

## **VCSTC MEMORIES AS SHARED JANUARY, 2013**

**(These are reprinted as received except to correct minor spelling errors. Recollections are presented in the order they were received. Contact information about the writers is in the 2012 Alumni Directory.)**

**NOTE TO READER: If there are other memories, please send to me, dick\_bernard@msn.com. Perhaps once a month, if there are responses, I will add an update to the January 2, 2013, blogpost at <http://www.outsidethewalls.org/blog/2013/01/02/>**

### **Lois (Schultz) Young, January 11, 2013**

Amazing - I learned more about you from this email than what I knew after 2 years of your acquaintance at VCSTC. We met when I joined Newman Club, and I attended college starting at the same time, but only went for 2 years. I was yearning to get out into the world quickly so I took every business course I could (Ms. Snoeyenbos). Nearly flunked the science class from Dafoe and recall the fun in Hanson's class. After the 2 years I worked in Glacier Park for the summer, and then joined a friend and headed for the big city - San Francisco. 52 years later I returned to Minnesota with time spent in Sacramento and Spokane. The saying "You can take the girl out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the girl" fits me!

Seeing the photos (yes, I looked to see if I was in them) sure brought back memories of my college days. Although I have been in MN for 6 years now, and my sister lives in Valley City, I have not attended any VCSTC homecoming events. But I will be going to the '50's Classmates HS Reunion in VC in July, having been a '58 grad from St. Kates there.

Whenever I need a pick-me-up, I bring up the Susan Boyle video of her first audition....so I found your blog on her an interesting read.

About now VC might be getting the leading edge of the storm and you may be in it's path. Luverne seems to be in a good spot for as we do not get much bad weather from both N & S systems but I am sure it will be icy tomorrow morning! Time for me to get back to hobby - china painting and ancestry work. Thanks for sharing your thoughts and blogs. Lois (Schultz) Young

Jan. 31, 2013: Yes, you may include the memories I have shared. I have talked to one of my St. Kate's classmates and forwarded your email. Mary Ann is in the photo on the steps, attended 2 years and taught, then returned for her degree. I was a cheerleader, a Philo and lived at home so really felt left out of the "dorm life" fun. Didn't occur to me that college kids went to Ed's popcorn stand, Wolski's Pizza place, and the A & W where I worked 3 seasons. Also, I was not very academic - seemed to be more social although I concentrated on getting good grades for the accounting, typing, shorthand, and all other business courses

so I could get a good job. I served with Jim Burt as co-chair of a Valentine dance event. I was so honored when Howard Gusaas asked me, but he sure was disappointed when I mentioned I was not a 4 year student. Would you believe my biggest disappointment in Philos was not being selected for the chorus line for the EBC Review! And what a shock to be selected as an alto singer for Glee Club when I had always sung soprano. (Donovan?) The guidance counselors didn't really know to work with me on my career.....and I sure didn't like their ideas of taking "useless" classes like geography and science.

Your email certainly took me down memory lane.

**Virginia (Martin) Johnson, January 12, 2013**

My husband, Leon Johnson (1961), and I met at VCSTC the fall of 1959, and were married in 1962. Needless to say, we have been enjoying the reminiscing these pages brought back. Thank you. Virginia Martin Johnson (1960)

**Milton Hoyt, January 12, 2013**

Thank you for including me on your mailing list. I am about halfway through the dialogue in the attachment, and I can say that I am really enjoying the memories. I started at VCSTC in the fall of 1959 and graduated in the spring of 1963. I moved to Mohall in 1963 and I am still here. I was a classroom teacher for 7 years; high school principal for 17 years; and superintendent for 16 years before retiring in 2003. I remember you. You may not remember me. I lived in Mythaler Hall for three years--same room actually. You talked about the Wicks. I worked in the office for Wick Construction from the summer after my freshman year to when I graduated. You know, I'm sure, that the Omwick Theater was named after Maurice Wick's father--O.M. Wick. Actually, our office in the last years was upstairs at the OMWICK. Before that I worked at the plant beneath the Highline Bridge. Lots of memories.

**Carl Peter, January 12, 2013:**

Carl Peter, graduated summer 1960. You have my permission to use this material.

I was a farm boy who was on crutches because of polio. I graduated from Page High School in May 1957. That fall I began college at STC. What a difference from high school. My first class was 110 Geography which was taught by Miss Ina Robertson. We covered the book in three months, which would've taken us a whole year in high school.

My first memory of taking a group test was the freshman test given to determine English and mathematics proficiency. It was given in the big room on third-floor McFarland Hall that is now Theater 320. The mathematics test had quite a bit of geometry in it and of course I did not take that in high school so I had to take bonehead 110 math. Also my spelling was terrible so I had to take bonehead English as well. I remember taking the English class from Miss Kittie Moss who was a very good instructor. I took the 110 math from James Lade. Another of my first year teachers was Dr. Kolstoe who taught psychology. He and Miss Robertson retired at the end of that year.

When I moved into the dormitory I did not anticipate the fourteen feet of steps going up to the front door. I can't imagine how I was able to go until graduation without having handrails on those steps. My roommate was Abby, Dayananda Abeywickrame, who was from Ceylon, now Sri Lanka. He was very popular on campus and made friends very easily. He was helpful to me because he always would take my briefcase over to the classrooms and so I didn't have to carry it using my crutches. The next room mate was Virgil Ouren who was a great guy and helped me a lot too.

I attended summer school for three years. The first summer I took a year of accounting during that session. The class started at eight and ended at twelve. We then did all the problems on our own in the afternoon. I really enjoyed that class and the instructor, Mabel Snoeyenbos. She was my academic advisor.

My favorite teacher was James Lade, who taught not only math but both biology sections and physical science sections. I ended up taking five classes from him. Another was Dr. Kennedy who was a great geography teacher, which made me decide to complete a major in geography. I really believe that he had a photographic memory. He would teach without notes and quote statistics and names that would blow your mind.

One of my memories was of identical twins. The Butler identical twin sisters were from Brouck, North Dakota. The Wieland identical twin brothers were from Dazey. Roman started school first and I got to know him at noon hour. We would eat at the grill. One day as I was going through the line I said hi to Roman. He said, "I am not Roman. I am Herman". I didn't know what kind of trick he was trying to play on me because they were so identical that even their eyes and voice were the same. Herman was visiting school and that's why he ate at the grill. He started attending school later. These guys were real fun loving. They often would go to each other's classes if they got bored with going to their own regular classes. Lowell and Lyle Peterson were also attending at that time.

### **Charley Martin, January 13, 2013:**

Dick, I spent over an hour on Friday reading the various messages from several grads of VCSTC and it brought back some neat memories. I attended the school from 1957 to 1961 and worked at the Rudolf hotel for 40 hours a week. I used to see many of the students during the week, but mostly on Friday and Saturday nights as that was beer drinking time in the Rudolf bar. George Gaukler was the bartender for several years during that time.

I was a smoker in college and had a contract with the L&M cigarette company and gave away free packs of cigs to smokers in the college smoker. Some days there was so much smoke coming out of that room one could swear there was a fire in the room. Poor Ms. Snoeyenbos, the bookkeeping and shorthand instructor, who had her small office across from the smoker. She not only had to smell that stuff, but certainly must have heard the cussing from us guys who were playing pinochle.

Lou Bruhn used to drop in some days and we would not dare have any quarters on the table as he did not allow gambling.

I did quite well in my Commerce courses taught by Mabel Snoeyenbos and I remember writing over 100 words a minute in shorthand and was usually the fastest or second fastest as a couple of the girls had the knack to write. I really liked Mabel. She was not only a good teacher, but so dedicated to her work that one wondered, if she had ever married, whether she would have been any different. As you know, they named a dorm in her name after I graduated.

Remember the lunch room where you could get a decent hot meal for 50 cents? I will never forget the Lehman brothers who were going to school on the GI bill and a day or two before they would get their monthly check, they would be counting their loose change in hopes of having enough for lunch.

I also remember my English class: whereby, the teacher would emphasize diagramming sentences and I found that to be quite easy as I learned it well in high school. Somebody had mentioned a Ms. Bell, but I do not remember her name. Jim McPherson, one of Bill Osmon's basketball stars, was in my class.

Another memory is a student from potato land, Park River, who drove a new Cadillac when he was in school. Man I was jealous as I had an old clunker to drive and it was difficult to start in VC's tough winters every year.

Friday night dances were fun and I was jealous of the dancing skills of Dick O'Connor. He was so smooth dancing to the big band and Frank Sinatra tunes. He died a short time after he graduated in, I believe, 1960. His brother Dan was a good friend of mine and eventually married Dick's fiancée.

You have my permission to pass on the memories in this message to others.

### **Curt Heise, January 13, 2013**

Curt Heise, VCSTC 1961-64 I am a couple years prior to you on being a "Geek" so I'll try and give you a little info.

You have permission to use what you like and even question my memories.

I entered VCSTC the fall of 1961 after a two year stretch with Uncle Sam in the Army, most of it in VA. That means we probably didn't cross paths but had some of the same instructors. I took as many credits as allowed, pushed straight through by going summers and any extra courses I could get.

That Sept I met a very attractive, fun lady by the name of Emma Mae Laidlaw. She was a student at the college. If I look in the other room she is still with me. We were married in 1962 so this year marked #50. All of them good! We did spend the first four years of a teaching career in Bowbells, ND, (yes in the oil country) as an elementary teacher. In '68 we moved to WI where I spent the next 31 years as an Industrial Arts instructor in the Riverdale School District. I completed a Masters in Industrial Technology in 1973, from the UW Plattville.

We are located right on the Wisconsin River in the Southwest part of the state. Most of my family is located in ND with a brother in Valley City.

**Marion Rieth, January 21, 2013:**

Thank you for doing this, Dick. Bob and I graduated in 1962 - and we are still working. I'll dust off a few memories and try to send some back to you.

One that comes to mind after looking at the photos on the e-mail, is how cold it was walking across that bridge. All the girls wore tight skirts and high heels - how did we ever get to class on time rushing between classrooms and climbing all those steps.

We are thankful for a good education and great memories.

Marion Rieth and husband Pastor Bob Rieth

**Dan Parrish, January 24, 2013**

My name is Dan Parrish, and I am a 1965 graduate.

As a Michigan native, I made the transition to Valley City thanks to an STC graduate by the name of Frank Vetter, who was my high school football coach. In addition to playing football (Go Vikings) for four years, I received a wonderful education thanks to people like Mary Hagen Canine, Mrs. McAllister, Lorraine Berger, plus people like Dean Lou Bruhn, Ken Brandt, Bill Osmon, coaches Dick Koppenhaver, Don Lemnus, Buck Grooters and many others.

I married Patricia Sheldon ('67) the day following my graduation and spent the next year teaching Art at Valley City High School. I returned to the VCSC campus the following year as Director of the Student Union and Men's Housing. Nate Crosby (Business Manager) was an important mentor to me at that time.

I have now retired, and spend the warm months in Michigan and the winter months in Arizona, where I look forward to Valley City Alumni gatherings each year.

**Dick Twete, January 24, 2013**

Marilyn (Kosanke) Twete and I have lived in Wadena since 1981. I actually started work at

the local Technical College (TC) in Aug. of 1980 but we did not move here as a family until 1981. We had been living outside of the Twin Cities in the town of Lester Prairie. I worked at the local T.C. for 17 years as a vocational counselor in the student services dept. before retiring in Aug. of 1997.

I graduated in 1962 and Marilyn completed her 2 yr. program that same year. We returned to VCSTC in the summer of 1963 when I picked up a few more credits to teach in Junior High/Senior High after teaching in Elementary my first year.

I should also mention that Marilyn has taught piano & voice in our home as a private teacher for almost 40 yrs. She will retire in May of this year.

We have many good memories of our time at VCSTC. I find it hard to believe that it was that many years ago and wonder where the time has gone. I am 76 years old as of today and that does not seem possible either.

Thanks for your work on this project and keep it going.

**Richard Riedmann January 24, 2013**

I received my Standard in 1958 and my Bachelor in 1963 and married Virginia Kent, Standard 1958.

I recall 4 favorite teachers at Valley City State namely Ina Robertson, the Vangstad sisters and little Mary Canine. I loved geography and Ina truly made the rocks, bugs, people and everything else come to life. I didn't live on campus so missed out on much of the college life but I feel I had a great education

**Lynn Clancy, January 25, 2013**

My strongest memories of VCSTC are of the many talented academics, musicians and athletes. I am confident the youth of North Dakota and the region have been greatly benefited by the teachers who graduated from VCSTC.

The EBC's and the many hours in the band room with Art Froemke bring many fond feelings and memories of great relationships. Those experiences prepared me to have the confidence to meet the many challenges and opportunities of life.

**Wally Stangler, January 26, 2013**

My name is Wally Stangler, class of 1963. I graduated with a composite major in Business Education and a major in English.

You have my permission to use my writing in the blog.

I have very good memories of the four years I attended Valley City and the great teachers and

friends I made there.

My business teacher Miss Snoeyenbos was influential in the success I had in graduate school taking intermediate and advanced accounting. With the great methods she used it was easy to go on to advanced course work. I taught accounting and advanced accounting for 35 years, 33 years at Mahtomedi high school. Most of my students were college-bound and were a delight to teach. Many became CPA's.

Going to a small college like Valley City gave great opportunities to participate in many organization such as the Hespies, Pi Omega Pi, Young Democrats, Newman club, etc. One learns great leadership skills in those organizations.

Sorry I didn't respond earlier but we have been in the Hawaiian Islands since mid January and will return home March 2. This is our 15th winter here.

Since my parents retired to Valley City, I was able to visit the campus often. We sold my dad's condo in 2008 but I still get to Valley City at least once a year as I own farmland 28 miles southeast of there. During the past two summers I rented the Presidents House for several days so my family could attend a wedding and family reunion. My three young grandsons love the old house and exploring it.

### **Janice Hendrickson Langemo Van De Kerckhove**

Reminisce with me, from Janice Hendrickson Langemo Van De Kerckhove

There was the old and the new in what is now VCSU. From '61 - '63 there I was, me, finally, After being a visitor while still in high school.

West Hall was old, but not the oldest.

There Junior Cookie Allen met us with the boldest:

To join my club, repeat these vows after me.

I promise . . . never . . . to wear . . . a padded

bra . . . again! Welcome to the Itty Bitty Titty Club!

The Bubble for sports was new to us all,

And in those days we respected every refs' call.

Meals were in East with cards galore

If you didn't have to study behind closed door.

How we would bargain for the cheapest books,  
reading notes posted in hopes of looks.

Books could be worn, yellowed and tattered

Because it was only the price that mattered.

In biology "hands on" and more was often allowed.  
Just for Mr. Leraas a canned grasshopper I swallowed.  
Almost anything to make that grade a gift,  
Even points for watching early rocket lifts.

In Rhythmic Activities we voted to agree, or not,  
Before Miss Graichen would cast her lot.  
We were offered WRA on Monday eves,  
But for some of us it was, "Oh jeez!"

While in high school basketball our senior year  
Carole Raveling and I had been opponents  
For the state title dear.

We asked Miss Graichen if we couldn't please  
Play other colleges, almost on our knees.  
She handled it well, but we weren't convinced.  
Title 9 came too late for our interest.

Week end dances provided exercise  
As we glided to Ray Coniff and such with our guys.  
The Twist was new and lots of fun.  
Even the Stroll helped keep us young

Post supper ping pong was fun to enter  
My second year in the new student center.  
With everything there gleaming and airy,  
Even the food disgusted us rarely.

Then, after two years and two summers  
It was time to teach, not such a bummer!  
I sure knew it all at age nineteen  
About teaching I thought. What a daydream!

Brief resume of 50 years:

Mark Langemo and I married and left North Dakota for Missouri after three years and his Masters. I finished my degree in English and Elementary Ed. at Central Missouri State in Warrensburg and taught nearby a year. We then had jobs in Wisconsin, where we stayed until we returned to North Dakota for his Doctorate and my Masters. Before I began teaching my thirty-four year stint in East Grand Forks we had one son, Steve, who lives with his wife and daughter in Colorado Springs, where he makes a living as a musician and on-line instructor.

Sports didn't stop with high school, but remained my passion. Connie Bong Lawrence and I played a lot of tennis and racquetball when we found ourselves teaching at the same school. I also enjoyed skiing, water skiing, aerobics, biking, jogging, and water exercise. That list has been greatly trimmed as I approach seventy!

I was a single mom after 1979 and didn't remarry until my son was in college. Denis and I spent the first two years in Boulder where I subbed in two districts. The bilingual school was my favorite.

In '95 it was back to East Grand Forks to finish my career in temporary and then new schools after experiencing the big flood. I retired in 2008, but not entirely.

Lou Bruhn knew what he was doing when he encouraged us to get our North Dakota Life Certificate! I'm in my fifth year of subbing at a middle school and two high schools in Fargo, where we moved to have my mother join us.

Does anyone want to buy a four level home near a middle school in Fargo? We want to return to the Boulder area now that the "kids" are in Colorado.

Looking back at life, as we often do at this tender age, I can say it has been a good run with two good husbands for two different stages, a great son, and lots of wonderful friends and colleagues. I'm still learning sooo much subbing and reading that there's barely time to take in all of it. Yes, and then there's the computer and all it offers!

Valley City State, like a mother, held us in its arms for awhile and gave us confidence to go forward. No one did that better than Mrs. Canine as she beamed at us during our speeches!

### **Joan (Lundholm) Noeske January 29, 2013**

We moved to Valley City when I was very young. Graduated from Valley City High School and always wanted to be a teacher. Enrolled at VCSTC the fall of 1958 with high expectations. During my sophomore year met a local guy and we got married at the end of my junior year. He was a farmer so this city girl had a lot to learn.

After I graduated the spring of 1962, there weren't any teaching jobs in the local area in my fields, so I took a full time position at VCSTC as secretary to the Business Manager/Registrar, Adolf Soroos. It made sense since I had worked as a student assistant for three years in that area. After two sons were born, I decided to be a stay-at-home mom the spring of 1965. That didn't last long as we found a farm near Oriska to buy, so guess who went back to work at VCSTC as the clerk in the Business Office in 1966. Continued in

the Business Office in various positions until I retired in 2005. Never taught in the classroom, but sure did teach about financial aid and tuition over the years.

Enjoyed reading memories of various instructors. Miss Snoeyenbos in Business had the biggest effect on me—very professional and knowledgeable. After I worked full time, we used to play bridge at noon and, of course, Miss Snoeyenbos was one of the players—she scared me spittleless until we played a few times.

The chocolate covered grasshoppers were in Mr. Leraas's biology class. That was not my favorite class either. It is very interesting now different the instructors seemed after I knew them as fellow employees of VCSTC.

Took all of Mary Canine's speech classes where she usually favored the boys. I remember that she had a colored pair of shoes to match each outfit that she wore. Mrs. Bell was always good for a few days off when she was ill. Miss Moss taught languages and was a tough taskmaster. Miss Gunderson taught Shakespeare and she wanted us to know the plays as well as she did.

The changes on the campus (inside and out) have been many over the years. It still is a very friendly place. Since I retired and after my husband died and I moved back to Valley City, have found myself helping on occasion in the Foundation Office with data entry or whatever needs to be done. I really enjoyed working on the data used to compile the new alumni directory—fun to remember names from former years.

Since I was from Valley City, had to live at home so missed out on the dorm life and dorm food. However, I remember the ambiance of "The Grill" on the lower level of the main building. Mrs. Ruhland's date bars were to die for. I finally found a recipe that almost comes up to my memories of hers. It was always exciting during Homecoming when the band marched thru the halls and into "The Grill" and got everyone out of classes and into the celebration mood.

Enough for now. Fun to hear about others' thoughts of by gone days at VCSTC.

**John Hammer, January 29, 2013**

Hi Dick Bernard: Nice to hear from you about the days at VCSTC. I have read a lot of the e-mails from you about your time at VCSTC and also enjoyed the clips about North Dakota [via Carl Peter].

I also started going to VCSTC in the summer of 1958, right out of Oriska High School. I went for two years and then skipped the 1960-1961 term and went back the next two years graduating in 1963. I remember meeting you and Dick Greene, on a sidewalk on the campus that first summer, and after greeting you I would have liked to crawl into a hole for

the words I used; please forgive me if you remember what I said. [Dick B: I don't remember anything. Whatever it was mustn't have been a biggie.]

I drove from my parents home for four years and only missed one day on account of a stormy day. It was 12 1/2 miles from our farm home at Oriska to VCSTC. I didn't take part in the extra activities the first two years. I went out for football the last two falls and spent most of the time on the sideline; it was fun playing in the JV games.

I spent the 1963-64 year teaching & coaching in Kathryn. I then went on to teach & coach in Braddock for 2 years where I met this girl [Lucille (Moch)] and got married to her on October 14, 1967. [They have five children and seven grandchildren.]

I also taught and coached in Kulm, Ellendale, Halliday & Finley. In the spring of 1971, I bought the International Harvester (IH) dealership in Braddock. I lost the Dealership in 1985 when Case took over IH.

In 1992 I bought a farm by Braddock and have been farming since then.

I remember how my knees were shaking when I gave my first speech for Mary Canine and I was one of the boys who got their name drawn from the phy ed class and put into the square dancing classes. This was a lot more fun than getting hit with the ball in battle ball, but I have never square danced again. The only students I see much of from then are my cousin Gordy Baumgartner and Duane Zwinger, when he was Supt. in Gackle

[John also sent along a postcard used in his campaign for Emmons County Commissioner District 1. "Lost election", he said. But he'd been County Commissioner from 1997-2005; was former Mayor and City Council member for Braddock; was Braddock Fire Chief for 42 years; and on the Dakota Prairies Resources, Conservation and Development Council for 8 years.]

**Delores Klussman, January 28, 2013:**

Just a note from me - -

Delores Klusmann - graduated with a standard teaching credential in 1963 and went on to teach two years in Bismarck. At that point I went back to school at Minot for two summers and a full year and got my BS in Elementary Education with a major in Special Education. I started teaching in California in 1966 and taught for five years.

I wanted a break from teaching and started working in the resort / hospitality field and never did go back to teaching. I worked in the resort field for about 28 years with some time off for travel and spending time with family. I worked in many parts of the United States and Germany. The latter 10 years I worked again for a school district in Oregon in the Assitive Technology area. I am now retired.

### **Dave Cornellissen, January 31, 2013**

My most pleasurable memories of my years at VCSTC (1960-64) are of the many friendships and relationships. I remember washing dishes at the student union, both the old one in the basement of the girl's dorm and then the new one (1962ish) across from the men's dorm (I think). It was there, on November 22, 1963, that we heard the tragic news. I recall finishing washing dishes and when leaving the dining area I could hear a pin drop as everyone was listening the Walter Cronkite report the death of John F. Kennedy.

I especially enjoyed attending the basketball games. We had great teams coached by Bill Osmon. Doubt if I ever missed a game. Although the bowling team was not a "sanctioned" sport, we did have a team. Against ND State University at Fargo, Ken Ford, our team captain informed me that I would bowl anchor.... evidently after seeing their anchor man with 700-series and 7 - 10 split patches on his sleeves. I felt somewhat overwhelmed in my FARMotors shirt.

Enjoyed playing softball for the team sponsored by Grain Belt. I think we drank more than we played. Had a million laughs doing a stage play with Eddie Nystrom and others. My initiation into the EBCs required me to dress up like a woman and hustle a man out of a local tavern.

As I approached the tavern, I wondered why people were looking at me; because they saw me as a beautiful woman or they could tell I was a man. For the record, I have never dressed in drag again... and I have a wife and three children. Still, I have a fond memory of that evening. Aaron Hannemann finally pulled me out of the tavern and rushed me on to the final initiation. One final note, I was given a dollar to buy my first beer. A dollar probably bought ten draft beers back then.

During my sophomore year I roomed in the dorm next to the president's mansion with Bob Zichuhr. He owned a "modern" stereo set with all the latest music media. His LPs could play five songs on each side; all the pop music like Julie London and Hugo Winterhalter. We put one speaker in an open window and broadcast music all over the campus. I think everyone liked it except the President's wife who lived in the mansion next door. That ended our broadcasts.

I am very thankful to Mrs. Syverson, a den mother at one of the girl's dorms, who loaned me \$300. If she hadn't loaned me the money, I would have dropped out of college and moved to Colorado to work in the mines.

I am trying to forget the 40 below temperatures with 40 mph winds.

Unfortunately, upon driving through Valley City three years later (Oct 1967), all my friends had moved on. I had planned to spend a day or two but instead continued on East to my hometown, Ladysmith, WI.

My oldest son, Kyle, is stationed at Grand Forks Air Force Base so I hope to visit him and Valley City next summer. That should stir up old memories.

Dave Cornelissen (1960 – 1964  
Springfield, VA

Later: Thought I would throw the pictures in even though you indicated "memories." I got the alumni book and at first I thought it was a waste. However, after getting into it, I really enjoyed it except for so many who have passed away. Even John "Poot" Welk who the football coached stated was more resistant to pain than anyone he had ever known. It surprises me how many names I recognize but can't put a face to them.

Is the bubble and/or the Union still in use? [Dick: I said I think they are. Valley Citians? Back to you.]

[Dick again: I'm trying to decide how/what to do with pictures - Dave's are the first. For soon they won't go in my e-trash.]

### **Mark Langemo, January 31, 2013**

Dick Bernard, I remember you well--as one of our personable and real student leaders at Valley City State! Thanks for reaching out to all of us from VCSTC from your/our era.

My name is Mark Langemo, and I started at Valley City State in the fall of 1959--and graduated with a double major in Business Education and minors in English and Physical Education in May of 1963. While at VCSTC, I was a "Hespie," a Viking Pilot, active in student government, and was a long-time Student Manager for the Viking baseball team (for head coach Dale Lemon).

Following graduation, I was a high school business teacher and head boys basketball and baseball at Hope (N. D.) High School from 1963-1965. I enrolled at UND in Grand Forks for graduate school, earned my Masters degree in 1966, and then taught at Central Missouri State University from 1966 to 1968, at the University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire from 1968 to 1972, and after earning my Ed.D. (Doctor of Education) degree at UND in 1972 was invited to join the UND faculty. I was a Professor in UND's College of Business and Public Administration from 1971 until retiring from UND in 1999. I also started conducting business records management seminars and doing related information management consulting work in the late 1960s, and I continue to do some of that work today.

My wife, Diane, was a UND Professor of Nursing from 1970 through 1999. Today our permanent home is (and more than likely will continue to be) in Grand Forks--and we have a lake home on Big Floyd Lake near Detroit Lakes, Minnesota, and a townhome in Naples,

Florida--where we usually spend most of November and then January through March. We have three married sons (in Colorado Springs; Rogers, Minnesota, and in Fargo), and have five precious grandkids--ages 4 to 14. Diane and I continue to be blessed with great health, and we are very very thankful.

We try to get back to Valley City a few times each year, and I'm looking forward to 2013 Viking Homecoming (50 years now since graduating). We'd enjoy hearing from former Vikings-Valley City Staters from our era.

Dick, continued "good luck" and "best wishes" to your family and you. Thanks again for your efforts here.

Mark Langemo  
Professor Emeritus, University of North Dakota  
Grand Forks, North Dakota

**Dick Bernard, January 31, 2013:**  
Reflecting back....

I suppose I should complain about that 2012 Alumni Directory as it has had an unexpected consequence for me, personally. What started out as a suspected waste of money, evolved into a substantial investment of time and memory in this month of January, 2013, revisiting those days at Valley City State Teachers College between June, 1958, and December, 1961.

I'm glad I 'wasted' that \$128.94!

Part of the project became making photo files of faculty from those years. We called them teachers, and only a tiny rarity sported a PhD, and some only a BA or BS. But they taught us in the innumerable ways that teachers teach, and we then were on our own to make our own successes, and messes, and whatever else comes with going on with life.

Back then, I couldn't imagine life after college, that's for sure.

Of all the pictures I've relooked at, the one that sticks most in my mind is the aerial photo of the campus as it appeared in 1959. That photo was in the 1960 Annual.

Those of us on campus back then spent most of our daily lives in those long hallways, with scarce need to go outside. In these days of skyways, one wonders why they didn't invest in a short tunnel from, say, the main building to the new library. Expense, probably, though I don't know that.

For those of us without cars, the Sheyenne River in front of us, and the hill behind the campus buildings, were sort of like a castle moat, and walls. The walking bridge was the way out, and in!

Civilization as this walker knew it was across the walking bridge, which remained identical until sometime in the 1980s or so when some young citizen tried to drive a car across it. They tried to rebuild it as it was, but it's never been exactly the same.

I used my September, 1986 walking bridge photo - the one included in the Jan 2 2013 blog - for my 1986 Christmas card. The occasion for the trip was to introduce my one-month old first grandchild, Lindsay, to her Grandma, who lived one block from the bridge. (Lindsay is now 27, married, and living in Denver area. Time flies.)

The bridge photo had a big emotional response from an older woman in California who had walked across the bridge in college days in WWII.

The bridge had that kind of impact (and probably still does). Maggie Bergene, in a Jan. 11 note, saw the photo of the bulletin board by the sidewalk between Old Main and the Bridge and said: "The three girls on the bridge could easily have been me and my roommates. We did not have a car so made that trip often. It even looks like us."

There were other bridges, west of the womens dorm, and a little bit to the east, by the old mill dam, but they weren't eye catching, and they were simply a means for a car to get from one side to the other.

I hardly knew those bridges.

And, of course, there was that big bridge, the Hi-line. My Dad said he walked across that bridge when he was there in the 1930s, and when he and Mom were courting, they walked out in that area. It was dangerous and prohibited for pedestrians then, too.

My range was very limited: it was where I could walk, up the main street to, usually, the Times Record, to St. Catherine's, the Omwick where I worked, or the Piller, earlier. Walking up to where the Vikings played football, and baseball, and, of course, the Community Building for Basketball.

As best I recall, the then brand-new Bubble's first Vikings game was played in the fall of 1961, my last quarter at STC. Now the bubble is old. The Student Union was about to be constructed. One time I recall a group of us sent by train to the Twin Cities for a student union conference at the UofM St. Paul Campus Student Union. It was a big deal for this country kid. On Minneapolis' Hennepin Avenue we went to a Chinese restaurant and I had Egg Foo Young, a mysterious dish. I lived through it!

I look back at the annual and I cannot relate to social events. I wasn't a mixer. I was far too shy. I was an EBC (yes, I know what those initials mean...) but I wasn't active, in my recollection, and I wasn't a musician. It wasn't until a long-after visit to the campus, walking around, that I discovered the beautiful small space where the "thespians" apparently did their rehearsing for plays. It wasn't on my beaten path.

The memories, rekindled by this research, go on and on.

Thanks VCSTC, under whatever name you have adopted before or since!