

THE LARSMONT LINE

Save
the
Date

Larsmont Community Club • Early Summer 2025

Mark Aug. 2 for Fun Day & Picnic



Home of the
Little Red Schoolhouse
Established 1914

If you are a resident
of Larsmont,
full time or visit part time,
we invite you to get more
involved in the
community and meet
your neighbors.
Join the Larsmont
Community Club for
only \$15 per year.
Paid members get
one free use of the
Little Red Schoolhouse
during the year.

Visit the
Community
Website at:
www.Larsmont.org

- Community News
- Calendar of Events
- Links to Resources
- Story Contributions

Help keep the website active

Color versions of this and past
newsletters are located on the
Larsmont Website



The annual Larsmont Community Fun Day celebration and picnic will be held this year on Saturday, August 2 at the Larsmont Little Red Schoolhouse, rain or shine.

As in the past, this year's gathering will be a celebration of new life and achievement for the Larsmont community.

"There will be fun games and fellowship," says Marlys Wisch, secretary/treasurer of the Larsmont Community Club. "We want neighbors to see how the Club is maintaining the building, but also for everyone to enjoy themselves to the fullest."

A complimentary sandwich and salad lunch will be served, catered by the Larsmont Trading Post and desserts from Dream Cloud. Attendees are also encouraged to bring a dessert to share.

A Silent Auction will be held with items donated by local and Twin Cities merchants. Again, the famous 3.5 lb. Hershey candy bar will be part of the auction items.

The Fun Day is open to the entire neighborhood, friends and visitors. It's a fun chance to meet your neighbors. Official times are 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Specific events, such as the final menu and games, are being decided by the planning committee.



More photos from 2024's picnic on page 8.

Special Nights at the Schoolhouse

The games and speakers committee has lined up a number of free events at the Schoolhouse this year.

On Wednesday, August 6, John Finkle, boat builder with NOATUN

Community Boat Works, will talk and have pictures of the tools he uses to build boats in Knife River. It starts at 6:30 p.m.

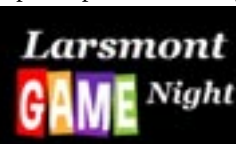
On Thursday, September 4, geologist Gabe Sweet will speak about minerals, helium and the age of rocks in our area. Bring your own rock to the talk and Gabe will help you with its identification. The session begins at 6:30 p.m.



Games Night attracts local folks to participate in a variety of fun activities. From board card games

inside to yard competitions outside, it's a night of fellowship that's pleasing to all. The next Games Night is on Thursday, August 21, beginning at 6:30 p.m.

For an up-to-date list, you can regularly check the calendar on the Larsmont Community Club website, larsmont.org. If you have ideas or want to contribute to any of the programs, let Marlys Wisch know at mwisch@lakeconnections.net.



LCC Annual Meeting report



www.larsmont.org



Come to the annual Fun Day & Picnic on Saturday, August 2, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. at the Little Red Schoolhouse. Great fellowship and games. Free lunch provided. Bring a dessert. Everybody is welcome.

Larsmont Community Club Annual Meeting, May 6, 2025.

Attendees: Margaret Glass, Ted Thompson, Cindy & Paul Hayden, Kelly Sweet, Margaret Larson, David & JoAnn Rossetter, Dan & Becky Fisher, Matt Ashford, Henry Ashford, Willa Ashford, Marlys Wisch, Bill Tranah.

President Tranah opened the meeting at 7:04 p.m.

Secretary's report – Minutes of May 7, 2024 annual meeting, M/S/C to approve as written.

Treasurer's report – Income/Expenses for 2024. M/S/C to approve as presented.

New Business – Lawn Care:

M/S/C to continue to have Christy Rounds do lawn care.

Projects:

- Ceiling (by chimney) in the storage room needs fixing
- Ceiling in the garage
- Ceiling (also around the chimney) needs fixing in schoolroom
- Wall above the stove needs painting
- Little Free Library needs more permanent stand
- Handicapped parking sign needs more permanent stand
- Floor cleaning/waxing
- Moss on the roof on the toilet, needs to be removed (use chlorine bleach, soft brush, add aluminum to keep moss from coming back)
- Porch needs painting (Bill has paint)
- No brushing project – Bill to contact the County about driving safety/line of sight, have them clear brush for us.

Projects Day –

June 16, 2025, with backup date of June 30th. Please bring all equipment you may need. Lunch, beverages will be provided.

Annual Picnic/Fun Day – Set for Aug. 2, 2025, 11 a.m.-2 p.m. Lunch will be provided, catered through The Larsmont Trading Post, with desserts from Dream Cloud. Attendees are asked to bring desserts. Silent auction also. Games/fellowship.

Report of student/pioneer school days – Home Schooled group – May 20th, will be reading *Anne of Green Gables*. North Shore Community School Pioneer School Day is May 22nd.

Report of events/activities for 2025 – Kelly: wants to set up a farm stand (small)

sell eggs, cut flowers. Would be the honor system for purchases. She would build and maintain the stand. Approved, for her to have the stand out by Larsmont Road in front of the Schoolhouse. Needs advertising, road signs (have in storeroom). This could grow into a larger event as time goes on. Future: possible craft group/s, other farm/food group/s, we will start small for now.

Matt reported on guest speakers ideas: Gabe Sweet is willing to come back and speak on minerals/geology. John Hinkle, Knife River, builds boats as they did hundreds of years ago. He is willing to speak on his work, projects, hand carving. Musicians possible.

Todd Lindahl, some historical story of our area. Doug Hill, grandson of one of the *Crusader II* boat builders, will be here to work on the boat, June-August. Contact him for historical data of the Hill family. Speaker dates to be set soon.

Possible: Games Night, suggestion – to have some structure, rules, around the game/s. Maybe focus on one game, not a variety.

Election of Officers: M/S/C to nominate and elect the current officer slate.

President – Bill Tranah
Vice President – Margaret Glass
Secretary/Treasurer – Marlys Wisch
Editor-In-Chief – Paul Hayden
Groundskeeper and Flag Tender – Bill Hermanson

Other business:

Approved to do ads through *Northern Wilds* paper – events we are/will be doing. Annual Picnic/Fun Day will be one ad.

Check out Two Harbors Federal Credit Union about electronic payment of dues/donations. Zelle was suggested.

M/S/C to adjourn 8:06 p.m.

Respectfully submitted,
Marlys Wisch, Secretary/Treasurer



Project Day at the Schoolhouse

June 16, 2025



Have you stopped by our Little Free Library® yet?

Crafted and built by our president, Bill Tranah, it looks just like our famous Schoolhouse, but contains books that have been left by area residents, free for the taking. Of course, you should also think about leaving a book of your choosing behind.

You'll find that there are books for children and adults, magazines, games and even an occasional puzzle, CD or video. What fun!

This is a great way to share with our friends in the community and provide fresh material on a regular basis. Hidden treasures. Dig in and see what you'll find.

**Take a Book
Leave a Book**

Official Little Free Library
#101804



www.larsmont.org

Gustav Helmer Hill's Memories of Childhood in Duluth and Larsmont



Gustav Helmer Hill
was born January 28, 1904,
and died June 9, 1994.
Photo about 1923.

Published as written in 1992,
organized by June Odberg Hall.



www.larsmont.org

Eighty-eight years of memories! How does one begin to sort them all out?

My earliest recollections of living in Duluth begin to be a bit dim. We lived in a two-story house on Helm Street at Twenty-second Avenue West, one and one-half blocks north of the railroad tracks and a few blocks from the lake. There was a trestle over these tracks about a block east of our home, and one day a little girl was walking the rails across the trestle and fell to her death on the tracks below. Her father had been holding her hand as she walked. I remember feeling very sorry for the little girl, but now I can feel a lot of sympathy for that poor father.

I recall an incident when I had a top and was playing with it in the house. It was spring-loaded and bounced. The harder it was thrown, the higher it bounced. Unfortunately, this time it hit, and broke the kerosene lamp. Needless to say, the consequences were not too pleasant.

Sometimes Mother would fix a big picnic lunch and we would take the streetcar to Gary for our picnic. I heard her reminisce about the days when streetcars were drawn by oxen. Sometimes we were taken to the Incline for a ride. This was a cable car which ran up the hillside from Superior Street. We found it very exciting and a special treat.

I remember at one time there was a lot of excitement at home, but do not recall all the particulars. This was when Emma and Cap Oberg got married. There were people around and lunch was served. I do remember that afterwards we children were outside having a shivaree, and Cap would throw us a few coins. We kept asking for more and he would oblige.

We attended Sunday School and Church at Vasa Hall, which was at about Thirty-ninth or Fortieth Avenue West and south of Superior Street, so we traveled by streetcar. Later a new church, called Ebenezer Baptist, was erected and Dad was one of the builders. I went with him to "help," and had the great privilege of eating with him from his lunch pail. Food tasted so much better from Dad's lunch pail. This church continued to be our family's home church for many, many years.

School was not something I enjoyed. I was so shy that I wouldn't go unless Reuben went too, which he did. Our teacher was a Miss Overman. I had started my second year while we still lived in Duluth.

Dad worked at Scott Graff Lumber Co., and later at Patterson Boat Yard. He built the

Thor, which was forty-five feet long and had a gas engine. It also had a small sail in case of emergency. He hauled freight along the north shore of Lake Superior between Duluth and Grand Marais. The fishermen would give him lists of supplies they needed. He would shop for and deliver these. Once, he even had to buy a lady's corset. On the way back he would haul fish.

Summers were spent on Encampment Island, owned by Dad and Uncle Hans Mattson, Hjalmer and Emma (Carlson's) father. Uncle had a house on slightly higher ground, and during a bad storm, the waves washed over the island, swirling right up to the door. Dad and Bill (Frans Wiljam Johnson Hill) built a house for us in the fall before we lived there. One day it snowed heavily, so that they had to leave for home. They walked to Two Harbors where they bought skis and skied the rest of the way to Duluth.

While we lived on Encampment, Dad did some fishing and continued his freighting up the shore. He lengthened the *Thor* from forty-five to sixty feet. While there too, Alice and her twin were born. The twin did not live and Dad made a coffin. They buried the baby on the mainland, on the hillside across from the island, in an unmarked grave. Later that fall, when we returned to Duluth for the winter, Alice became very ill and I remember seeing and hearing Mother in deep and earnest prayer asking the Lord to spare her baby. Her prayers were answered, and at this writing, Alice is still doing remarkably well at 84 years of age.

An amusing incident occurred when I, in true little boy fashion, decided to throw the cat off the dock into the lake. The cat made a swift lunge and landed on the dock. I, with poetic justice, ended up in the lake. Fortunately our big St. Bernard jumped in and rescued me.

Shortly after I started second grade, my parents decided to move to the country. We traveled by train and chose a spot on the lakeshore to build a home. Many of their friends from their native land in Finland also settled nearby. That community came to be called Larsmont, an Americanization of their hometown in Finland called Larsmo. Verna was the first member of our family to be born in Larsmont. Our house was quite large. It had two bedrooms, a large country kitchen where we ate and a living room where there was a Murphy bed. We, of course, had wood

stoves and kerosene lamps. Our water was hauled in buckets from the lake. Dad had made a yoke so that we could haul two pails full at one time. They were very heavy for a little boy, and the first yoke soon broke. Mother washed clothes by hand, oft times right at the water's edge, heating the water in a boiler over the fire on the beach. We had chickens and two cows. I had the job of delivering milk to Reinert Reinertson, who lived a distance from us. It would get dark and was very scary because I heard wolves and coyotes howling not too far away.

We had a dog named Fido who always seemed to have a big stick or pole in his mouth. He even carried away a fence post belonging to John Hendrickson. He tried to go through the gate with the post in his mouth, but came to a rude, and probably painful, stop as the post caught the fence posts on both sides. He shook his head, then picked up one end and pulled it through. He was determined to have that post. Another time he was pulling me on my sled and decided to race the train. I had a swift and exciting ride for a few hundred feet until he gave up and stopped.

We attended school in the Skomars home in one room. Our teacher was boarded in the homes of the pupils. When the *Thor* went by, all the students would rush to the window to watch.

Church and Sunday School were held in the Victor Sjoblom home with Vic doing most of the speaking, or preaching. Music was provided by John Sjoblom on the violin, Vic on guitar and Dad on either violin or guitar. The old standby hymns, Rock of Ages, Beulah Land, Standing on the Promises and The Old Rugged Cross, were sung with gusto.

Dad fished there, too. In winter he had nets under the ice and had to watch out for moving ice. It would not do to get stranded.

In winter, too, we children skated on the lake, with bonfires to keep us warm. Dad made skates from an old crosscut saw blade, with straps to attach them to our shoes or boots. Our skis were the pair Dad bought in Two Harbors to ski to Duluth, and we had to share them. We only had one each, and sometimes there would be two on one ski ... a far cry from the athletic equipment children have nowadays. One Christmas our tree caught fire. We used candles for lights, as did everyone. Since the tree was never left unattended when the candles were lit, the fire was quickly put out. There would have been no fire department for miles. Besides, at that time fire engines were drawn by horses and would not have reached us in time.



Helmer married Clara Lamo December 21, 1929.

One day Alice and Vera were playing with a hatchet. Somehow it slipped and Vera received a nasty gash on her wrist that bled freely. Bill (Frans Wiljam Johnson Hill) happened to be at home. He started the hot tube engine in his twenty-foot boat, bundled up Vera and took her to the doctor in town.

Another time some of our family were picking raspberries out at Marble Siding. When we grew tired of that, we went down to the beach. We made a raft from poles and such that we found, made an eight-foot long pole for pushing and steering, and Be and Inez went out on the lake. Soon the raft drifted out and the pole could no longer reach bottom. Be jumped into the lake and pulled Inez in after him. They were not too far out and were able to swim ashore. The raft was left to drift.

The Barthell family came looking for a home in the country. He had become ill from working in the mines in Montana. Dad sold him our place and bought a piece of land on the hillside away from the lake. While he built a shed there, we lived in a building on Strom's land. When it was completed, we moved in and lived there while he built a house. Dad and Mr. Coson had a lumber mill out in the woods, which Pete Erickson had hauled up with his horses. I used to think Mr. Strom had queer tastes. He sprinkled sugar on his eggs. Pete Erickson slurped his coffee from a saucer. Many years later, Dad built a sauna. Vi was born on the farm. When I was asked how I liked my new baby sister, I said, "Hump! Another one to pee in the bed."

Life there was pretty basic, few frills and

Continues Page 6

Close of School

Our term now ends and forth we go
To spend vacation days.
And give our spirits each the glow
Of health and pleasant ways.

A little pastime now and then
Is relished, so they say,
By girls and boys and best of men,
To spend in their own way.

And so you'll lay aside your books,
And wander here and there,
To see just how the big world looks,
And banish every care.

And now a word, a parting word
Before we separate,
I hope your minds will all be spurred
The best to emulate.

My deepest thanks, my warmest love
To all my girls and boys
I fondly wish where'er you rove
No harm will mar your joys.

You'll think of me sometimes, I know
And I'll remember you.
Our thoughts reciprocal will flow
Our good times we'll review.

And when the bell again shall sound
To summon you all here,
Oh! Then we'll meet in merry round
In happiness and cheer.

Larsmont District School #1
from End of School Booklet
by teacher Hildur Evelyn Anderson
circa 1910



From Page 5

much hard work. I learned to milk cows, to cut and chop wood, took my turn at carrying water from the pump until the time came when Dad put a pitcher pump on the kitchen sink. We cut hay with a scythe and carried it into the barn on our backs until Dad made a wagon with a hayrack, which we pulled. After we got Fanny the horse, of course it became easier. We went from kerosene lamps to gas lamps, which were so much brighter. Our groceries were delivered by a storekeeper in Knife River. We had a cow named Nellie, a little Jersey. She was able to open gates by hooking her horn under one end of the cross poles and sliding them out. We also had a dog named Fay, who loved to race with the train. One day she got hit, and spent the whole day hiding in the woods. She never chased trains again.

With such a large family, mother was a very busy woman. She sewed most of our clothes and could cut out a pair of little boy's pants without a pattern. In no time at all, we had a new pair of pants to wear. She knitted stockings and mittens, and taught the girls to knit, too. When we were small, she'd make us all "lives," (leeves, garter waists) from flour sacks, which still bore the print "Occident" or, perhaps, "Pillsbury's Best." One day Roland had been in a hurry when he dressed for school, and when he removed his coat, there he was, in his liv and trousers. He broke into tears, calling "Alice, Alice!" She took him home to finish dressing. Mother also made quilts, sometimes from bright pieces of material from her sewing, and often from parts of warm suits or garments that were not too badly worn. These felt very good when the temperature in the bedrooms was freezing. The children helped her tie these quilts. She carded wool for the quilt batts. She wove yards and yards of rugs on a loom that Dad built.

Dad had made a large dining table and had made long benches for seats. The table was always full and continued to be so as we children grew up, married and would be invited to stay for meals.

One day a fire started in our basement, probably caused by gasoline or such, and Dad ran upstairs to grab a big sack of flour, which he used to put out the fire.

I remember that as I grew old enough to go to town in the evenings, or out with a group of local young people, there were always biscuits to have with milk for a snack when I got home. The butter was homemade

in a churn with a special feature. It had a spring on the plunger, which kept it going for quite a while with much less effort.

When we were small, she (Mother) sang to us often in her beautiful, clear voice. Often she sang little ditties in the Swedish language, which most of us remember to this day. The little rooster who hopped on the pear tree – the small roosters of black and gray who hopped on stones, with crooked legs – bread and butter and raisin soup. Mother was a very devout woman and continued to gather her children about her as she knelt and prayed for them. There always seemed to be someone in special need of prayer. Even when we grew up and were away from home, she would write to exhort and encourage us.

Mother also applied home remedies for our various illnesses; camphor rubbed on the chests for colds, Watkins liniment for aches and pains, oatmeal poultices or mustard plasters for chest congestion. There were no antibiotics at that time.

Dad, too, was a busy man. Making a living for so many was often very hard labor. He loaded pulpwood at both Knife River and Two Harbors. I was old enough to work with him at both places. For some time he was a county assessor. We had, for a while, a store in our home. That made our groceries somewhat less expensive.

In his spare time he built a big bobsled. We would pull it to the top of the hill and slide back down for half a mile. When we came to the corner, a ninety-degree angle, we sometimes were unable to make the turn and rolled over in the ditch. He made us a number of action toys, and many kites. He even built a beautiful violin, which he played. Music was an important part of our lives. Dad played guitar, Jews harp, the comb and the violin, as well as the Autoharp. Mother, too, could play the guitar. Several of the girls played the old pump organ. Everyone sang.

When the first crystal radios came out, Dad bought one and later replaced it with newer models. He was a great fan of "Amos and Andy."

Shortly after Bill bought a car, Dad bought a Model T touring car. On the way home the car could not go all the way up Sucker River Hill, so he had to back down the hill, turn around, and back up the hill. The man who sold the car had put only a small amount of gas in the tank, and since the tank was under the hood, the gas didn't flow into the carburetor on such a steep hill. Later he bought a new sedan, which was enclosed, and a whole lot more weatherproof. With this he drove

the high school children from Knife River to Two Harbors, a sort of early school bus.

We also got a new school at Larsmont, a real school building built by Dad and Mr. Strom. Our teacher was still boarded in our homes, and I remember Miss Barto who stayed with us. I remember rather vividly an incident that took place at school. Van Hendrickson and I rigged up a way to hang a pail of water above the door, so that when the teacher entered, she got doused. It worked very well and she reported it to the superintendent. When I heard he was coming to investigate, I headed for the woods, where I remained until dark, and I heard Mother calling and saying she would not punish me. I did, of course, get a good scolding.

This new building was also used for church services. We had many itinerant preachers over the years. They were a motley bunch. One we called "Frusky Lapp Larson," meaning frozen Laplander, because he was always so cold. He was a missionary to the lumberjacks. He strummed his guitar and sang in a jerky tempo all his own. There was Andrew Bloomquist, who used snuff. He never brought a toothbrush because he knew everybody had one of those in their home that he could use. He wore an old shiny preacher's suit with long coattails. He was quite a character. The Mosseide brothers came from the Pentecostal church in Duluth. They were excellent preachers and one would speak in tongues, while the other interpreted. Then, there was a Mr. Monahan, who was a barber by trade. He would cut our hair by putting a bowl on our head and clipping around it. The story was told of him that he had a customer in the chair for a shave. He had hot towels over his face and was stropping his straight razor when he began to witness. He asked the man if he was ready to die. The man became so frightened that he jumped up and ran.

Dad studied the Bible a great deal. This Bible was a big, thick Swedish Bible, which I've been told belonged to my Mother. My youngest son, Lowell, has this Bible and at Christmas displays it on his fireplace mantle along with the nativity scene. It is very impressive. At Christmas, too, we remember Inez and all her gifts to us. When my boys were small, the large boxes, which arrived by mail, caused almost unbearable suspense and excitement.

When Vera was a little girl, perhaps three or four years old, there came one day a very strong wind, a twister. She was swinging under a tree and I put her on the ground, lay



1998 Lowell, Bob, George Hill. Sitting, Clara (Lamo) Hill in Florida.

over her and put my arms around the tree until it passed over. I also remember how Ida loved to go out in the field to find mouse nests. She'd pick the babies up, cuddle and stroke them, and put them in her pocket.

In the summer we would hike up to the river to the swimming hole. We often wore suits, which were old, torn or moth eaten, and which did not adequately cover. We spent many happy days together with a big gang of youngsters. In winter we had sliding, skating, skiing and tobogganing. We had made a long slide behind Oliver's store on the hillside. As usual with a bunch of kids there was mischief. We would ski on this hill, too, and made a jump there. One day when Saxoni was at the bottom of the hill, we made a bump on the slide. Not knowing it was there, he flew when he hit it. We immediately smoothed it out – and repeated it several times. It took him a while to realize what we were doing.

When I was fifteen years old, a new road was built, which became Highway 61. Horses were still being used in highway construction to haul dirt for the roadbed. I had a job driving a team of four horses. We also sloped the sides with rakes, hoes and shovels. In 1920, I began working for the railroad as an apprentice. I was sixteen years old.

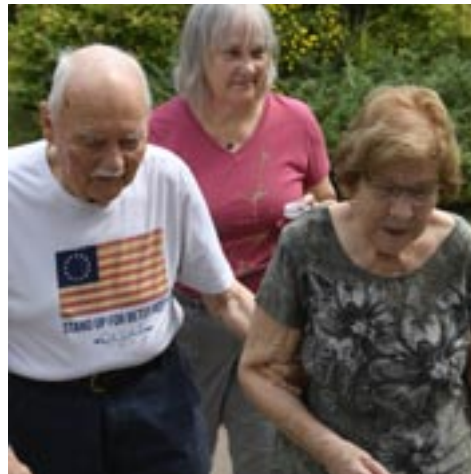
It is difficult to imagine the many far-reaching changes that have happened since my childhood and up to the present time, when I am standing in George's driveway near Cape Canaveral, Florida, watching the shuttle blast off for outer space, just a week prior to my eighty eighth birthday.

(Gustav Helmer Hill - 1992)



www.larsmont.org

2024 Picnic Fun and Auction



The Larsmont Community Club supports the local business community by presenting this complimentary display of merchants within the traditional Larsmont boundaries. Our intent is to remind you of the opportunities that exist to

support the community year round. We hope that visitors will visit and/or stay in the area and patronize our local businesses. After all, there's more to the Larsmont community than just our historic Little Red Schoolhouse.

**Stonegate
on Superior**
stonegateonsuperior.com

**Burton's Forge
& Gallery**
burtonforgeblacksmith.com

**Larsmont
Trading Post**
larsmonttradingpost.com

**Larsmont Cottages
on Lake Superior**
[odysseyresorts.com/
larsmont-cottages/](http://odysseyresorts.com/larsmont-cottages/)

**Dream Cloud
Coffee Roasters**
dreamcloudcoffeeroasters.com

**Lake County
Veterinary Clinics**
lakecountyvet.com

**Larsmont
Community Club**
larsmont.org

**BE Nelson
Design Silversmith**
[www.facebook.com/
BENelsonSilversmith/](http://www.facebook.com/BENelsonSilversmith/)

**Breezy Point Cabins
on Lake Superior**
[odysseyresorts.com/
breezy-point-cabins/](http://odysseyresorts.com/breezy-point-cabins/)

**Wagon Wheel
Campsites**
218-834-4901

**Penmarallter
Campsite**
penmaralltercampsite.com

**Bob's Cabins
on Lake Superior**
[www.bobscabinson
lakesuperior.com](http://www.bobscabinsonlakesuperior.com)

**Earthwood Inn,
Restaurant & Bar**
theearthwood.com

**Sonju
Two Harbors**
www.sonju.com

**North Shore
Scenic Railroad**
duluthtrains.com

Come Visit Larsmont

Larsmont
Community Club

President

Bill Tranah

Vice President

Margaret Glass

Secretary/Treasurer

Marlys Wisch

218-834-5988

mwisch@lakeconnections.net

Building/Grounds

Bill Hermanson

Flag Tender

Bill Hermanson

Newsletter Editor

Paul L. Hayden

Please mail voluntary \$15 dues
to Marlys at
489 Larsmont Rd.
Two Harbors, MN 55616

www.larsmont.org

Donations to the Building Fund and Club

The Larsmont Community Club established the Building Maintenance Fund in 2006 to accept donations from members to be used toward repairs and upkeep of the building and grounds. Donations to the Building Fund have always been one of the most important cash contributions to the club. These funds are always needed. Those who donate are recognized through small certificates displayed in the Schoolhouse. In addition to the Building Fund, each year members of the club renew their memberships and donate time and materials for the upkeep of the structure and grounds. There is no cash value to these donated hours, however these, too, are some of the most valuable ways support can be given to the endeavors of the LCC.

The board of the Larsmont Community Club continually expresses thanks to all who give of their time and dollars to make sure that Larsmont has a figurehead worthy of praise and admiration.

Cash donations in 2025 to date received from:
Kevin & Cass Beardsley; Len & Judy Beardsley; Sven & Pamela Bergerson; John & Sandra Bjorum; Tom & Natalie Bothwell;

Todd & Karen Boynton; Pennie & Stan Burton; Renee Crassweller; Gaye DeBenedetti; David & Kathy Falk; Sandra Fritz, Earthwood; Margaret & David Glass; Jay Rodriguez/Lisa Harkins; Helen & Philip Hartley; Paul & Cindy Hayden, In Memory of Mary Murphy; Bill & Karen Hermanson; Terry Highland; Ronald & Mary Holm; Ralph & RuthAnne Jacobson; Kerry & Warren Jessen; Karl & Beth Johansson; Wayne Johnson; Carl Ortman; James Ortman; Earl & Julie Stewart; Catherine Struve; Debbie & Howard Swanson; Ted & Carol Thompson; S. Waring & S. Kjos. Also, thanks to Lake County.

Anyone who lives in, visits or even thinks about Larsmont can be a member. You can send your \$15 dues or make donations specifically to the Building Fund through Secretary/Treasurer Marlys Wisch, 489 Swanson Rd., Larsmont, MN 55616.

Larsmont Fact

The Little Red Schoolhouse is the official
Larsmont polling place for elections.

Home of the Little Red Schoolhouse

