SCHS is grateful for your generosity.



Millie Johnson was at our Porch Party and she was lookin' good! The new VP has additional duties, he was appointed, or was it anointed, wine steward for future Porch Parties.



This is the group that gathered for our first Porch Party of 2016. Fred Lotbitz is in front. Wait—is that, yes it is, it's Myron Lindemann and his wife. He is one of our family now.



Krista	Tschida*	Tonka Bay	MN	Pat	Judd	Waseca	MN
Charlene	Leone*	Fircrest	WA	Albert and Arline	Karels	Henderson	MN
Evie	McGonigle*	Gaylord	MN	Pat & Larry	Klunder	Henderson	MN
Maurice	McMahon*	Natick	MA	Mary & Edward	Krska	Naperville	IL
Susan	Ainsworth	St. Louis Park	MN	Marie & David	Main	Gaylord	MN
Keith & Paula	Anderson	Gaylord	MN	Arlene	Marek	Arlington	MN
Howard & Frances	Armstrong	Gaylord	MN	Cathleen	Meyer	Moorhead	MN
Leo	Berger	Henderson	MN	William J	Mickelson	Columbia	SC
Amy & George	Coury	Torrance	CA	Susan	Peters	Palm Bay	FL
Lawrence & Phyllis	Crawford	Gaylord	MN	Arlene & Pete	Pinske	Gaylord	MN
Arden & Marilyn	DeBoer	Lafayette	MN	John & Susan	Plahn	Mound	MN
Colleen	Deis	Gaylord	MN	Roland & Denise	Pogatchnik	West St Paul	MN
Philip & Connie	Delzer	Minneapolis	MN	Carol & Lowell	Pogatchnik	Finlayson	MN
Joan & Dale	Ewald	Hutchinson	MN	Chad	Skare	Henderson	MN
Sharlene	Friederichs	Brooklyn Park	MN	Leon	Stadtherr	Winthrop	MN
Marlys	Gaucher	Arlington	MN	Pat	Steckman	Henderson	MN
Ken & Donna	Gleisner	New Ulm	MN	Lorraine	Steeber	Palatine	IL
Lowell	Hanson	North Oaks	MN	Don & Betty	Strobel	Henderson	MN
Karrie	Hanson	Westfield	NJ	Edgar	Taggatz	Gibbon	MN
Dwight & Vincie	Jacobson	Farmington	NM	Charlie	Woehler	Arlington	MN
Wayne	Jarvis	Cedar Falls	IA				

Membership Form ☐ RENEW ☐ NEW

NAME _____ SCHS TREASURER

ADDRESS _____ PO Box 206

_____ Arlington MN 55307

PHONE _____

E-MAIL _____

Individual--\$20, Family-- \$25, Business-- \$50 Send to:

☐ I would like to receive my newsletter by email (in living color!)

☐ I would like to receive my newsletter by US Mail

Regular meetings are held at 7:00 p.m. on the fourth Tuesday of the month, March thru November at the museum in Henderson. The public is invited. The museum is open to the public for tours on Sundays from 2:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. June thru October and by appointment.

Send articles, announcements, photos and comments to the SCHS Newsletter, P.O. Box 407, Henderson, MN 56044 or Email: schs1@frontiernet.net

Check your due date on the mailing label.

Membership dues are as stated on the form. Please use it to renew your subscription or pass it along to anyone who is interested.



SIBLEY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

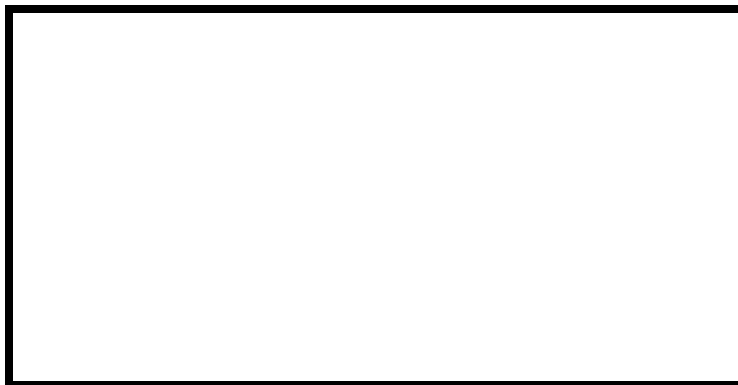
700 Main Street

P.O. Box 407

Henderson, MN 56044

Phone: 507-248-3434

Email: schs1@frontiernet.net



Summer Celebrations in Sibley County!

Henderson Sauerkraut Days June 24-26th Free Sauerkraut all 3 days, tractor ride, **Owl Parade Saturday night, (time?)** Sunday, Parade NOON. Museum open Sunday afternoon from 2-5.

New Auburn July 3 Friday, Pork Chops 10:00-12:30 at the Lake Swap Meet both days!
Saturday, Chicken dinner, 11—1 New Auburn Historical Society will be selling popcorn at softball games.

Winthrop Farm-City Fun Fest July 8- 10 Sunday Parade, car show and chicken dinner.
Winthrop Museum will be open.

Gibbon FunFest July 15-17 Friday Night, Freaky Friday 5 K at City Park Fireworks at dusk!
Saturday Parade 1:00 p.m. Fire Department 125th Anniversary Events in City Park all day **Saturday,**
8:30- 12:00 Street Dance Main Street Sunday Pork Chop dinner, 11 – 3 Activities in Park

Arlington, Sibley County Fair – August 3-7 Come and visit us at the SCHS Museum Building (former Cub Scout Building), next to Heritage Building. Displays and Mystery items.

Gaylord Eggstravaganza Days - August 12-13 Parade Saturday **afternoon??(TIME)**

Henderson, Hummingbird Hurrah! August 20th 9 a.m. – 4:30 pm BENDER PARK

New Auburn September 10, Bingo, Burger, Bar Night

Sponsored by New Auburn Historical Society