Richland Electric Cooperative awards scholarships

Richland Electric Cooperative (REC) takes great pride in awarding scholarships to students in the surrounding areas. This year REC has awarded over $4,000 in scholarships to students from Ithaca, Kickapoo, Reedsburg, Richland Center, and Riverdale.

Students can earn the REC scholarship by meeting the required criteria. A student can attend the WECA Youth Leadership Congress (YLC) in UW-River Falls fully funded by REC. This is a two-day conference in which students will participate in a number of team-building and leadership exercises while also gaining knowledge on cooperatives. The conference also gives the student a brief look at life on a college campus. If a student attends YLC and plans to attend a four-year college or technical college, he or she will become eligible for the highest level of award given by REC in the year of their application. We strongly encourage students to attend this conference. The conference will take place July 26–28, 2017. Students should be entering 10th, 11th, or 12th grades. (See pages 16 and 17 for more information.) If you have a student who may be interested in attending this conference, please contact Trevor Clark at REC for more information.

We understand that students may not be able to attend YLC and have taken that into consideration by allowing those students to also apply for the REC scholarship. These students must fill out an application and complete a 1,000-1,500 word essay. The topic of the essay is understanding the cooperative form of business and their experience with cooperatives. A local committee reads the essays to determine whether or not the applicants have met the requirements laid out by REC. The quality of the essay determines the amount of money given for a scholarship.

Students who attended the 2016 Youth Leadership Congress were awarded a $600 scholarship. Congratulations to Cassidy Neefe and Moriah Johll of Kickapoo High School, Macey Klebesadel and McKenzie Couey of Riverdale High School, and Cassandra Fuller of Reedsburg High School.

Students who were awarded a scholarship by completing the requirements of the essay included Kolin Huth and Max Walker of Ithaca High School; Cole Leatherberry and Jenessa Werre of Kickapoo High School; and Kelsey Stibbe, Katelyn Keegan, and Nolan Moore of Richland Center High School. Awards ranged from $100 to $250.

Congratulations to the scholarship winners and all the graduating students. REC wishes you the very best in your future endeavors.

Pictured at left are Riverdale High School Scholarship winners Macey Klebesadel (left) and McKenzie Couey. At right are the Kickapoo High School scholarship winners, (left to right) Cole Leatherberry, Moriah Johll, Cassidy Neefe, and Jenessa Werre.
Take the opportunity to…

- See what makes the cooperative business model different and successful, and then apply this knowledge to fun and challenging cooperative activities.

- Identify and learn how to develop your own leadership skills.

- Discuss cooperative careers with professionals in the industry.

- Be entertained and challenged by highly acclaimed motivational speakers who understand teens and address topics that are important and relevant in your life.

This is a by-teens, for-teens conference that is planned and developed by a youth board elected at the previous year’s event.

Who should apply?

- High school students with family members who belong to Richland Electric Cooperative.

- Students active in their school and community.

What does it cost?

- All registration costs are covered by the generous support of electric cooperatives and the National Rural Utilities Cooperative Finance Corporation.

Questions?

Call Trevor at Richland Electric Cooperative, 608-647-3173.
Sign up today!
Deadline is June 16, 2017.

Return the form at right to tclark@rec.com at Richland Electric Cooperative.

Youth Leadership Congress Participant
Application Form
UW–River Falls • July 26–28, 2017

Name _____________________________________________

Sponsoring cooperative ________________________________

Address ___________________________________________

City ___________________________ State ________ Zip ______

Gender______________________ Grade entering in fall 2017 ________

Age at the time of camp __________

Parent email (used to send links to online health forms)
__________________________________________________________
PICKING STONES

The home farm was a stony farm. We had big stones and little stones.

Jagged stones and smooth, nearly round stones. We had red stones, gray stones, black stones, and speckled stones. Stones everywhere.

Some stones were tiny, the size of a walnut. Others were as large as a draft horse and heavier by far. Every spring after the oat fields and corn fields were disked, Pa, my brothers and I spent several days picking stones. Pa conveniently chose Saturdays for stone picking, when we were not in school. On a stone picking day, Pa hitched Frank and Charlie to our stone boat. It was made of white oak planks, two or more inches thick that were sawed so the front curved up a few inches. Our stone boat was probably eight feet long and maybe 40 inches wide. A white oak rim, two inches or so high, was nailed all around the stone boat so the stones would stay in place when the boat was pulled.

When riding on the stone boat, we learned quickly how to stand with our feet well apart, and our knees bent so we didn’t fall as the team walked off smartly toward the stony field. Once in the field we carried, pushed, rolled—did whatever was necessary to load the stones on the stone boat.

When the stone boat was heaped high with stones, Pa whistled to the team and we dragged the load to the nearest shore. We used that language when we were hauling stones with the stone boat, maybe to somehow be consistent. The edge of the field was “shore” where we tossed the stones in huge piles.

After many years of stone picking, the stone piles along the edges of particularly stony fields became quite a sight. We could stand back of a stone pile and say, “I helped build that.” Stone picking represented one of those jobs where the results of your labors were clearly seen.

Stone piles were attractive for other reasons, too. As much as we cussed the stones, and deplored the work involved in moving them, a stone pile was a beautiful thing. It was like a huge sculpture of shape and color, of the earth and blending with the earth. We hesitated to admit it, but our stone piles looked like they were meant to be where we had put them. After a morning of stone picking I was usually exhausted, covered with dust and dirt from head to toe, and with a hunger suggesting I hadn’t eaten for days. The oat field was crisscrossed with tracks made from the stone boat, a rather pleasant sight. I often imagined that some huge, unknown reptile had made the tracks by crawling on its belly all around the field, up the hills and down, searching for food. Other times I imagined the tracks were roads, little highways that ran all around the field with no particular destination in mind.

After a few days of stone picking, the task I declared to be the worst job in farming, it was over and we went on to other farming tasks that required far less lifting and were less dirty. With each year’s cycle of freezing and thawing, a new crop of stones came to the surface each spring. Stone picking, finished for one season, was never done. Just as spring came each year, so did stone picking.