

1990

Those Barracks Babies

Marcia Baer

Minnesota State University, Mankato

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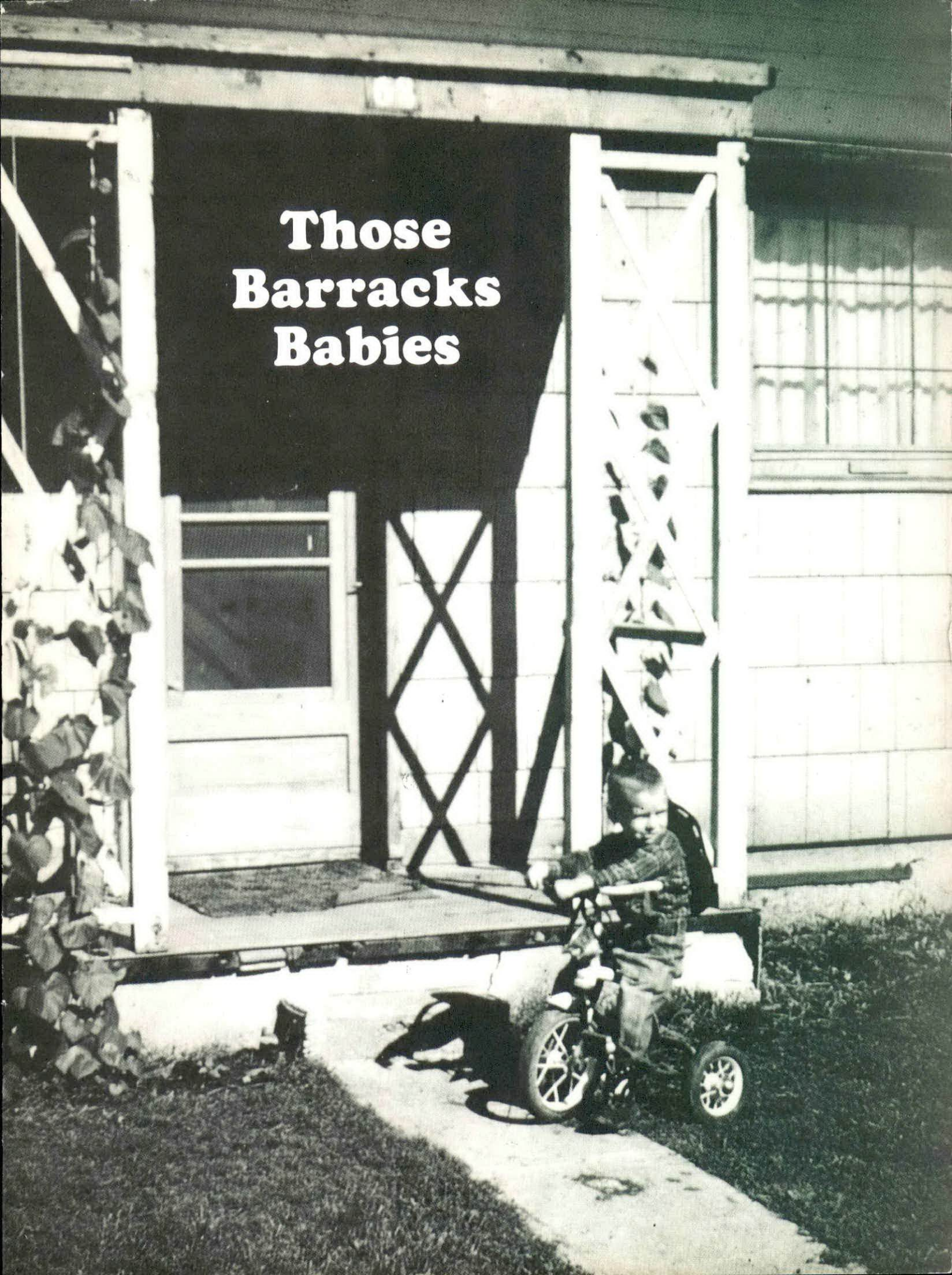
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**Those
Barracks
Babies**



Mankato State University presents

Those Barracks Babies



Researched and Edited by Marcia Baer
Alumni Affairs Office, Mankato State University,
Mankato, Minnesota 56002

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Joe Farnham, Vice President, University Advancement
Judy Mans '60, MS '69, Alumni Director

The Barracks of the 1990s

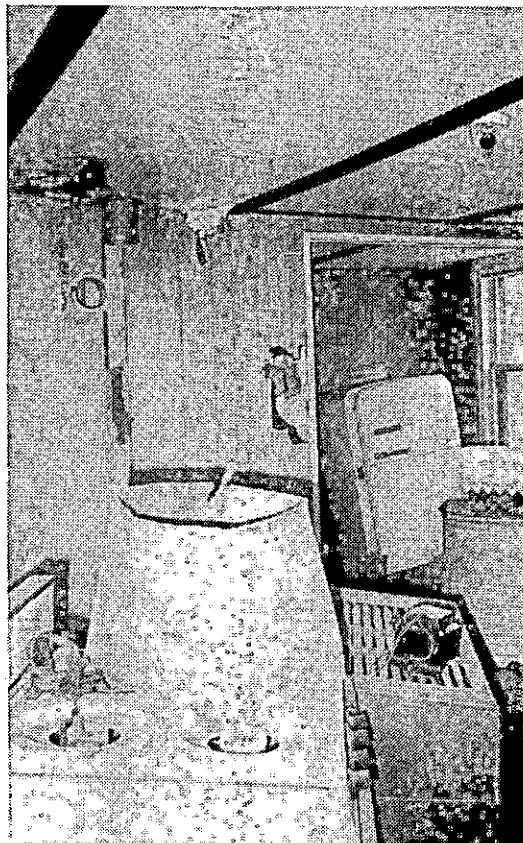
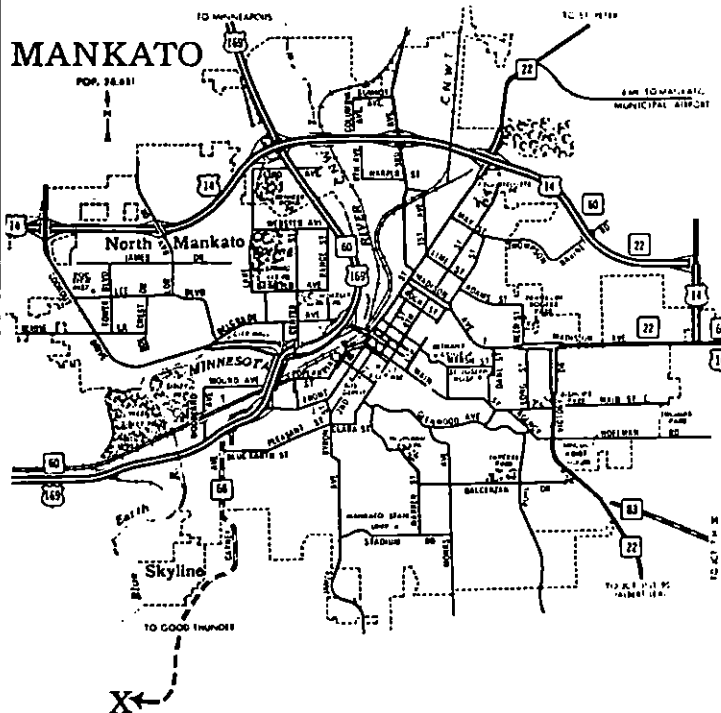
Yes Virginia, there is a Barrack. It still lives out south of Mankato on Highway 66, across from the old Red Jacket Bridge. Use the map, which should enable you to find it if nostalgia simply takes hold and you want another look.

Well, it may not look so good now, but let's face it, the Barracks will always live *perfectly* in our hearts and our memories!



The existing Mankato Barracks, out by the Red Jacket Bridge

To find the Red Jacket Bridge and the remaining area Barracks, follow highway 66 south out of Mankato - past the ski hill. The bridge is exactly 2.75 miles from the city limits. The Barracks can be seen on the west side of the road after you go under the bridge.



An interior view of the trashed side.
Or was it just a good Kato Beer party?

The Same Boat

"Do you know why mountain climbers rope themselves together? To prevent the sensible ones from going home."

Anonymous

This is a book about how a group of folks, in a time long ago, living in a small Minnesota college town, *celebrated life*.

It is a story of reflection. Reflection into the past when times and people were — shall we say — different.

The people were veterans returning from the war, the time was the middle of the century — 1947 through 1964. The place was Mankato State College in Southern Minnesota.

This is the story of "The Barracks Babies."

After you read these letters, look at the fading photographs, you'll know this is not the '90s. What makes these people different?

"Well, for one thing," explained Margaret Philip, Assistant Professor of Psychology at MSU, "all of these people seemed to be focused on a goal — dedicated to becoming professionals. Most knew they were going to be teachers from the first day, so they worked hard to get there quickly. Today students don't know what profession they will choose or whether they'll even get a job after college."

Yes, it's obvious the Barracks Babies were highly motivated to achieve. After being in the service and surviving the war, they were simply appreciative of being alive. There was a spirit of excitement about

their new life — a wife — a family — a home — an education — the prospect of earning a good living in the future. It didn't matter if living conditions weren't the best for a few years — they saw an end to it. After all the rent was cheap! And, they never lost their sense of humor.

Most (but not all) of the students were male. Especially in the early days of the Barracks, the wives did not work but stayed home to raise the family and give moral support to their husbands and each other. In fact, they were frequently awarded their Ph.T. (Putting Him Through)!

There was quite a bit of "no-cost" socializing — and all were in the same financial boat. No one had to compete or climb the status ladder. "There was definitely a spirit of cooperativeness," said Philip. She also noted they tended to show originality in problem solving behaviors - in other words, learning how to "make-do" with nothing.

After reading the stories, Mrs. Philip felt that "the most amazing thing about them is that 40 years later these folks had such clear recollections. I believe that shows they were feeling good about what they were doing and they processed it into long term memory!"

Turn now to those days and enjoy some of the most wonderful true-life stories you'll ever read. It's **Those Barracks Babies . . .**

Those Barracks Babies

The Beginnings

I guess you could say that the story of the Barracks Babies actually started in Normandy, France, during World War II.

At that time the United States Armed Forces had captured many German soldiers, ranging in age from 15 to the middle 40s, and needed some place to house them. Among the 33 Prisoner of War Camps in the U.S. was a large facility built in 1944 at Algona, Iowa to house more than 3,000 prisoners (and 500 guards) The wooden barracks held 100 men each and it cost \$21.64 per month to feed each German prisoner. These German soldiers who lived in the Algona barracks became quite fond of Iowa and before they left, built a now-famous cement Nativity Scene for the town. A museum was built for it and the scene is open every Christmas season for thousands to appreciate. In fact, some of those same German prisoners have returned to Algona to visit the townsfolk and show off the handiwork of long ago to their families.

After the war, the large Prisoner of War Camp was to be dismantled. At the same time, 90 miles north in Mankato, Minnesota, the housing situation was becoming critical at the state college. Veterans were returning from the war, married or wanting to be married, and enrolling in college in record numbers. Where were they to be housed in the small college town? Every spare room in Mankato was taken. The gym was opened up to dormitory style living arrangements - but that meant no families. What was to be done?

Dr. C.L. Crawford, the President of MSC appealed to the Veterans Administration for help. Wouldn't they give some of these Algona barracks to the town for veterans and families? Eventually the word came back "yes" ... and arrangements were made for some buildings to be given to the City for

veterans and some to the College for veteran students. Those for the City were placed down near Sibley Park. If the College could show that it had a suitable site, five barracks, each measuring 20' x 100', would be donated. Apparently, after quite a bit of discussion, seven more structures were donated, for a total of 12, holding 39 families.

Land was found as close to the campus as possible - up on the hill across the street from the new St. Joseph Hospital. Some of the land belonged to the school district, some to a private individual. A contract was drawn up for use, the plans were presented to the National Housing agency, Federal Public Housing Authority in Chicago and in the fall of 1946 the buildings were brought up to the site at Dickinson, Fair and Dane Streets.

By this time the news was out and the press was on. Many, many veterans applied for the new housing. When would it be ready? Who would be on the first list? As with any building project, delay after delay ensued. In fact, in November of 1946 the veterans' housing project engineer for the FHA personally came to expedite the furnishing and completion of the Barracks, saying "the program will be completed by February 1." Eventually, in July of 1947, the Mankato State Barracks were ready for occupancy! Well, there was no grass, but that didn't worry anybody. The list was published. These were the lucky first ones:

Don Cornell, Robert Mahoney, Lee Nordgren, Julbert Morgan, Ken Miller, Harold Maine, Irving Stabnow, Dennis Kigin, Dean Tate, Francis Zupfer, Ralph Speece, Glen Maurer, Ralph Benecke, Harold Dainisberg, Ken Nelson, Byron Smalley, Charles Smith, Joe Loersch, John Olson, Lee Morrow, Arne Severson, Marlin Fierke, John Pagelkopf, Paul Lord, Howard Schmidtke, Herb Cummiskey, Richard McKowan, the Nauman brothers, Wallace Spielman, Pat White, John May, John Ferrin, Phil Titus, Robert Doyle, Donovan Allen, Lyle Struss, Luverne Overson, Willis Boynton, and LaVerne LaGow.

Those Barracks Babies

Rules and Regulations

In 1956 confusion raged throughout the campus on just exactly what you had to do to get into the Barracks, and what you had to continue doing to stay there. At that time the Housing Committee, consisting of G.M. Wissink, Dean of Instruction; G.R. Schwartz, Director of Student Personnel; and Maurice J. Nelson, Dean of Men, studied the whole situation and prepared a set of regulations. (*See the Regulations page further on in this book.*) This was necessary because there still just wasn't enough inexpensive housing available for married students. As the Committee said in a memo, "There is a long waiting list for these living quarters and we ask your cooperation in using these facilities for the best interests of all."

Notice Regulation Number C-4, which insists that in order for the veteran to keep the roof over the head of his family, he must complete four years of college in three!

Another untold story: it appears that in the *Rules and Regulations* sheet handed out in 1956, there was one additional rule under B. It said "*Eligibility for married housing shall be subject to termination when any member of the family is employed full time except during vacation periods when no regular course work is offered*"

This meant that a wife who perhaps was childless could not go out and work full time without losing the privilege of Barracks housing. Wouldn't you like to know what precipitated this change?

What Finally Happened to the Barracks?

The Barracks were always intended to be "temporary housing" for the students, but as the years went on and the housing crisis didn't abate, they became

more and more "permanent housing".

Quite a skirmish developed in 1957 when the Mankato School Board, at a regular October meeting, requested MSC vacate our college barracks on the public school property by July 1, 1958 and the buildings be removed by September 1. Dr. Crawford talked about the possibility and suggested something more permanent in nature could replace the Barracks. Evidently he held off the school board because on May 8, 1958 he wrote that the State Supervising Architect's office will make no provision for married housing units in the extended campus area. "Since we continue to have need for a Barracks where they now are, we would like to respectfully request that the State proceed to purchase for us at least that portion of the land owned by Mr. John B. Beck."

Mr. Stevenson, the Assistant Commissioner of Administration for the State of Minnesota wrote Dr. Crawford that their recommendation was the \$30,000 appropriated for land acquisition in 1955 be turned back and the 1959 Legislature be asked to reappropriate it to purchase additional land on the new campus site (where Mankato State University is now located.) He explained "...it would be more desirable to acquire more land in the new campus area than to go ahead with this relatively unattached piece." As it turned out, that was a wise decision.

So, while 39 veteran's families were squirming in their beds at night, wondering if they'd have a roof over their heads the following quarter, negotiations went on. It was finally suggested by the President that they make an attempt to negotiate a new lease on the private property owned by Mr. Beck and continue as "squatters without lease" on the school board property. It must have worked, because the Barracks continued to "squat without lease" for

Those Barracks Babies

another six years!

By the way, the \$30,000 *was* reapportioned the following year and given to MSC to purchase land on the new "upper campus" and to sock away the money to eventually move or salvage the Barracks when the time came.

That time came in 1964. At the end of summer session everyone had to move out (as described by several of our Barracks Babies) and down came the Barracks. They were sold for salvage and even a couple were moved out to an area near the Red Jacket Bridge, where one burned and the other stands today. It was the end of an era. Closed, but never forgotten.

How Did We Find the Barracks Babies?

That takes us up to 1989 when the concept of the Barracks Babies was born. From the moment I found out that this period existed in the history of Mankato State University, I knew we had to find the people who lived there and document that time. But, how to go about it?

A search of the MSU Archives revealed very little. "When the move from lower to upper campus came, a wholesale throwing out of records occurred," said Dr. Bill Lass, Curator of the MSU Archives. This meant there was no neat list of all the students who had paid rent over the years.

The first break came when the *College Reporter* files revealed an ongoing story, complete with the list of the very first occupants chosen in 1947. The Blue Earth County Historical Society was also quite helpful in looking through hundreds of copies of the *Mankato Free Press* to add to the story. It

was through that office that we found the existing Barracks out on Highway 66. They thought, however, that the Barracks came from a detention camp in Fairmont, Minnesota. A check with the Historical Society down there revealed that they, in fact, came from Algona. Many phone calls later we verified this to be true and only in the fall of 1989 did we come across the mother of a current MSU student from Algona. She sent us clippings from 1944 through 1946 Algona and Des Moines, Iowa newspapers which filled in the blanks about the beginnings of the Barracks.

Early on we decided to call the original families "Barracks Babies" because we felt that they were the babies of the old Mankato State College. These students and families are, in a sense, our babies. Mankato State likes to think of itself as an extended family.

Our next goal was to attempt to see what the Barracks and grounds really looked like. We needed an aerial photo. Digging through musty backrooms with Mankato City Engineers produced only a photo taken a few months after the Barracks had been removed. A call to Dr. Phil Kelley, Chair of the Geography Department, produced results. "Why, we happen to be using the photo you are looking for in a class project at this very moment," he exclaimed. Bingo! We had it! From this aerial photo, taken in 1955, we were able to draw a layout which eventually was sent to all the Barracks Babies we were able to locate. (Two wrote back and told me that the map was wrong, but basically it was correct.)

We started with the list of those first chosen to occupy the housing. Then we published a story on the front page of *TODAY at Mankato State*, our

Those Barracks Babies

alumni newspaper. From those two leads we heard from many past residents. We dug out old addresses from archives and computers, put together an explanatory letter and a packet and started mailing them out.

What a delightful surprise we had when the responses started coming in. This book is the result! Many Barracks Babies would write or call us with leads for us to follow up. Approximately 75 percent of those we contacted chose to write us back.

This is the place to say we're sorry to anyone who feels slighted or overlooked in this project. It was a tremendous task, being done in between the day-to-day activities of a busy alumni office. At times we used our student help to organize and send out packets, but human error can result. We'd like to promise anyone who was a Barracks Baby and isn't in this book, if you'd like to write us now we'll think of some way to add your story to these.

Never let it be said that Mankato State University will ever forget or ever stop loving her wonderful, witty and brave Barracks Babies.

Marcia Baer, Editor
Mankato State University
April, 1990
TYL

How to Use this Book . . .

***Those Barracks Babies* stories are arranged alphabetically by decade. We have given you the name of both husband and wife, if known, their graduation dates, and what they are doing in 1989.**

In the back of the book is an alphabetical index where you will also find their address and phone number. We presume that this book will rekindle old friendships and you are certainly encouraged to call or write those folks you knew so well so long ago.

We have tried to include as many photographs as possible in this book in the hopes they too will be memory joggers.

If you are a Barracks Baby, this is a book of which you will want extra copies for your children! There's no better way to explain those years.

Barracks History

Mankato State College Regulations Governing Married Veteran's Housing (Barracks)

A. ELIGIBILITY FOR ASSIGNMENT TO MARRIED VETERAN HOUSING:

1. Applicants who are married veterans and agree to enroll for a full course load (not less than 14 quarter hours or 7 hours for summer sessions) are eligible to apply for married veteran housing.
2. A married veteran with children will be given preference over married veterans with no children. If the veteran has been previously enrolled in college, he must have attained a 1.0 or better ("C" average) honor point ratio.
3. Assignment to housing space is made in the order that complete applications are received from eligible veterans.
4. In order to complete an application so that an applicant's name will be placed on the waiting list, a \$20 deposit must accompany the application.

B. REGULATIONS OCCUPANTS MUST MEET TO MAINTAIN ELIGIBILITY FOR HOUSING:

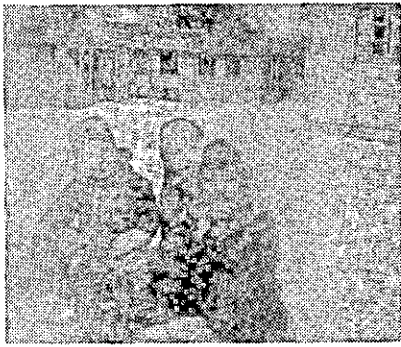
1. Occupants must be full time students attending classes regularly. A student must carry not less than 14 hours of new work during the regular year and 7 hours during each of the summer sessions.
2. The established rent must be paid at the time and place designated by the College to retain housing eligibility.
3. An occupant must maintain a good scholastic standing with a cumulative honor point ration of 1.0 or better ("C" average) at all times.
4. A \$20 deposit must be made at the time an applicant files his application for married housing. An applicant will not have his name placed on the active waiting list until the deposit is on file.

C. MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS:

1. Apartment space will be vacated by 5:00 p.m. of the final day of each quarter of summer session unless specific arrangements have been made which are approved by the College and are agreeable to the incoming tenant. Failure to conform will prevent issuance of grades and official transcripts.
2. Occupants must receive permission from the Business Manager's Office to install TV aerials or to make any structural changes in college housing or premises.
3. Changes in the college apartment housing assignments are made only by the college. The college reserves the right to make re-assignments of housing space when circumstances warrant.
4. The maximum period of eligibility for married veteran's housing is three calendar years. With continuous full time attendance, this is adequate time to complete the usual four year program.

(dated 5-59)

1948



Doug, Diane Abelson, Cindy Baar.

Ah, remember those cold, cold winters? Did your car always start?

Bob '51 and Eleanor Baar

Retired as a teacher/coach after 34 years.

Yes - we remember the Barracks. We lived there from August '48 to August '51. Many of the names brought back fond memories!

We remember, especially, the winter of 1949 - bitter cold! Frost on the inside of the windows and cracks in the walls. Bob had a '32 Dodge and he would go out and start it every hour during the night - many times, his was the only car that would start in the morning, so he would be out pushing the other cars so everyone could get to class.

We moved into T.C. Barracks in August, 1948. Our son, Doug, was seven months old. My wife Eleanor and I were both from Windom, Minnesota. I had served in the Marine Corps (4th Division) and Eleanor had been in the Army Nurses Corps.

We enjoyed our life in the Barracks, hectic though it was. I played varsity baseball and to augment our income, played for amateur baseball teams in Southern Minnesota. Eleanor worked part time as an RN at Immanuel Hospital.

The summers were hot, winters cold, but we made our two bedroom Barracks into a cozy little place. There were so many children there that birthday parties were a big event for everyone.

Because I went through college in three years I received my diploma on August 25, 1951 (without a graduation ceremony). Two days later our son, Rick, was born and we were on our way to Renville for my first teaching and coaching job. We were there for seven years, during which time our daughter Lynn was born.

Then on to California. I taught and coached at Sunny Hills High School in Fullerton, California (Gary Carter was my pride and joy in baseball) until I retired in 1984.

If anyone who remembers us happens to be in Southern California, please give us a call (714-526-6362).

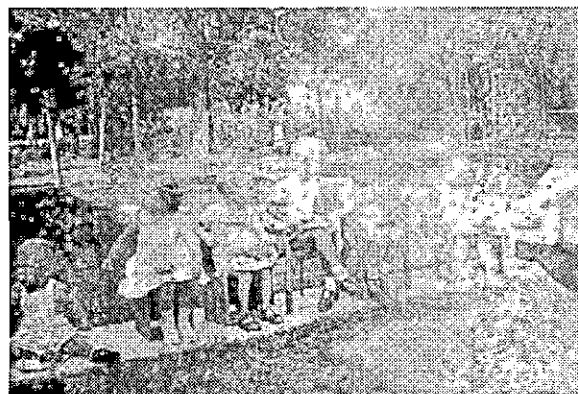
Bob Baar Photo Album



Bob, Eleanor and Doug
in the summer of '51



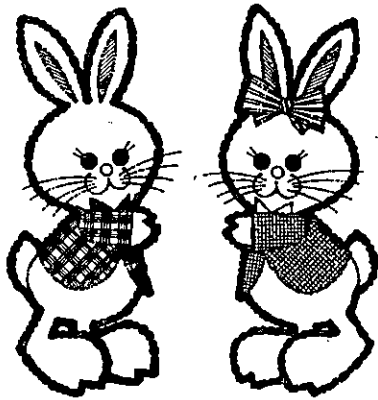
Bob and Ink (Harry Engstrom)
the day they got their diplomas
(August 25, 1951)



Donnie Kenter's party, August '49: Doug, Judy S.,
Butchie L., John, Gary, Kathy



Connie Schmidke, Doug Baar,
Kathy Schmidke, July '49



1948

Even though they lived in the Barracks only one summer, they sure enjoyed the experience!

Patricia '50 (and Orrin Barnum '49) Beaumont

My story is perhaps somewhat unique in that I was “allowed” to live in them just for the summer of 1948. When I read, in TODAY, that you would be interested in any story I thought I would write.

My G.I. husband and I moved to Mankato in the spring of '48. Maurice J. Nelson was the housing director, and he was so frustrated trying to find a place for all the G.I.s needing shelter. The first place he got us was a remodeled summer kitchen with COLD running water and an ever-running electricity meter right by the bed ... cost \$15 a month. However, it was right on Cherry Street, only half a block from the front door of Old Main.

We appealed to him for a better place, so in June he put us in the Barracks “but only for the summer as we need these for men with families and there is a long waiting list” (quote M.J.N.). We had to move out in September but we had managed to find a furnace and coal room basement that we could turn into living space at the Heidel Apartments on Spring Street. Granted, it was a mile from school and cost \$33 a month of our \$100 income on the G.I. Bill, but at that time we felt fortunate to have it.

That summer we appeared to be the only couple without children, though I was pregnant. We made some friends and I especially remember the Francis Zupfers and Howard Schmidtkes. Also, a neat friend named Crawford who took me to the hospital when I suffered a miscarriage, because, of course, we had no car.

There were so many little children and babies up there. I remember people calling it “rabbit village.” Some of the fellows would say it was the fault of that darn airplane that flew over the Barracks early every morning ... too early for them to get up but too late to get back to sleep!!!

No story of this sort should be written without mention of Maurice J. Nelson from the Industrial Arts Department. Some one gave him the assignment of Dean of Housing, and what a thankless job. I wonder if any one ever properly thanked him for his efforts? I was very fond of this man and his dear wife Anne, and I worked at their home every Saturday, and helped when she would entertain the whole faculty at their home on Front Street.

I returned to school in the fall of '48 and was one of, if not THE FIRST wife of a G.I. attending classes full time (that's another story!) My husband finished in March '49 and I in June '50, perhaps the first

The Orrin Beaumonts

married couple to do so. We needed the help of a placement agency to get work, as he was in Physical Education and Industrial Arts, the same as nearly every other guy in those days. We signed to teach at Littlefork, each getting \$2,400. Sure did beat that \$100!

My husband was Orrin Barnum, who now lives in Nevis, Minnesota (56467) after retiring from the Minneapolis school system. In a recent issue of TODAY there was an article commenting on how different names are today than in the '50s. One of the names was his. We divorced in 1961 and have both since remarried.

Three years ago I retired with the help of Rule of 85. I had 28 years in the classroom, twenty-six at Sebeka, Minnesota. My degree was Physical Education, Health and Recreation, and we had a great group of 10 gals that graduated in 1950, but I'm sorry to say that I only keep up with two of that group.

My retirement didn't last long as there is so much to be done. I still keep in the class room by substitute teaching at Sebeka High (I still know all the kids and that's an advantage.) I place foreign exchange students in homes for a school year, and I serve on the Board of Directors of the newly formed M.E.A.-Retired. I have offices in the County Historical Society and American Legion Auxiliary. Recently, I was nominated by our local educational association for the "Friend of Education" award. Another rewarding part of life is keeping up with the activities of 15 grandchildren!

1947



Another short-term resident who remembers many neighbors and how many folks were on the waiting list to get into the Barracks.

Sam '47 and Bette Bertschi

Retired farmer.

Yes, we were short-time Barracks dwellers back then. I started MSTC (as it was called then) in the fall of 1940. Left from March 1943 until November 1945 for a hitch in the Naval Air Corps. I believe I started back at MSTC in spring quarter of 1946. Graduated at the close of fall quarter of 1947 and came to Walnut Grove to teach Industrial Arts and Math, and coach football, basketball and baseball (for a very good salary at the time of \$2,760!) After 3 1/2 years of teaching and being a farm boy, I had the chance to get into farming, which I did. I've been here on the farm at Walnut Grove ever since. I retired three years ago, but still live on the farm and have a son farming.

Back to school. I married Bette Borchert of Mapleton on May 15, 1947 and we lived in the Barracks from June 1 to the end of fall quarter of 1947 when I graduated. They were really fun days - everybody was broke but glad to be home and back in school.

I believe we paid \$9 - \$12 per month rent, depending on ones income. Tuition at that time was \$18.75 per quarter, regardless of how many credits you carried.

I do recall that you had one week from graduation to vacate your unit, because there was a waiting list to get in.

Some of the people we remember real quickly are: Glen (Bob) and Virginia (Ginny) Maurer; Dennis and Helen Kigin; Dean and Colleen Tate; Herb and Penny Cummsiskey; LaVerne (Fat) and Betty Lagow; Ken and Helen Nelson; and Pat and Ina White.



1947

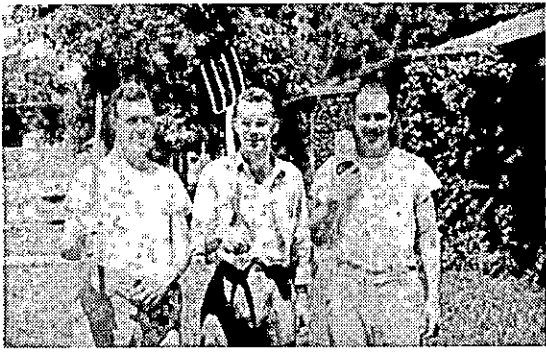
Even though these babies were also short term, they remember fixing up the place for those who would come after them.

Willis '48 and Eleanor Boynton

Retired School Administrator

We lived in The Barracks just a few months, as we moved downtown to the Eckman Apartments which were more convenient for Eleanor, who worked for Dr. Hassot downtown.

We installed an outside porch light and a light in the large closet in the living room. As I remember, we had to clean a lot of dried paint out of the kitchen sink!



Denis Kigin, Bob Lehman, Don Cornell

1947

Believe it or not, even after more than 43 years, they still get together with their Barracks' neighbors!

Don '49 and Jean Cornell '44

He taught for 36 years, now retired, she also retired as a school librarian.

We moved into the Barracks in the late spring or early summer of 1947. They had not been occupied prior to that time. The rental fee was based on one's monthly income.

We had a one bedroom apartment which consisted of a kitchen, living room, bathroom, bedroom, storage closet, bedroom closet, and front door closet. Actually, we were quite comfortable. The kitchen had one closed cupboard and one open cupboard. Unbelievable as it now seems, I had adequate space! We had an ice box rather than a refrigerator. The ice box came with the apartment.

Since money was not plentiful, entertainment consisted of visiting back and forth with our neighbors and playing cards. The snack at the end of the evening was usually a plate of cookies and coffee.

Brief summary of our lives after the "Barracks" ...

Don graduated from Mankato State during the summer of 1949; taught for four years in Akron, Iowa; then six years in Sioux City; then 26 years in St. Louis Park. He retired the spring of 1985. He received his MA from the U of ND.

Jean, a 1944 graduate of Mankato State, spent many years doing part-time and/or substitute teaching. From 1970-1985 she was a full time librarian with Northrop Collegiate School/The Blake Schools. Those two schools and Highcroft Country Day school merged. She retired the spring of 1985. She received her MS from St. Cloud.

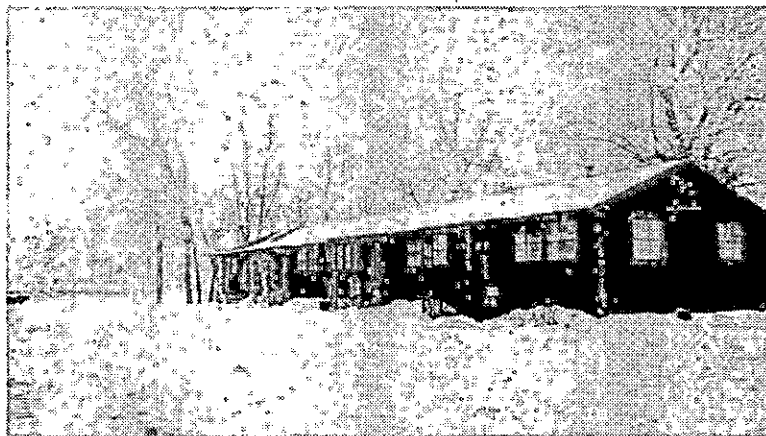
We did not have any children while living in the Barracks but afterwards we had two: Lee, who is currently teaching Computer Science at MSU and Brian who is a dentist in Excelsior. Both are married and we have six grandchildren!

On October 1, 1988 the first four "original" couples in apartment #11,12,13, and 14 which faced Division Street met for dinner in Mankato. These couples were Lee and Donna Nordgren, Robert and Loretta Lehman, Robert and Cathy Mahoney, and Don and Jean Cornell. It was the first time that all four couples had been together in 39 years. We had a great time! We all looked extremely young for our ages!!!! Well, anyway, we had a great time!

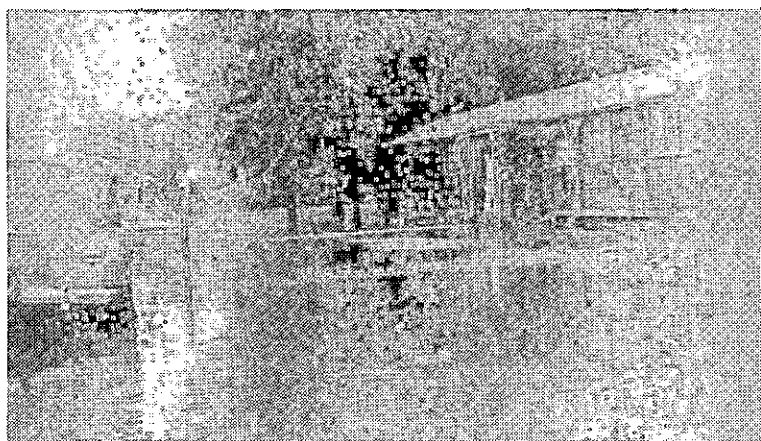
Don Cornell Photo Album



Remember that kitchen?



The Barracks in winter, '47



And then came the rains in '49

1948



Pregnant Darlene with her aunts and an assortment of Barracks children who wanted their picture taken

*The three D's: Dickmeyers,
Dancing and Decorating!*

**Ben '49 and Darleen Dickmeyer
'72, MS '83**

He retired teaching & broadcasting; she retired nursery school administrator.

I've spent many evenings going through our old black and white pictures, trying to locate those from the college days when Ben & I lived at the college Barracks. Many treasured memories emerged and these are the thoughts I'll share.

The Barracks were our third residence that we occupied since we were married in college. (Ed. note: see their story about living in the Avoca, written by Harold PaDelford.) Housing was desperately needed for married students. When our name came to the top of the waiting list, we were thrilled to move in. It was a joy, not a task, to redecorate those flimsy, thin walls with the most economical wallpaper we could find and to splash paint on all the woodwork. Our cupboards had no doors, so they were beautified by a ruffled, plaid trim made of the same material as the curtains.

Our place was ready for entertaining, and I was anxious to share with my aunts. Enclosed is a picture of my aunts and me along with 3 or 4 Barracks children who wanted their picture taken. I was pregnant at the time. Most everyone living in the Barracks either had babies or were about to. Note on the picture the lovely front porch and flower pots to beautify the place.

We became parents while living in the Barracks and felt most fortunate to have a two bedroom unit. (Note the picture of my mother, Esther Dratz, and me working in our recently decorated kitchen.)

It was a rare occasion when we went to a dance where we had to pay admission. Wedding dances at the Kato or the Crystal Ballroom were our highlights - they were free. Everyone in the Barracks was poor and many husbands and/or wives were holding down a job while attending college.

This picture of a college formal dance is Ben and I along with good friends, Harry and Fran PaDelford. Harry and Fran didn't have the privilege of living in the Barracks. Harry got a job teaching-shop at Gaylord, and Fran was busy being a full-time mother and homemaker.

Our next door neighbors in our Barracks unit were Bob and Eleanor Barr. Next to them were Dean and "Burnsie" Tate. In the unit behind us were the LaVerne "Fat" LaGow's, and later the Paul Hustad's.

Everyone in the Barracks were in the same lifestyle, and when you would take your baby for a ride

The Ben Dickmeyers

in the stroller, you would always have “joiners”. There was lots of companionship.

Our Barracks days extended from September 1948 to June 1949. Ben landed a job at Walnut Grove teaching English and Speech and coaching Jr. High sports. We learned to love it there, but it was quite an adjustment after living in the Barracks in an environment of young, poor families, all interested in education and spontaneous fun.

Ben later entered the radio field as a play-by-play sports announcer and spent 22 years of part time broadcasting to supplement his teaching salary over 36 years of teaching. After raising our family of six children, I started and taught and administered four of my own Nursery schools as well as planning and implementing the Children’s House at MSU.

In 1964, we built our second home in Mankato. This was to be a five bedroom home built to accommodate our growing family of 6 children. At the time we were building this home, the Barracks were being torn down. Any usable items from the Barracks were for sale, so we went to the unit in which we had lived and bought a door and a cupboard to be used in our downstairs storage room. To this day, that same door and cupboard serves their purpose well, and is a constant reminder of our fun-loving days at “the Barracks”.



Ben and Darlene with Harry and Fran PaDelford at a formal dance



Darlene and her mother, Esther Dratz, working in the lovely Barracks kitchen

1949



This was their "Honeymoon Hotel" until it became known as "Rabbitville" . . .

Vern '53, M.Ed. '61 and Pam Doss

Both are retired

While many couples called The Barracks home over the course of the years they were available, I wonder how many couples lived in more than one unit.

We had the privilege of living in two different Barracks during Vern's college career. The first time was in 1949 when Barracks' apartment #33 served as our "Honeymoon Hotel". We were married on September 10th and took up residence on September 15th, arriving with a hundred dollars' worth of used furniture. We supplemented that with furniture from the attic of Pam's Grandmother, plus kegs and packing cases of various sizes and descriptions.

The living was incredibly cheap, even for the times we lived in. A single-bedroom Barracks' apartment cost \$21 a month. The two-bedroom units rented for \$28. Included in the rent was gas, water, paint for redecorating, garbage pick-up, and the use of an ice box and lawn mower. A status symbol was owning a refrigerator.

Money was tight and we lived from one government check to the next. As our neighbors were all in the same situation, it didn't seem to be such a hardship. Friendships were quickly established and our neighbors soon became "family". Getting together for coffee and Canasta was interspersed with the nightly ritual of studying.

This was the era before the "pill" was available, consequently, the housing units were popularly known as "Rabbitville". Almost every one-bedroom unit contained a baby, while the two-bedroom units were infested with hordes of children, mostly of a pre-school age. Our son, Jeffrey, was born a little less than 13 months after we moved in.

In February of 1951 Vern received his orders to report to the United States Navy as part of the recall of reservists ordered for the Korean War. Vern was discharged in early June, 1952, and it was back to college and The Barracks. The two-bedroom unit #101 served as our home until Vern graduated in August, 1953.

While some may have considered Barracks living "the worst of times", we thought it was the "best of times". We couldn't have made it through the college years without the help of subsidized housing. So, forty years later, "Thanks again, M.S.U.!"

1948



These Barracks Babies recall everyone helping each other.

Robert '50 and June Doyle

He is a retired teacher, she retired from CDC

We lived in Unit III - had two children, Lee Ann and Robert Doyle, Jr.

We enjoyed the neighbors, environment, get togethers, etc. There were really great people: the LaGows, Oversons, Hubers, Sheheens, and many more. **We all helped each other.**



Henry with son Douglas, summer of '48

1948

Back in the beginnings, the Barracks Babies had many planned activities.

Henry '47 and Luella '42 Feil

He is a retired school administrator.

We were one of the early couples to live in the Barracks for a short time. We, Henry A. Feil, wife Luella M. (Silliman) Feil and son, Douglas, lived there the summer of 1948. Douglas was a baby about 5 months old. I think the Barracks were new that year. My husband was back on campus starting work on his master's degree. This housing was available to married students.

My husband and I both attended Mankato State from 1940 to 1942. I finished the two year program and in the fall of '42 started teaching in Cottonwood county. Henry went into the service in August of '42. I taught elementary classes for four years then we moved back to Mankato and my husband finished the work for his bachelor's degree and began his first employment as teaching principal in Spicer, Minnesota about September, 1947.

The summer we lived in the Barracks there were planned activities for the families. I remember a picnic at Minneopa State Park for the whole housing unit. All families - lots of small children - attended. I think Food Service from the college prepared the food.

I remember my husband playing golf - probably soft ball too. With a very small infant I didn't get very involved in much.

I remember a terrific rainstorm that summer. It rained more than nine inches and there was flash flooding in downtown Mankato. Also at the zoo ...

We haven't been back on campus for quite a while. Think we will have to drive down some day this spring and look over the campus. All the buildings are named for instructors we had in the early '40s.

Our daughter, Connie J. Feil graduated with a master's degree from Mankato State in Library Science about six years ago. She now is employed at T.I.E.S. in Roseville, Minnesota.

I loved the library on the old lower campus. When I was there on campus for two years I worked for Miss Buege and Effie Conkling. Was sad when the library burned.

My husband transferred the following summer of 1949 to Drake University to finish his work for the master's degree. He also was principal or director of Elementary Education in both Emmetsburg and Esterville, Iowa for the next nine years. Since that nine year period in Iowa we have lived in White Bear Lake, Minnesota. My husband was principal of Bellaire Elementary School for 25 years. He retired in 1983.

1947



John and Betty in 1989

Meet one of the very first occupants of the Barracks! Mud and all, it was heaven.

John '48, '64 and Betty (Theel) '44, BS '58 Ferrin

Both are retired teachers.

The spring of 1947 was both exciting and frustrating. Which World War II veterans would be chosen as the first occupants of the "new" Barracks being built on top of the hill and WHEN would they ever be finished? Every time a date was set, there was another delay.

Finally, despite the mud and the lack of sidewalks, we gradually moved in as units became available. To me, it was heaven; I had a stove with an oven (instead of a gas plate), an ice box (true, it wasn't a refrigerator, but it was better than sharing an ice box with neighbors), I could have a washing machine (instead of rinsing diapers in the bathtub), we had a bathroom all to ourselves, and no stairs to climb with a baby and all the extras that go with babies. Our daughter, Virginia, moved to the Barracks with us and a daughter, Helen, was born while we were there.

Most of us were trying to live on \$90 a month so school activities and our own ingenuity provided most of the entertainment. The wives formed a Thursday night bridge club and students could attend the Mankato town team baseball games for a quarter. Babysitters were plentiful as we arranged exchanges. My husband had an electric train which he had received as a boy and he and John May, who lived next to us, enjoyed playing with it. They always threatened to make a hole in the wall between the two apartments, but it remained just a threat!

We bought our first bedroom set at \$8.00 a month. Our rent was \$35 and our grocery bill had to be kept to \$30. The remainder went for the car and other necessary items. One of the frustrations was the delivery of ice. The man who delivered it seemed to enjoy having muddy boots as he tracked across our clean floors and he resented it when newspapers were put down for him to walk on.

The Ralph Beneckes had lived in the same building of makeshift apartments with us before moving to the Barracks and they remained our closest friends. Graduation day was a sad time as they left for Alaska where Veronica's father lived. Although I wrote to them several times we never heard from them again. John Olson's little boy was deaf and they left for Washington, D.C., where he could be given special schooling. We left for Dawson, Minnesota, as John had a summer job there as recreation director, and then moved on to Mantorville, Minnesota, where he began teaching.

Virginia and two sons now live at Killeen, Texas, where she is a dental assistant at Fort Hood. Helen, her husband and two sons, live at Westminster, California, and she is a second grade teacher in the Long Beach school system. John and I are retired and have built ourselves a home near Mancos, Colo.

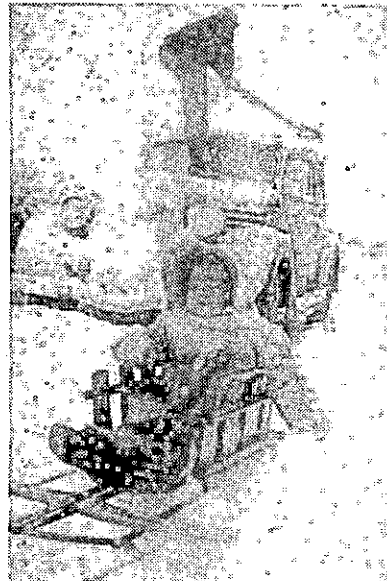
John Ferrin Photo Album



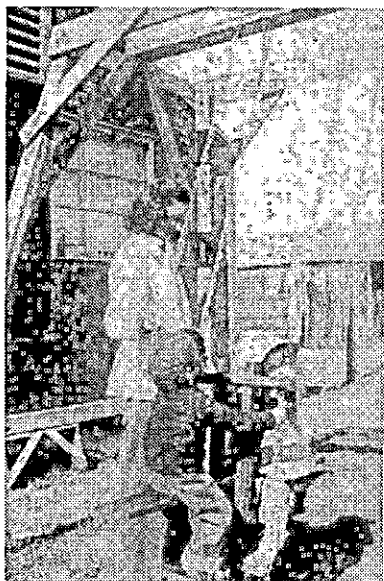
Ralph and Veronica Benecke on graduation day, '48



Ferrin daughters Virginia and Helen



John sweeps snow off his '35 Ford while daughter Virginia, waits. Winter of '47-'48



Veronica Benecke swings son, Boyce, with Virginia Ferrin

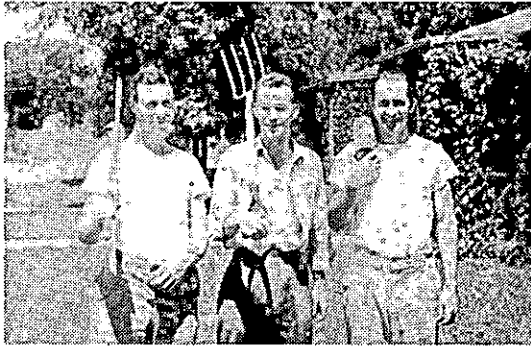


Virginia Ferrin with Benecke's dog, Cinder



Remember the penny photos?

1947



Denis Kigin, Bob Lehman and Don Cornell

*Back in the first group in the '40s
there were many gardeners ...*

Denis '48 and Helen Kigin

He is retired; she is at Mass. Gen. Hospital (see story)

This is in response to your request for information regarding Mankato State's Barracks Babies. My wife and I were among the first Barracks occupants, moving into the unit shown in the enclosed picture in June of 1947. Daughter Colleen Mary Kigin was born May 23, 1948 and lived at the Barracks until September 1948 when we moved to Faribault, Minnesota.

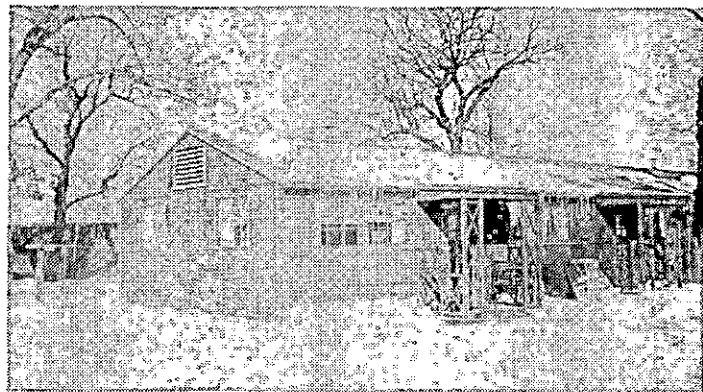
Picture enclosed is Colleen and her mother (Helen Harty Kigin) standing in front of our Barracks apartment. Colleen is currently Director of the Department of Physical and Chest Therapy at Mass. General Hospital in Boston. I have recently retired from Arizona State University and continue to live in Tempe, Arizona.

The third picture enclosed depicts a gardening/clean-up crew composed of Denis Kigin, Bob Lehman and Don Cornell.

Some of our 1947-'48 neighbors at the Barracks were: Sam Bertschi, Don Cornell, LaVerne LaGow (deceased), Bob Lehman, Ken Nelson, Lee Nordgren, Bob Maurer, and Irving Stabnow.



Helen and new daughter, Colleen



The winter Barracks were sure cold

1947



What a lush lawn! Bob Lehman, summer of '48

It was in the Barracks that we learned so much: how to cook, how to sew, how to plant grass . . .

Bob '48 and Loretta Lehman

He is a retired teacher now.

We moved into the Barracks as soon as they were ready for occupancy in the spring of 1947. Since we didn't have children, we were assigned to one of the one bedroom units which faced on Dickinson St. In our "row", we were all working wives, but by fall, Nordgren's, Mahoney's, Riggins, Main's and we were all expecting first babies which meant that we were expected to give up our jobs as soon as we started to "show". (We've come a long way — in more ways than one.) Therefore, we spent our waiting time learning to cook, we formed a serving club and Helen Rigin's mother taught us how to knit. Bob Mahoney was from Chicago and was an expert bridge player and he didn't mind playing with and teaching us novices.

We had lots of good times in the Barracks. We had beer parties — at that time, I believe we could buy a case of beer for a dollar (delivered) and popcorn was a cheap snack. Money was tight of course, but we were all pretty much in the same boat. Our husbands had all shared the war experience and we were ready to get on with our lives.

Across the street, kitty-cornered from us, lived a Mr. and Mrs. Anderson who were good to us. They lent us some garden space and we planted a not very successful garden. The Barracks area was not sodded but the college furnished grass seed to any of us who wanted lawns. Our row chipped in on a hose and we had a pretty good lawn pretty fast.

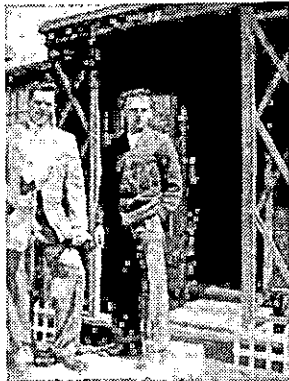
By the spring of 1947, all of us in our row except Cornell's had produced a child. We bought baby buggies and made nettings to cover them while religiously putting our babies outdoors for their afternoon naps. When we got together for social things, the bedroom was lined with baby buggies. I've shown the people who lived in and near us who became our friends. We've lost track of the Smalley's. Lee Morrow joined the F.B.I. after a year or so of teaching and was killed in a car accident only a few years later. We got together with the other couples in our row in 1988 and had a great visit.



The gals had a graduation party too: Yvonne Morrow, Pat Borchert, Margaret Maine, Jean Cornell, Donna Nordgren



Oh, were we happy at the '48 graduation! Pat Borchert, Denny Kigin, Lee Morrow, Harold Maine, Yvonne Morrow



Bob Mahoney, left, with Dean Tate, in front of the first Mahoney home

1947

Picture this: a police car careening down the street pulling a burning popcorn stand. Yes, it happened!

Bob '48 and Cathy Mahoney

They are now retired.

From Bob: (These are not listed in order of importance)

Getting into college after WW II was most difficult and attending Mankato State came on the heels of a conversation I had with Jim Withum.

The move to the Barracks from a single room was the highlight of our young married life. What a great group of people to share dreams with. Everyone was in the same boat: no money, but lots of energy and eager to get on with their lives.

I remember working at the Standard Oil gas station that was right across from the old Greyhound bus station. Then onto Allied Laboratories, located across from Kaufman Taxi. I can thank Dean Tate for that job. The walks up to the little grocery store on Highway 14 to get our weekly ice cream cone treat. During the hot summer months, we'd wait until the ticket taker at the local theatre would leave his post, walk in free of charge so we could cool off.

The day that a police car pulled a burning popcorn stand away from the bleachers (where the Mankato Merchants played) while being chased by the fire department.

I remember getting down to the train station early so we could see and hear President Truman, Bess and Margaret. He was running against Dewey. A very memorable occasion and presidential election results.

During the very hot evenings, we'd turn on the cold water in the shower, and with a fan in the right position, create our own air conditioning. The constant bridge games going on in the student union. The seriousness of the returning veteran regarding his/her education, raising a family and making up for lost time. The average age of the incoming freshman was at an all time high.

The looking for jobs as graduation neared.

From Catherine:

We felt so rich having our home, as we had lived in just one room prior to the Barracks being built. I remember everyone seemed happy with no telephone or tv, but we had a tiny radio for Ma Perkins. We

The Bob Mahoneys

were called "Rabbits Row" as the population soared. **News traveled fast when a new child was born and we all celebrated with joy, as a family would.** Lee Nordgren took us to the hospital in the middle of the night with our first child. They had it made, owning a car and a real refrigerator.

I remember the interesting tours to see the latest decorating scheme transforming the Barracks into a home with furnishings such as: stained orange crates for end tables, using the screen door and/or storm door as a divider between living room and kitchen. Shelves were built with scraps of wood and old car seats became attractive couches and chairs with material mom and dad provided. I miss the deep sinks in the kitchen that were necessary for double purpose as wash tubs. We waxed the old wooden floors until they shone and in the summer we had to clip the weeds that grew up between the cracks. We communicated with our neighbors by knocking on the walls and raising our voice to ask if they wanted to play bridge or whatever. We shared pop corn and lots of coffee. **Teachers cared, our parents were proud and so the married students thrived, stretched and grew.**

I will always remember the thrill of buying our first roast. I kept it in the ice box too long in fear I might not cook it properly and it spoiled. I hated to tell Bob, so I buried it outside Barracks #12.

Our get-aways were short trips on the train to spend the weekend with mom and dad, filling up on brownies, good food and more assurance that we were doing great. * I remember walking down the steep hills to the college in spike heels.

I remember Art Kost who drove the city bus past the Barracks and our only transportation. Art would wait if you weren't ready and took alternative, less bumpy routes for the wives who were close to delivery date.

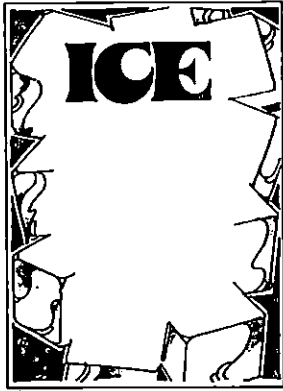
We had great neighbors: Lee and Donna Nordgren, Jean and Don Cornell and Bob and Loretta Layman. We actually got together in 1988.

I worked half days for Mr. Hawk in his office and it was a pleasure working for this dear man.

Bob retired January 1, 1987. We have five children, all living in the Twin Cities area, and nine grandchildren. A reunion would be great.



Catherine and Bob returning from baptism with first born baby boy, Robert, who is now an attorney in St. Paul



1948

They weren't ice fishing when they drilled this hole under the ice-box!

**Dennis '50 and Norma (Hansen)
'48 Marienau**

They are retired.

Life in the College Barracks

Living in the Barracks was a unique experience for those of us who were lucky enough to do it, and we did do it as a large unified group. We were not what could be called typical college students. We were older. We had spent three or four years in military service. We, as a group, had been all over the world during our military service, some in Europe and some in the South Pacific. We had seen and experienced many things. We had matured beyond our chronological years. We were all married, and some of us had children, so our wants and desires were different than the typical college student. We were serious about getting through school, and as we recognized the value of a degree.

Nostalgically speaking, life in the Barracks could be described as the "best of times" and *not* the "worst of times." There were problems, of course, but they were not insurmountable, even though we may have thought so at the time.

The cold winters did present some problems. The wide cracks in the floor of the Barracks needed to be covered with several layers of the *Free Press*, then with linoleum, and finally with some sort of rug. On the subject of keeping warm, who could forget the space heater, which struck a rather menacing pose from its assigned spot in the living room.

In the fall of the year the MSTC trucks arriving with the much-needed storm windows was a welcome sight, even though their installation was not a favorite activity.

In the spring of the year many of the students who were Barracks' residents could be singled out by their wearing of overshoes. Could mud have been the reason?

The things we also remember now are the fun things such as the fellowship, the bridge games, and the many get-togethers due to common interests. We were all living on limited incomes - the G.I. Bill only went so far. Occasionally a get-together might result from just getting enough quarters collected to drive over to Fat's Liquor Store to pick up an inexpensive case of beer.

One remembered incident of getting together was a night that several of us waited for an "alleged" Peeping Tom. There were even some loaded guns as part of the vigil.

Yes, they were the "best of times."

1948



Meet the first baby born in the Barracks!

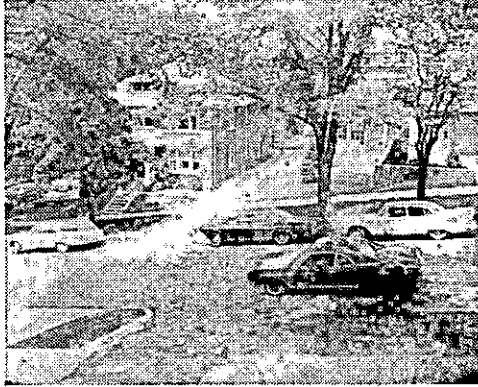
Ken '47 and Helen '43 Nelson

He is a dentist in Windom, Minnesota

We were in the first group to live in the new Barracks and I was the first to give birth to a Barracks Baby: Nancy Kay was born July 15 of 1947 at Immanuel Hospital.

We lived in the second unit facing south, overlooking the cornfield.

Before I was married (my name was Wilkinson), I attended and graduated from Mankato Teachers College in 1943. My husband Ken attended Mankato State after the war. It was then that we lived in the College Barracks.



1946

Strictly speaking, this story isn't about the Barracks, but it leads us into another insight of life in those times.

Harold '48 and Frances PaDelford

He is now a Professor at Eastern Michigan University

We did not live in the Barracks. We lived in the Avoca Apartments which were also owned by the college. They were located on Fourth Street just down the hill from Old Main.

We lived in the first floor apartment and Benny and Darlene Dickmeyer lived above us. (Ed. note: see their story earlier in this book when they moved from the Avoca into the Barracks.)

I have only one story to tell and it concerns the Dickmeyers.

The Dickmeyers put a ham in the oven to bake while they went to church. When they arrived home, the apartment was filled with smoke and the ham was burnt to a crisp. Benny grabbed the ham and threw it into the sink and turned the water on full force. The faucet broke so it couldn't be shut off and the ham plugged the drain. I ran for the water shut-off valve.

There was some water damage. The next day President Crawford came to the apartments for a routine inspection and noticed the discolored ceiling. I told him that it had been that way for some time. He didn't say a word, but someone came and repaired the ceiling!





1947

*Gardening was part of the life
of many Barracks Babies*

**John '47 and Geraldine (Ziebarth)
'43 Pagelkopf**

He owns an insurance agency.

For us, moving into the Barracks was like going from “rags to riches.”

We moved from a second story one bedroom apartment which was cold in the winter and hot in the summer and where cockroaches vied for ownership to this NEW, CLEAN, TWO BEDROOM unit which was “luxurious” in our book. We had privacy! We had cupboards in the kitchen (which we had never had before!) We were on ground level! We were away from the groans of North Broad and the smells of the Standard Station which we claimed as neighbors previously! We could plant tomatoes and petunias in that spot of black dirt next to the Barracks! What could be better?

True, the walls were not insulated and we shared many “not so quiet” moments of babies crying at night and parent’s disciplining, but since we were all experiencing the same problems as our next door neighbors, no one cared.

The comradery was excellent. There were plenty of playmates for the children and mom and dad could always find a card player, a ball player, someone to walk up and down that steep, steep hill, pushing stroller or buggy or someone to provide that listening ear for our “stress.” None of us were affluent but all had a real desire to get that degree and be a real wage earner. We considered ourselves most fortunate to be chosen as residents. The few months we lived there were among our happiest.

John had his first teaching/coaching interview with the superintendent and a couple of school board members from Frost, Minnesota, on our front stoop. That’s when teaching jobs were plentiful and applicants scarce.

(Ed. note: Gerry was Homecoming Princess in '42 and '43 and John was captain of the baseball team in '42. Their daughter, Carol Pagelkopf Venteicher, graduated in '76 with an MS in Rec. Therapy and was the recipient of the Roger Ritter Service Award.)

The John Pagelkopfs



This is a copy of our one and only print of the Barracks with John playing the role of "protector of the domain"

The washing machine, which we had purchased from Mahowalds for a big \$5.00, was waiting to be discarded, but the wash tub was a necessary evil which had to be a part of our outside decor.

When our son, Michael, age 42, sees this picture of his home when he was six months old, his remark is "How could you be excited about living there?"

It is hard to explain this to his generation.

1947



*Even the babysitters fondly
remember the times in the
Barracks!*

Jane (Mullin) Petrie

I used to babysit at the Barracks. The Oversons had five boys in their two bedroom unit — and no money. I really enjoyed them. I was twelve years old when I started sitting for them. We still keep in touch. It's funny, but now they have a large home with many bedrooms and only one offspring at home!

I remember LaVerne Lagow. I believe he was a coach in Mapleton. I also remember that he died several years ago, as did his wife, Mary.

Jane Petrie, Mankato

1947



Meet the first Mayor of "Splinter City" - the MTC Barracks!

Byron '49 and Betty Smalley

He is retired

The terminology "Barracks Babies" is an interesting concept as most of us were WW II Vets returning to get a few more civilized smarts and improve our place in society.

As residents of the Barracks, we organized into a group, wrote up a Constitution and By-Laws and elected officers to run our community on the hill, which we named **Splinter City**. I was elected its first Mayor and we, the officers, presented to the college President, Dr. Crawford, dire needs for improving life in our City On The Hill. Such things as streetlights, garbage storage receptacles, sidewalks and sanded parking lot, to name a few. An article was published in the *Free Press* about Splinter City in the spring of 1948.

We can recall the mud, ankle deep, in the backyard under the clothesline, the winter snow blowing through the cracks in the living room floorboards, hanging clothes on lines stretched across the living room in winter. Very few occupants had cars so walking, riding the bus to and from school and work was a challenger of "timing" to get there on time.

Soon after graduating from MSTC in March 1949 and there being no teaching jobs open, Maurice J. Nelson, Dean of Men asked me if I would be interested in the profession of the Boy Scouts of America. I was — I joined and I retired from the profession 34 years later in 1983.

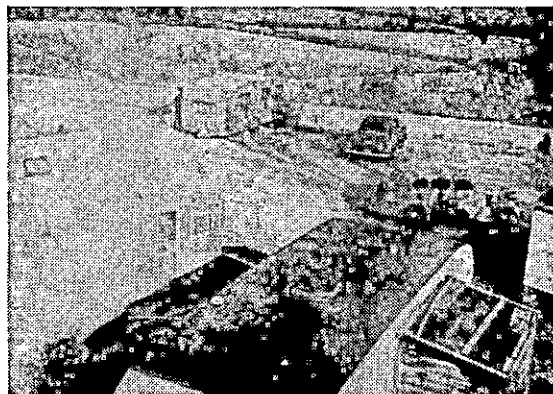
My profession has taken me from a local Scout Executive to the National Organization as Director of Scout Jamboree Commissary Operations, Regional Program Director, and Assistant Regional Director - all grand experiences in Scouting. I was awarded the National Distinguished Service Award for the Order of the Arrow.

We have two wonderful children with college degrees, six grandchildren, one graduating from high school this spring.

Since our retirement, we have traveled to England, Scotland, France and now spend our winters in Arizona.

In spite of what we feel today about the inconveniences, we remember them as part of the good life and felt extremely fortunate in having our two bedroom "castle on the hill" because it was the best we ever had to that point.

1947



A friend of the Barracks was the trailer dweller of the times. . .

Ralph Speece '48

I would have responded to your invitation earlier, but I don't seem to fit in well with your project. My wife and I never lived in the Barracks. We lived in a trailer behind the Phy Ed building from September '47 until August '48. There were at least two other families in trailers there at the time. I was working as a laboratory assistant to Dr. Wissink in the Physics Department and often took tickets at the athletic games to augment our slender resources from the G.I. bill. So - I was fairly busy and had little time for socializing. My wife was from England and didn't go for "coffee clatching," so didn't indulge in it; however our relations with the neighbors were friendly. I don't remember the names of the other trailer families.

We always remembered that one because the temperature dropped to -36 F just before I had an exam in Intermediate Calculus. We had that trailer stove set well beyond the safety zone, but nothing could keep that trailer warm. We didn't get much sleep, and the next day I couldn't have done simple arithmetic, much less calculus. The neighbor's little girl, about two years old, said "It's cold out." It certainly was, and we never forgot it. My wife decided the California climate would be more to her liking.

Ed. note: As word on this book got out, we've had a number of requests to write one about those people who lived in the trailers. Well, we won't promise anything, but if you know any of these folks, we'll sure take their names!



1947

The heat always did seem hard to control!

Wallace '47 and Shirley Spielman

He is a retired pastor.

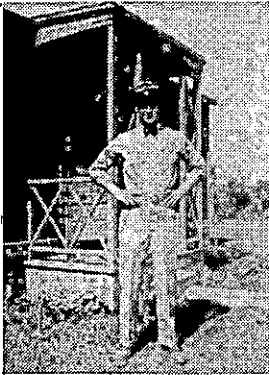
When we moved into the Barracks, someone had turned the heat on too high. All the tapes covering the joints in the wall board had fallen to the floor. It was impossible to replace it, so the rooms had been spray painted. We just left them down; it looked like a beam ceiling in the darkened evening light.

The drain pan for the ice box was always overflowing, so we just drilled a hole in the floor and extended a hose into the ground. It was no longer any problem.

Our first son, Mark was born while we were residents of the Barracks.

Ed. note: Wallace's further education includes the University of Colorado, Duke University, Northwestern (Master of Divinity), the University of Edinburgh and Hebrew University in Jerusalem, Israel!

1947



Lyle in front of the Barracks, wearing his part-time job uniform from the DX station

There's "scared stiff" then there's "washed stiff" in a Barracks' winter.

Lyle '47 and Rosemary Struss

This former student is a retired service station operator and pest control businessman.

My new bride and I felt like we were moving into a luxury home when we were admitted to the Barracks. We had been living in a third story attic and sharing baths and such. Horrible living conditions because there was nothing else available in Mankato at the time.

Rosemary had a hard time with Minnesota weather, especially winter. She especially recalls washing clothes at the Barracks and hanging them out to dry. Then bringing them in frozen solid and drying them on racks.

Weather was a big factor in us leaving Minnesota for California. Was wounded on Okinawa and was discharged in run down condition. Cold weather seemed to hamper recovery.

My recollections of specific things are very vague. I do remember we were all on very good terms with our neighbors and helped each other out when problems came up. They were all nice people.

I spent my next two years at San Jose State at another barracks, much like Mankato Teachers College Barracks, graduating June '50. Presently we are retired in San Jose. Our six children are all settled and having their own families. We had our 44th wedding anniversary this year (1989) and we are both in good health. (Praise the Lord)



Just before the Barracks, Rosemary and Lyle have both been discharged from the Marines



The LaGow family, Christmas '49. They were best friends at the Barracks

1949



Irma Christiansen, Eloise Rob, Catherine Terry, Eleanor Thomas, Neome Adams and children

Socializing with neighbors was one of the best "free" activities available.

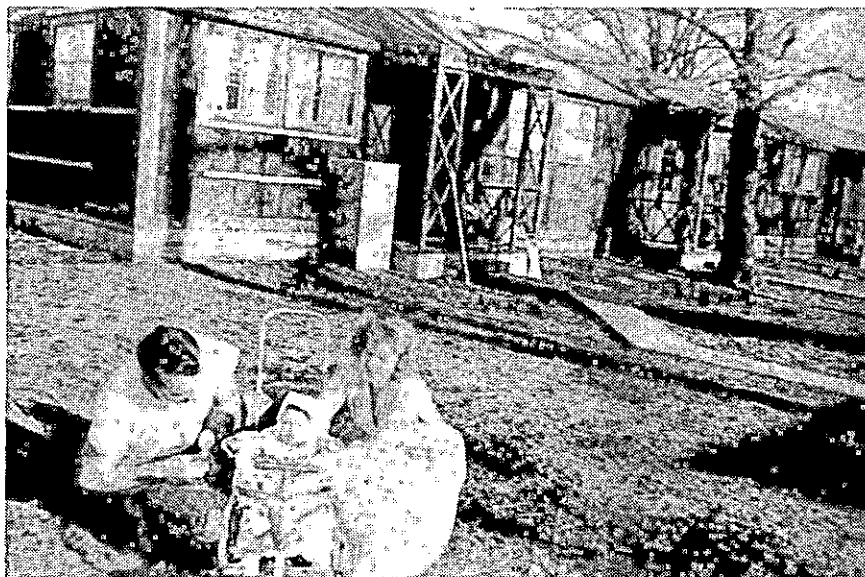
E. Paul '52 and Catherine Terry

After teaching 35 years, he is retired.

The T.C. Barracks left us with many fond memories of great times. We had a nice group of friends we enjoyed being with. As you can see by our pictures, most of our time was getting together with the families living in the Barracks and taking care of kids. Besides college, Paul worked at the Mankato Paper Box Company and Continental Can. Catherine worked at Immanuel Lutheran Hospital before Charles arrived December 26, 1949 and later on as a school nurse in the Mankato Public Schools for the 1951-52 school year.

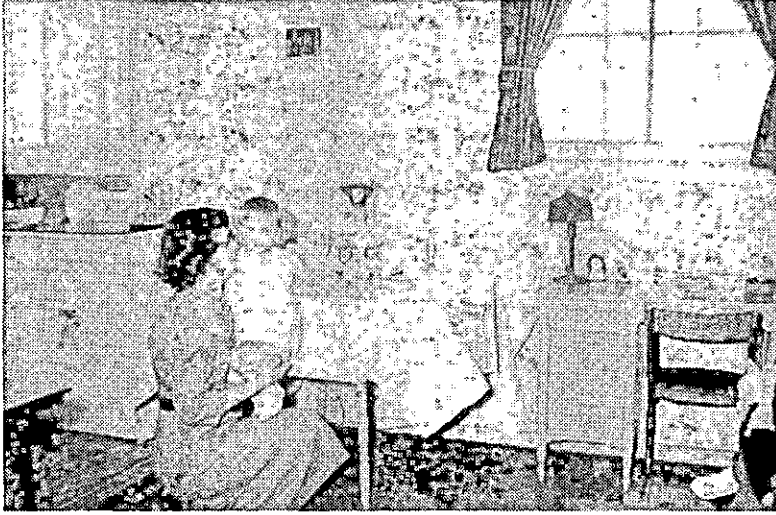
Going to Sibley Park was one of our favorite forms of entertainment and it was free. We drove through not too long ago and it was great renewing old memories!

A few of us put a fence across both ends of the Barracks to keep the kids in...

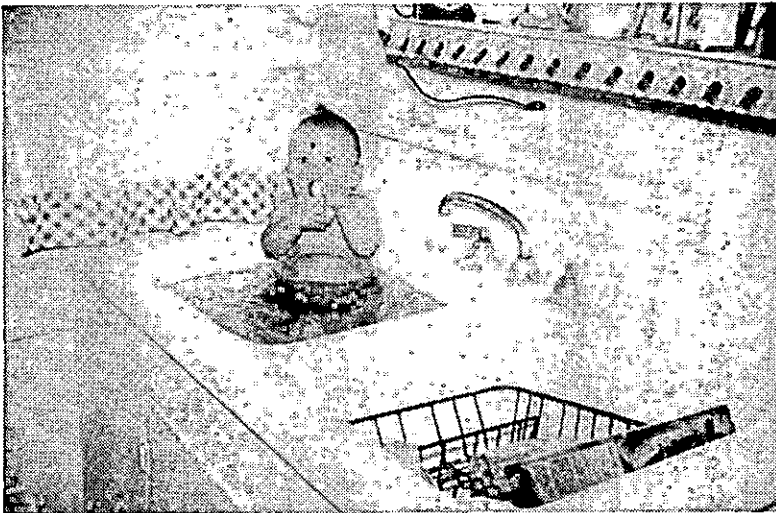


Paul and Cathy Terry and Chuckie

Paul Terry Photo Album



Joyce Peek and daughter. Note the wallpaper, curtains, and study-desk



Chuckie Terry takes a bath in the sink. Paul Terry built the cupboards under the sink!



Strollers Loraine Sorenson with Laurie and Cathy Terry with Chuckie

1947



"Say, do I live here?" Every Barrack looked alike to the kids!

**Francis '48 and Betty (Lindsey)
'46 Zupfer**

He's a retired teacher, she is a librarian at SW State U.

Life at the Barracks was varied. Many of us held outside jobs to support our families. The Barracks all looked alike; consequently, our children would get confused as to where their home was and they would stand, peering through the screen door to see where they really were.

Around and in back of the settlement was a corn field. To the little children this was like a forest. Children would get lost in the corn field and frantic parents would surround the corn field to muster out their children. I remember our young man who was selling and experimenting with herbicides. Back then, herbicides were new. The results were disastrous due to the draft to the tomato plants growing in the gardens in the back yards.

Some of us did have wheels. Cars were purchased on the black market. I owned a 1932 Chevy. It was a good tractor in the winter time; therefore, it became the neighboring tow truck.

The Barracks were built in a hurry and the lumber was still green. After being heated for a period of time, the floor boards shrunk and wide cracks appeared in the floor boards. Almost all couples had 2-5 children. The settlement was often referred to as "rabbit villa". We were all in the same financial fix. The government gave us \$90.00 a month to live on. All in all we enjoyed our lives, and we received a good education plus the practical domestic experience. We were catching up for the war years we lost while serving Uncle Sam.

Betty and Francis Zupfer have four girls enclosed in a picture of all four plus the one who was born at Mankato State Joseph Hospital.

1950



Alan and Diane. See the awning Lloyd made?

In order to make the apartments more homelike, many Barracks Babies took up carpentry. They even constructed awnings. . .

Milly and Lloyd '53 Abelson

Lloyd is deceased

The article in which you were asking for information about the Barracks, was sent to me by my sister-in-law in Minnesota. It surprised me a lot because I am almost certain that the picture was taken in front of our Barracks and two of the children in the picture are mine! My husband, Lloyd, made the white awning from scrap lumber found behind the storage building on the right in the picture.

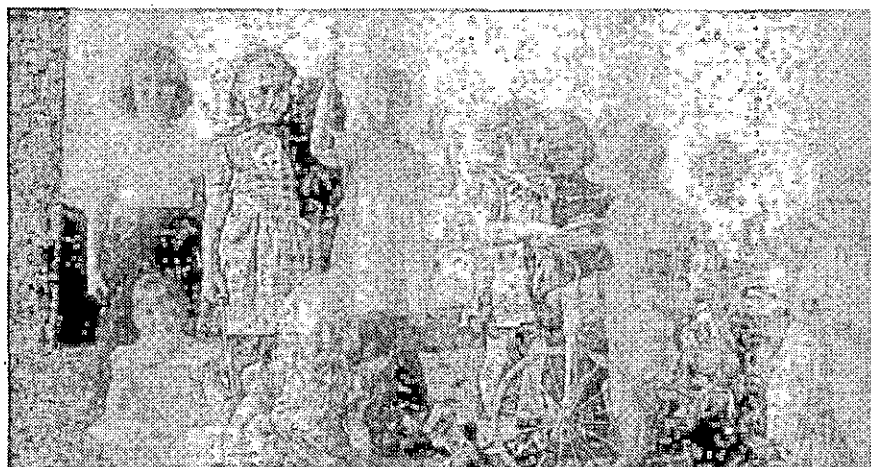
I do not know when they were built but we waited a year to move into them in June of 1950 and we lived there until August of 1953. If my memory serves me right, our rent was \$27 a month.

I remember the time we spent at the Barracks as being very good. Life was simpler, money was scarce, no tv, but we had lots of friends at the Barracks. The women had a card club but don't remember if it was canasta or 500.

Most of the women stayed home with the children and the men held down part time jobs besides their school work.

My husband's sister, Ruthie, and her husband Stu and their two children lived next to us in our Barracks. Robert Kading and his wife lived in the end. He was from St. James and I graduated with him.

My husband died in 1982 but I still have family in Minnesota, so usually make it back once a year. Hope this information will help you some.

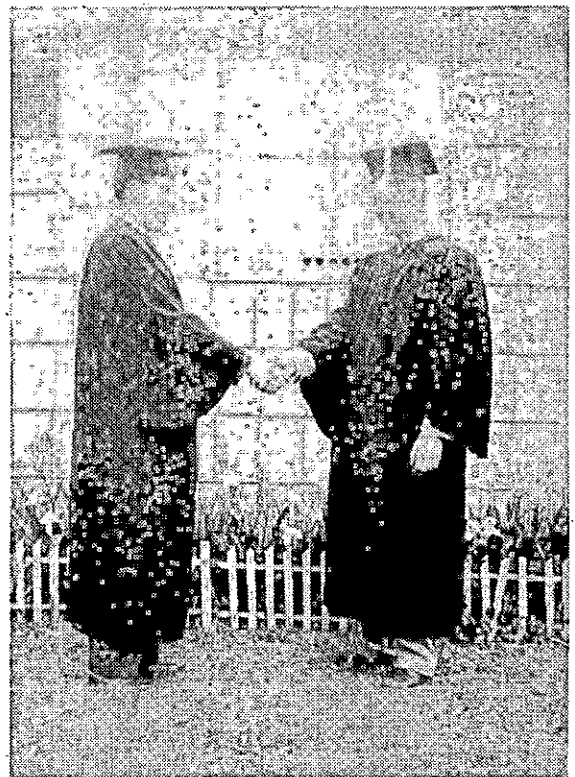


Diane's 6th birthday party. Among the children are Michael Grev, Diane and Alan Abelson and Cindy Grev

Lloyd Abelson Photo Album

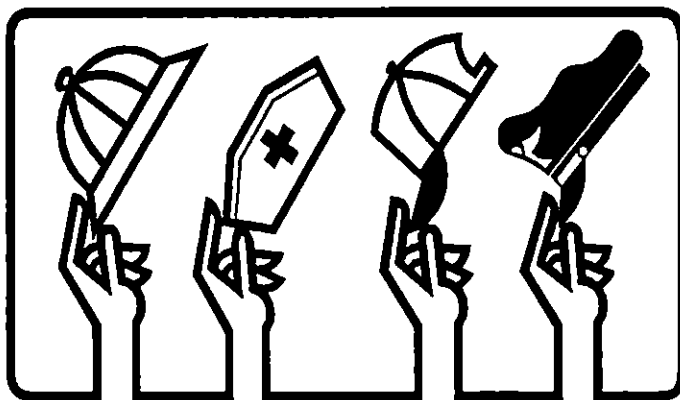


Br-r-r!! Halloween party at the Barracks .



Stu Grev and Lloyd Abelson on graduation day, '53

1957



Even though they got G.I. money, almost every Barracks Baby worked at several jobs.

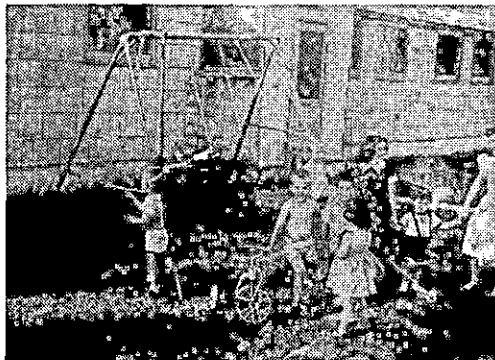
Russ '59 and Laretta Amling

Russ is a Library Professor at MSU; Laretta is deceased.

We lived in the Barracks from 1957 to June 1959. Brenda, our daughter, was born while we lived on Marsh Street. Susan was born while we lived in the Barracks. It was a fun time in our lives with very cheap rent. It was usually quite cold in the winters and hot in the summer. Laretta worked at St. Joseph's Hospital in the X-ray department, week nights and weekend call for her. Russ worked three jobs: Red Owl, Stevenson's, and for Maurice J. Nelson while still attending classes. Russ took industrial arts education and burned the many midnight oil studying, especially for architecture drafting.

Many good times were had by all. We all had the same problems: work, school, children, no money but many family ties.

1950



Swing set in front of 112 T.C. Barracks

Some Barracks Babies came all the way from Brooklyn, N.Y.; to live "the best years of [their] lives."

Anthony '56 and Helen Andruzzi

He is a retired engineer at IBM.

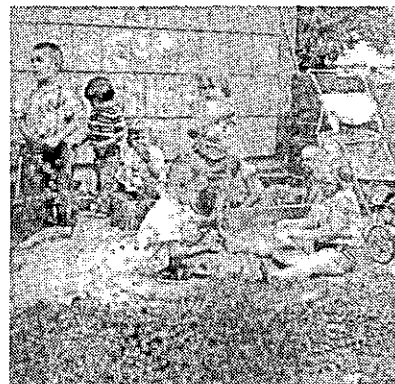
As a native of Brooklyn, NY, I went into the U.S. Air Force (at 17 years of age) without the benefit of a high school diploma and met and married a Madelia, Minnesota, girl. The last thing I had in mind was to attend a college in Mankato, MN, a town and college I had not ever heard of until coming to Minnesota on leave after a stint in Korea. With a strong desire to attend college after discharge, I applied at Mankato State and to my surprise I was accepted. Upon my discharge on December 6, 1953, I drove to Mankato from Topeka, Kansas, and attended my first class on December 8, 1953.

Our first months in school were somewhat discouraging what with budget constraints, and our perception that we did not belong in the college environment. Then the miracle of T.C. Barracks happened to our family. **My wife Helen, our two children, and I found the Barracks a godsend.**

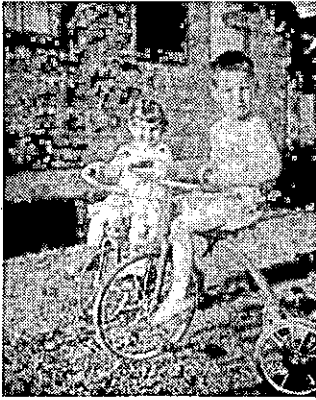
Drab, airy, and lacking most acceptable interior amenities, but with youthful exuberance, imagination, and elbow grease we transformed them into livable, affordable, and comfortable homes. The most beneficial aspect of the Barracks was as veterans with families we were in the same boat, so to speak. We supported each other in many ways, and demonstrated with no nonsense hard work we could succeed in our College endeavors and our future lives. Most of us surely must look back on those times as the "best years of our lives."



A birthday party at the T.C. Barracks



The Barracks had a sandpile



Myself and Barb Andruzzi and the tricycles

1953

We hear from the children of our Barracks Babies too!

Tony Andruzzi, Jr. (son)

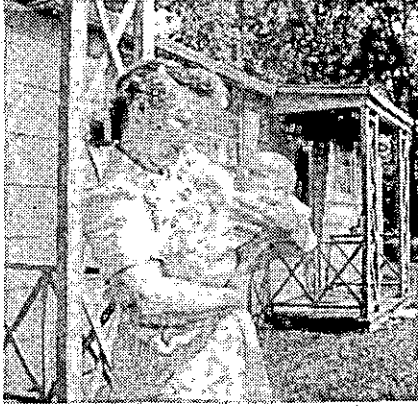
I lived in the Barracks with my parents between the ages of 2 and 4. What I remember most was the long sidewalks and picket fences and the kids to play with. We rode tricycles on the sidewalk, played catch, cowboys, and sand box games. The little fences in the front yards were like a protective fort against the bully. I remember one bigger kid that took my toy gun away from me one day and wouldn't give it back so my Dad had to go get it for me. All us kids that lived and grew up in the Barracks had great fun, had birthday parties, and family get togethers.



I'm standing by our car in the T.C. Barracks parking lot. The license plate is 1954



We liked to make snowmen at the Barracks



"Dad's away at school, but he'll be back."

1951

Somehow the Barracks weren't the best things to be living in with a tornado bearing down ...

Lou '54 and Eva Behrens

Lou is the President of Birch Valley Supply Co.

I don't know how the Barracks got there or when they were torn down, but they sure were a blessing for all those who lived there in the '50s.

We (Lou and Eva Behrens) moved to the T.C. Barracks 13 when Lou got out of the service in September 1951. We then moved to Barracks 43 and lived there until March 1954.

The rent was about \$35 a month. We lived on the GI Bill, receiving about \$135 a month and we felt we lived fairly good. Besides going to school full time, Lou had a part time job as a grocery clerk.

Our two oldest children were born in Mankato - the total hospital bill for Susan for 3 or 4 days was \$77! and the entire doctor bill was \$48! She was born June 3, 1953 and our oldest son, Louis II was born April 31, 1952.

What always impressed us was the community spirit and camaraderie among all our neighbors "up on the hill." On some of those cold, miserable, below zero mornings we checked with each other to make sure cars would start, give rides to those that needed it, making sure everyone got to their classes on time. When it was below zero, the temperature under the baby's crib was 5 degrees and the temperature on the ceiling was 110 degrees. The boards on the floor were so far apart, you could see the ground underneath, so when we put carpeting or linoleum down, first came six or seven layers of newspapers for insulation. And the hole where the kitchen drain went down was so big - rats used to come up at night. We fixed that in a hurry by nailing flattened tin cans over and around the holes.

Considering the construction of those tar paper and cardboard "shacks," our day of terror came on a stormy day when we saw a tornado coming straight for us across the cornfield outside our window. I was sitting under the kitchen table with the children, saying Hail Marys, when the tornado swerved and went the other way - laying a mile away and taking down a barn. Took me days to get over that experience!

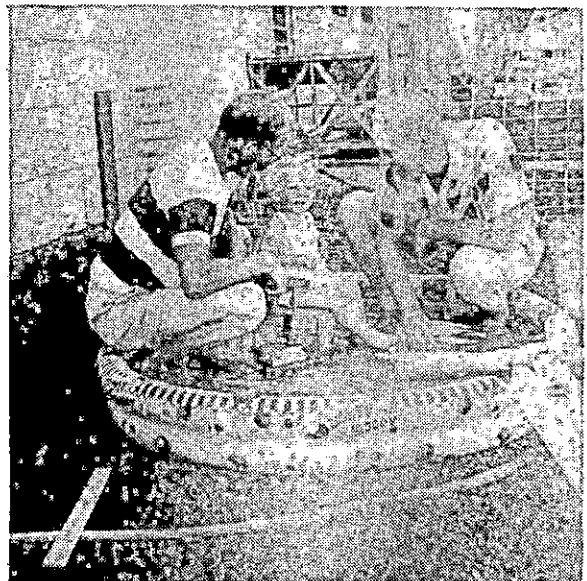
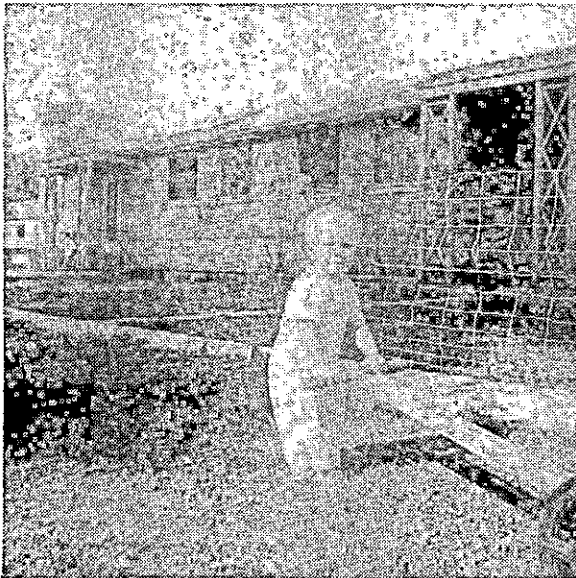
It was November 21, 1953; one of the couples in our group was leaving so we decided to have our Christmas party early. The unit was decorated so beautifully, everybody was dressed in their elegant best, and we served wine and had a fine dinner. Present were Jim and Sharon Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Shepard, Dale and Dorothy French, and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. We still keep in touch with some of

The Lou Behrens

them.

Our oldest son is now with IBM in Rochester, Minnesota, and Susan received her degree in Special Education and is living in Madison, Wisconsin. There were three children after that, but they were born in the "bigger cities."

Having lived in the Barracks was a great experience - everything after that had to be up-hill!



Weren't the kids cute? Those Barracks looked pretty homey, don't they?



1957

These Babies loved the Barracks so much they now own a "Barracks Resort" . . .

Richard '60 and Yvonne Blomquist

He is an elementary teacher in the New Ulm Schools and they own a resort (see story).

When I started college at Mankato State College, there was a waiting list to rent the Barracks housing. We lived in the Barracks during 1957-1960. My wife Yvonne, son Kent, and daughter Yvette lived in T.C. #53. We think there were about 100 families living there at the time.

My wife remembered several pictures in the 1959 Katonian Yearbook on page 167. Two fathers and their children were featured. It turns out that the Jim Fleming family, Richard Blomquist family, and Harold Wolfe family still correspond, 28 years after living together in the close-knit Barracks arrangement.

There were three families living in a row, with three others facing us, making a very cozy six family court. **This arrangement made for a close "family" feeling amongst the six families.** Lots of spontaneous barbecues, card-playing and coffee parties were welcome "breaks" from the rigors of college classes and part-time work, that often was close to a full-time job. A fence held the kids in the court, making baby-sitting easier for the moms and dads. The kids got to know each other "very well." There were 14 kids in our court!

The two bedroom apartments rented for \$28.50 a month, and a one bedroom for \$23.50. Our G.I. checks were \$160 if married with a family, and \$120 with no children. the husbands worked at jobs before or after classes. I worked at the Greyhound Bus Depot for \$1.00 an hour and usually worked 30 to 35 hours a week. Jim Fleming, my neighbor, drove truck and often worked 50 hours a week, plus a full-time college load. Jim, by the way, taught in Alaska, retired at an early age, until an un-timely heart-attack snatched him from his family. My wife, Yvonne, worked at Immanuel Hospital for \$1.08 an hour, as a nurse.

The Barracks had a shower, but no bathtub. One closet had to hold all clothes, etc. There was a small dining-kitchenette area. A small space heater heated the whole apartment, a monstrous job, as the windows weren't made to hold out the bitter cold.

I remember the walls being made of a very soft paper-type material. One night we heard a gnawing noise behind the kitchen sink. We had heard stories of large rates in the area. Our two children were very small and in their cribs. We feared for their safety, so the fellows in the court set large rat traps in the area. By this time we had a hole behind the sink about 15 inches in diameter. The next day we had a huge rat in our trap!

The Richard Blomquists

Each apartment had a fish-house type porch leading into the living room. It helped a lot in keeping out cold winter blasts. Certain episodes stand out in each of our minds, I'm sure. We got along remarkably well, considering our tight living situation. But, we each had our own garbage cans. The garbage man kept refusing my garbage. He told me I didn't wrap it properly. It turned out that my neighbor was putting his garbage in my container and wasn't wrapping it. He was also not paying a garbage collection fee. I remember that family as not wishing to be a part of the large six family group.

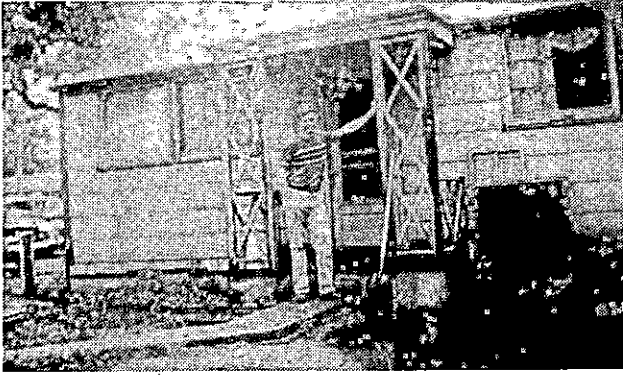
Most of the fellows at the Barracks carried a full schedule and also took both summer sessions. I graduated in three years with a degree in Elementary Education. I finished my first summer session about August 25, and started my first teaching assignment at LeSueur about September 2. One certainly was hoping you would pass your summer session classes, or your teaching job would not work out. A friend of mine did not pass and had to pass up his teaching opportunity.

I have since returned to Mankato State and earned my Master's degree in Elementary Education. I have taught in New Ulm for 28 years. My daughter also graduated from Mankato State with a degree in physical education. She has also earned a degree in Elementary Education. Yvette was born while we lived in the Barracks.

The Barracks were deteriorating badly when we lived in them, hence the rodent problem. We hear they were demolished in the early 1960s. To some, they were little more than a glorified chicken-house. At the time we lived in them, they seemed like a "castle," as they were a necessary stepping-stone in fulfilling my dream of becoming a teacher, and being able to provide a better life for my family.

A sidelight to the story: Since I am a teacher, I wanted to use my summer months in an interesting manner. I bought a run-down resort with cabins almost identical to the Barracks buildings. I completely refurbished them, and have a ball operating a small family-type resort. I feel the Barracks played an important role in helping me achieve my "fun in the sun."

1954



Mud, mud, everywhere mud!

Remember the mud in the front yard?

Earl '53 and Ruth Boser

Divorced for many years, Ruth is a retired 4th grade teacher.

Ruth says living in the Barracks was "quite an adventure." Yes, we'll agree with that.



The front yard of our Barracks



The "central heating" system

Ruth Boser Photo Album



The Ford getting some special treatment



Landscaping: The North Stump in winter and summer!

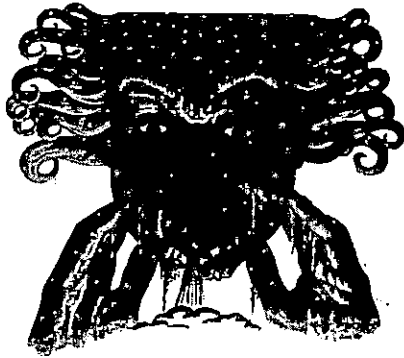


Christmas tree next to the cloth covered closet and the new television set



1958

Was this an early Jacuzzi?



**Robert '60 and Rita (Bellig) '54
Bradley**

He is a realtor with Edina Realty in Minneapolis.

We lived in the Barracks from summer of '58 through summer of '60. We have wonderful memories and lasting friends from that time. This article appeared in the *Minneapolis Sunday Picture Magazine* around May of 1959.

We look back with longing at our \$23.50 per month rent payments! We also remember our year-old son dressed in pajamas plus sweatshirts and jeans to ward off the cold on the Barracks floor. It was also the only time we showered and our heads were steaming hot and our feet were freezing cold! But in spite of it all, we enjoyed it very much.



MCS's hilltop married student housing, erected "temporarily" in 1947, once housed war prisoners in Iowa. Crawford's son lived in the transformed barracks as student. Above, Crawford visits one of MSC's 800 married students: Robert Bradley, business administration senior; wife; sons Tom, 7 months, and Mike, 2.

1959



'61: Brian Burns at 111 College Barracks

Those window peepers just kept coming throughout the years!

Jerry '62 and Doranne Burns

Jerry is retired from the USAF and also a retired kennel owner/operator.

Oh, what to write! I remember so many things that happened. Don't know if you could really call it living - as most of the time it was trying to just exist from one pay day till the next. Know we all looked forward to the day the "Eagle Flew by" or the green government checks were delivered for us veterans.

Those Minnesota Winters were really something. The floors were so bad with space between the boards that we put down layers of newspapers and then rugs to cut down the draft. Hanging up diapers in winter was a real delight as we had a washing machine with a hand wringer on top and of course, the old diaper bucket in the bathroom. God, why couldn't we have had Huggies then?

We drank "Kato" beer, as that's all we could afford for our ballgames at Washington School and our midnight picnics under the big elms on Anderson Street. Sometimes we could even afford chips and watermelon. It was a lot of fun because we were all so damned poor and don't think we really ever had problems among ourselves. We used to get along real well. The wives were versatile in making dishes for some of these outings.

One summer we had problems with a window peeper who came around quite often. Seems like one of our Barracks Vets - an ex-marine - had his own idea of how to get rid of him. One night he let a few rounds go from his .45 caliber pistol while on top of the building and scared the hell out of the women residents. Don't think we had any more peepers, though.

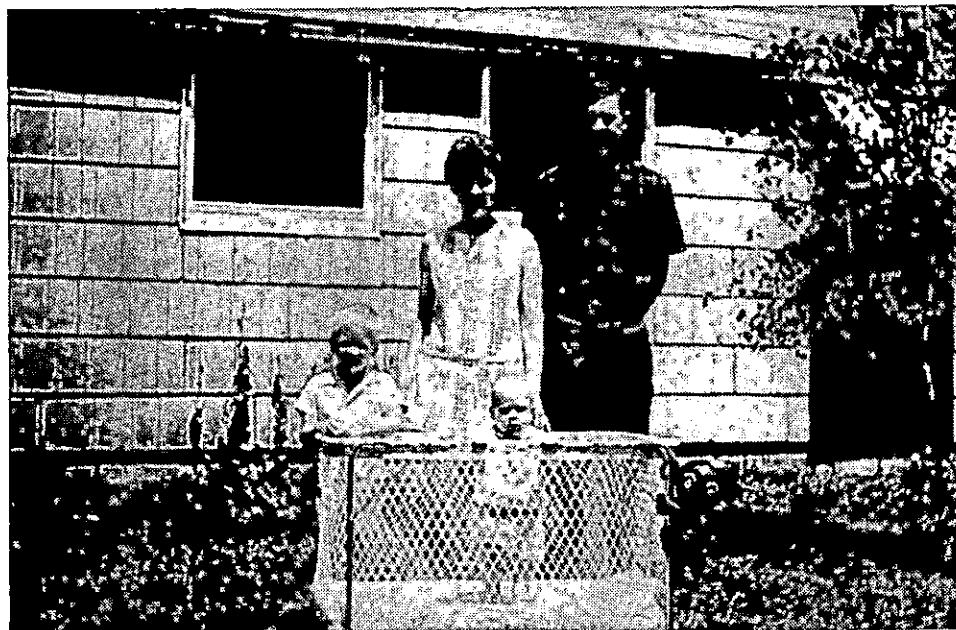
We had one son when we moved in and our second son, Brian, was born in January 1961. Boy, it was cold then. Had to bring the battery from the car in at night in order to get the old Chevy to start in the morning. In order to stop the North Wind from coming through the old windows, we had to cover the whole outside with plastic coverings where the storm windows were to fit.

The Barracks and Mankato State and also Mankato hold special places in our hearts. We appreciate what we have now and the memories will never die because it was a favorite time in our lives. It's unfortunate that they were torn down as we had another war and I'm sure the young Vietnam veterans could have used them for another ten to fifteen years!

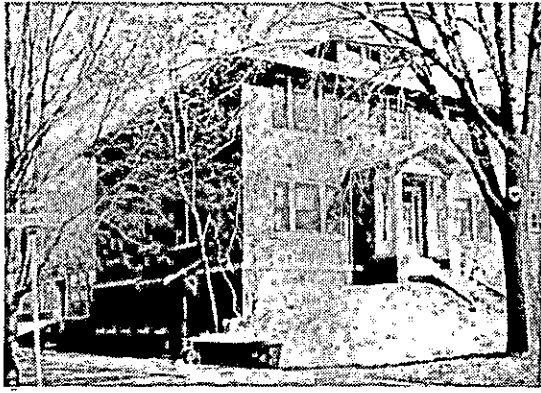
Jerry Burns Photo Album



The kids spent their time in the outdoors,
whenever possible



Mom and dad with Michael and Brian



1952

*More Avoca Apartment stories -
the same people seemed to live
here and in the Barracks.*

Jim '54 and Mary Cary

He is an educational consultant.

I read with interest your article "On a Roll with Barracks Babies." There was another college owned residence with several units. It was The Avoca, next to the "new science building" in 1952, and housed married students. Dale and Dorothy French and son Gregg, Joe and Betty Blindt and daughter, Bill and Bev Huettl and son Steve, Dwain and Phylis Giffin and Jim and Mary Cary and son Michael.

The five apartments were certainly more traditional than the Barracks. I don't remember any rats, but we had a good supply of bats. I remember one night at about 2 a.m., Jim killed 20!! I can still recognize that "w-h-r-r-r" sound.

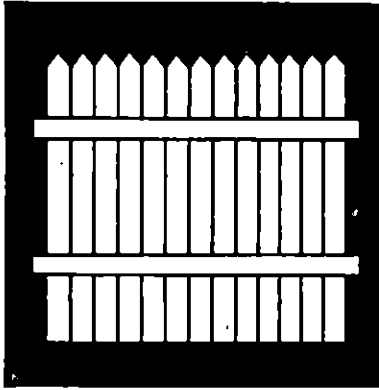
A big night in the Avoca was when we'd all drag our ironing boards to one apartment, buy a six pack of beer, open the doors to listen for babies! We did blow some fuses, but accomplished the pesky task of ironing. (No wash and wear in those days.)

Time has gone by so quickly. Jim routinely travels the Western United States and occasionally finds himself in Japan and Indonesia. He does consulting work for a science education company whose home office is in Boston. He graduated from MSC in 1954 and completed his Master's degree in 1959.

Our "Avoca baby" now manages the Oregon Hart Shafner and Marx men's Oregon clothing stores. He and his wife, Mary, have two daughters. So very special as we added three more sons to our family after leaving the Avoca, then two grandsons before Lindsey arrived.

We've lived in Salem, Oregon for 24 years. We're about one hour from the Cascade Mountains (we drive there in winter to see the snow then come home to our green grass) and one hour from the Pacific beaches.

If anyone is in Oregon - give us a call. We're always pleased to see people from our home area.



1951

*Don't fence me in was never said
around here - they built the fence!*

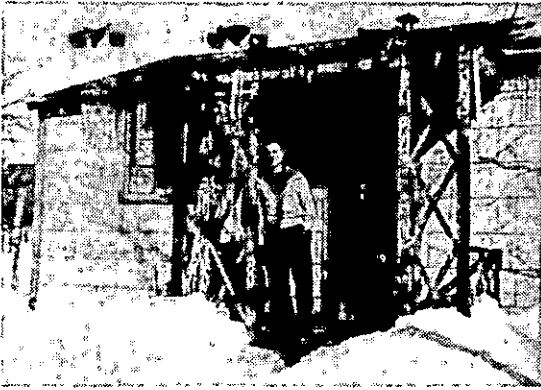
Don '54 and Irma Christenson

After 36 years with NSP, Don retired as Supt. of Transp.

Life in the barracks was a happy time under the circumstances. People enjoyed being together. As one would say-"in the same boat". Everyone worked together to make things easier.

Myself and other fellas in our row built a fence to keep the children in the yards, yet one would catch a child sneaking out always. Coffee hours would be had between wives and when the situation permitted it. It was a time one will never forget and the friends one had as one studied in college and worked part time to make ends meet.

I went to South Dakota to look for a teaching job. I was working part time at NSP and the pay and benefits at that time were better. I remained with them for thirty-six years until retirement. Chances for advances in the company were available if one wanted to pursue different vocations.



1952

The President's son actually watched a terrible tornado form right over the Barracks . . .

**Dick '53 and Donna (Schultz) '51
Crawford**

**He is the Chmn. & Pres. of The American Companies, Inc.
She is the Corporate Secy. and a homemaker.**

From Dick:

You mentioned tornadoes: While working on a large trailer parked next to our Barracks one day, I actually saw the tornado "form" that fifteen or twenty minutes later nearly wiped out Eagle Lake. That was in the summer of 1953.

Looking up, I noticed how clouds were rushing toward the Barracks from all directions. They "met" right above my head, probably 100 to 200 feet above the ground and a great churning began to take place. After three or four minutes, the cloud mass started to move off, and as it did a very distinct tornado vortex lowered from the clouds. It did not quite touch the ground and then pulled slowly back up into the clouds and the whole mass moved slowly off to the east. A few minutes later, Eagle Lake was nearly destroyed by this tornado as it touched down in their community.

The Mankato unit of the National Guard was called out to help patrol Eagle Lake and prevent looting. I was a 2nd Lt. in the unit, so along with the other guardsmen, I spent the next two or three days at the scene of the tornado which had formed directly above my head!

From Donna:

After the service we came back to Mankato to finish Dick's senior year. We lived in #83 from September '52 until August '53. Our first child, Nancy, was born in Feb. 1953 and Dick graduated in the spring. We stayed in the Barracks through the summer — I took classes so we would remain eligible and Dick worked. We left to go on to Indiana University for his MBA.

Across from us in Unit C (I assume it was #73 but am not sure) lived Jerry and Gloria Aune. In Unit A of that same section, Rosemary Machulda and her husband lived. In #82 or #81, Don Frerichs and his wife lived. Tom and Jean Fowles lived in D or E. Manny Beckman and his wife lived in J or K.

I think our rent was \$18 per month.

Dick Crawford Photo Album



From left to right: (1953) Mrs. C.L. Crawford, President Crawford, Jean Schultz Theissen, Darell Theissen, Donna Schultz Crawford and Dr. Bernerd Schockle, instructor. The baby is Nancy Crawford, C.L.'s first grandchild, born while living in the Barracks.

1956



Julie Cumming's '56 birthday party. Aren't they cute?

Gee, Howdy-Doody was such a treat in those naive days!

Robert '57 and Pat Smith '50 Cumming

He is a physician and the Medical Director of the St. Cloud Hospital.

How can you ever forget the years in the Barracks?

We had four daughters when we moved in and the fifth soon after. Merrily, the oldest went to kindergarten right across the street-Kathy used to stand and watch-she wanted to go to. I remember not having TV but Dorothy and Chuck Ostland did and it was a wonderful treat for the little girls to be invited in to watch "Howdy Doody".

One night I woke up in the middle of the night-Bob was working in the lab at St. Joseph's Hospital-to hear gnawing over my head and shreds of ceiling tile falling down as a rat was eating his way around the light fixture. I'll never forget how terrified I was!

The guys used to get together for poker once in a while on a Friday night. No one had any money. Bob took our \$20 grocery money because he was going to double it and came home empty handed. I had to call Gramma for a loan.

I'm sure the older girls have some memories too; I'll ask them. Our good friends Dale and Elaine Schultz had a large family like ours and we had fun together. They live near LaCrosse I believe.

Bob remembers Steve Dress driving through the fence by the parking lot. He says it was good for a laugh! Bob went on to Medical School at the University of Minnesota, graduating in 1961. More children came along and we were the largest family in the country that year graduating from Medical School—7 children with 3 more after we made our home here in St. Cloud, MN. We have been here for 27 years. Bob is the Medical Director of the St. Cloud Hospital. We have a wonderful full life here surrounded by many of our children (Jamey is still living at home while attending St. John's University) and lots of our 19 grandchildren. Our oldest granddaughter (Merrily's daughter) has just enrolled as a freshman at St. Benedict's college.

Robert Cumming Photo Album

Do you remember these kids?



Easter Parade, 1956. Kathy, Merrily, Julie, Cyndy Cumming



Throwin' snowballs



Friends, 1957



Geri Tuttle and Karen holding Cyndy Cumming's hand



Ken cleaning up around our Barracks

1959

These Barracks Babies kept their rent receipts and Rules!

Ken '60 and M. Diane Estlund

He is a salesman for Jones Veterinary Supply in Denver.

MANKATO STATE COLLEGE
MANKATO, MINNESOTA
Statement & Receipt

NAME: Estlund (Last) Kenneth J. (Middle)

Regular: _____ Part-time: _____
Re-Habs: _____ Re-Eds: _____

State Aid: W. H. # Grade: 3-4

FOR: _____

ESTIMATED STATEMENT

_____	I	Tuition In State	_____
_____	II	Student Act.	_____
_____	III	Course Fees	_____
<u>23.50</u>	IV	Ment's Dorm	_____
_____	V	Girls' Dorm	_____
_____	VI	Other Tuft.	_____
_____	VII	Cadetsia	_____
_____	VIII	College Act. (Self Study)	_____
<u>20.00</u>	IX	Rev. Dep.	_____
<u>43.50</u>		Est. Total	_____

M1299 4071 \$023.50 P A
 M1299 4071 \$020.00 P A
 M1299 4071 * \$043.50 P A

CE

Ken Estlund Photo Album



Diane and Ken waiting for daughter Linda to be born



Note the condition of the porch. Something had to be done ...



...and here it is: Barracks #34 with new paint, cement step, sod, stepping stones to gate, all done by Ken and Diane!

1956

This Barracks Baby likes to outline the special events of his years in the Barracks . . .

Jim '58 and Eleanor Forrey

Jim is an Industrial Technical Instructor

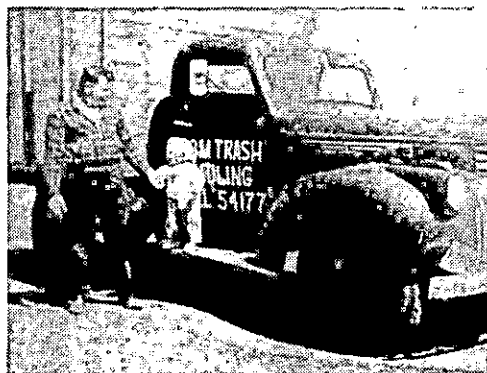


Things that stand out in my mind about the Barracks are:

- Rent was reasonable but hard to come up with.
- You had to be in school to stay (year around), therefore many graduated in three years.
- Locals referred the Barracks as the rabbit hutches.
- Large number of kids
- Units and areas called courts.
- Competitive volleyball games between courts.
- Everybody was in the same boat. . . .
 1. no money
 2. a couple of kids
 3. jobs at all hours trying to make a buck
- Pride decorating units
- Sharing . . . books, babysitters, rides, getting cars started, pot luck, get togethers
- Big night out was watching the one TV set in our court, Koolaid and popcorn provided
- One day off between quarters, had to carry 16 credits.
- Biggest social happening of the year was the college sponsored dance at the Kato Ballroom. Groups of friends would have suppers together then the dance. All would chip in for a case of Kato beer for a social hour.

All in all the Barracks were a god-send and one of the main reasons many were able to get a college education. Lasting friendships developed. In our own case we still get together with our court neighbors three times a year and our families have remained very close.

1957



These students started a trash hauling business!

Bob '59 and Bev Forsythe

Bob is a Senior Area Manager for Lennant of Minneapolis.

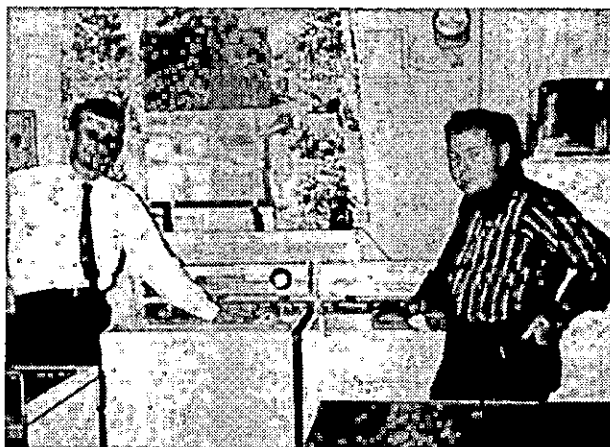
Some may remember the “trash hauling people”— this is how it came about. We had one baby with another on the way. Bob was working two jobs at the time, Madsens Super Value and The Century Club in West Mankato plus going to school. As a school project Bob took a survey among people in Mankato about whether they would be interested in such a service. He started the service (B & M Hauling) by buying the old truck. We ate lots of hot dogs! He soon had an offer from another student, Malcom McDonald, about being a partner. We needed the money so took him in as a partner. We took a typewriter as part of the payment. We kept the service until graduation then sold it to another college student.



Barbara and Mike (born across the street)



Graduation day!!



Bob Forsythe with salesman from Gambles after installation of "brand new" washer and dryer in the small Barracks kitchen



1952

*They lived in the Barracks for
four years!*

Tom '55 and Jean Fowles

Tom is retired, Jean works for chest surgeons in Austin.

I had a phone call yesterday from a MSU graduate who told me that my husband and I were listed as "lost" for a Mankato Barracks reunion.

We are living in Austin, Texas. We have been in Texas for 19 years. Tom is a retired army officer. He did some substitute teaching for several years here in Austin but stopped several years ago.

When he graduated from MSU, he taught school in New Richland, Minnesota before going back in the army. He had two tours of duty in Vietnam.

I work for chest surgeons. They have started doing heart transplants - which is very exciting.

We have five boys all living in Texas, and ten grandchildren.

We lived in the Barracks from 1952 to 1955.



1951

This Barracks Baby occasionally worked for his landlord, Maurice Nelson.

Edward '53, '57 and Evelyn Fox

He is retired now.

Eveyn and I were in our first year of marriage when we moved to Mankato to become Barracks Babies during the Fall of 1951. We were not entirely alone as Eveyln was carrying our first child, Bruce, who was born in the Spring of 1952.

We made a home of our apartment at the Barracks and it was a good home to us. It is surprising how adequate it was for as little space we actually had. The units were warm in the winter and with sufficient windows to allow for some ventilation during the summer. The walls between apartments were thin and allowed sounds to travel quite readily. We were concerned that our noises, especially with a new born baby, were disturbing to our neighbors. One night Eveyln heard scratching noises in the bathroom. So she closed the door. In the morning we discovered a hole where a rodent had chewed its way in; I patched the hole and we were not bothered by little visitors anymore.

Social life consisted of a quick, "Hi!" as we passed our neighbors on the way to school or to work, and an occasional session of card playing with one or two other couples. Really close friends were the Al and Claire Gaus, and the Will and Donna Schoers, others we visited with were the Don Rices, and Jim Bennets, the Lou Behrens, the Jim Shepards, the Al Thomases, and the Roland Tufties. We still maintain contact with many of these good people. The Barracks were great "melting pot;" we were for the most part ex-service-men, young, and poor. Everyone besides going to school full time worked at part time jobs. The wives for the most part worked unless there were children at home to care for—day care was not a part of our culture then.

Maurice Nelson was our landlord and mentor. He was the chairman of the Industrial Arts Department at the College and as an extra assignment took care of managing the Barracks. Looking back at it now, I am sure that the service he rendered as the "landlord" put more strain on him than his teaching assignment. We found him to be a kindly and compassionate person. At Mankato State we had many excellent teachers; but I really need to say that Dr. Hazel Flood was the "greatest." As my advisor and chairman of the Business Education Department she soon helped me straighten out my schedule so that graduation for me was some time in the predictable future. Her teaching methods and examples served me all the years of my professional life. All of the College Staff and the College itself were dedicated to keeping us in school till graduation. During the summer recess and quarter breaks I was able to work part-time for the College painting, cleaning, hauling, etc.; and just as frequently, the Staff found jobs for me to do in their homes. Maurice Nelson had me over one weekend to clean out his coal bin and to split some wood. I had a lot of energy but

The Edward Foxs

not much skill. I broke his axe handle, he repaired it and I broke that one too. When I split wood today, I think of Mr. Nelson.

During the two years we lived in the Barracks until my graduation in 1953, the College was constantly building and remodeling. A new science and industrial arts building was completed with the plans for a new library on the drawing board. The College as it is today was not even dreamed of.

Yes, our days as Barracks babies were good ones, our rent was about \$20.00 per month which was about 25% of our veterans pay. Material things today have not brought us any more happiness then we experienced at the Barracks with our many good friends.

1953



The '53 Barracks Halloween Party at the Kato Armory

They remember quite a few names from the '50s.

Dale '55 and Dorothy French

He retired after 30 years as Marketing Mgr. at UNISYS, and since 1986 they have owned a resort in Wisconsin.

We would like to list those folks we remember who were Barracks Babies and Avoca Babies:

Barracks Babies in 1953

Jerry and Gloria Aune
Dean and Darlene Filloon
Don and Dee Reichel
Tom and Jean Fowles
Tony and Helen Andruzzi
Chuck and Dorothy Osland
Alden and Verona Stoesz
Dick and Donna Crawford
George Nelson
Jerry and Kay O'Connor

Avoca Babies in 1954-1955

Joe and Mary Ann Blindt
Jim and Mary Carey
Duaine and Phyllis Giffin
Bill and Bev Huettle
Dale and Dorothy French.

We now live in Hayward, Wisconsin and own the White Manor Resort (715-634-4004). It is a wonderful place - modern housekeeping cottages on lake Nelson (3,000 acres with 31 miles of shoreline.) We'd love to have our old MSU friends come visit us.

The Dale French Photo Album



Bob Shrank, Betty Hanson, Paul Moen, Stan Hanson and Frank Gazzola playing "pass the orange"



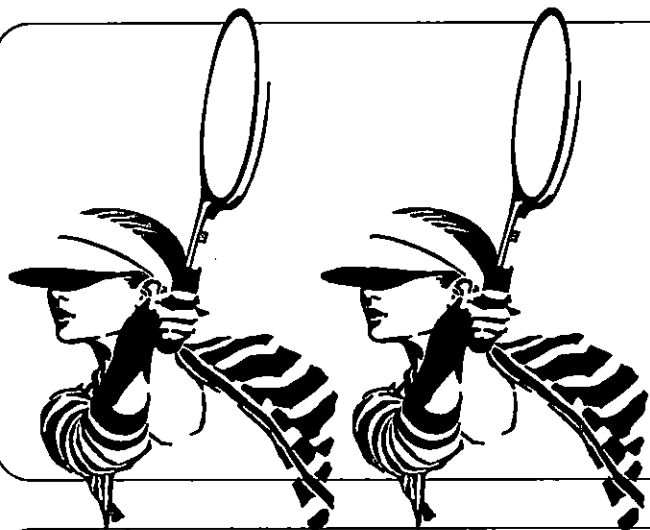
Chuck and Dorothy Osland with Norm Ness



Tom Fowles and George Nelson said "someone blew the head off the barrel of beer" so they had to drink near beer!



Dorothy with Mary Kay in '53



1958

*The women supported each other
in the Barracks days.*

Duane '59 and Sharon Freund

Duane is a school counselor.

We were happy to get into the Barracks. Rent was about \$30 per month, and with wife, two kids, and part time job (20-25 hours per week) money was very tight.

We shared a fenced in yard with several families. Several of us worked part-time, so the wives were grouped and good friends. the women had coffee every day (it seemed) and they were helpful to each other because the men were gone a lot. We used to play badminton and volleyball near Anderson St. (By Flemings). We would get together for a beer bust (all six in court), in summer time once or twice a month.

We bought our first washing machine while in Barracks. We had to store it in the hall closet though. Gas space heater in living room was only source of heat. Floors would be ice cold all winter long. No thermostat—had to use valve to control heat. Our toilet froze up one weekend when we were gone.

We would hunt pheasants in fall. Not uncommon to get three per person per day. Because money was so tight, we probably didn't get kids to doctors as often as we should—fevers, colds, flu were common, mumps, measles, pox (chicken), no ear infections then. There were a couple of doctors (Dr. Butzer was one), who would give us breaks on office calls with kids.

I used to go to college library at least 3-4 nights a week to study because of working evenings. We couldn't study in Barracks because of kids noise, etc. I worked at dry cleaners on North Front (1st name Clarence).

Advantages—if car wouldn't start on cold mornings, no garages or head bolt heaters then—you could always bum a ride from neighbor.

We seldom had baby-sitters so we could go out—no money to pay. When we had yard parties, we wouldn't start till kids asleep (9 pm). Then we would constantly check (next door etc.) you could hear cries through walls.

1959



Two parents and FIVE children lived in the little Barracks!

Duane '62 and Carol Garber
Both are now retired.

During the time I attended Mankato State College, September '59 through June '62, my family and I lived in the Barracks.

Ours was a typical family even in the Barracks. My wife and I had five children. During the time we were there, three of the children attended Washington Elementary School across the street. The kids had their pictures in both the '60 and '62 Katonian.

Our oldest daughter, Linda, attended MSU and graduated with a BA in sociology in '76. Second son, Ned, attended MSU for a year or so but went on to other things. The others went to different schools to get their degrees.

Whatever you do with this should be interesting to those of us who spent time in the Barracks. Thanks for remembering.





1959

The Garber's daughter shares her memories of living in the Barracks.

Linda Garber-Ferber '72

A neighbor gave me a copy of your request for information of the Barracks. I have two photos to send and a few recollections.

My father, Duane Garber, decided on a career change in his mid-thirties. He was working for his father as a mechanic. So with his wife and five kids, he moved to Mankato in 1959. Although my Dad had been a high school drop-out, college was where he needed to be.

The Barracks was our home for 3 1/2 years. We had the "larger" two bedroom model. One bedroom for the girls, one for the boys and a pull-out sofa bed for my parents. The first summer we had a high school girl from back home stay with us to help out with the kids. That made eight. Our possessions and our privacy were about the same. None!

Dad went to school days and worked at the grocery store unloading trucks and stocking shelves evenings. Mom worked nights at St. Joe's hospital.

The first day at school I met some new friends. Most of the kids in the Barracks were younger and I was starting fourth grade. I got lost coming home the first day. I walked every row of these Barracks looking for the one that looked like mine. I had some trouble adjusting to this big school in the big town, so my parents sent me to summer school at Wilson that first summer. I remember that as the most fun I ever had in school - plus they had a choice in milk. Regular or chocolate. Every day during our milk break the teacher would read us stories.

There were kids all over the Barracks and always something going on. A birthday party or a game, or kids fighting. The Barracks were three apartments across and a second set facing it, this unit was fenced in. My brother taught himself to ride a bike with that fence. One hand on the fence and off he would go. Soon he picked up enough speed and confidence to let go of the fence and rode the entire neighborhood.

I had chores to do, keeping an eye on my brothers and sister. Soon I was baby sitting for others as well because there was always someone in need of a sitter. Burning the trash was one of my jobs. Every couple of days I took our trash to the barrels by the parking lot, where I had to stay until it was finished burning. It seemed it exploded quite often because people were not very careful about sorting their aerosol cans and they were not always burned thoroughly when I got there.

Linda Garber-Ferber

We lived on the end next to what was a private house and to us they had a huge yard. One day my brother and I found a litter of skunk babies in this yard. We put the babies in a box and went back through the hole in the fence and showed our find to mom. She said we did not have enough room to keep pets and called the city to come get them. This yard was off limits to us from then on.

Because our yard was so small, we spent a lot of time playing at the school yard. They had a lot of craft projects in the summer. We also walked to the neighborhood store to buy a treat or pick up milk for mom. To get there, we had to cross a very busy street without a light. One time I came near to killing us all. I said "walk" and a car screeched to a halt inches away from my brother, who fell as I pulled him back to the curb. On another trip to this store, my sister took a bag of candy without paying for it. For some reason mom said I had to take it back to the store and tell the owner. I guess my sister was too young to go by herself!

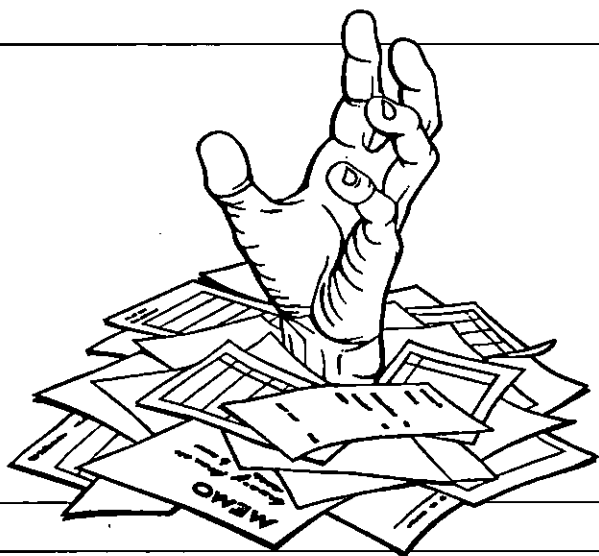
Although the rent was only \$25 a month and both of my parents were working, Dad needed financial help. When he graduated in 1962 he was in debt more than any other student in the history of MSU. There was an article written about his student loans, but my parents no longer have a copy so I am not sure what paper it was in.

The school year book did a story on Dad and our family in the 1960 and also the 1962 editions. There was an interesting picture of the Barracks in the 1960 yearbook. I graduated 10 years after my father in 1972.



Linda Garber-Ferber today

1950



Lists, lists, lists: they remember being on THE important one!

Alvin '52 and Claire Gau

He is semi-retired and at M.E.T. Electric Technology Corp. in international sales. Claire is the Executive Director of the Mankato Y.W.C.A.

It all started with placing your name on a LIST. The LIST, of course, was a list of veterans who qualified to live at the Veterans Barracks and who would be selected to fill a space when one was available!! The waiting list was long, some needed one bedroom and some two bedroom apartments. It was Morris Nelson who gave Al the call to tell us we had a spot. Wow! We were overjoyed. Given our state of economics, we needed this low cost housing. We knew for sure after that call that we could make it — that is, Al could actually finish school. The rest was easy. All we needed to do was juggle about two part-time jobs, do Al's class work, raise a new baby and in due course, graduate!!

My memories of the Barracks are mostly good ones. It was our first real home since we lived for just a short time in an efficiency apartment after our marriage. Our son Michael was born while we lived there in number 21 — the second building in from Dickenson, and the first apartment. We still see and correspond with the Foxes and the Terrys. Al and I got to see the Terrys at the Come Back Club last summer and I visited the Foxes in Brainerd earlier this year.

It seems to me we were all poor but it was a cheerful poverty with no one really in need. We all had studies, babies, bills, leaky faucets, drafty windows and cracks in the wood floors graphically displaying the snow underneath — no cellar, you see. When anyone decided to paint, paper, lay carpet or linoleum (we were all big on linoleum back then) we worked together and had marvelous potlucks besides. We cleaned up the messes later! We veteran's wives helped with all the studying and did some for ourselves too. We had part-time jobs and traded sitting with each other's babies.

The rent was \$21 a month and included water and sewer. Our grocery bills were around \$9.50 if I was careful. We had a space heater, which meant the middle of the place was hot and you could get frostbite elsewhere. A large square living room, kitchen L with a small bathroom, closet and bedroom made up the entire spread — oh yes — a nifty little entry porch was tacked on the front (I use the term "tacked" loosely). The children all played out between building #20 and #30 which faced each other. We felt like we were an extended family — friendly and safe.

Nowadays there is a nice little park on the site. It has an iron grill for cookouts right near where our porch stood. It's a pleasant nostalgic little piece of greenery in the midst of the busy city — thanks to the park department.

The Al Gaus

We lived in the Barracks from October 1950 through the winter of 1952. We survived the terror of the black night when the tornado ripped through over the Barracks to shred the scaffold from the rising walls of the new St. Joseph's Hospital. My real fright was that I found I was too pregnant to get to shelter under our bed. We did not like the idea of the hospital coming into our little area, which was almost rural and very low traffic — but then it was handy! One time our neighbor gained eight pounds while pregnant and after her hospital stay, came home with an eight pound baby. I've never figured out how she managed that!!

The center of our social life was the Newman Club, which boasted 300 members and met at the old Loyola Hall at the corner of 5th and Main (since burned down). Father Irwin Umhoefer was our Chaplain. Al and I first met while building a Newman Club float for the Homecoming parade and we sold a lot of spaghetti dinner tickets together, too. We also sold Minstrel Show tickets and went to retreats.

Al followed John Votca to the presidency of the Newman Club — a really prestigious position on campus.

Our wallpapering episode seriously threatened our otherwise solid marriage. Since the rift darn near became permanent we decided never to paper together again and we haven't. According to Al, it had something to do with him handling the ceiling edge perfect and me standing on the floor between the ladder and the wall and not holding the paper straight. We later learned the wall was crooked too!! One other trick we learned with a little practice was to paint a floor or linoleum with deck paint, let dry, then cut a sponge and dip in paint colors to blotch on design. Presto! New linoleum.

We had a vintage automobile that was severely asthmatic and also listed to the starboard perilously. It had a decidedly treacherous tendency to continue galloping forward even after the mechanical brakes were applied. I remember thinking that just because I had to carry gallon jugs of water for the radiator (alias Mt. Vesuvius) and drag one foot at stop signs was no good reason my Mom never rode with me — she claimed she had her reasons. Huh, no faith!

We were "community," and among us were nurses, teachers, mechanics, plumbers, carpenters, seamstresses, electricians, gardeners, cooks, musicians and thus with our many talents we "did" for each other. Only rarely was an outsider called in. I almost forgot to mention the Veterans Wives Club and the P.H.T. Certificates. The letters stand for Putting Him Through, it's true. I wonder if anybody still has theirs? Filing is not my strong suit. Those documents were pretty important. Some of our closest neighbors were #24 Jim and Carmen Shepard, #22 Vern and Norma Christenson, #23 Rev. and Mrs. Robb, #31 Paul and Cathy Terry, #32 Al and Delores Bratland, #11 Ed and Evelyn Fox, #34 Mr. and Mrs. Al Thomas and I believe #33 was the Vern Doss apartment.

We worked, played, laughed, cried, prayed and struggled and in the end, graduated from college together. Those were difficult times but reflecting reminds me they were simple times — actually "the time of our lives."

Written in the joy of looking back — our pleasure. Claire Burch Gau in collaboration with Alvin H. Gau, fall of 1989.

1957



This Barracks Baby just had to walk across the street to have her baby!

Kermit '59 and B. Gayle Gaughran

**Kermit owns and is a sales rep. for The Gaughran Co.
Gayle is a secretary/clerk at a hospital**

Kermit and I lived in #14 for 2 years from March 1957-March of 1959. Our son Gregg was born across the street at St. Joseph's Hospital in March of 1957. In fact, all we did was walk across the street. I'd say that was convenient!

We had no furniture or drapes for the first couple of weeks. Finally a chair and a small davenport was purchased for a mere \$88.00. I also bought plastic curtains. Well, when one lived on \$160 a month, you weren't fussy!

Kerm worked part time cleaning the men's lockers at the school for some extra money. Later on he worked at Telex part time. He also played softball for Mettler's Bar, so that was our weekly entertainment. It was fun too. I had relatives in Mankato so we did get out every once in a while.

Thinking back, it probably was one of our happiest times in our 33 years of marriage. All were short of cash, did a lot of card playing, visiting, exchanging, baby sitting duties, and so on. Being we were in the very front row, we didn't get to meet a lot but those we did were super people I'll never forget.

1950



Why, they still remember the wallpaper in their Barracks!

Stu '53 and Ruth Grev

Stu is the Central Region Manager of American National Can Company.

My name is Stuart A. Grev and I lived in the middle unit of the Barracks from September of 1950 to June of 1953. My brother-in-law Floyd Abelson lived next door in the unit shown in the picture in the TODAY. Two of the children in the picture are my niece and nephew.

In the winter we would shovel snow against the base of the Barracks to prevent the wind from blowing underneath the building. This helped to keep the floors as well as the entire living quarters warm. The insulation in the attic left a lot to be desired so any snow fall would eventually melt and form long icicles. Sometimes the icicles would grow so long that they would reach the snow on the ground.

One of the qualifying requirements to live in the Barracks was to be an ex GI. **Everyone was serious about his college courses and there was a lot of sharing and working together to help each other toward graduation.** The GI Bill coupled with the low rent to live in the Barracks made it possible for us to get an education.

Several acres adjacent to the east side of the Barracks property was made available for planting gardens in the summer. There was a constant battle to keep the rabbits from enjoying the produce to a greater extent than the respective gardeners themselves.

Following graduation I joined the American Can Company as a junior chemist in their research laboratory which was located in Maywood, Illinois. I had worked for that firm for 34 years until it was merged with National Can in November of 1986. I have worked for the resulting American National Can Company and currently carry the title of Central Regional Manger Field Research Service, Metal Container Division, which is headquartered in Barrington, Illinois.

I hope the foregoing will be of some help in the development of a feature on that architectural wonder, the Barracks.

From Ruth:

After nearly 40 years, some of the names have faded from my memory, but the faces never. **I remember (living in the Barracks) as being a particularly good time in our lives!** We moved into the Barracks in September of 1950. We had a daughter, Cindy, 2 years old and our second child, Michael,

The Stu Grevs

was born two months prematurely in October. We lived in the center unit in the last row facing Division Street. Behind us was a large open field where we could have gardens. Next door, in Unit 1, was my brother Lloyd Abelson and his family. Lloyd is now deceased and his family still lives in Greeneville, Tennessee, where he was Superintendent of the Andrew Johnson National Park. The other unit was occupied by the Meyers and then R. Kadings. The rent in our unit was \$22 a month and Stu supplemented our government check with a part-time job at Northern States Power.

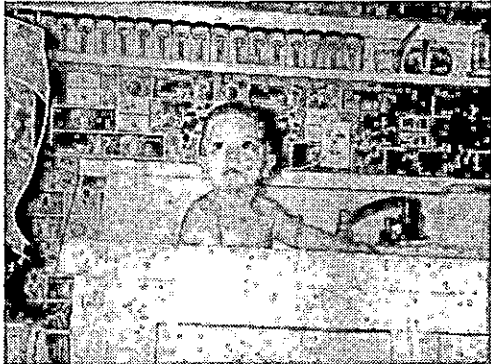
Our places were quite comfortable and we all worked at creating a nice homey atmosphere. The gal's Koffee-Klatched together and had a card group (500) that met regularly. There were plenty of children for playmates and lots of birthday parties!

The winters were rugged. I remember shoveling the snow against the walls to use for insulation, and it came up to the windows. In the mornings, all the guys were out trying to start their cars for the drive to the lower campus. Those whose cars didn't start had to "bum" rides with other guys.

I remember that washing clothes was the greatest inconvenience. We had a large storage closet where we kept our washing machine. We had to rig up some sort of bench to use for a rinsing tub. Since we didn't have dryers, we either had to hang the clothes outdoors (where they froze as fast as we hung them out in the winter) or we dried on a rack in the living room!

We moved to Illinois in 1953 where Stu went to work for American Can (now it's American National Can) and he's been with them ever since. We spent eight years in the Chicago area and in 1961 we moved to Ramsey, N.J. where we lived for 25 years. We have now resided in Barrington, Illinois for three years. Our third child, Brian, was born in 1955 and he attended Mankato State University from 1953-1977. He received a Commission in the Marines and served five years. He now lives in Alta Loma, California where he works as a Terminal Operator for Roadway.

Mankato State has played a big part in our lives, and as much as I've forgotten about our stay at the Barracks, I can still picture our home there in great detail - down to the wallpaper on the walls!



What a fancy "bath"

1955

*Red curtains in the sunset . . .
wonder who got them next?*

Bill '57, MS '70 and Ag Griffiths

Ag works for the MN State Services for the Blind.

I.

What a wonderful idea to find out about the T.C. Barracks and the people who lived in them. I am not sure what year the Barracks were built, nor when they were torn down, however, in looking back over my rental receipts, we moved into T.C. Barracks #101 in October, 1955, and moved out in August, 1957.

Yes indeed, I do have wonderful memories and also a few "tales." **Very briefly, it was without a doubt the best years of our lives.** The Barracks were always fully occupied with a waiting list. We all shared a common goal, limited financial resources, vintage furniture and we all had babies - lots of babies. We also shared a common wall with our next-door neighbors. At the time we lived in the Barracks, we had two children, Kathryn (Griffiths) Ojanpa is currently employed at Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, however, she has worked in the Career Development and Placement Office at MSU and has also taught classes at MSU. Doug is currently living in Rochester, Minnesota where he is employed as a Personnel Manager at Telex.

II.

Dear Diary:

August 24, 1957, Saturday.

It's a very hot day and it's also moving day. We are packed, the four of us, and ready to go out into the teaching world.

It was in October, 1955, that our name finally came to the top of the list for a Barracks. What excitement! We would now be able to move out of a downtown, third floor, no bedroom apartment and into the luxury of a two-bedroom Barracks which also caused us great concern as the rent would be \$28.50 per month. Could we afford it? We had confidence we could. As we viewed the Barracks #101 for the first time it was clearly odd that a calendar would be hanging so low on the living room wall. We soon discovered that the former tenant decided to fit the TV flush against the wall, so using his resources proceeded to cut a hole in the wall so the TV would be flush. We moved into the Barracks having purchased some "new" furniture. Oh how nicely it looked and red curtains at the windows would make it all look just fine.

Ag Griffiths

We hosted family dinners—with no room to spare, hung diapers to dry in the minnie bathroom, bathed kids in the kitchen sink, celebrated birthdays, had another baby, wrote book reports, worked part-time jobs, exchanged favors with neighbors, nursed sick kids without benefit of health insurance, and laughed. The space heater in the living room was our source of warmth but when too many fuzz balls would collect under the heater the pilot light would go out—usually in the dead of night.

We cared for and shared with our neighbors. We knew all our neighbors and their children well. We were a community. We were all veterans. We all had a sense of values, but most of all we all had a common goal—to earn a degree no matter what it took to do so. Through a joint effort we now have that degree.

We are moving our physical possessions today while leaving so many good friends and memories behind. Maybe it will be better out there but somehow I feel sad we are leaving behind a way of life that had been so good to us.

It's time to go now. I hope the next tenants will like the red curtains.

Ag Griffiths



Does this remind you of Siberia?



Cars and Kids. Aren't they great?



Mama and children



Rollin' out those cookies

1955

*And now from Kathy's point of view:
a Barracks Baby daughter talks.*

Kathryn Griffiths Ojanpa

Director of the Career Development Center, Gustavus
Adolphus College

As a graduate of Mankato State University (nee MSC) three times over, former Career Specialist in the MSU Placement Office, and current MSU Alumni Board member, my affiliations with the University are vast and varied. My first memories of the college, however, are the years I was a member of the Barracks Babies Brigade.

We lived in the TC Barracks when I was a three and four year old. Obviously, my depth of memory is limited, but what I do recall comes to me quickly and vividly: hideous "Joan Crawford-type" green and white wallpaper, a new brother, biting my "best friend", Jeannie, on her cheek until I drew blood, and my first beau, Bobby Steinberg.

I remember the drum set I received for Christmas which must have thrilled our next-wall neighbors no end, and the gorgeous party dresses my Mom made for me. While I know there wasn't much money for finery then, I always looked like little Miss McCalls. There was enormous pride then in the pursuit of education and in the appearance of one's children.

Often I've heard the fondness and warmth in my parents voice as they reminisced many years later of their Barracks days. They may have spent many hours putting square pegs in round holds at menial factory jobs, countless hours counting pennies, and sleepless nights walking sleepy babies, but those years are still referred to as the best by my parents. It was a time of best friends, high hopes and honest values.

These qualities and those years contributed to my character, and I am therefore very proud to have been one of the hundreds of Barracks Babies.



Golly, Mommy, I love life!

1956



Arn, Dan and John in a Barracks bed

*It's the Great Window Peeper
Caper!*

Clint '58, '63 and Joann Kind

He is the Chairman of the Dept. of Accounting at MSU.

While Joann and I were residents of the Barracks our son Dan was born. We have two more sons, Arn and John, who lived there and were born prior to barracks living. The Barracks had a nickname - "The rabbit hutches" for obvious reasons. Kids all over the place. Most of the day the yards resembled an elementary school during recess.

The walls were very thin and we lived in a middle unit so if either of the neighbors had a fussy kid he not only woke up his family but also the family next door.

In the winter time car starting was sometimes a problem as there were no garages. If your car didn't start you could usually catch a ride with someone who got his started as usually we were all headed for the college.

During our time at the Barracks, there was a window peeper on the loose. On top of peeking in the windows at night, he would call during the day to talk to the wives that he was peeking at the night before. My wife was not at all thrilled about the situation and we didn't know if he was dangerous or not so I borrowed a revolver from a friend of mine to have on hand just in case. My wife learned how to use it for self protection. The clothesline in the Barracks were strung from one Barracks to another. One evening as my wife was getting ready for bed we heard someone hit the clothesline attached to our Barracks. Since I was undressed I threw on my bathrobe, grabbed the revolver and ran out behind our Barracks to see if I could catch him. At the same time the resident on the other end of the clothesline heard the same thing. He put on his robe and grabbed his gun and came around the back of his Barracks. We met in the middle but did not catch the peeper. Luckily, we didn't shoot each other.

P.S. Our friend the window peeper was caught shortly after that episode by the police. He was a MSTC student but not a resident of the Barracks.

The Clint Kind Photo Album



Clint, Arn, Dan, John and Joan in front of that wonderful Barracks' wallpaper!



"Aren't we neat?" Dan, Arn and John



Off to church in our dress-up suits



Betty and Bill with baby Tom and Cindy

1957

They say their neighbors were a god-send!

Bill '59 and Betty Klitzke

Life in the Barracks:

A great time of our lives, even though we had very little money. We spent a lot of time with neighbors playing cards and eating.

Everyone was busy holding down more than one job, studying, and trying to entertain their own children. Some of them were also athletes so they were also playing football, basketball, and baseball.



Our front porch: little Tom with the Oberhelm child

1957



"Can you hear me
over there?"

*They discovered it was easy to
talk with the neighbors — through
the walls!*

John '65 and Dorothy Kurkowski

John is now retired.

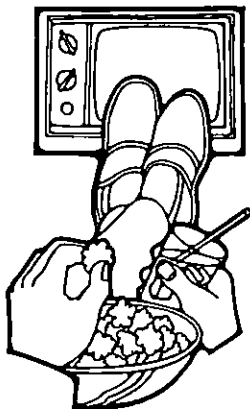
The days and years went by very quickly. We were very busy studying, working and raising a family. We were probably more fortunate than others as we had family - our parents, brothers and sisters, living in Mankato so we visited family when there was free time.

We did have a few parties that had to be quieted down by the police. The noise kept the neighbors up.

We were happy to see winter and especially snow, as we piled it against the building to keep the wind out and the heat in.

The inside walls were thin and we communicated with the neighbors through them. Sometimes it would be for coffee and other times for other necessities.

Outside visitors wondered how we could live in such buildings, with the wind blowing through them, but it was all we could afford and it was home. We were thankful we were able to rent one.



1957

They liked to watch television, but not necessarily with the antenna in the living room . . .

Darrill '59, MS '65 and Jean Miller

Darrill is a retired teacher.

We lived in the Barracks from 1957 to 1959. I had spent four years in the Navy and was married with one child going on the G.I. Bill. We got \$135 a month to pay tuition and rent, books, all the necessary living expenses on this much money. Our rent for a two bedroom Barracks was \$28.50 a month. The heat bill was \$4.50 to \$10 a month.

When the wind blew the rooms were rather cold in the winter time. We had a space heater in the living room, which heated all the rooms. Our daughter Cindy was only six months old when we moved in, she had a cold 90% of the time.

One time our television antennea came right through the roof and landed in our living room. We always had company and our neighbors were very friendly. On one side was Tom Musser and his family and the other side was Bill Klitzkes. Across the street was "Rex" and Stanly Severence. We had a lot of "Peeping Toms" in the Barracks.

If one person's car didn't start in the winter, we would all ride in one car down the hill to school. I've not seen any of these people since the Barracks time in 1959 when I graduated. I went to Nicollet to teach in 1959 then I went to Mankato High School and taught until I retired in 1987 under the "85 rule." I had two daughters, Cindy and Cathy, and one son Tony. They all graduated from Mankato State University except Tony who graduated from St. Thomas. They all have good jobs and I like retirement from teaching—don't miss it. My wife Jean works part time at the St. Joseph Hospital Volunteer Office.



David's 2nd birthday. Mom's table seated Shirley Oberhelman, Betty Klitzke, Liz Dauk and Virginia Musser

1957

Even close to the hospital, they almost didn't make it!

Tom '58 and Virginia Musser

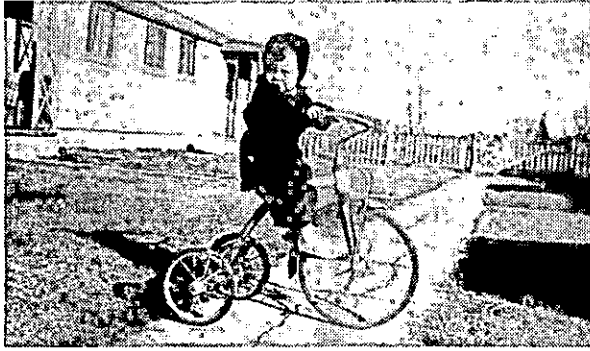
Tom is a teacher in the Marshall, MN public schools.

Virginia and I lived in T.C. Barracks #81 while Oberhelmans, Dauks, Snyders, Klitzkes, and Millers lived nearby. Life in the Barracks brings back many wonderful memories of a simple way of life where material things were not a priority—getting through school and helping each other was. Everyday occurrences, problems and material goods were shared.

Get togethers were often decided upon on the spur of the moment with often an apple, popcorn, or candy for our lunch. Baby sitters were uncommon as we shared those duties.

Incidents and things we particularly remember were:

- barely making it to the hospital across the street for the birth of our second child
- giving the children baths in the “big, deep” kitchen sinks
- all the children
- birthday parties for the children
- the come as you are pancake breakfast
- running back and forth to check on the children while we as adults played cards, etc.
- Kathy Dauk crawling around the room in her sleep sack
- putting our bird cage out on the porch while we went for a ride and returning home to find an open cage and no bird
- the men waiting in the bushes for the “Peeping Tom”
- sitting on the front porches visiting



Christine on her mighty tricycle: Barracks sidewalk

1953

Today you don't even get fumes for seven cents!

Jerry '56 and Kay O'Connor

He is a retired teacher.

Jerry:

When I look back, the College Barracks was one huge Day Care Center. In our area we had a combined total of 15 to 20 kids, depending on who was moving in or out. We were all in the same boat, "Poor". My neighbor Ray Waldon (deceased) had a 1940 Chevrolet. We drove into a service station (no-self service at that time) and the attendant wanted to know how much gas we wanted. And without hesitation, Ray said, "Put in 7 cents worth, that's all I have in my pocket."

Kay:

Now my impression, freezing cold in winter, hotter than h _ _ _ in summer. I washed clothes by hand and had them hanging near the heater to dry. One day I was notified by a local appliance store that I had won a prize. I was so excited, 1st prize washer 2nd prize dryer. I won 3rd prize, a doll. Well, at least we had a daughter.

We never could afford a barber shop hair cut for Jerry. I always cut it, and you should have seen the strangers that showed up at the door step on the last day of the month for a hair cut.

Our 2nd daughter was born while we lived in the Barracks. She was born at St. Josephs Hospital on July 30, 1955. Our 3 year old's (Chris) birthday was August 8th and she invited every kid she could find to a party, then she told me about it.

The summer of 1955 was the hottest and we did watch a tornado form. The tornado turned out to be a funnel that formed over the Barracks and dissipated into the clouds. The real tornado was born that same day, Ann!

Two great memories that I have are Penny Pictures from downtown behind Brett's. And the free Brown Earthen Ware from Madsen's Grocery. You received one free piece for every \$20.00 receipt. I still use them just about every day. What great memories!

Ann is now Dr. Ann O'Connor-Sandgren who lives in Moorhead with her husband, Dr. Sandgren. He is a professor at Concordia College. They have one daughter, Emily, who is eight years old. Ann is a clinical psychologist in Fargo Clinic. Chris now has a family living in Mahtomedi. She was Miss West Paul, Miss Wool of America-1st runner up. Chris also received Queen of Snows St. Paul Winter Carnival in 1973. She has two kids.

The O'Connors Photo Album



Here we are in '88: Jerry and Kay, Chris, Ann, Kitty and Tim



"I love my MSC sweatshirt, mom"



Penny pictures showing Christine and Ann



1954

Remember the "jump start" parties?

John '59 and Betty Purrington

John is a teacher in the Mankato school system.

Moving into the Barracks without too much expectations, we found them liveable and the price made it more bearable. Without that low rent, we wouldn't have been able to make it through college.

Most of the guys had nearly "full-time" jobs. You had to be enrolled throughout the year to be eligible to live in the Barracks. Everyone shared the joys of graduation and getting a "real job".

"Hamburger Heaven" was known as "Tom's Tavern" and remarkably is still in the same building with the same atmosphere. Served hamburgers and 3.2 beer then too! It was a place for us "poor folk."

Our second child was born at Immanuel Hospital (down the hill) even though St. Joseph's was one half block away!

Summertime "Courtyard" parties were a must. Always seemed to be some reason for a "get-together".

Wintertime "jump-start" parties for the cars. Always seemed to be some lucky guy who could get his car started.

It was a gratifying and humbling experience. After all, you had to be on a "waiting list" to become a member of the exclusive and elite "T.C. Barracks" group!!



1950

Sometimes the guys got carried away on going away parties - such as ...

Don '53 and Pauline Rice

Don is a retired science teacher and assistant principal.

Life in the T.C. Barracks #63 - 1950-'53

The people who lived in the Barracks at the time I lived there were all veterans, all in the same boat (didn't have any money) and lived like one big happy family. None of us had any extra money. A nickel looked as big as an old-fashioned grindstone.

To ease the financial situation though, we paid \$22 per month rent for a two bedroom unit, which also consisted of a bath, an eat-in kitchen, a living room, plus a storage room and closets. We had gas for heating and cooking and our bill for the coldest month in the time we were there was \$8.00.

One of the most interesting episodes was when I was called back into service as the Korean war broke out. I had stayed in the reserves after my discharge from WWII and because I had a radar specialty number, I was the first person from Minnesota recalled to service. I even made the Cedric Adams news! All of the fellows at the Barracks decided to give me a surprise stag going away party, which was to be held in Roy and Mary Elbens unit. They got me over there by some ruse that I don't remember anymore. They had two wash-tubs of bottled beer packed in ice.

We played cards and drank beer for a couple of hours and then decided to visit some of the clubs in the area. The first club we visited was called the *169 Club* - north of Mankato on Highway 169. We went in and of course the fellows had to carry in the two wash tubs of beer. We were somewhat surprised and chagrined when the management gave us the boot - wash tubs of beer and all. We visited several other clubs including the *Comfy Club* in North Mankato, with the same embarrassing results.

I left for the service the next day and after about a month in service, I failed the physical and came back to the Barracks. Maurice J. Nelson, a shop professor who was in charge of the Barracks housing, had agreed to let my wife and family stay at the Barracks while I was gone. The fellows wanted to have a coming home party for me, but the women nixed that idea in a hurry!

One of our good friends (Dale Putrah) had accepted a teaching position in Morristown and in preparing to leave the Barracks to go to his new job, he decided to buy a used Ford car for transportation. This was the summer of 1951 and he had to take a couple of summer classes to fill this credit requirement. The only time he could get the one class was early in the morning - I think it was either 7 or 8 a.m. Dale was always running late and each morning about five minutes before his class was to start he would come running out of his Barracks with a cup of coffee in his hand, jump in his car and take off for his class.

The Donald Rices

Another good friend, Wilfred Meyer, who lived next door to Dale, had observed these goings on for some time and wondered what he could do to make Dale's routine a little more interesting. It so happened that my family and I and the Wilfred Meyers family went to the County Fair at Waseca and we just happened to find a stand that sold smoke bombs that could be wired to the car engine so when the driver stepped on the starter, the smoke bomb would explode and a huge cloud of smoke would come out from under the hood. We purchased one of these smoke bombs and late one night we wired it to Dale's car. The word got around and early next morning there was a big gathering in Wilfred Meyer's unit to watch the fireworks! Sure enough, about five minutes before Dale was supposed to be in class, he came hurrying out, jumped in his car, stepped on the starter and a loud bang and a huge cloud of smoke came from under the hood. Dale's eyes got the size of a pair of flying saucers. He got out of the car with a look of extreme bewilderment on his face, lifted the hood and saw the wired up contraption, and left for class. After he left his audience could not contain themselves any longer and it sounded like an expanded version of "laugh-in".

Dale never mentioned this incident to any of us. In fact, the perpetratee never let on to the perpetrator that any trick had been played on him. To emphasize this point: one day I received an official looking document in the mail appointing me fire warden for the Barracks complex. It looked extremely official and was signed "Fire chief of Mankato". I didn't realize it was a hoax until I began to read the duties I had to perform. They were the unprintable kind. At that point, I knew the other fellows from the Barracks had honored me with this document, but I never let on to anyone that I had received it.

Another incident of this type happened when I was visiting another fellow's unit (Stu Gre) and saw that he had taken Eisenhower's picture from the cover of *Life Magazine* and tacked it on a small bulletin board he had in his unit. He was very pro-Eisenhower and I think he bowed to him four or five times each morning just after he got out of bed. None of us locked our doors at the Barracks, so I got Stevenson's (who was running against Eisenhower) picture from the cover of the next *Life Magazine* and went into their unit when they were away and tacked it over Eisenhower's. I don't know how many mornings he bowed to Stevenson because once again we didn't hear anything about it until many years later.

One of the families (Verne Overson) had five or six boys and we always told him if he was going to be a good shop teacher, he had to keep doing it over and over until they got it right and just before they moved from the Barracks, they had a little girl!

After I graduated from MSU I taught science at Thompson, Iowa; Pine River, Minnesota; and finished my teaching career at Stillwater, Minnesota. While teaching at Pine River I took a year's leave and got my Master's Degree in Science at the U of W at Madison, Wisconsin.

We have four children — two boys and two girls. Our oldest daughter, Karen, graduated from MSU with a major in Art and has a studio in her home on Lake Minnetonka. Our oldest son, Donald Jr., after serving in the paratroopers in Vietnam, returned and got a degree in Vet Med from the U of M and has his practice near Stillwater.

The Donald Rices

Our number two daughter got her training as an R.N. and has worked in the intensive care unit at Metropolitan Medical Center in Minneapolis for 16 years. Our younger son, Tim, manages a wallpaper store in Florida and also does hair styling evenings.

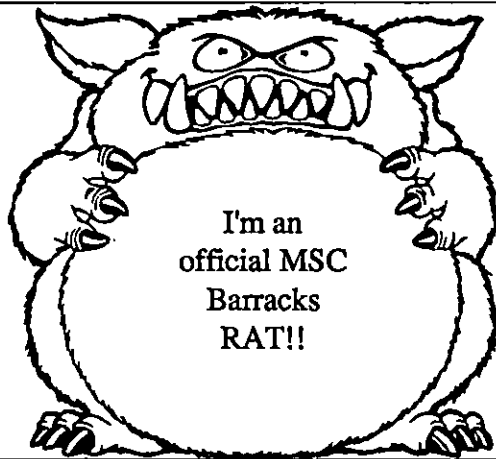
As for me and my wife, Pauline, we are retired and do a lot of traveling in our minihome. We also do a lot of fishing and I do a lot of hunting. This is our story of fun life at Barrack #63. The good old days we like to call it.



The Don Rice family then ...



...and now. Left to right: Karen and husband, son Tim, Don, daughter Colleen (the bride), next to groom is Pauline Rice, two grandchildren (Karen's children), Son Donald Jr. and his two children and wife.



1956

Five mice in one night was a record in their Barracks!

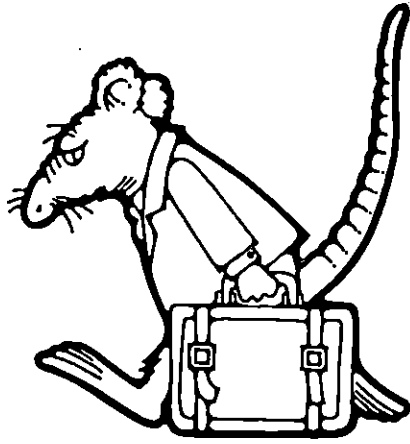
Joe '58, MS '76, and Beverly (Brandt) '57 Stepka

Joe is a retired teacher from the Roseville Schools, Beverly is retired from teaching Elem. Sp. Ed. in Moundsview

We spent almost two years living in the Barracks. Before we moved in, we had to literally shovel out the kitchen stove's oven! But, we remember many happy times ... it was fun fixing the place up. Our daughter, Kathie, was six months old when we moved in. One summer I attended summer school (Joe was working) and hired a "book-worm" babysitter! When I arrived home one afternoon my neighbor told me how she had rescued Kathie from the street ... while the sitter ignored her.

We recall seeing huge rats under and beside the Smith's Barracks. We didn't dare let the children play near there. We were one of the few people to have a tree in our yard. Joe planted it in the first spring. We came back several times to visit friends and were amazed how it had grown. We have remained lifelong friends with the Mattisons and Forreys.

I do have some terrible memories of mice running along the baseboards of the bedrooms at night — the record kill was five in one night!



1952

Sometimes we thought the resident rodents had Ph.D.s!

Alden '55,'62,'67 and Verona Stoesz

Alden is a principal in the Richfield Public Schools.

We were married on August 21, 1952 and were fortunate to find a two bedroom apartment for \$20 a month rent! You are right, TC Barracks were a wonderful place to live. The Barracks had been set aside for veterans returning to school, but there was a period of time (Korean War) that there were quite a few vacancies and therefore a few of us who were not veterans were allowed to rent. If I remember correctly in our section there was only one family (Zane Chaffee) who was a veteran.

It was a time in our lives that we will never quite forget. The goals that we had set and the fun we had reaching the goal. The living was simple but comfortable and the people we met and the stories we exchanged will never be forgotten. We had no place to go but UP.

We had the same mice and rats in our apartment as the others had. I believe these little rodents went from place to place and probably knew who had been paid and gone grocery shopping and where the food would be.

One short story: I had spent a Saturday sewing and late in the evening I cleaned up and threw all the scraps into a paper bag which I had in the kitchen. I went to bed and after about an hour there was a very strange noise in the apartment. At first I thought someone had entered and realizing the front door was locked and that that was the only entrance, I decided that the noise must be coming from the kitchen. I gathered all the courage I had and ran from the bed and jumped on the davenport and then to the chair and eventually reaching the kitchen table. I turned on the light and saw a very large hole under the sink and all the fabric from the bag strewn all over the floor. I immediately went back the way I came and back to the bedroom and knocked on the bedroom wall to wake up our neighbors Dixie (Hill) and Dick Bengé. They came to the rescue. Dixie and I climbed into bed and Dick with broom in hand sat on the kitchen table waiting for the creature from the deep to appear. It took about 15 minutes and the paper started rattling again. Dick got so scared he ran with broom in hand into the bedroom and jumped into bed with us!

1950



An enterprising young couple even started a Barracks Laundromat!

Alun '53 and Eleanor Thomas

Alun is the retired Dean of the Madison Area Tech. College.

We remember most being in Barracks No. 34. We had our first daughter there, Linda, who is now 38 and is a first grade teacher in Sitka, Alaska, and is married and has a daughter 16, and a son, 14. I do not remember any rats, but I do remember the place being drafty and we put Linda's cradle near the gas stove. One of our neighbors across from us got a dryer and was very popular. They charged a small fee. I used to hang my clothes out in the good weather and the burning barrel was nearby and it made me mad when some of the neighbors burned while my clothes were right in line with the smoke. In bad weather I hung clothes on lines in the house. My husband and some of the others built a fence at each end of the the second and third rows when some of the children were big enough to run around. Our second daughter, Gwendolyn, was born in 1952 and after that we moved to a two bedroom Barracks, but we do not remember the number or any of the neighbors. Gwen is now an art teacher with a boy, seven, and two girls, four and one. We remember the Terrys (Paul and Cathy) and the Nowotonys (Wilcey and Norma) and the Christensons. We remember Chet and Rosalee Cherrington from the two bedroom part. We did not stay in the two bedroom one very long because late in 1952 my mother was taken ill and we moved to a farm in rural Lake Crystal to stay with my dad and brother and were there until Alun graduated in 1953. In the fall of '53 we moved to Plainview, Minnesota, where Alun had his first teaching job in Industrial Arts and Jr. High Science. In Plainview we had a third daughter, Marcia, and in 1957 moved to Madison where Alun was employed at the Madison Area Technical College until he retired in 1987. In Madison we had daughter number four, Lisa.

I have fond memories of The Barracks. Life was simple, we were very happy. I remember I worked until the birth of our first daughter in February of 1951. We all had at least one child and I remember going to the neighbors for coffee and sometimes we would put the kids in a playpen so we could enjoy our coffee and they would stay out of our hair. We could hear noise through the thin walls when we were in Number 34 and, being on the end we had more light with more windows and it was probably also more drafty. I do not remember times being hard, we had parents nearby. Alun had a part time job and the G.I. Bill put him through school.

1957



Harold and daughter Sue in the living room

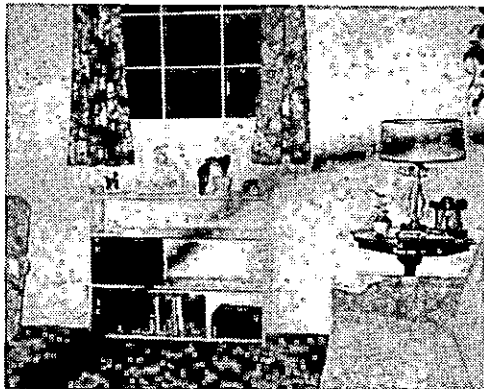
*He remembers the parking lot
at the Barracks.*

Harold '60 and Ellie Wolfe

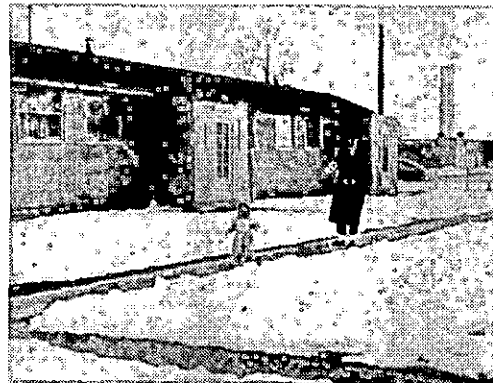
Harold is a social studies teacher in St. Cloud.

We never had rats nor did we even see a rat. Everyone had about the same amount of money and as a result, everyone was in the same boat. Those were some great years of our lives; years we remember well.

Some of the Barracks Babies I remember living near us include Duane Freund, Tom Hale, John Purrington, Jim Fleming, John Rose, Bob Bradley, Dick Bloomquist, Don Peterson, Jack Sandbo, Roger Mattison, Jim Forrey, Schafers, and John Kurkowski.



Another view of the Barracks living room area



Boy did we shovel that snow off the sidewalks!



Entry door into living room with Sue



Sue's party with the Freund boys, Kim Flemming, Sue Wolfe, Kent Blomquist and an unidentified child. View of bedroom area beyond

1952



Ah ha, we've found the laundromat lady!

Don '54 and Mary Yohe

Now Don is a retired high school principal.

The two boys in the foreground of the picture that was featured in the Winter issue of the TODAY are our sons Dennis and Ralph. We moved to Mankato in Jan. 1951. Dennis was 4 and Ralph 2. Don attended Bethany College for 3 semesters. In June of 1952 we moved out of our make-over garage housing to the affordable Barracks. We thought we were going to get filthy rich as our rent was going from \$60 to \$22! Traveling with us from Mulberry Street to the Barracks was our 6 month old boy Bernie. As soon as Bernie was old enough to crawl around the courtyard he found he could charm his way into the residents homes to beg for candy and cookies. The Harlan Sheeleys hid him from us a few times. On July 11, 1953, our daughter Aletha Jane was born. You might wonder how a young couple could make ends meet as we did in those days. Don worked at Judd Brown Motors, played baseball for the Mankato Merchants, and ran a paper route for the Mankato Free Press. We were sustained with Mocal's hamburger, 19 cents a pound, bought dry milk powder for 2 cents a quart. The college furnished garden plots east of the barracks so I did some canning. I remember I stored our goodies in the closet off of the living room. We possibly had the first automatic washer and dryer. I dried some of the gals clothes for 25 cents a load. Colored margarine was not allowed in Minnesota as the farmers there were promoting butter. There was a small red berry that had to be squeezed to make the lard colored margarine yellow. We can remember bringing several cases of yellow margarine from Iowa and sharing it with barracks residents. Our entertainment was the \$1 per car load movies at the drive-in. Gloria and Jerry Aune had the first TV set that I remember.

I think the Barracks living was a real training ground for real life as it taught us to get along with all kinds of people. We have been real sorry that we have not had the opportunity to get back to Mankato for visits.

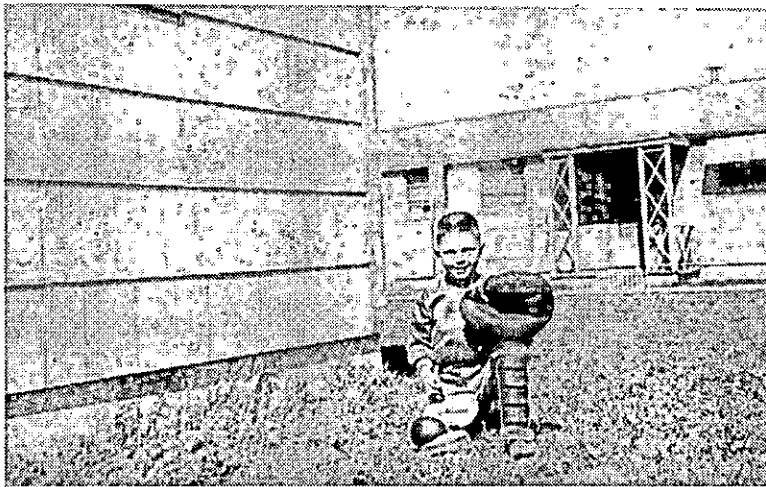
Our 6 children are now gone from the nest. None of them attended Mankato State but all have finished college. Dennis is a salesman in Indianola, IA. Ralph is the Director of the YMCA in Quincy, Mass. Bernie owns Factory Furniture in Houston, TX. Aletha is a Recreation Supervisor at the State Mental hospital in Phoenix, AZ. Dean, born after we left Mankato, is the high school principal of the Willipa Valley school in Menlo, Wash. Roger, our youngest, is teaching at the Phoenix Jr. College. He will receive his Ph.D. in Education in May from Arizona State.

I have spent the past 13 years taking care of elderly relatives and neighbors. Some of our Barracks neighbors will remember my mother, "Grandma" Jane Adams. She lived with us two summers while taking classes at Mankato State. "Grandma" took full advantage of her teaching degree as she taught

The Don Yohes

until she was 70. She passed away here in our home at the age of 88. During her 80's she helped me restore our 110 year old house. Another of my interests is collecting and selling souvenir china. One of my prized items is a plate picturing the OLD Main. I was extremely interested in the article you had in the TODAY about the buildings. I have a postcard picturing the building as we knew it.

Don spends his time since retiring golfing, crop adjusting in the summer and visiting our children. We have a house in Tempe, AZ. Our children live there year round and we push them over in the winter. Our winter address is 6827 S. Juniper. We would welcome former Mankato State friends at either our home here in Iowa or in Arizona.

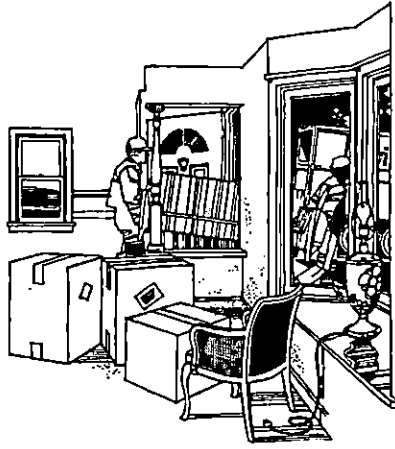


"Play ball" Barracks style with son Dennis

On the photo from page 96, we find Roger, Don, Ralph, Dennis, Bernie, Mary and Altha



A Yohe Christmas in the Barracks



1961

You've met the first ones - now meet the last ones in the Barracks.

Gerald '64 and Shirley Huxford

He is the instrumental music teacher in the Crosby, MN schools, she Operations Mgr. at the 1st Bank

We were products of the Barracks from the years 1961 until 1964. What a life! As I look back it was a chapter of our life I shall never forget.

As you probably know, the guidelines of living at the Barracks was to be a veteran and a full time student. Well, we left the sunny California life of being in the Marine Corps in March and arrived at the campus of Mankato State in the wonderful world of winter, which we hadn't seen for a couple of years. We moved into the Barracks #58 and settled in for the duration of Jerry's college life. We moved out of the Barracks as they were tearing them down. I do think we were one of the last to move out. We had to be out of them by August 1, 1964, as they were to start demolishing them on or about August 1, 1964. Jerry was due to graduate the latter part of August, so we had to stay with family in the near-by town of Waldorf until he graduated.

We have hundreds of stories and memories of that time of our life. We moved into the Barracks with a four month old baby and in the three years we lived there we added another child to our family. There was never a time when the yards were quiet, as children seemed to flourish with these young parents. And, one of our observations from living there was that a lot of us were in the same financial bind. None of us had extra money, but in those days we did not need money to survive. Our demands were very little as enough groceries seemed to be our most important worry.

We have not kept in close contact with a lot of the former residents of the Barracks community. Some of the people we knew during that time were: Lawrence McGivney; Charles Robinson, Lake Crystal; Phil Dullas, Freeborn; Del Saunders; and Ronald Bonnikeson. So many of them we have lost all contact with.

I tried to find some good pictures of the life at the Barracks, but I think we were too poor to even buy film, as all I have are pictures of the children's birthday parties. One thing that we often talk about is the stories of the many nights that we had peeping toms at our windows. Many a night we had a wanderer in the Barracks that would look into the windows. One night in particular the men in the units decided to play detective themselves and formed a vigilante group to try to stop the window looker. It got to be quite an evening. Our entertainment in the evenings (if there was time for any) was to gather in a central area outside, open bedroom windows so we could hear the children and sit outside and visit while children slept, that is weather permitting. We would have an occasional card party and gather at someone's house, bring all the children and put them in beds and have our evening fun.

The Gerald Huxfords

As I said, our demands were very little and entertainment was at a low key. With so many people around all the time, there really was not any time to wish for things. Most families like ours were just trying to survive. Mostly it was the husband that was going to college and the wife was the working part of the family. Of course, the husband was always in the working force too, as jobs were quite easy to find those days. One year as we filled out our income tax, we laughed as I think we had about 12 W-2 forms. One just worked wherever there was work and a little income.

As I look back, I do wish our children had this opportunity to have lived in a college setting as we did. Both of our children have attended college and both have married while in college, and apartment living is expensive and not as much a part of college life as the "good old Barracks" life was. We were a family and none of us had extra money or fancy furniture, but we had a good outlook on life, and didn't need movies, VCR's or the bar scene to survive.

1961



Cindy at lunch with The Wallpaper

*Here's a marriage that outlasted
the Barracks' wallpaper!*

**Wendell '57, MS '62 and Lois
Chamberlain '57, '59 Jahnke**

He is the Ass't. VP of University Relations at MSU;
Lois is Chair of Come Back Club in 1990.

We returned from two years of teaching in Army Dependent Schools in Germany in the summer of 1961. We applied for housing in the Barracks and got accepted in July. In August before moving in, we got permission to check out our new home at 52 College Barracks. After our initial visit I remember vividly Lois saying, "I just won't live in that place!!" The floors were tar papered, the walls were scribbled with color crayons, etc., and it was a mess to say the least. Only my pleading and promises to redecorate soothed Lois enough to get her to agree to live there.

I have always said if we were able to survive wallpapering the Barracks we could survive anything in our marriage! We bought wallpaper for 10¢ a roll and had to match the wild patterns in each room. We would start in one corner of a room and by the time we'd get to the next corner we'd have a 2" border because the walls weren't square.

My next recollection was the day we moved in. We took the cardboard boxes our belongings came in from Germany and lined the floors for insulation and stability. Then there was the space heater which was either providing too much or too little heat. One night we left and came back to a room at about 100°. The Barracks probably would have burned down had we been gone another hour or two. We were lucky because we were in the middle and had the advantage of heat (and noises!!!!) from both neighbors.

But those were the "good days" as we all faced the same circumstances. We could all afford the \$28/month and it got Wendell through his Master's Degree and somehow we all survived together!!

Our best friends were Maureen and Bob Miller and their three children.



Wendell playing with Mike



The snow gets so deep at the Barracks!



1960

The great river rat episode ...

Roman '61 and Aleda Mathiowetz

Roman is a Clinical Social Worker in Ramsey County, MN
and Alda is an RN with the United Hospitals in the Twin Cities

We lived in #33 from September 1960 to August of '61. The ceiling was falling down. All the walls were army green. Mankato State gave us free white paint, all you wanted!

I worked at St. Joe's Hospital, so walked the one block to work. My neighbors were great; Nodlands, Greens, Ethreims. We gathered in "the yard" for watermelon and watched kids at play.

There were many mice. I heard traps go off many nights. One river rat found his way up the toilet bowl! Rent was \$22.50 per month. the black wall phone was \$3.00 a month. Most everybody had babies, worked, studied; everybody had a noisy screen door!

Since 1961 we moved to Kansas for 11 years and back to Minnesota in St. Paul. Roman and I divorced in 1983, so I took liberty to write you since I got a letter from Sam and Phylis Nodland. We write each other. Good luck!

1961



The Barracks children remember ...

Robert '64 and Maurene Miller

He is President of Heritage Homes by Miller Builders

Notes from their children:

I was five or six when my parents moved from the Barracks. I remember the big tree by our back door and the tree house we boys tried to make. Also the rat that came up in the neighbor lady's toilet. That caused quite a stir amongst the ladies!

Bob Miller

I was three when we moved from the Barracks and all I remember is they looked like they had shingles all over on the sides and roof!

Laurie Miller

I was two when we moved from the Barracks and I remember what my parents tell. The Sunday after we moved, we drove back up to the Barracks to get the newspapers that were delivered to our old Barracks. My parents tell the story that I started to cry and my mother asked what was wrong. I said, "I don't want to go back to that old crappy house." You see my Dad was a veteran and had purchased a small new home and I liked the new house!! (I was born during the time my parents lived in the Barracks.)

Lynette Miller

1961

That windy old weather ...

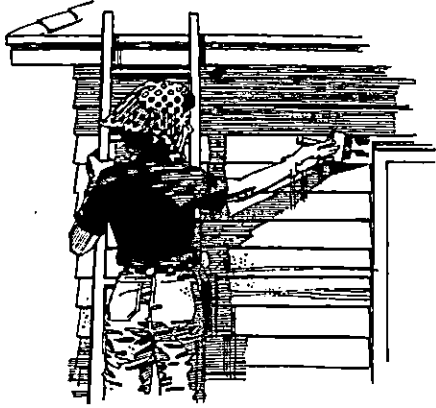
Dennis '62 and Marlynn Morrill

Dennis is Regional Sales Mgr., Impact Hearing Conservation, Marlynn is an Interior Decorator (could it have been inspired by Barracks decor??)

We moved into the Barracks in August 1961, because Denny was working two jobs, in the naval reserves and full time student. I was pregnant and working in the registrars office at MSU. We needed an inexpensive place to live!!

Our first daughter, Kristine (MSU graduate, March 1986 and KMSU radio and K103 radio personality) was born at St. Joseph's Hospital a short time after we moved in. That winter in the Barracks was probably the coldest, windiest we have spent anywhere and I mean inside a home!! Even putting plastic sheeting over the windows didn't seem to keep out the cold draft. Our gas bills were higher than our rent.

I worked with Sandi Rettmer (husband Art) in the registrar's office—they lived in the Barracks, but we don't remember exactly where. We enjoyed our year in the Barracks, enjoyed our neighbors, and have fond memories of our years at MSU.



1960

*They helped make the Barracks
more liveable!*

Sam '61 and Phyllis Nodland

**Sam is Western Regional Sales Mgr. at
P.C. Dynamics**

Yes, my wife Phyllis and I lived in the College Barracks around 1960-1961. At one time our particular unit was featured, among others, in the MSU paper because of what we had done to make it more liveable.

With some digging we may be able to find some pictures sometime.



A proud papa, Terry and son Patrick

1961

Those 500 games helped pass the time for the wives and mothers!

Terry '62 and Mary Lou O'Brien

Terry is a Senior Underwriter at Federated Insurance in Owatonna, Minnesota.

Here are pictures of Terry O'Brien and his son, Patrick, taken at the Barracks in 1961 and 1962. We lived in Barracks #91 for two years while Terry was attending Mankato State. He graduated in 1962 with a BA in Business Administration and Economics.

We have fond memories of those years at the Barracks. Everyone would always get together out in front of the Barracks and socialize with a beer and conversation nearly every evening. Looking back, it was one of the highlights of our married life. We made a lot of good friends there and still keep in touch with some of them.

Terry and Mary Lou O'Brien presently live in Owatonna and Terry works at Federated Insurance as a Senior Underwriter. Patrick O'Brien, their son shown in the picture, graduated from OHS in 1979, from St. Thomas College in 1983. He is married and lives in Naperville, Illinois. He is a Sales Manager for GTC International.

Our daughter Theresa, born in November of 1962 is married and lives in Owatonna with her husband and son. Mary Lou recalls playing 500 with a group of gals from nearby Barracks, many stroller walks to a park nearby and a birthday party for Pat in which some of the Barracks kids attended (only name I can remember is a Sarah).

Patrick was born at St. Joseph's Hospital in Mankato. Mary Lou worked at the Mankato Clinic while Terry attended Mankato State. Terry worked part-time cleaning classrooms at the college. They were just starting to build the upper campus when we left.



"Ah, come on, Mom. Do I have to?"



1960

Did the Barracks have ghosts? No - just enthusiastic refrigerator motors!

Dick '61 and Marcia Roush
He is a teacher in the Minneapolis Schools

Our experience in the Barracks was short-lived but not without great memories. We moved there in December, 1960, staying until August 1961, following Dick's graduation. Our first child was born at St. Joe's on June 10, 1961. The short walk across the street early that morning was so handy. Also, it was delightful when the nurse carried the baby "all the way home" and placed her in the bassinet.

Two "interesting" experiences surface as I jog my ebbing memory. One is of sitting on the sofa in the living room during a rain or snow storm. Putting your hand on your head, you could feel the soft mist as it filtered in around the window. Refreshing!

The other is when we returned from a weekend away and found our front door newly painted - Fire Engine Red. Our unit was in the front row facing St. Joe's. This event gave the nuns new conversation. They thought it was a terrible thing and our friends lacked good sense and taste.

I suppose there were some aesthetic drawbacks to living in the Barracks, but the price and the people compensated for them.

Oops, a third memory surfaces. When our vintage refrigerator's motor ran, our neighbor's toaster bounced across their kitchen table. They were hysterical not realizing the reason for the dancing appliances. Needless to say, they found a new place for the toaster!

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<u>Name</u>	<u>1st yr. in Barracks</u>	<u>Page</u>
Abelson, Milly (and Lloyd '53) 204 Aspen St., Greenville, TN 37743 (615-639-3042)	1950	39
Amling, Russell '59 (and Laoretta) 201 Heather Lane, Apt. 3, Mankato, MN 56001 (507-388-3938)	1957	41
Andruzzi, Anthony '56 and Helen (and son Tony, Jr.) 5144 Jeffries Road, Raleigh, NC 27606 (919-851-3004)	1953	42-43
Baar, Bob '51 and Eleanor 2514 San Carlos, Fullerton, CA 92631 (714-526-6362)	1948	7
Barnum, Patricia Beaumont '50 (Orrin '49) Box 246, Sebeka, MN 56477 (218-837-5166)	1948	9
Behrens, Lou '54 and Eva Rt. 1, Box 255 Birch Valley, Winter, WI 54896 (715-266-4345)	1951	44
Bertschi, Sam '47 and Bette Rt. 1, Box 100, Walnut Grove, MN 56180 (507-859-2557)	1947	11
Blomquist, Richard '60 and Yvonne Rt. 1, Box 136, Hanska, MN 56041 (507-439-6888)	1957	46
Boser, Earl '53 and Ruth 914 S. Elm, Owatonna, MN 55060 (507-451-8423)	1954	48
Boynton, Willis '48 and Eleanor 3658 Major Ave. No., Robbinsdale, MN 55422 (612-588-2393)	1947	12
Bradley, Robert L. '60 and Rita (Bellig) '54 7840 Florida Circle, Brooklyn Park, MN 55445 (612-561-7758)	1958	50
Burns, Jerry '62 and Doranne 7418 Meadow Breeze, San Antonio, TX 78227 (512-674-0462)	1959	51
Cary, Jim '54 and Mary (Avoca Apartments) P.O. Box 20100, Salem, OR 97307 (503-393-3354)	1952	53
Christenson, Donald M. '54 and Irma 9108 Vincent Ave. So., Bloomington, MN 55431 (612-884-4252)	1951	54

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<u>Name</u>	<u>1st yr. in Barracks</u>	<u>Page</u>
Cornell, Don '49 and Jean '44 4254 Kings Drive, Minnetonka, MN 55345 (612-933-2295)	1947	13
Crawford, Dick '53 and Donna (Schultz) '51 3115 Shadow Lane, Topeka, KS 66604 (913-233-3453)	1952	55
Cumming, Robert '57 and Pat (Smith) '50 1909 14th St. South, St. Cloud, MN 56301 (612-251-5054)	1956	57
Dickmeyer, Ben '49, Darleen (Kratz) '72, MS '83 3203 Pebble Bend Drive, Lakeland, FL 33809 (813-859-3970)	1948	15
Doss, Vern '53 and Pam 515 Grace Street, Albert Lea, MN 56007 (507-373-2558)	1949	17
Doyle, Robert '50 and June 3981 Wilderness Pt. Rd S.E. Brainerd, MN 56401 (612-692-4763)	1947	18
Estlund, Kenneth F. '60 and M. Diane 8938 Inspiration Dr., Parker, CO 80134 (303-841-3358)	1959	59
Feil, Henry '47 and Luella (Silliman) '42 4033 Portland, White Bear Lake, MN 55110 (612-429-5895)	1948	19
Ferrin, John '48, MA '64; Betty Theel '44, BS '58 34278 Highway 184, Mancos, CO 81328 (303-882-4769)	1947	20
Forrey, Jim '58 and Eleanor 8236 Quinn Road, Bloomington, MN 55437 (612-831-2158)	1956	61
Forsythe, Bob '59 and Bev 4908 Holly Ave., Middletown, OH 45044 (513-423-5453)	1957	62
Fowles, Tom '55 and Jean 10204 Sun Hill Dr., Austin, TX 78758 (512-836-6334)	1952	63
Fox, Edward H. and Evelyn '53, '57 2000 Ashmun Road, Brainerd, MN 56401 (218-829-4652)	1951	64
French, Dale '55 and Dorothy White Manor Resort, Hayward, WI 54843 (715-634-4004)	1953	66

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Freund, Duane '59 and Sharon 8033 Hemingway Ave., Cottage Grove, MN 55016 (612-459-7457)	1958	68
Garber, Duane '62 and Carol 632 E. States St., Lindsberg, KS 67456 (913-227-2095)	1959	69
(Garber) daughter Linda Garber-Ferber 6904 Morgan Ave. So, Minneapolis, MN 55423 (612-861-6317)	1959	70
Gau, Al '52 and Claire 130 Teton Lane, #1, Mankato, MN 56001 (507-388-6690)	1950	72
Gaughran, Kermit '59 and B. Gayle 9548 Park Ave. South, Bloomington, MN 55720 (612-888-7647)	1957	74
Grev, Stu '53 and Ruth 978 Williamsburg Park, Williamsburg, IL 60010 (312-382-6731)	1950	75
Griffiths, Bill '57, MS '70 and Ag 717 James Ave., Mankato, MN 56001 (507-387-7622)	1955	77
(Griffiths) daughter Kathryn Ojanpa 325 Washington Court, Mankato, MN 56001 (507-625-2621)	1955	79
Huxford, Gerald '64 and Shirley HCR 61, Box 340, Deerwood, MN 56444 (218-534-3773)	1961	98
Jahnke, Wendell '57, MS '62 and Lois Chamberlain '57, '59 501 W. 8th, Mankato, MN 56001(507-387-7832)	1961	100
Kigin, Denis '48 and Helen 1106 E. Fairmont Dr., Tempe, AZ 85282 (602-967-0836)	1947	22
Kind, Clint '58, '63, and Joann 216 Ellis Ave., Mankato, MN 56001 (507-625-4910)	1956	80
Klitzke, Bill '59 and Betty 5562 Waldeck Crossing, Fridley, MN 55432 (612-571-2918)	1957	82
Kurkowski, John '65 and Dorothy Box 423, Grand Marais, MN 55604 (218-388-9989)	1957	83

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Lehman, Bob '48 and Loretta 715 W. 5th St., Willmar, MN 56201 (612-235-4531)	1947	23
Mahoney, Bob '48 and Cathy 9700 Portland Ave. So., Bloomington, MN 55420 (612-884-7197)	1947	24
Marienau, Dennis '50 and Norma (Hansen) '48,'65 964 Fawn Parkway, Omaha, NE 68154 (402-333-0155)	1948	26
Mathiowetz, Roman '61 and Aleda 1940 Rome Avenue, St. Paul, MN 55116 (612-699-4083)	1960	101
Miller, Darrill '59, MS '65 and Jean 412 W. 7th, Mankato, MN 56001 (507-388-5910)	1957	84
Miller, Robert '64 and Maurene 9021 Palau Court, Tega Cay, SC 29715 (803-548-0870)	1961	102
Morrill, Dennis Charles '62 and Marlynn 9312 N. Marina Pacifica Dr., Long Beach, CA 90803 (213-493-5377)	1961	103
Musser, Thomas G. '58 and Virginia 808 Boxelder, Marshall, MN 56258 (707-532-6996)	1957	85
Nelson, Ken '47 and Helen (Wilkinson) '43 629 16th, Windom, MN 56101 (507-831-3335)	1947	27
Nodland, Sam '61 and Phyllis 20563 Caitlin Ln., Saugus, CA 91350 (805-296-0214)	1960	104
O'Brien, Terry '62 and Mary Lou 555 McIndoe St., Owatonna, MN 55060 (507-451-8557)	1961	105
O'Connor, Jerry '56 and Kay 1017 Hall Ave., W., St. Paul, MN 55118 (612-457-6841)	1953	86
PaDelford, Harold '48 and Frances (Avonca Apts.) 616 Collegewood Drive, Ypsilanti, MI 48197 (313-483-3484)	1946	28
Pagelkopf, John '47 and Geraldine (Ziebarth)'43 1331-30th St. NW, Rochester, MN 55901 (507-282-7618)	1947	29

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<u>Name</u>	<u>1st yr. in Barracks</u>	<u>Page</u>
Petrie, (Mullin) Jane (babysitter) 1356 Lookout Drive, North Mankato, MN 56001 (507-388-7101)	1947	31
Purrington, John '59 and Betty 144 Mary Lou Lane, North Mankato, MN 56001 (507-388-6501)	1957	88
Rice, Donald '53 and Pauline 9497-140 St. N., Hugo, MN 55038 (612-439-0627)	1950	89
Roush, Dick '61 and Marcia 3215 W. 146 St., Rosemount, MN 55068 (612-423-1307)	1960	106
Smalley, Byron '49 and Betty Box 525, White Pine, MI 49971 (906-885-5818)	1947	32
Speece, Ralph '48 265 N. Pengstaff, Mt. View, CA 94043	1947	33
Spielman, Wallace '48 and Shirley 5207-2 Cedarbend, Fort Meyers, FL 33919 (813-936-6510)	1947	34
Stepka, Joe '58, MS '76 and Beverly (Brandt) 4838 Madison St. N.E., Minneapolis, MN 55421 (612-572-1728)	1956	92
Stoesz, Alden '55, '62, '67 and Verona 10624 Yosemite Rd., Bloomington, MN 55437 (612-884-1684)	1952	93
Struss, Lyle fs '47 and Rosemary 1846 Lencar Way, San Jose, CA 95124 (408-264-8332)	1947	35
Terry, E. Paul '52 and Catherine 1452 Arden View Drive, Arden Hills, MN 55112 (612-633-1305)	1949	36
Thomas, Alun '53 and Eleanor 5204 Spaanem Ave., Madison, WI 53716 (608-222-6338)	1950	94
Wolfe, Harold '60 and Ellie 1709 Red Fox Rd., St. Cloud, MN 56301 (612-252-5480)	1957	95
Yohe, Don '54 and Mary 428 E. Howard, Colfax, IA (515-674-3138) (Winter address: 6827 S. Juniper, Tempe, Arizona)	1952	96

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Zupfer, Francis '48 and Betty (Lindsey) '46 Milrog, MN 56263 (507-336-2553)	1947	38

Other Barracks Babies: (Addresses but no stories in this edition)

Benecke, Ralph '48

c/o Valley View Nursing Home, 511 Sturdivant Ave.,
San Anselmo, CA 94960

Bennett, Jim '53 and Sharon

5221 Zenith, Minneapolis, MN 55410 (612-927-7867)

Kading, Robert '53 and Isabel '53

408 5th St. NW, Montgomery, MN 56069 (612-364-7402)

Osland, Dorothy and Charles

555 Kirk Road, Palm Springs, FL 33461

Overson, Leverne '50

817 11th Ave. No., St. James, MN 56081

Peterson, Richard '63 and Jean

340 S. Willow, Belle Plaine, MN 56011 (612-873-2384)

Stalwick, Jerry '50 and Faye

9700 Portland Ave. #139, Bloomington, MN 55420 (612-888-8399)

Swanson, Dennis '63 and Tracy

1468 Crest Drive, Chaska, MN 55318 (512-448-4458)

White, Pat '49 and Ina

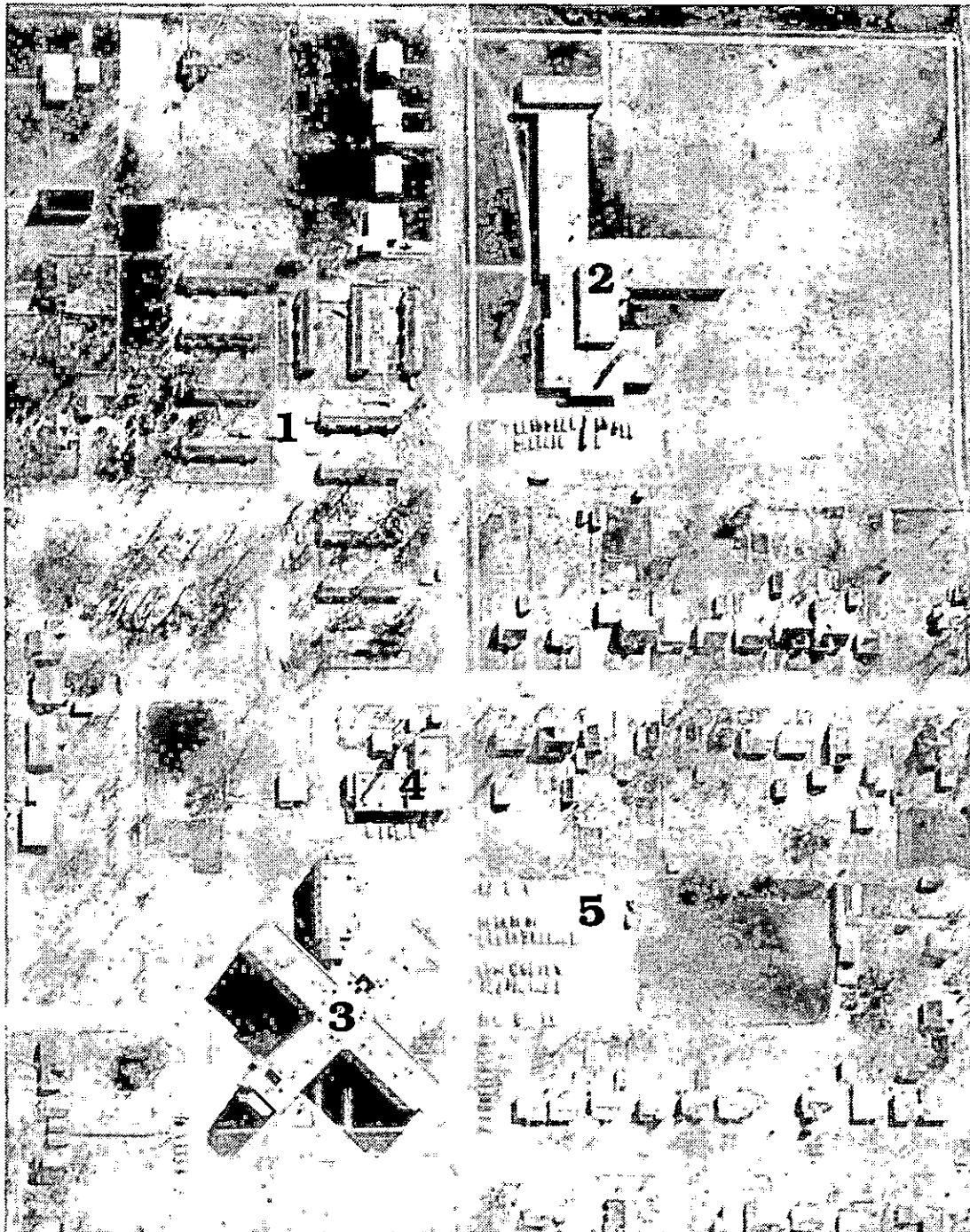
Lot C-11, Heritage Square, Mission, TX 78572 (512-581-8711)

Here it is! An aerial photo of the Barracks in the 1950s

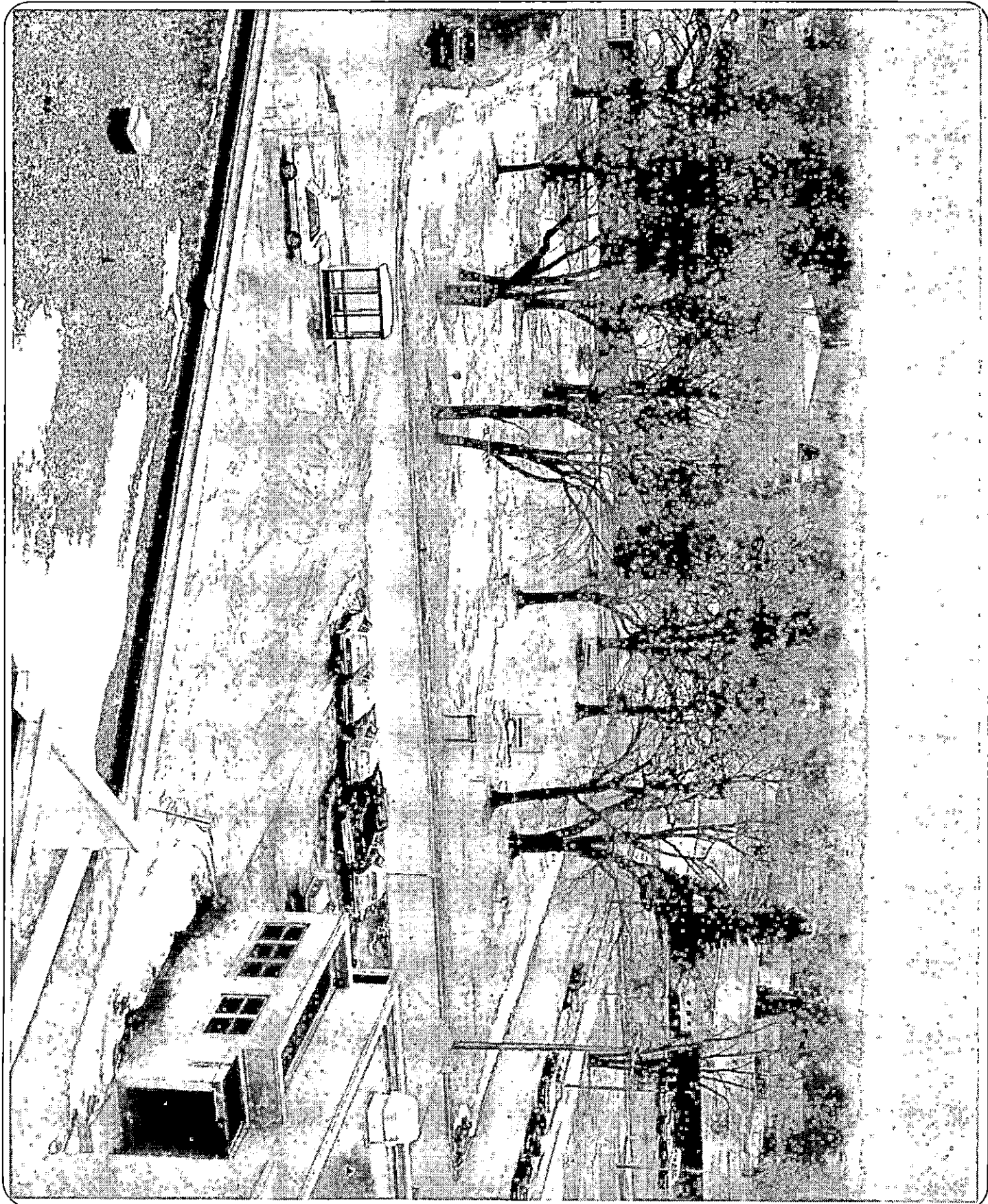
Does anything look familiar? [1] The BARRACKS [2] Washington Elementary School [3] St. Joseph Hospital [4] Hospital laundry [5] Hospital parking lot

To find the little city park which is on the site of a section of the Barracks land, it is only necessary that you locate Immanuel-St. Joseph Hospital.

Take either Main Street or Madison Avenue up to the top of the hill and look for HOSPITAL signs. If you are coming from Main Street, you will turn on Dickinson Street; from Madison Avenue, turn on Dane Street. The Barracks were located on the park across from the hospital laundry at the intersection of Dickinson and Dane Streets.



... and an "aerial" view in the 1990s



*our
scrapbook*

