

THE WASHBURN GRIST

SPECIAL 50TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Washburn's Half Century in Review

By Barbara Ellison McDonald ('45)

Calvin Coolidge was President of the United States. America was singing, among others, "Horses," "Bye Bye, Black Bird," "One Alone" and dancing the Tango. Henry Ford introduced the 8-hour day, 5-day week to his employees and movie-goers laughed at Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton and Laurel and Hardy. Audiences were thrilled with the first production of "Ben Hur" starring Carmel Myers and Ramon Navarro. Greta Garbo who was at her best in "The Torrent" and Mae Murray were only two of many to delight the male theater goers.

The ladies of 1926 were stunned with the sudden death of their matinee idol, Valentino, but John Gilbert and William Powell helped them forget their loss. In August of 1926 the Vita Phone was introduced, a forerunner of the talking picture. It involved simply playing a record as a movie was shown. The first such picture was "Don Juan" starring John Barrymore. Sinclair Lewis won the Pulitzer Prize for his book "Arrowsmith" and Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises" was published.

There were a number of "firsts" in 1926 including the first woman to swim the English Channel, Gertrude Ederle; the first Air Mail service established; the first successful trans-atlantic radio telephone message and Admiral Byrd's first successful flight over the North Pole. The Distinguished Flying Cross was established and its first recipient was Colonel Charles Lindberg.

Perhaps not as well known in other areas of the United States was another first, Washburn High School in Minneapolis, Minnesota. The school was dedicated on May 21, 1926 at a day long and evening program.

The day opened with solemn events. First thing in the morning was signing the charter roll. The stern influence of Principal A.E. McQuarrie was felt even then as a program note warns, "Those being tardy will be excluded."

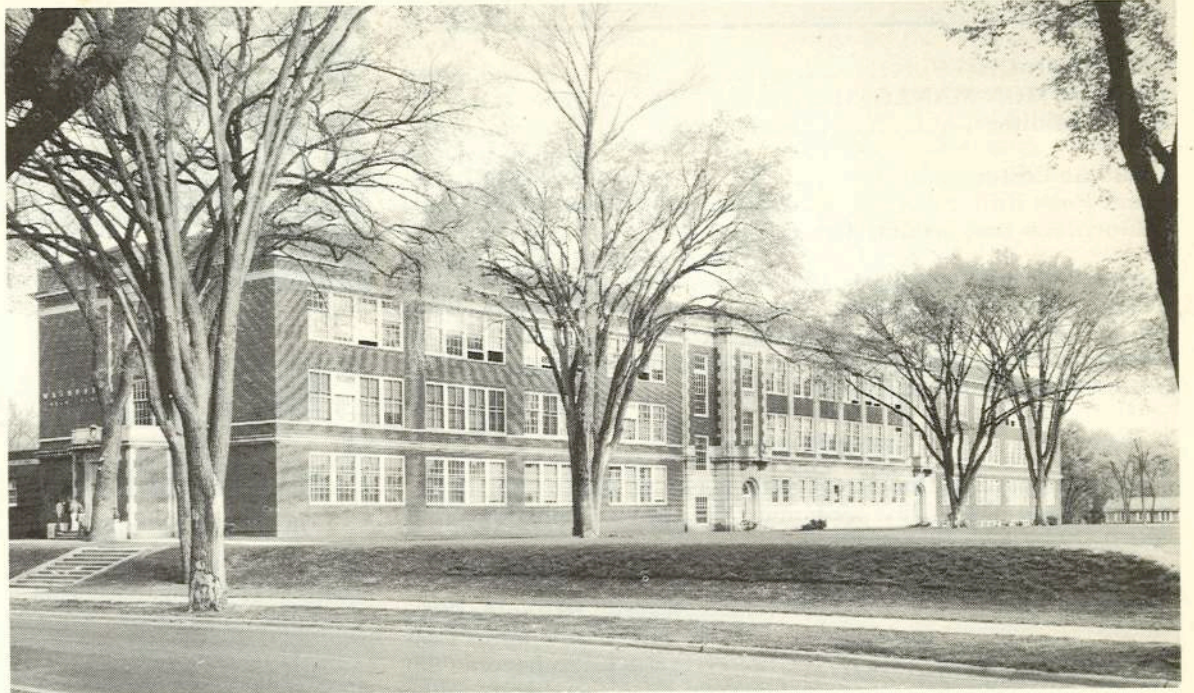
Next on the agenda was presentation of a student-written pageant nobly entitled "Washburn is Promise."

But the rest of the day was as much a spring festival as a dedication ceremony. A Maypole dance, boys' and dads' diamond ball game, track meet and parade were part of the festivities. An interesting exercise in logistics must have been marshalling students to form a "Living 'W'" for a panoramic photo. The close of this whirlwind day was fittingly marked by the release of balloons.

The evening program was more straightforward with an address by Superintendent W.F. Webster and presentation of the building by the Board of Education to representatives of neighborhood elementary schools — Fuller, Burroughs, Barton, Rosedale and Field.

Now, 50 years later, the changes are many. The price of butter and eggs is higher, but so are wages; we are dancing the "Hustle" not the Tango; Robert Redford thrills the ladies and the men are intrigued by Rachel Welch. In the past years, skirts have gone up and down several times, we have run the gamut of jokes from "Knock, Knock" to "Polack," and the music scene is as varied as it possibly could be. After the "Rag Time" of the 20's, there have been the big bands, the Beatles, hard rock, folk, and the more recently acclaimed country western. The world suffered through the Depression, World War II, the Korean conflict and Viet Nam, but rejoiced over advancements in civil rights, concern for environmental quality, and successful space flights including man's walk on the moon.

School curriculum has changed to accommodate students' changing needs and interests. Many names on home room lists are different, but it is possible that a third generation of Washburn students is represented on today's rosters. Changes are a part of life and they are certainly a part of celebrations. The program planned for today is not too much like that of 1926, but the same feeling of hopefulness coupled with a deepened sense of school spirit are present now. Most of the people involved in the original celebration are no longer with us, but how thrilling to have participants from opening day, 1926, join today's celebration!



Spirit runs high as many plan reunion celebration

By Barbara Ellison McDonald ('45)

Unexpected phone calls to Washburn grads of every era started the hours of work that have gone into planning and preparing for the 50th Anniversary celebration of Washburn High School. A temporary Anniversary Reunion committee was established by some of these enthusiastic Washburn alumni. They in turn set to the task of finding someone to represent each graduating class since 1928.

The first meeting for the representatives was held on January 20, 1976 in the Lynn-hurst Park community center. Exclamations of "Gee, you look familiar" or "Do you remember?" were the standard greeting that night. General discussion revolved around possible formats for the anniversary after which those present selected the area in which they would prefer to work, such as Program, Arrangements, Contacts, Publicity, Publications and Memorabilia.

It was at this meeting that Clifton E. French, president of his 1936 graduating class, was designated General Chairman. French was an ideal choice as he has an uncanny ability to pull names and dates out of the air just when needed. At this meeting it was determined that the anniversary celebration would be an open house at Washburn on Sunday, May 23, 1976 (close to the actual date of the school's dedication, May 21, 1926). The various groups then began making their plans and working out details as necessary. Each week more enthusiastic and talented workers emerged to get the job done. More meetings for committees and for the overall group were called. School spirit had never been so high, now that it was shared by alumni from all classes. Probably the single largest assignment was that of the Contact committee, who had a group of some 23,000 Washburn grads to search for!

Under the direction of Mr. Lloyd Alwin, the faculty and staff committee worked on locating all those who ever worked at Washburn as teachers, office staff, custodians, kitchen crew, counselors, librarians and more. Today is your chance to greet and visit with these people who were once a part of your life!

This year's graduating seniors are hosts and hostesses to the visitors at Washburn and are ready to help alums find the room

they are looking for. The Student Council hopes to add to its treasury with refreshment stands on the side lawn. Music will be provided by some of the combos made up of present Washburn students for almost continual entertainment during the afternoon. The marching band and cheerleaders will be ready to revive any lagging school spirit.

Approximately 23,000 have graduated from Washburn High School over the past 50 years. Those who have put in so much time planning the Anniversary Celebration will be pleased to see each alum who visits Washburn High School for this once-in-a-lifetime event!

Why Orange and Blue ?

"Cheer for the Mulberry and Silver" might have been the cry today. That was one color combination from a choice of 12 presented to Washburn students in the fall of 1925 during a campaign to select school colors.

And a campaign it was. Skits, posters, speeches and other exhortations were employed that week by groups favoring one or another combination. It should be noted that purple and white, the colors of Washburn's present arch rival Southwest, came in a close second to the winning orange and blue!

Is it a coincidence that orange and blue are the colors on the familiar sacks of Gold Medal Flour? This was the brand produced by mills owned in an earlier day by Cadwallader C. Washburn, our school's namesake.

Welcome Washburn graduates! May this day, May 23rd, 1976, be a memorable one for each of you as you renew old friendships and relive happy memories of your high school days at Washburn. This gala event was planned for each of you personally. Be sure to enjoy it and appreciate the many hours of planning and work done by the All Class Reunion Committee under the chairmanship of Clif French, class of '36. Without their untiring efforts, this never could have happened. Have a great day!

Dr. Roland R. DeLapp
Principal
Washburn High School



Perhaps the only room at Washburn that has been used for the same purpose from the day the school opened to now is Room 220, the Grist Room. Then, as now, it is a place for "clever, inventive and imaginative students" to gather. The first edition, with Otis Dypwick as Editor-in-Chief, came out January 29, 1926. There was no advertising then and the paper sold for 5 cents per copy. The first faculty advisor was Lillian Gray, succeeded by Ora McLaughlin, Edith Maxson, Katherine Dowling, George Lykken and today's Grist advisor Garrard Beck. Pictured are members of this early Grist staff and the product of their first labors. Row one: Leone Cooper, Marion Rogers, Robert Plummer, Dorothy Utton, Mrs. Gray. Row two: Frank Thompson, Jane Beecher, Mary Wade, James Donovan, Betty Mann, Lena Stucke. Row three: Richard Forrest, Richard Mitchell, Otis Dypwick, Morcom Ivey.

THE WASHBURN GRIST

Special 50th Anniversary Edition
May 23, 1976

You must not think, sir, to catch old birds with chaff.

Cervantes.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Lisa Lake Agan ('64)
PRODUCTION MANAGER Jeremy Gale ('51)
Rewrite Editor Joan Taylor Lake, Rhinelander
High School ('40)
Headline Editor Jim Joyslin ('40)
Front Page Editor Barbara Ellison McDonald ('45)
Editor, 1926-1930 section .Ora C. McLaughlin, English teacher
and Grist advisor, 1926-46
Editor, 1930-1936 section Lorraine Dahlgren Lilja ('36)
Editor, 1938 - 1946 section Jim Joyslin ('40)
Editor, 1950's section Gloria "Corky" Stone Walsh ('54)
Editor, 1960's section Sheila Oman Bjorklund ('68)
Editor, 1969-1976 section Laurie Eckes ('76)

SPORTS WRITERS

Bernard Rice ('31), Don Sovell ('46), Richard Erdall ('50), Larry
Hendrickson ('60), David Shama ('64), Jack Wells, Football
coach (1928-1936, 1942-1944)

Photographers Warren Reynolds ('35),
Larry Davenport ('68)
Cartoonist Jack Lindstrom ('53)
Faculty Advisor Garrard Beck, English teacher
1958 - present
Principal Roland R. DeLapp

Alumni Feature Writers

Otis Dypwick ('28), Richard Carlson ('29), Charles Isaacs ('32),
Joan Kaufmann Levy ('36), Richard Gray ('36), Robert Hayes
('39), Katherine Salisbury Ring ('39), David Stark ('40), Robert
Canton ('45), Kati Eriksson Sasseville ('52), Charles Holmes ('54),
Suzanne Beugen Langer ('58), Paula Hirschhoff ('62), Nancy Paulu
('67), Sue Rosenbloom ('76), Julie Voight ('76).

Alumni Reporters

Dorothy Grinnel Brisben ('34), Virginia Paulick Pierson ('36),
Judy Nyvall Clague ('53), Liz Eriksson Sweeder ('54), Diane
Johnson Hempel ('55), Taya Hirschhoff Mergott ('65), Peter
Ruliffson ('67), Steven Kopperud ('69), Marlys Noland ('69).

Faculty-Staff Feature Writers

Margaret Brown, librarian (1926-1949); Mabel Christensen,
English teacher and counselor (1926-1964); Ruth Nethercott
Lewis, English, Shakespeare and dramatics teacher (1931-1939);
Robert Krause, English and dramatics teacher, (1946 to present);
Katherine Dowling, English teacher (1936-1973).

Memories weave Washburn's story

"Thanks for the memory..." How can I more aptly express my feelings about the delightful time spent overseeing the creation of this 50th Anniversary edition of the *Grist*? The once-in-a-lifetime experience has left me both awed and enchanted.

Awe springs from my increasing awareness of the depth and breadth of Washburn history. The whole story simply never can be told. Each graduate has his or her personal images; each teacher and principal and counselor has seen new faces change in year after year; each year has its own special mark. And if only those walls could talk!

Enchantment? That comes from my personal discovery that no matter what the "era" of a grad, the same spirit moves that age. Dreams of a better future, a certain fearlessness, and a large measure of mischievousness (coupled with the untrammelled energy to carry it off) characterize these special years. The vision and spirited imagination of these times are an inspiration today, when as adults we are sometimes altogether too sober.

This special edition of the *Grist*, was produced with the recognition that duplicating a real newspaper, particularly award-winning *Grists* of past years, would be unrealistic.

What is more important here than completeness and accuracy is the spirit behind these reminiscences. We present instead impressions... of the exciting early years when everyone and everything was a "first" ... the whole-hearted pitching in during the war years (you know *which* war years) ... the crazy, top-of-the world times many lucky 50's grads had ... the awakening of social concern among students in the '60's... the cynical yet free-spirited view that marks the '70's.

How I regret that space and time limitations kept us from including much, much more. The list of potential topics could have included close-up looks at more of the favorite teachers and coaches ... the story of posture queens (and why is that contest no more?) ... Black Awareness Weeks held in recent years ... extracurricular activities through which our talented students expressed themselves so well ... answers to the question, "Where are they now?" of grads through the years ... recollections from the unsung kitchen staff and custodial crew ... and, if only we could have unearthed more people willing to reveal at last the stories that now can be told!

Now, spend time to savor the priceless contributions that do appear here. Look over the eras that aren't your own, and learn about the spirit of Washburn pride and sense of community that weaves together all the generations. Margi Lake, a recent student, could have spoken for any era in her 1972 *Grist* column when she wrote,

"...Now, since I am an old and wise senior woman, I feel entitled to give the people in the younger set of Washburn High School some advice. My advice to you is to close your eyes, hold your breath, and laugh a lot. It'll all be over way too soon."

L.L.A.



French says "Thanks to all" who planned anniversary event

To all who have worked to make this All Class Reunion on Washburn's 50th Anniversary a success--a great big THANK YOU!

Whether you did research, writing or editing for this *Grist*; worked on arrangements, contacts, publicity, program, finance, faculty and staff committees, your number totals over two hundred. You have put together a memorable, fulfilled event. It will be enjoyed and appreciated by all alumni who come.

I'm sure all alumni who come will enjoy and appreciate your efforts. On behalf of all alumni, and with my own personal gratitude, a very warm thanks.

Clifton French
General Chairman
Washburn All-Class Reunion

MacQuarrie, Fleenor set pace for school's development

By Katherine Dowling

Mr. MacQuarrie must have seemed old and cold to students at Washburn. He was very tall and gray and effortlessly dominated the halls and rooms he entered. He strode through the halls often and went into most rooms frequently. He was not in his office very much except when the time for choosing members of National Honor Society came around.

Away from school, Mr. MacQuarrie always drove a beautiful car. Wasn't that what the fifty-cent fee each semester was for? Everyone knew where he and Mrs. MacQuarrie lived over on Nicollet Avenue in the big house with the grounds, and on Class Day, seniors were invited to stroll around and play tennis on the MacQuarrie court.

Myths? Facts? Memories? Who knows? Memories become blurred with time and myths melt away or turn into facts. Mr. MacQuarrie was a big man and to some people domineering. Maggie Brown says she "was scared of him all the time." Is that possible? He was always amused by people like her, his face straight but his eyes twinkling behind those glasses.

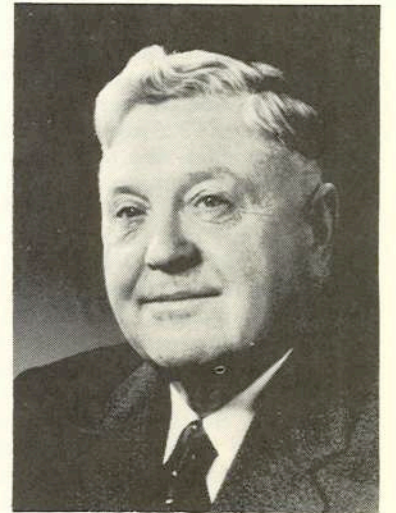
Do you remember - here we go! - when he went backstage at a *Grist* program and had Bob Hayes come off the stage? To the music of a record, Bob was dancing on the stage, dressed as a GIRL! And one day he had a little talk in his office with a handsome young man he had seen using a few copies of the paper to pat Patty Sanford's derriere.

Washburn started with separate homerooms for boys and girls, and of course the cafeteria was segregated according to sex, the boys on one side, the girls on the other. Strangely, when this ban was lifted, the students continued to segregate themselves.

He was not about to have the lockers locked. The building had to be clean all the time and it was: no papers or dust on the floor, all shades at the same angle, blackboards washed at end of day. All money had to be strictly accounted for, whether in the athletic department or the Washian. Students like Bill Ramsey and John Knutson spent hours trying to make up their expense accounts for the *Grist* - no deficit allowed.

He wanted Miss Smart to have large Latin classes and the same for Miss Gear's French classes and Miss Denison's German. Math also was high on the list. He was in the building most of the time, and he often visited classes, not to keep the teachers on their toes but because he was genuinely interested in teaching and wanted to be in on the fun.

Physical fitness sometimes seemed to be the most important quality of all. Mr. MacQuarrie went to all the contests. If he had a favorite, perhaps it was track. He wanted everyone to take part; if not, one should watch. He urged all the teachers to skate on the



rink during the noon hours. He also wanted the teachers to take holidays, especially winter holidays. Skating was the best exercise in the world and a winter holiday the best insurance. He did not approve of smoking. Drinking? Heavens, who drank?

In those exciting early years what a wonderful time he, the students, and the parents had when they chose the name of the school, names for the paper and yearbook, the colors, the cheers and the school song! He glowed with pride when a Washburn student, alumnus, coach, or teacher succeeded. He grieved when graduates lost their lives in the war and attended many a memorial service in the neighborhood.

Mr. MacQuarrie enjoyed having students for help, for a solution to a problem. He was too intelligent and too sensitive not to keep his authority in check. At one time the *Grist* issued a mild protest against this authority, calling Mr. MacQuarrie the Fuehrer and making uncomplimentary remarks about regimentation. A stream of teachers stormed into his office all day to protest this affront. He told them young people must be given the chance to express themselves and that this letting down of their hair was good for them, for him, for the school, and for society.

There was a time when the *Grist* staff were modeling their program on Olsen and Johnson. They wanted, for instance, to slide on a rope from the balcony to the stage. Very much amused, Mr. MacQuarrie counseled the terrified adviser, "Tell them to give it a little more thought." The students did not go through with that, but it was about the only time they held back.

Washburn students were many things, but they were not models of calm, quiet, apathy or conformity. Despite the rules, they had innumerable opportunities to learn and to be creative. That is one reason why the MacQuarrie award was so fittingly given each year after his death to boys and girls who had shown creativity and who should be helped to develop it. He had deep respect for the individual and his desires and

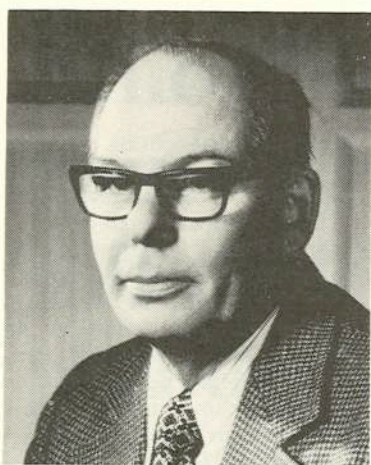
abilities. How well he understood the music of a different drum!

Besides his respect for everyone and his relaxed sense of humor, Mr. MacQuarrie had an outstanding talent for providing the climate for teachers and students to develop their personalities and abilities.

These traits were also part of L.A. Fleenor's character, whose leadership had more of the laissez-faire quality but just as much warmth and support. Mr. Fleenor was in fact fiercely loyal to Washburn and its traditions. Even though he lived on the north side of Minneapolis and had strong ties with North, he became more Orange and Blue than the oldest graduate. It is sad to think he died just before this fiftieth celebration. He had looked forward to it for years. After his retirement he made trips here from his prosperous Indiana farm to see Washburn play football. He always wanted the *Grist* sent to him.

Never complacent about the school, he encouraged all kinds of innovative programs because behind that jolly good fellow was a solid educator. Washburn had two-hour classes combining history and English, carefully planned with counselors at Ramsey and at Washburn as well as with students and parents. He was delighted to have Miss Olson forge ahead with new mathematics. He was happy to have exchange teachers and exchange students in the school. Almost a better booster of Washburn athletics than his predecessor, Mr. Fleenor never missed a game, and he gathered teachers and clerks to go along with him. Music, too, was a very important part of school and of his life. Even at school, he used to sing in a quartet now and then.

Washburn's youth was a splendid time to be around. The leadership was outstanding, the fathers and mothers quite remarkable, the teachers and students aware of their very real advantages. Integrity was the hallmark of both Mr. MacQuarrie and Mr. Fleenor, and both men truly believed in that business of onward, upward striving.



Carl Anderson, man of many interests

By the time Carl W. Anderson became Principal of Washburn in 1958, he had earned an excellent reputation in Minnesota's educational circles. After earning his B.A. and Master's degrees at the University of Minnesota, he

taught in the Stillwater and Fertile school systems. When he taught at Henry High in Minneapolis, the students voted him their favorite teacher for four consecutive years. He later became Assistant Principal at Central and was Principal at South for five years before coming to Washburn.

Anderson was and is a man of many interests. He felt that students should have every opportunity to develop their talents. He had a knack for finding teachers and coaches who could bring out the best in their students.

He chose Coach George Wemeier, and Washburn excelled at football. His interest in debate led to the appointment of Ron Rogers as speech teacher and Forensics coach, and each year for ten years there was a Washburn student in the National Forensic Tournament.

The growth of music at Washburn reflected Mr. Anderson's love of music. (He had been a choir director and soloist.) The band flourished under the direction of Eli Barnett, and William Lydell's Choral Group was invited to Europe to take part in the

Finland Music Festival.

Anderson's interest in education was recognized both in and away from Washburn. He was elected President of the Minnesota Association of Secondary School Principals and was honored by the National Organization of Secondary School Principals for excellence in his profession. He also is a member of a group of educators known as Scholia.

Although his career at Washburn ended with his retirement in 1972, his contributions still influence school activities.

DeLapp earns trust of students, teachers, parents

It is no secret that high school principals today constantly face new and difficult problems, but Dr. Roland DeLapp seems equal to the task. His fairness, availability and willingness to listen have made him a valued leader at Washburn. These traits have earned him the respect and friendship of students, faculty and parents alike.

As 1976 Student Council President Laurie Eckes says, "He's a really understanding guy. He listens to everybody, treats everyone well, and tries to even things out. I've worked with him on PTSA and discussed the problems we have. He understands..."

Dr. DeLapp came to Washburn as principal in 1972 after serving in the same position at North High for five years. Previous to that, he had been Anthony Junior High Principal for eight years. Although he has been at Washburn for a relatively short time (he took a sabbatical in 1973-74 to earn his doctorate) he has been familiar with Washburn for a long time. He and his family have lived in the area for eighteen years, and his four children all are Washburn graduates. Mrs. DeLapp teaches mathematics at the



Occupational Skills Training Center.

He cares a great deal about people and their problems, and has a deep interest in the teaching of religions in public schools. He wrote his Master's thesis on that subject and many of his ideas have been adopted by the State Committee on Religion in the Public Schools, of which he is chairman. In 1974, he was President of the State High School League, and still serves as its Treasurer. He is also on the National Council of Churches' committee on Education in the Society.

Plan calls for permanent alumni organization

"From the efforts of the many interested people who have worked to put together a 50th Anniversary All-Class Reunion there should, and I predict will, come the formation of a permanent Washburn Alumni Association," Clifton French said recently. French, 1936, is General Chairman of the 50th Anniversary event.

In an interview with a *Grist* reporter, French said, "We know of at least 150 and perhaps 200 or more people who have worked to put this reunion together. Interest in the affair has been tremendous. People are calling from all parts of the country for details and are delighted that it is happening."

"It would be too bad to lose the effort that has gone into locating and contacting Washburn alumni all over the world. We need a permanent volunteer alumni organization and a central place to keep records," he added.

The first homecoming activities for Washburn alumni took place in 1929. There followed a gap of three years in any organized effort to bring alumni back. With the inauguration of the first football game on what was to become MacQuarrie Field on September 27, 1933, homecoming became an annual event until the advent of World War II. Otis Dypwick,

Marcom Ivey and Bud Rosenthal were the early presidents of the Washburn Alumni Association.

However, no formal organization was created and there was little carryover from one year to the next. Interruption of normal activities due to the war, the death of Mr. MacQuarrie in 1944 and the need for alumni to establish their post-war lives caused interest to wane.

"North High is the only high school in Minneapolis that has an alumni association," said French. "It has a remarkable record. They have current address files for 22,000 of some 32,000 graduates. They have provided scholarship aid for students, assistance in organizing reunion classes, and supply needed equipment at North. The same ideas could be adapted and applied to Washburn."

To this end, an alumni association study committee has been appointed. These currently serving are: Paul Helm, 1963, chairman; Helen Rachie Groth, 1940; Peggy Scouba Pengilly, 1941; Corrine Nygaard Greene, 1931; Betty Wood Wehr, 1930; Clifton French, 1936; and Nancy Miller, 1969.

If you are interested in helping the Washburn Alumni Association, please contact any of the Committee members.

Today, in turning the calendar back fifty years, I think of Washburn as the home of a big, happy, closely-knit family. We had a young, energetic, carefully selected faculty. In Principal A.E. MacQuarrie we had one of the most progressive, highly qualified, independent administrators in the Twin Cities high school systems. He had tremendous pride in the school and the quality of education. He wanted EVERY graduate to be a credit to Washburn and to leave there with a feeling of achievement. The students to him were not just names. They were individuals — the model students and the not-so-model ones alike.

"Pioneering" in a new school was a tremendous experience for any youngster. It was thrilling to be "in" on the selection of the school colors, school songs, newspaper and yearbook titles.

Washburn kids of those days had a high standard of morality, a tribute largely to the high quality of the neighborhood Washburn served and to leadership at school as well as at home. I recall that in our first year of basketball competition one of the squad members was reported to have smoked during the Christmas holidays. Nothing was said to the coach. The players "took care of him" in their own quiet way.

An incident I shall never forget occurred when I was participating with the Washburn tennis team on the Minneapolis Park Board courts across Kenwood Parkway from Northrop School. Our coach was P. W. Lee, who was about 5'2" and maybe 125 pounds absolutely soaking wet. We were competing against South High. Tensions rose as there was disagreement over some line calls. Finally, the coaches became involved. It got so heated that insulting remarks were flying.

First Grist Editor recalls pioneering school songs, other Washburn traditions

By Otis Dypwick ('28)

In a fit of white-hot anger Lee, who gave away many inches and pounds to the South coach, "invited" him over to Loring Park to "settle the matter." Fortunately, the mismatch did not occur. I have been involved in competitive athletics as a participant and sports writer ever since then, but that incident tops all in my memory.

To get back to Mr. MacQuarrie for a moment, he was a giant of a man. At least he seemed so to those of us who started as sophomores and became members of the first graduating class. He glided silently through the halls, despite his 240 pounds, for he wore gum-soled shoes. Many a time he was a surprise party to cliques and conversations by non-suspecting students. He could be severely stern but he also had a wonderful sense of humor. He was totally dedicated to making Washburn graduates better people for their experience there. And, he followed them long after graduation. I didn't marry until twelve years after graduation, yet he sent my wife and me a remembrance. It was commonly agreed that the toll of Washburn graduates taken by World War II probably had much to do with the cause of his death. He was that much concerned, for he remembered most of them personally.

I believe the unusually close

rapport between the students and faculty was due in a large measure to the absence of a "generation gap." Vern McCoy, coach of the first basketball team, was only two years older than two squad members. Jack Wells, Washburn's second football coach, married one of his students — Grace Finch. There were no "gangs," no tensions within the student body. I will have to admit that the S.T.O. Hi-Y Club (Service to Others) of which I was a member was a bit clannish. This was basically because those of us who were members had so many special interests in common. We were all involved in activities and had pretty much the same basic moral standards. A number of them — the late Dick Forrest, Jim Campbell, John Faegre, Howard Gibbs, Jerry Moore, John Mason — formed a "Last Man's (To Get Married) Club" and met annually for many years.

Ora McLaughlin had a more lasting influence on me personally than any other Washburn teacher. It is great to have her involved in this 50th Anniversary observation, even though she moved to West High to finish her teaching career. Largely through her influence I became deeply interested in journalism and have gone on to modest success in this field, particularly in the field of sports writing and publicity.

As I grew older and travelled more widely, I became increasingly aware of the great job Mr. MacQuarrie and the Washburn faculty had done in preparing their graduates, particularly for college. This reputation was nation-wide. Of course, it has made me extremely proud of "my school."

Editor's Note: Dypwick is a member of Washburn's first graduating class. He was editor of the first Grist and Wahian.

Orange and Blue original Music Man, Emil Beckstrom

The original "Music Man" of Washburn High School must be Emil James Beckstrom, or "Mr. B" as he was affectionately called by hundreds of his glee club and chorus students. For 20 years he taught and presented outstanding Christmas and Easter choral programs and thirteen operas at Washburn High School.

In a recent visit with the Beckstroms, they laughingly recalled for Clifton E. French that when they started at Washburn they were hardly older than their students. This made it difficult to maintain an appropriate "distance" between them and their charges.

Mr. and Mrs. B. recalled they had produced thirteen light operas while at Washburn, two of which were repeats. Beginning with 1928 and named in order of the years presented, they were: *Marriage of Nanette, Sweethearts, Chimes of Normandy, Robin Hood, Firefly, Vagabond King, Marriage of Nanette, Ichabod Crane, Blossom Time, Sweet-*

hearts, Student Prince, Naughty Marietta and the last one, *Rose Marie* in 1940.

One unique fact about Mr. Beckstrom's contribution to the musical heritage of Washburn was that the operas were produced with his wife Latona, or Babe as he called her, as co-director. This was cleared with Mr. MacQuarrie who only wanted it understood that she was a volunteer, not a paid dramatic coach.

Inquiring into the division of labor between them, she said, "Jimmy, of course, was the overall director. He worked with the chorus, the singing of the leads, the musical coordination with the orchestra, and handled the business, stage sets and other management matters." Laughingly, she added, "He did the choreography, too. He has light foot, you know."

Beckstrom said with a twinkle in his eye, "Babe handled the dramatic coaching of the leads, the general costuming plans, make-up and stage direction, but,

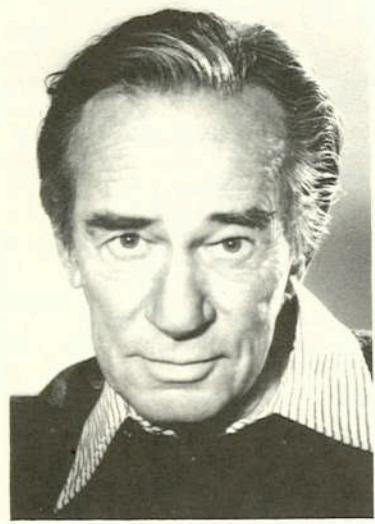
really, we worked as a team."

Beckstrom was just as proud of his Christmas choruses as the operas. The students not in the Glee Club would go to school one hour early in the morning to practice so they could qualify to join with the Glee Club to make up a chorus of three hundred voices. People came from all over the city to hear the outstanding Washburn Christmas programs. Mr. B. related that Mr. MacQuarrie was a great supporter of the music programs and would say, "Washburn is a singing school." When Mr. MacQuarrie died in 1944, the Washburn Boys Glee Club sang at his funeral.

Perhaps the Beckstroms' biggest thrill while at Washburn occurred in 1930. In a city-wide competition for high school singing groups, Washburn captured first place in all three categories: Girls Glee Club, Boys Glee Club and the Mixed Glee Club.

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Actor Richard Carlson ('29) reminisces



Editor's Note: At Washburn, Richard Carlson was *Grist* editor, varsity quarterback, Senior President but in college *Phi Beta Kappa* and *Summa Cum Laude*. He had a play on Broadway -- it failed -- a year later, he went to Hollywood to star with Betty Davis, Barbara Stanwyck and Judy Garland. He has published stories in *Collier's*, *Cosmopolitan*, more recently writes scripts for television: *Ironside*, *Rockford Files*, *Adam 12*, and has had two series of his own. He has two sons -- one a lawyer, one an accountant -- and lives happily with his first and only wife, Mona. He says of his high school days, "I'll bet I had more fun ..."

By Richard Carlson ('29)

The call came across the years. Washburn and *The Grist* were fifty years old and would I do a piece for it? Fifty years old. Why, I was already thirteen when Washburn opened... Today, that would make me ... People just don't get that old.

You don't remember me? I was the guy in a lot of movies who lost the girl to Gary Grant, Paul Newman, Charles Boyer, and in a couple of television series before you were around....

And I was one of the first fifteen hundred kids who ever went to Washburn, where the teachers and Mr. MacQuarrie, that utterly terrifying Scotch Presbyterian principal, rode herd on us and would accept nothing but our very best.

Washburn was only a building. There was no athletic field; there were no football or band uniforms, no school colors. (I voted for purple and white.) No cheers. No Glee Club, No drama club. No *Grist*.

We made all those things for Washburn. From scratch. And I had, doing it, the most fun I ever had in my life. I hope it's the same for you guys.

There were no SATS, or placement tests. There was an I.Q. test of sorts and woe unto you if your I.Q. was higher than your grades. Mr. MacQuarrie was down on you, your teachers, your parents like a whole swarm of bees.

For the *Grist* I wrote a column 'Richard's Poor Almanac.' If I can ramble along the same way now....

Favorite Exercise: Walking to Kate's house. One ring on the phone. "Strange," my mother would say. To me it meant, "Coast clear. Folks out. Kid brother asleep. Approach with caution. Playing with dynamite if they come home early. Please hurry. Love, Kate."

We lived at 5103 Garfield, and the walk to Kate's was marvelous on a crisp winter night. In California you forget how pleasant it is to hear the packed snow crunch under your boots, and all of you tucked away and warm except the tip of your nose.

The way to Kate's was past Metta Smith's house. Then along Harriet past Johnny Faegre's and Ray and Bertha Irwin's, and up the hill past Dick Forrest's.

Past Margaret Fuller --my grade school-- past my cousins'

house -- Chuck, a Minneapolis lawyer; Bob, a professor. To Kate's -- with due caution.

Most Fun: The afternoons stretching into evenings in a dingy printing shop putting the *Grist* to bed. The euphoria when it was done, and the seven columns filled, the headlines decently balanced, and all of us giggling with relief. Including our adviser, Ora McLaughlin. Yes, Fellas, it was fun.

Football: My absolute obsession each fall. Summer job at heavy labor. "Apples" Anderson's father was a contractor. That was work! The next summer Jim Campbell, a big tackle, and I went on a canoe trip into Canada instead of working. We didn't eat well or see any wild animals.

Algebra teacher Mr. Minty coached us. Every afternoon in our cleated shoes, we clattered down Nicollet to Nicollet Field. It was a long way to clatter and longer clattering back.

Roger Fawcett was our first captain and he and his brother Will were our only real talent. (They later built the Fawcett publishing empire --paperbacks and magazines.) *WE NEVER WON A GAME WHILE I WAS IN SCHOOL*. But we showed up every day, every game. And so did the biggest rooting section in Minneapolis history. Mr. MacQuarrie saw to that. He found money for free buses to bring the whole student body to the games. The planet has never heard such partisan yelling and cheering.

Biggest Surprise: I was in big trouble. Over a girl, of course.. Not what you think. Worse. I personally saw the *MAGISTRATE* going toward Mr. MacQuarrie's office. I was sick to my stomach.

But somehow and for some reason, Mr. MacQuarrie fixed it -- that ramrod old Scotch Presbyterian. He never told me he fixed it. But he did. It couldn't have been anybody else. And that was my *BIGGEST SURPRISE*, that principals who seem omnipotent, ominous, wrathful are really there to help. At least the good ones are.

I hope you have a good one....

Political Career: It was decreed we should have Student Government. Sven Torkleson decided he would be my campaign manager. He bought packs and packs of chewing gum and stuffed each stick with a slip saying 'Carlson for Class President.' As chewing gum was forbidden, these sticks were highly desired. Result -- Carlson was President. I don't remember calling any meetings or vetoing anything.

Greatest Frustration: Trying to find a place to be alone with your girl. The obduracy of all parents and teachers was beyond reason. Yet it led to some of our finest hours. Our genes said, "Find a way to be alone with your girl." And genes will be obeyed.

Under Washburn there is a concatenation of catacombs -- perhaps the finest this side of the sewers of Paris. Huge tunnels, dim, reverberous, you can stand up in. They contain ventilator systems and heaters and all kinds of structural entrails only the Engineer is supposed to know about. I knew about them too, because I was a neighborhood kid when they were building the place.

And that's how it happened that as my English teacher, Mrs. Gray, was working late one afternoon, she heard girlish giggles coming from the ventilator and called the Engineer who got to the Assistant Principal; and that was how Jack Shaw and I got kicked out of Washburn the first time. After that, they put a steel door down there with a cold steel bar across it. No more giggles from the catacombs. Sorry Fellas....

But genes will be genes. Out Lyndale south of Fifty-fourth there were farms and cornfields and gravel roads. Prime parking territory. Privacy.

South of Fifty-fourth was a separate town, with its own rules and its own cops, and if they could sneak up on you and flash a flashlight into the car on you and your girl -- disastersville! You had to appear before a *MAGISTRATE*, and he went and told your principal (remember my *BIGGEST SURPRISE*), who was supposed to tell your parents. And eventually your parents had to pay a fine!

I suppose they had to pay those cops' salaries. But the system sure raised hell with the gene pool of the Class of 1929.

Some Teachers: *Jack Wells:* He taught physics and coached football. Another example of Mr. MacQuarrie's getting the best for us. Once Wells got rid of us, he had some brilliantly successful teams.

Mrs. Gray: She taught English, a no-nonsense, gray-haired lady. Smart-alecky, once, I said, "What do we have to study grammar for?" She withered me, "So you can learn never to end a sentence with a preposition!" End of discussion. To this day when I end a sentence with a preposition I think of Mrs. Gray.

Miss Lewis: A shy, gentle little lady. She taught Shakespeare and Modern Drama and loved the great ones. She was in charge of dramatics.

At Assembly one day, Miss Lewis put on the first play I ever wrote. It was about a rather uppity girl -- Madalyn Dillman, who irritated most of us by being rich and telling stories about "the servants." "...Would you believe it? Mother actually had this maid who was clearing for dessert and actually *stacked* the dishes. We almost died." You can bet the actors gave Madalyn her comeuppance. (I hope she doesn't see this and sue me; later I was quite fond of her.) The kids laughed in all the right places and clapped a lot, and I was called on stage and took a bow, and that was the absolute best time I ever had.

The next play I wrote was ten years later, and it was on Broadway at the Hudson Theater. Van Heflin played the lead. And it was a bitter, bitter flop, and that was the absolute worst time I ever had.

Failure or not, that play took me to Hollywood as a writer-actor.

More about genes. I had a canoe in the racks over at Lake Harriet. "Drifting and Dreaming" went the lyrics of a popular song of the period and inaccurately described the state of things in my canoe when a uniformed Park Service guy poked his head over the gunwale.

"Thought the canoe had broken loose," he shouted. "Sit up and paddle, Sonny!" "We were just drifting and dreaming," giggled Kate. I sat up and paddled... They thought of everything. Even in the middle of a lake. The whole system was rigged against us.

Only weeks after we graduated, the great black market crash came, followed by the depression. Most of us knew nothing but depression until we got kicked in the teeth by a war and we went into the Army or Navy to say no to Hitler. Later, we said no to Stalin and Khrushchev, marched at Selma, helped open doors in Little Rock.

I hope these things aren't really half a century ago. I hope all you people at Washburn are still working as hard as you have to, but playing as hard as you can. I hope you're still laughing and inventing and loving and foxing the system when need be. And I hope you're having an absolutely indecent quotient of fun.

"The Spirits of Washburn" cited by Granddad

By Dick Gray ('36)

Dear Dan, Brad and David:

It will be several years before each of you enters high school, but when you do, I hope you will realize those high school years are apt to be some of the most important, most interesting, most formative years of your life.

You probably won't attend Washburn High School in Minneapolis, but you will be lucky if the school you do attend will be as nice, as memorable, as instructive as Washburn was to me, your grandfather of the class of 1936. As yet, you don't realize your grandmother also was of the class of 1936; one father was of the class of 1959 and the other the class of 1960; one mother was from the class of 1959; and your great aunt's class of 1929 was the first class to graduate as pure Washburnites.

Each high school has its own pride, traditions and memories. But in a special way Washburn has imbued the spirit of the best of things in the minds and hearts and actions of thousands upon thousands of young people who grew to adulthood from a good high school, and who have collectively added much to our communities and our nation as a whole.

Why is high school so important to our lives, you may ask? A good question, but one that can be answered, I believe, by comparing the high school years to the other blocks of years in our respective lives. First and foremost, I think the high school years are the most impressionable and therefore the most important. We literally soak up the happenings and file them away, never to be forgotten. A public high school like Washburn is a neighborhood thing, but drawing from a larger arena for the first time.

Our lives up to the time of high school are full of terribly local things. Your grade school acquaintances are your near-neighbors. You know their mothers and fathers, the sisters and the brothers - their cats and dogs and goldfish. Their new car was your event, too. Teachers are most important in a very personal way. I can clearly recall my Margaret Fuller grade school principal, Miss Blood, and my wonderful kindergarten teacher, Miss McConnell (50 years ago!). Topography and geography make their impressions. The hills and the seemingly-steep banks for sliding, the dark alleys to duck down when snitching apples from laden trees, the secret areas under porches where special clubs held their meetings. You, too, will probably remember things like this from your pre-high school days.

The college, military service, marriage and/or early job years

Library founder Margaret Brown recalls early struggles

By Margaret Brown

What a struggle it was during the early years to build an adequate school library in Washburn. The initial collection was the allowable minimum start to be added to as time went on. But how could books, magazines, newspapers, reference works be added without funds? And there were no funds even before the depression and all through the depression, and until some time after the war, there were no funds. Finally a *little* more money was allotted to the library but never enough to meet our demand for space, books, and supplies of all kinds. Nothing for comforts or luxuries.

Eventually the Federal Government helped us out with school aids.

comprise another chunk of living, but the friends of nearly 17 years of growing up have scattered to the four winds and some you will never see again. Most new friends are short-time friends or special-situation friends or transient friends or daytime friends at the office. No longer are there next-door kid friends, partners to the soul, gigglers over the silly sharers of fresh-love dreams and pals to the end. The structure of friendship changes forever with that final march up and out from the ceremony that means you have graduated from high school.

Our lives become complicated as we grow older. Children, houses, jobs, civic affairs, travel, deaths, disasters - all take their toll, and as each year rolls by, more and more does the high school period become separated as a very rich, busy time yet in retrospect the most simple time of our lives. High school does come to an end and, if it was a good thing it continues to live in memories as a very good thing.

So it is with me and Washburn High School. As I write this letter to you, ghosts of the past dance before my eyes. From distant memories come back the many kinds of spirits that make Washburn such a vital force.

Never will the spirits of class plays, operettas, the Y, the sports teams, and the various clubs become forgotten things of the past. The smells of the locker rooms, the scares of a close game, the tensions of an upcoming performance, or the thrills of having a place in the whole - all are a part of you, or so they were to me.

But above all I cherish that special feeling for the variety of friendships made. I hope you boys will be as fortunate as I. My close high school friends were many, and because I have lived and still do live in the city of my high school, I continue to see many of these men and women who have survived the times. No longer do I consciously think of today's friend as an old high school acquaintance or of some other origin. Writing this letter to you on the occasion of Washburn's 50th birthday, though, has given me reason enough to appreciate the many people I still see from time to time and who are a part of my Washburn past. Towards these people I have an intangible special affection.

You boys have the major portions of your lives ahead of you, and I envy you. Our nation and our world are exciting and full of challenges, and for you to make the most of your lives, you need the best possible preparation. I truly hope you find a "Washburn" and, if you do, make the most of it. Its spirits move you, and you will be forever grateful.

With love and cheers,
Grandpa Dick

Then for some reason or other, after I left, there was lots of money. What's more, walls were torn down; doors were opened into the Commercial Department and space was increased tremendously. I haven't seen the enlarged quarters -- I never felt I could bear to, but I've been told there's wall-to-wall carpeting now, and easy chairs.

In spite of all my frustrations, though, I got great pleasure and enjoyment working with the generous and fine students who volunteered time and service to help out in the library, as well as working with all those who used it.

Margaret Brown was Washburn librarian from 1927 till 1960.

School takes name of influential pioneer miller

Washburn High School is named for Cadwallader C. Washburn, Wisconsin's first governor; United States Congressman; Civil War soldier; prominent lumber dealer; and the founder of Washburn-Crosby flour mills, forerunner of General Mills.

The grounds on which Washburn and Ramsey schools now stand were part of a memorial to Washburn's wife, who had lost her sanity early in their marriage. He gave the land and an endowment of \$365,000 for the construction of an orphanage to be known as Washburn Home. The Home was an imposing dark brick structure, three stories high, surrounded by beautiful grounds.

In the 1920's, the western por-

tion of the grounds was leveled to make room for a new high school. The Washburn Home officials asked the Board of Education to retain the name of "Washburn" for any building erected on the site. So, in 1924, the name "Washburn High School" marked the new building and demonstrated the continuing influence of this versatile and remarkable man.

Washburn was a key figure in establishing Minneapolis as the flour-milling capital of the world. Although he died some 44 years before the school was opened, his influence still was felt. Witness the terms Washburn Millers, *Grist*, cake-eaters, Millwheels and Miller-Mates, and pause to salute Cadwallader C.

The Great Depression: WHS life still ran at full tilt

By Katherine Salisbury Ring ('39)

If you were at Washburn between 1930 and 1936, you lived with the depression. Corner applesellers, breadlines, soup kitchens and the Veterans' March were real. In the winter of 1935, a survey showed that one-fifth of the past June's graduating class was still unemployed.

Your governor was Floyd B. Olson; your principal was A.E. MacQuarrie.

In the newspapers and on the radio you read and heard about Hitler, Il Duce, Haile Selassie, the Spanish Civil War and, closer to home, the birth of the Dionne quintuplets and the Lindbergh baby kidnapping. Even closer were the St. Paul kidnappings of a brewery executive and a bank president. The love affair of Wallis Simpson and King Edward VIII was thrilling and the king's abdication unprecedented. Infamous criminals were Pretty Boy Floyd, Baby Face Nelson and the Alvin Karpis-Ma Barker and Touhy gangs. The truck drivers' strike affected your life in some way, but the *Grist* reported that lunchroom supplies were delivered. Bobby Jones won the 1930 National Open at the Interlachen Club.

You were proud of Bernie Bierman's Golden Gophers over at the University of Minnesota. You were proud of certain state and city natives, such as Sinclair Lewis, Patty Berg, Dr. Walter Judd and the Mayo brothers. You were also proud of the Washburn greenhouse, which supplied Mr. MacQuarrie's desk and office with plants in season.

You went to the movies (for 25 cents) and saw Edward G. Robinson, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi. And Fay Wray, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, Jeannette McDonald and Nelson Eddy. There was drama on the radio too, provided by the Little Theater off Times Square, Orson Welles—and even Franklin D. Roosevelt, in his presidential Fireside Chats. You might have played sick a time or two to catch up on the daily crises endured by Ma Perkins, Vic and Sade and Young Dr. Malone. The big bands played all the Hit Parade songs on regular programs, and Fibber McGee and Molly, Jack Benny, Will Rogers and Fred Allen made you laugh.

You read the comics -- Ella Cinders, the Katzenjammer Kids, Gasoline Alley and Moon Mullins. You read books, too, probably "Gone with the Wind" and "Riders

of the Purple Sage," at least. And you read the *Grist* avidly. You were pleased with your good taste when in 1934 it won its fifth All American Honor award and was described by a judge as a "mighty fine looking paper." A dream came true, at least for some dedicated staffers, when the *Wahian* sported its first board cover in 1935, in black, with light blue print.

If you were a male, you often wore a suit and tie to school, but you might have rolled your pants cuffs. You perhaps alternated your bi-swing suit with plus-fours or even plus-eights. You wore huge bow ties, suspenders, thick-soled shoes and maybe satin shirts, even though most girls were reported to dislike them. If you were a girl, you wore your skirts at mid-calf or longer. You wore bobby socks, saddle shoes (dirtying them a bit first, if they were new), tight sweaters, jumpers. Even if you didn't ride, you loved jodhpurs and boots. If you still have your gym suit, you own a priceless garment. You probably parted your hair on the side, and if waves didn't come naturally, you had a permanent. Girls looked older than they do now, but boys looked younger.

You played Monopoly. You told little Audrey jokes and maybe WPA jokes, and you made up Daffy Definitions. Marathon dances were exciting, even if you didn't participate, and the yo-yo craze probably hit you. You may have learned the fox trot and the waltz (and some stiff good manners) from either Mrs. Noble or Stark Patteson, and you tried them out at the Sunlights. You went sliding or skiing (with skis strapped to overshoes in some creative way) on the hill at the orphanage which Ramsey Junior High was to replace.

If you were really lucky, you rode to the football games in the rumble seat of a Model T decorated with orange and blue streamers. Mostly, though, you rode the rails. Pulling streetcar trolleys was a year-round Halloween prank. And only a few insiders knew who often greased the tracks between 51st Street and Minnehaha Parkway, making for a slow trip up and a speedy ride down. You walked a lot, too -- to school, to the library, to your friends' houses, to Lynnhurst to play tennis or skate.

You might have been a member of the Blue or Silver Tri, or of STO, 1-to-9 or Sparks Hi-Y. You might have served on the staff of the *Wahian* or the *Grist*, performed in a talent show, acted in plays or operettas or "promoted the art of

shooting and the history of archery" with other Warpathians. You could have been a member of the Quill Club, the Library Board, the Politix Club or the Poly-Tech Club, the purpose of which was "To plan our work; then work our plan." You might have played in the band or orchestra or sung in the Glee Club.

Washburn's first homecoming, celebrated on the new field in 1933, was exciting, even though the team lost 6-0 to North High -- not for the last time. Sympathy for the coaches was expressed in the *Grist*; they received no extra pay for the hours spent with the team after school let out at 3 p.m. In 1934, Washburn was the only school to include golf in its gym program, and the teacher was a professional golfer. A 1934 championship chess team brought forth the *Grist* editorial comment that "Washburn has always asked for a championship team, now we have it."

Girls' sports, back then? Of course! There was even a W Club for girls who earned enough points in sports, had C averages and recommendations from the gym teacher, their advisers and the principal. There were 10 sports for girls, one of which was clogging.

Annually you paged -- and re-paged -- through the *Wahian*, perhaps skipping some of the high-flown prose which supported lofty themes such as "Time," "Bridges" or "Friendship" (with nautical emphasis). Your friends signed your *Wahian*, sometimes adding clever bits like "Girls are like elephants; I like to look at them, but I wouldn't want to own one."

It's probable that you also thumbed through a slam book in study hall once in awhile. It is to be hoped that you didn't see "fast" written on your page, or "stuck-up." It was bad enough to be called simply a "nice kid."

In the school cafeteria, if you didn't bring your lunch you paid 5 cents for mashed potatoes and 3 cents for a carton of milk. You could see 14 basketball games for 90 cents or attend an afternoon concert by the Minneapolis Symphony for 15 cents (and be excused from sixth period).

You sang and whistled "Life Is just a Bowl of Cherries," "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime," "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf," "The Music Goes Round and Round," "The Object of My Affection" and "We're Loyal to You, Washburn High."

On the whole, in spite of the depression, and the unrest in Europe and the restrictive, unreasonable attitudes of your parents and teachers, you had a pretty good time at Washburn between 1930 and 1936.

Imagination, variety marked early Washburn Day Programs

Washburn Day, which featured contests of an almost unlimited variety, was a traditional event at Washburn. The fourth Washburn Day was properly recorded in the June 4, 1929 *Grist*. Here is the story, slightly abridged...

A SENIORS FLASH THROUGH TO GLORIOUS VICTORY AS FOURTH WASHBURN DAY PASSES

Excitement reigned during the fourth annual Washburn Day when Lorin Johnson, with 78 points, won first place in individual honors in outdoor events...Burnham Wilkinson and Bill Walker came in second and third...Lewis Smith came in fourth...Rooms 314 and 202 won Homeroom honors with highest totals...

The Junior High took to the fields for the outdoor events, directed by Mr. Jack Wells, and Miss Virginia Lewis, as the Seniors attended an assembly in the auditorium presided over by Mr. C. C. Minty...The Juniors, dressed in costumes of many colors and waving orange and blue pennants, marched in fours as Seniors hung out the windows and cheered. Room 211, dressed in orange checkered bloomers trimmed in blue took first prize for costumes...In the Senior parade the 12 A's, dressed in rainhats and slickers and carrying the banner "Let'er Rain," took first place in costumes for Senior High...

Queen Dorothy King and King Richard Carlson, robed in purple, marched to the royal dais followed by Margaret MacNaughton and Jim Campbell (Lady and Knight)... and by Corinne Nygaard, Betty MacFarlane and Robert Bowen (winners in the posture contest).

Miss Eva Jaspersen recorded some ninety-six Washburn Day Winners including the following:

Junior High Awards

Julienne Anderson	Penmanship
Mary E. Butler	Baking Powder Biscuits
Laird Hamilton	Wood butts
Keith Campbell	Posture
William Playman	Relays
Dick French	Horse shoe throwing
Betty Darby	Ball throwing
Phyllis Trostle	Dead man's float
Muriel Paulson	Gingerbread
Bob Faegre	Football kicking
Clifford Jepson	Original drama
Jack Clayton	Silent reading
Margaret Hofacre	Hiking

Senior High Awards

Margaret Space	Graham muffins
A. Kelp	Sax
L. Roberts	Portfolio
A. Olson	Typing design
M. Smith	Alto
F. Sprecher	Tenor
B. Diercks	Soap carving
A. Brinley	Roller skating
B. Boucher	Ball throw
W. Gicken	Corney
M. Mills	Commercial
B. Reigh	Domestic
Muriel Davis	Poetry

Looking back, it is apparent that Washburn Day held something for everyone. One cannot help but wonder how many competed in say, the Dead Man's Float contest, or in Silent Reading or Corney. Were there qualifying heats, and what merits were judged? Did a judge accompany Margaret in her hiking? How many entered Wood butts? What did Room 211 wear with their orange checkered bloomers? Would someone from the class of '29 PLEASE step forward?

Music Man

Continued from page 3

So, Emil "Jim" Beckstrom, master teacher-director of choral music, and his lovely, vivacious wife enjoy retirement remembering and being remembered by thousands of Washburn students whose lives were made richer by the music maestro, "Mr. B." Beckstrom suffered a stroke in October 1975 which left his left side, hand and leg paralyzed. His lively spirit and enthusiasm are not quelled by this misfortune.

French reports that the Beckstroms were distressed not to be able to recall the names of all the wonderful students who sang the leads in their operas, or solos in the special Christmas and Easter programs or those who played the piano accompaniment and sang in the chorus. "We remember them all with love," they said. "With no children of our own, they are all 'our children.'"

Former school counselor Christensen recalls 15 years of commencements

By Mabel Christensen

It was my privilege to be a teacher of English and counselor at Washburn High School from September 1929 to June 1964 -- 35 happy years. My most vivid memories are perhaps of the early years of my tenure. In 1931-32 Ramsey Junior High opened and the seventh, eighth and ninth grades left Washburn for their new school.

My first assignment was to be a homeroom advisor, which I left in 1931 to become a counselor. I taught part time in the English department until 1944, covering creative writing, minimum essentials, and whatever else was needed.

From 1935 to 1950 I had charge of Commencement, and we had two each year. Usually about 200 received diplomas in January and 400 in June. During these years the exercises were held indoors, often taxing the capacity of the stage and auditorium.

The question of dress for the occasion was of great importance -- especially for the girls! Almost without exception the girls in January chose black formals and carried bouquets of red roses; the boys wore dark suits. In June the girls wore pastel formals and car-

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Coach Ruth Nethercott Lewis recalls near disasters on stage

By Ruth Nethercott Lewis

Although I have been teaching in California since 1939, my 8 years at Washburn were certainly the height of my career as a coach and mentor! I find that all those gifted young people are just as clear in my mind as ever, and that I love everyone of them. If there is not time nor space to mention all, each one shines, in my eyes!

The only serious argument I recall was the one at the end of the rehearsal period of "Pride and Prejudice" when they brought me, on the eve of performance, the programs — and here in big bold letters was Prejudice misspelled — the printing class had managed to slip in a D before the J. In horror I went to the principal, Mr. MacQuarrie. He took it up with the powers that decided things, who opined that a little mistake in spelling could not matter and that no one would notice it anyway. As a member of the English department, I could not let the error go — rather would I have put on the play without a program. Backed by my cohorts, Mary Alice Wells and Mabel Christensen, I gave my ultimatum. Success! New programs were run off, although a few people had to stay all night. Another problem with the same vehicle — the leading man would seek me out at most practice sessions and inquire anxiously, after breathing in my face, if he dared go on with the final embrace! He was afraid of being rebuffed because of tainted breath!

"The Boomerang" was such a feat because of two things: not only was the cast inspired by the authentic doctor's office equipment furnished by a parent but we also brought a beautiful full-bred Irish setter on stage (although I am always nervous when an animal is on the scene — a person never knows what they will do!).

"Smilin' Through" was an exquisite production — the wonderful stage crew thought up all kinds of spooky things so that when the "ghost" was to come in, the door opened by itself before her (an invisible thread did that trick). I shall never forget how soulfully Mary Elizabeth Sheldon looked at Frank LeBlond, although fortunately they did not fall in love with each other before the rehearsals were over — one of my real difficulties. You see, I never cast a boy and girl already going together opposite each other. The dilemma was that after we had started, they usually got a crush on each other. In "Dulcy," all the young men in the cast thought they were in love with Darleen Comer, by the first week at least. And in "The Cat and the Canary," all the boys promptly asked Jeanne (supposedly the villainess) for a date after she appeared at dress rehearsal in the fluffy feathered negligee. But in "Smilin' Through" the young lovers were a problem which I thought I had gotten around

neatly by having 2 of each character and mixing them by nights; that is, the ones who were in love in real life performed on different days. But Laird thought Melissa had been criticized and had to be restrained from knocking out the boy he thought had pulled a boner!

The cast that had the most fun, since nobody fell for anybody and we were all just chums, was "Seven Keys to Baldpate." One very funny happening occurred at the first performance. An upper balcony door which was supposed to be locked, as the room harbored a dangerous criminal, swung open slowly, showing all the bareness of the back stage. Of course the audience laughed, but my troupers carried on, poised, although they did not know the cause of the mirth.

We gave "Adam and Eva" just as every one was agog over the late Duke of Windsor leaving the English throne, and when one of the actors said the word "abdication" the audience tittered. Although the actors did not expect the reaction, since the coach had not foreseen the laughter, they took the giggling in stride and were not upset.

"Skidding" was a howling success. (It was the forerunner of the Andy Hardy series in the movies.) Both of the Mrs. Hardy's were so excellent! Washburn audiences have always reacted well to mothers. Vincent Velie, our leading man, was good and so tactful that we could never tell which leading lady he preferred. Maybe he just liked kissing girls! I remember that Marna Ann Molland had a new cherry red silk dress she wanted to wear, and she had to wear aqua because the scene's balance demanded it. A heart-breaker!

It was really hard to find a play that would sell and would please the rigid taste of the principal, who was darling but very strait-laced. So I wrote to Aurania Rouveral (the author of "Skidding") and asked her if she had any more dramas in the hopper. She did, and put me on the trace of "Growing Pains." It was about a professor (Dick Russell) and his wife (Helen Hokenson) and their two teenage children plus assorted friends. It too went over big. Our greatest feat was bringing the jalopy out on the stage — the audience appreciated the caper enough to make up for all the trouble. I still have the photo of all of us in the jalopy (but I don't know how we all got in there!)

Perhaps Bob Short was a genius in "The Admirable Crichton" — he was easy to direct because he knew everything, even the way the rest should play their parts. On the first night of the play, he had had no time for dinner and was starving. In the third act, where a baked chicken was brought to him (along with the rest of the meal), he managed

to eat all of the fowl and not miss a cue (and never spoke with a full mouth) — to me that was consummate art.

One great achievement — the play written by Ora McLaughlin and me. There was so much talent in that class that I simply could not find anything to showcase that group. So we put on "It Takes Four Years" (to get through college). It was stupendous to work with those alive, smart youngsters, but we found our drama running 5½ hours, and called a cast meeting. They had to bring their scripts and writing material to pencil out a third of the play! Great was the wailing as we had to cut out favorite lines. But those wonderful kids learned new cues and went to work. We did not cut out the scene where Betty Ann Brang jumps on the bed, much to her delight. And we came out with two scenes outside on the campus, one in the newspaper office, one in the boys' dorm (Ora had to consult her brother on that one), and one in the sorority house (my contribution) — I think the drama ran 3 hours.

We wondered if the audience was ready for Shakespeare, and so the Harlequin Club in assembly put on a shortened version of "As You Like It" (try to get it into 1 hour sometime). Since we began with the wrestling match and our leading man Art belonged on the team, it was a lively production. That encouraged me to try "The Taming of the Shrew." Our leading man, Reed Kings, was a born Petruchio and needed little coaching. I recall one incident vividly! It was a hot May, several of the cast were also on the track team, and I had obstacles getting people on stage at cue. So I announced that anyone not up there when he was supposed to be would automatically be out of the cast. One day Forrest Adams (Forrie is now a famous and dignified doctor) came in the back door of the assembly hall and realized that he should be on stage at the conclusion of the speech then going on. He took a run and one leap up. He had caught the corner of his trousers on the front hall door and landed in front of all of us minus pants. I will say that his shorts were becoming and he had shapely legs!

My last play was "Leave It to Psmith" — the leading man was half Japanese and half Russian — my admiration knows no bounds for that combination. My first play was "Captain Applejack" and I was not too nervous to realize the cuteness of Lorraine and the cleverness of Ray as he changed from the stodgy old man to the swashbuckling pirate!

I should again mention Harlequin Club. On Louisa May Alcott's centenary, we put on the first part of "Little Women," up to the betrothal of Meg and the tutor. My cast certainly trouped that time too. We had worked very

Extracurricular activities added zing to prep lives

By Bob Hayes ('39)

Along with sports, class plays, operettas, choirs and other seasonal activities, the clubs of Washburn contributed a great deal to the social life of the school. There were some thirty clubs and organizations serving almost every interest from language study to photography, from stamp collecting to politics. Most groups met at the school after classes were completed for the day. Their pace and impact continued to be significant during the war years.

By far the greatest interest was in the "service" clubs. It was here, based on sheer numbers, that the greatest amount of social activity developed. Most of these groups were YM or YWCA oriented. The ideal was to develop the student mentally, physically and spiritually, and the triangular pin was the symbol of the unification of these elements.

hard to have a little snow falling gently through the big back window in the opening scene — and were rewarded, for the teenage audience clapped vigorously and my shrewd actors held the tableau so all could enjoy the scene. But Mr. Sprague, my first-class helper backstage, saw one of the hands about to do something wrong, and in his leap to stop the disaster, caught one foot in the cradle which held the snow. Down it came all at once like an avalanche. The audience of course laughed, and there was no more snow. The actors did not know the reason for the laugh, but they did not miss a line, bless them.

The most ambitious offering of the Harlequin Club was a full-length version of "The Importance of Being Earnest." Mr. MacQuarrie did not like taking time from a busy schedule, but we pleaded that it was Miss Josten's favorite, and since she was head of the English Department and a greatly popular teacher, he gave in. I cannot praise the cast enough. They had the whip of the lines and delivered them fast and with the aplomb which would do credit to a professional! Harlequin Club also was so popular that we had to institute an Apprentice Club to help.

This would not be complete unless I paid tribute to Harry Pulver. He not only coached the boys to be REAL old men, but he also helped with the make-up and many other tasks that were onerous! Myra with clothes and Martha and Hazel with properties were welcome contributors too.

My thanks should go also to many others who helped — Mr. Super, who led the orchestra — the other music instructor, Mr. Beckstrom — the tryout group — all were friends indeed!

Editor's Note: Ruth Nethercott Lewis was English and Shakespeare teacher and drama coach at Washburn from 1931 to 1939.

Silver Triangle for girls was instituted for grades 10A and 11B. To become members, girls had to memorize the Girl Reserve Code and subsequently join one of the six chapters at Washburn. Blue Triangle Girl Reserves, with five chapters, was the 11A and senior class organization. Both groups engaged primarily in service activities but also held Dad's Dinners, Mother's Teas and so forth. Blue Triangle even staged their own Ice Carnival as a fund-raising device.

By far the most socially oriented service clubs were the Hi-Y's, which boys could join in the eleventh grade. The eight Hi-Y chapters met at various member's homes every Tuesday night. Meetings were opened with devotions, included special talks or reports by members and usually offered a guest speaker from the adult world. Each club had an assigned advisor from the faculty, plus a YMCA leader. In the late '30's and during the '40's, each club member wore a pin identifying his club. Not an inconsiderable number of these pins found their way to at least semi-permanent positions on girl friends' sweaters.

A lot of fun was to be had from such service projects as selling Christmas trees, handing out programs at sports events, world friendship campaigns, Easter breakfasts and war aid projects. For some years one of the significant projects was sponsorship of all-school Lenten and Thanksgiving services held before school at St. John's Lutheran Church.

More fun came from the continuing round of social events that included sleigh rides, hay rides, weiner roasts, song fests and steak fries put on by the individual clubs. Twice a year, all-Hi-Y dances were held at various area country clubs. "Ordinary" dances were held at Town's Edge or the Columbia Chalet.

The clubs held up very well for the duration of the war. Perhaps their survival was due to what is exemplified by this quotation from the March 2, 1939 *Grist*:

"Bob Awes was host to the S.T.O. Hi-Y on Tuesday evening, February 21. The devotions were given by Don Bernard and his subject was "Spending Money to Good Advantage". Members were urged to pay up their dues by Paul Brown, the treasurer."

In retrospect, participation in one or more of the varied club activities gave us each an opportunity to learn and practice new skills and gain new information, some of which was of equal value to the academic side of our time at Washburn. They also served as focal points for forming friendships and for finding our identity as members of an otherwise relatively large, impersonal student body. They are the source of some of our warmest and best memories of our Washburn days.

Christensen

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ried mixed bouquets; the boys wore white trousers and dark coats.

Every effort was made to see that completion of high school was a truly memorable occasion for graduates and their families.

After 1950, caps and gowns became popular, and, weather permitting, commencement exercises were held on the athletic field in June.

Approximately 75% or more of Washburn graduates went on to college. We had admissions re-

presentatives from colleges and universities across the United States come to invite interested students to their campuses. We were proud to be told by college officials that in their estimation Washburn surely would appear on a list of the nation's 100 top high schools.

Mr. MacQuarrie, principal from 1925-1944, and the faculty must be given credit for the high standards and ideals that made such a rating possible.

He set very high academic

standards — as well as high personal standards, both of which made Washburn tops among high schools.

I wish there were space to reflect a bit on the strong, devoted members of the faculty who helped to build and carry out the high standards and objectives of the school. I think of their dedication especially during and immediately following the 1929 Depression. Salaries were meager at best and as if that weren't enough, the Board of Education

cut contract salaries of all school personnel to fit the school budget.

This went on for several years; in fact the salary schedule was not honored in full until about 1942. As a result many of the faculty had to work at second jobs in order to support themselves and their families. Through all the hardship and disappointments, they remained loyal to their work and to the students at Washburn who looked to them for their education.

Throughout the years the work

of all departments was coordinated and kept running smoothly by an efficient and very knowledgeable office force of secretaries and clerks.

After 12 years of retirement, I often say a prayer of gratitude for having had the opportunity of sharing in the rich life of Washburn, its students, their families and the staff who made "our school."

Dancing, Clubs, "Wonderful Time" recalled as WWII shadows '40's

By Bob Hayes ('39)

It was a time of saddle shoes, "sunlights" and convertibles owned by someone else...Spring Park and Excelsior Ballroom. It was a time of the swing music of Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller and Artie Shaw, privately promoted dances and Hi-Y parties, fads and fancies, dates and dating. I don't remember the classwork much at all, but it apparently did us some good. I remember the people very well, classmates, teachers and a lot of good friends, some of whom made it through the war and are still good friends. It was a wonderful time of our lives.

1938 - People in the U.S. were starting to dance the Lindy Hop as the rumble of war drums was starting to be heard in Europe. In our town love found Andy Hardy in the movies and a newcomer named Mary Martin made it big on Broadway singing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." Orson Wells scared the hell out of everyone with a radio broadcast faking an "Invasion from Mars," and millions of people stared at their radios as Joe Louis knocked out Max Schmeling in the first round. It was our only victory over Germany for several years to come.

Meanwhile back at good old WHS, Babs Wallace and Dean Proudfoot were the romantic leads in "The Student Prince" and the June class play, "a hilarious comedy" starred Barnett, Beattie, Beacom, Brang and Bristol. Timmy Sabor won an MGM talent test in Hollywood. Everyone was going around singing "Heart and Soul" or "My Reverie" and for the boys the uniform of the day was pullover sweaters, pleated pants and gum-soled shoes. Gene Krupa appeared *in person* at a school auditorium and the walls would never be the same.

For the fall class "Wallop West" was the homecoming slogan (we lost 13 to 7) and the kids put on a mystery thriller, "The Cat and the Canary" for the 12A Class play. As usual, the annual Christmas chorus was a joy.

1939 - The New York World's Fair attracted a lot of our midwestern types as people kept their radios tuned to the war news from Europe, hoping the U.S. wouldn't have to get into it again. Judy Garland triumphed in the "Wizard of Oz" as did Vivian Leigh in "Gone With the Wind." Some crazy college kids were swallowing goldfish. An upcoming bandleader named Glenn Miller started his first coast-to-coast radio broadcast from the Glen Island Casino out east with Ray Eberle and Marion Hutton on the vocals.

The current fad at Washburn was wooden shoes but the basic dress for girls, in spite of it, was saddle shoes and "bobby" sox topped off with "Sloppy Joe" cardigan sweaters and shirts. Spring Class play was "Leave it to Psmith" with Ray Hobata and Marion Workman, and the fall class presented "Stage Door" as their offering. The gala class operetta was "Naughty Marietta."

1940 - Germany had overrun almost all of Western Europe, Franklin D. Roosevelt won a third term landslide election over Wendell Wilkie, and the U.S. started its first peacetime draft of military manpower. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant were big in the hit movie "Philadelphia Story," and we had one tremendous blizzard on Armistice Day, November 11th.

The pop music was never better. "I Concentrate on You," "Indian Summer," "Tuxedo Junction,"



"I TOOK MY DAD'S LAST GAS-RATION COUPON, DROVE YOU ALL THE WAY DOWNTOWN TO THE RADIO CITY THEATRE TO SEE CASABLANCA, BOUGHT YOU A B-L-T AT THE HASTY-TASTY... AND NOW YOU SAY YOU WON'T KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT JUST BECAUSE I FORGOT THE SEN-SEN... HAVE YOU NO HEART GLADYS?"

and "Beat Me Daddy" were very big, and "I'll Never Smile Again" made it to the top of the Hit Parade.

Saddle shoes were still very "in" but red shirts were a big thing at Washburn that year. All the girls were knitting sweaters, or as Jack Benny called them "neckties with sleeves." The class operetta was "Rose Marie" in its first performance by an amateur group. "Young April" was the Spring Class play.

1941 - Hitler attacked former ally Russia...a big mistake... as the U.S. geared up through "Lend Lease" to become the arsenal of democracy. Automobile tires were rationed as we started to feel the effects of our involvement in the war. The film "Citizen Kane" won an Academy Award and the "Hut Sut Song" was driving almost everyone crazy. Glenn Miller's recording of "Chattanooga Choo Choo" sold over one million copies. Somehow we all remember where we were on Pearl Harbor Day.

In the meantime, back at the school, alumni news of those in the service began to drift into the GRIST columns along with corny war jokes. Hal Kemp's "Got A Date With An Angel" was a student pop song favorite as was Jimmy Dorsey's "Amapola." Mary Jane Bathier led the conga line sensationally at the 12A mixer and the 12A class play in the spring was "Creeping Shadows" starring Hank Lee and Liz Bricker. The boys were starting to wear long key chains. Purple lipstick was the rage for girls. Theme of the 11B mixer was "Sadie Hawkins Day," a novelty at that time. "Happy Little Moron" jokes were rampant in the halls and despite Pearl Harbor, 300 singers led by E. J. Beckstrom pulled an overflow crowd into the auditorium for the 15th annual Christmas chorus.

1942 - The Japanese owned the Western Pacific. General Jimmy Doolittle proved he could do a lot by bombing Tokyo from the carrier "Shargri La," civilians were wrestling with ration cards and planting "Victory" gardens, and a 135-pounder named Frank Sinatra made his first solo appearance at the Paramount Theatre in New York. Bing Crosby sang "White Christmas" for the very first time in the film "Holiday Inn." General Eisenhower led our invasion of French North Africa. The first nuclear chain reaction was set off beneath a football stadium in Chicago. Washburn families were saving tin cans.

The social season started out big with the 12B mixer giving away 25c defense stamps as door

prizes. The latest dance innovation was "the Stomp." Memorable songs were "White Cliffs of Dover" and "There'll Never be Another You." Over the summer, Barb Mattson of the January class became Aquatennial Queen. Over 800 Washburnites were in the armed forces by fall. It was West High again for the football Homecoming this time with a war-inspired theme "Black Out West." "Springtime in the Rockies" with Betty Grable was a movie of the times. Homerooms pitched in on the "Book for a Buddy" war drive, and horror of horrors, the lunchroom could no longer supply candy bars because of sugar shortages.

1943 - The tide of war turned. North Africa was secured and Italy was invaded by the Allies. The Russians won at Stalingrad, and round-the-clock air raids were hammering Germany. In the Pacific, U.S. forces had battered their way from Guadalcanal to Tarawa. One of the memorable war tunes, "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree," made its debut. Slumber parties were a new past time for the coeds. Vogue magazine said suits for women were "in" and the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, "Oklahoma," opened on Broadway.

At Washburn, 185 January class graduating seniors tramped down the aisles to the, yep, "Triumphal March from Aida," an institution as old as the school. The big movies to see were "White Cargo" and "Pride of the Yankees" and some of the songs the kids liked were "Why Don't You Do Right," "That Old Black Magic," and "Taking a Chance on Love," also Glenn Miller's "Blue Rain." Haircuts for men and boys went up to 65 cents. A Wahian cost \$1.25. The girls were still wearing saddle shoes, sweaters and skirts, but some inroads were being made in footwear by the "penny loafer." "Vigor for Victory" meant gym classes every day of the week for boys and three times a week for girls. The 12A June Class presented "Music Master" to packed houses, and the theme of the Fall senior mixer was "Hit Parade."

1944 - June 6th was "D-Day" and over one million service men poured into the Normandy beaches in a three-week period. General Patton got his tanks loose and started to roll across Nazi-occupied France. General MacArthur returned in triumph to the Philippines with combined U.S. land, sea and air forces to back him up. All over the world the G.I.'s favorite pin-up pictures were of film stars Rita Hayworth and Betty Grable. Back home 3.5

million "Rosie the Riveters" toiled on the assembly lines, and Franklin Roosevelt beat Thomas Dewey for an unprecedented 4th term as President. In Tin Pan Alley the song "Sentimental Journey" was published.

It was a tough year at Washburn. Only 127 graduated in January with many of the boys leaving for military service right after. "Quality Street," the January Class play, was the first class play ever cancelled... the reason: a flu epidemic and orders from the Health Department. Unpurchaseable saddle shoes were giving way to "strollers" and fuzzy angora anklets were a big thing. Many of the girls wore center parts and braids while the boys preferred "heinie" haircuts anticipating the military. One bright spot was the first in-school evening dance sponsored by the PTA. It was called "Spring Thing" and over 600 people showed up. Saddest note: A.E. MacQuarrie died October 31st after a short illness. He had been the prime mover at Washburn since its founding and his passing marked the end of an era.

1945 - Franklin D. Roosevelt died, Mussolini and Hitler were also dead and Harry Truman made it as President just in time to usher in the atomic age and the end of the war. "Forever Amber" was the novel of the year. Elizabeth Taylor, a 13-year-old ingenue, appeared in her first starring role in "National Velvet." A B-25 crashed into the Empire State Building, and the United Nations was born at a San Francisco conference. The big song hit was "Laura," and 15 million military men and women started to filter back into civilian life.

The hits were dancing to the big bands booked in the Prom and Woody Herman had a splendid Washburn following at the Orpheum Theater. The June Class presented "Spring Green" coached by Ora McLaughlin. Wilhelm Larsen was commissioned to sculpture a memorial plaque to Mr. MacQuarrie. E. J. Beckstrom, director of vocal music since the school opened, announced he was directing his last Spring Chorus. The homecoming game for both Washburn and Southwest found the rivals facing each other at Nicollet park. It was our first night game and our first win of the year in football. Two of the student hit parade songs were "I'll Walk Alone" and "Let's Take the Long Way Home." The big fad phrase, God help us, was "Hubba Hubba."

1946 - The country inched back to normalcy. Strikes were the worst in history to that date and Winston Churchill coined the phrase "Iron Curtain." Many ex-G.I.'s joined the 52-20 Club (\$20 per week for 52 weeks) and commercial television got off the ground with the sale of 7,000 black and white sets. War hero John F. Kennedy, 29, was elected Congressman from Massachusetts, and Ethel Merman starred in the Broadway musical "Annie Get Your Gun." There was no business like show business and Frank Sinatra was hitting it big with a tune entitled "You Make Me Feel So Young."

Things were almost back to normal at WHS. The fads were bracelets, lots of them, monograms, big hair ribbons and cashmere sweaters for the girls. Some of the guys took to wearing "pork pie" hats. Almost all the boys were wearing classic cord slacks. The June Class Play was "Hartney" and another carnival dance at the school was sponsored by the PTA. Both gyms were in use for the event and dancing was to the music of Bruce Dyborg's band. 400 Washburn students attended the University Theatre's presentation of "King Lear." Washburn had survived the war.

World War II years deeply affected student life

By Bob Canton ('45)

World War II officially came to the United States and to Washburn at 11:30 a.m. on December 8, 1941, the day after Pearl Harbor was attacked. On that Monday the whole student body listened to President Roosevelt ask Congress for a declaration of war against Japan. Congress responded affirmatively two hours later. War was declared against Germany and Italy the following Thursday.

The real meaning of wars in distant lands seemed remote at first. Washburn's resident Far-East expert, history teacher George Frogen, addressed an all-school assembly and provided some helpful background on the new enemy, Japan.

Jerry Remole, president of the class of January, '42, acknowledged that most of the boys of that class would be entering military service. Before long the war became more personal as recent Washburn alumni, and friends and relatives of students became directly involved.

In March 1942 a savings program was initiated to encourage students and faculty to purchase "Defense Bonds." The following month a paper sale netted \$109 for use in purchasing "defense materials" for the school. The money was invested in two fire axes, six shovels, six rakes, six garbage cans and one battery-operated radio!

Early in the war, air raid drills were added to fire drills as part of the school preparedness program. The air raid drills included having some students going to lower levels of the building and others sticking their heads in their wall lockers. As fear of enemy attacks on Minneapolis lessened, these drills were discontinued as were the "black-out" drills that students practiced at home.

Rationing of some items began in April of 1942, with sugar being one of the first items on the list, followed soon by coffee and canned goods. For a while it was necessary to bring an empty lead tooth paste tube to the drug store in order to get a new tube. "Tin" cans were collected for salvage during most of the war years. We diligently rinsed them out, removed the bottoms and smashed them flat. No one minded sacrificing for the war effort.

Soon paper was added to the list of things in short supply. "Brown Baggers," who preferred bringing their own lunches to eating the gourmet delights offered by the school, never discarded their lunch bags. They saved them for re-use. Fewer written lessons were assigned and the 1945 Wahian was restricted to just 96 pages to conserve paper.

Even before the war, very few students could afford cars or even thought of driving to school. Permits to do so were required and, during the '41-'42 school year, only 29 students had them. To obtain one, a student had to live a considerable distance from Washburn or need a car to get to work after class. With a permit, troubles still were not over. Parking was not allowed on the school grounds or on nearby streets. A driver had to make arrangements with a property owner in the area for a place to leave his car or find some inconspicuous place where he hoped the police wouldn't happen by. A big spender could rent a garage in the neighborhood for about \$5 per month.

Washburn Gold Stars remembered

By Jim Joyslin ('40)

No anniversary edition of the *Grist* would be complete without memorializing the Gold Stars, 97 Washburn alumni who died in World War II. They represent part of the price their generation paid for a toe-hold on a fragile world peace. World War II was a "popular" war that had the earmarks of a crusade, far different from the succeeding conflicts in Korea and Viet Nam. (The archives of Washburn have no record of the killed-in-action of those later conflicts).

The 1946 Victory Edition of the *Wahian* memorialized Washburn's Gold Stars and the

2474 graduates who served in the armed forces during World War II. The frontispiece of that edition reflected on the meaning of the war with the following statement:

"Because of their courage and sacrifice, Washburn has become part of the world...They were wonderful people and will live forever in our hearts for they have given us the great gift of peace."

Though the special Gold Star Plaque and Memorial Room in the school have been dismantled, those who remember those turbulent years can never forget the effects of the war or those who gave their lives.

WWII

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As the war progressed, automobile use became more difficult. Tires were in short supply by mid-1942 and gasoline rationing began in November of that year. The regular "A" gasoline ration sticker allowed the purchase of 4 gallons per week; it was a rare treat to have the use of the family car for a date. When a car was available, double or triple dating was the rule.

Street cars were the common mode of transportation for distances too far to walk. Service was good and the price was right—two tokens for 15 cents and unlimited transfers. Church and other groups could charter a street car for an evening and bring their own refreshments and entertainment.

Separation of the sexes in the school remained the same through June, 1945: girls on one side of the lunch room and auditorium, boys on the other; girls' and boys' lockers separated by the width of the school; separate girl and boy home rooms and no girl cheer leaders. Drinking and smoking by high-schoolers was all but unheard of and the few who did such things were shunned.

Schools held continual programs to aid the war effort. During 1944, Washburn students raised \$30,524 to purchase three jeeps and a training plane. A paper drive netted 75 tons of paper and \$626 toward a Gold Star Memorial. Woodworking classes switched from making model aircraft for military training purposes to making crutches. A canned food drive collected 6,000 pounds of food for war refugees. In 1945 \$12,000 was raised to purchase an LCV landing craft. That same year, a clothing drive brought in 3,800 pounds of clothing for war relief in Holland and Norway. Students and faculty made other personal contributions through their churches and other organizations.

World War II was difficult and tragic as are all wars, but there was a singleness of purpose and an understanding of the causes that united the nation. Not only at Washburn, but in high schools across the country, difficult decisions had to be made. As graduation approached, students had to decide whether to enlist in the service branch they preferred or wait to be drafted. In some branches induction was immediate, others allowed the student to graduate. Draftees were allowed to finish school. "D" or better students inducted early were awarded their diplomas at the time their class graduated. By the end of the war, over 2500 Washburn students were in uniform and almost 100 had died in service.

How the Mill got its wheels

By Robert Krause

Down in the boiler room, the only place smoking was allowed in those days, Assistant Principal Frank T. Janes and I were discussing the sad fact that Washburn had no showcase for students not trained in the classical tradition. (An indignant letter to the *Grist* has just informed us of this lack!)

In a burst of brilliance we decided to sponsor a talent show. A date was selected, a time set — and for talent, we knew of at least one student we could depend on, the bustling letter-writer.

One April afternoon in 1948, the first production of what was to become Millwheels opened to an audience of about 300 students. Happily, they liked what they saw and asked that another show be produced the following year.

In 1949 we decided the same number of kids might pay a quarter to see the show — or to get

out of the house on a Friday night. We were right — they would and did. In 1950, we needed more money so the price was increased to 50 cents.

Somebody must have loved us on that January evening in 1950 because there wasn't a basketball game in town and the weatherman gave us the balmy winter evening in ten years. The 300 swelled in numbers and at 7:55 that night Janes, ever calm, rushed backstage to announce that there still was a long line of students ready to spend their half-bucks. The curtain was held until 150 folding chairs were set up in the orchestra pit. The Millwheels wagon started on a trip that night that has lasted nearly 30 years.

What kind of talent has there been? All kinds. Magicians, singers, dancers, gymnasts, roller-skating acts, musicians and, in 1954, the first of the Millermates

in costumes featuring blue skirts and orange bloomers. All the talent was good — most was excellent.

Today some of the former Millwheels "stars" work in television, radio and non-professional theater. A few have "gone professional" all the way, appearing as troupers with the likes of the Chanhassan Dinner Theater. One was a member of the original cast of "My Fair Lady."

The rest have turned to more conventional professions and life styles, but all have shared the excitement of the stage, of being a star, if only for a moment. That's what goes into making happy memories, and why Millwheels is a favorite Washburn tradition.

Editor's Note: Robert Krause is a drama and English teacher at Washburn. He recently began classes in filmmaking and history of film.

"Cake-eaters" took the "Cake" in Fabulous 50's

By Charles Holmes ('54)

It is said that one of the finest compliments is to be copied. If this statement is true, then the 1950's must have been a "fabulous" decade....."The Fabulous Fifties" as today's teenagers describe it.

The fifties began with a nation at war, a frenzied Senator McCarthy finding communists lurking almost everywhere and television, coming into its own.

In 1952 General Dwight D. Eisenhower defeated Adlai Stevenson and was elected President succeeding Harry S. Truman, and for the first time in the lives of those attending high school a Republican occupied the White House. The following year the Korean conflict came to an end and the nation was at peace for the next several years. Even so, the Cold War continued and the Bomb and possibility of a third world war were topics often discussed in the newspapers, by broadcast commentators and politicians.

The famous Brown vs. School Board decision was handed down by the Supreme Court in 1954 declaring "separate but equal" was not "equal." This landmark decision began school desegregation throughout the nation and the influence for change in the years ahead.

Soon to hit the scene was a little-known singer from Nashville named "Elvis Presley" whose singing and life style began to revolutionize the nation's music and young people.

Against this backdrop of social and political events, life at Washburn included proms, homecomings, distinctive clothing styles, the "Lindy" and "Bunny Hop," nickle cokes and a strong sense of school pride.

For much of the early to mid-fifties girls at Washburn wore their skirts mid-calf length, either very straight or very full. It was stylish to wear as many as seven or eight crinolines under full skirts. Ankle socks and loafers, cinch belts and sweaters (preferably cashmere) with detachable collars and little bunches of artificial flowers pinned at the neck were common styles. Girls were not allowed to wear slacks to school except on football days. Strapless, "ballerina length" gowns made of net over taffeta were popular and, of course, there was rhinestone jewelry. For sportswear there were jeans with the zipper on the side and pedal pushers.

For the most part, boys dressed in slacks and sweaters. Flat-top crew cuts were common, although by the mid-fifties hair styles were getting longer and slicked-down ducktails began to appear along with leather jackets.

Academically Washburn was highly rated among local, state and national high schools. It was generally regarded that Washburn had the highest rating academically among Minneapolis High Schools. National studies had placed Washburn third in the nation for academic achievement. The class of 1954, for example, produced 11 valedictorians and two salutatorians. This number of high achievers in a single class is the most in the school's 50 year history.

Athletically, Washburn finally emerged on the scene. The school had won a number of team championships through the years, but never one in football that was unshared. The 1954 season saw the Millers win the Minneapolis High School football championship for the first time. The team was undefeated in league play, but lost the Twin City game. In the years to follow football championships were almost an annual occurrence and the "Mighty Millers" went on to gain Twin City and statewide recognition.

The 1954-55 basketball season also was a championship year with the first state basketball title in the school's history won in the spring of 1955. To top off a most successful year, Washburn also took the state baseball title. The term "cake-eater" used by city rivals to describe Washburn students soon became "cake, the breakfast of champions."

There was not much development beyond 66th street as the Fifties began, but it was starting. Students living in Richfield were bussed to Washburn until 1956 when the "new" Richfield High School was opened. Washburn hockey teams would hold their November workouts on the frozen ponds located where the Southdale Shopping Center is thriving today. Streetcars were still in use through most of the Fifties. Lake Harriet was almost the same as now...not as crowded perhaps, but with sailboat races and the ever-popular lover's lane complete with "submarine races."

School in the "Fifties" was fun. It was hard work too but students accepted that challenge. Persons graduating from Washburn in the fifties were as ready as anyone to step into the world and begin the climb to responsible adult citizenship.

The Class of '52 remembers

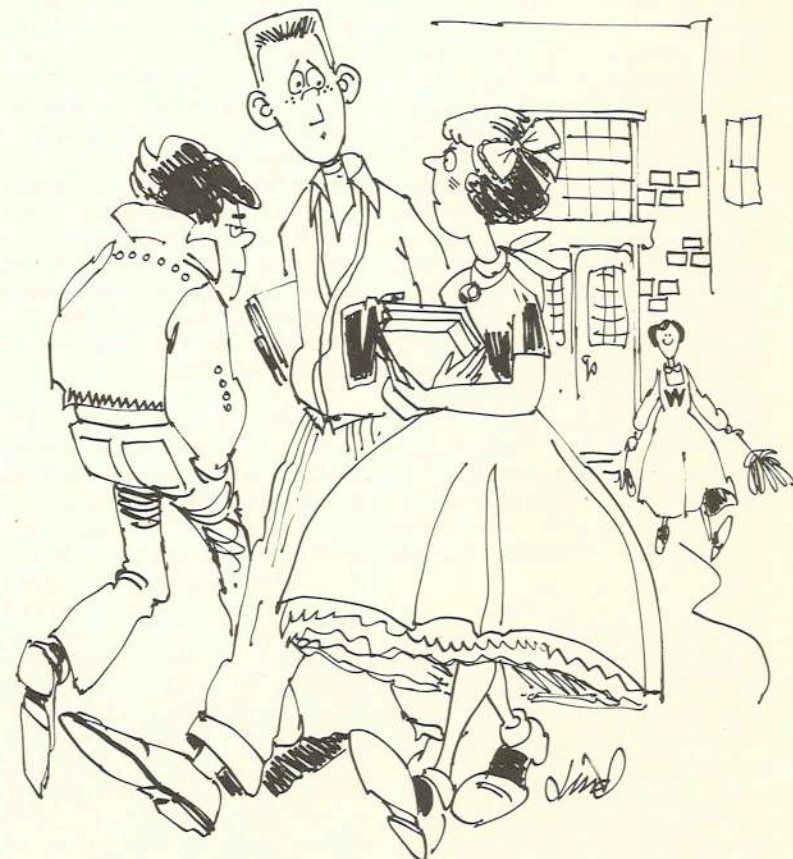
Discipline was different then: The *Grist* staff came within a hair of being expelled...all because Seymour Druskin was demonstrating a wrestling hold to a female editor in the hall outside the *Grist* room when Assistant Principal Frank Janes came by...and remember when the *Grist* edition featuring a column on submarine races was confiscated? We published in absentia from Tom Litman's and Judy Grouse's till the smoke died down. Shirley Mans was 'most athletic' and she's proved our judgment right by going on to a career of more than twenty years of professional skating. Tom Litman was editor of *Poplars* and *Grist* sports editor. Harry Pulver's chemistry class inspired greatness...Danny Flory became an internist, Bob Figenskau an engineer, and Kati Eriksson Sasseville's first case as an attorney involved the chemistry of a silver-zinc torpedo battery!

Lynn Behrman came to Washburn and inspired, wrote and directed the first Variety night...the show stopper was "Another Opening, Another Show" and the school loved it so that it became a new tradition. And the other plays...John

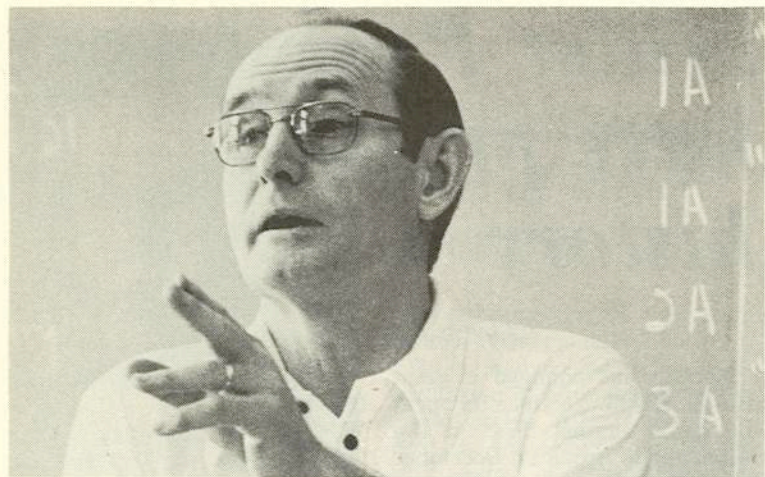
Koepcke and Peg Gilbert, Frank Bachman and Marge Rundquist stole the scenes in "Goodbye, My Fancy."

On Sadie Hawkins Day Ruth Whaley and Gerry Eiseld were L'il Abner and Daisy Mae. Val St. Anthony was president of everything...One of the poplars was the victim of an outrageous Homecoming eve assault, but retribution was visited upon the lawn of Roosevelt. Seven girls joined Mr. Recque's physics club...Mr. Bolewine's mixed glee club sang in a thousand-voice all school production of the "Messiah" at Northrup Auditorium.

The only sport in which Washburn came close to a state championship that year was hockey. Gary Bergseng, Jeff Simus and Terry Dunn took us into regional playoffs where we lost 4-3 to St. Paul Humboldt. Jerry Gustafson, however, went to the state and came in third on his weight division in wrestling. And Gary Zuhlsdorf took sixth in the state cross-country race. Liz Ewald and Donna Lathrop led the Girls "W" wearers on the GAA Board and about 50 girls won W's for participation in softball, volleyball, basketball and other sports.



"IF 'I LIKE IKE' IS YOUR IDEA OF A PROPER ENDEARMENT TO WRITE IN THE WAHIAN OF THE GIRL YOU'VE BEEN GOING STEADY WITH FOR THREE WHOLE MONTHS HAROLD...YOU CAN JUST GO TO THE SOCK-HOP ALL BY YOURSELF!"



Faculty philosopher fascinated with his students, new ideas

By Nancy Paulu ('67)

The hairline had receded a touch. But it was basically the same Frank Ario, with the same expressive eyes, the same concern for his students and the same fascination with ideas that he had communicated in his classroom nine years ago.

The additional decade, however, gave the man a new perspective on Washburn High School, its students and himself. It made this former student's return to her

alma mater on April 7 for a talk with her former government and philosophy teacher a very special one.

The years haven't dampened Ario's enthusiasm for his job. "I don't think," he said, "that my wife has ever heard me come home and complain about teaching. I just feel this is great work to be in."

Deciding he wanted a career in the classroom was an arduous process, Ario recalls. He graduated from Mankato High

School in 1942 and found himself a short time later on the front lines in Europe.

"I came out of the war situation with a disillusionment...It seemed so futile, the way people killed one another, the way they regarded human life as nothing," Ario said. (His twin brother was among the casualties.)

"After returning to the States, my main pursuit was to get my head straightened out," Ario said, "so I went on an academic and a searching binge."

He enrolled in Augsburg College in Minneapolis, and discovered his "greatest satisfaction came from studying philosophy," he said. After earning a B.A. with majors in physical education, philosophy and a social studies and history combination, Ario and his wife headed for Gilbert, Minn., a small Iron Range town, where he taught for three years.

In 1957, he accepted a teaching job in the Minneapolis school district and was assigned to Washburn High School. He has remained there quite happily ever since, he said.

Ario said he had "a distinctly positive feeling about Washburn" when he arrived. "I thought the kids were very sophisticated. They were very bright. You could tell they came from homes where education was stressed," Ario said. Discipline seldom was a problem.

He also recalls that the student body generally was well dressed.

The high-caliber students remain, but times have changed. "The up-tight person (either teacher or student) has had a difficult time here in the last 10 years," Ario said. Those with bigoted or prejudiced positions, those with little tolerance for far-out hair and clothing styles have had a hard time coping with the changing mores.

What are those changes? More black students came to Washburn. The dress code was eliminated, and some Washburnites came to school "looking like they needed a bath," Ario said.

Discipline at times became a problem, particularly in the late 60s, Ario said. Students became more aware of their rights, and became more critical of social structures, he said.

The impact of the women's movement became apparent. There "definitely is a group of women who envision marriage in the traditional way," Ario said. But more women began thinking about careers and about postponing marriage.

Male and female students also began changing their ways of relating to each other, Ario said. "They seem to be much more relaxed in their relationships with one another...There isn't as much courting...Instead, there seem to be a lot more friendships."

Teaching methods changed. Ten years ago, "there was more emphasis on sticking to the textbook," Ario said, "and there wasn't as much emphasis on analysis, on making generalizations, or on hypothesizing about the world today."

Today, Ario said he senses "a swing-back of sorts," particularly with discipline. "They (students) want us to come down a lot harder than we (teachers) sometimes do. They want more discipline than we're willing to give them."

Students generally "have quit attacking (social institutions) and are more accepting now," Ario said. Blue jeans remain popular, but dress generally is neater, and patches are sewn on meticulously, he said.

Ario, now 51 years old, apparently has weathered the changes gracefully. "I'm not saying there aren't moments when there aren't problems and frustrations" Ario said of his teaching experiences, "but that's life, too. What would I rather be doing? I can't think of anything".

The 60's bring changes in fads and philosophies

We entered the 1960s in knee ticklers, flats and charm bracelets, but before long we changed to blue jeans, sandals and beads. We wore our hair in crewcuts and bubbles as the decade began, but it was hanging straight down to our shoulders by the time it was over.

It was a time of change, a period of growing social and political dissatisfaction which took us from the complacent 1950s, when most of us were in grade school, to the questioning 1970s, when many of us married and began careers.

In the early 1960s, we still followed the fads of our older siblings. We hung out at the same spots, the Lyndale, Curran's, Top's and the Pizza Garden; we even drank cherry coke at the drugstore after school.

To us, a 'joint' meant innocent fun, those Hi Y and Blue Tri parties. In fact, some of us joined just for the joints. If we had a nice time, it was a panic or even a blast. And if we met someone we liked, he/she was neat or sharp. Those unfortunate fellows who didn't meet our approval were labeled clods.

We liked bubblegum music but also started taking an interest in folk songs. The Kingston and the Chad Mitchell Trios were among our early favorites. We were also crazy about "I Wanna Hold Your Hand," "She Loves Me," sung by that foursome from Liverpool; we took note of the way they wore their hair.

We gloated in our status as seniors, selling elevator passes to the sophomores or sending them up the down staircase. Some of us got into trouble, but it was generally not too serious. Some 30 from the class of 1963, for example, can remember spending Halloween at the Bryant Precinct Station after a skirmish with Burma shave and eggs at the local drive-in.

The newspapers wrote about the Minnesotans who wound up in a Jackson, Mississippi jail in 1961. In the *Grist*, we wrote that they had joined "112 other freedom riders to fight for the American Negro." We hadn't heard of the word "Black" and probably hadn't met any either since only two or three Blacks attended Washburn in those days.

Traditionally, we experimented with sex during submarine races down at Lake Harriet. Another outlet was the fall friendship dance which sometimes erupted in mass kissing hysteria. In general, we were fairly naive about a lot of things in the early 1960s.

On the whole, we enjoyed Washburn and all its rituals from the intoxicating atmosphere of fall football previews at the

parade stadium to the eager collection of Wahian signatures on balmy springs days out under the Poplar trees.

The tasks of drawing elaborate diagrams of frogs for Mr. Roder, memorizing "Is this a dagger...?" for Mrs. Wells and struggling through pulverized tests for Mr. Pulver sometimes seemed almost incidental to the regular rounds of the drive-ins and post game open houses, when a local church opened its doors to the meeting.

A year later the *Grist* staff decided to "test freedom of choice" by subscribing to a Communist Chinese news organ, following the example set by a Minneapolis businessman who made news with the action.

Often, however, student dissent was limited to school issues. In 1965, Washburn students began to rebel against no-smoking rules and the dress code. Several years later, high school dress codes went out the window.

This was the time when a new classroom addition and a gymnasium were constructed at the high school and when a major new tradition took its place alongside Millwheels and the Washburn honk.

A couple of rocks unearthed during the leveling of the Pleasant Avenue hill were painted orange and blue and established as a symbol of Washburn prowess. They were stolen by Miller rivals, of course, but an enterprising member of the class of '68 later arranged for importation of replacement boulders from a northern Minnesota quarry.

The more serious protests began in the 1966-1968 era. Civil Rights sit-ins had been replaced by Vietnam War teach-ins. The lives of many students in the late 60s were deeply influenced by the war.

Some turned to drugs and others marched in protest. Songs, "White Rabbit" by the Jefferson Airplane, for example, reflected this trend. "Ohio" by Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, recorded the Kent State shootings in song.

Each of us can remember a certain style or special event from our years at Washburn. Desert boots, granny dresses, pink and charcoal gray on Fridays. Sock hops, hootenannies, graduation ceremonies.

High school is a very private era in our lives with each of us experiencing individual changes that will affect us for a lifetime.

But all of us were affected by the events of the 1960s. As we moved towards maturity, leaving behind our youthful diversions, our society was moving in new directions, departing from an earlier more accepting era.

Grad sees values of the 50's as a plus today

By Kati Eriksson Sasseville ('52)

The media eventually came to call us the apathetic generation. From the vantage point of the sixties it seemed incomprehensible that teenagers could have enjoyed life so thoroughly...cheering for football teams with a loyalty that endured defeat...dancing after school at sock hops...joining everything...Politix Club, French Club, Chroma Club, Quill Club, Hi-Y, Glee Club, Stage Crew, Class Play, GAA.

But if these activities seemed bland and unexciting to a later, more jaded generation, for us they encompassed our whole world, uninvaded and uninspired by the television camera. Though Gary Flakne and Pharis Horton and Jack Langguth might argue about the merits of the Alger Hiss matter in Politix Club, it was true that we were largely oblivious to the concerns of the adult world...would Betty Trones be elected Homecoming Queen? would Deryl Schelekau win the posture contest? Would Jere Briggs make a touchdown? Would Ray Ross's best and brightest make it to the Regionals? These were the concerns of the fifties.

All the happy memories...one wonders if the unspoken thoughts of others would confirm as well the pain of adolescence. How did 'they' deal with the self-conscious despair of being too fat, or too short, or too tall, or too skinny, of having acne, or eczema, of being shy or thought dull, or 'queer' or 'unpopular.' How we struggled for 'popularity,' to be part of a clique,...for many, wasn't that the be-all and end-all of our existence?

No one speaks of that kind of pain in the Spring of 1976...but that is appropriate, for no one mentioned it in the fifties, either. One did not speak of pain or misery endured, except perhaps to a single close friend. If one was meant to suffer, one suffered in silence. Self-indulgence was not a

virtue in the fifties, and self-denial was. Moodiness among teenagers was remarkable for its relative absence. If we suffered our private agonies then, we still tried to give the appearance of self-control and happiness.

The media termed us apathetic, but they missed this essential quality of control. Though latter-day psychologists might call it repression, we of the fifties might well question whether we have not benefitted by controlling our lives in positive ways. We did not dwell on sorrow, on the world's troubles or our own, but on the hope of eventually overcoming trials we confronted.

We did not ignore social change, nor did we first conceive it. We did not trumpet our concerns about injustice, but neither did we perpetuate it. Lori Sawyer, '52, may have been the only one to picket segregated theaters in the South, but how many of us came to serve on Open Housing Committees, school advisory groups, or equal employment opportunity associations. It was not alone the Chief Justice Warrens or the Martin Luther Kings who changed discriminatory patterns in our nation, but the young people of the fifties, grown up, who still stand up in their own communities and see that the laws of the land are obeyed and equality of rights made real, here where we live our daily lives.

And how many Washburn women, quietly and effectively, have made manifest the doctrines of the women's movement that just a few years ago seemed impossible to achieve. Our daughters of the seventies can receive equal pay for equal work because women of the fifties entered the work force, endured what had to be endured and fought for what we knew we must have.

That was the strength of the "apathetic" generation. The lessons we learned were about finding our victories and triumphs in overcoming...enduring...sharing...and in love.



A posture queen she isn't, but 50th Anniversary *GRIST* Editor Lisa Lake Agan displays the special trophy to recognize Washburn Posture Queens from 1928 to 1967. Where are the winners of yesterday? Why was there a posture contest? Why was it discontinued? Like dozens of other tales from Washburn's past, this story must remain untold, perhaps until the 75th Anniversary *GRIST* is published.



Beloved Southern lady commanded attention, charmed students

By Paula Hirschhoff ('62)

Memories of most high school teachers fade within a few years of graduation. We recall only a few favorites, teachers whose advice or encouragement endures for a lifetime.

Occasionally, however, we encounter an unforgettable teacher, one whose methods and manner can still stir fond memories at 10, 20 and 30-year class reunions.

Such a teacher was Mary Alice Wells who taught Shakespeare at Washburn Senior High for 40 years until her retirement in 1973.

Her Southern accent and 4-foot 7½-inch height were, of course, memorable. But more important, she taught Shakespeare with a flair and enthusiasm that compelled her students to take an interest.

Despite her size, she rarely encountered discipline problems. Students behaved in her class, partly because she talked so fast and so much that they couldn't get a word in edgewise.

In addition, she had a tendency to ramble, trailing off on tangents of peripheral relevance to the subject at hand. Students had to pay close attention to figure out what she was talking about.

But as she explains, "It's hard to say just one thing. I mean if you just say something, it doesn't say too much, does it?"

She inspired not only respect but also a kind of wonder in her students. They were curious about her background, although she rarely hinted at her life outside the classroom.

The daughter of a cotton grower, Mrs. Wells grew up on the family's Newberry, South Carolina plantation which had been in the family since colonial days. While earning a B.A. degree at a southern girls' school, a professor recommended that she become a kindergarten teacher because of her size.

Instead, she came north for graduate work at the University of Minnesota. She lived with a step aunt, Mrs. Amos S. Wells, who had grown up with her mother. The aunt died in 1945. Three years later, Mary Alice married Amos Wells, a prominent Minneapolis dentist.

They enjoyed entertaining in the stately Georgian home on 46th Street near Lake Harriet that Wells had built for his collection of priceless antiques, some of which had been in the family for over a century. The living room ceiling is higher than normal to accommodate tall, handsome Victorian and George III secretaries.

Wells died in 1961 at age 85. By then Mrs. Wells was too entrenched in her career at Washburn to consider returning to the South. She continued living in the slate-roofed home near the lake and enjoying her job "to the hilt."

"I loved it. I loved every minute of it," she said. The 40 years passed quickly. "Just like this," she remarked, closing her eyes and snapping her fingers.

Her first teaching assignment included classes in Ivanhoe, American literature, common life problems and Shakespeare. Before long she was teaching only Shakespeare, surprisingly since she hadn't liked the subject in high school.

"It just didn't appeal to me in particular. In college I got an A (in Shakespeare) but I wrote letters home during most of the class," she recalls.

When she first realized that young students could enjoy the plays, she too began to appreciate the immortal bard. Shakespeare remained a required course at Washburn High until her retirement three years ago. In the 1960s and early 70s it was unusual for a high school to require such a course.

Mrs. Wells always began the semester with "Macbeth" advancing slowly through the play over a six-week period. Students memorized lines, dramatized scenes, learned figures of speech and wrote themes in conjunction with study of the plays. Later she ran quickly through several comedies such as "Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It."

Reading rapidly through the dialogue, she frequently interrupted herself and occasionally skipped some of the bawdier lines which offended her Southern gentility.

Did she ever grow weary of teaching the same plays year after year?

In reply she compares herself to the mother who "never gets tired of repeating nursery rhymes for each child who comes along. I was always glad I knew the plays and could spend my time watching student reactions.

"It was perfectly thrilling to be able to get young people fresh, to bend them to your way of thinking, as it were."

In April, 1964, she was given time off to travel to England for Shakespeare's 400th birthday. On her way to place rosemary and daffodils on Shakespeare's grave, she was interviewed by a reporter from New York who couldn't believe that a Minneapolis high school offered a course in Shakespeare. She was mentioned in stories about the event which appeared in newspapers all over the country.

Her students are invariably glad that Washburn and Mrs. Wells continued to offer Shakespeare. Lines and lessons learned in her class linger for years as does the memory of Mary Alice Wells herself. Wherever she goes in the city, she is greeted by former students.

Indeed, members of the Wahian staff dedicated the yearbook to her in 1966. "You have given your students a feeling for the excitement of the stage and the genius of Shakespeare..." the dedication reads. "Your friendly smile and gracious manner have made you one of the best loved teachers here at Washburn."

Miller Pucksters have proud history

By Larry Hendrickson ('60)

Hockey has changed a great deal at Washburn since its opening game against West at the Minneapolis Arena on December 14, 1926. Yet the winning ways of first coach Vilhelm Larsen have continued to dominate. The coach would say, "Ve must Vight-Vight-Vight- to Vin," and his players did. All Washburn players have since that time. Washburn has yet to finish in the second division.

Hockey really got under way in the winter of 1926 when Mr. Bob Brooks felt a real hockey rink should be built on the football field at the school. Brooks got Mr. Lee, mechanical drawing teacher, to draw up plans for the boards to replace the slush and snow sides of a year before. He then recruited ten students to build the rink, and hockey was under way at Washburn. It is interesting to note that the Minneapolis School Board gave permission to the Washburn boys to get material and build the rink, because of "Washburn's reputation for care of other people's property."

Hockey did not start out without controversy, as hockey never does. All the teams in the City Conference protested West High School's (Washburn's arch rival at the time) familiarity with the Minneapolis Arena because they practiced there. So in Washburn's first year, all games were played outside. Games consequently were very cold, but not too cold for the hearty stock of Coach Larsen and his crew. The Millers fell to West in the semifinals of the Minneapolis playoffs, but coach Larsen said, "Whole-hearted cooperation and clean sportsmanship dominated the team."

The successful start under Coach Larsen set a standard for Washburn hockey with his team "vighting its vay" to the city championship the following year in 1928. Paced by the steady goaltending of Chet Hudson, and great play from Howard Tyner, Howard Gibbs, Bill Zieske, and John "Hardy" Faegre, the hockey team secured the school's first athletic championship. The Millers had a 10-0 record that year, after a thrilling 2-1 victory over West before 1,000 fans at the Minneapolis Arena.

In 1929 the Millers lost in two overtimes to West and fell to third place, despite the great play from all-city performers Gibbs and Faegre. In 1930, led by Charles Hibbard, the Millers returned to 2nd place. The club remained in 2nd place in 1931 behind the goaltending of captain Bob Diercks. By 1932 only three schools in the city had hockey teams, due to the cost of the sport and the rough economic times. This was Washburn's last hockey team until 1937 and this '32 team again finished in 2nd place behind Clint Hegg and Reynold Bjorck.

Hockey returned to Washburn in 1937 with the arrival of Coach Merv "Bing" Dillner to the hockey scene. As with his football team, Dillner's hockey club was going to 'bing this' and 'bing that.' Putting on his first hockey skates in 1937, but calling on his years of knowledge as a great athlete at the University of Minnesota, Dillner led his club to the city championship in his first year. Falling to second place in 1938, the team returned to championship status in 1939 behind stars Bud Leckie and Ollie Dahlen. Goalie Mac

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Liberation earmarks the 70's

By Julie Voigt and Sue Rosenbloom ('76)

The late 60's and early 70's were years of rebellion, change and new freedoms at Washburn. Many of the old traditions were discarded, making way for new patterns of behavior. The dress code was abolished, guys began wearing their hair long, drug use became more widespread and organizations such as Blue Tri, AFS Club and the All-City Student Council meetings became things of the past.

The Viet Nam War created tension and restlessness. There were lottery drawings for draft numbers, walks for mankind and peace marches that involved many students.

Women's lib and Black awareness grew. The first girls track team was formed in 1971. In '73, a girls basketball team was started. The "Jockette Jacket" came out in 1975. Racial tension, just starting in the '70's, hit an all-time high with the riots of '73. Black history week, started in '73, was aimed at recognizing black contributions to society.

Besides being times for new beginnings, the 70's were times for endings: 1972 was the last year of the male cheerleaders; the traditional semester school year was replaced by the trimester system; the inflexibility of class choice ended and was replaced with many electives and the choice of classes, teachers and

times. There was a general drop in school spirit, participation and dance attendance.

In sports, Washburn's football winning streak of 60 games ended in 1974. Basketball was really big, going all the way to State competition in 1974. The Victory Bell was a common sight on MacQuarrie Field. 1969 ended a five-year winning streak for the State Baseball tournament.

Drug use grew. In the late 60's, the drug users were in obvious groups, but as time went on, it became almost impossible to distinguish who used drugs and who didn't.

Kids of the early 70's hung out at Porky's, Curran's, the Blue Cue, the Prison, the Barn, Danceland, sand caves, Bush Lake and the Rose Gardens. St. John's Church dances every week, bonfire keggers and the traditional submarine races at Lake Harriet were popular, too.

They listened to the sounds of the Beatles, Delcounts, Danny's Reasons, Mystics, Janis Joplin, Jimmy Hendrix, and the Rolling Stones. New movies included "Love Story," "Patton," and "Bananas."

National events like Watergate, Patty Hearst's kidnapping and trial, Nixon's resignation and America's Bicentennial celebration set the mood for the mid-70's.

Streaking came into view at such choice times as school auditoriums, sports events and lunchtime. New styles such as earth

shoes, Adidas, levis, overalls, imports, puka shells and "natural" things emerged.

New ideas such as interim and eliminating notes to excuse absences were introduced to the school. The new trimester system and registration-tally flexibility made it possible for students to have varied schedules and release times.

School was no longer the center of activity for students. More students held jobs and were involved in pursuits outside of school.

The law making every 18-year-old an adult created new opportunities for students — including the right to drink legally.

Hangouts were still the submarine races at Lake Harriet, passion pit, river kegs, along with Perkins, PDQ, "the flats," McDonald's, Zapata, the water tower, the Washburn parking lot and the Malt Shop.

School spirit, although still overrun by apathy, seems to be growing and probably will continue to develop. The new Ramsey Junior High 9th Grade Center sends to Washburn a united sophomore class. This year's Sophomore Class formed its own Sophomore Board. The Class of '76 will have the first senior movie in many years. Hopefully this 50th Anniversary Celebration will instill new school spirit to WHS. Happy Birthday Washburn!



"HEY CARL, I JUST TOOK A GOOD LOOK AT THAT THING... DO YOU REALIZE ITS MADE ENTIRELY OF EMPTY BEER CANS?"

Pucksters

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Thayer set standards for future Washburn goalies as did Bob Gunderson the year before.

Richie Johnson and Don Lindvall made all-city that year. The loss of star Wally Nocks at mid-year graduation might have cost the Millers a win in their first State Tourney game.

Dillner-led teams played steady hockey through the 1942 season, at which time hockey was again dropped until 1946. Dillner's final year was 1948 when Washburn won the city championship with a 1-0 win over South. Washburn went to its first State Tournament in 1948, but was defeated in the first game by St. Cloud Tech 4-2.

Hockey was different in the early days. For one thing, players had to shovel their own rinks. They did not wear helmets, there was only one official, little inside ice, no Southwest High for a rival, very few fans, and it was "cold as Hell!" The early rival was West High, the jerseys had vertical orange and blue stripes, sportmanship and cooperation was the dominating charge from the coach, and it gave Coach Dillner a chance to win championships as well as build character.

1949 brings in one of hockey's most dedicated coaches, Carl Carlson. Few people in the sport have given as much of themselves personally as Carl has to hockey and to Washburn. In Carlson's first year, he took the hint from Larsen and Dillner and led the Orange to the city championship. Behind Jerry Dousette and Butch Anderson, Washburn went again to the State Tournament.

After winning the championship in 1950 and the district in 1951, Washburn spent the next few years awaiting the little kids at Pearl Park to grow up and put together the great squads of 1959 and '60. The 1950's were good years even though no championships were won after 1951.

Carlson had to wait 10 years in his hockey career for his back-to-back state tournament teams of '59 and '60. Led by goalie Jim "Mo" Salmon, forwards Tom Gould, Jim Nyholm, John Simus, Ken "Footie" Hansen and Jim Councilman and assisted by defensemen Earl Hacking, Russ Harden, and Larry Hendrickson Washburn went to the finals of the state in 1959 and won the consolation title in 1960.

This was not all for Carlson's hockey players. Washburn won city championships in '62, '64, '65, and '69. Washburn went back to the state tournament in 1962. Many stars led the Millers of the '60's.

The 1970's marked the end of Coach Carlson's career when he decided to let the younger men do the work on the ice. After coaching such fine players in the 70s as Russ Anderson, Greg Klette, Bob King, Tim Gjerde and Mark Weaver, Coach Carlson retired in 1973. Behind him he left seven city champions and four state tournament teams, 24 years of heart-felt dedication for coaches to follow.

The challenge of Washburn hockey tradition now goes to George Noble, new head coach. Washburn has never finished in the second division. To the players involved in this tradition, so many of the friendships and memories created in this experience still endure. Certainly the leadership from such dedicated coaches as Vilhelm Larsen, Merv Dillner, and Carl Carlson has meant much to us all.

25 years of Miller sports highlighted

By Bernard Rice ('31)

When one tries to turn back time to 45 years ago and rekindle the Spotlight on Sports of that era, he finds his memory as rusty and unreliable as would be a spotlight which had not been illuminated during that time.....

So with apologies to all as to names, dates and places, we will try to recall some of the high spots of the Washburn High School sports scene from 1927 to 1957.

A golden egg for city conference sports

Without any question the Golden Era of City Conference Football was from 1930 to 1950. During this time the "city" teams supplied at least half the Golden Gopher national champions and its perennial Big Ten leaguers through those years. In this period Washburn had many contenders but no champions. The scene was dominated by South High with Kelly Ness, and Gus Wick, North with Biggie Munn, Gleason and Griffin, West with Tuck Teeter's crew of Fred Vant Hull, Bob Smith, Butch Levy and others, Frank Cleve's Henry teams with the old double wing featuring Don Bailey and Clay Kermeen, Central with Joe Markley's hard tackling crew.

Washburn in those early days was more famous for filling the stands with fans than for the caliber of its play but our teams had their moments. Curly Dufour (1929-30) stunned a heavily favored North team which had not touched down a punt that had rolled to a stop. As the North players stood around the ball, Curly casually picked it up, strolled toward the North goal and crossed it. He was rewarded with what proved to be the winning touchdown ... on the same North field a year or two later, Red Gleason and Don Griffin the North backfield led a devastating running attack. They ripped the Washburn line asunder in long, sustained marches. A total rout could be anticipated ... but what happened was one of the most thrilling high school games of all time. Bill Tustison from Jack Wells spread formation threw for four touchdowns to his favorite target Irish Culhane, who sped in, through and around the North team ... the result was a 25-24 defeat for the Orange and Blue, but a day the team held its head very high.

There were other high spots through the years as Ray Smith succeeded Jack Wells, who succeeded C.C. Minty and brought the Orange and Blue to a title tie with Vocational. Several years later we missed an outright championship at a jam-packed Nicollet baseball park...Wally Knox and a fine team lost out to West High and Tuck Teeter on a last-second pass into the left corner of the end zone.

In the more recent Golden Era of Washburn football from 1955 to 1975 there are more articulate spokesmen for Russ Helleckson and George Wemeier and their bone-crushing City, Twin City and State champions... I still can see Gordie Sundin, however, catching the long pass down the middle which led to the first football title in the mid-50's at the Parade Stadium.

Basketball, baseball and Ray

But enough of the glorious present, let's return to yesterday...in basketball, where Ray Ross, then a youngster, succeeded Coach McCoy and led for more than a quarter century of Washburn's sports history. Ross also succeeded Walter Anderson and handled baseball.

As in football, the Golden Era of city conference basketball paralleled the coaching career of Ray Ross from 1930 to 1957, with North, South, Henry, Vocational, Edison, Marshall, West, Central, Roosevelt and Southwest all fielding consistently strong teams over these years. The battle for position was intense.

Ross's squads rose to the top echelon early and were soon to be contenders...The Orange and Blue went over the top as a contender as early as 1932 when for the first time it defeated Edison's dazzlers in a play-off of three teams involved in a title tie.

In one of the first games played at the U. of M. fieldhouse, Currie Bell, the center on the team at six feet even, was smashed to the floor late in the Edison game and seriously injured...after first aid, he rose to his feet, sank two free throws to win the contest 19-17...later he collapsed, was taken to the hospital with a ruptured spleen, and wound up *sidelined* for the championship contest with Jacobi's North speedsetters of Goodman, Sklar & Co. The best efforts of the five foot eight Charlie Isaacs and Art Grangaard, Bell's substitutes, could not hold off North.

Though Ray's 1941 team did not win the city title, it won the play-off for the regional title and entered the state tournament for the first time...one of the first major sports titles in the history of the school, it occasioned wild celebration.

After winning its opener in

good style behind super-star Dave Ruliffson Washburn bowed to the eventual champion Buhl in the semi-finals in a game in which Washburn, trailing by five points, literally did not touch the ball in the final four minutes of the game! Klarich and his mates played keep-away so magnificently that they disdained taking even cinch lay-up shots...at that time, a team fouled could shoot a free throw or elect to take the ball out of bounds...Buhl, the best passing high school player this writer has ever observed, turned down all free throws and Washburn's bid failed.

Returning five years later in 1946, Washburn won the city title by defeating Ade Nelson's best West High team (Calhoun, Oss, McCraney) as Jack Marton and Don Sovell at guard (perhaps the best defensive duo in Washburn history) held the city's highest scoring team of that year to just 25 points in the crucial contest...luck failed the Orange and Blue once again in the big state event as we fell to Stillwater in the semi-finals...a last second tip-in failed and Washburn went down by one point.

In succeeding years, the "W" round-ballers were in contention many times but were edged out by Roosevelt, Central and Henry until Ray's greatest team in 1956 with Sundin, Mickelson, Hanson, Chapman and Sweeney dropped their first game of the season to St. Thomas Academy. They never allowed anyone to get within six points of them for the rest of the year as they literally tore through the city league and the regionals. They won the state championship handily, a fitting culmination for a great coach with a great record. He then recommended one of this own, Dave Ruliffson, to succeed him.

Baseball ... ah, yes, baseball ... powerful teams of the early era were North with Phil Schaeffer, Edison with Benny Dombek, Roosevelt with Hi Vandenberg, South with Gene Trow and DeLaSalle with Tom Farrell and a great cast of supporting players...we recollect chasing balls all over Nicollet field as Washburn fell 25 to 2 to DeLaSalle....all of those pitchers just named were performing at the same time in high school. All went on to professional baseball in the high minors and the majors.

Washburn had a top-flight hurler of its own, one Marsh Lind, who reached the heights on

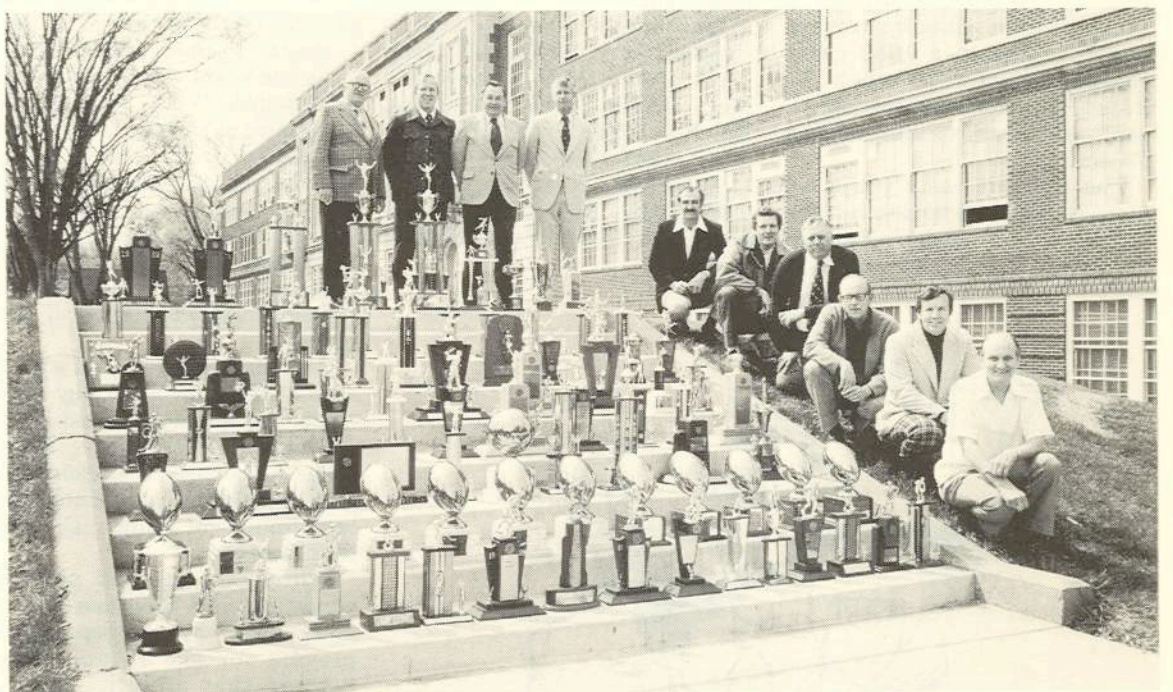
another day at North Commons. Washburn in a key early baseball victory toppled the North High City champions 5 - 3, as a sophomore center fielder saved the game with a bases-loaded catch of a sinking line drive....by the mid-forties, Washburn players in the regalia of the Richfield Legion Post won the national legion championship (the only Minnesota team ever to accomplish the feat).

Competitive early in Hockey, Golf, Track

In other sports, the early Washburn teams reached a competitive level at an earlier date with Hardy Faegre, Howie Tyner, Paul Wallfred, Howie Gibbs, Bob Diercks, John Ganley and others making hockey the "big game" between West and Washburn, and occasionally Central in the late 20's and early 30's. In golf, Bill Zieske, one of the school's great all-around athletes, was to launch a golf career which would lead him to all laurels in the State of Minnesota and to a national Senior Championship...his duels in later years with contemporary Pat Sawyer of West High School were classics. Early stars in swimming, where Washburn was always a contender, were Chuck Erb, Bill DeWinter, Jim Coleman and others leading the early charge....

And in track and field, Coach Vilhelm Larson was to bring the Orange and Blue to the forefront early with his own ideas of conditioning, his perfecting of hurdlers through winter training in the halls, and his uncanny ability to bring his charges to a peak at the right time - all important in track and field. He had his stars over the years - mainly hurdlers - but none greater than Ray Tharpe whose records stood for more than a quarter of a century. It was a tribute to Lars that Al Halley, who served a stint at Washburn and observed his tactics, was to add refinements of his own and establish a track and cross-country dynasty at Southwest High School which will never be equalled.

And now a final word in tribute to the recently deceased Ray Ross, a man who in my mind epitomizes Washburn athletics over this era. His encouragement meant everything to this writer just as it did to so many others. He was a good friend, advisor, counsellor, and an exceptional coach.



Pictured above are past and present Washburn athletic coaches whose accumulated years of service total 106 years of head coaching. The men are flanked by most — but not all — trophies awarded for City, Twin City, District and State Championships in football, baseball, basketball, hockey and track. The second-from-top row of trophies have been won by Washburn girls in 1974 and 1975 in swimming, tennis, skiing, golf and track. At far left in the front row is Washburn's first City Championship trophy, won by coach Vilhelm Larsen's 1927-28 hockey team. Football coaches and their years at Washburn from left to right at top, are Jack Wells, 1928-'36 and 1942-'44; Marv Helling, 1954-'56; Russ Helleckson, 1957-'63; Bill Kuross, 1964-'65. On the right from top to bottom are Connie Emerson (track), 1953-'71; John Stevens (baseball), 1970-present, (basketball), 1972-present; Jim Cosgrove (baseball), 1954-'69; Dave Ruliffson (basketball), 1959-'72; George Wemeier (football), 1966-present; Carl Carlson (hockey), 1948-'73. Emerson is presently boy's athletic director at Washburn.

Gridiron "feast or famine" history is something special to Washburn fans

By Jack Wells, Richard Erdall ('50) and Dave Shama ('64)

Through the years football has become something special at Washburn. Rich in tradition and success, football has become a source of pride to Washburn graduates.

Few Minnesota high schools can match Washburn's football achievements. Beginning in 1954, the Millers wrote a football success story which any school would envy. During the last 22 years the Millers have won 13 city championships, 9 Twin City championships, 3 mythical state championships and the first official state championship in 1972.

Only once from 1954 to 1973 did the Millers have a losing season. From 1967 through 1973 the Millers had a 60 game unbeaten streak. From 1957 through 1960 Washburn teams won 24 straight games.

Such success was unknown to Washburn graduates prior to 1954. From 1927 to 1954 there were only five winning teams (all in the 1940's). Five teams failed to win a game and six other teams won only one game. The 1946 team was the best of the era finishing in second place in the conference with a 5-1-1 record.

Although the school opened in 1926, Washburn did not compete in football until 1927 because there was no senior class. In the early years practice was held on the 49th Street parking lot, the front lawn, and Lynnhurst and Diamond Lake parks. Home games were played wherever a field could be found.

The Millers won their first game in 1929 when they defeated Edison 13-7 on Central's field. The Millers won the game without benefit of a first down.

Washburn's first winning season came in 1941 when the Millers compiled a 5-2 record.

While the victories were few in the early years there were some exciting games. In the 1935 season finale against West Milt Minkin threw a pass to Elmer Johnson for the winning touchdown after the gun had sounded giving the Millers a 13-12 victory. Chuck Swanum was the hero in a 1950 game against Southwest when he scored 3 touchdowns, two on 87-yard kickoff returns and one on a 57-yard run.

The difficult early years led sportswriters and fans to call the Millers the Cake Eaters—implying that Washburn boys

weren't "tough enough to win in football." A park board feeder system which supplied Washburn with excellent players started to pay off in 1954 and soon Washburn fans began bragging that "Cake is the breakfast of champions."

Under first year coach Marv Helling, the Millers won the 1954 city title and played in the Twin City game. Jon Spillum's 80-yard run in the preview got the team off to a fast start and the Millers won all 7 of their league games.

All city honors were won by Bernie Palmer, Harry Jensen, Spillum and Gordy Sundin. Sundin was named the most valuable player in the city after having several big games, including a four touchdown performance against West.

The next season Washburn had few returning regulars and lost its opening game to Southwest in 95° heat. But the Millers went undefeated the rest of the way to tie for the championship. The season's final game was a special one for Dave Hennessey who scored all three Washburn touchdowns, two of them on kickoff returns and one on an intercepted pass.

Certainly one of the most memorable games in Minnesota high school football history was the Millers 63-0 Twin City championship game victory in 1962. After the Millers posted their 63rd point they made sure that no more points were scored and thus provided a tribute to themselves — the class of 1963.

And Washburnites would agree that it was only fitting that 9 years later when the first state high school league championship game was played the Mighty Millers emerged with the state championship. In the best Washburn tradition, the Millers showed a strong defense and well balanced offense.

Through the years, regardless of whether the Millers had a winning season or a losing season, there have been outstanding coaches and players. They have known the value of football has been more than victory or defeat. Participation has been equally important.

Washburn's coaches have been Casper Minty (1926-1927), Jack Wells (1928-1936, 1942-1944), Merv Dillner (1937-1941, 1946), Ray Ross (1942-1944), Ray Smith (1945, 1947-1953), Marv Helling (1954-1956), Russ Helleckson (1957-1963), Bill Kuross (1964-1966), and George Wemeier (1966 to present).

Fifty years is a long time. Like any American high school of the twentieth century, but especially for one spawned in the roaring twenties, the golden age of sport; Washburn's history is closely entwined with competitive sport. There is no one person whose life was more involved or who had more influence on the sport scene in Washburn's first half century than Ray Ross. Ross began his teaching and coaching career at Washburn in the fall of 1928, two years after the school opened. He gave up his coaching duties in 1959 and retired from teaching in 1964. His career was characterized not only by longevity but also by dedication, a commitment to one's best effort and excellence of performance.

Raymond J. Ross was born on February 19, 1901 in Fergus Falls, Minnesota where he received his elementary education. The family moved to Minneapolis, where he attended Central High School and competed on championship basketball and baseball teams. In 1920, Ray's senior year at Central, he competed on a state high school championship team and played in the national basketball tournament at Chicago University.

While physically small, Ross was a big man in determination and competitive zeal. He walked with an air of confidence and when he talked to an individual or to the team he commanded attention through his eyes. His eyes were full of anticipation, always eager and lively.

When he was displeased with you or the team, he usually didn't say much. One look from him and you knew. He believed in work, and a three hour practice was not unusual. He stressed fundamentals, especially defense in both basketball and baseball. His teams were well organized and never played a loose or gambling type of game. He strove for balanced team effort.

However, the most characteristic trait of all his teams was discipline. He didn't yell and I never heard him use a profane or curse word. But you knew if you broke training rules you were out. If he had to speak to you a second time about foolish or disruptive behavior, there very likely wouldn't be a third time. Students and players addressed him as Mr. Ross and it wasn't until after they joined the ranks of alumni that they called him Ray. He was an unpretentious man and there were no stars on his teams. You proved yourself by your performance on the court or field.

As the years went by the word got around. When you entered Washburn as a 10th grader, if you aspired to be an athlete and a member of the basketball or baseball teams, you knew what you had to do. I believe that over the years this was why Ross-coached teams were *teams* and won an inordinate number of close games.

Although firmness and a strict code of behavior were Ray Ross' model, he was not insensitive to individual differences. Many times he counseled student athletes individually and recognized backgrounds of young men different from his.

While athletics and physical education were Ray Ross' life, in many little ways he prepared his players for the future. They learned that athletics were a means. Every time report cards came out you checked in your eard with Mr. Ross before you could dress for practice that day. There was more than one player who who was suspended until he could get a satisfactory notice from his teacher. What bothered him most was uncivil behavior by a member of his team. And after counseling a player he would not tolerate a second incident.

Mr. Ross often referred with pride to former Washburn ath-

Coach Ray Ross leaves enviable legacy of cage and diamond wins

By Don Sovell ('46)

letes who went on to college and were successful in various fields. He constantly stressed the importance of education and when former athletes visited practice he often asked them to speak to the team about their experiences.

Mr. Ross began as a physical education instructor in the fall of 1928. That winter principal A.E. MacQuarrie needed a basketball coach and asked Mr. Ross to take the job. Ray protested that basketball wasn't his strongest suit. But Mr. MacQuarrie prevailed, as he usually did, and Mr. Ross took over the basketball job on trial. The trial lasted 31 years.

The next spring he was pressed into service as assistant baseball coach. But baseball was dropped as an inter-school sport in 1930. Some schools played, informally until 1933 when it was resumed as a team sport. Of course Ray Ross was the logical man to coach the team. He continued as the baseball coach until 1959 when ill health pressed a decision to terminate all coaching.

In the early years Washburn as a new school in a developing neighborhood took its lumps in sports. Except for hockey and golf, wins in the team sports were few and hard-earned. But it didn't take Ray Ross long to make the veteran coaches realize his teams were teams to reckon with. In 1932, after losing the first two games, the Miller basketball team led by Captain Chuck Carlson and Russ Cates won its last five games and qualified for the four-team championship playoff. In the championship game the Millers lost a closely waged battle to North who went on to be the state runner-up.

After several years of mediocre won-lost records, where many victories were upsets, the Rossmen made their first big success. They placed second in the city basketball race. Led by Captain Dave Ruliffson (later head basketball coach and presently golf coach and teacher at Washburn), Bob Polk and Matt Sutton, they went on to defeat the co-champs Marshall and Vocational in the district tournament, advanced through the region to the State Tournament, and finished third in the state. After this initial breakthrough, Ross-coached basketball teams were to be first division teams for sixteen consecutive years. From 1931 through 1956 Washburn exhibited the best won-lost record in the city.

After a second place finish in 1943, Captain Don Sovell, John Moonan and Bob Woolsey led the Millers to their first city basketball championship and a second state tournament berth in 1946. Another city championship followed in 1947, a second place finish in 1948 and another championship in 1949.

Then came Ross' most successful coaching season. His team, with the strongest bench in the history of Minneapolis basketball, lost its first game to Wayzata and won 23 in a row to win the State Championship. This team has to be rated as one of the best ever in the city, maybe the best.

In Ross' acknowledged first

love, baseball, the record was even more outstanding. After the 1933 revival of baseball, Washburn teams were always a threat but lacked the depth to go all the way. In 1942 Washburn, with Dick Durrell hitting and Bob Bergland and Sherwin 'Bud' Mel-lom pitching and catching respectively, made the city playoffs for the first time and lost to North.

The same pattern followed in spring '43. The Millers won the Southern Division and lost another close game to North for city title. Then came three Southern Division, City and Twin City West Championships in 1944, '45 and '47.

After a brief lapse Ross' Washburn baseball dynasty continued with a Southern Division title in 1951, another in 1952 with the City Championship added, and in 1953 a near perfect season with Southern Division, City, Twin City and State Consolation Championships. A state high school championship playoff in baseball was instituted by the Minnesota State High School League (in 1947) so Ross' great baseball teams of the early 40's never had a chance to shoot for this prize.

In 1955 after a week's rest from the state basketball campaign, Ross began to mold the baseball team that would set a record equalled by only one other team in the history of Minnesota high school athletics. The baseballers also swept to the Southern Division, City and State Championships. They accomplished the unbelievable record of State Championships in both basketball and baseball in the same year. An interesting coincidence is that Duane Baglien, the only other coach whose Edina teams of 1966 won state titles in both basketball and baseball, has four sons who have been standout athletes at Washburn.

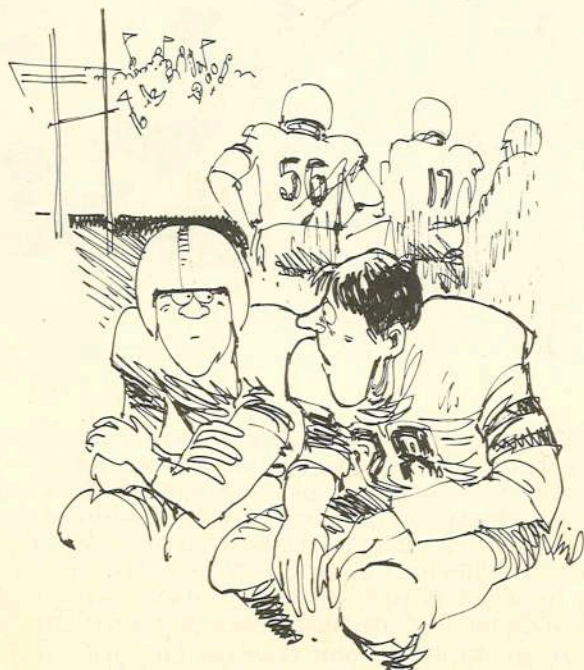
Before Ross was to retire from coaching after the basketball season of 1959 his baseball teams would win division, city and Twin City honors in both 1957 and '58 and lose the state championship game by one run in 1958.

Ross continued to teach through the spring of 1964. He may have continued his coaching and teaching a few years longer but he never regained his full strength and vigor after an internal infection in 1957. The traditions Ray Ross was so instrumental in forming through the first three and a half decades of Washburn's history have continued. His assistant baseball coach in the last years of his career, Jim Cosgrove, took over baseball in 1959. He extended the record begun by Ross by winning eight city championships, seven district championships, five region championships and four state championships in his tenure as coach from 1959 through 1969. There is no school in the state of Minnesota that even remotely approaches this record in baseball.

From the humble beginnings of the late twenties and thirties Washburn developed into the most formidable force in the city athletic conference and continues to be so. The Washburn area in general and many individual parents, students, teachers and coaches have had an important part in the development that is the Washburn heritage.

Yet no one man gave of himself nor enjoyed his labors so completely as did Ray Ross in his thirty-six years of service at Washburn.

Ray Ross died on March 30, 1976, only a few weeks before celebration of Washburn's 50th anniversary. His dark eyes would have sparkled at the chance to greet former students and athletes. All are saddened by his passing, but all carry within the mark of his unexcelled leadership and guidance.



"IT DON'T MAKE ME MAD WHEN THEY CALL US CAKE-EATERS, BUT IT SURE AS HELL MAKES ME HUNGRY!"