

VCSTC Memories recorded Feb - Apr 2003

Memories forwarded with each writers permission.

#1 - "Glory Days" 1958-61 Dick Bernard February 15, 2003:

Glory Days. I hear this Bruce Springsteen song all the time on local light rock radio. Seems to fit the mood for this first reminiscence.

But first, to the beginning: I'm a Valley Citian, born at Mercy Hospital in 1940, a resident for perhaps the first three months of my life. Dad and Mom, teachers, went to VCSTC 1928-40. Dad took 1939-40 to earn his degree. We lived in a tiny apartment just two or three houses west of the then-Girls Gym, probably right next to math instructor Jim O'Connell's house. I didn't know that until many years later. (It was, and is, the McGillivray Apartments, and it is bordered today by the north parking lot for the Student Center at VCSU).

I started at the college in the summer of 1958, and went straight through. There was no great academic drive, rest assured. Playing basketball at Sykeston High School, and before that at Antelope Consolidate (near Mooreton), had been my joy. My first "real" summer job, hauling wheelbarrows of cement at the under-construction St. Elizabeth Church in Sykeston was not my cup of tea; I was not particularly industrious then.

My folks had taken me to see Lou Bruhn in the winter of 1958, so he "found" me, and VCSTC was my destination. I started early.

I was fired from my first job that summer: mowing grass for the Layton family and Mrs. Wicks across the street, both living up by Chautauqua Park and on the river. It didn't occur to me, then, that if you took a job you finished it, first. I missed one weekend when my parents came through and I went with them to Fargo. The next week: no job, lesson learned. Layton's ran a nursery in north Valley; Mrs. Wicks seemed very old – in retrospect she was perhaps my present age or a little older – and I remember that she told me she was a music graduate of Oberlin Conservatory in Ohio, a pretty prestigious place.

My big memory that first college summer school was a composition class taught by some visiting lecturer from out east. He was pretty good. I learned, forever, what "ellipses" were. If I use ellipses in this or following writing – I use them quite frequently – I'll point them out. Next writing will be of Flossie Bell, I'm sorry, Mrs. Bell (at least so we thought). Stay tuned.

There will be a flood of memories once I start writing, so I'm going to discipline myself, and take only one or two at a time. Some clues: Cink's store: the Old Science Building.... (There, I correctly used ellipses! When I used them in a paper I submitted to him, it was something like this) Perhaps one of two of my memories will trigger similar or other memories for you – good old STC wasn't that big after all! (If you haven't been there lately, the main building looks much the same, physically. And most of the newer construction was at least contemplated by the time we graduated. As Garrison Keillor is so fond of saying of Lake Wobegon, "It's a place that time forgot and the decades cannot improve.")

"The Day The Music Died": I was in my third quarter on campus on February 3, 1959. That was the day Buddy Holly, the Big Bopper and Ritchie Valens caught a light plane in Clear Lake Iowa enroute to a gig in Moorhead. Of course, as anyone with any knowledge of music remembers, their plane went down shortly after takeoff and they were all lost. (The others, including Waylon Jennings, took the bus to Moorhead).

Filling in for them that night was a 15-year old kid from Fargo Central, and his garage band. His name was Bob Velline. Before too long he would become Bobby Vee, and achieve a national following. Less than a year ago I was going through some belongings of my first mother-in-law, and came across a photo album including an autographed photo of Bobby Vee (attached). Barbara, my then co-worker at the Omwick and Piller theatres, must've seen him in concert somewhere way back. More interesting information, if you want:
www.fiftiesweb.com/crash.htm;
http://news.mpr.org/features/199902/05_engerl_bobbyvee-m/index.shtml .

Other than remembering the shock impact of that event, at that time, I don't remember much else about music in the era. One of you described me as very shy and quiet, and you got it absolutely right. But I did pay attention to happenings, and I remember that those were the days of "platter parties", and Charley Boone, later to become a major league radio personality in the Twin Cities, was a popular host of the parties.

Bobby Vee (I think he's back to Bob Velline these days) still plays, with his sons, and is apparently a popular musician even today. He lives in the St. Cloud MN area.

"61 in '61": I was in my last quarter at the college, the fall of 1961, when North

Dakotan Roger Maris broke Babe Ruth's 34 year home run record. If you are a baseball fan, you know the details; if you aren't, I won't bore you with them. (I had come to the college as a sports nut, but by my last quarter I was forced to take two of Charlotte Graichen's one credit courses to get sufficient PE credits to graduate!)

But, I was interested in sports, college and professional. I remember, one day in late September, 1961, going from the Omwick Theatre to KOVC-radio, which was then in the same block as the Hotel Rudolf, and reading the teletype announcing that Maris had hit his 60th. I actually had that newsprint in my possession for awhile, but it disappeared many years ago. I wish I still had it! It was a time of real pride for North Dakota, that's for sure.

Of course, at the time, they questioned the record – it was the only baseball record on the books with an asterisk. But it lasted far more than 34 years,,,, And the first person to break the record – come on, remember his name without looking it up – this guy only had his 15 minutes of fame before the record was broken again, and then again.

Enough for starters.

These memories just get me started. As the spirit moves, probably once a week, I'll toss out some other niblets from those wonderful years, when life was still just waiting to happen!

#2 - Harry Grammond, February 15, 2003

You certainly have open some memory gates!! I won't be as organized as you are so I will just ramble. If you want to share this with others, go ahead.

I started at Valley in the fall of 1959 and I attended two full years and two summers before I graduated with a 2 year Standard degree. I then taught one year in Forman, my home town..I was then named as principal at one of the elementary schools in Sargent Central. That school was at Cogswell. I married Vera Ringsaker on June 2, 1962 and we lived in Cogswell and both of us taught there for five years and became the parents of three sons. We would pack up every summer and move back to Valley to attend summer school. We did that for five summers.. In the fall of 1967 we moved to Grey Eagle, Minnesota where I was principal for 32 years before retiring in 1999. Once we crossed the state line into Minnesota we were blessed with three daughters and now we have three grandchildren. Back to Valley City.

During my two years at Valley I lived on the third floor of Mythaler Hall. I got to know a lot of the athletes there and I was student manager for some of the teams. I also baby sat for Dale Lemon, who was a coach and lived in the dorm. I worked at Holiday's Supermarket the first year and got to know some really neat people there. Andria Zahn, Bob Reith, Tim Tilmony, Dot Peterson, Larry ?? and others. The next year I worked as a welder for Trader Brothers. I worked for them that year and each of the next five summers that we returned to Valley. They were very good to me.

My roommate was Pat Smith. He married Audrey Dohman and a few years later Pat was killed in a hunting accident. Audrey eventually married George Gaukler. Other friends that we had were Mike Hattigen, Tom McCord, Jim Sanness, Bob Sogn and others. I know that I probably misspelled some names.

Vera and I always enjoyed stopping at Ed's popcorn stand downtown. I think all of the college kids respected him. I think we all respected him for his conversation and for not letting his blindness stop him from making a living.

The meals at the dorm were always the same on any given day but they were always very good. Those girls dorm rules were pretty strict also. A lot different than it is now.

The first date that I had with Vera was at a dance at the Sargent County Fair in the fall of 1959. The music was provided by Buddy Holly. Didn't know then that he would be famous.

It worked pretty well though because Vera and I celebrated our 40 wedding anniversary this past June 2nd.

One of my most vivid memories of you Dick was the day you came to my dorm room after your wife died. It was the first time that I came that close to that kind of situation. I'm not sure that I was very helpful.

Vera's brother lives in Sykeston and taught there for several years so we have been there many times. Even attended that church several times.

We just got some company so I will close for now. Maybe more later.

#3 - Darleen Norberg, February 16, 2003

Here is my first attempt at the "Glory Days" VCSU. Seems like an introduction has been the norm for first message.

In May of 1958 I graduated from Kulm High School and started at VCSU in the fall of 1958 without having had a tour of the college. I have relatives in Valley City and my oldest sister attended Mercy School of Nursing so I was vaguely familiar with the city, but had never been on campus. I do remember that my parents took me to Valley City the Sunday before classes started. After I said good bye and walked up the steps of East Hall by myself, I had a moment of recalling one of the Carolyn Keene or Nancy Drew books about life's passages and new beginnings. Life was going to be different, how much, I wasn't sure. I do remember feeling a sadness when my family left, and a little apprehension about what to expect and what I'd do.

My first roommate was a gal who was on a one-year rural scholarship, had a boyfriend, and went home every weekend. I stayed in East Hall and was one of few who stayed for the weekends. The best part of staying in the dorm on the weekend was the caramel rolls for breakfast on Sat or Sun morning if you got there before they were gone. I fainted one morning in the bathroom and knocked over the "scrub bucket." I was told it was kind of "freaky" since the door to the camode was swinging aimlessly as I lay on the floor in a pool of dirty water. That year I was anemic when the pictures were taken; I had a huge sore on my lip. The dorm hours were quite unique during the week and weekends; my roommate would push the time to the minute on Sunday night.

My second year I stayed in East Hall and had a different roommate. I worked in the kitchen part time so didn't really notice that there weren't too many around. I attended the dances that were sponsored on Fri and Sat nights and went to church when I had a ride -- it was quite a distance and I wasn't that motivated to walk when I was dressed for church. I spent weekends with two gals from Kulm who came to VCSU and stayed in West Hall. Years later I was reminded that we'd sneak down to the kitchen and steal milk.

Third and fourth years I spent in Euclid Hall and was introduced to coffee. This experience seemed more like family and we became close friends at the time. There was always someone in the house who stayed for the weekend and my roommate had a car. Because my roommate had the car and went to the Catholic Church, I went with her most Sundays and on Saturdays if she went to confession. One Sunday morning in St Catherine's the Priest was walking down the aisle

blessing the people and I was hit on the side of my nose with Holy Water which really surprised me. I thought it was a ritual right out of the movies and not the real deal. My initial statement was "There's water in there!" which generated a laugh and we still talk about that.

I graduated in June of 1962 and went immediately to Washington for the Seattle World's Fair. After returning from Seattle, I went to New York City to attend the Encampment for Citizenship which was my first multi-cultural experience, my first train ride, and my first trip to New York. I spent 6 weeks in New York City up in the Bronx in a school. My best friend was from Cuba -- escaped when Castro took over.

In the fall of 1962 I started teaching in Carrington moved to teach at VCSU in the fall of 1966; married Allen Norberg May 31, 1968; and taught in Rugby, ND. We lived in Leeds because he was the high school principal. I believe he graduated in 1963 from VCSU. We moved to Ellendale and bought a house in August of 1973 where he was principal. Our son was born in Rugby in Feb 1972, our daughter was born in Ellendale in Sep 1973, and Al died in Jan 1974. I moved to Fargo in Aug 1981 and down to Sioux City in Aug 1998.

How does this sound for a beginning???? You may share this if this is the style that all will follow, if I have rambled and added too many details; some can be eliminated just kind of let me know.

Prayers and blessings, Darleen

#4 - "Book Larnin'" Dick Bernard, February 21, 2003:

It's scribbled on my transcript from VCSTC: 2.97. I remember when I calculated it. I didn't even make a cumulative B average in my career at VCSTC.

I think I can blame Deann Horne's mother for that: more later.

The Fall quarter of 1958 – my second at the college – I took English Comp 211 from a lady I called Mrs. Bell. I don't know if she was "Mrs." or not. In my 18 year old view of the world, she was ancient. And it didn't help that she forced us to diagram sentences. She was not laid back, in my memory of her.

Comp 211 and the fall quarter finally ended, and I remember going back to my room at Mythaler Hall, taking the comp book in hand, and tossing it down the

incinerator chute. Later I was to learn that it was the only book I could have sold that quarter. I got a B in the course, and paradoxically, I came to enjoy writing. But if Mrs. Bell tested me on the use of the apostrophe, I would probably flunk, even today.

How old was she? I looked back in my annuals, and she appears to be younger than I am today. Oh well....

Perhaps I am the only one who made bad decisions in college. The same quarter, I began the three quarter sequence of Chemistry. My background in Chemistry was a single correspondence course from NDAC which I took by myself at rural Antelope Consolidated, and lived to tell the tale.

I passed the class, but then dropped it at the end of the first quarter. My mother's sister, my Aunt Mary, had told me about one-room rural schools, and that you could teach in them with a one-year credential. I was poor and it sounded intriguing. So instead of chemistry I took Kid Lit from one of the Vangstad's in the winter quarter. By the end of winter quarter the urge to teach had disappeared, but I couldn't get back in chem till the next winter quarter.

It is interesting to think back to those days and remember teachers: what we thought of them then, and what we think about teachers now. Long ago I came to the realization that a good teacher is not necessarily perceived that way at the time; that if we teach, the best we can expect is to make a positive difference in one student in one way one time. If we do that, then we've done well. By that criteria, every one of the teachers I had at VCSTC were good ones, and made a positive difference in my life.

But, how about Deann Horne's Mom?

For some unremembered reason, I became sports editor of the 1960 Viking Annual. We were tooling along, nearing the final deadline, and I remember the crisis when the caption for one of the football pages eluded us. We just could not think of a headline for this one page. Finally, in one of those flights of idiocy that inhabit every collegians mind once or twice, we decided to call this page, "the page without a headline". But that was too obvious. So, Deann called her Mom, as I recall, and asked what those words were in Norwegian.

To this day, that page is headlined: "Et blav der har ingen overskrift", which means, I think, "the page without a headline".

I was told that yearbook adviser and art instructor Carl Emmerich had been hoping the 1960 Annual would have been an award winner, and he was not pleased at our little last minute gambit.

That Spring, I took Art Appreciation from him, and got a D in it (today I love art). Did he get even? Or did I get my just desserts?

College kids are good with excuses too.

Next weeks chapter: probably "Food, Valley City-style".

If you feel like tossing some memories in the kettle, feel free.

Darleen Norberg, February 23, 2003

I'm trying to see if there are some "class" memories from VCSTC and pray that my memory is in tact.

I know that there were students who would cut classes -- I was not one of those. I attended classes, spent time in the library, and did all the assignments to "get my money's worth out of the college."

I remember Mrs. Bell, yes, she was a "Mrs." I enjoyed her class and the diagramming and kept my book for reference. I also remember a Miss Moss who taught a couple classes that I took, not sure what the titles were, however. Miss Moss stated in class one day, "If you don't want to marry a _____, don't have the first date." How that fit into the lesson is beyond my scope of recall.

More vividly I remember one of the basic science courses as a freshman with a little old man who got a thrill out of freaking out the girls in class with his "roasted grasshoppers" that he popped into his mouth like peanuts as he lectured and totally freaked me out. Unfortunately, I was sitting right in front of his desk, practically under his nose. Noticing my utter shock and all sorts of facial expressions, he selected me to be one of the "guinea pigs" as he walked around the room. The boys were itching to have a sample and I thought I'd rather die on the spot than eat a grasshopper. I left to go to the bathroom as a move to take flight and he was still on his bandwagon when I returned to class. Of course, a grade was hanging over my head and the bathroom excuse only works once during a class. I believe that he finally put the can of grasshoppers right in front of me and shook it a little as he

continued to eat the bugs. I did see a grasshopper on top that had a visible leg so I lifted it out of the can by the leg. I let it set in front of me for as long as possible until he "got right in my face coercing me to eat it" and of course the guys chimmed in--I have no idea who they were, but at the moment I hated them all and probably offered to share (which was not an option). That time was probably one of a few times in my life that I asked God to intervene and protect me from "this man and this awful thing I was supposed to eat." I felt persecuted and harrassed. I was not impressed with the idea of eating a bug and finally took off a piece of a wing and tasted that -- it tasted like a burnt peanut. I thought I was off the hook and heading toward an "A," but NO! This little old man continued and I felt like I had to take one more bite so I tried the other wing. Finally after the whole class was chanting some sort of nonsense, I ate one of the legs and said that I was done, I tasted it, and that was enough. There was NO WAY I was going to eat the body of a bug.

I remember the first day of Speech 101. The tiniest lady I'd ever seen arrived and marched right up to the teacher's desk. That was Mrs. Canine whom I thought would have a weak voice and she blasted out with more depth and volume than I had ever heard. She was quite entertaining and I always enjoyed her speech and journalism classes. I'd forgotten the schedule for the first speeches and was on schedule the first day. The first topic that came to mind was the "Farmers Union." I was not impressed with my speech, but I felt that if improvement was to be a factor, I would be on the road for a high grade. Every speech after that was better.

I remember Charlotte Graichen's classes and the job-related advice that she worked in sporadically. I especially liked Anatomy and Kinesiology. She'd invite Mr. Bruhn to lead the calling for the Square Dance classes which he did. "The first person to make friends with in a new school is the janitor." Miss Graichen was skilled in inspiring students to excell, she was very encouraging and made her classes "student friendly." Miss Graichen was highly respected.

I remember the Convocations and the opportunity to talk with students I only saw at that hour. I also remember how many people would be absent on a given day.

I remember walking down the second floor hallway toward the Business Office after I'd seen the movie, "Psycho" which was the most terrifying movie I'd ever seen (I'm a good audience and really get involved with the plot). As I approached the set of descending steps close to the Journalism Room, a lady was coming toward me who reminded me of the final picture in the movie and I took off for the Journalism Room as fast as I could move, slammed the door, and sat down.

Someone asked what was wrong because I looked like I'd seen a ghost. The story was told and everyone present laughed, but no one could find the gal. Eventually, I recovered and went to my dorm room.

Prayers and blessings, Darleen

#5 Harry Grammond February 23, 2003:

I don't remember a Mrs. Bell but I remember a Mary Canine and a Kitty ???. Mary Canine would often arrive in the classroom 9 1/2 minutes late just in time to spoil our plans of leaving after waiting 10 minutes which was some type of rule at the time. Kitty ?? seemed very old to us and we were all shocked one day when she was gone and it was because her mother was ill!!!

I, also, had many fine teachers. Jim O'Connell and Dorothy Langemo were a couple that I especially remember. Mr Overbo left a different impression on me when he found out that I was changing from Secondary to Elementary. Mr. Ferguson from the library was an interesting person to have come to your class to speak. Lou Bruhn was a great help to me and of course the Vangsted twins. Isn't it something that they are still living at Osakis. That is only about 25 miles from where I live. I see their picture in the paper every once in awhile.

Events in certain classes also left an impression. Eating chocolate cover grasshoppers in biology class, the phy. ed. class where we put a boxing glove on one hand and tried to play basketball with the other hand. The other team had the boxing glove on the other hand. You had a chance of either being able to control the ball or really getting a good lick in on someone from the other team. I remember telling the story "Gift of the Magi" in Kid Lit and seeing a girl named Elaine crying in the back row. Guess I must have done a good job of telling the story.

I may be jumping the gun but you mentioned you were going to write about food at Valley. As I mentioned before, I ate at the dorm and the meals were always the same and always good. There was the halibut on Friday, the fried chicken at noon on Sunday and the bag lunch for Sunday evening. We always enjoyed going out the the A&W in east Valley complete with the car hops. I also have fond memories of that little coffee shop or lunch room in the basement of the main building..As a freshman, I was really impressed by an upper classman who was carrying a tall glass of tomato juice in his shirt pocket because his hands

were full of other things. Because I worked at Trader Brothers which was right next to the bowling alley, I ate there several times. Vera remembers some small cafe next to the theatre that had large doughnuts and you could get ice cream to fill the doughnut hole.

Share this if you want.

Until next time...

#6 - Looking Back. Darryll Pederson February 24, 2003

Fellow class mates:

I have been a professor in the Department of Geosciences at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln since 1975. Still, I fondly remember the days at VCSTC, because they were different and perhaps better than the current face of higher education. My memories are not of orchestrated high-powered events so common today or of drinking orgies, but of classes, band, late-night discussions in the dorm, homecoming, EBC Hit Parade, building floats, roller skating at the armory, and the snack bar in the basement corner of old main to name a few.

Short showers were the norm in Mythaler Hall because you could lose all the furniture and clothing in your room if you took too long. Your dorm mates were more than willing to move all your belongings out to places unknown if given 5 minutes. You answered the phone on your floor by saying "Mythaler Hall, who in the Hall do you want" or "City Morgue, you slab them, we stab them, some go to heaven, some go to--Hello There." Most people did not bother answering the phone because it was likely not for them. The need for immediate connection by cell phone did not exist. Debates were the norm on the cold winter nights. "God can do anything!, can he make something so big he can't move it?" or "Would a Catholic president be controlled by the Pope." What is reality? I might point out that this discussion was far different than today's reality TV shows. It seemed like each time the topic was totally different, but all got involved. During warmer times we were more inclined to go out to the A & W for a root beer.

I too remember the chocolate covered grasshoppers in biology class. By appearing eager, I was able to grab a sample and later discard it while attention was focused on Darleen and others. When the snake was brought in, I reached for it in faked anticipation. My efforts were recognized by the focus being turned to others who didn't want to touch it. I had also heard that if you did really well on the initial tests, you might be excused from the later ones. I studied like nuts, got a real high grade on the first test and was sent to the greenhouse to work during

the rest of the exams. I remember Diane being in the same class as me. We sat next to each other during labs.

Chemistry professor Dusty Rhoades was one of the pivotal persons in my life. He told me after one test, when I was kicking myself for missing one of the questions- "There was only one perfect person in the world and they crucified him." He really encouraged me. I still remember my first day in chemistry lab. We were to inventory our lab drawer. Having never had a chemistry course I relied heavily on Don Wiltse, Alvin Horne, and Dean Evansted to identify the items in my drawer.

Mathematics professor Overbo, in retrospect turned out to be one of my most effective teachers. While I did okay in Calculus, I thought his teaching technique left much to be desired. It was only after I got into graduate school, getting a masters in chemistry and physics and later a Ph.D. in Geology, that I realized my math training had prepared me well. I remembered the physics and mathematics classes from Overbo far better than other classes and was able to apply what I learned.

I played trombone in the college band all four years. The memory of turning a downtown corner on an icy street and catching the full impact of the howling wind while marching in the homecoming parade still brings shivers. My trombone froze up during a pep rally for the basketball team as they left for Districts. Playing in the pep band was fun, as we marched through the halls signaling the end of classes and the start of homecoming activities. There was also the snake dances through the college and downtown with the pep band playing. Who remembers the basketball game in Aberdeen South Dakota that was brought to an abrupt end when players and then fans took the floor in a free for all? Finally, in what would signal the end of band director Fromke's career and life, he collapsed during a concert in Devils Lake.

Remember the old mailboxes in the main building? In the far simpler society of that day, I still remember the day I was walking down the hall and saw the some guy laughing fairly quietly while reading a notice posted by the Dean of Women. A quick read was "All girls please check your boxes immediately." At the same time, the Dean of Women came out of her office, looked at us, at the note and ripped the notice off the board. I finally made the connection. Kissing on the first date was a matter of debate. The pill was not available. We went steady as compared to hooking up which is the now the norm. My memories are of many beautiful girls, most of whom I was sure would never have anything to do with me, so I never dared ask them out for fear of rejection.

The world was becoming more ominous with the building of the Soviet military and the development of H-bombs. More and more men were being drafted as this country did likewise. The student deferment delayed your obligations until you graduated. Don Wiltse, on finishing his MD was sent to Thule Greenland where he said two things were assured. He would come back single and he would come back much richer. Delwayne Zackrison was sent to the South Pole after he washed out of Naval Officer Candidate school (he said he couldn't get excited about the turning radius of ships). I tried first to get into navy flight training, but they decided I had an eye astigmatism. The National Guard had a huge waiting list, so I wrote the draft board about the navy flight school turndown and told them I would not volunteer for 4 years, but would wait to be drafted which meant only 3 years. I was never drafted and when the lottery came had a number like 340. The navy did get back to me when the Vietnam war heated up, sending me airline tickets a number of times and promising me that I could go right into flight training as my eye astigmatism was now acceptable. By that time I was married and had one child, so I refused.

I have enjoyed reading the thoughts of others and look forward to more. If any of you are passing through Lincoln, perhaps we can meet for coffee/lunch or whatever. I still get back to Valley City on a regular basis as my mother lives there. My morning run around the edge of town always includes the campus.

Darryll Pederson

#7 - Food, Drink and Wheels. Dick Bernard, March 1, 2003

I will dispose quickly of Drink and Wheels: I didn't, in the one case; and didn't have, in the second. I knew of Spike's Bar, but I can't recall actually having been in there. Besides drinking before age 21 was the Law, I think (though I wasn't that naïve!) But demon rum didn't pass my lips, nor anything else similar. I had a boring life.

Surprisingly, when I consult my memory bank "google.com" about VCSTC/food, I don't find much there. Certainly I ate, but not much, and not well.

Food was not a fancy deal. There were times when those chocolate covered grasshoppers might have tasted mighty good. (I never took that class, by the way). The popcorn machine at the Omwick, where I worked, and the Piller Theatre before, was a source of some free sustenance. My parents would be horrified if they knew I didn't eat well – I never asked them for much, then.

I am glad that there have been some who defended the food in East Hall cafeteria. I am sure it was good. But honestly the only memory of that cafeteria was the worst meal in recorded human history, which I had in my first summer school. I swear that the hot dog I had that day was actually a railroad spike that somehow got into the pot. Well...maybe I exaggerate. I did eat a lot of meals there, later. One of the attached photos is of East Hall from 1959.

The food routine for me, as I remember, was pretty simple.

Across the street from Mythaler was Fred Cink's College Grocery. (partial photo attached). If I recall correctly, Fred was a college classmate of my Dad's back in the 1930s. Once I remember having dinner with the Cink's – I think we had pheasant that night, my portion including a shotgun bb. But Cink's store was the source of what college kids needed, generally. It became part of the site for the present student union. The picture is from the Viking News article announcing plans for the Student Union.

Of course, the college grill was in the basement of Old Main, down the hall from the Viking News office, and lots went on there – the counter was on one side of the hall, the eating area on the other side, or so I recall.

Occasionally – rarely – money could be spent elsewhere in town. I remember eating scallops for the very first time, at the Hotel Rudolf – a new paradigm for a country kid. Once I remember having a huge piece of ham out at the Flickertail Inn, overlooking the valley. It was such a big piece of meat, I couldn't eat it all, and I brought it back and put it in the window well at my room at Mythaler. I expect I ate it later, but don't remember.

Somewhat more often, there would be a walk down to the Barnes County Dairy Bar, where for 45 cents you could get a REAL Banana Split. But that was a luxury item, then.

More or less behind the Omwick Theatre, to the east, was the Char-Mac Motel restaurant, where there were cheap meals. (A year or so ago I was by the Char-Mac, which is still open, and they advertised rooms from \$10 a night).

And sometime towards the end of my time at Valley, a couple of brothers – Wolski? – opened a tiny Pizza Garden out in the country just east of Valley City, not far from the east exit off of I-94. All I remember about the place was that it

was very small, and the pizzas were very good.
Maybe someone else will jog my food memories further. But that's it for now.

#8 - Darleen (Hartmann) Norberg, March 3, 2003

Really nice picture of the East Hall -- remember it well. I spent 2 yrs in East and 2yrs in Euclid. The food at East Hall was not my favorite and I ate very little. I seldom ate breakfast occasionally ate lunch, and frequently ate supper. On weekends, I remember eating Sunday lunch and that it was the best meal all week. I do remember the distinct smell of the spinach and never got beyond the smell to try eating it. I don't remember that we had very many choices which is not at all like the vast array of choices of the present college cafeterias. When I worked in the cafeteria, I remember that some students were rude and inconsiderate as they went through the line. The benefit of working in the cafeteria was getting to know who people were and observing personalities. I only worked one year. When I finally ate over in "the Grill" in Main, I was impressed with the taste of the food and the atmosphere. I didn't wander around Valley City very often to eat, but had been the guest of a friend who lived in Valley City many times. The home cooked meals were fabulous regardless what was served. On rare occasions on weekends, I went up the Foss Drug and had lunch -- usually the cheapest special. Actually, I don't remember eating very much. Food was not my prime interest in college; those were some of my skinny years (105 lbs and 22" waist). At that time I could miss a meal and lose 5 lbs; now I miss a meal and gain 5 lbs. Life certainly has a way of turning things around and keeping us humble. During my last two yrs my roommate and I went out to the Drive-in Theater a couple times. We made a few trips to the A & W, Omwick, Pillar, and Steakhouse up on the south hill by the bowling alley. Prayers and blessings, Darleen

#9 -

#10 - Brief note on VCSTC. Darryll Pederson March 5, 2003

Hi:

Enjoying the stories and reflections. I was sitting on Diane's left in biology when she produced the original genital drawing. I still vividly remember Leraas working his way around the room while we were doing our drawing and stopping, hanging unto my shoulder and just looking for the longest time at Diane's drawing. Several times I thought he was going to say something, but didn't. He must have been trying to think what to say before he finally spoke. Actually, I was going to include this story in my original note to the group, but decided not to as Diane seemed embarrassed at the time.

Diane, it is good to hear from you. I have always thought of you as a very nice person, even though I never expressed it while a classmate. My prayers are with you in this difficult time.

I have spent a number of hours looking through our school yearbooks. The page with no title jumped out this time, never noticed it before. It's difficult in a way to accept that most of the people I looked at in the yearbook are likely retired. My sister Dianne (Pederson) Larson and brother-in-law Allen Larson retired several years ago. Delwayne Zackrison is retired. I called his cell phone last Fall, and he answered from a beach in Florida. Diane, if my memory serves me, isn't Delwayne from your home area? I remember Milton Kinzler well, but have not had any contact with him. I did see Tilford Kroshus at an all school reunion in Kathryn two summers ago. We both played the trombone in the college band, and he was the band instructor at Hannaford, where I taught for the first four years out of college.

I have enjoyed teaching geology and hydrogeology at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln for the last 28 years and will stick around for 6-7 more years yet. My health is good, I can leave most college students in the dust, who run for recreation. My work has led to travel, including research on the beaches of Hawaii. I don't know how retirement would be much different than what I am doing now.

My two children are well established in their careers. When I came here, I was told there were two ways to become a Nebraska native. One is to be born here, the other is to be too poor to leave. I have found the third way is to marry a Nebraska native. My thoughts of retiring to Colorado and skiing everyday will likely not materialize, too far from Nebraska.

I have visited Bernard's website so know what he looks like now and what he is up to. If any of you have websites to visit, please include them in your notes. I have the standard university website which addresses my work, but no personal website. Probably the quickest way to reach my website is to type Darryll Pederson in the Google search engine, and then click on the UNL Geosciences website. I don't recall right now what is my specific website address.

I see by the email address that Bob Zimmerman is at the University of Arkansas. One of my Ph.D. students, Ralph Davis is a professor there, in the department of geology. Every Spring, Van Brahana and Ralph Davis set up a hydrology days field trip that I try to attend with students from here. Perhaps I will run into Bob on the Arkansas campus. This Fall, I will lead a trip through the Nebraska

Sandhills which includes a one day canoe trip down the Dismal River. A number of faculty and students from the University of Arkansas will participate in this field trip.

Have started to ramble so will quit. Yes, I still remember the dorm food. Come each Spring, you never had to chew your food. Just drop the food in your mouth, tilt your head up and let it slide down the well greased pathway. Yes, Sunday food was better.

Cheers-Darryll Pederson

(See #12, below) DARN! I missed Leraas, and didn't regret it, till now! Oh well....

#11 - Biology 112: Darleen Norberg

Dick,

You blew it when you opted for Agriculture instead of the Biology 111 or 112 with Leraas -- it was a class like non-other.

I remembered the grasshoppers and snake but had forgotten about the worms and sex. I cheated and looked at someone else's drawing of the male parts before creating my own unique production. My visible reaction at various episodes during the class made Leraas' day as I recall he would laugh and I would go into shock. This was not a learning experience of God's friendly little creatures to me; this was an entire movie of some unhealthy force that had invaded my comfort zone and my imagination soared into overload. I was very close to dropping the course and Movius talked me out of it. The one thought I garnered from that biology class was, "If I can survive grasshoppers, worms, snakes, and sex; I can handle the rest of college life."

Intro to Art was another class that rattled my cage. We had to memorize the title of the pictures that were presented in class with author and style. I hated every minute of it and when I visited New York I purchased a small Monet' to develop an appreciation of his art -- don't know where the painting is right now.

Eventually, my favorite spot at VCSU was the Journalism Room. It was a friendly, warm, and relaxed place to vent, sort out my schedule, and complete any homework.

What amazes me now is how we had to dress up in ND with the winters such as

they were and the major amounts of snow to plow through. Life was simple then and all my worldly possessions fit into a suitcase with room to spare.

What is the next topic???

Have a super great day -- this dialogue is getting to be fun.

Prayers and blessings, Darleen

#12 - Athletics, or White Men Can't Jump. Dick Bernard, March 7, 2003:

There is a specific reason for the title. More shortly. While Mr. Leraas had nothing to do with athletics (in the traditional sense), he's become notorious. I never took biology. While you were learning about sowing wild oats, I was learning to identify wild oats, in Mr. Robinson's Ag class. Oh well....

Looking back, it seems we were at VCSTC during its athletic glory years. Of course, this meant men's sports, since there was no Title IX, and women (girls) had to make do with whatever Charlotte Graichen cooked up – or am I incorrect on that?

I first attended a basketball game in the Valley City field house when I was nearing 10 years old. It was 1950, and Sykeston, where my Dad was superintendent at the time, won third in the State Class C tournament in that building. (Coach of that team was Dad's 1930s STC college classmate Everett Woiwode, whose son Larry later became famous as the author of *Beyond the Bedroom Wall*, and is now in the North Dakota Hall of Fame, I believe.) Larry and I were childhood buddies; our Mom's were best of friends – teachers and their families had to stick together in these little towns!

In those years basketball seems to have been king; and even in the NBA it was still whites only, best as I recall.

But I remember vividly a county tournament held in the field house, where one of the teams was tiny Noltimier High School, a country school somewhere in Barnes County. There were two or three farm kids on that team who could quite easily dunk the basketball, and they weren't that tall either. It was pretty spectacular to watch them. Something in the genetic code out there made them into White Kids Who Could Jump!

I don't mean to slight the other sports, but I remember only football and basketball,

and some tense wrestling matches in what is now Graichen Gym. I remember quite vividly the 1959 homecoming where the football teams played in a snowstorm. I recall at least one homecoming bonfire over by the shop building just east and north of old main. The basketball Vikings did not have a down year the entire time I was there, if I recall rightly. The Grubbs did their magic with all 5 feet or so of height; on the other end were Vern Davis and Don Becker who were, I suppose, nearing 6'10". Gordy Baumgartner of those years is in the STC Hall of Fame, I noticed on a visit to "the bubble" not long ago. Jerry Pederson seems to have been the scoring machine, in my memory anyway.

"The bubble" west of campus was constructed during my last year there; I graduated in December, 1961, and they were playing their first season there when I left town for the Army in early January, 1962.

I have a few topics yet to cover, just to give you a heads up, if you want to think of things to say: there will be a section on hijinks; one on organizations; one on diversity; one on religion...and whatever else comes to mind. Chime in if you care to.

#13 - Hijinks. Dick Bernard, March 14, 2003:

Sometime in the mid-1990s, someone old enough to drive, but too young to have any common sense, decided to try to drive his car across the old walking bridge. Someplace enroute the car got stuck. The bridge was ruined, and had to be rebuilt at great cost. It was news apparently worth preserving for posterity, since there is a display at the north side of the bridge describing the deed, but not the perpetrator identity. (The display also includes a quite interesting history of the Valley City landmark, but the new bridge loses something, though it looks quite similar. One thing certain: it will be a major challenge for the next driver who wants to drive across it.)

In the late 50s and early 60s, if there was something "shady" comin' down, you'd probably not find me around...but secretly enjoying it nonetheless. Mostly, I was risk averse...and too busy in the later years of college. For 45 years I got away with having put a garter snake in my roommate's dresser drawer at Mythaler Hall...but when this conversation reunited me with him a month or so ago, and I poured out my confession, I found out that for all these years he'd accused someone else of the dastardly deed. I had been home free, if I'd kept my mouth shut. Such is life.

My parents both went to STC, mostly summers in the 1930s, except for a full year my Dad went in 1939-40 to complete his degree – the year I was born. When I started at the college in 1958, Dad was 50 years old, and my school superintendent, and high school teacher. He was truly Methuselah to me. And only 50 years old! Egads. Mom was two years younger.

Dad was to me the very serious sort; Mom seemed more playful. In later years, I found out that both of them had walked across the hi-line bridge in north Valley during the 1930s; during Dad's gambit, he got caught midpoint by a train, he said. Of course, this was illegal, and dangerous, but a common adventure, or so I hear. Me? I never got in the neighborhood of the hi-line, except beneath.

In 1980 both Dad and Mom wrote out their memories for me, and there is this reminiscence from my Dad: "An unusual event came during one of the summer sessions. We were promoting a dance in the big gym and the fellows got together and got me to be the "fall" guy. We were going to have a chapel as the general meetings [in the college auditorium] were called. There was to be an English woman who was going to give a lecture. The fellows asked me if I would ride a bicycle up and down the aisles firing off the starters pistol. I did that and it scared the English woman so that she ran off the stage and they had a hard time to convince her that this was only a prank. I suppose she thought that the cowboys and Indians were at it again. I don't think I was reprimanded by the higher authorities but I think the stunt served its purpose to publicize the dance that was going to be held that evening in the gym." (I can see the scene as I re-write his words. Dad was 6'3", so I can imagine him on an old balloon tired bicycle in that auditorium, riding up and down the aisles, shooting off the starters pistol.)

The attachments explain themselves. I remember well the Volkswagen incident. The guy sitting on the car – can't recall his name – was strong as a horse, and I'm sure he was involved with the prank. The cartoon and the homecoming program suggest that while the 60s were just beginning, even we on the prairie had some passing familiarity with the "beat generation". Jack Kerouac had written the "beat bible", "On the Road", by the mid-1950s, I believe.

Till next time.... Have a great weekend.

Doubtless some of you rascallions have some memories of deeds done...the statute of limitations is long past. Confession is good for the soul (or so we Catholics learned). Fess up!

Next week: religion.

#14 - Pranks. Darryll Pederson, March 14, 2003

Fellow duffers:

I believe pranks are limited to certain geographical areas. The students that I know at the University of Nebraska say they never think of pranks. The same goes for the faculty here, including when they were in school. Yet I know from personal experience that VCSTC and the University of North Dakota were hotbeds of pranks.

Already mentioned was the moving of everything in dorm rooms when the occupant went to the common restroom on their floor. I remember well the lifting of the car to the dorm patio. Incidentally, I first found out in these exchanges that Dick Greene had held me responsible for the snake in his desk drawer. Now to some things I did do.

Don Wiltse, Delwayne Zackrison and I were assistants to Dusty Rhoades, the chemistry professor. We discovered that the 45 caliber blank shell was still in an early crude-type fire extinguisher hanging on the wall in the lecture room. A low temperature melting strip was in place to keep the spring driven firing pin from hitting the blank shell. The glass container holding the fire retardant had long ago been removed. The blank shell was to shatter the container and spread the retardant around the room. We carefully removed the melting strip and replaced it with a nail attached to a fine string that went to the ceiling and out a transom, high across the hall and through the transom of another classroom on the other side of the hall.

Dusty Rhoades was very punctual for his lectures and rather stern in class. We stood on a table in the classroom across the hall and watched through the transom for him to come. When he touched the door nob of the lecture room, we pulled the string. There was a loud sharp bang as the blank shell exploded. Dusty Rhoades yanked the door open to a setting of blue haze with shocked students who had no idea of what happened, but were scared out of their wits. Dusty Rhoades lit into them and if they were scared before they were even more scared afterward. We recovered our string in the turmoil by pulling it all the way to the room we were in, leaving no evidence. Several days later in the chemistry stockroom, Dusty Rhoades came up to us and said "you SOB's did that." He laughed and said it was a good one. I don't think the students in that class ever knew what happened.

An automotive ignition coil and a battery were the key ingredients in a common dorm room stunt. In the winter, evening discussions in dorm rooms were the in thing. With few chairs, the beds were the sofa's. The idea was to lay two parallel bare wires underneath the thin burnt-orange bed spreads. These wires were attached to the output of the ignition coil. One wire went from the coil input to the battery. The other wire connected to the coil input was placed near the battery in a place where the instigator could complete the circuit without discovery. You know what would happen at some point in the evening.

The bedsprings were the old fashion kind. Strips of criss-crossing metal bands attached to the sides of the frame by springs. They could be easily stretched, making the beds uncomfortable to sleep in, and going to Vern Gale to get new springs was a common event. One dorm pair, Bob Anderson and I can't remember the other persons name devised a setup. They placed large foot lockers immediately under the metal bands of their beds. They then went to another dorm room and started jumping up and down on the beds stretching the bed springs. The two occupants of that room retaliated by running to the perpetrators room and made flying jumps landing on their bottoms on the mattress of the beds. Luckily, the mattresses provided some cushion as it was like landing on the floor, no give.

One of my roommates, Jim Dunphy was going out on the town to celebrate leaving school and joining the navy. Some of his friends broke into our room, every lock was easy to pick. They unhooked all of the bedsprings from the frame and tied the metal bands to the frame with several strings. Enough to hold the mattress, but not a person's weight. Jim came in late at night and very unsteady. When he rolled into bed, he promptly took a trip to the floor. I still remember him hollering for help as a clung to the bed frame to prevent a further slide into the abyss.

One more- There were excellent painters in the dorm. It was recognized that one of the "Larrys" was punctual in rising and was also very groggy, coming to perhaps an hour after rising. The painters prepared a door-sized depiction of hell. Very vivid with the devil preparing to throw a trident at the viewer. This was taped to the door frame. At the appointed time, hallway spectators could hear the door open, a scream, and the door slamming shut. The other Larry said the scream woke him up and he saw the groggy Larry getting back in bed, not saying a word. After several minutes we heard the door open every so slowly as the sleeping Larry checked things out.

I am enjoying these exchanges very much as the flood of memories come back

Darryll Pederson

#15 - Food, Drink and Wheels. Bob Zimmerman, March 14, 2003

Here is another voice from the past from Bob Zimmerman.

Lois Nunn and I have been married for more than 40 years have individual and shared experiences and remembrances of Valley City State University. I'll put a few in a note for your entertainment.

Bob arrived at VCSU in the fall of 1957 after graduating from high school in Fessenden. That was the first year that Mythaler Hall opened to residents so I had a nice new place to live. The classic comment about student retention at that time was that two out of three entering students would not be there on graduation day. I experienced that "two out of three criterion" dropouts with my first roommates. Phil from Carrington played football in fall quarter and return home with a few credits earned. "John A" who was also from Carrington followed. A quarter at STC and living in the dorm (with me?) was enough to send him to the marine recruiter.

"Dick B", who was an upperclassman and major patron at Spike's bar, became roommate number three. "Don X", who regularly tended bar downtown at Spike's where an ID was rarely needed. Dick became the frequent topic of discussions about their episodes after returning home late at night to the dorm. Dick would routinely put the wastebasket next to his bed to avoid having to run down the hall when the beer came back up. Yuck!! Don after work would some times stop at his room and undress to his shorts and then visit the men's room. He'd lose his shorts there and try to find his way back to his room. Being somewhat disoriented, Don would sometimes make a wrong turn and end up in the wrong room and crawling into bed with a surprised resident who did not lock his door! I don't know what happened to the three roommates and Don but I wished them well and recall them as good guys. The off-beat life in the dorm did add humor to being there.

The classes at VCSU varied in quality and substance. Most were pretty easy and I did not let the academic side of life get in the way of having fun. I found that I could take 18-20 credit hours and get reasonably good grades without much work if I paid attention in class and did a little home work from time-to-time. I took enough cuts in classes so my in-class time was about the same as if I was taking 15-16 credit hours! I stayed with that program at VCSU for 11 quarters and graduated with a GPA good enough to get into graduate schools and without experiencing academic burnout!

Social life at STC was simple and cheap. Those two variables were related! We'd play poker or pinochle at night and play sports like city league basketball. Every now and then we'd hustle some of the VCSU girls or high school girls from the area. I was so shy (and inept) that I certainly did not cut a wide swath! In my sophomore year, I was riding around with some guys from Sheyenne and we saw a couple of girls from their home town walking near the Rudolph Hotel. We "picked them up" and they rode around with us for a while. You have probably guested the continuance of this event. At that first meeting with Lois Nunn I realized that she was special for me. A year later on Saddy Hawkins Day, Lois asked me out for a date and the rest is history. Lois may comment on this event and the follow-up and clarify my antics as her boyfriend.

Somehow, most of us stayed out of trouble but we had to watch for Lou "the sniff" Bruhn. He was a great guy and we liked him a lot but he'd come drifting through Mythaler Hall late at night sometimes looking for "lost souls" who had over-consumed spirits. Lou would be sniffing around to see if we had been corrupted. Some nights it was like the Keystone Kops with the sots drifting through the Mythaler lounge and barely getting out of sight before Lou would enter as if following the scent!

Almost everyone at VCSTC was financially disadvantaged. I didn't drink much or party too hardy because I had to conserve the little money that was available. As many students did then, I had to earn the money needed to attend college. The convenient laundry equipment and cheap food at Hedbergs Hash House (in East Hall) made it possible to enjoy the simple life and get a college degree. I'll always remember and appreciate the education opportunities and experiences in those years at VCSU. And, we had a lot of laughs too.

In my sophomore year, Gordon Jensen from Fergus Falls MN became my roommate. We lived together until we graduated in May 1961. Gordy and I had a lot of fun and foolishness together. We had so many laughs and capers together that it's amazing that we both graduated on schedule. I don't know where he is today but would enjoy hearing from him again. I may tell a few tales about our amusements in a later narration. Okay, here's one just for fun. Guys from Mythaler Hall usually went to HHH for meals in groups. One day, I went a little earlier than Gordy and was sitting with others at the table when he came through the line. The food that day was not memorable except for the big radishes that were served and the fact that Ora Hedberg had some serious looking guests sitting near the front of the line and facing us as they were eating about 35 feet away. I

thought it might be fun to see Gordy hop a little so I grabbed a big radish and threw it at him. It was a hellova throw and just missed him; the errant radish passed through the line toward Ora's guest. It ricocheted to the ceiling off her guest's forehead to the great amusement of the guys at our table. We almost busted a gut trying not to show how hard we were laughing and thereby identifying the culprit who threw the radish!

That's it for now. If you think this is amusing and wish to post it, that is okay with me. For those who may be curious about my present status: Lois and I have lived in Fayetteville Arkansas for the past 25 years. Lois taught special education and elementary grades for many years and she retired in 2002. I was the Associate Vice Chancellor of Information Technology for the University of Arkansas for 25 years or as our children used to say that I was the "head computer geek". I retired in July 2012. We are enjoying our present life style of travel and enjoying life in Arkansas. Our children live in TX, MI and AR and we have seven grandchildren.

Best regards,

REZ

#16 - Sports. Darleen Norberg, March 16, 2003

Sports: Sports for women during my college years was the "Recreation" nights - WRA. The closest we came to "competition" was the Intra-mural tournaments for each sport. Can't remember any unusual events or stories related to them. Four years later when I returned to teach at VCS, I was searching for a "Pioneer Gym Suit" to wear for the Jubilee in Kulm. Charlotte Graichen showed me a classic sample from the early 1900s -- bloomer pants (6 yards of fabric pleated) and sailor-type top with a red bow. I decided that I needed to have one instead of a dress so she loaned me hers and when I had time, I had one made. One day I wondered what it would be like to participate in activities with my suit from the past. The students were quite shocked when I appeared for class in my "new uniform"; it was a nice diversion from the usual schedule -- laughter was spontaneous. The old uniform was quite comfortable for most sports and the exercises, but it was a problem for gymnastics. When I was demonstrating and trying to explain a back chest roll, the six yards of fabric covered my face and I could not see what I was doing and the students couldn't hear me. Needless to say, the first attempt nearly cut off the oxygen supply. There apparently was a vast array of activity at VCSU that was not part of my conscious awareness Prayers,Darleen

#17 - Politics. Dick Bernard, March 21, 2003:

I was going to do Religion this week, but decided to change course. Politics seems a more current and compelling topic. My Political focus will be from our days at VCSTC; but most of this offering will be a column of mine printed in the Valley City Times Record December 3, 1996. So this will be a bit longer than the usual.

Religion next time. Between now and then, Lord and the War on Terror willing, my siblings and I will be doing a walk to the floor of the Grand Canyon, spending March 26 and 27 along the Colorado River, there. I'll be back next Sunday, March 30.

I looked through the Viking News of 1960-61 to see what evidence there was of Politics, then. There wasn't much. The November 3, 1960, issue urges folks to vote November 8. Right beside it, a headline says "Aid to Education Is Dem-Rep Topic for SEA Debate Tonight". On the Republican side are Tom McCord, Charles Schroeder, and Joan Zimmerman; on the Democrat side Johanna Limvere, Lon Miller, and Pat Welch. The issue was Federal Aid to Education.

A January 20, 1961, column on the editorial page, reprinted from the Texas Wesleyan College newspaper, is entitled "Know Communism", which was then the evil against which we fought.

Sputnik had been launched by the Soviets in October of 1957, my senior year in Sykeston, and it spawned lots of programs, including National Science Foundation and National Defense Education Act grants for public school teachers. In 1959, Castro took over in Cuba (my Dad's cousin, now in his mid-80s, said he had made a bet with a friend, then, that the tin-horn dictator would soon be thrown out of office).

The Young Democrats, who in the spring elected George Gaukler as their president, seem to have been a bit more aggressive than the Young Republicans in getting ink in the Viking News – they must've got their press releases in. Or rather, got in press releases period.

In the May 24, 1961, issue of the Viking News, on the editorial page, is a column from ACP (Associated Collegiate Press) headlined Our Greatest Threat, which seems pertinent now, 42 years later: "If a poll were taken of what people today consider the greatest threat to the nation's security, destruction by atomic energy likely would be named most often. Is this the real danger? Or could it be merely an effect of an inner affliction – man's growing nonchalance in selling his mind to

the highest bidder?

“Rational, unchained minds will control their products.

“The man in the shop thinks labor-wise: in the swivel chair he looks through management’s eyes. The electric company employee thinks gas is out-dates; gas producers cook on the front burner.

“Psychoanalysts wring the mind, while the osteopath twists the bones. Cubans think Cuban, Russians think Russian, and United States citizens think little past next Friday’s check.

“One Fort Worth resident helps build airplanes to kill people like himself, while painted across the top of his tool box are the words ‘Jesus saves’ and ‘Are you right with the Lord?’

“Fellow employees laughingly ignore him. Yet five days a week they help him build the planes and on Sunday they go to church. Some even donate money to feed those whom, in case of war, their labor would destroy. They, if actions speak truly, wish to kill healthy children only.”

President during our entire time at Valley City was Dwight Eisenhower, Republican, General. Ironically, the Peace Movement today frequently quotes him, especially this quote, taken from the Congressional Record September 26, 2001: Sen Robert C. Byrd said then “In his farewell address on January 17, 1961, President Dwight D. Eisenhower looked upon the rising power and influence of armament producers are at the increasing share of technological research that is performed for the federal government. He warned the councils of government to “guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex....” And to “be alert to the ... danger of scientific-technological elite.”

Of course a few days after Eisenhower made his remarks, John Kennedy was inaugurated and made his famous declaration to all Americans, especially young impressionable collegians: “Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country.” The Peace Corps soon began. And the 60s were under way.

On another occasion, to the American Society of Newspaper Editors 16 April 1953, Dwight Eisenhower said “Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies, in the final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and not clothed. This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of the laborers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children...This is not a way of life at all in any true sense. Under the cloud of threatening war, it is humanity hanging from a cross of iron.”

From the Valley City Times Record, December 3, 1996
A reflection by an American person by Dick Bernard

“During the often sordid political campaign of ’96, I found myself revisiting in my mind a 1960 scene in the Valley City Park.

It was a beautiful day, with many people gathered around the bandstand. A band was playing. We were waiting for a speech by New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller. I was 20 and in college.

The governor came, was politely received, gave his speech, and left for his next stop. It was a thrilling day for me.

I contrasted that gentle day in 1960 with the disrespect-of-others-as-persons national spectacle presented in the 1996 campaigns.

But did my memory match the reality? Rebecca Heise of the Barnes County Historical society helped me re-visit what really happened that day, June 4, 1960.

The June 3 Times-Record reported that the governor, after speaking for about 10 minutes, would spend about 20 minutes “shaking hands...” He was accompanied by a “busload of newsmen and commentators...” and “the Litchville High School band...present[ed] a concert...”

The June 5 Fargo Forum said “...upwards of 1,200 persons cheered Rockefeller...”

“We in a free land, often take for granted the many blessings we enjoy,” Rockefeller told the Valley City gathering.

“It’s too bad so many people say that politics is a dirty business, when in reality it is the lifeblood of the American government. When they tell me that politics is a dirty business I tell them, “Why don’t you get into politics then and clean it up?”

He said freedom has never been challenged more than it is today...”shown,” he added, “by the wrecking of the summit conference where insults were hurled at President Eisenhower who has dedicated his life, first as a military man, and now as President, working to help this nation through trying times.”

So...dirt and insults were a part of the then political process.

Later in 1960, Gov. Rockefeller lost the Republican nomination to Richard Nixon, and John Kennedy won both the Democratic nod and the election.

Political “dirt” in 1960, to my recollection, was pristine compared to today. John Kennedy’s personal failings apparently were widely known and considered as private matters by the press and opposition. Nixon, who might have easily won a 1996-style “personal character “ test, in 1974 resigned the U.S. presidency in disgrace.

Television was a campaign player in 1960 – witness Richard Nixon’s five o’clock shadow and its supposed effect on viewer in the first televised debate ever. But TV news and advertising were amateurish compared to today, and a smaller percentage of Americans had television. In 1960, we were spared endless hours of sophomoric attack ads.

Voters in 1960 could not conceive President Kennedy’s assassination, the Vietnam War and many other battles. Some would say we were naïve then.

The environment Gov. Rockefeller described in June, 1960, was dramatically different from today, even though he used familiar rhetoric.

Our innocence seems gone.

Tabloid journalism has infected today’s mainstream media. Many pundits and others are so blatantly partisan – left and right – that their highly polished one-sided arguments merit little serious attention.

Today’s television has, in many ways, become an Orwellian wasteland in the hands of those who seek to influence political decisions, including religious leaders, commentators and politicians of all persuasions. Fake sincerity seems universal. Messengers know how to use the medium: how to stay on message. The manipulation of the camera is so universal that it may be reducing television’s impact as a credible medium.

I hope that 1996 was the nadir of sanctioned disrespect of candidates especially at the national level. I wonder how we can even attract candidates capable of the immensely complex job of leading this magnificent country. Even Gen. Colin Powell’s life, if he had run, would have become fair game for everyone. It seems a

microscope is used to find every flaw of our candidates, no matter how small and then each flaw is absurdly magnified.

No business would succeed if its officers and products were as constantly ridiculed and second-guessed as are political candidates and government these days.

But there are many silver linings as this election season ends. Many efforts are being made to once again develop and hone and credible political process.

There is hope for our country's political system – but only if we get actively involved as Rockefeller suggested and constructively advise those committed people who are willing to represent us in all levels of government.”

POSTSCRIPT: Voting age was 21 in 1960, so I was too young to vote in that election. I think I was naïve in my last two paragraphs of the column, reprinted above.

Cybernetics. Darryll Pederson, March 24, 2003:

Note: It seems that this is a side conversation about the time that the Iraq War was officially beginning.

Dick:

Cybernetic feedback is of two main kinds. One is deviation damping, the other is deviation amplifying. A familiar example for the first would be a thermostat that in conjunction with a furnace keeps the temperature in a house uniform. The second would be a snowball rolling down a hill. Both of these examples represent the simplest form of describing a dynamic equilibrium. In the latter case, the equilibrium point will keep changing until another feedback system starts to exert itself.

There is a conveyor belt of water in the world's oceans. The best known part of the conveyor in this country is the Gulf Stream. Cold water sinks in the Arctic and Antarctic regions moves southward/northward along the ocean bottom and rises in the Pacific Ocean. There is more to the pattern, you might read the two-mile time machine by Richard Alley for more details. The bottom line is that one can think of the conveyor as being an integrated network of continuous discrete currents that transfer heat from the tropics to the higher latitudes, much like the connections between a car engine and the radiator.

I included the conveyor belt because right now it is a deviation damping system

that maintains itself. There are important thresholds. If the temperature of ocean water gets too warm, the conveyor belt shuts down because the high latitude water density is too low to sink. Geologic evidence suggests it has shut down in the past in a matter of 10's of years. Northern Europe would be plunged into near or glacial climates without the heat input of the gulf stream. It takes 1000's of years for the conveyor to re-establish itself. Modeling shows it is close to shutdown at the present time.

There are thresholds in all aspects of human activities, just as there are feedbacks. The U.S. government represents a classic example with the three branches of government. Each branch of government by feedback should prevent the others from running "amuck." A bothersome thing to me at this time is that political leaders are being elected by big money and the sound bite, because the American public has such a small attention span and votes on bogus issues. Big money is using the governmental system to fuel their growth, which has been happening with increasing acceleration over the last decades as big money has more to invest. This is a classic deviation amplifying system using what should be a deviation damping system. There is a history in this country of swings, but in this age of PC there is a real hesitancy to speak out, for example you are prejudiced because you question big money having an inordinate impact on decisions. The founding fathers saw the potential for voter apathy/ignorance and created the Electoral College. That deviation damping system has been negated by most states in the name of Democracy.

Now to the Middle East. Saudi Arabia is a classical example of a complex cybernetic system. Big oil provides the money to support an extremely oppressive regime. Big oil also through political influence provides US protection of the ruling group. Big oil makes the money while American's, with a huge appetite for oil to support their life style, passively accept the situation, and the Saudi government exists for the few. This represents a deviation damping system. Don't disturb the status quo. The Saudi's do support radical Muslim groups around the world, but this government will look the other way, because "there is too much at stake," besides we can try to deal with the problem at the other end. The Saudi's also are not building weapons of mass destruction whose existence represents the crossing of thresholds. The North Koreans who currently have only a few bombs are a classic example.

Iraq clearly has produced weapons of mass destruction and have used them to further their interests. They have tried the Pu route with assistance from France, but the Israelis stopped that. How does this tie to cybernetics? Iraq has oil, possibly more than any nation on Earth. That in itself represents a deviation

amplifying situation. France, China and Russia have actively assisted Iraq in achieving its goals by providing war material, nuclear capability, chemical and biological equipment, and providing a black market for oil. These are deviation amplifying mechanisms. The Iraq government represents total and ruthless domination of a country by 20% of the populace. This represents an instability that must be met with powerful weapons to remain in control--read weapons of mass destruction a deviation amplifying mechanism. It is in the interest of the Iraq government to leak weapons of mass destruction to terrorists groups, including their own to blackmail other governments and terrorize the world population into doing nothing, a deviation amplifying mechanism. The end result can be nothing but a major power supported by weapons of mass destruction ruling the Middle East and controlling the "life blood" of the world.

The deviation damping mechanisms are few. The UN is no longer effective, look at the 12 years of little action in Iraq. The money interests in France, Germany, China and Russia have seen to that. I don't believe for one minute that these countries were doing anything more than protecting their interests. In the course of world events the UN has never been a major cybernetic player. In most cases, the UN has been a place where the principal activity has consisted of speaking one's mind which doesn't solve problems. Eisenhower would sometimes take issues to the UN because he hadn't decided how to deal with them and wanted time.

The US will be effective for only a few years at the most in dealing with Iraq, unless we are willing to use nuclear power in the future at a great cost to all. Hitler showed how fast deviation amplifying processes can work. Doing nothing now is an invitation for cybernetics to run their course, and we will find ourselves in a world that is much more dangerous than the cold war. National boundaries mean nothing with the development of weapons of mass destruction. The people who study cybernetics say there will be a large American City destroyed by a nuclear weapon within 10 years. The only chance to avoid/put off this event is to reduce the number of players. The cold war balance worked because of the mutual mass destruction that would occur and having only two major players, a cybernetic damping mechanism. With multiple possible players there is no cybernetic damping.

There are alternate energy sources that could totally replace oil, negating its impact on the world, but they would cost something and Americans want cheap energy. The oil companies clearly oppose this so our government is doing nothing. A cybernetic damping system in itself. One is called a radical environmentalist if you oppose development of the Arctic National refuge, another

PC ploy. I wonder if the original PC people realize how much of their original thrust has been usurped by the big money people.

I discuss all these issues in my large (160 students) classes praying that I might reach someone who can make a difference.

For now, I think the disarmament of Iraq is critical to the stability of the world. Based on cybernetics, I don't see any alternate way. I also see the need to address other countries. It is extremely unfortunate that Bush is so lacking in diplomatic skills. I doubt that the lessons of Iraq will be recognized by other rouge nations with Bush at the helm so the possible beneficial cybernetics will not happen. Still we live in a democracy and must work within the democracy to effect change. No system is perfect, witness O. J. Simpson, but our country still provides the best chance for positive cybernetics.

Best of luck on your trip.

Darryll

#18 Religion. Dick Bernard, April 4, 2003:

Last Friday we were trudging out of the Grand Canyon. "We" are shown in the attached; myself at right, my brother Frank at left; brother in law and sister Flo, and sister Mary Ann between us. We backpacked in and out, camped two days on the Colorado, went down 5000 feet, and up again, from/to the south rim. By far the hardest part of the hike for me was the last 1000 vertical feet going down. Coming up was a piece of cake. Weather was perfect.

There is something profoundly religious about the Grand Canyon – no denomination owns it; I would suspect that even non-believers would be in awe, and wondering if maybe there is some power higher than ourselves at work and overlooking this magnificent place.

Back to Valley City State Teachers College 1958-61:

Religion in those years was important, I'd guess; but it was also much more compartmentalized by denomination. Ecumenical stuff, if it happened at all, was probably covert meetings, especially between Catholics and Protestants. I don't recall knowing anyone who was Jewish, though that's not to say that there weren't any.

Basically, we seem to have stuck to our own denomination. On occasion some

Catholic would fall in love with some Lutheran, and there would be tension about “mixed marriages” on both sides. But we survived.

Vatican II, which opened the windows of my Catholic Church, did not convene until after I graduated from college. To my knowledge, neither did mergers of synods, or rapprochement amongst various denominations.

I remember coming back to Valley City a year or two after Barbara died (1967 or so), and walking past the Lutheran Church that was on the route between the college and St. Catherine’s. I had earlier read about this church on the front page of the Minneapolis paper, and sure enough, when I got there, the place was padlocked – there was a disagreement between the pastor and the congregation over whether to stay one synod, or merge with another. I think it related to the new American Lutheran Church formation (ALC). Perhaps one of you remembers this.

If we came from the small towns, as we mostly did, your North Dakota town was often mostly Catholic, or mostly Lutheran. Occasionally there would be the odd Congregation (said with tongue in cheek), like Congregationalists, or Methodists, but it seems that most of us were Catholic or Lutheran.

I looked back at the 1960 annual, and in the religious organizations section was the Methodist Student Movement; United Student Fellowship (Congregational, Presbyterian and Evangelical United Brethren); Lutheran Student Association; Newman Club (Catholic – over 200 members); and “two new religious groups”; Roger Williams Fellowship (Baptist) and Canterbury Organization (Episcopal). The Lutherans and Catholics were on facing pages, and by the size of the group photos they were clearly the largest groups.

This particular year 1959-60 an Inter-religious Council was formed “to create a better understanding of the various religions”. The 1960-61 Viking News had two articles about the religious council, so it apparently continued through our years there.

I see familiar faces in the leadership of these groups: Richard Greene; Darleen Hartman; Milton Kinzler.

Like Politics, Sex, nowadays War...Religion is often a discussion topic one best leaves alone.

But religion was, clearly, quite important during our days at VCSTC.

#19 - Religion on Campus. Darryll Pederson, April 7, 2003

Dick:

Religion was important during our years at VCSTC. From my observations, there were two types of thought about religion. One was that only by strict adherence to the principals and strictures of your particular faith could you avoid going to hell. That served to cause you to seek others like yourself and avoid getting too close to those who were different than you as they might corrupt.

The second thought was that there may be penalties if you got involved with persons from another faith, not the least would be the wrath of your parents. I remember discussions in the dorm about the local hospital being run by nuns. The topic might go something like this- If a Lutheran and a Catholic were injured in an accident and both required life saving treatment, but there were only resources to treat one, would the Catholic be the one selected? And of course the one, if a Catholic were elected president, would the Pope control the United States? In Lincoln, Nebraska there is a Catholic bishop that would try if he were Pope. Our papers have been filled with articles about his attempts to control and the rebellious actions of some Catholics in response. Another comment I heard often was that Catholic girls are required to sleep with the priest the night before they marry, and that's why there are so many dark-haired Catholics.--I am not picking on the Catholics--as Dick Bernard said, there were 2 primary faiths represented and so naturally, the Lutherans talked about the Catholics.

There was real fear when we went to school about salvation and fear of becoming vulnerable. I remember two sisters who attended the Catholic high school in Valley City. I met them because I played in the college band and small groups from this band would go to the high school and practice with the band there. I don't remember why we practiced with them, but I do remember two sisters in the high school band well-Gaylene and Jeanene. They were some of the nicest girls I had ever met. While the two sisters melted my heart and went out of their way to be friendly to me, I dared not try the next step of getting better acquainted. What would my folks think? My home town people? My relatives? Would Lutheran girls excommunicate me?

Alas, I was from a small town where Lutherans ruled and even at VCSTC they still ruled me. There was one Catholic in town and one atheist who was a woman psychiatrist who retired to Kathryn from a practice in New York. (She was truly a pioneer in her field and I have never understood why she retired to my home town.) There was no other way than the Lutheran way.

The fears go on, but the bottom line is we lived in a very controlling society. The dress, behavior codes, expectations, etc. all served to keep us in line. We went to school at a time when the pendulum had made a large swing away from the early part of the century when society was much more relaxed. We were probably at the furthest point of the swing.

The pendulum started swinging the other way within a decade, "The war era" and also "the pill" provided a disruption to the dynamic equilibrium of our times. I went to a geology field camp in Montana with classmates from all of the big eastern schools in 1967. Needless to say my VCSTC values were out of step with most of my class mates. The causal nature of relationships really surprised me. I felt like I had stepped into another society.

No one asked, but I was rebellious with regard to religion. I argued with my Lutheran minister to the point he was thinking I shouldn't be confirmed. I knew the correct answers, but didn't believe them. In the end, I provided the "correct" answers and was confirmed. That was a social must in my home town. People might stop trading at my parents store if I didn't toe the mark. I now attend a large (4000 members) Methodist church in Lincoln.

I still enjoy religious discussions as my wife (a former Baptist) can testify. After one sermon about the "need" to be totally immersed for proper baptism, in her home church of Pawnee City, Nebraska, my mother-in-law nudged me and asked how it felt to be singled out in a sermon--there were 14 baptists and myself in the congregation. On the way out I told the minister about the drought in North Dakota when the Baptist were sprinkling and the Methodist were dry cleaning for baptisms. Actually, no discussion ensued, just a quick- glad to see you and on to the next person.

I still have trouble with aspects of major religions. It seems to me that the troubles in the middle east are rooted in the major religions that originated there and their inability to do anything but look back in time. I may be stepping on toes, but I find the single issue voting of the conservatives in this country to be troubling and events here heading in the same direction as the middle east. At VCSTC we had our groups, but to my knowledge, no group felt they were so "right" that they felt the need to dictate to the other groups how they should function.

Time to stop, would enjoy hearing other viewpoints on religion at VSCTC.

Darryll Pederson

#20 - Richard Greene, April 7, 2003

Actually, Darryll, in our sophomore year, when Dick Bernard was president of the Catholic group and I was president of the Methodist group and he and I lived next door to you in the dorm, we hatched a plot where the Methodists and Catholics were going to get together (early ecumenical movement) and use the weapons Catholics always keep in their church basements and wipe you Lutherans out. That was until we tried to recruit Milt and Darlene and they went and told Dean Bruhn. Blew the whole deal.

Dick Greene

From Dick Bernard DRAT! Richard has finally spilled the beans - never could trust those Methodists. I wonder if those machine guns are still in the basement of St. Catherine's rectory...that is what the Catholic Ladies Aid did when they met: you think GI's were proficient in keeping weapons clean? You should have seen those ladies go! Lots of Catholics, like me, went in the Army and other services to just get inservice for the real deal. The Pope must've been very proud!

Now, lest anyone think I've just told the truth.... Those were, in many ways, the bad old days of suspicion and intolerance.

Actually, Darryll, your local Bishop is an embarrassment to the vast majority of Catholics who've ever heard of him. An emperor in his own mind. I think Bishops have lifetime tenure - or at least till 75 when they have to retire (I think). Unless they've created some scandal or other, like getting married, in which case they're toast. I've known about this particular Bishop's escapades for quite a number of years. There's a large Catholic group "Call to Action" to which I belong, and it really rankled this dude, who I think wanted to excommunicate it's members in the diocese of Lincoln.

And I do remember once or twice the bemusement of Protestant friends at the Catholic Gymnastics at Mass: sit, stand, kneel; sit, stand, sit, kneel (we had to mix up the routine to keep the outsiders a little confused).

On reflection, after looking back at those annuals, and finding the Inter-religious council, during our day somebody must have been a bit ahead of the denominational curve, and knew something that we didn't, then.

#21 - Thanks for the Fun. Darryll Pederson, April 8, 2003

Bernard and Green:

Thanks for the amusing thoughts and observations. I actually thought at the time

that Methodists were a somber bunch and to find out about plotting for overthrows of Lutherans moves them much higher on my list. I guess as long as you don't play cards, dance, etc. you can be a Methodist. Perhaps that's where the slogan "Make war not love" originated.

When I taught at Appalachian State University in North Carolina the custodian in my building asked me what church I went to. When I said Methodist, he expressed a sigh of relief and said "for awhile he thought I went to the Lutheran Church and, you know, they are as bad as the Catholics."

I look forward to the musings and observations of the members of the group and want to thank you for getting this exchange started. I realize I saw VCSTC from my background and it is good to see the school and times through the eyes of others.

I would like to hear about the organizations at VCSTC. Perhaps someone will tell me some day what EBC means. My brother-in-law Allen Larson belonged to this society, but he's not telling. One dorm thought is it means Every Body's Crazy. I do remember Allen telling about his initiation requirement. He and another person, don't remember who, were to fake a fight at the OMwick theater. They did, the film was stopped and the manager came in to break it up. Allen didn't realize the manager was right behind him and in pulling his arm back for another fake punch decked the manager with his elbow. Needless to say they got out in a hurry. You may remember that Allen was 6-5 and 300 + lbs. Tilford Kroshus, if I remember right, had to spill some frozen peas at a local store and not get them all picked up before an appropriate period of time.

They say you are getting old when everything reminds you of something. I don't think good memories count.

Darryll

#22 - Catholic Primer. Dick Bernard, April 8, 2003:

Just for fun...REALLY.

This dialogue led me back to my Dad's Catholic Missal, and to the Catechism I used when I was confirmed back in the 1950s.

It was not until the mid-1960s – long after college - that the Catholic Church ceased using Latin as the language of the Mass. So, if you were educated, you had

a Latin-English Missal. If you visited the church as one of “them”, you watched the performance! If you were Catholic and illiterate and had the misfortune of being in a congregation where the Priest and people spoke a different first language than you, everything was incomprehensible – Mass, Sermon, Announcements. And this did happen.

The Baltimore Catechism (attached chart was one of several) rather pompously dismisses the assorted offshoots from Catholicism. I was interested when I revisited this book some months ago, to find that it spent a whole lot of time (and pages) separating Catholics from Protestants, but there was hardly a word about the Jews. Of course, I didn’t remember any of this stuff – I don’t think we spent a lot of time with the Catholic version of History, such as it was.

Ah, the bad old days. (And, as you know, there are far too many people who want to go back there.)

If you look really carefully, you’ll find that Catholics might even be heard, occasionally, saying that maybe Luther, etc., might have had a point back then!

I’ll now shut up till Friday.

#23 - Religion. Darleen Norberg, April 9, 2003

Dick, (send this along the circuit) "I planted, Apollos watered, but God brought the increase." [1 Corinthians 3:6](#) "No one can come to Me unless the Father who sent Me draws him."—[John 6:44](#) Lord have Mercy!!! It is about time for me to write my thoughts for the Religion at VCSU category. Where do I start with so many potential sub-divisions being raised. It's unfortunate that I did not write immediately, since now I have a few comments that may not have made the print had my week been less intense. Let me begin with the fact that I am a Melting Pot Christian - Baptized Catholic, Confirmed Congregational, and converted to Lutheran (ELCA) when I married. Some of you may not have known that amusing history, but we all tend to draw on our past. I am also very Evangelical, believe in a Heaven and Hell and plan to be in Heaven some day; however, not tomorrow. I'm Christian Ed Director in a Lutheran Church about 2,800 members. Looks like my prayer time will increase. I have a case of selective memory because I fail to recall any militant take-over of the Lutherans. Neither do I recall "reporting" to Dean Bruhn. However, that does not mean that I would deny being involved -- quite likely I would have taken some kind of action. Richard, you certainly have a better memory than I do. I never cease to be amazed at the incredible deliberations that were generated in the men's dorm. Spose not having a brother kept me in the

dark. I still find it to be quite a miracle that a public college could and did have a Religious Council and a Religious Emphasis Week with no discrimination or separation of church / state issues even with Lon Miller jumping on various bandwagons. Years later the college had a Pastor as President -- this is very rare for public colleges and universities. I was part of the Religious Council and was sincerely inspired; obviously, I was blissfully unaware of all the questions, doubt, and unbelief around me. I was Baptized by virtue of sprinkling. I do not find anywhere in the Bible that to be "Officially Baptized" there needs to be 45 gallons of water -- what is needed is for the Word to be spoken and water to be used (however much is used is not mentioned). Having nearly drowned 3 times (one time was a "near death experience," I believe that sprinkling was quite sufficient for me. I also know that something happens spiritually in an infant at Baptism that is beyond the human intellect. When Al died, my son was 2 weeks under 2 yrs and he looked up at a picture of Jesus and said, "Mommy, Daddy Jesus." Now I do not believe that he would have put that connection together on his own at that age without the power of the Holy Spirit and something of a God-intervention which obviously happened at Baptism. I had not told him that his dad had died at that point -- I was trying to figure out what to tell him and how to tell him. Somehow I missed or did not believe that there would be a major punishment for inter-denominational marriage or dating. People were having issues about mixed marriages, but a major Divine judgment was not part of my vocabulary. Maybe that was due to my Catholic Mother's wisdom in knowing that all churches have some true believers and some non-believers which is what I recall being her answer in regard to any Catholic question that I presented to her. Some of the negative Catholic feelings did not surface in Kulm since we had no Catholic Church and there was only one Catholic family. There was some element of distrust present, however, that surfaced when my youngest sister married a Catholic. The "party line" revealed - "What is wrong with Katherine for letting her daughter marry a Catholic?? She should never have allowed that." The Methodists are a VERY liberal bunch of believers in most any issue and just recently I've learned how liberal--I'm in a Chaplain Training Program with 3 Methodist Ministers, 2 Catholics, and I am the Lutheran who is not very happy with the Lutheran (ELCA) Church right now. The Lutherans who are very close to the Catholics are the Missouri Synod -- women can't serve on the Board, be a Pastor, and their doctrine is Ultra conservative -- Word Alone, Faith Alone, Grace Alone. I'm sure you remember the 95 Theses -- they certainly reveal the Lawyer. I do remember visiting the Catholic Church with Jan Kruse since she had a car; I referred to Mass as "Morning Exercises." I thought the Priest was quite theatrical with His chalice walking down the aisle flipping it in all directions until I was hit on the side of my nose with the Holy Water -- became a believer real fast and

eliminated one segment of judgment. On another occasion, I nearly stepped on someone's toes as they were "jenuflecting" and I was hustling down the aisle -- learned to slow down and be a little more aware.

My Lutheran husband (also a VCSU graduate) was not active in the Lutheran group. He spent most of his time in the poker room and was the freshman who was "banned for a month or so" because he won too much money from the upperclassmen. I did not know him in college since we obviously traveled in different circles. It was a major challenge, but he ended up in receiving the gift of salvation before he died thanks to my unique strategies and prayer power. It appears to me as though I took Christianity (Religion) far more seriously than "you Guys." Since becoming a widow, I have read the entire Bible and have enjoyed my personal quiet time. Eternal Brethren Community is what I thought EBC stood for -- No one has revealed it to me and I've asked often. The only thing we know for sure is that with a bunch of guys "Commitment" is not the "C." Maybe Encourage Brothers to Communicate -- Lord knows men need to learn to communicate more. Escape Before Class (getting Caught) sounds like the message I've picked up about men's dorm escapades. Prayers, Darleen

#24 - Organizations. Dick Bernard, April 11, 2003

I'm almost at the end of my reminiscences -- perhaps two or three "chapters" yet to go. Hope to hear a few more of you chime in. My remaining ideas are "Professors"; Diversity; STC today.

Almost exactly a year ago, the EBC's had their final Hit Parade at VCSU. A former colleague, EBC member and graduate of VCSTC some years after us, attended the event, and sent me a photo copy of the program (cover attached). I can't admit to being much of an EBC'er -- didn't get very active. I never attended a Hit Parade after the 1961 version. I have previously commented on how dreadfully shy I was, then. In no way would I have been dragged on stage! As for music, I flunked Ms Stone's piano recital at Antelope Consolidated in 9th grade, and that was my last formal brush with music (though I love music). More on the EBC's in a bit.

I know that not everyone joined an organization at VCSTC, and probably most did not have a profound reason for belonging to a specific group...or none at all. But the organizations were very common, and really very active for a small college: if VCSTC was boring, it wasn't due to lack of effort by all of these organizations. Everyone of them did programs during the year: the Hit Parade was not the only game in town!

The Organizations Section of the 1960 Yearbook identifies the following (year of founding in parenthesis):

Atheneum (1892 – initially literary society for men and women)

Clionian (1902 – initially founded for girls to become better citizens)

Delphi (1929 – initially a literary society)

Philomathian (early 1900s – initially a home economics club; 1919 became a literary and social society)

EBC (1902 – initially as an exclusive literary society) (yes, it uses the word “exclusive”)

Hesperia Sigma (Hespies) – (? For founding. Initially a debating and literary society, but became a social society)

Tau Lambda Sigma (Tau Sigs) (1900, initially as a co-ed literary society; 1936 became a men’s social organization.)

Then there were

Alpha Phi Gamma (Journalism)

Alpha Psi Omega (Thespians)

Gamma Theta Upsilon (Geography)

Kappa Delta Pi (Education)

Pi Omega Pi (Commerce)

NCTE (National Council of Teachers of English)

The Religious Councils have gotten their air time already. I can only comment on the EBC’s, Alpha Phi Gamma and Gamma Theta Upsilon. Others may wish to say more.

I do remember what EBC means – how can one forget? All I will say for those who didn’t go through the initiation ritual is that even at 19 years of age, I was surprised at what the initials stood for when I finally found out. Dr. Kolstoe is frowning on me, even to reveal even that much of the secret! (More on Dr. Kolstoe at the end of this posting).

Thanks to Larry Seavert, who sent me the program for the 2002 Hit Parade, I can share the EBC’s version of their history, reprinted on that program:

“This years’ Hit Parade is a special one for the EBCs. It marks the 100th year since our inception. It is also the 61st production of the Hit Parade. It is a time of reflection for the EBCs. Foremost, it is a celebration of brotherhood that has lasted 100 years. There are not many things today that have been around for so many years. It is a testament, not only to the Brothers themselves, but also to the

ideals of the Brotherhood itself. Those of us lucky enough to have earned the right to wear a blue and gray jacket with the letter E B C over our hearts, wear it with pride. We are part of a group that shares a very special bond. Stories have been told of Brothers who, while wearing their jacket in far away locations, have been approached by other Brothers. Sometimes the age difference between these Brothers was significant. But strangers they weren't. Reminiscing and inquiries usually ensued. They were simply Brothers who had not yet met.

Sadly, this year's Hit Parade is a Bon Voyage production. The decision to make this the final installment of a grand tradition was not made lightly. The Hit Parade was and is, the highlight of our year as EBCs. Work on the show usually commenced in late fall and culminated in the spring with a top-notch production. Over the years, active Brothers, Alumni, Philomathians, cast members, and just good friends have logged countless hours of work to bring the show to you, the public.

The Hit Parade has produced offspring. "We're in a Christmas Mood" is a one-night production of Christmas music that takes place every December. Your response to our fledgling show has been tremendous and we thank you. We couldn't be prouder of our "child." For now, we're going to watch our Christmas show grow. Once in a great while, figures of stature make a return to the public after a stint at retirement. Who knows, our Hit Parade could make a return down the road.

On behalf of all those dedicated people over the past years who have helped put on the Hit Parade, the EBCs extend our heartfelt thanks to you, our audience. Without you and your gracious support over the years, we wouldn't have been able to bring this show to you for your enjoyment. It has, sincerely, been our pleasure."

Dr. Kolstoe: It seems Dr. Kolstoe was a legendary figure at VCSTC. I know my Dad had him as a teacher in the 1930s, and probably my Mom as well; when I started the idea of these reminiscences, he was one of the first professors to come to mind. But then I looked at my 1959 yearbook, my first one, and by then he was no longer on the faculty...so it must have been through legends passed down, or some fleeting contact at the college, that I knew of him.

Mostly my memories of him were of someone rather old and perhaps a bit strange. How time changes perspective....

After college I went in the Army, and after that to teaching, and in 1964 or so I purchased a new book on North Dakota Geography by Bernt Wills of the University of North Dakota. Wills was a graduate of VCSTC, and his book began

and ended with two poems by Dr. Kolstoe, who was then in some kind of position with the North Dakota State Game and Fish Department, and for whom Dr. Wills had great affection.

In the April 14, 1961, Viking News, I find this poem written by Dr. Kolstoe, which he had recited at the end of his talk on “Conservation of North Dakota” at convocation April 6, 1961. Many of you were probably there; likely I was too, though I remember it not.

A NATURE LOVER’S PRAYER

I pray not for a better world,
For bluer skies, for fields more green;
More glory in the dawn unfurled,
For brighter stars, nights more serene.

I only pray that I may see
The beauty wrought in flower and tree,
In forest, hill, in lake and stream,
In songs of birds, the loon’s wild scream.

I pray thee too, that I may feel
The thrill of spring with rod and reel;
The joy of hunting in the fall,
Mid quacks of ducks and wild goose call.

The pheasants hiding in the woods;
The partridge’s whir, the flash, the speed;
The tang of fall, the frosty air,
The crunch of leaves, the branches bare.

The marsh, the rushes, harsh and dry.
The blackbirds’ choir, the shorebirds’ cry.
It’s God’s own gift, His glory unfurled;
I pray not for a finer world.”

#25 - Darryll Pederson

Fellow VCSTC'ers

It has been said that the way to pass the winter in North Dakota is to compare the telephone book from last year with this years to see what changes have occurred.

Another way is to take a piece of paper and write "turn over" on it. Write the same thing on the other side. I know of one person who wrote that on both sides of a large rock by his front door.

Fortunately, we had additional things to do while attending VCSTC. There was always a float contest among the organizations for homecoming. Most floats were decorated in the old winter show barns, several block east of downtown. Each organization would have their own spot, and we tried not to spy on each other. The floats usually consisted of chicken wire with colored napkins or tissue coverings. The floats looked good inside, but once in the parade, it was hold your breath and hope the stuffings didn't blow out in the wind before the parade was over. I belonged to the Hespies, and I remember one particular night when the group started singing(?) while decorating the float. It was fun, even if we were not the EBC's when it came to music.

There was also a tug of war contest for homecoming in front of the girls dorm. The Tau Sigs were usually the best as they had most of the athletes. We (Hespies) had quite a few military veterans in our group and as a consequence were usually quite good in the tug of war.

The band was a quasi organization in itself, in terms of doing things together. Who can forget the tour that took us to Devils Lake and Minot. We got to Minot early enough that there was time to do some spirit shopping. When it came time for the basketball game, more than a few band members found it difficult to walk across the floor to the far side of the gym. Later in the hotel that night, the sponsors of the group decided to crack down. Because I and my room mate were of legal age, many brought there bottles to our room to hang onto until the "inspection" was over. Our dresser looked like a bar.

I won't offer a name (perhaps he will read this), but one band member was in a room with several cheerleaders when the inspectors knocked on the door. It was quickly decided that he should hide under the bed until the inspectors left. Unfortunately, the bed legs weren't tall enough. The bed sort of tilted, so a number of the cheerleaders jumped on the bed to hold it down properly. When the woman inspector realized the bed was still rocking like a teeter totter the jig was up. Dean Bruhn held court for many after the trip was over, but there were no major penalties that I recall.

I really enjoyed the fellowship in the Hespies. We had a significant diversity in membership and there were many viewpoints and backgrounds. I have found it interesting though that regardless the type of organization, considerable discussion

is always involved in "okay what should we do?" The reason for existing seems more social than purpose driven. That appears to be the bottom line for most of the organizations at VCSTC.

There was at least one quasi organization in the men's dorm. Roughly the back 2/3's of the 2nd floor was occupied by people of similar interests. This grouping came about because of deliberate actions over time aimed at achieving this goal. This was not a party group, and most had goals in mind for their future. I believe all were non-smokers. Dick Bernard and Dick Green had the very end room on the west side. Don Wiltse and I had the room next to them. There were more people I could mention, but this group would often get together in the evening for discussions. We did consider ourselves a group, but did not have a formal designation.

A number of years ago, I received a mailing that said some of the organizations we belonged to were merged? into charters with national greek societies. I promptly lost the mailing, but remember the Hespies were mentioned. Does anyone have information on this?

Surely there were some quasi women's group. I have always wondered what their issues were, and their pranks. I do know that when I was a freshman, one of the senior women hid under a bed in the men's dorm (yes, I know her name). After the guys had went to bed, she scared the wits out of them by abruptly crawling out and walking out the door. I went out on a date with her, found her full of life, but much to sophisticated for a small town guy like myself. Remember, I was raised Lutheran.

Cheers-Darryll Pederson

#26 - A Snapshot in Time. Diversity and Change.

Dick Bernard April 17,2003:

Tuesday of this week I attended a talk given by a well-versed Catholic Church historian. In the intro to his remarks, he divided the history of the church into three Epochs. The first was until 150 C.E. (Christian Era); the second was from 150-1960; the third began in 1960. (There is no need to go into detail, since this little ramble is not about church history, but, Darryll, the Catholic Bishop of Lincoln still thinks it's somewhere around 150, and many of his flock don't agree!) So it goes.

A few days earlier, when I was thinking about this topic, it was again on my mind that our period at Valley City State, at the end of the 1950s, and the beginning of

the 1960s, was truly at the end of one era, and the beginning of another. Nothing grandiose about this: it just happens to have been the period in time when we were there. The notorious “60’s” did not really begin till after we were out of college.

The Viking News which Mary Hagen Canine gave me at the end of my year as editor reveal pieces of the history of Valley City culture as we knew it in 1960-61.

There were, of course, an assortment of music and society events put on by student groups at the college.

Without embellishing, here are some of the ads from the 1960-61 papers, plus the announced convocations and “outside” programs for that year: (repetitive ads are not noted). This is doubtless not a complete list. At the same time, I’m betting it is pretty close to a complete list of things on the social scene that year.

September, 1960: Miniature Golf; Bowling. The 1960-61 Artist Series was announced: Dec 6, 1961 – the Columbus Boy Choir; Feb 3, 1961 – Kees Kooper “Holland born violinist” and Mary Boehm, pianist; March 15, 1961 – new English version of the opera ‘Carmen’ presented by the National Opera Company.

October, 1960: upcoming Starnite Drive-in features (for those who watched, doubtless): “Rally Round the Flag Boys”; “Sheriff of Fractured Jaw”; “Don’t Give Up the Ship”; “It Happened to Jane” All were proudly listed as being in color. (I can’t recall every going to a drive-in movie there. Where was it?)

November, 1960: Omwick Theatre: “High Time” with Bing Crosby, Fabian, Tuesday Weld and Nicole Maurey; Coming soon “All the Young Men”, “Magnificent Seven”; “Let’s Make Love” (of course, I saw parts of all of these movies, as Doorman at the Omwick).

December, 1960: Omwick: “Desire in the Dust” with Raymond Burr, Martha Hyer and Joan Bennett

January, 1961: “What to Look for on TV” had some highlights upcoming on KXJB Channel 4 and WDAY Channel 6. Among the things to watch for: the Kennedy inauguration; and the Huntley-Brinkley Report.

February, 1961: Omwick featured a limited engagement of “Ben Hur”, the Academy Award Best Film

March, 1961: Omwick feature was Jerry Lewis in “Cinderfella” with Ed Wynn, Judith Anderson, Anna Maria Alberghetti

April, 1961: Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra came to town April 20 “conducted by Lee Castle” (I remember going to this dance); Omwick featured “Where the Boys Are” about spring break in Ft. Lauderdale; Star Nite must’ve found money in its budget for the second ad of the year, announcing three upcoming movies “The Lost World”, with Michael Rennie, Jill St. John, David Hedison, Claude Rains and Fernando Lamas; “From the Terrace” with Paul Newman and Joann Woodward; and “Last Train from Gun Hill” with Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. The Valley City Fine Arts Festival was announced for April 11-14 with featured guest Reginald Gardiner “famed actor and humorist”.

May, 1961: ? (nothing listed)

July, 1961: “Thunder Road” at the Star Nite; Afro-Cuban Review on July 14, featured “six talented natives of the Caribbean area”.

(During the latter part of 60-61 there was considerable talk about planning for the new Student Union, which was built after I graduated.)

As for Diversity: I’ve thought about this quite a bit:

“Diversity” as I understood it at the time would be very odd in today’s context: Jim Burt from Deerfield IL was an object of diversity: he was very tall, and from Chicago-land; Similarly, Don Becker, a transfer from Bethel College in St. Paul, was noticed for the same reasons. Both were fine people.

The Vets, at college on the GI Bill, and a bit older than most of us, were a class unto themselves. Tom McCord comes to mind, but there were many others. They were much more worldly than I, or so I felt. (After being in the Army right after college, I would say they would have definitely been more worldly – one of the outcomes of military time!) One guy I particularly remember – who will remain nameless - and who I think might have been a Vet, was somewhat legendary to me, at least. He seemed a semi-permanent student and athlete. He sort of cut against the “typical” grain at least in my young eyes, but my guess is that he wasn’t all that unusual. (I took down my annuals, and he appeared prominently in 1959; and once in 1961, but not in the other two...so at least I wasn’t imagining him.)

Dayananda Abeywickrame, from Ceylon, and a 1959 graduate, definitely

represented diversity on campus. He was a great guy. I often wonder what happened to him after college days. A couple of years ago, on campus, I met faculty member Jay Hettiarchy, also from now-named Sri Lanka, who had heard of Dayananda. Dayananda was very dark-skinned, the only such person I remember EXCEPT one Ethiopian who I may have met in my first summer school at the college. I can't remember his name, but he spoke "English English" and was a very nice guy.

I wrack my brain, and I can't think of anything else that would exemplify diversity, then.

All of the movements that led to today's definition of diversity were yet to come later in the 1960s and 1970s.

With that, I think I've come to the end of my thoughts, at least for now. Thanks for the memories...and I hope a few of you silent ones dive into the fray again, or for the first time.

I never anticipated this activity when I wrote that first note a couple of months ago. Been good talkin'.

Best wishes for a very Happy Easter.

#27 - Organizations. Darleen Norberg, April 21, 2003

For the VCSU circuit: As I recall VCSU had quite an assortment of organizations and most were open to anyone who was interested. The selection criteria, could be considered "discriminative," but was not at that time. Some of the "initiation" expectations would be borderline harrassment now. I was active in many -- sometimes I think too many, but they kept me busy. I remember sewing 2 or more dresses for the EBC Hit Parade for a friend, Gwen Simonson's humor for the Atheneum Antics, and one unforgettable night when I attended the Young Democrats meeting. At the Y Dem mtg, Lon Miller was in attendance and in rare form and you all remember him -- usually contrary to the flow. I knew a bit about parliamentary procedure, but learned more that night. I cannot remember the issue, but I made a motion that LM did not like. Lon moved for a 10 minute recess and talked to Gwen about withdrawing her motion and she played along since she had actually prompted me to make the motion. Well, he had said nothing to me. But I was not going to change my mind-- my only concern was if I could make a motion when I had not attended before. When we reconvened, Lon began discussion to have Gwen withdraw her motion and she couldn't because she had not made the

motion, but she strung him along as only Gwen could do. By that time, I was a little angry with the prevailing attitude and lateness of the meeting; therefore, I would not withdraw my motion. I don't remember the rest of the meeting except that Lon was agitated. I find it sad that the Hit Parade is no longer going to be. I had always thought that I'd get up for a show one of the next few years. I looked forward to attending each production which was always a quality show and some years even inspirational. For the Atheneum Antics, I remember one year I executed the splits on two chairs which involved hyper extending (I would not try that now). I could do a cartwheel into splits when I was 45, but I haven't tried for a couple years. I can touch my palms to the floor and am becoming more fit after a period of basically being "out of shape." During my senior year I was Homecoming Co-chr with Larry Anderson. We (he) borrowed a jeep from the Natl Guard and we drove around town to check out the float construction and to advertise Homecoming activities. I think he has since died. Homecoming was a great experience. I do remember the bruised fingers from stuffing napkins into the chicken wire. The Atheneums used a truck and literally covered it one year as a dog. I was one of a few who knew how to drive a truck and was willing so I was elected. Naturally, during the construction, "effect was more important" so the opening from which to see was very high. I needed about 3 or 4 pillows to sit on and then had a hard time reaching the clutch -- (straight stick) -- you can imagine my challenge when the motor died on the incline to the football field. When I finally got it moving, the truck darted forward and we nearly lost the tail in the process. I do remember being quite involved with the Religious Council and the Religious Emphasis Week. We invited my hometown pastor to come for one of the days -- he was quite evangelistic and changed his presentation when he arrived. The Journalism Room was always a positive support spot and great place to unwind or debate. I enjoyed working on the paper. The Viking News was fun and enjoyable until I turned in a less than par article because I wanted to be done before the weekend so I could attend the dance in peace and Dick flipped it back and told me I could do better. Well, I knew I could have written a better article, but I had decided that, that was good enough when most students did not read the paper anyway. I rewrote my article and attended the dance. Actually, I attended most of the dances during the years I was at VCSU -- the big dances and the weekend minor dances. The only issue I had with dancing: a drinker who thinks he can keep in step with the music and ends up stepping on my toes. Lately, the only time I dance is with family at celebrations -- I really like to waltz, polka, and foxtrot -- have a hard time sitting out those dances and will ask someone to dance if I know someone who is adept. Every so often I do a Charleston, cha cha, or twist at home (there was a time when I taught social dancing). I've learned about high decibels and hearing loss which can even be a problem in churches -- I've

been known to plug my ears and / or remove myself. I do not even attempt to attend the rock concerts. Sometimes I leave the sanctuary and go into the lobby (Narthex) when our praise band gets out of control. I have decided that I will not go deaf sitting in church and I have gotten to the point where I ask to have the music turned down. When I was teaching at VCSU, I noticed that the texture of the organizations had changed since my college days and the personalities of each of the social groups was not the same. I had a choice and chose not to become an adviser. I started a gymnastics club and had some powerful experiences with some of the girls. One gal learned how to do a flip on the trampoline while I was operating the belt. She was heavier than I was, but it was a matter of body mechanics and knowing how to use the rope. Of course there were a few times when I was pulled off the floor and dangled for a while until I dropped. I started a gymnastics day camp for the area high schools and taught my gymnastics club members how to be spotters by making errors so they could spot me -- almost met my waterloo a couple times as they stepped back and did nothing. For added spice, I wore my 1900s gymsuit (that I had made from one of Charlotte Graichen's) at least once each quarter. It was usually a good way to add humor in January in ND. The yards of fabric were a problem when I tried to do a back chest roll and explain what to do. The fabric fell in my face and I couldn't see. Usually when I wore the old gymsuit the students would laugh and we'd have a fun day. Prayers and blessings, Darleen

#29 - Observations on trip to VC. Darryll Pederson. May 13, 2003

Dick:

Took a trip to Valley City, North Dakota (Leaving Thursday returning Monday) and offer the following.

We left Thursday morning from Lincoln with the windshield wipers on. It was mid-morning on Sunday before we were able to drive without the wipers. Needless to say, my comments may be shaded slightly.

Went for my morning run on Saturday when the rain slowed to a drizzle. My typical run is around the outskirts of Valley City and this commentary is based on that run. The town is building to the north and west up the valley wall and quite a bit to the south. The old fairground buildings where we decorated floats are gone, being replaced by a new winter show barn (very large) on the uplands to the southeast of town, on the north side of the interstate. There is actually quite a bit of development all along the stretch between the interstate and the top of the valley walls to the south of the college and in either direction (east/west). It is in this area where the large stone rings, mentioned earlier by someone, are located.

The second floor outdoor passage way (brick arch) between the main building and the former science building to the south is gone. The entire hillside started slumping, moving the science building towards the main building putting tremendous pressure on the arch, which was removed. For awhile, the chemistry and physics areas could lay a legitimate claim to being the fastest moving departments in the world. The problem was corrected by excavation of 10's of feet of earth along a zone at the top of the hill reducing the weight and stopping the slumping. There was also some vertical thrust upwards in some basement rooms of the main building.

The road that runs to the east of campus, around the curve in the river just east of the dam, has had major slumping and is no longer passable by car and difficult on foot. The good old Pierre Shale, which forms the valley walls is not very strong.

There is some evidence by cracking, etc., that the dorms located close by the main building have also experienced some movement. When my uncle, who is an electrical contractor, dug a trench for some wiring, the trench closed shut before he could get the wiring in place. This movement does not appear to be a problem now since the cutting away of the top wall of the valley.

I would like to say that I walked the halls, but I didn't. I got to the college at 8:45 am, and all the doors were locked. There were a number of cars around, but in circling the campus while running I never saw anyone. Graduation is this coming weekend, so school is still in session. The campus looked unchanged except for several new dorms, a student union where Zink's grocery was located, a new music building across the street to the north from the gym, and a new science building just north of the power plant on the east side of campus. All of these have been mentioned before in the exchange of emails. There is also a new field house located about 4 block to the west (across the river). The shape of the field house is domal. The football field is located just west of the field house.

The president's house seems to be some kind of bed and breakfast. Mythaler Hall is the center for some kind of outreach program. In short, the old buildings are still there except for the removal of the old girls dorm's and the house by the library. The Lions Court building that was kiddie corner from the girls dorm is also gone.

According to the news, the current college president will be staying on. She had interviewed for another position back east, but decided she liked Valley City. My 86 year-old mother speaks well of her, so she must be doing a terrific job.

The college has a "wilderness?" program in Kathryn, my old home town. They have rope bridges, towers, etc. to conquer and gain courage and confidence.

Even with the new buildings, old main is so dominant that it seems like time has stood still. I did note, that there are more signs per square foot, showing where all the buildings and programs are located, than any campus I have been on.

The old concrete rainbow bridge, located on the road to the east out of town (think A&W rootbeer) is still there and will likely be there for a long time. It turns out to be an endangered species, one of the few of its kind left in the world.

There have been flood problems in Valley City, so there are permanent dikes along the river in most areas of town. Many houses were removed during the building of the dikes.

There is no longer a Spikes Bar. It is now called the Nu Bar. One of the favorite activities on the long winter nights in the dorm was to call the bar and ask to have Ms Bird paged. Just when the bartender was ready to call out the first name of Ima was offered. If the timing was right and the bartender hadn't been caught before, he truly attracted the attention of the patrons. There were variations for the bars and even some for the store. Call and ask if they have Prince Albert in the can. If they said yes, you told them to let him out. Goes with the Burma Shave signs of the era. Seems that battle of wits was the margin then as compared to the drastic activities for fun of this age and day.

The railroad no longer goes through the heart of Valley City. The old depot has been replaced by a bank. The Straus Clothing has been replaced by a multi-level shop featuring goods left after liquidation of stores of all kinds. The Fair store is now an antique shop. Actually, if you like antiques, walk east from the former spikes bar and you will find some real treasures. The Rudolph Hotel is now a retirement home. The old Elks club is also a retirement home. The OMwick theater is part of a senior citizen center. The Chevrolet garage is a thrift shop. The Penny's store is now a clothing shop. Across the street to the west is a mall made by joining the stores along that side. There is a nearly new store, a Barnes County museum, and a number of knickknack stores in the complex.

The Foss Drug has moved to the east side of the street. In their former location, one set of doors was straight across the street from a Lutheran church which had very steep steps on the south side. My mother told me about a funeral being held in the middle of the winter at this church. When the service was over, the pallbearers were struggling to carry the heavy casket down the very icy steep

steps. They slipped and the casket went down the steps and slid into the road where a passing car hit it and knocked it across the road where it slid through the door, (just opened) into Foss Drug. The lid popped open and the corpse sat up and asked if they had anything to stop this coffin. Thought you might like some North Dakota humor.

Actually many stories we told then can no longer be told because of PC. That means Ole and Lena stories too, but for a different reason. Lena died and her last wish was to be buried at sea. Ole drowned trying to dig the grave. You can buy Ole and Lena books (5 different ones) in the novelty shops in Valley City.

Perhaps the fact that my mother has lived in Valley City for the last 25 years and I run through the campus each day of my visits has allowed me to adjust to changes, but the campus still looks much the same to me. I would not get lost or have difficulty finding buildings. Of course, it is a small school. I would say again that old main is so dominating that the changes that have occurred are not that noticeable. Perhaps it would have been better to coordinate the architecture of the new buildings to conform with old main and the campus would seem more coherent, rather than a clumping of different kinds of building.

Anyway, that is the way I saw the college and town this weekend. My cherished memories are still about people and events rather than buildings. I have looked forward to each email about memories, etc. from this group.

Darryl