

Basement Renovation Project At Walsh County Museum

Last fall, the Walsh County Museum in Minto started a major renovation project. After detecting some mold in our vintage clothing, it was obvious that our problem was all the water and moisture coming up from the basement floor. A major renovation was the only answer. The job was very intense; it included knocking out the six-inch deep concrete slab floor, filling and grading the gravel to proper depth, putting in drain tile and installing sump pumps.

With the help of a sizable state grant, a community fund drive and money from the Prepora Fund, we were able to come up with three-fourths of the seventy-five thousand dollar project.

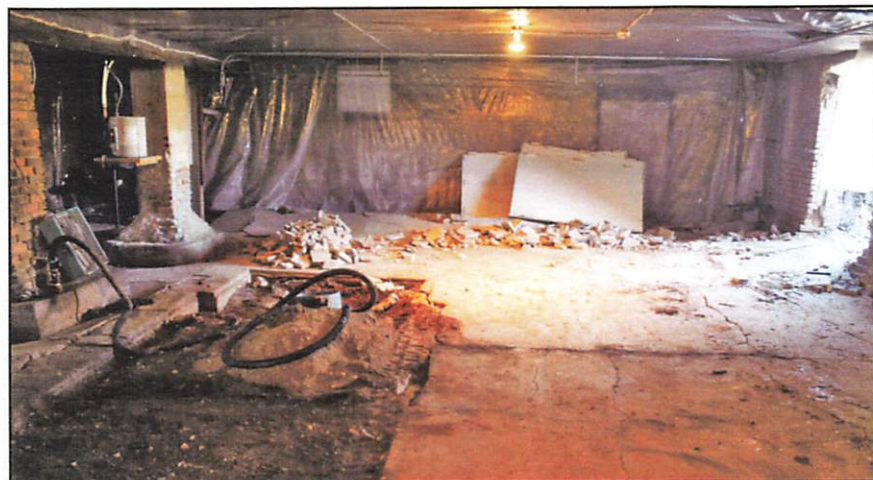
Last fall we took out the concrete floor, leveled the gravel and installed the drain field with the remainder of the project to be completed in the early spring.

Putting in the floor heat, pouring a new concrete floor, and electrical are parts of the project that remain to be completed.

Thanks to all who volunteered and have donated time on this project. A special thanks to Frayne Berg and Milt Gowan for raising over twenty thousand dollars in their fund raising efforts.



Renovation at the Walsh County Museum in Minto.



Basement renovation at Minto museum.

Walsh County Museum Volunteer of the Year



Chris Kilichowski

When entering the Walsh County Museum grounds in Minto, ND for a summer tour or a class field trip, there is one thing for certain: you will always be greeted with the friendly, smiling face of Chris Kilichowski.

She has been a volunteer at the museum for over eight years.

Chris faithfully opens the museum every Sunday at 2:00 p.m. from Memorial Day until the end of September.

She has been a great promoter of museum events; even spearheading special events at the museum.

So when touring the museum in Minto next summer, give Chris a thank you. She will certainly give you that big smile.

The staff at the museum in Minto appreciates everything she has done.

This makes Chris our Volunteer of the Year.



Walsh County Heritage Village

Heritage Village was closed for the winter re-opening April 1, 2014. There were a lot of events happening at the village this year. We started off on April 11, 2014 by having the Life Line Screening at the village. There was a good turnout and a lot of positive feedback on the location including that the building is handicap accessible and large enough to accommodate large crowds.

There were a couple of rummage sales in May and also on May 22 the Valley Cruisers Car Club held their May meeting with Shananigan's catering their meal which was a very good turnout. Also in May several board members from Heritage Village went to Uncle Sig's to determine what machinery will be brought into the village.

SummerFest was held June 28 at the village. We started off by being in the parade. Gordon Bracken was dressed up as Uncle Sig and Jean Bodmer was dressed up as Mrs. Uncle Sig. A turkey lunch was served in the theatre building after the parade along with a BBQ lunch served in the saloon. Buildings were open for everyone's tour pleasure. Due to rainy weather the Valley Cruisers Car Show was moved to Bremer parking lot, and the craft show vendors were moved into the theatre building. In all everything turned out to be a good day.

A stroke of bad luck with all the June heavy rain, our roof on the theatre building began to leak. We had bids from several contractors and the final bid was given to The Insulation Place. They will be repairing the roof first thing in the spring of 2015, when weather permits.

The Mattson Family reunion was held at the Landstad Church on June 29, 2014.

The Grafton Farmer's Market was located at Heritage Village from July through September 9. This was an every Tuesday event. Heritage Village also setup a food stand selling BBQ's, hot dogs, cookies/bars and a beverage. We opened the merry-go-round a couple different times for the children. This was really a hit and much appreciated by the Farmers Market group.

Ole Aasand donated \$500 for the construction of a cabinet and plaque to hold old plat books dating back to 1893. Harlan Thompson built the beautiful cabinet. The plaque reads "donated by Hank and Lila Monson and Ole Aasand family." This cabinet sits in the theatre building at Heritage Village. Along with this, Ole also donated a stool from the old Nash Store and Bar, which in itself is a historical piece.

The Life Skills and Transition Center held a fundraiser at their facility and gave the proceeds to Heritage Village as a donation.

The Girl Scouts held their monthly meeting at the village October 28, 2014.

A fish fry was held Friday, November 21, 2014.

The fire department held their annual Christmas party at Heritage Village on December 13, 2014.

The Community Helpers group from Life Skills and Transition Center held their sixth annual "Kids Shopping with Santa" event at



Farmer's market held every Tuesday at the village from July through September 2014.

Heritage Village December 17th through 19th. This was a huge success for them and they really loved the fact that they had a lot of room to spread their items out for the kids to look and shop. They were also able to set up for two days prior to the event.

Hugo's gets coupon books as fundraiser projects for non-profit organizations. We looked into this and thought it would be a good fundraiser for us to do. We started selling these books December 9 and were setup in the store at Hugo's. We are going to continue to sell these books for a while, so if you see us setup at Hugo's, please stop by and purchase a book. They are \$10.00 apiece and there are a lot of good coupons. You will get your monies worth and it is a fundraiser for Heritage Village.

Current board members are: Ken Hoffmann, president; Gordon Bracken, vice president; Todd Morgan, secretary; Verna Aasand, office manager and treasurer; Norman Paulson, director; Marlene Paulson, director; Vernon Russum, director, Jean Bodmer, director; Carol Spale, director; and Nancy Blanchard, director. Members and directors at large are Greg Amb and Darwin Hime from Life Skills and Training Center. 2014 members that will no longer be on the board for 2015 are: Pam Johnson, director; and Brian Weisz, director. Thank you Pam and Brian for all that you have done in 2014.



Pictured, from left, Norman Paulson and Tom Greenwood gave merry-go-round rides several times during the Farmer's Market.



Shoppers browse at one of the weekly farmer's markets during the summer of 2014.

Walsh County Heritage Village

Our theatre building is always for rent for anything you would like, rummage sales, showers, graduation parties, Thanksgiving dinner, reunions and receptions. No alcohol allowed. Please contact Ken Hoffmann at 701-360-0088 or Verna Aasand at 701-520-1207 to reserve your special date.

Remember, we are always looking for volunteers and we need board members.

Heritage Village wants to thank everyone who participated in any way this past year to help out with our projects and to anyone who gave donations. Continued support from the community and individuals is needed to continue the perseverance of Heritage Village and Jugville. We hope to see you all in 2015.

Submitted by
Verna Aasand



Many vendors and patrons attended the farmer's market at Heritage Village during the summer of 2014.



Pictured, from left, Marlene Paulson, Carol Spale and Barb Hoffmann with their display of goods to be purchased during the farmer's market at the village.



Many vegetables were sold at the farmer's market every Tuesday from July through September at the village.



Many in attendance at Heritage Village for a farmer's market.



Farmer's market displays of baked goods and vegetables for sale during the summer at Heritage Village.

Wild Cat

“The Cat is back!” As I stepped away from the window facing our backyard, I thought about the brutal winter of 2013-2014. It had been a very long and very cold winter. In the northeastern corner of North Dakota the thermometer had registered often on subzero degrees with chilling winds as well as record snow fall. Spring was slow in coming and I often wondered where “Wild Cat” had hunkered down to brave the rigors of the winter. We had not seen him since December. Then one spring morning in early May, to my disbelief, I saw a rather large mound of white sitting close to the evergreen trees in our backyard. Was this really the cat in our yard, had he miraculously survived this past bitter winter? Armed with cat food, and some table scraps as well as water, I decided to approach him. As I walked closer to the mound of fur, I talked from a distance to Kitty Kat, as I called him. He seemed to perk up and looked in my direction – didn’t run, didn’t move, simply uttered a soft mee-ow as I continued to talk to him as I approached the evergreen trees where he was sitting looking like a big ball of fur.

At first glance, Kitty Kat seemed somewhat uneasy as I approached – but held his ground. Perhaps he had a faint recollection of my voice but more importantly, maybe he was hungry and thought a meal might be in sight.

For the past five years, Kitty Kat had made his home during the summers underneath the safety net of the evergreen trees that filled the corner of our backyard. There was an additional safety net there in the form of an old fashioned bathtub that during spring, summer and into fall was a planter for colorful flowers that burst from every inch of the tub. As he grew up, he would sleep under the tub and seemed to feel safe from all harm even as he slept away his afternoons. Kitty Kat was one of four kittens born in this area. His mother apparently had birthed them in a dugout under the storage shed adjacent to our backyard that was owned by our neighbor lady.

When I poured cat food into his bowl and water into a second cat bowl he uttered a soft mee-ow. When I talked to him he stayed his ground – did not run or hide. As the days went on, he began to rub up against my pant legs and allowed me to pat his head. It wasn’t long before he was purring as I patted his head and neck – being he was an animal of the wild, I never attempted to pick him up – only give him a bit of attention by patting his head and neck – and of course his daily

feeding. On most days after his feeding, Kitty Kat stretched out in the sun and fell asleep content in his evergreen retreat and sometimes he lay out in the open where the sun warmed him and he apparently felt safe from danger.

Where had he spent the bitterly cold winter, I asked myself? A friend, Eleanor, solved the mystery and one day in exercise class at the local Senior Center, she called me over as I walked in for class to tell me that she had solved the mystery. Eleanor had heard me talk about the cat who lived in our backyard and always left in the winter months. In conversation preceding the start of the exercise session, Faye had talked about Whitey, the stray cat who liked their heated bird bath and even had taken a picture of the cat sitting in their bird bath. In addition, Faye and her husband Bernie had allowed the cat to sleep in their garage at night during the bitterly cold winter. Faye showed me the picture on her cell phone to see whether the cat they had befriended was the same as the wild cat that showed up in our backyard each spring. Indeed they were one and the same! The mystery had been solved!

Several family members have seen Kitty Kat seek my attention as I take his daily food to him and watch as the food waits until he gets his daily massage on his head and neck – he can’t seem to get enough of the daily massage. It’s as though the food is secondary, at hand is his chance for a little loving care, and he lingers as he purrs and snuggles up against my pant legs. Several family members have tried to get close enough to him to offer some pats on his head or his neck, but Kitty Kat runs and hides out of sight lest he be caught – he is a wary cat, definitely afraid of being trapped and caught.

As the days of autumn 2014 grew colder, my husband, Charlie, fixed up a small wood box equipped with a light bulb that gives off heat. He put some padding on the floor like old towels, parts of old blankets in the hope of providing shelter for Kitty Kat. We did see Kitty Kat inside the wood box with the open door occasionally and as the winter winds blow he may possibly use it more. Or he may decide to find his warm former abode – he’s always a wild cat so who knows his whims. . .

Written November 26, 2014
Ann Thompson – A true story about
“The Cat Who Lives in our Backyard.”

And It's Still Fun

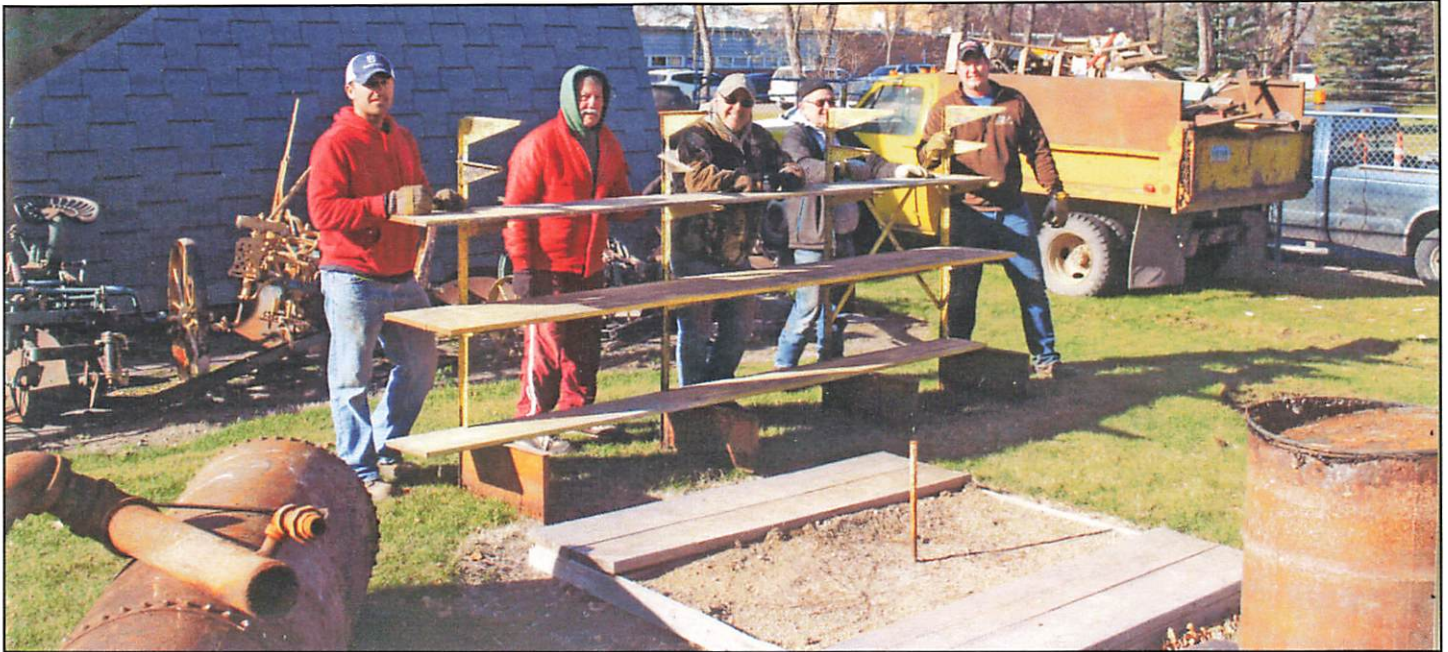
It seems like just yesterday but it’s been 52 years since I started curling. Little did I know back then, at the age of 12, that it would be a journey no one could ever imagine. First of all, you have to realize that everyone plays in curling, no one substitutes and size does not matter. Also back then, it wasn’t expensive. In 1966, Grafton opened its new club and a new world of tournaments or bonspiels, as they are called in curling, created a new term in my world competition curling. During the next few years, state championship in high school, making new friends and rivals, along with travel to places I had never heard of.

College brought another new world to me – the 60’s – Vietnam War – and a three-year waiting period to turn 21 to curl competitively in men’s curling. These three years were a lot of league curling and bonspiels but no reward at the end of the rainbow. Our first year eligible, we hit pay dirt and made it to the World Championship in

Germany where HISTORY WAS MADE! In the last end against Canada, we kicked a rock after the game was over – or so we thought. And Canada went on to win. But known as the gentleman’s game, the world knew we won and thus we had the title of unofficial world champions. Funny thing, we were very young and everyone thought we would make it back, but we didn’t. Over the next 15 years we had a lot of fun, traveled the world, and met many new friends. Eventually my knees gave out and I had to retire but that’s not the end of the story. After about 10 years they invented a stick that was used to deliver the rock and I was back in business. With the stick, you deliver the rock like shuffleboard on a cruise line. You can’t curl competitively with the stick but the last 10 years I’ve had a lot of fun curling bonspiels and league. So I’ve had two careers, one competitively and one for fun. And at 64 I’m still having fun!

By John Aasand

Walsh County Historical Museum



Volunteers working on the Walsh County Museum renovation project in Minto.

The 2014 season started with our annual cleaning project. Finding some signs of mold on our vintage clothing, we looked for reasons and found our damp basement was the culprit. The board spent huge amounts of hours trying to figure out a solution.

After engineers looked at the project, it was determined a new basement was needed. This makeover included new concrete, drain tile, sump pumps, floor heat and an electrical update. This project would cost seventy-five thousand dollars. After state grants, the Prepora Fund and fund raising events, we started the huge renovation project, hoping to be completed by April.

The school tours and Sunday opening kept the museum active from Memorial Day through September.

Two new five-foot model airplanes were added this year to our plane collection.

A chili cook-off event was also held last November. It is always the Thursday before the North Dakota deer hunting season starts. With the generosity of many contestants and spectators, we were able to raise a substantial amount of money for our basement project.

The Walsh County Museum in Minto wants to thank everyone who participated in any way, helping on school tours, clean-up day, reunion tours, chili feed and our big basement renovation project.

We are now in the process of getting ready for Museum Alive in June of 2016, contrary to the belief of this summer.

Submitted by Larry Jamieson



Days Gone By Minto Park, Flood of 1897.

Christmas Traditions

We gave books about Yule Nissen to the little ones in our family for Christmas this year. I enclosed the following article published in the Dakota Farmer that was written by my Grandma Anna McIntyre. We wanted the children to know the role of the Nissen in our family history.

Tradition evolves, so I included an addendum explaining our own tradition. I don't remember being told that the Nissen would take naughty children away, but that he would steal the Christmas gifts of naughty children. (We were on especially good behavior when gifts were under the tree!)

We celebrate Little Christmas, having a supper that concludes with Riskrem, a rice porridge that includes one whole almond.

Whoever finds the almond in his serving wins a prize. Of course a bowl of porridge is set out under a tree for the Nissen in appreciation for watching over the farm all year. In return, the Nissen leaves a gift on New Year's morning. Since he is a bit of a trickster, the gift is well-hidden, and it sometimes takes days to find it.

Many of the Christmas traditions described in grandma's reminiscences are still a part of our celebration. But because our family, like our nation, is a melting pot, we also incorporate traditions from the Irish, German, Polish, etc. We feel that it is important to honor these traditions because it helps to form identity for our children, to know who they are. Besides, it's fun!

Submitted by Julianne Flaten

I Remember Christmas

To DAKOTA FARMER: My folks immigrated from Norway, and they lived up to all their Norwegian Christmas traditions in this new land.

I well remember how busy mother was during December. It was butchering time so we had all kinds of meats for the holidays – old fashioned Norwegian Blod Klub, Rullepolse, headcheese, and pickled pigs' feet (Sylte and Sylte Lab).

Then there was the baking of flat brod, lefse, fattigmand, Berliner kranser, sandbakkelse, krum kage, goro kake, jule kake, rosettes, fruit cakes (both light and dark), and the good old home-made dark or white bread. Then there was a trip to town for a box of apples, a wooden pail of mixed candy with all the twisted and colored stripped toffee in, and the lutefisk (in those days we bought it dry and put it to soak in a solution of wood ashes, which made a lye water).

Then I'll never forget those warm new flannel nightgowns for the girls and pajamas for the boys which my mother always made to wear Christmas eve. Dad would make each of us a pair of slippers or moccasins of lamb's wool.

Dad was quite a fairy tale teller and some of the tales were pretty tall, but we believed them. He told us, as in Norway, about Jule Nissen and Jule Jeita (Christmas elves); he had us believing that just before Christmas they came and sat on the top of the roof of our house to watch to see if we were good or bad.

If we were not good, Nissen would come and put us in a sack and carry us away. The night these little people really stirred around was the eve of December 23. That was the spooky night and was called Snorte Jule or Lille Jule (black Christmas eve or little Christmas eve).

Also there was Tassen; to have peace with him, we were supposed to put an X over our beds and on loaves of bread (or whatever we baked), and he would have no power over us.

Finally, came the great day of December 24. We were up bright and early that morning. There was lots to do. The house had to be just so, the decorations put up, and mother's Christmas cactus, which was in full bloom, had to be in the right place. Everything had to be done by noon.

Early in the day, Dad put up an oat bundle on a pole for the birds.

After dinner the tree was trimmed; the children were not to see it until it was all trimmed, the packages put around it, and the parlor door opened.

Since there was no bathroom in those days, the boiler would have to be filled with water and heated for our baths. Someone had to get the wash tub from the shed and warm that up. One by one, six of us took our baths, because we really had to be clean for Christmas eve and those new gowns, pajamas, and slippers.

Everything had to be done before four o'clock, for after that time Holy Christmas eve was here.

At four o'clock, Dad would take his gun and go out and shoot up in the air to bring in Christmas. Then, it was time for us to run out and listen to bells ringing in the Christmas season over the valley.



Dad and Mother Skoje, Anna (Mrs. McIntyre), Lars, and Hilda.

The door to the parlor was opened. How pretty that tree looked with popcorn and cranberry strings and the angel on top! (I still have some of those ornaments.)

We had an organ so we would gather around and sing carols both in English and Norwegian while mother was getting the supper ready. A white tablecloth and red candles were a must for Christmas eve.

Dad would be out feeding the cattle. It was Christmas eve for them, also. They had to be bedded down extra well with the best hay and an extra helping of oats. Then we would run out to the barn to look at the contentment of the animals, cats, dogs, and all.

When we came in, lutefisk was cooking; so was the grout. The kerosene lamps had to be lighted, including the fancy hanging lamp with prisms; it hung in the parlor.

REMEMBER: See page 7

REMEMBER: Continued from page 6



Mr. Skoje and a grandson on the way to see if the troll has eaten his feed by the big oak tree.

Now, all to the table but no noise, this was Holy Night. Dad read the Christmas story. Then we would say our table prayer. The first course was mush made of rice and served with a sprinkle of sugar and cinnamon and butter in the center. Then came lutefisk and lefse, spareribs, potatoes, some of mother's good beet pickles, and flatbrod. Our dessert was doughnuts always served in an amber, fluted, carnival glass dish she had. (It's still used that way.)

Dishes had to be done in a hurry, for it was pretty hard to wait any longer to open our packages. Oh! What excitement and how happy we were with those china dolls and the pull trains!

More carol singing followed. Mother would join in, and Dad would pick up the old eight-

string Hardanger violin inlaid with pearls and accompany us.

But Dad and his fairy tales reminded us we had to go to the big oak tree in our yard and leave a treat for the troll if we wanted peace through Christmas. So off we would go with the lighted lantern, a bowl of rice mush, and some fattigmand.

Christmas morning, bright and early, mother would bring a tray to us with some baking and a little coffee in our own little china cups we had received as gifts. I still have my cup with words "Think of me" on it. Mother and Dad always had coffee the first thing in the morning before breakfast.

It was time to go to church. Dad fixed up the old sleigh – put straw in the bottom of the box and blankets on top. He covered the top with a canvas and put in hot bricks. Was it ever fun to crawl in under the canvas and get settled! The horses' harness was all shined up and the bells put on. What an exciting ride we had over the crisp snow to church!

The next bit of excitement was to look for Jule luikker (Christmas fools). The young people around would dress up with masks and go from place to place and act silly; we were to guess who they were. The last stop usually ended in an old-time dance.

Christmas season lasted for 13 days among the Norsks, so there were lots of parties.

When I was very young, the folks would not take us out in bitter cold. On such a Christmas eve, I remember, Dad walked to church, so mother was home with us children. As mother sat in the rocking chair that night with us at her feet she read stories and sang.

Then mother would sit and whittle some dolls out of sticks, carve faces in them, dress them with some cotton pieces and put some of her own hair on them. These were just like the dolls she played with when she was a child in Norway.

Now Dad was coming home. What excitement to hear all about the Christmas program and the size of the tree! He brought us each a treat – apples and a box of animal crackers. But the best treat of all was a little basket of candy that had an angel and tinsel on the handle. It was the first tinsel I had ever seen. How tenderly I held it and how I loved it! We kept it for years, and it was put on our own Christmas trees after we started having them.

When we were old enough, we took part in the Christmas programs at church and school.

Mrs. Arthur McIntyre, Walsh County.

5-Year Memberships

Virginia Brazil.....	Due 2020
Rodney Alme.....	Due 2016
Judy Alme.....	Due 2015
Joel & Sheryl Aslakson.....	Due 2016
Rose Anne Bliss.....	Due 2020
Diann Brattie.....	Due 2016
Shirley Burns.....	Due 2018
Judy Evans.....	Due 2018
Delores Fast.....	Due 2020
Rosemary Fisher.....	Due 2015
Vicki Flanders.....	Due 2020
Dean Flanders.....	Due 2017
Al & Linda Freeman.....	Due 2017
Robert Glinski.....	Due 2020
Paul Gourde.....	Due 2018
Dennis Gryde.....	Due 2018
Winten Gunderson.....	Due 2018
Ken Hoffman.....	Due 2020
Del Hutson.....	Due 2020
Larry Jamieson.....	Due 2020
Larry & Cindy Johnson.....	Due 2020
Tork Kilichowski.....	Due 2017
Wilfred Knaus.....	Due 2017
Joe Koehmstedt.....	Due 2020
Andrew Korczak.....	Due 2016
Mary & Jeff Kovarik.....	Due 2016
Margaret Langowski.....	Due 2015
Mrs. Richmond Lapp.....	Due 2018
Bill Lykken.....	Due 2020
Dennis & Linda Markuson.....	Due 2015
Irene Mozinski.....	Due 2018
Laura B. Munchi.....	Due 2020
Jared Peterka.....	Due 2016
David Peterson.....	Due 2015
Ben Pinta.....	Due 2015
Mary Ronkowski.....	Due 2015
Jim Schanilec.....	Due 2018
Louise Schanilec.....	Due 2018
Rod Schanilec.....	Due 2017
Lee & Sharon Sobolik.....	Due 2018

2014 Membership Report

44.....	Annual Memberships
15.....	New 5-Year Memberships
6.....	New Life Memberships
47.....	On Going 5-Year Memberships
65.....	On Going Life Memberships

2014 New Life

Leona & Florian Czapiewski
Ann & Arlen Jackson
Barbara Forester Estad

Michael Farder
First United Bank

Donations

\$100.00.....	Tollefson Funeral Home
\$50.00.....	Harriston Industries
\$5.00.....	Lee Kieley
\$10.00.....	Elmer & Minnie Agon

**2015 Walsh County Historical
 Society Officers**

Jon McMillan President
 Jared Peterka Vice President
 Pam Johnson Secretary
 Joe Koehmstedt Treasurer

Board Members

1-Year Term

John Gudajtes Larry Jamieson Keith Shutt

2-Year Term

Doug Weberg Chris Misialek

3-Year Term

Harlen Bjerke Wally Ebertowski Dennis Markusen

Jean Bodmer/June Selseth Newsletter
 Jean Bodmer Membership

Membership Rates

For Life Membership:

74 Years and Younger \$100.00
 75 Years and Older \$50.00
 Annual Regular Dues Per Person \$10.00
 5-Year Membership Per Person \$25.00

CENTURIANS

Nursing Home

Verna Gerszewski (6-13-1908) . . .106 Elizabeth
 Christine Hall (6-5-1909)105 Sowkinows (2-5-1915)100
 Esther King (12-7-1911)103 Clara Thompson (5-21-1912). 102
 Roy Lacy (4-13-1915)99

Apartments

Gladys Baier (09-28-1913)101 Clarabell Demers103

2015 Walsh County Museum Officers

Curator/Manager Wally Ebertowski and Kathy Langowski

Officers

President Larry Jamieson
 Vice President Jared Peterka
 Secretary June Selseth
 Treasurer Mike Farder

Directors

John Gudajtes Les Jallo Cindy Jamieson
 Cindy Jamieson Chris Misialek Tim Nelson
 Ron Ophaug Keith Shutt Doug Ulland

2015 Heritage Village

Board Members

Ken Hoffmann President
 Gordy Bracken Vice President
 Todd Morgan Secretary
 Verna Aasand Office Manager/Treasurer

Directors

Jean Bodmer Nancy Blanchard
 Marlene Paulson Norman Paulson
 Vernon Russum Carol Spale
 Greg Amb Member/Director at Large
 Darwin Hime Member/Director at Large

Attention

The membership renewal forms, which are enclosed in this newsletter, go out to all members. If you are a life member, or 5-year membership, please disregard this invitation to join. Thank you.