

A photograph of a man with glasses and a grey hoodie sitting in a bed, reading a book to a young child. The child is lying on their back, also reading a book. The man is holding a small book titled "The Little Book of Dylan" which features a cartoon rabbit. The child's book has a bear on the cover. The room has a wooden headboard and two lamps with white shades. The text "Meet Your Professor . . ." is overlaid in white, italicized font across the middle of the image.

Meet Your Professor . . .

University of Minnesota Duluth

Tim Roufs

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Hi.

I'm Tim Roufs.

When I ask students in face-to-face (f2f) classes "What would you like to know about your professor?" they usually uniformly ask "safe" questions

(which anthropologically-speaking is probably a good approach, although it's difficult for the last person to think of a "safe" question that hasn't been asked by one of the other students)

They ask questions like

"Where were you born?" . . .

"Where did you go to school?" . . .

**"How long have you been teaching at
UMD?" . . .**

"Where have you been?" . . .

and that sort of thing . . .

To me, (judging by the looks on the faces of most in class) **those questions, while safe, are actually pretty boring**

To me, (judging by the looks on the faces of most in class) **those questions, while safe, are actually pretty boring**

But one or two folks seem to like to know about that sort of thing

If you do, more than you probably really want or need to know is on [my UMD biography page](#) . . .



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Tim Roufs

Biographical Sketch

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(free software is available at <http://skype.com/download//>>)
[SMS/IM abbreviations/acronyms](#)

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Tim Roufs teaches [Anthropology of Food](#), [Prehistoric Cultures](#), [Culture and Personality](#), [Anthropology of Europe](#), [Understanding Global Cultures](#), [Advanced Writing](#), [Ancient Middle America](#), and [Cultural Anthropology](#). And for more than a quarter century he also taught [Advanced Writing: Social Sciences](#).

Tim's specializations include cultural anthropology, anthropology of food, Middle America, culture and personality, sociocultural change—applied, and prehistoric cultures.

He received his Ph.D. from The University of Minnesota in 1971, his M.A. from The

**My "career" in American-style
Anthropology began in second grade**

**My "career" in American-style
Anthropology began in second grade**

Most students are curious about that

**One of the
Main Characteristics of American Anthropology
is that it encompasses a
"four-fields approach" incorporating**

**Socio-Cultural Anthropology
Bio-Physical Anthropology
Archaeology
and Linguistics**

**It was in second grade of Holy Trinity
Grade School that I really began to learn
some of the important things in life
—and important things in anthropology**



WINSTED CATHOLIC SCHOOL, WINSTED, MINN.

Winsted Catholic School, Winsted.

Minnesota Historical Society Photograph Collection, Postcard
ca. 1915

Location no. MM1.9 WN r4

**By the end of third grade I had done
fieldwork in all four fields of
anthropology**

**These "Introduction" slides will talk
about these "early" days in anthropology
and, why I'm here**

**And you will hopefully see in this course
why in more recent years I have been
called one of the
"Pioneers in Online Instruction"**

(Surfing the Syllabi: Online Resources for Teaching Archaeology)

Why should you care?

Why should you care?

(And why do I tell you this stuff
when I really don't like to do it
—being a Lake Wobegon type person?)

A long-time mentor, Helen Mongan-Rallis, says that research shows that three good things happen when you take time to find out a little about your teacher as a person



A long-time mentor, Helen Mongan-Rallis, says that research shows that three good things happen when you take time to find out a little about your teacher as a person

(1) You learn more

(2) You remember it better

And — equally important, / think—

(3) you have more fun learning

**So it's a good idea for you to have a look
at these "Introduction" materials to
according to Helen . . .**

help you learn more

remember it longer

and (at least eventually) to have more fun

So back to some questions . . .

FAQs

- *Where did you grow up?*
- *Where did you go to school?*
- *How long have you been at UMD?*
- ***What are your favorite things to do?***
- *How did you get into anthropology?*
- *Where have you been?*
- *What are your pet peeves?*

**One of my very favorite things is being
out in the yard putzing around,
talking to animals . . .**

**One of my very favorite things is being
out in the yard putzing around,
talking to animals . . .**

and to trees and plants too

And they talk back

And they talk back

(and scientists have recently discovered that they “talk” to one another—at least the trees do . . .)

And I love doing anthropology

**Here's a picture of me doing
anthropology . . .**



**It may not look like anthropology,
but it is . . .**

**It may not look like anthropology,
but it is . . .**

**I'm contemplating my new lawn mower,
a Lawn Boy . . .**

**It may not look like anthropology,
but it is . . .**

**I'm contemplating my new lawn mower,
a Lawn Boy . . .**

**Designed with the help of
anthropologists**

**What can anthropologists do to design
lawn mowers?**

**What can anthropologists do to design
lawn mowers?**

They do what anthropologists do . . .

What can anthropologists do to design lawn mowers?

They do what anthropologists do . . .

they go live with the “natives”

(that’s called “participant observation”)

they ask a lot of questions

(“interviewing”)

they take a lot of pictures

(“ethnophotography”)

**And so the anthropologists went out and studied the
“tribe” of lawnmowers**

And they watched them mow lawns

And they mowed some lawns themselves

**And they administered questionnaires about lawn
mowers and lawn mowing**

They interviewed the lawnmower people

And they took a lot of videos and still photographs

And they discovered that *women* often mow lawns

**And the women often had a different relationship than
the men to the gas engines**

(For e.g., they didn't particularly get a thrill out of gapping the plugs, changing the oil, stabilizing the fuel, and the like.

And, they didn't have a "cylinder index" of manhood to have to worry about.)

**And they found out that the ladies liked a starting
"handle" rather than a little knob, and a handle that
adjusted to their (generally) smaller height**

**And they liked a mower that cut close to
the trees and buildings . . .
as, for some reason the mowing men
didn't trim grass there.**

**And, in general, they learned a lot about the
lawnmower people**

**And Toro, who now owned Lawn Boy, redesigned the
mower, and the anthropological artifact arrived . . .**

an anthropological masterpiece

**ready to become part of that talking to trees and
animals**



PRODUCT INFORMATION

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Every Lawn-Boy is designed with exclusive features to fit you, provide outstanding ease of use, and a quality cut - Guaranteed.



Sens-a-Speed™ Self-Propel

Mow at your speed with the exclusive Sens-a-Speed™ Self-Propel System, which automatically senses your walking speed, up to 4 mph. Available on both the Insight™ and Insight™ Gold self-propel models.



Easy Adjust Handle Height

Lawn-Boy's Easy Adjust Handle Height feature increases comfort by matching your height with one easy to reach knob.



Soft Comfort Grips

Recoil, height of cut, and operator handles are ergonomically designed to fit your hands.



Easy Lift Bag

Lawn-Boy's all new one-handed design lifts the bag cleanly between the handles - eliminating the spring loaded door - to save you time and effort.



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**And, one of the best listener-animals
is “Duncan” a pretty big Newfoundland . . .
well, actually, just a “normal” Newfoundland**





“Duncan” (on the left) is the proud Official Mascot of the *Tau Kappa Epsilon (TKE) Fraternity, Upsilon-Gamma Chapter, University of Minnesota Duluth*

And, one of the best listener-animals
is “Duncan” a pretty big Newfoundland . . .
well, actually, just a “normal” Newfoundland

**Normal Newfoundlands are bred as water-rescue dogs,
and they have webbed feet,
and a second coat of hair
so they can swim in Lake Superior in the winter,
and all of that sort of thing**

Basically, Newfoundlands LOVE water

**And, the best-listener-animal, Duncan, has his own
“Newfoundland Crossing” sign, right by “Stonehenge”**





**Stonehenge,
the original, is in England**

Stonehenge



Ancient Civilizations

- ◆ [Images of Stonehenge](#) -- Mary Ann Sullivan
- ◆ [Sacred Places: Stonehenge](#) -- Christopher L. C. E. Witcombe
- ◆ [The Stonehenge Project](#)
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- ◆ [Stonehenge](#) -- Britannia.com
- ◆ [Stonehenge](#)
- ◆ [Stonehenge, England](#) -- Places of Peace and Power

And, the best-listener-animal, Duncan, has his own
“Newfoundland Crossing” sign, right by “Stonehenge”

**“Stonehenge” is my prehistoric Irish version of the
English Stonehenge
(but that Stonehenge is actually pre-British)**

**“Stonehenge” Duluth has a dozen standing-stones
(menhir), just like the real thing**

**And a wood-fired oven
(with a 6 foot X ca. 3 foot baking chamber)**

And a fourteen-ton lintel on top of the oven



**“Stonehenge”
Duluth**



It is enjoyed by lots of folks



It is enjoyed by lots of folks

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One day I came by the “Newfoundland Crossing” sign heading by “Stonehenge” on the way to the back yard to talk to the animals and trees

Passing by the “Newfoundland Crossing” sign one would expect to pass by a Newfoundland, so when I caught what I thought was “Duncan” (who actually lives in Lakeside, normally) in the little pond that we have to water the deer and ducks and other animals, I didn’t think twice—as after all, Newfoundlands are bred to be water dogs

But still, for a split second I thought it was unusual as Duncan does not usually go in the pond



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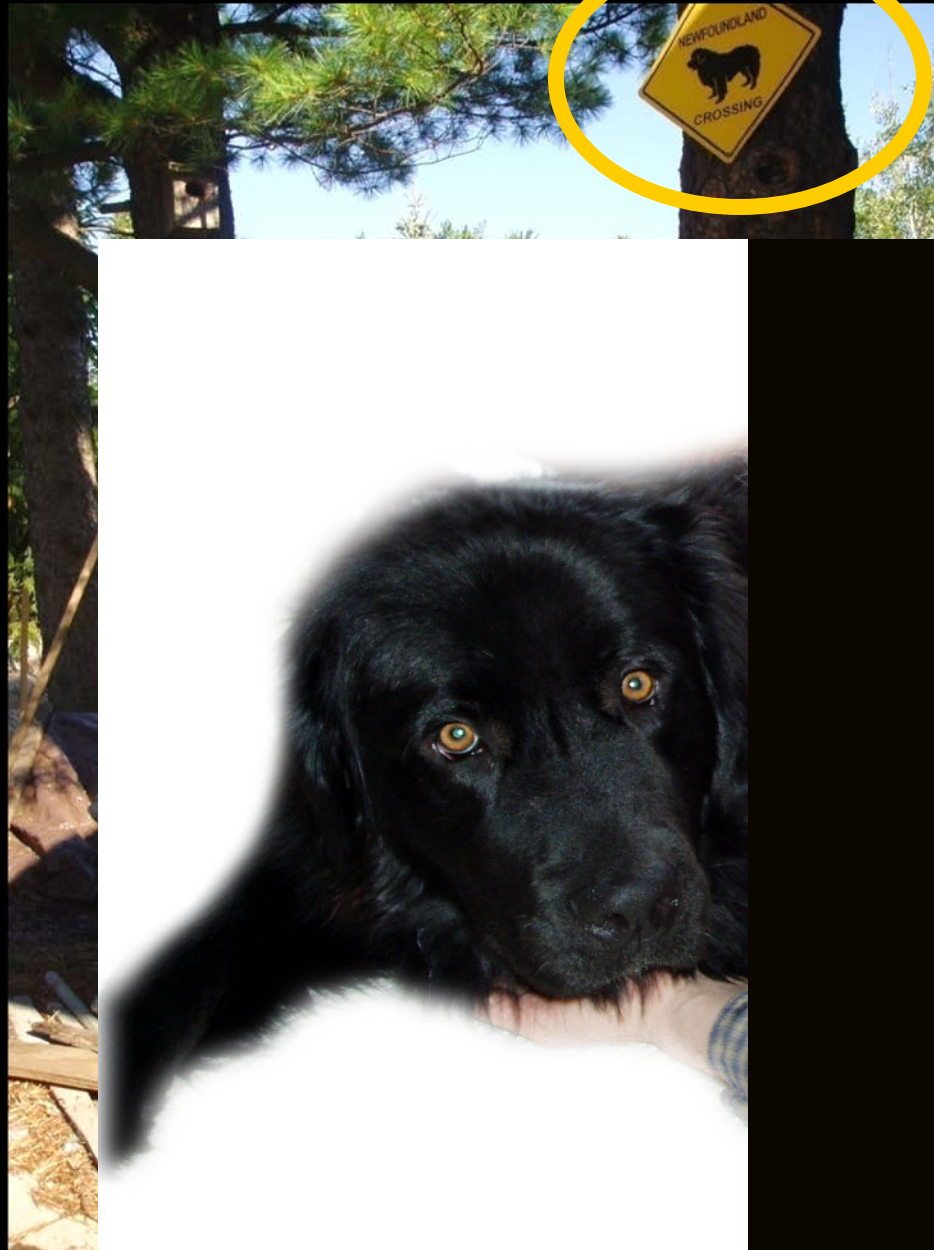
But still, for a split second I thought it was unusual as Duncan does not usually go in the pond

**But it was a really hot August day, and even *people*
were acting a little funny . . .
so only for a split second did I worry about Duncan in
the pond**

Until, a second split second later, I thought . . .

**“What the hell . . .
Duncan doesn’t have peaked ears!!!!**

**His ears are big and floppy like every other
Newfoundland . . .**



**As it turns out,
it was so hot a bear arrived early to soak
in the little pond**

(they usually don't arrive until about October)



And for almost an hour the bear soaked in the little pond, and wouldn't get out . . .

Until he decided to have some sunflower seeds . . .



**And he must have liked it all
because the next day he brought his friends over**



This is all happening, by the way,
less than the length of a football field away from UMD's
Parking Lot W

So if you live in the dorms
you too could one day be talking with the bears



UMD's Parking Lot W

Bears

1006 Mississippi Ave, Duluth, MN 55811

Chester Park

Image © 2010 DigitalGlobe
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And who knows, maybe you'll be lucky and see some of the other animals that hang around the back yard, presumably waiting to hear a little lecture on anthropology or something like that

There area a LOT of animals, mostly friendly . . .

Two of my favorites were “Fawzi” the pheasant (who local “birders” think was an escapee from a game farm) and a beautiful stag that came every year until the third season of the fall bow-and-arrow hunt in the City of Duluth . . .





**In the end, my friends will tell you . . .
I really like the chickens best**

My wife and I are licensed urban chicken farmers

The license to have 5 chickens in Duluth costs \$10.00 a year,
which, if my math is correct, is \$2 per chicken per year

The chickens themselves cost \$2.35,
and you only have to pay for them once







EVERYBODY seems to like the chickens

Even Duncan . . .



**Duncan is pretty good at protecting people,
but he was NOWHERE in sight
the day the cougar came by
to check things out . . .**



Duluth News Tribune
(Thursday, October 11, 2007, pp. A1, A5)

**I have to say, to be honest about it, that although the
cougar was a stunningly beautiful animal . . .
it scared the living cr.. right out of me
when I looked up
and it was looking me in the eye
from about twenty feet away**

**But it must not have liked the little anthropology
stories that I was telling it because it hasn't been back,
and it's been six or so years now since the first visit**

But lots of other animals make up for it . . .

**including a nice pair of greenhead mallards that stop
by every once in awhile in the spring**



But lots of other animals make up for it . . .

**including a nice pair of greenhead mallards that stop
by every once in awhile in the spring**

and the raccoon

But the fox, well, the fox got a chicken



But the fox, well, the fox got a chicken

It was a big-sad day all around the neighborhood

**The fox took the chicken as I was working on a new
chicken house door—not forty feet away**

It's indeed a sly fox . . .

but a sly fox without the least bit of fear of humans

But the fox, well, the fox got a chicken

It was a big-sad day all around the neighborhood

**The fox took the chicken as I was working on a new
chicken house door—not forty feet away**

It's indeed a sly fox . . .

but a sly fox without the least bit of fear of humans

But enough! . . . on to more pleasant things

FAQs

- *Where did you grow up?*
- *Where did you go to school?*
- *How long have you been at UMD?*
- *What are your favorite things to do?*
- ***How did you get into anthropology?***
- *Where have you been?*
- *What are your pet peeves?*

I grew up in Winsted, Minnesota, in the valley of the

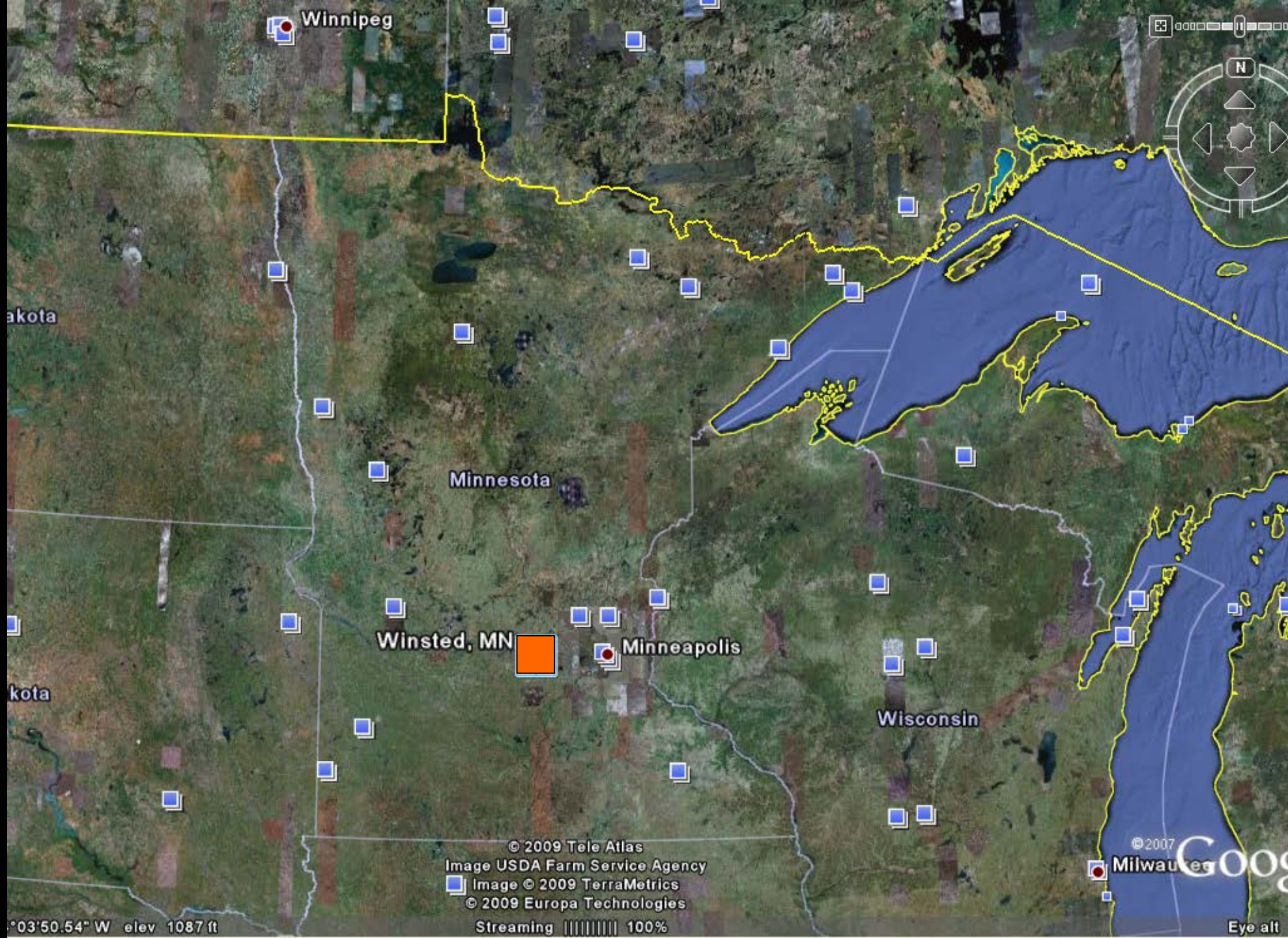
Jolly . . .



*Green
Giant*®



**Green Giant Company Shortly Before it was Razed
Winsted, MN**



Winnipeg

akota

Minnesota

Winsted, MN

Minneapolis

Wisconsin

Milwaukee

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Image USDA Farm Service Agency
Image © 2009 TerraMetrics
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°03'50.54" W elev 1087 ft

Streaming ||||| 100%

Eye alt

**Winsted was a wonderful place to grow up,
except that I had a little problem once in awhile
with the adults,
especially my grandmother who loved me dearly**

**When I was growing up the Green Giant had a canning
factory in Winsted,
where they canned their #1 “Niblets” corn . . .**



Green Giant display of canned goods in a grocery store

Photographer: Norton & Peel

Photograph Collection 1969

Location no. Norton & Peel 310790

Negative no. NP310790

<http://collections.mnhs.org/visualresources/search.cfm?bhcp=1>

**Those were the days before mechanical corn pickers,
and to pick corn the Jolly Green Giant imported people
“from Jamaica”**

I didn't have the foggiest idea where Jamaica might be

(I was only in the second grade when I started to take notice of all of this)

**but I knew Jamaica must be *pretty far* away as they
Jamaicans didn't look like *anybody* local . . .**



*Minnesota Historical Society
Visual Resources Database
Migrant, Green Giant, LeSueur, Minn. 1953*

*Location no. AV1988.151.12
Photographer: Jerome Liebling
Fine Art Photo Collection 1953*

<http://collections.mnhs.org/visualresources/search.cfm?bhcp=1>

**And this is where I got my start in Anthropology . . .
in the 2nd Grade . . .**

**And this is where I got my start in Anthropology . . .
in the 2nd Grade . . .**

Remember?

American Anthropology is Four-Fold:

**Cultural Anthropology
Physical Anthropology
Archaeology
Linguistics**

**My cultural career in Cultural Anthropology began
when my grandmother
backed up by lots of other adults
said that I shouldn't talk to the Jamaicans
“because they kidnap little boys”**

**Now I was only in the 2nd grade
so it didn't occur to me that there were no
little boys missing in Winsted . . .**

**I lived about the length of a football field
from the city park
which was on the lake
and that was where
most of the Jamaicans
came at evening to cool off . . .**

They came down by the lake because they only had little shacks to live in, with only a little light bulb in the room and not much of anything else

And it was really hot in those little shacks

I don't remember too many details of the shacks as they existed at the time, but after the mechanical corn pickers arrived on the scene in Winsted the father of a girl in my class bought two of those little shacks and moved them to another lake and made a little cabin out of them

It was a popular place for lots of folks, especially high school students; and by then we were sophomores in high school and could appreciate a cabin on the lake even if it didn't have a lot of things, like running water, at first

**So anyway, the Jamaican corn pickers
came down by the lake
right close to where I lived, to cool off
and to sing, and to tell stories, and to laugh, and to
have lunch**

The next picture is an aerial photo of the Winsted Lake
(actually, technically, Lake Eleanor, but nobody called it that, and most probably
didn't even know that it was "supposed" to be Lake Eleanor)
**and the yellow arrow is where the
Jamaican corn pickers would spend their evenings . . .
and the green arrow is where I lived . . .**



Winsted, MN

Winsted

© 2007 Europa Technologies

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31°N 94°01'26.42" W elev. 1007 ft

Streaming 100%

Elev alt 10389 ft

**So anyway, you can see how it was almost inevitable
that a curious young second-grader would sneak down
and peek through the bushes
to see what these guys were up to
EVEN THOUGH that meant possibly
being kidnapped**

**I wasn't sure what kidnappers looked like, exactly,
but after watching the Jamaican corn pickers
for a long long time
when they weren't picking corn
it slowly began to seem to me that these people
that the adults told us never to talk to
were actually pretty much like real human beings**

**Well you know how it is with 2nd grade boys,
and before I knew it I was actually talking with them**

**I don't remember exactly the first one I talked with,
but it was probably one of them who was going to the
bathroom near the bushes that I used to hide behind**

Anyway, eventually I just went over and joined them

I really liked to hear them sing

(And this was long before Harry Belafonte was singing "Day-O"

["Jamaica Farewell"]

—at least long before he was singing it in Winsted, MN.)

**I got to know the Jamaican corn pickers about as well
as any young boy could know an adult.**

**I *loved* to hear them sing,
and talk and laugh with one another**

**I went there—snuck down there—for several years,
during the “corn pack” (aka “the pack”) in the fall**

I got to know the Jamaican corn pickers about as well as any young boy could know an adult.

I *loved* to hear them sing,
and talk and laugh with one another

I went there—snuck down there—for several years,
during the “corn pack” (aka “the pack”) in the fall

But you can see, I really had a ***big*** problem

Years later I learned in Introduction to Psychology as a sophomore at Notre Dame University that I had been experiencing what is called “cognitive dissonance”

But chances are that even if I had known I was
experiencing “cognitive dissonance,”
at that time, in 1950,
I wouldn't really have understood what it meant

What I did understand, even in the 2nd and 3rd grades,
was that I had a *big* problem
—and that was that I was beginning to see that what
my grandmother and her friends were telling me
wasn't true

but that I couldn't tell them it wasn't true because I
wasn't supposed to be down there in the city park
talking to “the Jamaicans” to know about it

One time, in the 3rd grade, I had one of those life-changing experiences. Probably my first, I don't know.

One time, in the 3rd grade, I had one of those life-changing experiences. Probably my first, I don't know.

I remember one of the Jamaican men talking to me about his “boy” “back home.”

I still had no idea where “back home” was, but I knew that it must be at least someplace on the other side of Minneapolis

I remember the man telling me about his boy, and about how I reminded him of his son

After a little bit of that he started to cry.

**That was the first adult male I ever saw cry
—other than my father who cried a lot
when my sister died
when she was just a day old**

And *everybody* cried about that

Even at that young age I concluded that a man that cries like Mr. Jamaica isn't going to kidnap anybody, and especially not anyone that reminds him of his son

(I know now that that was faulty logic,
the part about “especially not anyone that reminds him of his son.”)

Literally from that day onward, every time I heard one of the adults say we shouldn't talk with the Jamaicans because they would kidnap us or “who knows what”

(and we kids didn't know exactly “what” was “who knows *what*” in those days,
at least not in Winsted, but in retrospect, the adults probably did)

I thought . . .

“When I grow up I'm going to tell them what the Jamaicans are really like. They're nice.”

Even at that young age I concluded that a man that cries like Mr. Jamaica isn't going to kidnap anybody, and especially not anyone that reminds him of his son

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(and we kids didn't know exactly "what" was "who knows *what*" in those days, at least not in Winsted, but in retrospect, the adults probably did)

I thought . . .

"When I grow up I'm going to tell them what the Jamaicans are really like. They're nice."

But I was afraid to say that because then my grandmother and the other adults would know that I had been *disobedient*

And since 2nd graders didn't go to Confession in those days, I was pretty much stuck with my big secret of knowing that what the adults were saying about the Jamaicans wasn't true, but not being able to say it

But I was afraid to say that because then my grandmother and the other adults would know that I had been *disobedient*

And since 2nd graders didn't go to Confession in those days, I was pretty much stuck with my big secret of knowing that what the adults were saying about the Jamaicans wasn't true, but not being able to say it

I was in a real double bind!

By the time I was *in the 3rd grade*, I *knew* that when I grew up I was going to tell people that the Jamaicans were just like everybody else— that they laughed, they cried (even the MEN), they sang, they told stories, they kidded one another . . . and they even peed in the bushes like the Winsted menfolk did when they went hunting and fishing

And I thought that even though I *still* didn't know at that time where Jamaica was

**And, of course, I had no idea what anthropology was,
or even that there were adults who had a job where
they could tell others about how other people were
humans too**

**Now it was also with the Jamaicans that I got my start
as a “Physical Anthropologist”**

**Now it was also with the Jamaicans that I got my start
as a “Physical Anthropologist”**

REM: American Anthropology is Four-Fold:

Cultural Anthropology

Physical Anthropology

Archaeology

Linguistics

**One time I was down in the city park sitting with the
Jamaicans in the shade of the old wooden bandstand
that was there, not too far from the lake,
listening to the men sing**

It was wonderful

**And as they sang I remember wondering what that
fuzzy hair they had felt like**

**I had often wondered that before, by this time, but I
recall it was at that time when they were all singing and
eating some kind of luncheon meat on plain crackers**

(I loved plain crackers as a young boy)

that I asked one of them if I could feel his fuzzy hair

**He more or less hollared out something like,
“D’ja hear that? Timmy wants to feel my hair?”**

**And I remember they all laughed out loud
and that I wished I hadn’t asked
But then he stood up, tall, took off his hat, and made a
big bow and said it would be OK**

And I felt his hair

It felt funny

And I felt funny

Scared . . . actually



*Minnesota Historical Society
Visual Resources Database
Migrant, Green Giant, LeSueur, Minn. 1953*

*Location no. AV1988.151.12
Photographer: Jerome Liebling
Fine Art Photo Collection 1953*

<http://collections.mnhs.org/visualresources/search.cfm?bhcp=1>

But then they all started laughing some more

**And I remember several of them took off their hats
and put their heads down
and called me over to feel their hair**

Those are the specific things and times that I remember, but I also remember this general feeling of whatever sadness is to a grade school kid anytime I heard an adult say bad things about my friends

And when I ever felt that way I *knew* that when I grew up I would be able to explain to people how nice the Jamaicans really were

**Yes, I remember thinking even then
that when I grew up
I was going to tell everybody about how nice the
Jamaicans are,
and as a “participant-observer” (of sorts)
I felt pretty confident that they would listen**

**And, in a sense, my “career” in anthropology was
launched,
and several events and situations
in subsequent years built upon that wonderful
foundation set forever
by the shores of “Winsted Lake”**

And, in a sense, my “career” in anthropology was
launched,
and several events and situations
in subsequent years built upon that wonderful
foundation set forever
by the shores of “Winsted Lake”

**And, I thought,
“If I ever get to Minneapolis**

(which on a *really* dark night we could see *faintly* glowing in the skies behind
“The Point” of Winsted Lake)

I’m going to find out just where Jamaica is”

**It wasn't only the Jamaicans that
some people in Winsted said bad things about**

**They also said things about
“The Gypsies”**

**We had what the adults always called “The Gypsies”
come to town with the Carnival,
for “Winsted Homecoming Days” in those days**

**And once in awhile, at other times of the year,
“The Gypsies are in Town”
would spread faster than the “Gypsies” themselves
as they went from door to door selling wooden
outdoor furniture**

**I don't know much about the people selling furniture
—probably hand-made woven willow furniture—
but I do know a lot about “The Gypsies” who came to
town with “The Carnival”**



*Minnesota Historical Society
Visual Resources Database
Scene in a gypsy camp, Jefferson Highway.*

Photograph Collection 1933

Location no. GT3.19 r4

Negative no. 88510

<http://collections.mnhs.org/visualresources/search.cfm?bhcp=1>

**And I know about them for the very same reason I
know about the Jamaicans . . .**

I used to sneak out and talk with them

**I used to sneak down to where they were “setting up”
[the carnival rides] and talk with them,
and with the families that lived in little trailers that
travelled with “The Carnival”**

**“The Gypsies”
—as I remember—
weren’t as gentle as the Jamaicans,
and they didn’t sing, and joke,
and things like the Jamaicans,
but in retrospect that was probably because when I
was down watching them “set up” they were *working*,
not relaxing after work**

But I don’t really know; that’s just a guess

**I was older then, too. I was in the 3rd grade, but I talked
with them even in the 4th grade**

**I remember the “Gypsy” moms and grandmothers
looking after their children like my mom and
grandmother did**

**—and I can only now imagine what “The Gypsy”
grandmothers were telling their grandchildren about
US . . .**

I remember less about the people with “The Carnival”

**I didn't spend as much time there as with the
Jamaicans by the lake. And they were only in town for
a week or two**

**And they also spoke in a way that I couldn't
understand much of what they were saying**

**But I do remember that one of “The Gypsy” girls about
my age was very kind . . .
and kind of cute,
or as cute as a girl can be to a 3rd grader**

**AND I remember she took my hand, right there by the
concession stand of the little league ball park, and told
my fortune**

For free

I don't remember what she said the future would bring

**And, of course, I didn't know 'till college that they
weren't and didn't want to be "Gypsies"**

I didn't know that until I left Winsted

**I didn't know that they were, and wanted to be . . .
"The Romani"**

But my future in archaeology was clearer

Crystal-ball clear . . .

I was older at the time

But my future in archaeology was clearer

Crystal-ball clear . . .

I was older at the time

But I was still in 3rd grade

**My career in Archaeology,
the third of the four-fold disciplines
of American Anthropology,
began precisely on . . .**

The early years . . .

“archaeology”

Good Friday

1952

The early years . . .

"archaeology"

Good Friday

1952

at about

10:30 a.m.

**The reason that I remember that my
“Archaeological career” began about 10:30 a.m. on
Good Friday in 1952 had to do with local customs . . .**

**Winsted was a German Catholic village at the time, and
EVERYONE was expected to go to Church from 12:00
noon until 3:00 p.m. on Good Friday**

In 1952 I was old enough to figure out that not everyone in Winsted could fit in the Catholic Church

(My father's mother—a very kind, quiet woman who was in fact one of the town's grandmas, and the whole town called her "Grandma Roufs"—was one of the very few people in town who were not Catholic, in 1952, so it was easy to see that with "the whole town Catholic," the people of the town simply wouldn't fit in the Church)

I honestly don't remember if I or my good friend Bobby figured that out, but one of us did, and we essentially reasoned that since the whole town wouldn't fit in the Church for the three-hour Good Friday service, it might as well be us who were among those who couldn't fit in

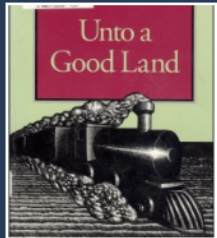
**So, needing some place to go (or to hide out?) we decided
to “dig for Indian graves”
over at “Old Man Littfin’s” farm**

**Now one might think that is sort of a wild thing to for
two 3rd graders to be thinking of,
but it wasn’t—at least in Winsted**

“Old Man Littfin” (whose title, by the way, was a term of endearment,
and well-liked—sort of the male version of “Grandma Roufs”) **had a
private museum of “Indian relics” that he picked up on
his farm while plowing. Eventually his granddaughter
gave several five-gallon pails of arrowheads, for e.g., to
the McLeod County Historical Society in Hutchinson**

**And over at the
McLeod County Historical Society
in Hutchinson those items are still known as
“The Littfin Collection”**

headlines »



Bringing Books to Life ~Pioneer Trunk~ Program:

August 5, 2010 - 8:25 pm | No Comment
 McLeod County Libraries & McLeod County Historical Museum:
 Bringing Books to Life Program
 ~The Pioneer Trunk~
 Funded by the Minnesota Arts & Cultural Heritage Library Legacy Fund
 The Bringing Books to Life Program -The Pioneer Trunk, is a partnership ...

[Read the full story »](#)

featured »



The Lost Town of Thornton...
 February 16, 2010 - 18:30 | No Comment



Lost Town of Clear Lake...
 February 16, 2010 - 18:23 | No Comment



The Lost Town of Acoma...
 February 8, 2010 - 20:31 | No Comment

history

Explore the History of McLeod county and the surrounding areas of Central Minnesota.

current events

Stay connected with what's happening at the McLeod County Historical Museum.

exhibits

See history for yourself with our one of a kind exhibits and historical sessions.

videos

Watch History from your computer! Browse video segments from our library.

photos

Explore our archive of historical photos as well as galleries for our exhibits and events.

current events, exhibits, history »

Spotlight on the Collection-Native American Arrowheads

May 7, 2010 - 3:44 pm | No Comment

Spotlight on the Collection... "Native American Arrowheads"

**Saturday, May 15th - 2-3 P M
 Museum Meeting Room**



Native American Arrowhead

Archive

- └ August 2010
- └ July 2010
- └ May 2010
- └ April 2010
- └ March 2010
- └ February 2010

Blogroll

- └ Colortabs Project
- └ Mohael Hutagalung
- └ Hanna Siahaan
- └ Arthemis Forum
- └ Wordpress.org

Tag Cloud

And Old Man Littfin's farm was the "place to go" to look for arrowheads, anytime, but especially in the spring when he was plowing the fields and when they were percolating up



And Old Man Littfin's farm was the "place to go" to look for arrowheads, anytime, but especially in the spring when he was plowing the fields and when they were percolating up

**His farm was on the site of a Lakotah Village.
And my oldest cousins even told of how they remember the old people in town talking about "the last Indian" who lived "on the point"**

**And one of the Indians in everyone's memory,
if only from local folklore,
was "Chief Little Crow,"
who everyone said "was shot in the back by a farmer
while picking berries over by 'Hutch'"**

**"Hutch" was Hutchinson, the same place where part of
"Old Man Littfin's" arrowhead collection ended up**

**And every now and then one would hear the rumor
that Little Crow's body was on display
someplace in "The Cities"**

"archaeology" . . .



The screenshot shows a web browser window with the address bar containing <http://www.mnsu.edu/emuseum/history/mncultures/littlecrow.html>. The page has a tan background with a decorative border of autumn leaves at the top. The main heading is "Famous Native Minnesotans" in a large, dark red font. Below the heading is a small, square, black and white portrait of a Native American man, identified as Little Crow. Underneath the portrait is the name "Little Crow" in a large, bold, brown font. Below the name is a paragraph of text in the same brown font, which is partially cut off at the bottom. At the bottom of the browser window, there is a search bar and a "Find" field containing the text "insted".

Menu

Famous Native Minnesotans



Little Crow

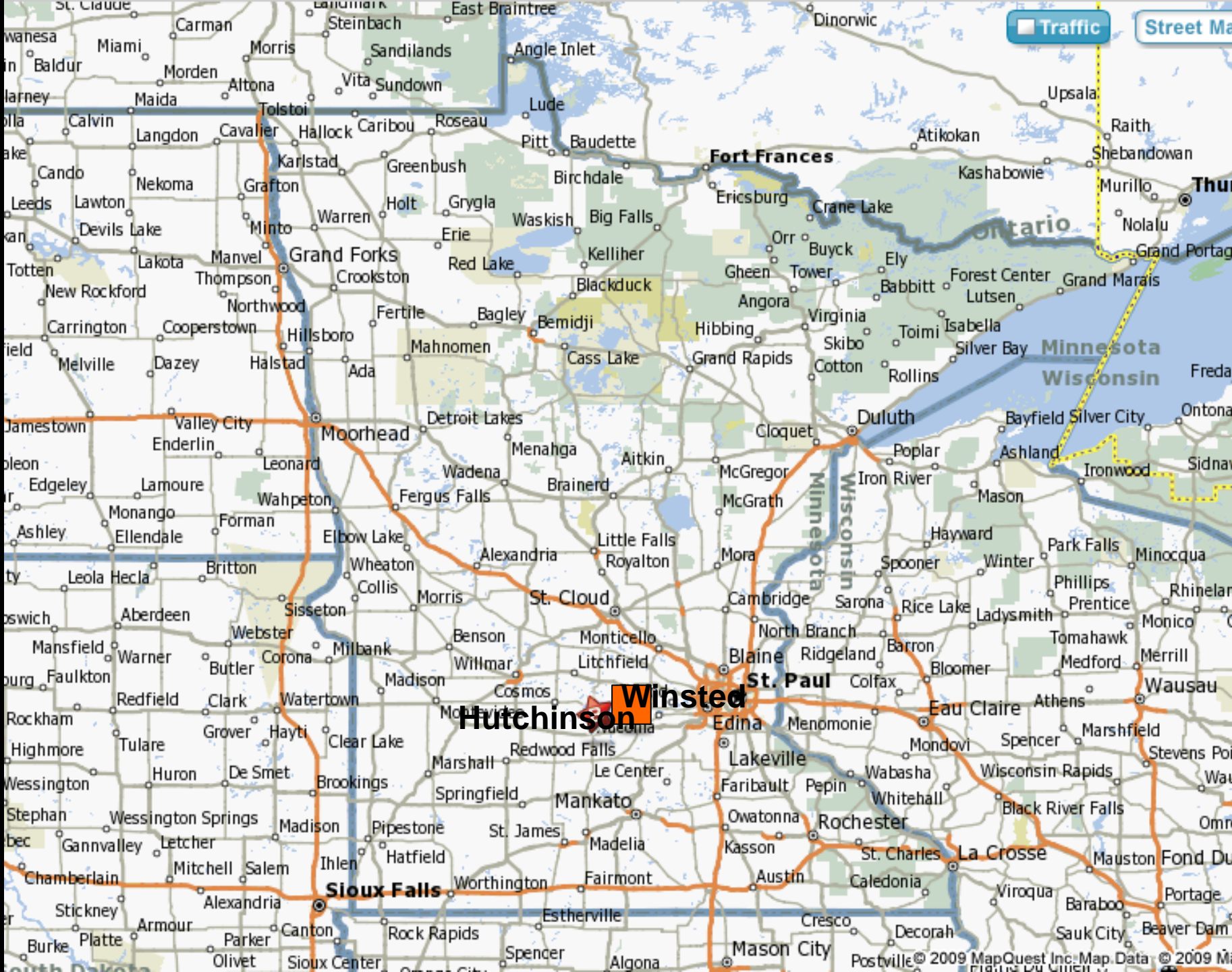
Little Crow was born Tayoyateduta (His Red Nation) in the Mdewakanton Dakota village of Kaposia. He was the chief, Wakenyantanka (Big Thunder), and his wife was Minneakadawin (Woman Planting in Water) and the

Blockable items on current page

Search:

Find: Match case





Traffic

Street Map

Winsted

Hutchinson

**So everyone knew at least about Chief Little Crow,
and, of course everyone knew of the old Indian Village
that used to be on “The Point,”
and everyone knew of the really wonderful “Indian
artifact” collection of Old Man Littifin**

**And there was this not-too-often mentioned mystery of
where Little Crow’s bones were**

**So everyone knew at least about Chief Little Crow,
and, of course everyone knew of the old Indian Village
that used to be on “The Point,”
and everyone knew of the really wonderful “Indian
artifact” collection of Old Man Littifin**

**And there was this not-too-often mentioned mystery of
where Little Crow’s bones were**

And they were someplace on display!

So it was only natural for a couple of 3rd graders who wanted to help ease the overcrowding in church to think about “digging up Indian graves”

(NOTICE: This sort of thing is ILLEGAL nowadays)

So it was only natural for a couple of 3rd graders who wanted to help ease the overcrowding in church to think about “digging up Indian graves”

(NOTICE: This sort of thing is ILLEGAL nowadays)

So we got a couple of shovels of some kind and set off for “The Point”

**It hadn't occurred to us
that at *about precisely* 3:04
somewhere around 450 people
would be coming out of the overcrowded church
and walking down the front stairs
with a view straight on of . . .
"The Point"**

. . . and two little kids digging something



Church

"Old Man
Littfin's"
farm

"The Point"

"Grandma Roufs"
mother was born
in this little farm
house

© 2007 Europa Technologies

© 2007 Google™

31° N 94° 04' 26.42" W elev. 1007 ft

Streaming 100%

Eye alt 10389 ft



Winsted, MN

Winsted

Modern-day view
of the church
from "The Point"

© 2007 Europa Technologies

© 2007 Google™

31°N 94°01'26.42" W elev. 1007 ft

Streaming 100%

Eye alt. 10389 ft

**And, of course, as is normal in little villages,
it didn't take long at all before all of the "inquisitive"
villagers knew WHO the two little guys were,
and—we were told later, *several times a year*, for the
duration of our days in Winsted—
that "the whole town" was curious
about *what* we were doing**

**And we were told—another untruth it turned out—that
"the whole town was watching"**

And, of course, as is normal in little villages, it didn't take long at all before all of the "inquisitive" villagers knew WHO the two little guys were, and—we were told later, *several times a year*, for the duration of our days in Winsted—that "the whole town" was curious about *what* we were doing

And we were told—another untruth it turned out—that "the whole town was watching"

**In reality it was probably
only about 450 people**

My first two encounters with

Linguistics

—the fourth of the four-fold American

Anthropology focus—

was by comparison rather straightforward . . .

The first babysitter that I can remember was Augusta “Gusty” (Karles) Norman. In the years before I was born people generally spoke German in Winsted. When my dad and mom started grade school, Holy Trinity Grade School in Winsted, their books were in German, and some instruction was in German. I still have my dad’s first grade reader, in German. Sermons in church were often in German (or so I was told).

Gusty, a native German speaker, turned out to be my first linguistics teacher. From Gusty I learned my first German poem--when I was quite young, before I could read or write. The poem went something like this (although to this day I’m not sure what the correct spelling might be) . . .

***“Die Katze lief im Schnee
mit seinen Arsch in die height“***

(the last word was Gusty's dialect for something like "air", I am told;
I don't know how to spell it).

**She told me “tell your dad and mom that you’re learning
German, and then show them what you know.”**

I did.

My father laughed.

**My mom pretended to not be amused, but, I am told, the
story was popular at the “Chic Chix” bridge club.**

**Gusty's version was NOT
the traditional children's song . . .**

ABC, die Katze lief im Schnee

ABC, the Cat Ran in the Snow

**A B C,
Die Katze lief im Schnee.
Und als sie wieder raus kam,
Da hat sie weiße Stiefel an.
O jemine!
Die Katze lief im Schnee.**

**A B C,
The cat ran in the snow.
When she came out again,
She had white boots on.
Oh, my! Oh, my!
The cat ran in the snow.**

**A B C,
Die Katze lief zur Höh'!
Sie leckt ihr kaltes Pfötchen rein
Und putzt sich auch die Stiefelein
Und ging nicht mehr,
Ging nicht mehr in den Schnee.**

**A B C,
The cat ran up high.
She licked her cold little paws
And also cleaned her booties
And did not go any more
Did not go any more into the snow.**

I am told that people pretty much stopped using German publically in Winsted during WWII, so I don't remember too much, except that the old folks would still talk German, especially if they didn't want the young ones to know what they were talking about.

During the War, there was an internment camp for Germans over at Howard Lake (the neighboring town to the north), by the Wright County Fair Grounds. That probably didn't help promote the speaking of German in public in those days.

And people also knew what they were doing to the Japanese living in America.

German POW researcher plans to return to Howard Lake with program

By Lynda Jensen

German POW researcher Dr. Michael Luick-Thrams, Ph.D. will return to Howard Lake once again to revisit the subject of German POWs housed at the Wright County Fairgrounds.

Previously, Luick-Thrams visited the area and toured the fair grounds in 2001, as well as interviewing locals.

Many German POWs based at the fairgrounds camp worked for local farmers or at the canning factories in Cokato.

Another interesting fact is that Minnesotans were some of the first POWs in Germany, Luick-Thrams said.

This program will give everyone the history of the lives of both Minnesota POWs in Germany and German POWs in Minnesota, he said.

In fact, most Minnesotans are probably unaware that despite its geographic isolation, the state had numerous and significant connections to Nazi Germany.

Book tells of POW experiences in Howard Lake

By Andrea Vargo

It all started when Myron Heuer of Howard Lake wrote an article for the Herald a few years ago that described a prisoner of war (POW) camp at the Wright County Fairgrounds in 1944.

Dean Simmons, who was doing research on POW camps in Minnesota, saw the article and contacted Heuer, as part of the research he was doing for his book, "Swords into Plowshares."

He contacted Heuer to find out what he knew about the camp, and promised to get back to him when his book on the camps was finished.

Unfortunately, Heuer died last February before the book was complete, said Simmons.

Simmons said his research started as a student at the University of Minnesota in 1989 and continued in Germany in 1991, after he had received a copy of an old address book signed by Minnesota POWs.

Two of those former prisoners were from Howard Lake, he said.

Most of the POWs in the United States were Italians or Germans from the African Corp, and the two prisoners from Howard Lake were German.

<http://www.herald-journal.com/archives/1999/stories/pow.html>

You will note at the Winsted cemetery that some tombstones in family plots changed from German to English during the War.

When I was growing up the Cemetery was divided into the Holy Trinity Catholic side, and the “protestant” side—and there was a fence dividing the two sides.

My dad’s mom and dad are buried on the former “protestant” side, and my mom’s dad and mother are buried on the Catholic side.

Today the fence is gone, and the dead get along quite well in Winsted.

**My second adventure in linguistics was in Latin . . . as
an altar boy.**

**At first I understood Latin about as well as I
understood the poem that Gusty taught me.**

**In the same year as
the great Good Friday “archaeological”
excavation**

1952

**little Timmy took up Latin with Sister Orentia
to become an altar boy**

(thereby assuring his folks

that he *will* be

at the next year’s Good Friday services)

I liked being an altar boy. I was an altar boy from 1952 until I graduated from college.

At the University of Notre Dame I was a Mass server for Father Theodore Hesburgh's private Masses in the crypt of Sacred Heart Church.

Hesburgh was, and is, truly a great person. In addition to holding the Guinness book of World Records title for having received the most honorary degrees, Father Hesburgh in a decent human being. He was also Notre Dame's greatest President.



My last time serving Mass was a command performance, so to speak, with my brother Tommy.

One of the last wishes of my Aunt Elderine (my mother's sister), was to have "Tommy and Timmy" serve her funeral Mass. In her mind, at the time, she probably thought we were still little boys.

Anyway, Tommy and I served Mass for her funeral. The problem was, Tommy and I only knew the responses IN LATIN. We didn't know the English version. And the young priest didn't know any of the prayers in Latin. So he said the Mass in English and Tommy and I answered the priest in Latin. I wish now that I would have added Gusty's poem on to one of the prayers for old time's sake. The young priest probably wouldn't have known the German from the Latin.

And, as was Tommy and my trademark for serving funerals, we gave the deceased an extra shot of incense for the final blessing.

In the meantime, other events “transpire”

...

It must have been about two or three years later we were over by Maple Plain at a Pee-Wee baseball tournament

It was the kind of tournament where you play a game in the morning and if you win you sit around waiting for the next game, sometimes two, to get over, so you can play for “The Championship”

[the “championship” of the *weekend* Pee-Wee tournament, not the championship of the state or region]

**It happened that on that weekend
we won the first game**

**I was roaming around the nearby railroad tracks
in between games and came upon “a bum” making
lunch on an open fire in a little woods near the tracks**

**We were also warned about
“The Bums” who stopped off in Winsted**
[The Luce Line train still came through Winsted in those days]

But “Bums” didn’t seem to be so intent on “kidnapping little boys,” so we didn’t pay too much attention

And there *weren’t* many “bums” in Winsted anyway, and those that came didn’t seem to follow any calendar, like the Jamaicans and “Gypsies” did

I forget exactly how I got to talking with “The Bum” over by Maple Plain, but before long I was sitting next to the fire having a sandwich with him

**I don't remember too much about the conversation, but
I still remember that he told me that he was "a bum"**

**He told me that he was from the "Eddy's Bread family,"
and at one time was "well to do"**

He told me that alcohol was his problem

He told me never to let alcohol "get a hold" of me

And he cried

**I don't remember too much about the conversation, but
I still remember that he told me that he was "a bum"**

**He told me that he was from the "Eddy's Bread family,"
and at one time was "well to do"**

He told me that alcohol was his problem

He told me never to let alcohol "get a hold" of me

And he cried

Like the Jamaican

I don't remember how we did in the final game of that week's Pee-Wee "championships"

**But even when I got to college
I remembered the "Eddy's Bread guy"**

And I remembered the other bums that would stop by a diner-type café that my dad owned,

— run for my entire life in Winsted by a German lady from town —

**asking for (and getting) a meal from my dad,
usually in exchange for a little wood splitting**

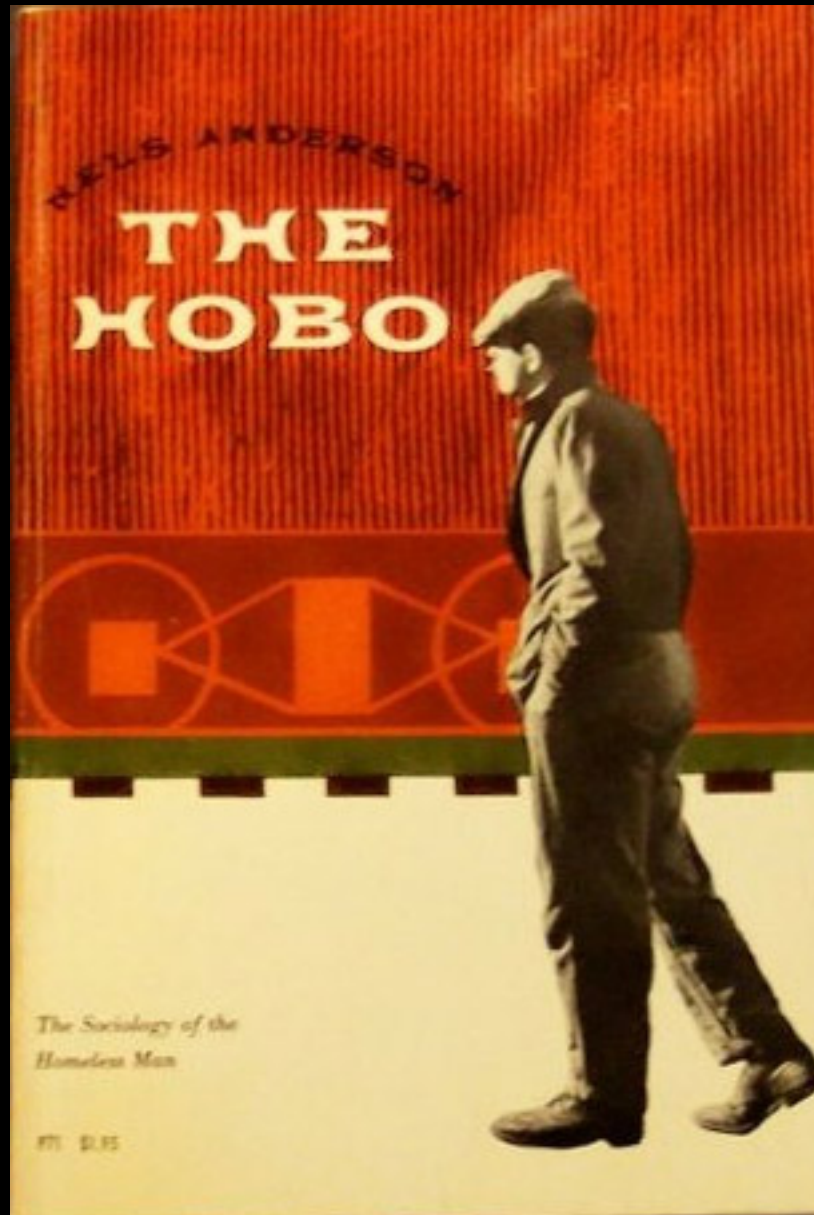
those "bums" were really nice also . . .

**And the “bums” I met personally
really never seemed to be like
the “bums” *that people talked about* . . .**

**And at Notre Dame,
almost ironically, one of my very first
college papers,
in sociology was on
Nels Anderson's book**

***The Hobo: The Sociology of the
Homeless Man***

-- for my mentor William V. "Bill" D'Antonio,
later a long-time CEO of the American Sociological Association . . .



**Occasionally
we had “bums”
passing through
on the Luce Line Railroad . . .**

**and while doing that paper,
arguing that Anderson argued
that real-life bums aren't "bums,"
that I remembered well
the real-life "bums" in my real-life past**

and while doing that paper,
arguing that Anderson argued
that real-life bums aren't "bums,"
that I remembered well
the real-life "bums" in my real-life past

**And, thought I, if this is sociology,
then I guess I'm a sociologist**

And at Notre Dame I studied internationally-oriented sociology, graduating with a degree in Sociology

William Liu

— U.S.A. representative for the social sciences to China, after the ping-pong diplomacy of Richard M. Nixon —

**was my senior honors director, my research mentor,
and good friend . . .**



William T. Liu, Ph.D.

Professor Emeritus

1930 - 2008



**THE ESSENCE OF
CHINESE CUISINE**
WILLIAM T. LIU and MAY L. LIU

The Essence of Chinese Cuisine.
1970. William T Liu and May L. Liu.
Nashville/London: Aurora.



THE ESSENCE OF
CHINESE CUISINE

Tim:
Best wishes + warmest regards.

Tim T. C.

May Liu
1972

Chinese Cuisine.

and May L. Liu.

n: Aurora.

and at Notre Dame . . .

Julian Samora

— an anthropologist, and the first U.S. recipient of Mexico's Aguila Azteca Award, the highest award given to foreigners by that country —

**was my advisor and
primary anthropology professor . . .**

[Samora Join Us](#)

[Samora Store](#)

[Samora Video Gallery](#)

[Samora Calendar](#)



"When I was a little kid, growing up in Colorado, in Spanish, eranos nosotros los Mexicanos, but in English, we were Spanish American. That was because the dominant society didn't like things Mexican"

-Julian Samora

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Dr. Julian Samora | Timeline

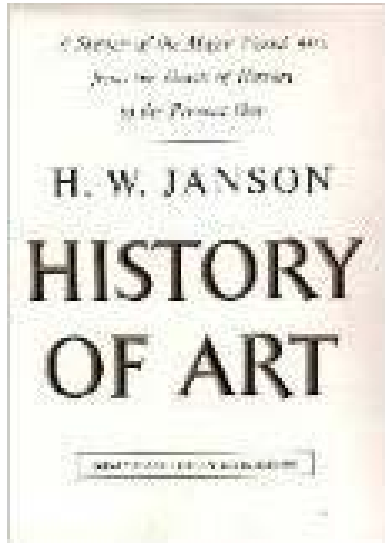
- [Timeline](#)
- [Curriculum Vitae](#)
- [Pioneer Scholar](#)
- [Leadership](#)
- [Scholarship](#)
- [Research](#)
- [Mentor](#)



1920-1996

If there is a theme in the life of Julian Samora, it would have to be his life long fight for social justice, for himself, for Mexican-Americans trying to make a living in the Midwest and Southwest, for Mexicans struggling to survive in the border regions of both countries, and for the multitudes of Spanish speaking people identified under the umbrella of Hispanic or Latino in the United States. The numbers of all these groups grew substantially during his forty-year career and he helped in remarkable ways to bring their struggles to light.

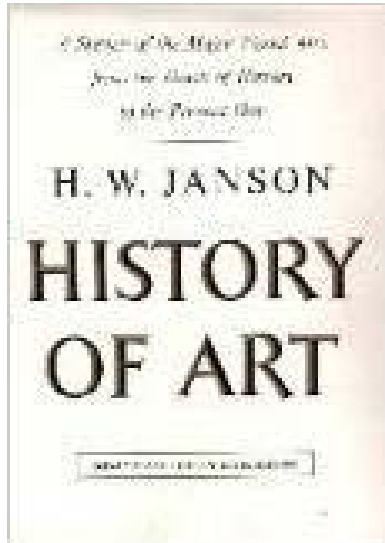
Faced with soul numbing discrimination as a way of life, he was impassioned with anger, pride and determination to change the world he



and at Notre Dame . . .

**one of the best “anthropology courses” I had was
Introduction to Art History, taught by another mentor . . .**

Robert Leader



and at Notre Dame . . .

**one of the best “anthropology courses” I had was
Introduction to Art History, taught by another mentor . . .**

Robert Leader

**. . . an experience which led in my senior year
to my Senior Honors Thesis on Anthropology and Art**

Robert Leader, Notre Dame artist and teacher, dies

April 11, 2006 • Arts and Letters

Robert A. Leader, professor emeritus of art, art history and design, died yesterday (April 11). He was 81 years old.

Born May 26, 1924, in Cambridge, Mass., Leader interrupted his studies at the Museum of Fine Art in Boston to serve in the Marines during World War II. As a 20-year-old corporal he was wounded during the invasion of Iwo Jima a few days after having been a member of the patrol that captured Mount Suribachi and famously planted an American flag there. Even in the heat of battle, his artistic and scholarly training were never far from him. He wrote years later that on the morning of the Suribachi assault he was startled at the infernal ugliness of a military objective which “only that morning I had thought looked beautiful, like the woodcut prints of Hiroshige and Utamaro.”

Leader returned from the war to obtain degrees in art from Yale University and the University of Illinois and to marry Dorothy Riehl of Raleigh, N.D. on Sept. 1, 1949. They had four sons and a daughter.



and later at the University of Minnesota

— as a National Institutes of General Medical Sciences Graduate Fellow in
Anthropology —

I studied with . . .

Frank C. Miller

Pertti J. Pelto

E. Adamson Hoebel

Robert F. Spencer

Robert C. Kiste

Michael Z. Salovesh

Don Martindale

Richard E. W. Adams

Ward J. Barrett

All the while I was growing up my father, and godfather-uncle, the assistant priests, and other gentlemen of the town would help Father Cassian Osendorf, OSB, of the Red Lake Catholic Indian Mission, “collect clothing for the Indians”

They were, I am told, helping out by playing poker and drinking whiskey at my godfather-uncle’s cabin, to help everyone relax, or something like that

But in the serious times when Father Cassian was around the family, we learned an awful lot about the conditions of life at Red Lake, conditions that were not widely reported on or known about in those days



Indian children at Red Lake

Minnesota Historical Society Photograph Collection 1956
Location no. E97.1 r95
Negative no. 58528

Father Cassian Osendorf, OSB

was a missionary at
Red Lake Mission, 1956 –



Indian family at Redby

Minnesota Historical Society Photograph Collection 1956

Location no. E97.1 r93

Negative no. 58529

And in the last few years, since going deaf, I thought a lot about Sharon, the tall, classmate, “the deaf girl” I sat behind in an early grade—during my early years as a cultural-physical-archaeological explorer

And I remember that in those days some people thought that Sharon, the gangly “deaf girl” with stringy red hair, who was always kind to me in the second grade, couldn’t hear because of god’s punishment for what one or other of her parents or some other relative had done. . . .

**And that bothered me even then,
but probably mostly because
my mom and dad *said* it should bother me**

**Sharon didn't stay with our class long. I think she
came and went in the second grade . . .
or maybe it was the third**

But I remember that some people weren't kind to her

And I know, but I don't know why, she never returned.

**Perhaps she went to the School for the Deaf at
Faribault . . .**



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Minnesota State Academy for the Deaf

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Coordinates: 44°18′23″N 93°15′34.27″W

The **Minnesota State Academy for the Deaf (MSAD)** is a public residential school serving [deaf](#) children in [Minnesota](#). It is one of two [Minnesota State Academies](#) located in [Faribault](#) and operated by the state for particular student populations.

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Minnesota State Academy for the Deaf

Location

[Faribault, Minnesota](#)

Information

Type	Public
Established	1863
Faculty	20
Grades	Pre-K to 12
Number of students	135
Color(s)	Maroon and Gold

**Those of you in the
Anthropology of Food might
be a little curious about my
food background . . .**

**My Roufs family has been into
food since at least 1702 . . .**

In the Netherlands my family members were farmers in Nieuwstadt – Sittard until they migrated to the United States “to find a better life” for the children about 1842.

Some became millers.

The Roufs Mill in Sittard, Netherlands, today is a world center for the study of water mills.



Some became millers.

The Roufs Mill in Sittard, Netherlands, today is a world center for the study of water mills.

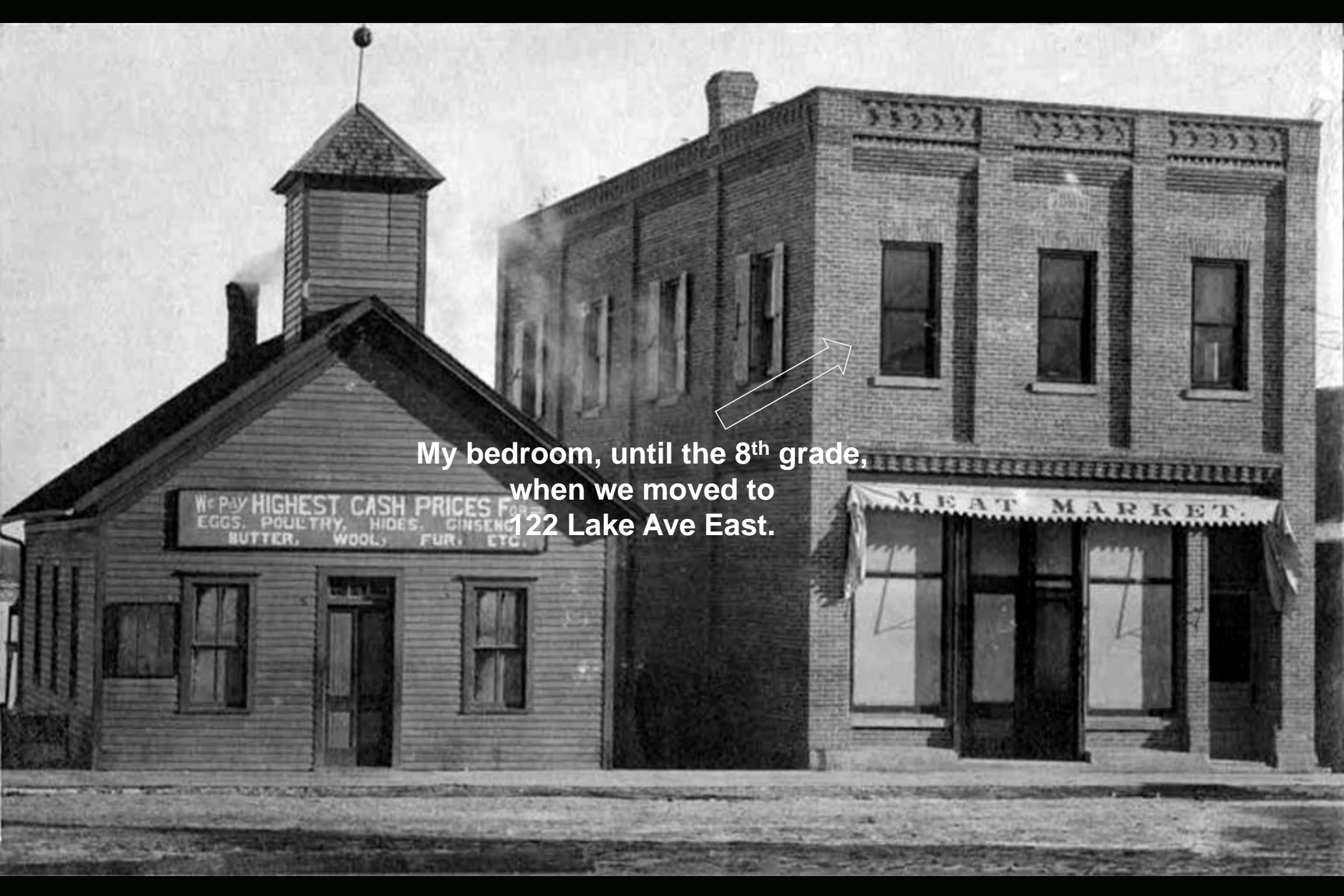


**About 1842, reads the history
in Nieuwstadt, my immediate
ancestors migrated to the
United States “to find a better
life for the children”.**

Family legend has it that two brothers from somewhere in Indiana brought some cows to Minnesota and Wisconsin and never returned.

My side of the family settled in Winsted, as you saw above. In Winsted and went into the meat business, providing what would now be called “artisanal meats” – real home cured hams, sausages, etc.





My bedroom, until the 8th grade,
when we moved to
122 Lake Ave East.

We pay HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR
EGGS, POULTRY, HIDES, GINSENG,
BUTTER, WOOL, FUR, ETC.

MEAT MARKET.

**My Grandfather, Father, and
older Brother were the town
butchers, and they ran “The
Butcher Shop” where . . .**

They became regionally famous as the makers of the “Famous Winsted Bologna”

The 'famous Winsted Bologna' recipes comes to Howard Lake

By Jennifer Gallus
Staff Writer

What was thought to have disappeared forever, – the “famous Winsted bologna” of yesteryear has reemerged after a 36-year absence in the area.

Don Schwartz of Grandpa Ittel’s Meats in Howard Lake recently purchased the recipe and has been producing the bologna since March.

Customers from near and far would flock to Winsted’s past City Meat Market to purchase the bologna. Before the Winsted meat market closed in 1971, it proudly advertised that it was “The home of the famous Winsted bologna.”

“The original recipe came from Germany when the Rauschendorfer family settled in Jordan,” said John Lueck of Winsted, who owned Winsted’s City Meat Market from 1968 to 1971.

The Rauschendorfers first started a meat market in Jordan in the late 1800s, where they produced the bologna. A relative moved to Winsted, also in the late 1800s or early 1900s, and started producing a similar version of the Jordan bologna, according to what the late Mixie Roufs told Lueck.

The late Fred Roufs worked for the German butcher, and eventually bought Rauschendorfer’s business, as well as kept making the Winsted bologna. Fred’s son, the late Mark Roufs, together with his wife, Mixie (Campbell) Roufs eventually took over the City Meat Market in Winsted.

When Mark passed away, Mixie and her son, Tom, ran the market until Lueck bought the shop in 1968.

Early on, when freezing technologies were developed by Mr. Birdseye my father opened the town frozen locker business,

**and eventually opened
“The Coffee Shop” – a very
successful 1950s diner-like
operation (juke box and all).**

Some of the other “Bums” I met when a little boy were those who would come by the Coffee Shop looking for a free meal.

My father always had a pile of maple wood out back, for smoking hams and sausages in the Meat Market, and always let them chop a little wood in return for a nice meal or two. He never turned anyone down. . . .

He never turned anyone down who needed something to eat, either at the Coffee Shop, or at the Meat Market.

And very quietly, on the side, he provided food from the little grocery store attached to the Meat Market to the few in town who couldn't always afford food for the entire month (because their little pensions ran out at the end of the month).

My father's father died just before I was born.

He also was the town butcher, and in the early days the Roufs "slaughterhouse" [abattoir] was located at the edge of town

(following the European manner of locating slaughterhouses,
where "Benny Weinbeck's apartments are now located)

And more than once, when I was a young boy, I watched one or two of the less fortunate old bachelors in town come into the Meat Market and ask my dad for a “soup bone”.

My dad always made it a point to quietly give them one, making sure that it still had a lot of meat still on it, and quietly wrap it up and hand it to them as if they had paid for it.

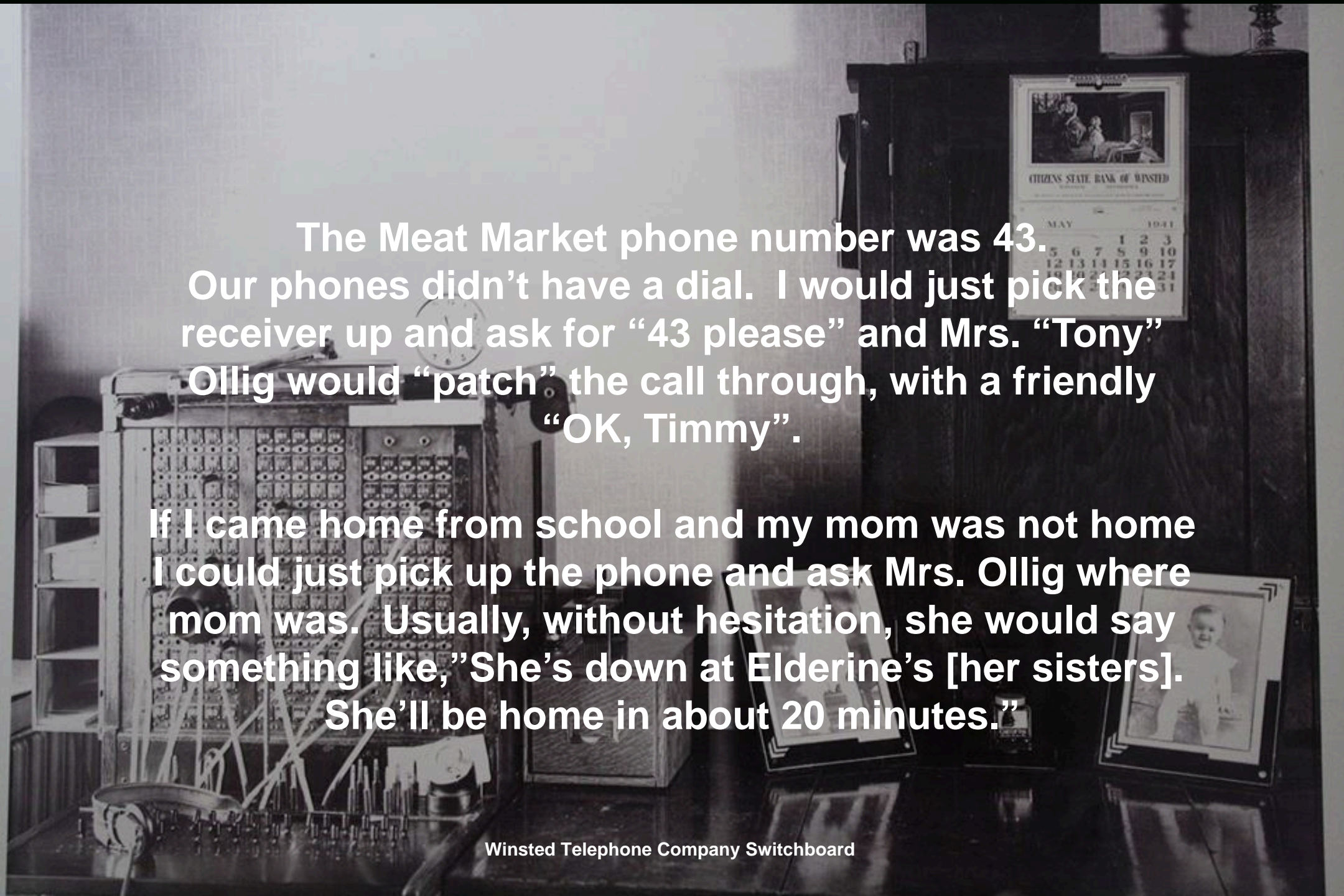
**I learned a lot about the anthropology of food
watching people come and go in my dad's, and
later my brother's, Meat Market and Coffee
Shop . . .**

And I will not get into the details of what I learned in my pre-teens, and especially my early teens, helping butcher hogs and cows with the likes of old timers like Joe Popberg, Larry Barrett, and Gilbert “Ungie” Unglaub

But it was quite a bit more than how butcher and process hogs and beef . . .

Rites of passage, anthropologists would call some of it . . . like watching a calf killed and butchered for the first time, to eventually shooting the animals yourself.

It was a bit like the scene in George Orwell's "Shooting an Elephant", but in small town America . . .

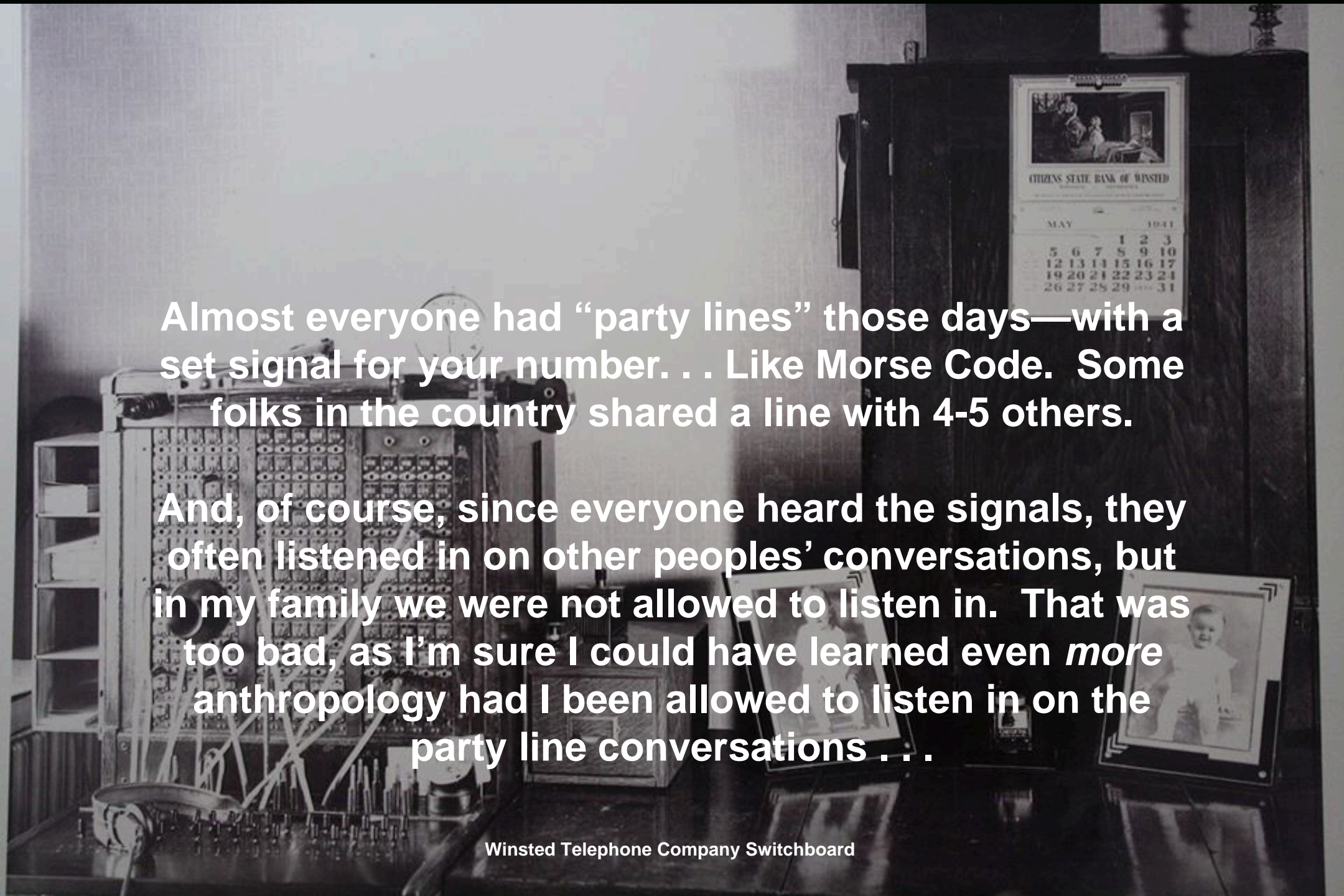


The Meat Market phone number was 43. Our phones didn't have a dial. I would just pick the receiver up and ask for "43 please" and Mrs. "Tony" Ollig would "patch" the call through, with a friendly "OK, Timmy".

If I came home from school and my mom was not home I could just pick up the phone and ask Mrs. Ollig where mom was. Usually, without hesitation, she would say something like, "She's down at Elderine's [her sisters]. She'll be home in about 20 minutes."



**I still remember going to the Telephone Company office
and watching Mrs. Ollig (“Tony”) operate the
switchboard.**



Almost everyone had “party lines” those days—with a set signal for your number. . . Like Morse Code. Some folks in the country shared a line with 4-5 others.

And, of course, since everyone heard the signals, they often listened in on other peoples’ conversations, but in my family we were not allowed to listen in. That was too bad, as I’m sure I could have learned even *more* anthropology had I been allowed to listen in on the party line conversations . . .

my
Mom
"Mixie" ↙

"Coddie"
Barrett

"Madge"
Carlson,
mother of
Paulette Carlson
Of
"Highway 101 Fame"

Mrs. Ollig was on my Mom's Bowling Team



my Mom
"Mixie" ↙

"Coddie"
Barrett

Madge
Carlson,
mother of
Paulette Carlson
Of
"Highway 101 Fame"



Mrs. Ollig was on my Mom's Bowling Team



my
Mom
"Mixie"

"Mixie" comes from the fact that my mom's name was Mary Magdaline Margaret Mary Juetta Campbell [Roufs].

When these girls were in high school, at Holy Trinity, a new Franciscan Sister was asking the girls their names at choir practice. My mom said her full name, and one of the ladies said, "That's a mixed up name", and for the next 70+ years everyone knew her at "Mixie". The last three generations generally didn't know that her name was actually Mary . . .

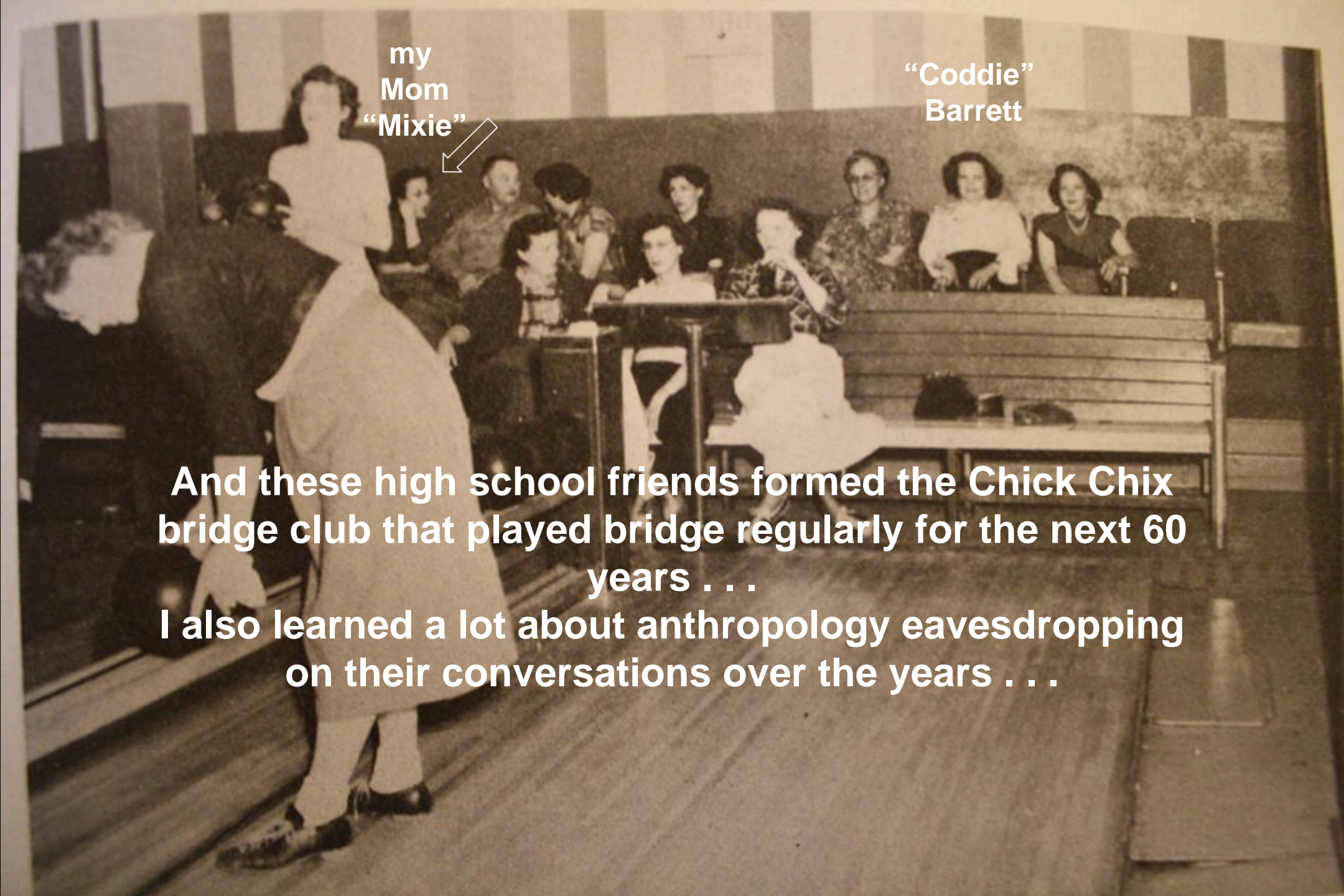
my
Mom
"Mixie"



"Coddie"
Barrett

And these high school friends formed the Chick Chix
bridge club that played bridge regularly for the next 60
years . . .

I also learned a lot about anthropology eavesdropping
on their conversations over the years . . .





While in grade school and high school at Holy Trinity I kept bees, and sold the honey in my at the Meat Market.

When I went off to college I had 15 hives of bees (11 of which I inherited from Ferdinand Rhode after he died).

When I went off to college my dad kindly broke the news to me that he would do anything for me while I was at college . . . except keep my bees.

Keeping bees for honey production actually involves quite a bit of work in the summer time.

So when I went away to Notre Dame my dad gave my bees to Magnus Jorgenson and his grandson.

They had a good home with the Jorgensons.



**(The bees getting a new home
wasn't like the situation with my
dog "Poochie"
Who
"went to college in California"
when I was
about 6 years old . . .)**

R.I.P "Poochie"



Holy Trinity High School, Winsted.

**In 1968 we sold the Meat Market
and the Coffee Shop and my
brother, Tom, went on to become
an executive in the food industry,
first with Wilson and company,
then with John Morrell and
Company . . .**

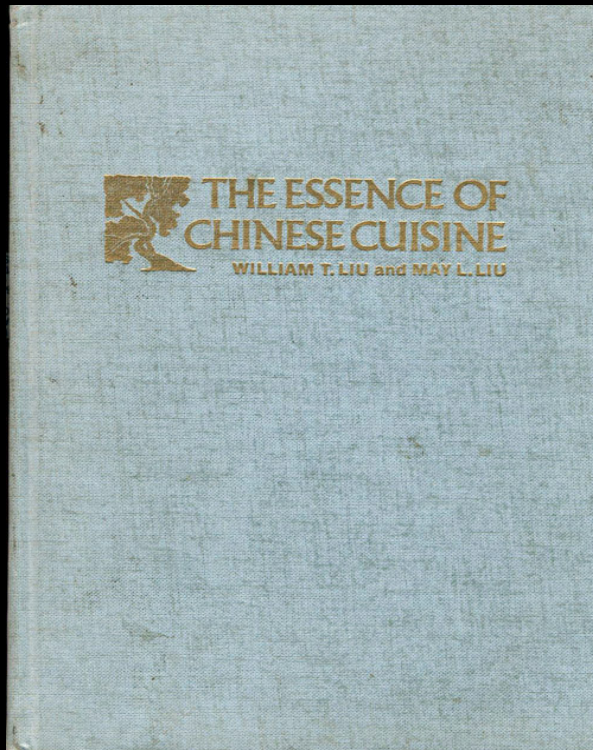
It was with Wilson and Company, when he was stationed in Hamburg, NY, that he was instrumental in the development of the Buffalo Wings . . . to use up Wilson's mounting mountain of chicken wings that early on became a problem when processors started cutting up chickens for sale in supermarkets (rather than selling whole chickens)

When I was growing up in Winsted, the men of the town would have booyas, just like “Booya Kings: Dads & Sons” in the “Food and Family” segment of the *The Meaning of Food* video seen in class which features the booya contest between the Police and Firemen in St. Paul, Minnesota.

**And it was, like in the film, a genuine
"male bonding ritual"**

When I was growing up in Winsted, the men of the town would have booyas, just like in the video in class. Usually spearheaded by folks like Gerry Sterner, Herman Peschken, My Dad (Mark), and the Volunteer Firemen (like in the video, except that our police “department” was the half-time Ben Heigel who patrolled the city street on foot, towards evening, and didn’t cook booya.

And, of course, once I got to Notre Dame and started working as a research assistant to Bill Liu, my horizons expanded into Chinese Food . . .



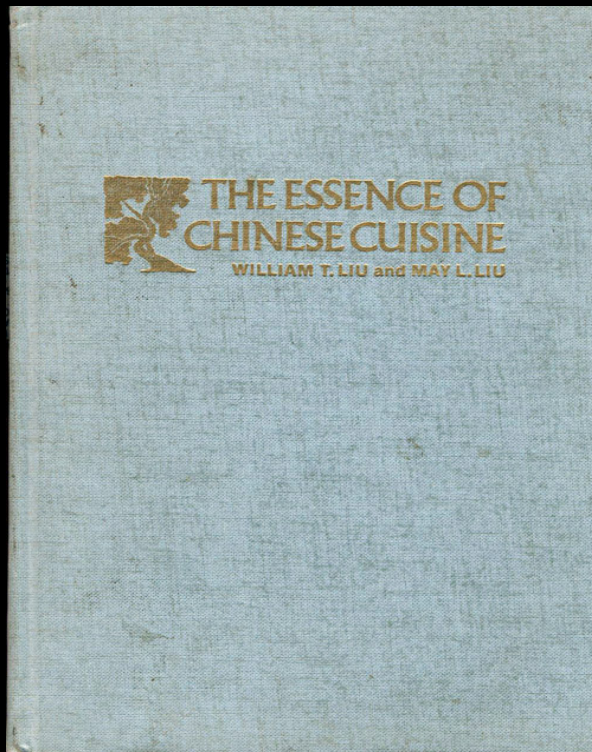
Although, interestingly enough, when I was little there were two restaurants I liked to go to, (1) The Buckhorn in Long Lake and (2) the old, old Nankin in downtown Minneapolis.

(This was all before McDonald's hit the region.)

Bill Liu worked at the Nankin when he went to St. Thomas College in St. Paul

The Essence of Chinese Cuisine.
1970. William T Liu and May L. Liu.
Nashville/London: Aurora.

Ant the old Nankin in downtown Minneapolis was about as exotic as one could get in those days (and about as exotic as a boy from Winsted could even imagine . . .



And it was the only place known on earth where one could get strawberry sherbet (if you finished all of your food), and Chinese fortune cookies (which you received regardless of how much you ate).

It wasn't until 30 years later that I found out that Chinese fortune cookies were not Chinese, but American . . .

And 50 years later that I found out that they were Japanese American and not Chinese American . . .

The Buckhorn was great . . . It had . . .

Real live buffalo . . .

Real guns . . .

**Tin buckets with water to wash your hands
after you got done eating their fried chicken . . .**

**And a game where, for a quarter, if you ate all
of your food, you were allowed to play the
arcade game where you shot a mechanical
bear . . .**

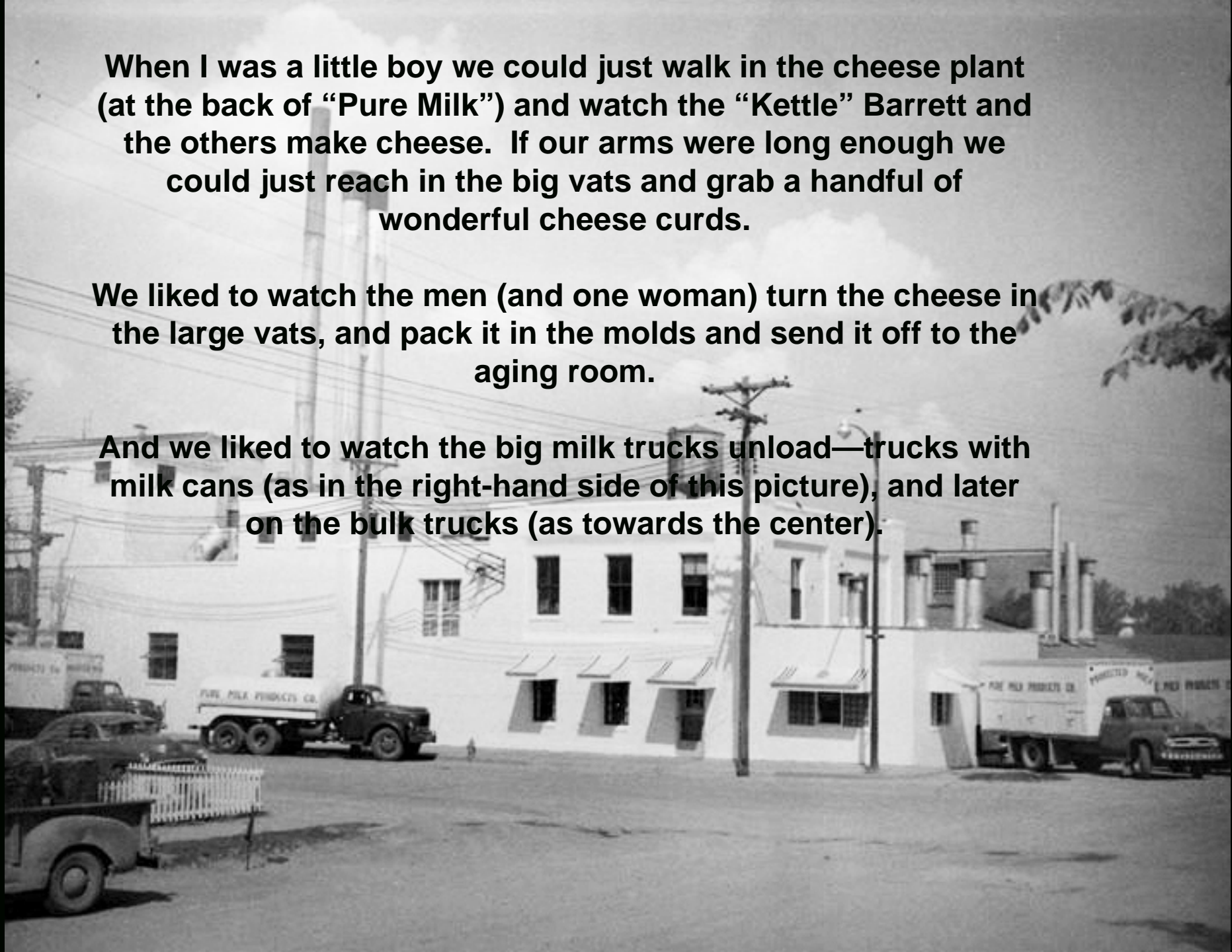


**Winsted was also famous for its “Winsted Cheese” made by the Pure Milk Products Co., known for it’s sharp cheddar cheese
(Kraft Cracker Barrel)**

When I was a little boy we could just walk in the cheese plant (at the back of “Pure Milk”) and watch the “Kettle” Barrett and the others make cheese. If our arms were long enough we could just reach in the big vats and grab a handful of wonderful cheese curds.

We liked to watch the men (and one woman) turn the cheese in the large vats, and pack it in the molds and send it off to the aging room.

And we liked to watch the big milk trucks unload—trucks with milk cans (as in the right-hand side of this picture), and later on the bulk trucks (as towards the center).



OH . . . !

The questions . . .

FAQs

- *Where did you grow up?*
- *Where did you go to school?*
- *How long have you been at UMD?*
- *What are your favorite things to do?*
- *How did you get into anthropology?*
- ***Where have you been?***
- *What are your pet peeves?*

Lots of places . . .

like 30 or 40 cultures/countries . . .
the number depending on
what your “units of analysis” are
[more on “units of analysis” Week 1]

(In 2012, for example, my wife Kim and I have been visiting relatives and friends in England, Scotland, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand, and Hawaii . . .)

I’ll talk about these places and peoples as it seems fitting and appropriate as we go along in the semester . . .

FAQs

- *Where did you grow up?*
- *Where did you go to school?*
- *How long have you been at UMD?*
- *What are your favorite things to do?*
- *How did you get into anthropology?*
- *Where have you been?*
- ***What are your pet peeves?***

**Somebody asked me for the first time about my
pet peeves in class about five years ago,
and I thought it was a good questions because I
couldn't think of any
—or rather it took me a full day of thinking to
come up with a genuine “pet peeve” . . .**

. . . you know when you buy two half-gallon cartons of milk in those paper cartons, and they're glued together with a waxed cardboard strip?

. . . you know when you buy two half-gallon cartons of milk in those paper cartons, and they're glued together with a waxed cardboard strip?

Well, my pet peeve is when people put the two half-gallon cartons of milk into the refrigerator without taking that glued-on strip off

Oh ya . . .

**To those of you who may know one or more of
the elders from Winsted, MN . . .**

for the record I should say . . .

Oh ya . . .

**To those of you who may know one or more of
the elders from Winsted, MN . . .**

for the record I should say . . .

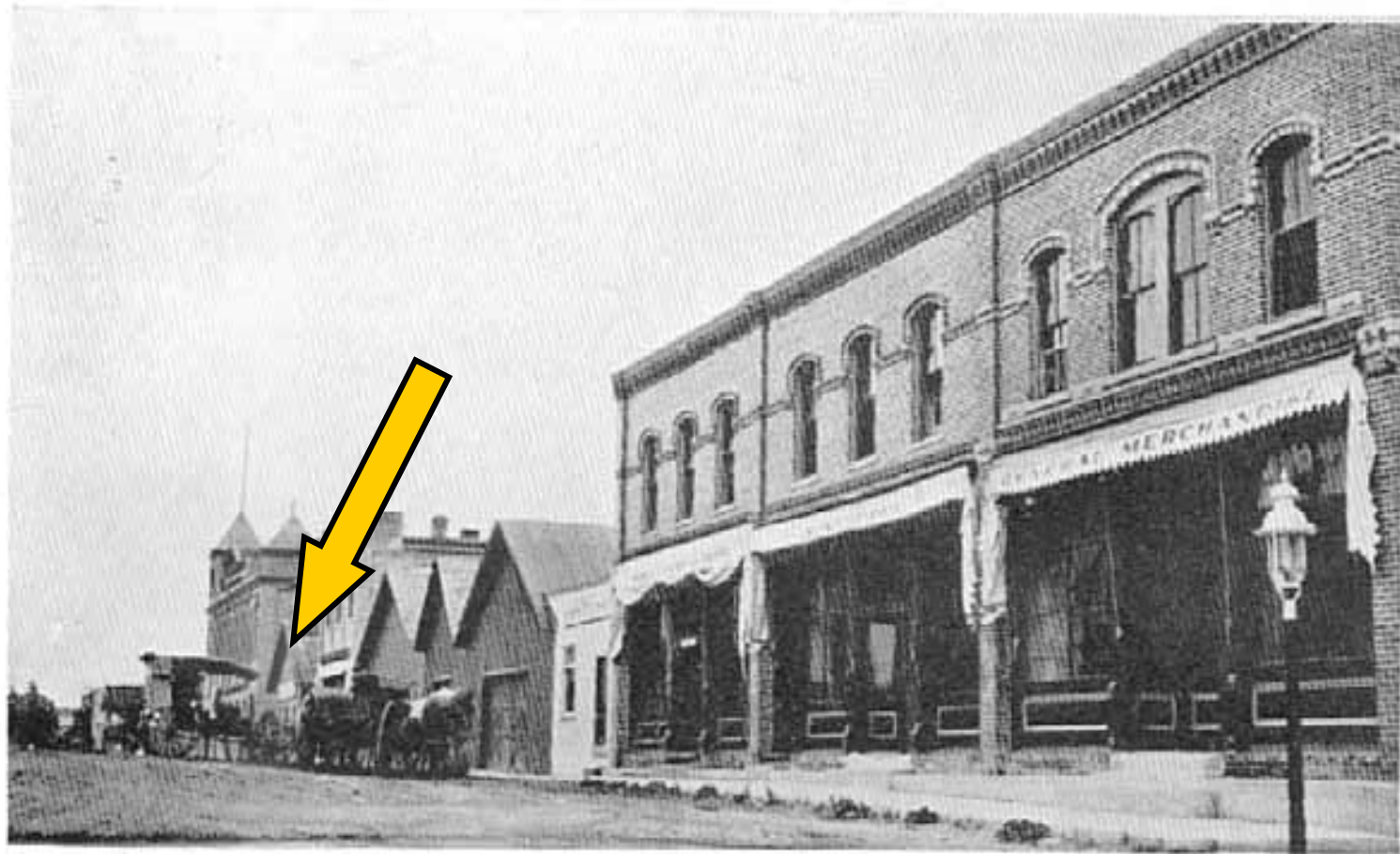
I did NOT “burn the town hall down” . . .

But there *was* a cute small little white New England type “town hall” right across from the Catholic Church, and it DID catch on fire . . .

But it was an accident as I was cleaning up the backyard and “burning leaves” . . .

In those days most everyone “burned leaves” in the fall

The smell of burning leaves was a big part of the fall
in small-town America



EAST SIDE FIRST STREET, WINSTED, MINN.

East side First Street, Winsted.
Photograph Collection, Postcard ca. 1915
[Visual Resources Database](#)
[Minnesota Historical Society](#)
Location no. MM1.9 WN r5



The Town Hall earlier

Roufs' City Meat Market

Yes, I did win third place in a regional cake baking contest when I was in grade school. The judging was held on the second floor of the old City Hall next to the Meat Market and Coffee Shop.



My prizewinning cake, an angel food, had a brilliant orange frosting. No one remembers what it tasted like.

Regional baking contests “Bake Offs” were sponsored by Pillsbury in those days . . .

. . . After “The War” and 40 years before the arrival of The Television Food Network . . .

to promote their flours.

Yes this is the same Winsted as in . . .

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WINFEST IS RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER

So Close I can taste it

Winfest is less than 4 days away and we couldn't possibly be more excited! If you're new to the groove click [here](#) to find out more about our annual event.

See the 2013 Teaser Featuring Katie Sunshine [here](#):

"4638Katie" Sunshine teaser (OFFICIAL) 2013 Win...



The 31st Annual Winfest Music Festival will be held on Saturday

And the later years?

later

(maybe . . .)

And the later years?

later

(maybe . . .)

And the later years?

later

(maybe . . .)

Thanks for joining in

Thanks for joining in
I hope you enjoy your stay

Thanks for joining in

I hope you enjoy your stay

**If you have any questions, you will find
the normal Instructor Contact
Information in the General Block of the
course**

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course management system

Tim Roufs