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LIFE AROUND

THE GREAT CIRCLE

or MOORHEAD STATE COLLEGE BEFORE J. J. NEUMAIER  
*by Karen Kivi*

Nov 10, 1975

LIFE AROUND THE GREAT CIRCLE

OR

MOORHEAD STATE COLLEGE

BEFORE J. J. NEUMAIER

by Karen Kivi  
Reference Librarian and  
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Education

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## DEDICATION

To the "Sons and Daughters" who went through "the portals," the faculty who taught them, the administration who directed them, the civil servants of Minnesota whose oft-unheralded labors kept it going and last, but not least, the taxpayers of Minnesota without whose support there would have been no Moorhead State College or this book.

## PREFACE

To many of the readers of this volume, my writing it will come as no surprise, for they have heard me vow I would write a book about Moorhead State College for years. After twenty-five plus years as a faculty member at the College and before my energy level grows less and memories of events and people faded more, in this summer of 1974 I sat down to the task. As I wrote, it soon became evident there must be two books (the good Lord willing): one on the College before J. J. Neumaier ( and Sputnik) and one, after, for with his coming, his philosophy of what a college should be, a changed post-Sputnik world, the increased enrollment, another kind of Moorhead State College emerged--worthy of its own story.

This book is a record of some of one person's observations, impressions and experiences; another person recording the same years would have another tale to tell. In no way does the book presume to be a document in which the efforts of all people who made Moorhead State College are recorded; as in a drama the members of the chorus are numerous and nameless--only the cast of characters is named, and appear as stars or as members of the supporting cast. Be it understood that their roles as recorded here are in no way a record of their contribution to the Institution--that is for someone else to record; here they appear as part of the picture of Moorhead State College as I viewed it and remember it in this year of 1974. They are my views of an institution of which my non-Moorhead State College friends have heard me speak with such endearment that years ago it was labelled by them as "Karen's Happy Valley."



## CHAPTER ONE

"Where flows the River through prairies through the frozen North"

When did I first become aware of Moorhead State College? I recall reading one cold morning as I was going to school that there had been a fire out West. The Minneapolis Star carried a picture of a gutted Old Main--the remnant of the fire. As I read the article--how carefully does a junior high school youngster read a newspaper?--little did I know that come 1947 I would join the faculty of the College and hear many tales of that holocaust as related by Flora Frick. (Would that she had written her book about Moorhead State College.) As she told it, I remember being impressed at the enormity of the task facing the College after the fire; the losses were many (Flora Frick lost the files of research for her dissertation in it), but what I remember today are the vignettes--the attempts to save records--opening windows and throwing out files of permanent records--all of which blew over the Valley, to be rescued by many a farmer as he plowed the following spring. Mrs. Durboraw's geraniums on third floor of Old Main were saved. People risked their lives to get them, only to have them perish in the sub-zero temperature outside. In the library archives we have a picture with a smoky gilt frame--someone decided it should be saved--and it decorated the library walls. Would that they had grabbed a book or two! 25,000 volumes (except those out in circulation) burned that night--a blow which was never remedied by a special appropriation of any kind. The special library support measures of the 1960's by the state legislature and Title II funds from Uncle Sam have enabled us to replace some of the titles lost.

My next awareness of Moorhead State Teachers College was in the fall of 1941 in Deer River, Minnesota where I met Constance Sautebin, a recent graduate of the College who had been hired to teach mathematics at Deer River High School where I was to serve as English teacher-librarian. Connie left after one year and went to Alaska where she has taught in different circumstances at a school operated by the Moravian Church near Bethel. She returned to Moorhead State College on a sabbatical leave and earned her M.S. degree in the late 1960's. I remained at Deer River for another year; the members of the class of 1942 remind me that "they broke me in" and how! One member of the class (Dean Myhro) came to Moorhead, purchased Dr. Knoblauch's property on Highway 75 south of town and established an egg-chicken hatchery business. He used the expertise of Dr. James Murray of our Economics Department who did a feasibility study for him. He is also a member of Concordia's C-400 Club! A smart business tycoon, that one! He has been shrewd in other ways--he married a Finnish gal from Deer River (Lillian Hannula); with a mate like that a man can't go wrong!

I don't recall being aware of Moorhead State Teachers College during the next few years until the spring of 1946 when I decided to change jobs. The placement bureau at the University of Minnesota



sent me a notice of a vacancy as assistant librarian at the College. I applied, but I didn't hear anything, so I took a position as school librarian in Bessemer, Michigan. I had just signed my contract when Dr. Snarr, then president of MSTC, called me. I thanked him for his consideration and proceeded to forget MSTC until the following spring when I had decided that one year at Bessemer was an experience and more would be a disaster, and I started job hunting again. The placement bureau sent me the notice of the same position at the College, so I wrote Dr. Snarr and was told to come for an interview. How I recall that day! Hot--my first introduction to the hot prairie sun and wind! How many times Gladys Johnson, secretary to Dr. Snarr, and I have recalled the day a very damp gal sat in her office as she waited to see Dr. Snarr! Several weeks later I returned, for I had learned from a departing MSTC faculty member going to summer school at the University of Minnesota about the post-war housing shortage in Moorhead. I was fortunate that Mrs. Lillian Anderson had tired of college girls as roomers and had decided to take teachers that year. 1015 and 1015½ Seventh Avenue South in Moorhead have been my home in Moorhead for most of the years I have been here--blessed spot only a half block off campus! My landlady since 1956 has been an MSC graduate whose family went to the Campus School and the College. My good neighbor to the east for years until her death in 1972 was "Ma" Jackson, patron saint of the Old Order of the Owls. Another neighbor, an MSC alum, was John Ingersoll and his family. John, one of MSC's most colorful alumni, deserted the Seventh Avenue gang and moved to Abercrombie to enjoy peace and quiet of rural North Dakota after the demise of the Black Hawk--a victim of urban renewal in Moorhead!



## CHAPTER TWO

### Sarah Hougham

Very few people writing about Moorhead State Teachers College would devote much space to Sarah Hougham, but in my book she deserves a chapter. My association with S.H. began in September, 1947, when I became one of her assistant librarians. Miss Hougham was and had been librarian at the College since the early 1920's. Mrs. Elsie Lee and I were her first professionally-trained assistants; most of the time she had operated the library single-handed with clerical and student aid. Starting a library after the fire was one task which she had to undertake as librarian--and with no added staff or appropriation! In fact, if the coal bill or some other expense at the College was unusually high in a fiscal year, it was the library budget that was cut!

Miss Hougham came from Kansas, a good Republican. When she first came to Moorhead, she had her parents with her and life was pleasant. By 1947 both parents were gone and Miss H. was 65, ailing physically, and hard-of-hearing, all of which added up to a lonely, alienated figure--a Kansas belle among the Norwegians whom she never understood and who had never accepted her into their circle.

Miss H. deserves a book herself; anecdotes about her abound. One of my favorites is the one about the day she accosted a pensive student assistant standing by the card catalog. She queried, "What are you doing?"

Answered he, "Thinking."

Said Miss H. curtly, "Well, think on your own time!" (Student assistants were paid twenty-five cents an hour.)

I'm sure I was a trial to her in the three years we were colleagues, but after about six months we learned to work together. Granted she had to teach me many things about the routine of running a college library which differed from school library methods with which I was familiar. On occasion she would have "had me" and would punish me by sending me to exile down the hall to record in the accession record the volumes of the Adamson Collection, a recent gift to the College from a kin of Dr. Snarr. Little did she realize she was giving me a pleasurable experience of working with old books, which I love, as well as visiting with the Dean of Men whose office was temporarily housed in the room where the Adamson books were stored. Many a pleasant hour I spent being punished! I can point to the accession book of the Adamson Collection as a concrete record of my work.

Needless to say, at times my Finnish temper would flare at unjust criticism, such as my lack of experience. One day I told her



she would have to forgive me--I hadn't had 65 years to live! She never mentioned the subject again.

My independent attitude in politics was another thorn in her side. The day I reported having voted for Norman Thomas in the 1948 presidential election was more than she could take--she went home early feeling very ill!

Miss H. had a quick tongue to subordinates; she was too docile to authorities. Her staff would urge her to ask for more support for the library. She was amazed when it was granted. The establishment of a central elementary library in the Campus School is an example of changes made when people with conviction and guts go ahead. Miss Hougham had hoped one day to have one; she had been told there was no room. Space should have been provided in the building when it was constructed in the early 30's, but Miss H. had not pressed at that time. She cataloged all the books in the elementary school as if they were housed in one room--a smart move. When the books finally did get into a library, the collection had its catalog.

In 1947 a Miss Knapp assumed the role of elementary principal. She began battling for an elementary library--aided by the assistant librarians of the College and the Library Committee. A year of committee meetings achieved its objective: Dr. Snarr agreed to combine two elementary class rooms into a library. No librarian, however--the College library personnel and the classroom teachers would have to take care of it. Having given in to the Library Committee on this issue, Dr. Snarr dissolved the committee. There was no library committee on campus until Dr. J. J. Neumaier reinstated it in the early Sixties.

Because Miss Hougham was such a vulnerable woman, she was fair game for some of her colleagues who used her to their advantage. It would make my blood boil when certain faculty members who ignored her most times became solicitous and took her out to lunch--a sure sign they wanted a special expensive book ordered for the library! What a way to build a library collection! One of the reasons our holdings are such a surprise in some fields.

Miss Hougham retired in 1950, a very unhappy woman. She would return for visits and we would have some good chats. I told her on many occasions how happy I was that I had met her when I did, for in addition to teaching me much about librarianship, she made me look into the future. She urged me to attend the University of Illinois Library School from which I hold two degrees. As I worked with her for three years I observed her ways and her life. I decided then that one should never make one's work one's life. Also thanks to her I decided to retire at 60, so that no library or its patrons need to put up with a crotchety, elderly K.K. in her 60's!

When the College library was built and names were being considered, I suggested Sarah Hougham. I was a minority of one, for most folks at the College had negative experiences with her. She died, a lonely woman, in Kansas. We weren't notified about her death until weeks after the funeral. Friends and associates passed the hat and a globe with a commemorative plaque in her memory resides in the

College library. Many books in the stacks still have her handwritten cards in them, so she left her mark. May she rest in peace!



## CHAPTER THREE

Dr. O. W. Snarr

Dr. Snarr was the first president of Moorhead State Teachers College under whom I have served in my years at the College. He became president in 1941, after a career as professor of education in a number of schools in the United States. As most presidents he had his own idea about what the College should be about and proceeded to work toward that ideal. The World War II years made the campus an abnormal one, with very few men enrolled and a unit of the U.S. Air Force based within its gates.

Dr. Snarr was a determined man; when he set his Dutch mind on some objective, he got it done. He was also a shy man who would have loved to be able to meet people informally and make small talk--a quality he admired in me. Because he recognized early that I had no ulterior motives like promotion in mind when we visited, I had a relationship with him that very few of his faculty members enjoyed. (On one occasion I encountered him in the process of changing a tire in his driveway. He informed me I might as well get a lesson how it was done. I have never had to use the lesson, but I think I could change a tire if I had to.) Not that he didn't demand as much of me as of his other faculty. We had our bouts in which my Finnish temper would get riled up as he would ask questions which the resources of the library could not answer--often questions about legal matters needing tools which we didn't have, thanks to the fire. He would get irked, but he would simmer down, as I usually was able to give him the name of the tool in which the answer could be found and refer him to a law office in the area.

The times I enjoyed most were those in which he would come to the library and I could tell by the set of his chin that he was in a chatty mood. We would go into the back room where the new books were processed and talk books; he was a very well-read man in a wide area of subjects. He was fond of musical comedies and had a fabulous collection of recordings. On his trips he would go to musicals and other theatrical productions; he was in his element as he talked about the shows, wishing others could have been there, too.

One of Dr. Snarr's educational principles was a firm belief in general education a la University of Chicago where he had learned of it during his days as a student there. So strong was the influence of the University of Chicago at MSC that I claimed we faced East each morning and said "Allah" to the place. He was determined to have a General Education program at the College. He encountered resistance from his faculty, so he went ahead anyway. He got the State College Board to institute the sabbatical system. He would point his finger at a faculty member in a certain department and



send him off to the University of Chicago to learn about general education and return to develop a program for MSTC. In 1947 the general education program in humanities, social studies, communications, and the natural sciences were in their infancy. In the early 50's we were a Mecca to which other colleges sent personnel to see how our programs worked. One of the cruelest blows to Dr. Snarr was the general deterioration of his program as he viewed it after he retired. The cause of the decline was mostly lack of leadership and faculty interest. Specialists in narrow fields do not like to teach generalized courses nor do most of them have a background to do it with competence, so the program died.

When I arrived on campus in 1947, I heard much about a program of intergroup relations which had been conducted in the campus school. Our library still has files of tests, forms, etc. which were used. It struck me as peculiar that the program seemed to stress children learning tolerance and love for Jews and Blacks, but not a word about Chicanos. (At that time there were at most 50 Jews and a dozen Blacks in the Fargo-Moorhead area, but every summer families of Mexican-Americans came up to work in the Valley as they still do.) More peculiar still was that in this citadel of intergroup relations studies we had faculty members in the same department not speaking to one another for very petty reasons. Though the program brought some national acclaim for MSTC I never felt it really worked at home.

He also felt strongly about having the students at the College meet people of different cultures, so he hired people of minority groups--an innovative move in the late 40's. One of the people he brought to the Valley was Dr. Catherine Cater, for many years a cultural giant on our campus who moved over to NDSU where, thanks to our Tri-College arrangement, our students may still enroll in her excellent courses. Others he brought to the campus were Estelle Lau, a Hawaiian; Catherine Conradi, an educator with an English orientation; and Dr. Genevieve N. King, from West Virginia. West Virginia was also Dr. Snarr's home state. Both of them were graduates in science from the University of West Virginia. As the two worked on a program of general education in natural sciences, there were times when differences of opinion were heated, to say the least.

In the early 50's when enrollment was falling, he started College Night--a program which met on Tuesday evening at which the faculty offered a variety of courses for townspeople to take, a form of adult education. Tuition was nominal--\$5.00 a course; many took advantage of these courses to learn traveler's Spanish, portrait painting, etc. During breaks the Student Center was open for refreshments. People would gather for visits. Whenever he was in town, Dr. Snarr would come and would "table hop"; he didn't do it well, but he tried.

He enjoyed playing bridge, so we had many bridge parties on campus. Whenever he had me as a partner, his first query would be "Have you learned to play bridge yet?" (I shall never be an expert;



I play bridge with poker hunches--a bane to my partners--but it works oftener than it fails.)

One of the most trying times I had with Dr. Snarr was coaching him to do some walk-ons for the faculty show "Life Around the Great Circle." He enjoyed it, but he was uncomfortable. He was game, however; it was for a good cause--to raise funds for scholarship (over \$500 was earned in a two-night production). The show ran two nights; news of Dr. Snarr's appearance in unlikely roles spread. We had a packed house for Friday's performance. Alas! Dr. Snarr was called to a Board meeting and wasn't on; Dr. Murray pinch-hit, but it wasn't the same--people went away feeling cheated.

Dr. Snarr retired in 1955 and returned to his native West Virginia. He awarded me my first sabbatical; there were only two applicants, for most people wanted to be on the scene when the new president took over. Dr. Snarr returned to the campus many times. He kept in touch with me by letter. He would write for a particular book he knew we had and I would mail it to him. He became active on the Library Board and would ask questions he wondered about. He became a municipal judge. He was pleased when one of the dormitory complexes was named for him, and came for its dedication. I was not present, for I was enjoying my second sabbatical. He died shortly after the dedication of Snarr Hall.

Needless to say, my views of Dr. Snarr were not held by all. He was criticized for not getting more from the legislature. Perhaps a man with a different personality might have done more, but he was instrumental in establishing sabbaticals in the system. He hired a faculty who worked well together and who served as a solid foundation for the college in the years in which growth was the word and people came and went.



## CHAPTER FOUR

### The Fox-Hole Gang

The mid-forties found MSTC picking up enrollment as the World War II veterans came to college on the G.I. Bill. Some of them had been stationed here in the early 40's as members of the Air Force unit. Many had married area girls and returned to the College for family reasons. At MSTC as at most campuses, housing was a problem. Barrack-type housing was constructed along Fourteenth Street; these units were reserved for faculty and married veterans. What a blow it was to faculty wives who had lived in barracks when their husbands were students to find themselves housed in, alas!, another barracks while their houses were being built or as they sought housing in the area. This commonness of experience was the basis of friendships and community esprit de corps which made life bearable.

There were no dormitory facilities for men at the College; Ballard Hall wasn't constructed until 1949-50; temporary housing was arranged. The rooms of the sororities in the basement of MacLean Hall were furnished with bunks, cot beds, and lockers a la military base style. No wonder the men called them the "fox holes." The basement of the Campus School and the west end of the first floor of MacLean Hall were set up in a similar fashion for veteran housing. Here these men lived in close quarters, most times within the law, but the Dean of Men of those years had many a challenge when someone would bring liquor and--Heaven forbid!--women into the fox-holes. Tempers flared and nerves still raw from war experiences would send a man amuck. The traffic between the Veteran's Hospital and the campus was great.

Nor were the Dean of Men or the President the only ones who had their trials with the veterans. I wonder where the vet is now who used to fill a squirt gun with water and squirt at the backs of the girls as he walked by them in the library? A shriek would split the quiet of the reading room; tables and chairs would clatter as the girls would chase their assailant out of the library. One day I caught him filling his weapon at the water fountain. I inquired if he didn't think his antics weren't more appropriate in another kind of state institution about 50 miles away. His reply to me was that he had considered transferring many times!

On another occasion when I was working the evening hours, and it got nearer to closing time, I was aware that there were more than the usual number of fellows staying in the library. I rang the signal that the library would close in ten minutes and began my rounds of checking to see that everyone got out of the library. As I walked to the far end of the north reading room to put out the lights, I spotted an array of contraceptive devices laid out on one of the tables. Here was the reason for the fellows hanging around



until closing time! I knew a reaction was expected from this maiden-lady. I wiped the array into the wastebasket, put off the lights and went about my business. One vet's prank had laid an egg!

On another occasion one of the veterans had been into the library several times during the day inquiring about an overcoat. Since it was a cold, wintery day, I became concerned and had checked several times to see if one had been left in any of the rooms. That evening as I was crossing the campus on my way home who should I sight but Ted with his overcoat! As I neared him I remarked how happy I was that he had found his coat. To this he replied in a slurpy, drunken drawl that one of the boys had hidden it in his fox-hole! As I walked away, I fumed that my concern about his getting cold had been unnecessary. He had enough alcohol in him to keep him warm!

Many of the veterans have remained in the F-M area. Joe Kolba was a young man from New Jersey who was stationed here in the Air Force days, married an area girl and returned to go to college here. I have always maintained that if the G.I. Bill had made a college education possible for one man, like Joe Kolba, it was well worth the money it cost, for no one appreciated the opportunity for a college education more than he did. He has made a significant contribution to education in the Fargo Public Schools. His son, Mike, graduated from MSC. He was the first child of a graduate who had attended MSC that I know in my years at the College--a sure sign one has been around a few years! I knew Mike first as his mother would wheel him about the campus in a stroller en route to the grocery store from his barracks home on Fourteenth Street!

Jerry Mickley, owner of Mick's Office, came to MSTC after serving in Germany at the Nuremberg trials. A picture of Jerry philosophizing with the current crop of MSC students in a recent newspaper story reminded me of the "bull sessions" he used to hold in the Old Silver Moon where he worked as a bartender part-time and in the college snack bar where his wife Arlene was working. I first met Jerry as a student of Aitkin Public Schools where I served as school librarian for three years prior to my coming to Moorhead. Their eldest daughter left MSC this summer when she married.

Charles Backstrom, a Moorhead boy, lived at home and attended MSTC. He began his career as a political scientist by majoring in the social sciences. He also wrote for the Mistic, the college newspaper, in which he would lambast practices and programs of the College. A special target of his stinging pen were the humanities courses. These attacks on a segment of his general education program were not received kindly by Dr. Snarr. A confrontation between newsman and the President occurred after every issue of the paper, but the freedom of the press prevailed and an even more poignant attack would be found in the next issue of the Mistic. Charles has joined the academic circles as Professor of Political Science at the University of Minnesota. He was named a Distinguished Alumnus in 1972.

Some of the veterans who attended MSTC in these "fox-hole days" returned after sessions in graduate school to become faculty members

at the College. Jerry Sundet, Art Nix, Bob Tolbert are some of those returnees.

Each fall a student will come and introduce himself as the son or daughter of a former student at MSC. I don't think I'll stay for the grandchildren to show up!

We have an active Veteran's Club again. We have personnel who deal with veterans and their problems exclusively. Our governments, federal and state, are again funding G.I. Bills, so we can expect another wave of veteran students. As I see them, they aren't the same--the students are older, more serious. It's a different world from those lived in by their "fox-hole" counterparts.



## CHAPTER FIVE

### The Greeks and the Owls

Moorhead State College is no different from other colleges in that its students are social beings and enjoy the companionship of fellow students out of the classroom. Ergo--the sororities and fraternities!

The oldest of these social organizations is the Old Order of the Owls, founded in 1901. Its first 25 years are recorded in a tome which is required reading for all current Owls--The Silver Anniversary Book. No publications of its kind emerged from the Golden Anniversary held in 1951. When our nation celebrates its bicentennial birthday next year, the Owls will celebrate their 75th.

My acquaintance with the Owls has been a long one, for we have been neighbors since 1956 on Seventh Avenue South in Moorhead. I enjoyed a friendship with the Mother Owl, "Ma" Jackson, until her death. Needless to say, the tales I could tell about the Owls could fill a book, but I'll relate a few highlights. One of the highlights was a party I gave the Owls when after over a decade of attempts, the Owls won first prize in the Sig Tau Songfest. The evolution of their productions from a bunch of fellows sitting on the stage singing a couple songs to one incorporating scenery, precision dancing and the works, was a hard one. Their success deserved notice by a long-time neighbor, so a party it was--complete with beer and eats in the backyard with my telling fortunes until midnight by the light of the Newman Center floodlights.

Through the years the Owls have taken into their fold fellows who certainly loved wine, women and song. I shall never forget the slight jolt I had when I saw the first Owl carrying a brief case--a symbol of scholarship. They have cost me sleep with their nocturnal antics--their hi-fis, their parties, and lately their mascot. Without them Moorhead State College would be a different college--and no guarantee it would be better!

The Sig Taus and the Tekes are the other two social fraternities on campus. The Sig Taus used to be the Alpha Epsilon fraternity; their most notable endeavor is their annual Songfest during which organizations and talented individuals perform and the proceeds go to scholarships.

The Tau Kappa Epsilon, the Tekes, are the newest social fraternity on campus. Their house on Tenth Street South is a neat corner structure, showing the discipline enforced by belonging to a national organization, a marked contrast to the casual look of the Owl Roost!

There are four social sororities on campus, all of which began as local ones and in the 60's became affiliated with national



organizations. When I arrived at MSTC in 1947 the sororities had all had to surrender their rooms in the basement of MacLean Hall to house the veterans. Their furniture was stored on the third floor of MacLean; meetings had to be held in rooms in the dormitories or off-campus. I learned of the Psi Delta Kappa sorority from girls who worked in the library as student assistants. When I was asked to become an honorary member I accepted. Until then I didn't know they were in need of a faculty advisor and on the same night I became theirs--a relationship which lasted several years. A major event of each year was the Founder's Tea, managed with a lot of help from Kay Bergstrom and the local Psi Delt alums--blue and silver mints, candles, and napkins. Homecoming brought sorority campaigns for Queen, THE event every year--competition was heated. The homecoming luncheons held on Saturday of the Big Game meant reunions with sisters from all over and spread over the years. Membership campaigns meant initiation--formal and informal; I seldom eat a breaded veal cutlet that I don't recall the many formal banquets I attended at the Gardner Hotel at which it was the staple fare for the formal initiation banquets. Another major event was the annual lake weekend when the actives and their advisors took off for a nearby lake for fun and frolic. Oi!, the sunburned ladies that returned on Sunday. Advisors were responsible for one meal--my staple was chili corn--which I made by the dish pan full!

With the completion of Ballard Hall in the early 50's, the organizations got back their rooms; this meant a major moving and redecoration job. As the College grew and organizations multiplied, the College needed the space in MacLean for other purposes. The next move was to become affiliated with national sororities in order to get financial help in getting sorority houses. In 1966 the Psi Delts, for example, became the Alpha Phis and in a few years purchased their house on Tenth Street. The Psi Delts still live on with a local chapter of the alums who enjoy monthly meetings at their homes. In each sorority the groups have followed the growth from a local group of kindred souls with few rules to membership in a national organization demanding discipline and conformance to long established principles. Only the Owls have maintained their independence--rugged individuals to the end!



## CHAPTER SIX

### Extra-Curricular Activities

As I sit down to write this chapter of the life at Moorhead State College before J.J.N. and try to recall the many events in which I took part, I wonder if perhaps my contribution to the College hasn't been in this area. I'm sure that Dr. Snarr always respected (and envied) my social I.Q. more than the other!

My first recollection of a social gathering at MSTC was the annual reception for the students held in the fall. The year of 1947 it was held early--too early for many of the new faculty to get formal garb--so we went through the receiving line and into Ingleside, the scene of the refreshments (It is now the site of the Mass Communications Forum on Second Floor of MacLean). I recall sitting and holding a cup of tea and staring at a hideous Japanese print on the opposite wall for most of the evening. Though the College was small in 1947, the personnel were not the friendliest. I learned that this was part of the reserve generated among the inhabitants of the Red River Valley of the North--a mystery to one who migrated here from the melting pot atmosphere of the Iron Range. A few gals, like Viola Petrie and Jane Johnston, went out of their way to make people welcome--bless them!! So strong was this feeling of no one giving a d--- whether you were here or not that when apartments became available, Gen King and I began our coffee parties for new faculty. This custom we continued until the numbers of new faculty added became too large to handle and faculty wives and departmental welcome committees took over the task.

As the years went on and I was appointed social chairman of the faculty, one of my first acts was to remove the hideous Japanese print in Ingleside. In keeping with formality of occasions on campus I acquired a black dinner dress which I wore to faculty receptions and formal sorority affairs. The first time I wore it I went through the receiving line and Mrs. Snarr looked me over and said, "Miss Kivi, I do declare, you look like Helen Traubel!" To this day it is my Helen Traubel dress.

In my chapter on Dr. Snarr I recorded how much of his social life consisted of college functions. Groups of people would entertain in campus buildings, as the barracks on Fourteenth Street and basement apartments weren't very conducive to having more than a bridge foursome or a couple for dinner. The Social Committee of the faculty planned parties, making it possible for people to get acquainted. A variety of activities were provided: bridge, of course, for those who enjoyed it; whist and scrabble for others. The more active and energetic faculty members could enjoy folk dancing in the little gym of Flora Frick. At evening's end we would gather together in Ingleside for refreshments--non-alcoholic,



of course. Thanks to these gatherings we were a close family--but as in all families, social gatherings did not make all of us love one another, but I think we probably understood one another pretty well.

Adjustment to a new environment is always a trying process. For someone who had never been further than five blocks from a lake all her life, coming here and learning the nearest lake was fifty miles away was hard to take, especially when I had no car or in the summer when the swimming beach beckoned. I suffered through my first summer, but by the summer of 1948 I decided that since there was a pool at the College where people could swim, I was going to do it! A few eyebrows lifted as I appeared in my forty-plus bathing suit, but soon I was accepted. As we played games in the pool, I thought on occasion one or two of the students gave me some good dunkings in payment for some library penalties I had enforced.

The late 40's were filled with events for the benefit of the Red Cross or some other similar good cause. One such occasion held at the College was a basketball game between the men of the faculty and the members of the Women's Athletic Association (WAA). I don't recall the particulars or even how I got involved, but there I was--coach of the men's team! I do recall that the half-time event was a basketball throwing contest between Mr. Bridges and myself. Years later I learned there was a snapshot of me as coach which was published in the Dragon! One other person beside myself remembers that event--Phyllis Morben Melvey. She was a member of the girls' team and to this day she calls me "Coach"--a sobriquet which puzzles all who hear her.

Students at MSC have always followed college trends, so naturally they took up the Sadie Hawkins Day Idea. One fall the late Max Powers, an MSC graduate in speech, was here to fill in for Allen Erickson on leave. He roomed at the Litherlands on the corner of 7th avenue and 11th street and I lived at 1015½. Most meals we ate at the faculty dining room on campus with many other colleagues. The Sadie Hawkins Day party was on a Friday night and we decided we'd go. We each got dressed in some outlandish costume; the girls at 1015½ made me a corsage of carrots and stuff from the grocery store across the street. It was still early in the evening, so Max and I took ourselves to the Aquarium Bar uptown. Several hours later and feeling no pain, as they say, we went to the dance. I can't recall much except we had a ball. In fact, we enjoyed it so much we decided we'd drop in on a dance at NDSU that one of the fellows we met at the bar had invited us to attend. The evening ended with our eating at Virgie's Grill, an all-night diner on Main Street. Several of my colleagues have appeared at college functions in a "few sheets to the wind" condition; I can honestly say this is my only time.

During these early years summer school enrollments were large as teachers with two-year certificates returned every year to work toward their bachelor's degree. Then as now the College felt that "all work and no play" is not a natural way of life, so activities were planned. A highlight of each summer was the picnic at Detroit Lakes. Students and faculty got in cars and buses, and food was shipped from the dormitory. Off to Detroit Lakes for a day of fun. The American Legion



clubhouse was obtained for the day. People swam--people danced--people played cards--people ate. A genuine fun time--I can't recall why it wasn't continued.

Another summer school entertainment was a display of talent of students and faculty. Barbara and "Soc" Glasrud had been married and lived in Ballard Hall. One fine day we concocted up a parody on Robert Service's "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Another "ham" was needed to put the act on, so Ruth (Mrs. Allen) Erickson, then living in the barracks, agreed to appear. I can't remember much about the production, except it was a hot evening and the show was in the auditorium of the campus school. As I recall we were a hit!

Which brings us to the subject of faculty shows. In the early 50's as well as now the College was concerned with finding ways of making money for scholarships. At one meeting a faculty show was suggested. After all, Harvard faculty produce one annually; closer to home, the Concordia faculty let their hair down for the good of scholarship, why not at MSTC? Feeling for it was not unanimous. Some people feared for their dignity, but it was agreed a show would be given. Thus was born "Life Around the Great Circle"--a production which ran two nights in Weld Hall, earned nearly \$600 for scholarships and is still talked about by folks who saw it. I have already mentioned Dr. Snarr's role. Other highlights included a number produced by faculty wives who lived in the barracks, showing a picture of their lives dressed in husband's abandoned G.I. uniforms and boots to wade through the gumbo surrounding their homes. Never has there been a chorus line as gorgeous as ours made up of men of the faculty--dressed in women's clothes and mop-head wigs. Smitty (T.E. Smith), Ralph Lee, and Werner Brand were high kickers in those days!

Several acts used a high counter as a prop. The AE Songfest of that year had been full of bar scenes. Dr. Snarr, though not a teetotaler, had thought the drinking scenes were overdone, so we wanted to be sure that every one knew the counter in the faculty show was not a bar. A sign was made with the word "not" enlarged and painted in brilliant color. As luck would have it, the Moorhead Daily News heard about our production, and on the front page of the paper immortalized in picture are Dorothy Johnson, a long, lanky history professor, and Karen Kivi, stocky, hefty-hipped librarian in sweat shirts and skirts doing the Charleston--with the counter in the background--its label reading "This is a bar"!! Black and white photography had eliminated the crucial word!

Everyone agreed the show was a success and fun. Plans were begun to have another the following year. But alas! the minority who felt their dignity as a faculty was at stake won out, and the faculty show idea was dropped. There have been two faculty shows since--one in the 50's and the latest in 1972-73 when the Scholarship Committee of the Women's Club sponsored their Academic Hee-Haw--details of which must come in a later chronicle.

The athletic events, the musical feats, the theatrical productions, the political clubs, etc.--all these some other chronicler will have to "do up."



## CHAPTER SEVEN

### The Ladies

As I approach the subject of the women of Moorhead State College in the late 40's, I can't help but agree with disciples of affirmative action that at MSC the women have lost much of the power positions in the last twenty years.

The faculty of Moorhead State Teachers College was filled with capable and strong-minded women. At the head of the list was Delsie Holmquist who, by 1947 and to her retirement, was the dean of general studies and virtual vice-president of the College. It was said many times by her former students that it was a pity to make such an excellent teacher an administrator. 'Tis a blessing for the Tri-College that upon her retirement she moved across the River to NDSU where she has taught several courses each quarter. Delsie and I recognized each other as kindred souls--we read and enjoyed talking about books--we shared a mining town background--hers in Colorado and mine on the Iron Range of Minnesota--and we shared a desire to see MSTC become a quality college.

Many of the ladies that were at MSTC in 1947 have passed on in the twenty-seven years. Some of them have had buildings named for them, keeping their memory alive on campus for years to come; they and others will remain in spirit as long as there are people at the college who knew them in life.

One of the MSTC ladies whom I never met is Georgina Lommen. She was director of the Campus School. She was in charge when the building was planned and built in the early thirties after the fire. It is said she wanted no smelly gym in her building, so generations of campus school youngsters had to cross the campus in the cold for physical education at Flora Frick Hall until the Weld Hall addition was built in the 1950's. The Campus School was named after her when it ceased being a laboratory school.

My connection with Miss Lommen is that she once lived at 1015 $\frac{1}{2}$  in the apartment I have occupied since 1956. Old-timers still speak of it as Miss Lommen's apartment and tell me how it looked when she occupied it. She retired to her home in Caledonia, Minnesota, where she still lives.

Millie Dahl, "Dahlie" to her friends, touched the lives of all who came to MSTC in her role as dormitory director. She came here shortly before World War I; World War II saw her moving with her girls off-campus to give over the dormitories to the Air Force. The big job of refurbishing Wheeler and Comstock after the Air Force left was well on the way by 1947. In my early years at MSTC I enjoyed Dahlie at the dormitory where she joined us for meals or on



occasion had a private party, using her own lovely dishes and silver. Upon her retirement she purchased a house on Seventh Avenue South, joining the group I call the "Seventh Avenue Girls"--Marie Sorknes, Alice Corneliussen, Lyl Solem, "Ma" Jackson, and myself. We had many lovely times together. I enjoyed the times Dahlie reminisced about MSTC. How she hated to see Wheeler and Comstock come down to make room for the Center for the Arts! She was happy Comstock (a steel-reinforced structure) gave them trouble in dismantling. She was pleased when the new girls' dormitory built on Fourteenth Street was named Dahl Hall. We enjoyed her charm until her death in July, 1971. In her will she indicated a desire that her friends have a memento from her cup collection; I have a cup, a plate and a lovely "tea cozy"--my personal reminders of a lovely spirit named "Dahlie."

A rough diamond who claimed when I first met her in 1947 she had been at MSTC since 1492 was Flora Frick, head of the Physical Education Department until her death in 1957. Ask anyone who knew Flora and you'll get a different story. I remember her as a thorn in Dr. Snarr's hide, who took special delight in not finishing her doctorate before he retired. I was always "Kiwi Bird" no matter what the occasion. I remember her every time I look into the mirror and see a disheveled person in a weird get-up; I change, thinking as I get older I shouldn't follow her example! Many the trip we took to the lake country in the fall to see the colored leaves; many the Christmas party at her house decorated with different set of decorations each year; many the time we laughed as she read to us from the "Norsk Nightingale." How often she would tell us about the Great Fire! When she died in 1957, I purchased her Ford car from her estate, a car I named "Betsy" which retained her St. Christopher medals and other symbols even after it became John Addicott's first car. In the fall of 1957 her home had been sold. She left her non-professional and non-Catholic books to the College library; I served on the team who sorted the collection. Her household goods she left to Inez Ortner. How well I recall the days we sorted and packed through a maze of closets and cupboards filled with empty boxes, coupons and box tops clipped for contests, bags of goods purchased but never sewn. I came home and discarded every chipped dish I had and every empty box; whenever I am tempted to save a box I say "Nay"--I hope no one has to spend time on worthless items when my time comes. The building in which she worked was named Flora Frick Hall; only the swimming pool remains of the building as she knew it. I wonder whatever happened to her unfinished doctoral dissertation. I had hoped that someone in the physical education department would have it prepared for publication. It was her second thesis; the first in progress burned in the fire which razed Old Main.

Owens Hall was named in memory of Jennie Owens, long-time registrar at MSTC. As in the case of Flora Frick, the tales about Miss Owens abound; her P.R. rating would not be very high. On the other hand, a more gracious hostess and a more generous person toward those she liked could not be found. Her home on Eleventh Street opposite Owens Hall was the site of many delightful social occasions over which she reigned.



Down the block from Miss Owens lived Ethel Tainter, member of the English Department who was very proud of being a graduate of Moorhead State Normal School. Miss Tainter on campus was a rather formidable woman who would stand for no foolishness from students or colleagues. What a different woman was the Ethel Tainter who donned a gingham apron and served guests in her home--the epitome of charm and friendliness. She did not approve of women smoking; never would I light a cigarette in her house, but when she visited me at 1015½ I would have a cigarette and nothing was said. We enjoyed talking about books we had read, about the theatre. I was one of those who on occasion received some of her home-made marmalade.

We were often joined in our conversations by Mary B. Williamson, second grade supervisor at the Campus School who lived with Ethel until she left Moorhead to return to her home in Illinois. Mary B. was an ardent collector of recipes and memorabilia of England and Scotland. She was one of the happiest arm chair travellers I have ever known! She, too, passed on, as did Ethel a few months after Dahlie died. Ethel used to joke about opening a Ratskellar in her home; instead her home became an adjunct to the Newman Center.

Another neighbor of mine and Ethel Tainter's was Mrs. Harold "Ma" Jackson, the Mother Owl. "Ma" had retired from MSTC before I came to the College, but she continued very interested in all that went on at the College. "Ma" was the owner of the second "cat with character" that I have met at MSTC, the first being the Glasrud's Chan. Tabby was an aging broad-backed, long-haired yellow angora when I moved into 1015½ in August, 1956. He had come to the apartment every day for his snack of liver and half-and-half and a nap on a special pillow atop a radiator in the living room all the years the Andersons lived in the place. He continued to come to visit me until he entered cat Heaven in the summer of 1959. He had to adjust to my work schedule which allowed him only a brief stop on the pillow except on the weekend. I always remark that my apartment is an ideal one for a spinster lady--it came furnished with cat!

Ma and I had many a chat as I came and went to the library and she sat on her porch. On occasion we would toast the New Year in. In the summer I would take her for a ride and enjoy her tales of old Moorhead. She died in 1972. I regret that the Owls whom she had nursed through many a crisis have never done anything to perpetuate her memory on campus of which she was a part.

The last of our ladies who have buildings named for them is Virginia Fitzmaurice Grantham, who was for years the entire foreign language department at MSTC. Long before it was called an innovative educational idea, Virginia was teaching Spanish in the elementary school at the Campus School.

Her marriage to Walter Grantham occurred while I was on leave; the affair was a gala one, with Dr. Snarr giving away the bride!



Virginia was one of the few women who served on the Interfaculty Policy Committee of the I.F.O., a group whose argument against a woman member was that it complicated and added to expenses of hotel rooms and that much of the business was carried on in a bar, seemingly not a proper place for a lady! I used to say that I wouldn't mind meeting in a bar and even sharing a room--provided I could pick my roommate!

In addition to Grantham Hall at Moorhead State College as a memorial to Virginia, the personal library of the Granthams came to the library. Virginia was an active member of the American Association of University Women with a special interest in the education of women; on campus she was a prime mover to establish a sorority for older women who returned to the campus to continue their education.

I remember Virginia every St. Patrick's Day and Sytende Mai. One Sytende Mai (May 17) Virginia sent her friend Marie Sorknes a bouquet of flowers; an error by the florist had the flowers tied with the colors of Sweden, not Norway! The next St. Patrick's Day Marie sent Virginia, an Irish lass to the core, a bouquet of flowers tied with the color of Ulster rather than the Irish green! This exchange remained an annual event to the end of their days.

Marie Sorknes was one of the "Seventh Avenue Girls." She was one of the few professors at MSC of whom I have never heard anything but praise from her students. She was a graduate of MSTC; when I came to the College in 1947 she was the fifth grade supervisor at the Campus School. Shortly thereafter she joined the Professional Education Department in the College to teach language arts. A lady of the old school, she wouldn't smoke except in her office or at home. And how she loved baseball! She introduced me to the F-M Twins; a portable radio accompanied her during the World Series days of September as she moved from home to the College to meet a class. One of her heroes was Harold Johnsrud, a speech professor at MSTC when she was a student and later the first husband of Mary McCarthy, the novelist. One year we tried to entice Miss McCarthy to be a convocation speaker; her agent wrote us she was busy with her Vietnam endeavors at the time.

Marie, who lived for her family and her work, died in her sleep a few years ago, but her spirit continues with all her friends and her former students.

The last of the "Seventh Avenue Girls" of the past was Lyl Solem, junior high English teacher in the Campus School. A Norwegian lady with much of the old school charm, she was a pioneer in core curriculum approach to learning in junior high school. My memories of Lyl are connected with coffee parties enjoyed at her apartment where her sister Clara often joined her. Lyl and I could never agree on whose method was the best way to make egg coffee! (Mine is a boil the H--- out of it and scare the pot with ice to settle the grounds; hers, a gentler simmering method.) She died before she could enjoy a well-deserved retirement, in McGrath, Minnesota where she had purchased and furnished a home.



Four ladies who were very much on the MSTC scene in 1947 with whom I had little contact were Ethel Durboraw, kindergarten teacher; Mrs. Jessie Askegaard, dean of women; Dr. Ella Hawkinson, Campus High School principal; and Matilda Williams, chairman of the Art Department. Mrs. Durboraw retired at 68, one of the youngest people in spirit I have ever met. She went on teaching in Iowa for years. I can't say I agreed with Mrs. Askegaard's interpretation of the duties of a Dean of Women. She seemed more concerned about the silver and china in Ingleside kitchen than in the problems of the girls. She retired to Ohio. Dr. Hawkinson taught social studies in the high school as well as being principal. In addition, she spent hours doing housekeeping chores in the library, something which I felt postponed by years the hiring of a librarian for the campus school; this position was finally established in 1950. Dr. Hawkinson left MSTC; some felt she was a has-been, but she proved otherwise by winning a Fulbright grant and finishing her professional career with honor at Hope College.

Miss Williams chaired the Art Department at the College until her retirement. My background in art is almost nil--"gut level" impressionistic completely, so I would not presume to judge Miss Williams as an artist. I can't even remember what her media was. I do remember her as a friend of Sarah Hougham, but one whose use of friendship I did not approve.

These ladies all left their mark on MSC. They live on in the composite fiber that makes up the foundation of the College and upon which the current generation can build an institution to suit the times.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

### The Ladies -- Part II

When I arrived at MSTC in 1947, the first lady I met was Dr. Snarr's efficient and charming secretary, Gladys Johnson. How often we have reminisced about that hot summer day I sat in her office waiting for my interview with Dr. Snarr. An honor she and I shared was caring for the Susan B. Anthony memorabilia and reporting annually to Rose Arnold Powell about our activity on campus on February 15th. One year during our College Night on the Air period February 15th fell on a Sunday. I wrote a script on Susan B., entitled Valiant Lady and it was aired over the local radio. Rose Arnold Powell insisted a copy of the tape be preserved, so one was sent to the University of Minnesota tape library. I wonder if they still have it????? Alack and alas--Susan B's portrait, kept in the College vault except when it was on display for her day, fell under Larry Nelson's broom which swept out the vault during the Knoblauch years. A few remnants of the memorabilia remain in the library vertical file. Gladys left the College early in the Neumaier years. Her health has prevented her from participating in many activities, but she stays abreast of college affairs at her home on Sixth Avenue behind Weld Hall.

Another pillar of the College I met that summer of '47 was Ruby Solien, MSC's second "Ma." Ruby got her "Ma" label when she had a restaurant on Seventh Avenue; it has remained with her through the years. In 1947 she was the head of the newly established college bookstore. Before this date textbooks had been provided students--charged out for the quarter from the library. (What a mess that must have been at the beginning and the end of each session. I have always said some mysterious force must have told me not to come to MSTC before 1947). "Ma" continued in her bookstore position until a few years before she retired; she spent almost two years in the acquisitions work in the library. She would come on campus after she retired, bringing goodies for us all. She spent a lonely, sad period when her August died, but everyone was pleased when she and Mr. I. T. Stenerson were married. "Ma" dropped twenty-five years off her looks.

A person could not be on campus long before he would have to check with the business office. There I met Beatrice Lewis, chief accountant, and Ruth Mikkelson. "Bea" was guardian of the cash; a more competent civil servant you could not find in all the state of Minnesota. She is a living record of alumni affairs of the College. She remained in her position until her retirement in 1972. She is active in MSC Women's Club. What a joy it was to have her efficient help on the Scholarship Committee. Her home on Eleventh Street is near Owens--handy for someone with a problem to drop in or call for help.



Ruth Mikkelson has served the College in various posts in the business office. In addition she has always been concerned with sorority affairs. It is good to have her pleasant, efficient presence in Owens. Only the efforts of gals like Ruth and "Bea" make it possible for the College to go about its business of education.

Many of the ladies of the faculty who were at MSTC when I came in 1947 became friends as well as colleagues. Several have retired, but we still keep in touch. One of these was that true lady, Jessie McKellar. Jessie was the second half of the Women's physical education department with Flora Frick. Such opposites! Never have I seen Jessie mussed up; even in the gym togs she looked as if she stepped out of the pages of Vogue. Jessie retired early; she and her sister Arlene enjoy life at Green Lake near Ripon, Wisconsin. Jessie's influence still remains--alums always speak of her with respect and love.

Another long-time colleague and friend was the inimitable Maude Wenck. Maudie was supervisor of music in the Campus School and methods teacher in the College when I arrived. No one could tell a tale on herself like Maudie--from a crisis created by the failure of a war-time rubber girdle to going to the wrong house for a game of bridge! Maude's annual production was the recital of her girls, the Euterpe Chorus. Such rehearsals! Such staging! Such dress! We haven't had anything like it on campus since Maudie retired to Garner, Iowa where she enjoys life in her old home town. She is still concerned about the College; friends keep her posted on doings here.

An alumna of the College, a native daughter born and bred on the banks of the Red River and now one of the "Seventh Avenue Girls" is Alice Corneliussen. Alice's field was elementary education. She was associated with the cooperating rural school; later she became elementary school principal at the Campus School. She, too, retired early. Her life is full of family affairs, volunteer work and work with the MSC Alumni Organization. Someone should have taped the tales Flora Frick, Marie, Jessie, and Alice would tell about the "Institute." I hope Alice will write her book about MSC some day.

A rarity at MSTC was Dorothy E. Johnson, one of the few women members of the History Department. She left in 1956; there has been one woman appointment in History since. Dorothy was research-oriented; she had spent some time as a researcher for the U.S. Air Force in Canada. Normal age undergraduates had little rapport with her; the more mature student learned history and loved it. My friendship with Dorothy began when I was a week-end guest at the basement apartment she and Gen King shared. She left to go to work on her doctorate; she is now Dr. Johnson of the History Department of Old Dominion College in Norfolk, Virginia. She stops for a visit in Moorhead en route to Seattle where her family lives. I enjoyed a week-end with her and her dog in Norfolk during my sabbatical quarter in 1973. I've always admired the thoroughness with which she tackles every problem, personal and professional. Her abilities



have been recognized by her peers; she was elected member of the Council of the American Association of University Professors as well as an officer in the Virginia Conference.

A lady member of the Music Department when I arrived was Adele Jensen Berquist. I got to know her when she became a neighbor after she married Ray Johnson, an MSTC graduate. Adele and Ray had two boys and moved to Sabin. Adele taught piano and played the viola in the F-M Symphony. One of her sons took up her instrument. Lately Adele and Ray have become active politically. Sabin isn't that far away, but we no longer play bridge or sip wine except on rare occasions. When we do meet, it's like old times. (Ray still owes me a bottle of rhubarb wine.)

The last of the ladies who were here in 1947 and who has since left is Evangeline Lindquist, college nurse. Vangie probably had the most impossible job of anyone on campus. How can one person be nurse to thousands of students???? The situation remained until the middle 60's when the health service was established in the basement of Dahl Hall with a full-time doctor on duty as well as several nurses. Vangie continued as campus school nurse; when the campus school was closed she joined the staff of a new college in St. Paul. She comes for visits--always a time when all friends gather for coffee and a good chat. Her latest visit was an unusual one; she came to take care of Ragna Holen when she had cataract surgery.

Retired now, but still very much a part of the College family, is Viola Petrie, owner of Tommy, a cat of exceptional qualities. Vi had a small apartment on Eleventh Street in 1947; she took pity on us not so blessed and gave us a home-cooked meal now and then. Her home on 13th Street has continued to be the site of many parties given by Vi and Jane Johnston, her gardening enthusiast renter. An annual function is the Christmas party at which we "old timers" exchange gifts and work puzzles concocted by our ingenious hostesses. Vi taught Latin and English at the Campus School; then she became a freshman English teacher in the College. She has spent an active life filled with a variety of activities including playing the piano for silent movies and working as "Rosie the Riveter" in Washington state shipyards during World War II. Her retirement days are filled with the same variety of activity: travel, painting, needlepoint, gardening. She has lent a helpful hand to Elsie Lee in the Curriculum Laboratory of the College Library; she updated the "mini-history" of MSC used with new students. Vi and I share a love of movies; we try to see the best that come to the F-M area. Lately our record of movies seen has slipped; six new movie houses plus the quality of some of the modern movies make the task a hopeless one. Her "Tommy" is the third outstanding cat I have met at MSC. It is my pleasure to play with him when Vi is on a trip and I am in town.

Another lass from Wisconsin at MSTC when I arrived was Jane Johnston, then science teacher at the Campus School, currently professor of education in the Education Department. Jane lived with Ethel Tainter on Eleventh Street, a half-block from Vi Petri's



apartment. When Viola built her house, Jane moved in with her. Jane has a huge garden where she grows flowers and vegetables; inside she and Viola fill the house with projects. Jane's include making rock statuettes and working acrostics. Small world department: one of Jane's best friends is a girl from Crosby, my home town. Alice and I were competitors for scholastic honors; we haven't seen each other since the 1940's, but thanks to Jane we know what each of us is doing.

A one-woman department at MSTC has been the Home Economics Department. The woman holding that position since 1938 is Ragna Holen. Ragna and her mother have made several trips to Norway; they have shared their trips with all of us at their home at "show and tell" sessions, always accompanied by Norwegian goodies to eat served on beautiful linens and lovely china. Ragna retired in 1975.

Marion Smith has been a professor of mathematics at the College since 1945. She has always spent her summers in interesting pursuits. Early she worked in the national parks out West. Lately she has become a camera buff and goes on camera jaunts to Switzerland and places which challenge the picture-taking buffs.

I wasn't the only lady who joined the faculty in 1947. One who came was Genevieve Nanette King, a winsome lass from West Virginia whom I've called "The Honorable Doctor." What a shock to MSTC she was! A smoker! A free-thinker! A gal who wore clothes and jewelry that mesmerized faculty at meetings! Ever a fighter for the under-dog! In her capacity as head of the Science Department she was responsible for arranging graduate scholarships for able graduates. I call them "King Men"--two have returned to MSC as faculty.

The Honorable Doctor and I are a book in itself. During the pre-apartment days we played bridge between cleaning sessions at the old Science Department in Weld Hall. Later, Dorothy Johnson and Gen had a basement apartment--the site of many joyous occasions. I was a week-end guest, as we prepared for parties.

I was on leave 1950-51; when I returned, Gen and I moved into a basement apartment on Sixth Avenue South. There we stayed until 1954 when Gen brought to the Valley her mother, the inimitable Ida Belle King. Gen bought a home on Twelfth Avenue; later a lake home on Cormorant. Her brother, Ed, joined the family. Ida Belle died after a long illness and a long stay in the Americana Nursing Home.

Gen has survived many crises both on and off campus. Last June she decided to retire to enjoy life at a lesser pace. She leaves her mark--MSTC and her friends are richer for having known her. At her retirement many honors were bestowed upon her; one was the dedication of the King Biology Hall, during Homecoming, 1974.

Another lady who entered the MSTC circle in 1947 is Elsie Lee. She and I were "broken in" by Miss Hougham; we were her two first professionally-trained assistants. Mrs. Lee dropped out of the library world in 1948 to have her family. She resumed her career



in the 50's as campus school librarian. With the closing of the Campus School she and the collections moved to the Livingston Lord Library where we have come the full cycle and are colleagues under the same roof. She often reminds me of that first year when I was sure I wouldn't last the year; the prairie wind, the rainy, cold fall, the general coldness of the faculty, Miss Hougham--all were a bit hard to take for this Iron Range gal, but thanks to many of the fore-named ladies she survived--but at times it has been a struggle.

There were four ladies who came in 1947 and left. Jessie Knapp, principal of the elementary school, fought a battle for an elementary library and won; she also won a Lyle Steele for a husband. Mary Petersen, fourth grade supervisor, was traded to St. Cloud State College to enable Bertha Camp of their faculty and a Fargo resident, to deal with some personal matters. Mary never traded back. She continues at St. Cloud State in the psychology department, looking forward to retirement. We have remained friends through the years. Mary was with me in the summer of 1953 when I learned to drive on our trip West. Such experiences we shared, like almost driving into a mountain and off of it! We speak of them yet!

Dorothy DeHaan, a vivacious red head, spent one year with us as social studies teacher in the high school. She left to marry James Ebbers, a minister. Letters have kept us in touch.

Last, but far from least of the 1947 group, was Dorothy Jackson. She was a member of the English Department. A brilliant woman, she was the daughter of a professor at the University of Minnesota--had lived her life in academia, but none of the formality of those days had dimmed her natural way. She spoke her piece whenever and on whatever--this created quite a stir in our little community. She was refreshing, to say the least. She left us with a husband, Mr. Elam of NDSU. When last I heard from the Elams, they were in the deep South--his home area. Gen and I used to get pecans from Dorothy which came from trees in her backyard. My last letter from her was that of an inquiry about a textbook she had used when she taught here; her sister was teaching a similar course, and she had recommended the book to her, but she couldn't remember the title--just that it was a red-covered one!



## CHAPTER NINE

### The Ladies -- 1948-1955

In the 1948-1955 years there were many changes in the personnel at the Campus School. Jessie Knapp Steele was succeeded by Catherine Conradi as principal of the elementary school. Catherine was a controversial figure; her methods were not those used in these parts. My association with her was as a house mate; we both lived with Lil Anderson at 1015. We ate meals together at Sharel's, a spa once owned by "Ma" Solien, but in 1948 taken over by three kin-ladies whose names were Shirley, Harriet, and Ellen, from whence came the name. Homemade pastries and food of superb quality brought customers from near and far. At 1015 we had coffee parties on cold winter nights, our landlady serving as hostess. Catherine left to go to work on elementary education in Georgia. Many positions followed until she retired to a lovely spot on the coast of Maine, where in the summer of 1972 I visited with her briefly. She is as alert and interested in education as ever.

Mrs. Durboraw's retirement brought to MSTC an alumna, Dorothy Dodds. Dorothy has probably trained most of the pre-school and kindergarten personnel in this area. It has been a pleasure to know her as a Psi Delt Alum as well as a challenging bridge partner.

From South Dakota came Laura Scherfenberg to be the first grade supervisor. There are innumerable parents who belong to the "Laura Scherfenberg Fan Club" for taking their children in tow and teaching them reading and other skills with a firm, but gentle hand. I've been privileged to know Laura as a friend with whom I've shared many a good time. She is one of our busy retirees, serving the College, the community and her church and still having time for her family and her friends.

To the third grade came Bernice "Puddy" Anderson, a winsome lass who lives on Sixth Avenue. She left MSC and went to Concordia to teach reading in their elementary program. When her husband retired, so did she, in order to enjoy life with him. Ernie and I have had many a chat about Herman Woock, a baseball playing friend of Ernie's who became a coach who produced the fabulous teams in football and basketball at Crosby-Ironton, my home-town.

Vilma Ujlaki served briefly as fourth grade supervisor. From her I learned how much the Hungarian language has in common with the Finnish. Both are Uro-Hungarian languages. We enjoyed exchanging "vords" over coffee.

To the fifth grade came Ruth A. Hanson, another gal with a winsome manner and charm that never seems to get ruffled no matter what. She joined the Education Department and worked with student teachers



in the field and instructed the PFY program. She retired early to enjoy life with her friends in the area and in the South. She and her sister keep in touch and attend many of the MSC functions.

One year the sixth grade found they had a red-headed supervisor, Grace Gregerson. Grace moved to teach education courses in the College. She has had many harrowing experiences, like the Fargo tornado of 1957 hitting her home, followed by Grace herself being smitten by a hepatitis siege. She retired, and promptly enrolled in a nursing course at NDSU. Fate found her in the Black Hills when they had their terrible flood; shots administered there set off a chain of illnesses which ended her aspiration to become a nurse. She attends College functions and entertains her friends in her home which she shares with her sister, Rose. Grace and I have a special kinship: we share a birthday--January 31st. We are fellow Aquarians.

When Grace joined the College professional education staff, she was succeeded as sixth grade supervisor by Monica DuCharme. Monica comes from Barnesville--a pioneer commuter. She, too, joined the PFY staff where she continues to give aspiring elementary teachers of her experience and encouragement.

The first real, live full-time campus school librarian came to MSTC in 1950 in the person of Marvel Wooldrik. She also taught the entire library science program of that period. When the College library needed a cataloger, she came over to head that department and to teach the library science courses. She has met many challenges, such as supervising the conversion from the Dewey Decimal system to the Library of Congress. She has had to cope with these problems with the help of very little professional assistance and an ever-changing clerical staff. Through it all she remains calm and quietly gets things done.

Her successor at the Campus School library was an MSTC alumna, Dorothy Jefferson. Dorothy is a charming, delightful lady who made the library days a joy for the elementary school youngsters. She left to marry Harrison Storandt and to have her family of three boys. A tragic accident took Harrison from the family and Dorothy returned to Moorhead where her mother and brother still live. She continues active as a Psi Delt alumna; she continues her professional career at the Processing Center of the Fargo Public Schools.

In 1948 to fill in while Maude Wenck was finishing her doctorate, Alice Bartels of Winner, South Dakota came. She continued as Campus School music supervisor for many years--in charge of elementary music, chorus, and band for the high school and teaching some courses at the College--a superwoman!

Alice and I have shared many experiences. Thanks to her driving around blocks with me for hours I finally passed my driver's test and got a license. She patiently coached me through Adult Book No. 4 as I worked on my desire to play the piano. We both agreed a chord organ is for me! In the summer of 1954 when Gen King



bought her home and we broke up the apartment, I moved in with Alice in her basement apartment on 12th Street. We became greater friends, as we battled bugs and floods together. I went on sabbatical in the fall of 1955; when I returned, I was able to get into the apartment I had wanted for nine years at 1015 $\frac{1}{2}$  Seventh Avenue. Alice joined me there in the fall of 1957 after her sabbatical year. After two years Alice found another apartment so her parents could visit her. Alice is a remarkable woman. I have never known anyone who wants more to think the best of everyone; I regret to say she has had disappointments when people about her in this far from perfect world show their feet of clay. Her mother has joined her in the past few years; she is a charming Irish lass in her 80's but still the life of any party. Alice and I will be retiring from MSC about the same time; we already talk about the times we can share on the shores of Lake Serpent in the summer and in Winner or further South in the winter.

All of the above faculty ladies were served by two women in the head office of the Campus School who always knew where everything and everyone was. They are Jessie Fevig and Hazel Monson. Both have retired. Jessie lives with her daughter in Minneapolis and Hazel married and continues to live in her old home on Fifth Street in Moorhead.

Meanwhile, back across the campus, we were having changes among the faculty ladies. Into the office of Dean of Women came Francis Dillon; she also taught courses in the Education Department. Francis relinquished her duties as Dean of Women to concentrate on teaching. She retired and has continued to live in Moorhead. She has taken up a variety of hobbies at which she excels.

To the College in 1948 came Dr. Catherine Cater. Her first year at MSTC she served on the library staff and experienced with me and Mrs. Lee the wrath of Miss Hougham on occasion. I recall Catherine just dumb-founded after an irrational foray with S.H. To a philosopher Sarah just wasn't logical. Catherine was the entire philosophy and anthropology department and a big help in English. Any student who has had her for a teacher has felt they have been challenged and made to think. Her methods were a shock to the College community. She assumed the supervision of the College's Night on the Air. Finally in a hassle with the objectives of the College she said, "Enough!" and resigned. She had planned to write, but NDSU enticed her to join their faculty where she is involved in their graduate program, their library collection building, their Honors program, etc. She and Delsie Holmquist (the Rover Girls, I call them) share an apartment and share trips to places like the Iron Curtain countries. 'Tis nice to sit down and talk books, travels, ideas--alas! it happens too seldom with our schedules full as they are. Catherine is a beautiful person--a true scholar of the first order but a gal who can roll with laughter over an anecdote.

Two gals who stayed only one year at MSTC were Lillian Langemo and Ruth Bruson. Each was the sacrificial lamb of the department when enrollments were down. Lillian came to the MSTC Library as my



replacement while I was on leave 1950-1951; we had hoped that she would remain as a badly-needed addition to the staff. Alas! our hopes didn't come true, and Lillian went East. She returned to the area, married John Jacobson of Valley City and in time became head librarian of Valley State College. Our paths cross now and then; every year Marvel and I vow we are going to take a trip to see her, but we have yet to do it.

Ruth Bruson was in the Biology Department; her home was Chicago. Her parents are Austrian and the family is completely bilingual. If Ruth had stayed, I might have become bilingual in German. Ruth left to finish her doctorate. She married Wilson Nashed, had a son and now does some research work in New Jersey. Her folks, the inimitable Liisa and Willie, moved to New Jersey to be near their grandson and their daughter.

Fern Green joined the English staff of the College and took over the play production duties held by Allen Erickson. Jane Johnson had left Ethel Tainter's, so Fern moved in, the beginning of a beautiful relationship which lasted until Ethel's death. Fern married Henry Wiedemann, enjoyed life with him in the Valley and in Florida until his death. She resumed her career as English teacher at Ferris State College in Big Rapids, Michigan. Her step-daughter Mary lives in Moorhead; on vacations Fern returns here to visit with Mary and her former colleagues.

Iletta Holman was an addition to the Art Department. She remained at MSTC for several years and then moved to Rochester where she taught Art at the Junior College. She has retired to her old family home in Minot. Alice Bartels and Iletta are friends; my news of Iletta comes from her. Marvel and I did see her one year when Minnesota Library Association met in Rochester. She and Clara Undseth Cupler Kornberg spent the summer of '75 in Europe.

Lorraine Schueller joined the Business Education staff the same year that Fern came to the English Department; they were great friends. Lorraine's home is Fulda, Minnesota; when an opening came at Mankato State College, she went there. Thanks to IFO biennial meetings, we have kept in touch.

These years saw additions in the supportive staff also. Esther Nielsen joined the office at MacLean Hall; she is now the chief procurement person. Thelma Holmberg came to the College at the invitation of Charles Thurber. She remained as payroll clerk until she married Marlowe Wegner. She is very much a part of the College as a faculty wife. We cooperate on Women's Club projects and best of all are members of the Tuesday night bridge night bunch. She is a lady of the first order, always ready to give a helping hand to anyone who needs it.

Harriet Norris joined the Registrar's Office, a position she still holds. Meanwhile, she married Mr. Powers. We were both active as members of the Moorhead Business and Professional Women's Club.



Now and then we pass each other in Owens or we have a chat when she comes to deposit microfilm copies of registration records in our Archives.

It has been my privilege to know these ladies as colleagues and friends. Without their friendship, my life in the Valley would have been dreary indeed.



## CHAPTER TEN

### The Gentlemen -- Pre-1947-1955

In no way was the faculty at MSTC in 1947 made up of only strong and capable women. There were many men professors who were the bed-rock of the institution. It had received a blow in June, when the popular Dean of Men, C. P. (Cap) Lura had left to become President of Mayville State Teachers College in North Dakota. He was replaced by William Waite, called by the G.I.'s "General Waite." Working with Dr. Waite in the men's counseling area was Ed Selden, a soft-spoken psychologist whose office was in the same room as the Adamson Collection. He and I would have great chats about the College and our impressions as I was accessioning the collection. Neither of these gentlemen lasted more than a year or two. The College got a new business manager in 1947--Charles H. Thurber. What an addition to the College he and his family were! Talent galore--he was one of the highlights of the 1953 production Life on the Great Circle: Dahlie dressed him up as a woman--what a "Bird in the Gilded Cage" Chuck was!

Professionally speaking, it was a great day Thurber arrived--a business manager with a sympathetic ear for the library. We were the recipient of many unexpended year-end funds. The Thurbers stayed with the MSC family through the Snarr years; then they moved to Faribault where Charles is still managing another state institution. His good wife "saw the light" and became a librarian!

George Comstock, son of Soloman G. Comstock, who gave the original land upon which the College is built, was resident director in 1947. He and his wife, Francis, as well as Miss Jessie, sister of George, were present at many college functions. His term ended, and Oscar Rusness, banker of the First National Bank of Moorhead, became resident director. A self-made man with a delightful sense of humor, he would correct Dr. Snarr on occasion, much to Dr. Snarr's embarrassment. Mr. Rusness enrolled in an art class on College Night--a male Grandma Moses was born!

The Professional Education Department of the College was headed by Dr. E. M. Spencer. His office was in the Campus School where he also ran the Placement Bureau! He was aided by a Girl Friday, Eleanor Perkins. Dr. Spencer and family left for California; Eleanor retired to have a family; I recall her days at the College every time I see her husband Lee when I go to Overvold's on Oldsmobile business.

Dr. A. M. Christensen had been a jack-of-all-trades at MSTC; band man, dean of men, but in 1947 he was a professor of education. My first run-in with "Christy" set the tone of our relationship. I couldn't see any sense in having 100 volumes on reserve when only ten were ever checked out! A new assistant librarian should not have challenged Dr. A. M. C. but she did--and off came the books! "Christy"



left for Long Beach State College where he remained until his retirement and later death.

The Social Studies Department was chaired by the gentle Sam Bridges. His contribution to the College is commemorated by having Bridges Hall named for him. Mrs. Bridges survived him many years; she was a talented pianist and had piano students who gave recitals at the College.

Dr. Joseph Kise was "Mr. Social Studies" at MSTC in the late 40's. He had been Dean of Men; he was active in the American Legion and in the National Education Association. He had married a student of his; Agnes Kise taught vocal music at the Concordia Conservatory until her retirement. Dr. Kise retired from MSC and continued to teach at Fergus Falls Junior College from whence he retired in the late 60's. Our names being so similar created a problem; many the time I had to say I was not a Kise! When Kise was first Vice-President of the NEA, he frowned on what he considered undignified activity for the faculty, so no more faculty shows! Neither did we agree on when a person should retire--I'm for 60!

Another member of the Social Studies Department was Paul Heaton. Paul was an economist, active in the Interfaculty Organization. If anyone needed to know anything about faculty welfare, Paul was an authority. He possessed a beautiful dry sense of humor which added much to our coffee sessions. Paul retired, and he and Dorothy enjoyed a few trips. Dorothy died in 1973; Paul continues to spend time in the F-M area, but when the winter breezes blow, off he goes South to warmer climes.

The English Department was chaired by Dr. Byron Murray, a soft-spoken Iowan. He and his wife, Nona, built a lovely home on the Red River and raised a fine family. After the children were grown, Nona took up librarianship and worked as serials librarian at NDSU until she retired. Nona died in 1970; Dr. Murray moved to a home in Moorhead and is still active in College activities.

A gentleman member of the English Department was Allen Erickson, a native of these parts--an ex-public school superintendent. Allen directed plays; a love of the drama he shared with his wife, Ruth. Allen decided to specialize in working with reading problems; he served as the College reading specialist until his retirement in 1973. Ruth and Allen have two sons, both of whom followed their father's footsteps and became English professors. Robert spent a year in England and met a Finnish nurse whom he married. We have had some good visits when they have been in Moorhead. Allen enjoys his golf; Ruth plays bridge and cooks a mean meal and makes lovely divinity.

In Weld Hall in the Music Department were two men colleagues of Maude Wenck: Bert McGarity and Dan Preston. Dan heard the call of the West and left MSTC in 1948. He retired and returned to the F-M area where he remains active as a choir director of a local church and is a member of the Alumni Board. Bert was a musician's musician;



his instrument was the clarinet. Never have I seen a musician caress his instrument as Bert did; every inch of him felt music. His band was full of ex-G.I.'s with years of band experience behind them. What concerts they gave! Two of the men returned to MSC as faculty: Art Nix and Jerry Sundet. Bert was married to Blanche Munter of Hibbing. The McGarritys had a daughter and named her Meredith Shannon--M. S. McGarrity. I owe my sobriquet K-square to Bert. The McGarritys headed for Long Beach State College where Bert still teaches. Blanche has passed on. Now and then Bert visits the campus as he goes through town enroute to his home town of Duluth. I often speculate what music at MSC would have been had Bert been made head of the department.

Matilda Williams' colleague in the Art Department was Nels Johnson. Nels specializes in portraits; his psychological studies are horrendous. His wife, Lucille, was a formidable bridge player and a beautiful hostess. She died, and Nels remarried; he retired in the early 1970's to enjoy life with his new wife at the lake and in town.

In 1947 MSTC's men's Physical Education Department still had the aura of the "Sliv" Nemzek days. Neil Wohlwend, Roy Domek, and Don Anderson were the "profs." Neil and Mona lived in an apartment at "Ma" Jackson's; we were neighbors. We were neighbors again on Sixth Avenue. Small world department item: Mona was once engaged to the owner of the newspaper in my home town. I'd keep her posted on his activities whenever we met; Neil and I have never had much to talk about. Neil left academe to become the co-owner of Sportland; later came politics and real estate. Mona is an active MSC alum and continues to teach in the Fargo Public Schools.

Roy Domek was basketball coach and track and intramural coach. He initiated the Dragon Relays, now named for him. Roy retired in the early 1970's; he and Laddie tripped around and enjoyed life at their home on Eleventh Street South. Laddie and Jessie Boudrye are old neighbor gals from South St. Paul who were reunited when the Boudrye's joined the MSTC family in the early 50's.

Don Anderson was not only in the Physical Education Department, but also a member of the National Guard; he is now a retired Lieutenant Colonel of that body. Don is an alum of MSC--he is a hard-working gentleman: he has served on many committees at the College. Give Don a job and it's done! He and Eileen raised two daughters and are two of the most loyal alums MSC has.

Otto Ursin, an affable gent from Bemidji, came to the Industrial Arts Department in 1946. He has specialized in industrial technology, plastics and wood. He married Bernie (Gunderson), had two children and enjoys life in Moorhead and at their McConachie Beach lake home near Vergas.

Friends in their bachelor days and neighbors in marriage are Otto and Werner Brand, mathematics professor in the Campus School and now



director of the Placement Bureau. I was the first to learn of the Penny-Brand nuptials, for Penny was a friend of a friend of mine in Red Wing. Werner has ever chanted "Go, C-I, Go" to me--as well as calling me "No trump Kivi" because of my fondness for playing a no-trump hand in bridge--I hope that's the reason!

"Mr. Geography" at MSTC was Harold Addicott. Harold followed in the footsteps of his father who was "Mr. Geography" at Ohio State. Harold and Helen moved from Mayville to MSC when Schwendeman left for Kentucky. Their son Tom, who is a geographer, teaches at St. Cloud State College; and John, who went into speech pathology, returned to his Alma Mater, but last fall left for Sacramento State University. Such times the Addicotts and I had--worthy of a chapter. The antics of a brilliant Dalmatian named Willie who joined the Addicott family in 1955 are a legend in itself. Willie's big fault was he thought he was human. Harold retired and continued to work at Reed's Travel Agency and on his stamp collection. Harold and I had some weird conversations; it took me some time to realize that Harold would continue a conversation from where we had left off when last we met! The last several years Harold has been in poor health; he died last September. Memorial services were held for him; in time there will be a scholarship in his name at the College.

In 1947 two gentlemen-alumni joined the faculty: Clarence "Soc" Glasrud in English and Marlowe Wegner, industrial arts. "Soc" arrived at the College a bachelor, but at the end of the first year he brought his bride from Lake City to the Valley. Their first home was the director's suite in then new Ballard Hall. With the advent of Charlie they moved to the Seventh Street home where they live back-to-back with the Doddses and share a love of birds. In addition to teaching English "Soc" has been active in the alumni organization; he was one of the driving forces behind the "Dollars for Scholars" campaign. He has written several books. Occasionally he grows a beard a la Ernest Hemingway. In the 70's "Soc" has achieved the status of Elder Statesman that Paul Heaton and Joe Kise once enjoyed; when "Soc" speaks, the faculty listen.

Marlowe Wegner joined Otto Ursin in 1947 and for years they were a two-man department with quarters in Weld Hall. Marlowe and Irene and their family lived in the barracks--a far cry from the glamour of life as a pilot of the Air Corps on the China front and that of a surgical nurse! Marlowe was "college printer" in addition to running his classes--one of many faculty who enjoyed a two-man load! Marlowe, too, has served as an active alumni. After Irene's death, he and Thelma Holmberg married and merged their families, spending life in Moorhead and on McConachie Beach near Vergas.

When Dan Preston answered the call of the West, he was replaced by H. D. Harmon. H. D. and Yvonne began life in Moorhead in the barracks on 14th Street; H. D. built a boat in the garage at 1015 where I rented a room. Soon they moved to their home near Dudrey Court which H. D. remodelled and reconstructed. Both Yvonne and H. D. shared their musical talents with the community; Tenderly and the



Carnival of Venice ever remind me of the Harmons. They also were great bridge players. They left MSC during the Neumaier years to go to Illinois. They kept their cottage near Dunvilla, so we see them in the summer.

The vacancy in the Music Department left by Bert McGarrity was filled by Ray Votapka, a North Dakota lad. He married an MSC student; then left to go to Casselton, North Dakota. We used to see Gloria and Ray on occasion; they were separated. Gloria is now a school librarian in the Fargo school system; Ray is somewhere in the Chicago area.

Glendon Robbins became the head of the Professional Education Department and the Placement Bureau. Later he became the Dean of Education in the reorganization of the College; in 1974 he resigned early to enjoy a well-deserved rest. Tragedy struck in August when Lois died suddenly; retirement was a bittersweet for some time, but in February Glendon married Orta Peterson--a very happy union, it seems.

Placement duties were separated from the Professional Education Department; Ray Sorenson joined the faculty in the early 50's. Ray and his wife were good members of the College family until his retirement. They moved to Arizona where both have passed away.

When Jennie Owens retired, the Registrar's position was filled by Earl Foreman. Earl and his wife were active in the F-M Community Theatre; their son, Larry, graduated from the Campus School, left and returned to the College as technical theatre designer. He left in 1973 with a successful career behind him. I understand he has resumed a role in educational theatre at University of Minnesota-Duluth, where two other MSC alums are in the theatre department. Earl left MSC with Dr. Knoblauch to go to Macomb. He retired and died shortly thereafter.

Another alumnus who joined the faculty was T. E. Smith in 1949. "Smitty" and his wife, Ruth, also an alum, have been active in alumni affairs. "Smitty" took me on as a special student in driver education in 1951. He and Ruth were building their house on 12th Street; I paid for my driver education with cases of beer! Smitty has specialized in marriage and family life and sex education courses; and golf--teaching and entering and winning area tournaments.

Jasper Valenti became the principal of the Campus High School when Ella Hawkinson left. He and his wife added to life in the barracks; Jasper was a member of the chorus line of the "Life on the Great Circle"opus. They left to go to Chicago where they still live; Jasper is now on the faculty of Loyola University.

Ralph Lee joined the business education staff in 1950. He had been teaching at Fargo High School. Ralph and Elsie have raised a family of three children--all graduates of MSC. Ralph has learned to live with a heart condition, learning to relax at the Elks Club and at their lake cottage on Turtle Lake.



One of the late 40's G.I.'s and a student of Bert McGarrity returned to MSC to become the band man at the College. Art Nix has been with us since. Donna enrolled at the College and now teaches in the Moorhead schools in addition to raising a family. Donna was a star in the Dragon Terrace wives number of the famous faculty show of 1953. She licked a serious illness in the 1970's; all goes well now. The Nixes live right opposite me on Sixth Avenue; they might as well be miles away--we meet on campus or at League of Women Voters doings!

When "Soc" and Barbara left the quarters in Ballard Hall, "Fritz" and Doris Bierhaus moved in. Fritz was football coach; he was a star from Brainerd High School--arch enemy of my Alma Mater, Crosby-Ironton! Fritz and I were the only faculty who applied for sabbaticals for the first year of the Knoblauch administration in 1955-56. Fritz went to the University of Colorado to earn his doctorate in recreation and counseling. He and Doris remained there. I visited them there several times on my trips West. One year Fritz was president of the local school board, so we spent the evening stuffing envelopes and chatting away about old times, in their home with the Rockies outside a picture window--a sight you don't see in these-here parts! I understand the Bierhauses plan to return to Brainerd area during retirement--after 1980 we can pick up bridge, etc. again.

After the slump in the enrollment of 1950-51 necessitated cuts in the faculty, enrollments started up again and departments were able to add members. Vernon Olson was added to the Education Department. Education psychology was his doctorate topic, but Vern knew more about musical comedies and jazz than anyone about. His wife, Marilyn, would join Gen for an evening, as K.K. and Vern would go to see all the musicals which came to the local theatres. The Olsons left to go to St. Paul where Vern became school psychologist. Their home on Summit Avenue was open to all MSC friends. Vern died suddenly the day after their daughter's wedding; Marilyn still lives on Summit.

Walter Seidenkranz joined the English Department. I have never known any other professor of English who was content to teach four sections of freshman English each quarter. He, too, died suddenly.

The Science Department had additions, also. Mason Boudrye joined the Biology Department. Jessie and he lived in the barracks. They stayed with MSC until Mason became the executive secretary of the Minnesota Academy of Science; they moved to South St. Paul where they live in Jessie's childhood home. Mason later joined the Minimath program at the University of Minnesota from whence he retired early. He and Jessie brought property near Nisswa for a retirement home and a spot where the clan can gather for summer holidays. Lucky for me--Nisswa is not far from Crosby! They visit Moorhead now and then--keeping in touch with old friends. They were here for the retirement banquet when Gen King retired.

Addison Meinecke was chemistry professor in the basement of Weld Hall. I think of him in the lab on squeaky wooden floors when I walk



on the carpeted, air-conditioned room in the now newly-refurbished Weld. He and Frances were great bridge partners. Addison died; Frances returned to Kansas City where she died shortly before I had made arrangements to visit with her en route to Texas in 1969.

Allan Page taught physics at the College. He left for Eau Claire where he and his wife still live. They return to the Valley now and then for a visit; the last was in the spring of 1974.

The Social Studies Department added Neil Thompson, an ex-G.I. who had a colorful way of teaching. He worked hard on a Ph.D. in American Studies; we had a great welcome for him at the train depot when he returned after his orals. Neil went to St. Cloud to teach in his field and became immersed in IFPC activities. Biennial meetings of the IFO keep us in touch; one of his daughters saw the light--she became a librarian!

From Oklahoma came Amos and Betty Maxwell. Amos was Dean of Students, but mostly history teacher. Betty ran the duplication department. The call of the home state was too hard to resist, so back to Tallequah they went. Tallequah is a fascinating town, the old capital of the Cherokee Nation. Betty retired to raise their daughter, Maia. I have visited them in their home several times en route to Texas.

In 1954, the last Snarr year, came Larry MacLeod to coach basketball. He later was athletic director and dean of the Nemzek enclave. Quiet and effective, Larry serves on many committees. He and I were fellow-senators chosen to be on the "Ad Hoc Committee on Liquor on the Campus." Larry was qualified, having had much input from boys. I can only assume that my many years as neighbor to the Owls, an avowed maker of dandelion wine, and an Iron Range ex-boozer were my criteria for that Committee. We filed a report; there the matter rests until now. A memo from the President indicates the Committee must rally to the cause again this fall.

And then on to MSC came Joe Satin. Dr. Joe was "Mr. Humanities" and director of the lyceum series. My first meeting with Dr. Satin was his visit to the library when he discovered we didn't have the Paeideia! Every library that had it and the New Yorker, according to Dr. Joe, could go far! (I had never even heard of it!) Thereafter followed many conversations during which the collection of MSC library was rid of its voids. I can thank Joe for his efforts on behalf of the rare book collection; he purchased several tomes when he was in Italy on sabbatical. Joe left MSC to be head of the English Department at Wichita Falls, Texas. Joe wrote several books, but his son, Mark, who was one of the early young men who went to Canada rather than fight in Viet Nam, wrote a handbook for draft dodgers which has gone through many editions. I hear tell Dr. Joe has left Texas for California.

And let us not forget the kindly gents who led the support personnel during these days. Ben Grier was joined by his son, Duane,



in the engineering department. I always recall Ben saying it takes two years to get the boo-boos out of the heating system of every new building; based on our experience at the Livingston Lord Library I'd say he underestimated the time! We still have boo-boos in a building which was built in 1960! Ben has a building named for him; the old heating plant was converted into the speech pathology and audiology building. Ben has a grand-daughter with a hearing problem, so the dedication is doubly appropriate. Duane continues in his father's footsteps. His wife Betty is an active League of Women Voters member.

J. C. "Chris" Hansen was chief of the custodians. His wife ran the snack bar in MacLean. They retired to a lovely year-around home in Nevis. I think of them when I drive by, but I have never stopped to see how the mantle clock which they received at their retirement looks in their home.

Henry "Dutch" Ortner was the "Jack-of-all-trades" at MSC while he worked toward his degree in industrial arts. He and Inez lived across Ninth Avenue and had their ball-team of boys. "Dutch" joined the industrial arts staff of the Moorhead High School. Inez teaches part-time. A heart condition developed with "Dutch," but he continues to work on ten odd jobs--while earning his Master's degree at Bemidji State this summer. Last time I saw him he was "cat-napping" in a chair at the Fargo Clinic, while Inez was visiting one of the boys in surgery. Proves everyone gets tired!

Other gents there were and are at MSC--these happen to be those who were more active in my world.



## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### The Knoblauch Years -- Fall, 1955-June, 1958

Dr. Snarr ended his long regime (1941-1955) as president of MSC in June, 1955. After a search committee had interviewed various candidates for the position, Dr. A. L. Knoblauch, originally of Michigan, of Storrs, Connecticut and Burma of late, was chosen president. I can only speak for two years of the Knoblauch regime; the first year I spent on sabbatical at the University of Michigan. My first introduction to Dr. Knoblauch was a series of letters in which he indicated he was happy I was pursuing higher education in Michigan; his daughter was attending the University in East Lansing. He also mentioned several times that he was looking forward to my return to the campus with a Ph.D. and the great plans he had for the library science program thereafter. I felt at this point I'd better write and inform Dr. K. that the year was my first after my M.S. and that at Michigan as elsewhere a Ph.D. required several years and a thesis. I heard no more from Dr. K. until I received my contract for 1956-57 for signature.

I returned to the campus for the second summer session of 1956. During the year past, the owner of 1015-1015½ Seventh Avenue South had decided to sell the house and move to California. I had always indicated an interest in renting 1015½; fortunately the new owner's wife was a Psi Delt alumna who knew me and agreed that I could be their tenant. It has been "a good marriage"; a sad chapter must be recorded as I write this tome--my landlady of 18 years died in 1974 after a brief illness at the age of 50. Life will not be the same.

In August, 1956 I was without a car; I had disposed of my trusty Ford at Ann Arbor when parking fees had become outrageous. Flora Frick was retiring in June, 1957; she had ordered a new Ford for her retirement days; I was to buy her well-preserved 1951 Ford in the spring. Flora died in April; because these arrangements were known, I was able to buy the car from her estate with no problems. I shall never forget the day I got the car and drove it home to my garage. It was the day of the Fargo tornado of June, 1957.

Meanwhile, at Moorhead State College I learned that Mr. Gill was going on sabbatical. One of my first encounters with Dr. Knoblauch was an audience at which I was instructed on what I could and couldn't do as temporary "Boss Lady" of the library. Many conferences with the staff ensued in the following year as I pondered whether or not this move or that was allowable without permission from Dr. K. I consulted him only once. This was occasioned by Dr. Knoblauch's security measures; doors were not only to be locked, but chained. The library (then where the bookstore is now) was open on Saturday, 9 A.M. to noon. A crisis arose when patrons could not get in because



all the doors were secured. I asked for an appointment to discuss the dilemma with the President. An hour was filled with a tirade about the problems Dr. K. was having to cope with--like having to instruct the staff on how to lay tile in MacLean--surely not a duty of a college president! I finally excused myself, asking Dr. K. and his assistant to let me know their decision: either doors would be open so the library could be used or the library would be closed on Saturdays. The decision was made--the west doors were to be open. The crisis was over.

With Dr. Knoblauch came his administrative assistant, Lawrence Nelson. Larry was a personable young man; he and his wife became very active members of the College community. Larry Nelson will always be remembered in the annals of MSC as the prime advocate of the campanile. The campus has a wide circle on the mall to which all walks from the buildings lead. Larry thought a high campanile complete with carillons (a la University of Michigan) playing appropriate tunes would dominate the prairie scene and the tones from the carillon would spread MSC to the area around. Larry had sold the idea to several business men who pledged contributions; however, in order to construct the edifice the students would have to agree to a quarterly assessment to support the project. Several open meetings were held; it was felt the idea was gaining favor and a date for the vote by the students was set. However, one early A.M. we arrived on campus to be treated to a view which ended the campanile issue. A group of students had gone into the country and procured the bell tower of an abandoned country school and perched it on the circle. That did it--case dismissed! No bells or carillons at MSC. Our graduates carry the word from the campus, aided by newspapers and radio today. Music from the campus goes forth via choir (as far as Europe), band and stage band--but no chimes from carillons on high!

The Knoblauch years had two building appropriations: Nemzek and the library. Dr. K., Larry Nelson and a privileged few had input into the administrative affairs on campus. I shudder to think what the library would have looked like had not the change of administration to J. J. Neumaier occurred before the blueprints were finalized. Dr. Neumaier, who knew little about libraries except the philosophic concept that the library is the heart of the college, turned the project over to Mr. Gill. Heavens! The furor which was raised when considerable pressure was put to bear to name the library for Dr. Knoblauch! No building bears his name to date.

Dr. K. and his wife purchased a tract of land south on Highway 75 where they assembled all their memorabilia from Burma. They entertained faculty and friends at teas. This acreage was purchased from Dr. Knoblauch by Dean Myhro, who converted it into a successful poultry plant. This is of interest to me personally, because Dean was a member of the first class I ever taught--the class of '42 of Deer River (Minnesota) High School. He made a smart move--he married a Finnish gal--Lillian Hannula. When do I see them?????? Usually at reunions of the Class of '42!



Dr. Knoblauch was a P.R. man--his contribution to MSC was getting the community of Moorhead-Fargo to realize there was another college in Moorhead beside Concordia and that the College contributed a great deal to the coffers of the businessmen of the area and they should work for our improvement--what helps the colleges helps them. He got the message across--the College enrollment grew--appropriations followed. Moorhead State College was on the map physically. It took another president and a Minneapolis Tribune reporter to earn the College the title "The Harvard of the Midwest."

The Knoblauch years saw personnel changes as well as changes in the physical plant. To the campus school from her home across the street came Betty Bergford in 1956. She served the College until she retired in June, 1974. She raised a family, kept Harold happy, weathered crises with grandchildren; through it all she had time for sorority affairs and alumni association duties in addition to mothering a lot of PFY'ers through their educational courses. I have always marveled at Betty; I have never seen her angry or irked--always a quiet, calm soul with a smile for all. We all rejoiced in the spring before she retired when Betty went to Europe to supervise student teachers abroad. Harold accompanied her, so it was a business/pleasure trip. No one deserved it more.

Dr. Knoblauch hired one of MSC's own, Shelda Ann Jacobson, to teach science and physical education in the campus school. Shelda has one of the earliest Master's degrees granted at MSC. She remained at the campus school, but she shifted her field to mathematics. At a mathematics conference she met a red-headed gentleman from Tennessee. I was one of the first MSC'ers to meet Everett "Red" Warren. Shelda and Red were attending the showing of the first Cinerama in Minneapolis; I happened to be seated near them. "Red" and Shelda were married, "Red" joined the math department at the College and they had a daughter who is blessed with her father's red hair. Shelda moved over to the College math department also. An untimely death in the spring of 1973 took "Red" from us all.

One of Bert McGarrity's clarinetists, Jerold Sundet, came back to head the band at the Campus School after a very successful career as high school band director at Hawley. Jerry initiated band in the elementary school; it resulted in a high school band of exceptional quality. Jerry earned his Ph.D., decided to leave MSC for Minot, North Dakota where he directs the Minot Symphony Orchestra and teaches in the college music department at Minot State. He enjoyed a post-doctoral sabbatical in England recently.

Robert MacLeod first came to MSC to the Campus School to teach social studies. He left and returned as Dr. Robert MacLeod, Vice-President for Student Affairs, dean of students. He is the campus pilot. Bob is from Isle, Minnesota on Mille Lacs Lake; he knows Aitkin and Crosby-Ironton from his high school days. We talk that area life whenever we meet; he, too, plans to return there in retirement.



Gordon Dingman became art supervisor at the Campus School during these years. This talented gentleman left and is now a member of the Art Department at another state college.

In 1947 another Ranger, from Coleraine, came to MSC. Al Mudgett and his wife Gladys have always been active members of the community. Al moved to the College Industrial Arts Department when the Campus School closed.

In looking over the list of members of the faculty who joined us in the Knoblauch years, one is impressed by the imbalance of numbers--male versus women. Only five women were added to the College faculty; 14 men were added. I must say here that perhaps the reason behind the imbalance is that no women applied for many of the positions; this was the reason J. J. always gave for not hiring a woman--not discrimination.

Carol Stewart joined the faculty as Dean of Women. I for one will put Carol Stewart at the head of the list as the most effective dean of women we have had to date. She developed the dormitory counsellor system; she set and enforced guidelines for householders who had college students living in and working for board and room. We lost Carol via matrimony; she moved near Marshall, Minnesota. When Southwest State College was established, she became its first Dean of Women. She gave up college work to become counsellor at Marshall High school, a position she now holds. We still see her--she returns to visit friends at MSC.

Mildred Holstad joined the music department in 1955. She has been an accompanist par excellence; she has been active with the music sorority and very much a part of the community.

Evelyn Larson came to the Business Department in 1956--the only woman member there for years. She earned her doctorate and has been active in IFO affairs. She was a member of the committee working on a contract before the Public Relations Labor Relations Act of 1971 launched us into a contest between three organizations to represent the faculty as their agent in collective bargaining.

A brief visitor to the campus was the colorful Roxie Diver. She joined the women's Physical Education Department. According to students she was an excellent teacher, but she had an addiction to alcohol. One fine day she arrived on campus to be met by her department head who ordered her off campus. She was a smart gal--she knew her rights; she hired an attorney and the College had to pay her salary for the rest of the academic year. She left and went to Superior State College.

Her replacement was Mary Montgomery, a gal from Slippery Rock State College! Mary has worked hard to develop the health education program at MSC. She has had time to play bridge and to enjoy life at her lake home. Summers she acts part-time as pro at a nearby golf course.



Two women in the support personnel joined the College staff-- Irene Hexum who keeps our schedules straight and Lois Ritter in the President's office. Both are "Girl Fridays" par excellence. Also we had a major break through--women custodians were allowed on campus. The blessed Annie was the first gal; her domain was MacLean Hall. What a blessing it was when we got Viola as our first woman custodian in the library. It was a sorry day when she got transferred to the Center for the Arts, but her replacement was finally hired--Seena has been our "all-around gal" since. She has a strong feeling for MSC. Her brother graduated from the College in the late 20's.

During these years of growing enrollments there were many men added to the faculty. To me one of the most crucial was Dr. Walter Brown, our first audio-visual director. As non-print materials became more a part of education in the late 40's Dr. Snarr issued one of his numbered directives saying that all audio-visual materials were to be housed in the library. You-know-who was in charge of these materials. When I was at the University of Illinois in 1950-51, I met Dr. Walter Stone, one of the early educational audio-visual leaders in the country. I almost gave him apoplexy as I and others told him that college libraries did not all have budgets of \$50,000 before going into the audio-visual field nor did all have experts in charge. I learned much in my term as person in charge; cataloging the L'Anthologie Sonora was a musical education in itself. Dr. Brown designed the audio-visual part of the Livingston Lord Library, moved the materials from MacLean Hall and left for the University of West Virginia.

The History Department added Ed Blackburn, who pioneered in educational TV by developing a course in Russian history which was presented on Channel 13. Ed and his delightful wife Pat and their family were great addition to the College and the community. A traumatic experience for Ed was breaking one of the Knoblauch's antique chairs at a Christmas doing. Needless to say, I was wary when I approached a seat when my turn to be invited came. Ed left for a sabbatical to the University of Michigan for some post-doctorate work; there Alma College enticed him to come to their college, so we lost the Blackburns. Through the years I have kept in touch; much of their heart remains in the Valley and at MSC though currently they are a part of the college faculty at Mount Senario College in Ladysmith, Wisconsin.

One of the most colorful gentlemen hired by Dr. K. was Henry Lasch, head of the Physical Education Department. His strange forte was calling square dances; he figured prominently in the Roxie Diver episode; and last but not least, he had a false Ph.D. appended to his name. He left MSC before Dr. K. did.

Another character of these days was Dr. John Paul Smith, psychologist. A native Oregonian, a lover of the Columbia River--what great chats we had, since I was familiar with the area; I had spent many great times at the mouth of the Columbia at Astoria where a



kinsman of mine was a commercial fisherman. Smith was a greater fish out of water in the Red River Valley than this Iron Range immigrant.

Dr. William Gillis came to MSC English Department following a term as a Fulbright exchange professor to Turkey. It was from him that I learned more about the Finnish language and its kinship with the Hungarian and the Turkish language. His wife Bea earned a degree from MSC. They entertained beautifully and had several beautiful cats. Dr. Gillis was at Bradley University until his untimely death.

Another addition to the English Department was Dr. Gerald Kincaid who left to join the Department of Education of the State of Minnesota as supervisor of language arts--a position he still holds.

Dr. Wilbur Williams joined the faculty and became academic dean under Dr. J. J. Having had his fill of administration he left to go to Michigan State University at Ypsilanti where he is a professor of education. His capable wife Laura was a principal in the Fargo elementary school system, has earned her doctorate and is currently on the staff of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

Male members of the faculty who were added during the Knoblauch years who are still at MSC are Arlo Brown, Loel Frederickson, Howard Lysne, Marcel Stratton and Martin Tonn.

The Knoblauch years ended on a sour note. An investigation by the Board followed by a resignation by Dr. K. who left to become president of Western Illinois State College at Macomb, a position from which he has retired recently. He has returned to the campus from time to time; as recorded before, he sold his property south of town; he had considered retaining it as a retirement residence. We have no memorial edifice for him as yet.

Applications were sought for a new president. The one chosen by the Board and a faculty committee was Dr. John J. Neumaier, then Dean of the Hibbing Junior College. My first glimpse of J. J. was at a class reunion at Hibbing Junior College; as an alumna I attended the reunion to see what our next president looked like. I always felt that though at times I irked Dr. J. J. he felt that someone who had gone to Hibbing J. C. couldn't be all bad. His coming to MSC opened another era--one during which we were to be labelled "The Harvard of the Midwest" by a reporter of the Minneapolis Tribune. I reserve the tale of that decade for another tome.



