

**VERA JANET URNESS AND EARL THOMAS SKOE
JUNE 18, 1939-1989**

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

By Emilie Skoe Karkela

This is the story of Vera Janet Urness and Earl Thomas Skoe, so won't you come with me down memory lane.

The Bergville Island Lake Community was a magical place-full of homesteaders opening up a new area, building roads, putting in churches to be followed by rural electricity, much later!

Annie and Andrew Urness were no exception. She was a school teacher from Grand Rapids, Minnesota, and Andrew a prairie lad from the Crookston-Mahnomen area-that being the name for wild rice, which I suspect is probably on the menu today.

Their eldest child, Vera, was a pretty brown-eyed girl with a charming smile and lovely singing voice. Her brother, Eldon, was 2 years younger and was best man at Earl and Vera's wedding.

Lena, also a school teacher, and Ener E. Skoe, had a homestead, "Bay View Farm," on Island Lake. Earl also was the oldest, to be followed by 5 more boys and 5 girls. There was a 25 year span between Earl and Willis Gordon, the youngest.

Grade school for each at Bergville, with memories of Halloween parties, Thanksgiving, Christmas programs, Valentine's made from wallpaper sample books, May baskets, Field Days, spelling bees, last-day-of-school picnics all seem so long ago. Then there were the Farmer's picnics, usually held at Guptills where there was a nice sandy beach, 4th of July picnics and baseball games on Sundays. Skoe's beach was a very popular place on warm summer evenings. Do we remember?

High school days in Grand Rapids, for both of them, were much like today's young going off to college.

All of this set the stage for the day in June when Vera & Earl were married at Hope Lutheran Church, Northome, Minnesota. Pastor Clarence Johnson, Blackduck, conducted the ceremony after regular church services. Cora Lukkasson played the organ and sang.

*"Till the end of time, long as stars are in the blue;
I'll be there for you, to care for you,
Till the end of time.
Take my heart in sweet surrender
And tenderly say that I'm
The one you'll love and live for
Till the end of time."*

The bride and groom wore matching pin-stripe suits and orchid corsages brought from Grand Rapids by Vera's Aunt, Minnie Furley, who's daughter, Mary, was bridesmaid.

There was a wedding dance at Birchpoint on Island Lake and the couple left on a honeymoon to St. Cloud. I suspect that Vera probably still has her corsage among her souvenirs. Although their anniversary is tomorrow-we still wonder if it will last!

About the time the honeymoon was over, Vera said to Earl "Honey, do you love me still." Earl replied, "Yup, better than any other way." He is a man of few words.

They set up housekeeping in a log cabin across from Cedars Resort on land formerly a part of the Skoe farm. Nowadays, politicians say "I wasn't born in a log cabin, but my folks got me one as soon as they could afford it."

My Godson, Ralph Earl Skoe really was born in a log cabin when his folks lived there. A sleet storm that day, which took down many pines in Chippewa National Forest, started Earl in logging. Irene Marie came along 2 years later and stayed at my house a day or 2 before going home to Island Lake.

They were to live on the Skoe farm, and later on the Urness place while Annie and Andrew were living out west, later on buying there present home. Through these years, they cared for Earl's father, Ener, till his death in 1945. They also kept a watchful eye on Annie and Andrew who lived 2 blocks away in Northome. Upon Andrew's death, Annie lived with Vera and Earl for the rest of her life.

As Irene and Ralph grew up they were active in church, scouts, music and many small town activities. They also spent many hours at their cabin hosting family and friends.

When Wayne Oliver was born in 1953 and Paul Gordon in 1956, it brought toys, diapers and sand boxes back into use again. Earl was busy with lumber and logging.

In 1967, with Irene and Ralph both married and anticipating families of their own, Paul Gordon, the youngest died in a gun accident.

But, as always, "Etter reign kommer salskinn" Sunshine follows rain. Irene and Phil had a boy, Keith, & Ralph and Kathryn, a daughter Amy and brought another generation into this family. Ralph's work took him to Europe for several years, but they returned to Minneapolis with their 3 girls to stay.

Irene and Phil celebrated their Silver Anniversary on June 7th, this year. Their 2 boys, Keith and Mark, have a sister, Kirsten, now 13.

All the while, Wayne was learning the timber and lumber business. Following his marriage to Carol Vust of Portage LaPrairie, Canada, they lived on the Urness place until they built their present home-big enough and roomy enough for 2 lively boys and a dog or 2.

Time marches on, and the oldest granddaughter will soon be married. Others are graduating from high school or college or starting school. Vera and Earl are watching the progress of 8 of their children's children.

We all know Vera as having a great deal of patience "in time, grass turns to milk!" We know, also, "GOD DOES NOT DEDUCT TIME SPENT IN FISHING" as Earl will soon be 80 and probably will live many more years. The only wise speed at which to live is "Godspeed." As my Norsk teacher, Suzanne Urness Nelson would say "GRATFGLERER MED DAGEN." CONGRATULATIONS ON THE DAY!!

Earl Skoe, Director of Paul Bunyan Telephone, retires

At the February 5, 1992 Board of Directors Meeting of Paul Bunyan Rural Telephone Cooperative, Director Earl Skoe from Northome, Minnesota, announced his immediate retirement from the Board. Earl has served Paul Bunyan Rural Telephone Cooperative in excess of thirty-five years. Earl cited his recent health concerns as part of his decision.

Earl has served the subscribers of this Cooperative through thick and thin and will be truly missed. All at Paul Bunyan Telephone wish Earl and Vera the very best and thank them for their dedicated service to the Cooperative and its members.

The Northome District caucus meeting will be held on March 3, 1992. At this meeting, at least two candidates will be nominated for the general election to be held at the annual meeting April 22, 1992. We encourage anyone who is interested in running for this vacancy to contact any of the present Board members or Manager Tom Runningen at 1-800-223-3150.

LIFE OF EARL SKOE
“OUR DAILY BREAD”
MAY 30, 1993
By Emilie Skoe Karkela

Earl Thomas Skoe is the eldest child of Ener E. Skoe and Lena Olson Skoe. Ten of these children lived to adulthood.

Since the writer is 10 years younger than the subject it must start where memory begins.

Emilie remembers that Earl had a tiny gold ring hung by a ribbon on the telephone for many years. He was the envy of his young sisters.

Gardening, putting up hay for cattle and horses comes early to mind. Once Earl and Stanton were chagrined to find a bag of onions was their pay for helping at a neighbors.

Earl, being the world's best berry picker, of both blueberries and raspberries shared this trait with his mother. It gave us delicious raspberry jam to put on our “daily bread.”

Along this line, when the “Blue Goose” bus pulled up at the Bergville School, all of us were guessing who was “riding a bus”! It was Earl returning from the North Dakota wheat fields.

As high school years unfolded, memory takes me back to the “pig” bread board he made in manual training and the bread he learned to make in Home Economics cooking class-not a common thing for boys to take in the 20's.

Then there was the year he brought “Lady” home as a pup from Jerome Meyers. She was a cross of Cocker and a Springer Spaniel. Her name was changed from “Laddie” to “Lady” when she presented the family with her first litter of puppies. I can't say how we herded cows before “Lady” arrived, but I know how we prized and loved her.

There were the years he worked for the “City” farmers, Harts. I suspect he must have taught them a great deal. Danola Lodge on the north shore of Island Lake must have also appreciated his abilities when he worked for them.

Sometime a letter from Earl would have sticks of gum for the “young ones” or a trip to town yielded the first candy bars we had ever seen, one bar I remember was the Barsness Bar.

Work in a logging camp or some road work for the township or the county helped family finances.

The second poem is about small towns. I remember when I was very young, wondering what “town” really meant. When we went to Northome, we always said that we were going to “TOWN,” but we never said that when we went to Blackduck, Bemidji or Grand Rapids, which wasn't very often. Now I know why! Northome, too, was home.

“Little Towns” is dedicated to Northome and surrounding area and to our many friends there.

LITTLE TOWNS

Little towns are lovely places,
Cool wide streets and friendly places,
Neighbors running in and out,
Women middle-aged and stout,
Grandmas with old silvery hair,
Like a halo shining there.
In a little town there seem
Time for happiness and dreams,
Time to visit folks--to grow--
Into ways that people know.
Life all bound with tender strands
Woven by their friendly hands.
I like little towns, for here
People grow so close and dear,
Funerals, weddings, deaths, and births,
All the good and bad of earth,
Cloudy skies and days that shine
Shared like sacramental wine.

WE WILL MISS YOU, EARL AND VERA

Northome - Earl T. Skoe, age 85, died November 24, 1994 at the Northome Nursing Home.

Funeral services for Earl T. Skoe were held November 28 at Hope Lutheran Church in Northome with Rev. Lloyd Quanbeck officiating. Special music was provided by Lloyd and Jean Quanbeck, with Cathy Hagen as accompanist.

Interment was at Bergville cemetery, Ardenhurst township, Itasca county.

Memorials may be sent to the Earl T. Skoe Scholarship Fund for Northome high school graduates, Box 107, Northome, MN 56661.

Earl Thomas Skoe was born August 19, 1909, on the south shore of Island Lake, the eldest of 11 children born to Ener and Olena Skoe. He attended grade school in Bergville and graduated from Grand Rapids high school.

He was united in marriage to Vera Janet Urness at Hope Lutheran church on June 18, 1939. In the early years, he worked with two brothers and formed a logging and trucking business. He started the Skoe Lumber company in the 1940's, and continued until he retired. He was along time member of the Minnesota Timber Producers Association.

He served on the city council for 30 years and was may of Northome from 1979-1985. He worked for the establishment of the medical clinic and nursing home in the community. He also served 20 years on the fire department, was a member of Hope Lutheran church, and served on the church council. He was elected to the first board of directors of the Paul Bunyan rural telephone cooperative where he served for 35 years.

Survivors include his wife, Vera; two sons, Ralph (wife Kathleen), Minnetonka and Wayne (wife, Carol), Northome; one daughter, Irene (husband Philip) St. Louis of Mounds View; and eight grandchildren. He is also survived by four sisters, Bena (husband, Stan) Petzel, Minneapolis, Marie (husband, Tony) Rosacea, St. Cloud, Emilie Karkela, Grand Rapids, and Gladys (husband Don) Barron, Thief River Falls; and two brothers, Stanley of Lena Valley, Ca, and Willis, Santa Barbara, CA.

He was preceded in death by one son, Paul; three brothers, Stanton, Raymond, and Russell; and one infant sister, Viola.

EULOGY TO EARL THOMAS SKOE, 28 NOVEMBER 1994

Presented at Earl's funeral by Kathleen E. Skoe for Ralph E. Skoe

I feel proud and honored to have been born and raised in the family headed by Earl Thomas Skoe and Vera Janet Urness. What they taught me has influenced my entire life. My mother has Alzheimer and is living in the Northome Nursing Home. It saddens me today that she cannot be part of this ceremony celebrating the life of her husband of 55 years; to have heard the good things being said about both of them. Coming from an American Norwegian family and being raised in the forties, we have not taken the opportunity to express verbally what we feel about our parents. It seems only in the time of death that we are jolted into expressing our deepest felt feelings. My father also had difficulties saying what he felt. But those of us fortunate enough to know him well, never questioned how much he loved us. His actions said it all.

Today we read in the newspapers and see on the television the sad news of the break-down of the American family. We as parents and children may want to reflect briefly on what our parents and loved ones mean to us. When I learned the 4th commandment it went something like "*Honor your father and mother that your days may be long upon the land that the Lord they God has given you.*" As a child I knew well the meaning of the first part, "to honor," only recently learned of the promise given in the second part. That "Your days will be long upon this land," meaning that if we love and honor our parents, our children will love and honor us. Many of us today have aging parents who physically and mentally are not what they used to be and this saddens us greatly. Therefore God's promise in the 4th commandment should be of comfort to us.

If you would indulge me, I would like to say a few words about being the son of Earl and Vera. There was a continuing controversy in our family about what is more important; your genes or your environment. No matter what side you take on this argument, the fact remains that once you are born the only thing that parents can influence is the environment and this is what I wish to dwell on for a few minutes.

I learned many valuable things from my parents. One, of which, is to be a CHRISTIAN. My mother took the dominant role in this through the reading of the Bible, bringing me to Sunday School, Church, Luther League, etc. My father, however, also played a significant part through his examples. I would like to paraphrase a couple of verses out of the book of James, the 2nd chapter. "*If a brother or sister be in desperate need of help and you say to them 'depart in peace' and do not help them with their immediate needs, what does this do to help you or the person in need?*" Many of you can attest in your hearts to the help that you received from my father when you needed it, me included. Many were the times when we were sitting at the kitchen table that piece--cutters would come to the door and ask for money to buy gas to get back into the woods, and many would be the times they received the money.

Secondly, I learned from my father how to work and earn a living. He never told me what to do, but led by example. I remember one time I was piling lumber with Dave Bloom when my dad didn't quite like the way we were doing it; perhaps we were working too slowly for him. So dad worked like a whirlwind for about 10 minutes and left. There was no way that we could have worked at that pace all day. But that lesson stuck in my mind.

Thirdly, I learned from my father, how to enjoy life. I cannot remember an opening day of fishing when we did not make a least one trip to Red Lake to catch our limit of walleyes. I also remember very vividly deer hunting with my father, Melvin Nesseth, John Nesseth, Bud Guderian and their sons. Just so that you don't think that my father was as a saint, I would like to share a story of the time that Earl, Wesley, Larry and I were illegally spearing fish in one of the creeks near Rasmussen's, when the game warden appeared. Wesley, perhaps faster of foot and mind than Earl, took Larry and ran off into the woods, leaving Earl and I to deal with the game warden. To make a long story short, Earl lost his license and paid a fine. He definitely saved Wesley from the same fate. This did not stop Earl however. He bought a fishing license in another name and used it for the rest of the season.

Finally, I learned from my father the love of family. All of his brothers and sisters have told me of the positive role that my father played in their lives. I never once heard my father say things about his family that would hurt or demean them. I wish this was a lesson that I had heard better. My father, to my recollection, never said a cross word to me until I told him he could drive no more. Upon hearing me out, he stomped like a mad teenager out to the garage to show us he could still drive. A few minutes later he came back into the house. He could not get the car started because I had already disconnected the battery. Love must be tough! He said things at that time, that I cannot repeat from this pulpit.

In summary, we all reflect upon what Earl meant to us, and I am pleased to have had this chance to say "my piece." In today's vernacular; Earl was a true impact player. Not the tight end that catches the pass and dances in celebration in the end zone, but instead, the offensive guard that quietly does his role, thus making others more important because of what he has done.

Please keep my mother in your prayers.

Ralph

December 3, 1994

Dear Gladys and Don,

Please find enclosed a copy of the eulogy that Kathleen presented at my father's funeral and I thank you for the kind words that you said about Earl.

It has been a trying time for me and you, but as they lowered my father into the grave, I found my detachment. Detachment may not be the best word but it was the one I said to Kathleen at the time.

Thanks once again for the support.

Regards, Ralph

**EULOGY TO EARL THOMAS SKOE
NOVEMBER 28, 1994**

PRESENTED AT EARL'S FUNERAL BY DON BARRON

Jesus first encountered Peter and Andrew while fishing by the Sea of Galilee. Jesus simply said "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men."

Earl was indeed a fisher of men. As the oldest child. Earl assumed a parental role when his mother and later his father passed away. Earl, along with other older members of the family participated in guiding and helping the younger members during those trying times. This was the glue that bonds the Skoe family together.

As a woodsmen, he likewise extended that concern for his fellow man to those who worked with him and for him.

This also brought Earl to serve his community as a public servant. He was truly a "fisher of men."

I am proud to be a brother-in-law to Earl, Stanton, Ray and the rest of the Skoe family.

EULOGY TO VERA JANET URNESS SKOE, JANUARY 11, 1995

By Gladys Skoe Barron

There's something unreal about losing so many "Major Players" in just two months. My advise to families, especially large ones, is that they make their reservations early with at least a year in between each funeral, and then stick to it.

"Verie," as Earl affectionately called his wife, was a close friend of our family for all of my life. I grew up with her.

Vera was around 20 years old when they married, but they were both mentors and caretakers for our younger siblings, as were the others. Each of these young families were setting up work for their livelihood, marrying and raising families at the same time.

On looking back, it's amazing. These half-brothers, half-fathers; half-sisters, half-mothers, just "did!" There were no "why me's'?" "It's your job," and no "grumpy faces," as I remember it.

Vera and Earl's house was always "home." I lived for a year or so with them after my mother passed away, and my father lived with them for many years. Earl and Vera took my father and me to Chicago, when, as a 14 year-old girl I left home to live with my sister, Bena and Stan Petzel to go to high school there. They gave me my first trip out west, my first experience with the majesty of mountains. I only hope, that I helped, especially Vera, enough to make up for some of this, and other things too numerous to mention.

We were blessed to have a sister-in-law like Vera. When I think of Vera, I think of someone who didn't seem to have a "pretentious" or "envious" bone in her body. I cannot remember a time when she spoke negatively about her family, our large family, friends, or anyone for that matter. Goodness sakes, with a large vociferous family like ours, she would have had many opportunities.

We will all miss hearing the enthusiastic greetings that Vera greeted us with when we visited her on the phone, at family or community gatherings. Unlike most of us, she never qualified her welcome by such things as, "I wish I'd known you were coming?" "I wish I could have had this or that done!" With Vera, What you see was what you got! You always knew you were special, and that made Vera special!

Don and I visited her late this fall in the rest home when she was in the latter stages of Alzheimer. She didn't recognize us. When we went to Earl's bed, he was very quiet, but when I showed him a notebook about Bergville School with pictures dating back to the 1920's and 1930's, he put on his specs and perked up. We picked out family members and others, some of whom had moved away years ago. There was only a curtain separating us from Vera. I thought that we spoke quietly, so Vera wouldn't feel left out. We didn't think she was listening, but Vera was taking it all in! Each time we mentioned a name, Vera would pipe out in her loud, clear, cheery voice, "I know Mina Noble?" "I know Betty Bender!" I was really surprised. There isn't a Skoe who didn't envy Vera her "good ears." We will miss her cheery greeting. We should have recorded it.

I would like to read a poem in memory of Earl and Vera, our other siblings; as well as all the shut-ins, either in rest homes or other homes. Our families are grateful for the "Tender Loving Care" they provide. I lost a few lines, so if anyone has it, I'd dearly love to have a copy.

WHAT DO YOU SEE, NURSES, WHAT DO YOU SEE?

Are you thinking when you are looking at me
A crabby old woman, not very wise
Uncertain of habit, with far away eyes,
Who dribbles her food and makes no reply
When you say in a loud voice, "I do wish you'd try."
Who seems not to notice the things that you do,
And forever is losing a stocking or shoe.
Who, resisting or not, lets you do as our will
With bathing and feeding, the long day to fill.
Is that what you are thinking, that what you see?
Then open your eyes, nurse, you're not looking at me.
Then open your eyes, nurse, you're not looking at me.
I'll tell you who I am as I sit here so still,
As I use at your bidding, as I eat at your will;
I'm a small child of ten with a father and mother,
Brothers and sisters, who love one another.

AT FIFTY

Again we know children, my loved one and me.
Dark days are upon me, my husband is dead,
I look at the future, I shudder with dread,
For my young are all rearing young of their own,
And I think of the years, and the love that I've known.
I'm an old woman now, and nature is cruel---
'Til her jest to make old age look like a fool,
The body it crumbles, grace and vigor depart;
There is now a stone where I once had a heart.
But inside this old carcass a young girl still dwells,
And now and again my battered heart swells.
I remember the boys, I remember the pain,
And I'm loving and living life over again;
I think of the years all too few--gone too fast,
SO OPEN YOUR EYES, NURSE, OPEN AND SEE
Not a crabby old woman--look closer--see--**ME!!**

We will miss you, Earl and Vera

EULOGY TO VERA JANET URNESS SKOE
by Marie Skoe Rozycki

This is the fourth time since November that the Skoe family has lost one of its senior, members. As Earl's sister, living in St. Cloud, I was privileged to be one of the older generation close enough and well enough to attend our brothers Stanton, Ray and Earl's funerals. I regret very much that I can not be here today. A session in the hospital here cleaning up some old gall bladder surgery has left me temporarily grounded. Each time the family gathered there were sessions of reminiscing and I felt a healing process set in which softened an obviously sad occasion into a celebration of the joy of looking back on a life well-lived. I feel that all of us who knew and loved Vera will agree that her whole life bears that same stamp of a care-giver whose passing is, of course, sad but whose life, too, deserves celebration.

Vera and the Skoes go back a long way. Vera's parents, Annie and Andrew Urness, were our neighbors, close friends of our parents, but younger. They went to the school house dances. It was Vera's dad who tried to teach the Skoe girls to dance. With some he succeeded. Vera's mother coached the 4H demonstration, canning carrots, which won Ethel Knaeble and I a trip to the State Fair. On summer evenings, after a hot day haying, the Urnesses, Vera, Eldon and Mark Pero, the French Canadian bachelor who lived near them, often came to swim, cool off in the lake and bring us huge bundles of fresh rhubarb. Our sister, Emilie Karkela from Grand Rapids, and Vera were classmates and inseparable. I believe it was Vera, with her lovely alto voice, who made Emilie one of the few Skoes who can sing. Emilie and Vera were roommates in high school in Grand Rapids.

But where is Earl in all this? Well, frankly, I was a little surprised when, in the summer of 1938, Vera and Earl announced their plans to get married. I thought Earl was spending all his free time at Urnesses visiting Andrew! Looking back, I sometimes wonder if this young, vivacious, only daughter of a two-child, active young family knew what she was getting in to.

Our mother, the mainstay of our family since our father suffered a sunstroke in the summer of 1936, had died suddenly the previous January leaving four young children. For years Earl, as the oldest son, had assumed much of the responsibility for his younger siblings. It is to Vera's everlasting credit that she stepped in and, even when her own children were little, when needed, welcomed Earl's family into their home. When our family broke up in 1941, Ray going to high school in Grand Rapids, Gladys to our sister, Bena Petzel, in Chicago and Rus and Gordie (Will) to live with Elsie and Roy Simmerman, Vera and Earl made a home for our father until his death in 1945 at the age of 74.

Northome, for many of us was still home. When we needed to touch base, Vera would welcome us. As her children grew up and the family prospered she extended her goodness to include her church, her community, her own parents as they became older and needed help and, of course, her precious grand children.

A life to celebrate? As her upbeat, fun-loving father would have said, “Celebrate? You Bettcha!”

The Northome Record - January 1995
Henry Elhard

Another good neighbor and friend, Mrs. Earl (Vera) Skoe passed away on January 6th. She too lived for many years just across the alley from the Record office. We have known Vera since the early 1930's. We first met at Hope Lutheran Church and were involved together in many activities of the congregation through the years. She was a most devoted member and participated with great enthusiasm in church work, especially in the Ladies Aid and the Senior Choir, which Mom and I were also members. We recall the great rehearsal times under the direction of Mrs. E.O. (Cora) Lukkasson in the 1930's, the presentation of anthems on Sunday services and special concerts at Bemidji State Teachers College, which consisted of Handel's "Messiah" presentations.

Vera had a beautiful alto voice, we attest to this as we stood right in back of her in choir. We also enjoyed many visits at the Skoes' not only in town but at their Island Lake cabin during the summer months. Vera was a generous and kind person, ready to help wherever and whenever she was able to. We experienced this many times, but very much at the time of the loss of our daughter Carole Ann. We will always remember Vera's generosity then. Vera also taught Sunday School classes during the years we were active in the education department of the church. These were great times and most enjoyable. Even during the years Vera was a resident at the Northome Nursing Home, she always knew us when we'd pay her a visit during the noon meal time. Hearing me speak to other friends, she would always say out loud, "Oh, there is Henry," she always recognized my voice. Yes, we will miss Vera very much. Through the years she played a very important part in our lives and the lives of many others in our community. My prayer is that the Lord will bring comfort, encouragement, and peace to Vera's family at this time of great loss and sorrow. We grieve with you all, and may the Lord bless her memory.

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THE NORTHOME RECORD, NORTHOME, MN
TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1995
AROUND THE HUB WITH HANK

Before the clock of life runs out for any more of our community businessmen and civic leaders. I wish to publish a sheet of typewritten memories given to me over 12 years ago by one of our young ladies who grew up in Northome. Sandy (Curb) Good--she was one of my favorite girls. Sandy is a daughter of Caroline and Orville Curb, who now reside in Bemidji. Sandy married David Good, a son of Betty and the late Bob Good, and David and Sandy now live in Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

I feel that Sandy's thoughts about many of our committed townspeople need to be put in print for the sake of posterity. Here are her feelings about the home community and some of the folks living in it.

"Did you ever wish you could bring back old time? I wish we could put time in a bottle to pull out whenever we please...memories are sort of like that. I look at the old hotel; and do you know what could make it go? A Westling! At least it seems to be so. I look at different places but miss the old faces. Not to be mistaken....I welcome the new faces, enjoy them, wish them success...but is it all right to miss the old ones? I am feeling a bit nostalgic perhaps these days and wonder how many sometimes feel the same. I feel a sense of loneliness as our former pillars step down from their positions...or leave our presence forever. I'm sure the passing of my father-in-law, Robert Good. Has been in part my reason for focusing on this. In his case, after over 30 years of service in the First State Bank, he was indeed 'our banker.' He ran the banking business like everything else he did...in perfect accord....a man of his wisdom and dedication leaves his mark....as so many have expressed to us. Then there was former mayor and businessman, Frank Neary, with his ever present smile and 'where can I help?' attitude; and I'll always remember Harvey Laterell in his store with visions of me bounding down the stairs five minutes before school started, racing into the store, grabbing two pencils and shouting 'mark it down' and he'd patiently rattle, "Two pencils to Candy Surb. And dear Henry Elhard who has always had time for people, and 'how's my favorite girls" (I wonder how many favorite girls he really does have." Then there was Dad here in town, Orville Curb, the man with all the kids on the street (and a dog), a businessman, civic minded, and a father of athletes. I remember when he ran for mayor the first time around (back maybe 25 years), people got into campaigning....actually it was quite exciting...versus today....no one wants these city positions. And of course, there was always dependable Delmer Anderson....precise, accurate, and on time. When Delmer said he'd do something, you'd know it would get done....and done well! How about Iver Westling.....that hotel was Iver and Dorothy, they were always there. It was the place where you could find most any of the above mentioned on a coffee break, politicking! There was Tony Lundberg, a kind, soft-

spoken man who loved and lived the nature. C.W. Bray brings to mind the many stories my dad told me about "Bray and his Ag classes." And then Parker Corner, thoughts of him in his barber shop make me grin as I picture him standing over someone's head just a-telling stories, laughing and letting the sweat drip from his brow during some of those hot summer days of yesteryear. Don Latterell brings to mind 25 years of service to the local fire department.....more dedication; Warren Fisher, I see blue uniforms and airplanes! Toivo Kananen.....memories of him are with his speed boat....always ready to give me a pull on skis (forever trying to dump me) **and who else talks as fast as Toivo....yep, you guessed him.....the Honorable Mayor Earl Skoe, who contributed his years of knowledge. I've accumulated fond memories of Earl T, throughout monthly council meetings. There's something about keeping the older ones on, to me they're security blankets!!** And we had our dedicated Dr. Prosser, dentist, and his wife Betty, who are forever helping anyone and everyone in our community. I'm so grateful we still have them in our midst. And thank goodness we still have our wonderful, faithful Dr. Gordon Franklin. We all know that he's not the average Dr. Jon Doe. He's special. He's at your side anytime, day or night, whether you can 'pay the price' or not. His very first concern is helping people-and that he does! I truly believe he's a man who has spent his years more concerned with making a life than a living. These people have all been so great and important in our community-have you told them so lately? You know, no matter how big or small, great or tall, rich or poor someone is, no one is beyond a smile, compliment, or a thank you! Don't let a day go by without making someone feel good about something he's earned. It puts the music in the song and makes you feel good 'all under!' So with that, I'm sure I can say 'on behalf of many' you people were, are, and will always be appreciated with fondest memories.

Sandy Good

BERGVILLE LOGGING CIRCA 1917
Spring breakup time at Martin Nesseth's Camp
85.858 ICHS

Front Row L-R: Thora Nesseth; John Nesseth

Far Right-Standing: Andrew Urness

Left-R: Mrs. Rena Nesseth, holding Melvin; Martin Nesseth; Iver Kringen, brother of Rena Nesseth;

Other workers not identified-some returned to work at camp for several years.

**In
LOVING MEMORY
of**

EARL THOMAS SKOE

and

VERA JANET URNESS SKOE

**Gladys Skoe Barron
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August 7, 2001

Audrey Lerum
2134 Co Rd 1 NW
Evansville, MN 56326
(218) 948-2923

Homer e-mailed me your address, etc. I'm sending this binder by Priority Mail of some of the items on the Urnesses and Earl and Vera's family that I have. No one in their family was able to attend. I thought I could send it with Spongs. We were sorry to hear of her illness.

Carol, Wayne's wife, from Northome is probably mailing some pictures, etc. to Homer, they may or may not get there in time to get to you. I didn't find a picture of Annie and Andrew, but I think there is a picture of them in the Urness Clan book. If you get time, do you want to xerox what is applicable to Andrew's family for me and include it in the binder. Please xerox the cover of the book, also, as I don't have the book.

Feel free to copy anything in there that you want, as well as what Carol sent. Homer can either mail it all back to me or bring it to the stevne in Fargo.

The Andrew Urness family were very good friends of my parents, even though Annie and Andrew were younger. My eldest brother, Earl, married their daughter, Vera, and I can't tell you what a wonderful family they were to the Skoe's, especially the younger siblings. My mother died in 1939, my dad in 1945. When my mother died, we still had 4 siblings 15 and under. I lived with Earl and Vera during my eighth grade and always considered their home my home.

Have a great reunion!

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