

*North Dakota School for the Deaf
Memories of the Past 110 Years!
1890-2000*



Happy Birthday NDSD!

North Dakota School for the Deaf

“Looking Back With Pride, Looking Forward With Confidence” 1890-2000

Dear Readers,

During this year of the new millennium, the North Dakota School for the Deaf celebrates its 110th birthday! The school holds a special place in the hearts of many who have lived, learned and worked at NDSD over the past 110 years. It has nurtured our physical, mental, emotional and spiritual growth and, in the process, has provided us with life-long friendships. As time passes, memories fade. This book is an attempt to preserve some of those memories before they are lost forever.

Thanks to those of you who took time to respond to my request for stories; some of your memories made me laugh, others moved me to tears. I hope you will enjoy reading them as much as I did. What an amazing heritage our school has!

The NDSD Heritage Center has many wonderful old pictures of bygone school days. As we typed the memories, we found and inserted pictures that seemed relevant to the stories. We would have liked to include more pictures but unfortunately, space was limited.

We tried to proof read carefully before printing, however in our haste to beat the deadline date we may have overlooked some typing errors; I apologize for errors we may have missed. If you happen to notice grammatical errors, it's OK. We purposely chose to leave the stories as people had written them.

Thank you to my daughter, Annie, and my co-workers, Renae Bitner and Kerry Rysavy for your support, both technical and moral, as we worked to complete the project before the June 24th celebration. Also thank you to Lake Region State College personnel who graciously agreed to help copy, assemble and bind the pages, your assistance was greatly appreciated! Finally, I'd like to express my gratitude to Superintendent Cofer for supporting our endeavor and allowing us to follow the project through to completion.

I remembered Dwight Rafferty often as I worked on this project. I missed the knowledge, guidance and support I know he would have provided had he been here with us. Most of his life was devoted to the school, first as a student and later as a teacher. Even after retirement, he continued to work tirelessly, helping to establish the NDSD Heritage Center. So, with deepest respect and admiration, I dedicate this book in memory of former printing teacher, coach and friend, L. Dwight Rafferty.

Sincerely,
Lilia Bakken

WSD Memories of the Past 110 Years!



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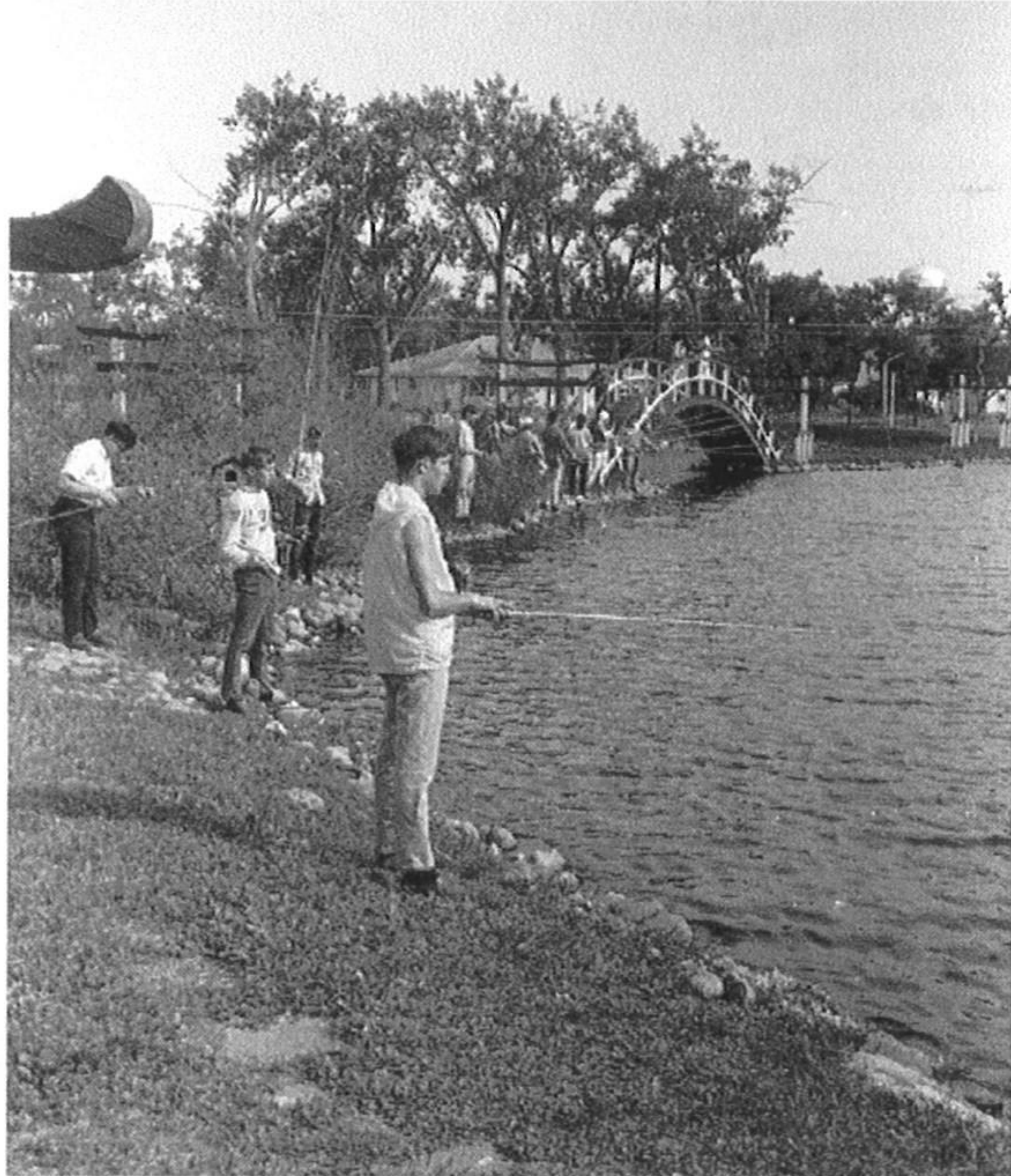
Memories from Administration Past and Present



**Carl F. Smith, Superintendent
1945-1969**

"Smith Family Memories"

By Carl F. Smith, Jr. and Patricia A. Smith



We the Smiths - Carl F. Sr., Ernestine, Bill and Fritz - lived on campus for twenty years. Talk about good friends, good food and good times - I could write a novel!

Just a couple of "feel good" moments;

1. The excitement on campus at Christmas time, the Christmas program, the gala dinner with the dignitaries. Carl Sr., Bill and I would shop for the Toy Library and get to play with the toys before everyone returned to campus.
2. The scavenger hunts which started with a great picnic and ended with lots of prizes and worn-out legs.
3. The Bullhead fishing from the pond and the look on the faces of the little ones catching their first fish. Pa Smith and Fritz would clean them and Ma Smith would cook them (hundreds of bullheads) for all to eat. These are just a few memories I have of NDSD.

"Fond Memories"

By Virginia Hayek

(Allen J. Hayek, Academic Principal 1963-69, Superintendent 1969-81)

The North Dakota School for the Deaf holds a very soft place in our hearts. When we left California and came to North Dakota, people said we were leaving God's country and going to no-man's land. But we fell in love with North Dakota at first sight. The people were so friendly and warm that the cold weather was no problem at all.

The students were all so outstanding! Mr. Hayek claimed each one as his own. Many went on to excel in their chosen field. To mention some of the staff; I think of Mr. Blackhurst and his "sugar" tea - Willie Hartl (smiling Willie) and the beautiful things he created in the wood shop, some adorning our residence. There's Henry Brenner, what a role model he was, especially on the basketball court. Thanks Henry! I think of Gladys Burns and Sonja Leonhardt and their creations in the art department. I have retained a couple of their creations through the years as a reminder of those pleasant times.

There is Rev. Roger Leonhardt serving so faithfully as a spiritual leader through the many years. "God Bless You, Roger".

I think of Sylvia and Dick Conlon, who not only protected the students but lovingly cared for them through the "long nights". Such a great couple. Marje Bye, I can't say enough about her. She kept the place running smoothly, such a great help to everyone. . . . these are but a very few of that wonderful staff at NDSD!

Some things that stand out about the campus are the pond and bridge, which our grandchildren enjoyed on their visits, feeding the ducks and peacocks, those cries for "help" from the peacocks so early in the morning! A favorite spot was the windbreak with its beautiful lilac bushes and the fragrance permeating the area in the spring!

I enjoyed seeing the flags flying over the campus proclaiming to the world we were proud to be Americans and proud to be North Dakotans. One day the flag was inadvertently flying upside down. I called Ruth Elsberry to inquire as to the disaster, half jokingly. It was corrected immediately.

These are but a few of my fondest memories. I thank each one of you for the pleasant years we spent at NDSU. GOD BLESS YOU ALL".



“Looking Back”

By Marjorie Bye (Retired Director of Business Administration, 1945-47, 1950-98))

Harvest was almost over on my parents' farm near Churchs Ferry, North Dakota that fall day in 1945. A tall stranger knocked on our kitchen door while my mother and I were doing the noon dishes. He explained he was Carl Smith, the new superintendent of the School for the Deaf in Devils Lake, and needed a secretary immediately. The people at the grocery store in town told him I had attended business school in Missouri and was home for the summer. "What time tomorrow morning will you be in for an interview?", he insisted. Finally, I promised to go "just to talk about the job".

The next morning found me on my way to the school early. I pulled up in front of the big, eery building (Old Main) that used to scare me as a youngster when I rode by with my dad. "What am I doing here?", I asked myself. "This place is not for me! I should not have promised to come! What about those high-paying federal jobs in exciting far away places? I should take off before someone sees me!"

Immediately a young man working over a nearby manhole came to meet me. He told me where to find the superintendent. The young man was Willie Hartl, the first deaf person I ever met! We have been friends ever since.

The superintendent's office was up the high, steep front steps of Old Main. With its US and ND flags, it seemed stately enough to rival the Presidential Oval Office. It was large with a very high ceiling, a green marble fire place, a pearl colored mantle backed by a beautiful mirror, and shiny hardwood flooring with a thick carpet. It led into a large sunny rotunda overlooking the well kept campus. It was still the best of Old Main!

The interview was brief. I was seated across from Mr. Smith at the biggest desk I had ever seen. I was nervous. Mr. Smith was convincing. He talked about the long term opportunities that would be available. He offered some sage advice to that naive, teenage farm girl. "If you work close to home, you won't have to go home on vacations, you'll be able to travel. If you work at the School for the Deaf, the State of North Dakota will always have a job for you." He handed me a neatly typed job offer—start immediately, \$80 per month plus BRL (board, room, and laundry)!

I agreed to come to work (for what I was planning to be a year). No way could I have envisioned the precious educational and social experiences that would be mine working for that talented, ambitious educator. Nor could I have envisioned falling in love with the students and staff.

Two years later, however, family and friends drew me away from the school, first out of state and then to Fargo. Two and a half years after that Mr. Smith easily lured me back to NDSU to a job that would eventually become the business administrator's job—a job he convinced me “opens up only once in a lifetime!”

Looking back over my 50 years of working for seven dedicated superintendents and a legion of wonderful co-workers and students, I am grateful to Mr. Smith for leading me to the NDSU family and a fulfilling career. I am grateful to all of the caring people who worked closely with me through the years and whose help and support made possible any success I enjoyed.

God has blessed me beyond measure. My most cherished memories would fill a whole series of books!

Best wishes for a great 110th birthday celebration!



“NDSU Memories”

By Ruth Elsberry (Retired Business Manager, 1968-1990)

I was one of the fortunate people to be employed at the School for the Deaf for 22 years. The students, parents, administrators, teachers and fellow employees made it a special place to work.

In the business office our summers were always the busiest. One year would be the end of the biennium and the next year would be the budget. Many extra hours were worked - in fact one night Marje and I worked all night to finish the budget. We went home at 4 a.m., showered and left for Bismarck at 6 a.m. to deliver the budget before the deadline. Dr. Holman was not too happy with us! But you know what - our budget was the only institutional budget without an error that year.

Usually it was quiet in the business office but one day the secretary at the front desk was busy typing and all of a sudden it was quiet. Marje and I looked up - the secretary had fallen asleep and soon she fell off her chair and then we saw two boots sticking up in the air! We did have variety.

I have fond memories of working for and with Mr. Smith, Mr. Hayek, Dr. Holman, Mr. Mealka, Mr. Rainier and Mrs. Bye.

A special memory was the year Mr. Rafferty, Mr. Hayek, Mr. Blackhurst, Lilia Bakken and I went to Dickinson for the North Dakota State Employees Convention. How proud we all were when Mr. Rafferty was named State Employee of the Year!

I'm thankful that I have a good retirement benefit and good supplement health insurance - both benefits of the School for the Deaf.

May the School for the Deaf continue to be the Great School it has always been!!

“Memories of NDSD”

By Dr. Gary Holman (Superintendent, 1982-1986)

Our four years at NDSD, 1982-1986, were certainly a learning experience. The staff members, students and their parents made us feel welcome from the first day we arrived. Harold Nash and John Hughey gave me a special invitation to go “snipe hunting” which gave me a feeling of acceptance. Little did they know that “snipe hunting” was popular in my home state of Idaho, which gave me a chance to play along with them for awhile.

Of course, Marje, Barbara, Edith and Ruth made me feel like “the boss” even though they offered me much more help than I was able to give them.

The many deaf students we met during the four years proved to us that a small school for the deaf can be a family and as we all know, family members can support each other. A great deal of credit for the excellence found at NDSD belongs to the parents of the deaf students. Educating deaf children can be a huge task and the support the staff received from parents made our jobs easier.

Dwight Rafferty and Mr. Blackhurst were my main links to the deaf community. I valued my friendship with Dwight and am saddened by his passing.

The educational staff members were tremendous. What a team – led by Jim Rainier, who was the “father” to the deaf students and a friend to all of us. Jim was truly a caring person and did everything in his power to make NDSD great. The others, Nicci, Mary, Carol, Linda, Vicky and the rest of the staff, made the very serious goal of educating the students a pleasure.

My work in Bismarck was aided by a team at the Director of Institutions Office, which took me by the hand and gave me the support I needed to make some major changes. My thanks to Al, Elaine, Don and others who are great professionals and friends.

The winters in North Dakota always seem to be a topic of conversation when folks learn I spent some time in Devils Lake. I always have a good laugh at myself when I remember the first big snow storm. I put on my goose hunting clothes (all white) and grabbed my shovel to clear spaces for the staff as they reported to work. The first car that made it to the two spaces I cleared almost ran over me and the second, a van, owned by a staff member who lived just across the street from the school. I just couldn’t believe that this person drove about one hundred yards to park in a space I had cleared with my shovel.

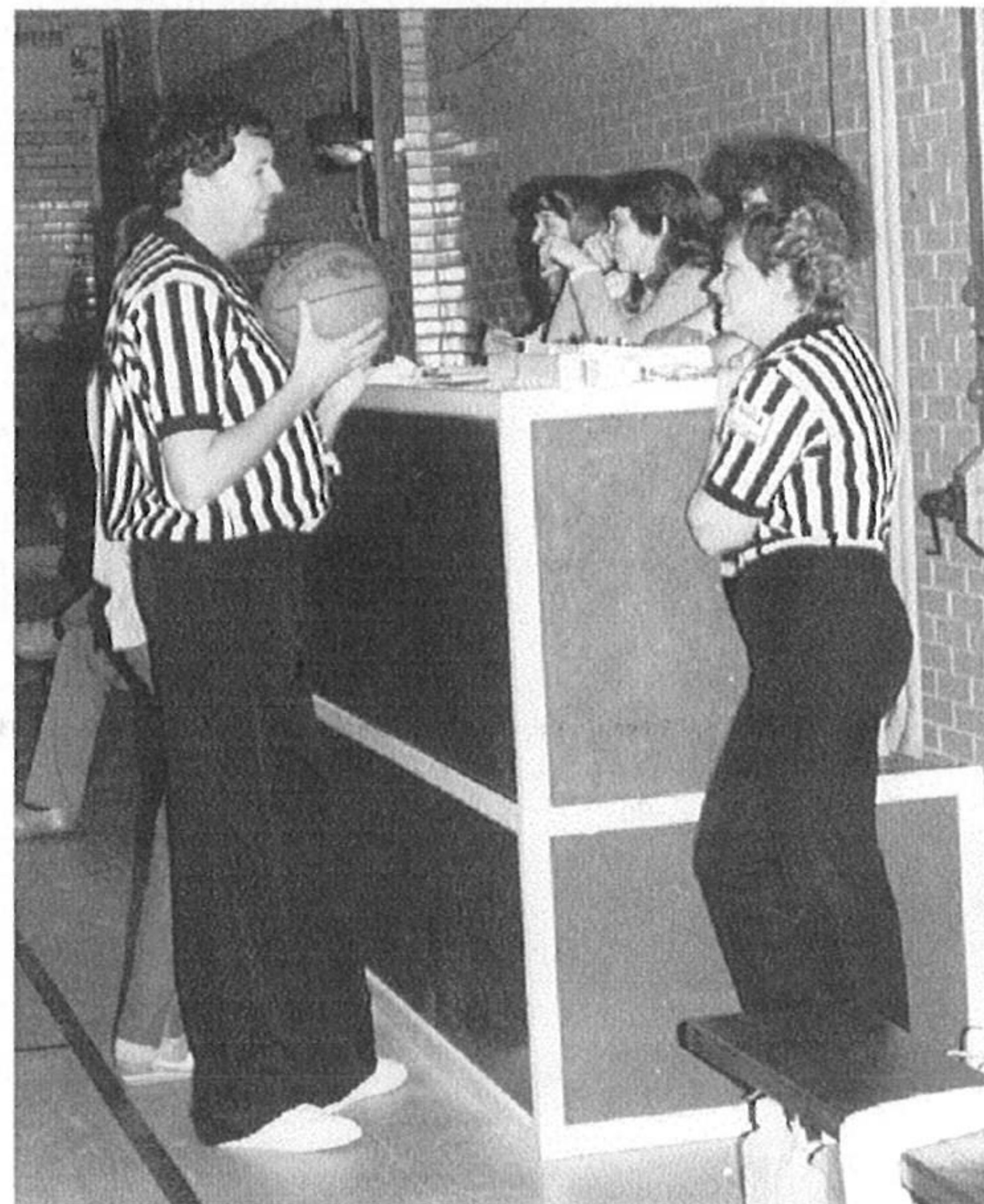
Writing memories described above risks leaving many names out. For this I apologize and hope those not named understand that they too made NDSD a great memory for Rose and me.

“Remembering”

By Linda Rainier (Physical Education Teacher 1978-1986)
(Jim Rainier, Director of Education, 1978-1986)

I vividly remember a windswept, bouncy landing in Fargo in April of 1978 as we came for an interview with Mr. Hayek. We rented a car, drove to Devils Lake and were surprised to see snow drifts in the tree-lines...quite a contrast from the red, warm soil of Oklahoma.

Mrs. Bye nursed me for an eye infection that weekend while showing us around the campus and classrooms. We were so impressed that all the students knew who we were, and where we were from. We both felt very proud to have attained employment at NDSD that year and eight more to come.



Jim's tenure as Director of Education was probably the highlight of his career. He adored working with the kids and would frequently say "these kids are great". He truly appreciated the opportunity to grow professionally through the mentoring provided by Mr. Hayek, Dr. Holman and Mrs. Bye.

I continue to make my home in Gooding, Idaho. I constantly feel Jim's presence as I continue my teaching efforts at the College of Southern Idaho. As I meet the challenge of my students in tennis, wellness and senior fitness classes, I feel he is telling me "Linda Lou, you've still got it!"

I'll be thinking of everyone there as NDSD celebrates its 110th Anniversary!

"Memories –North Dakota School for the Deaf"

By Alan Mealka (Superintendent 1986-1990)

I was privileged to have served as the Superintendent of the North Dakota School for the Deaf during the Centennial Celebration of 1990 when we celebrated 100 years of Progress and Pride in serving deaf children in North Dakota. While I hold very special memories of the four years I served as superintendent, if I have one memory that summarizes it all, it is that special day on June 23, 1990 when over 500 staff, students, alumni and friends from the previous 100 years gathered at the site of "Old Main" on the lawn near the pond to celebrate the wonderful contributions of the North Dakota School for the Deaf to the education of children. It was a glorious day that recognized not only a place called NDSD, but more importantly, the people who made NDSD so special. Our first class of 1890 was represented by Alice Stall, niece of Ida Odegard, one of the first students at NDSD. Our 1990's students were represented by Michelle Dickey. In between were all of you who have made NDSD the greatest school for the deaf in the world.

Congratulations on 110 years of service to children. Many great people have given time, effort and love so that NDSD can be a wonderful place for children.

"Congratulations NDSD!"

By Robert Stewart, Director of Education (1973 -1974)

What a pleasant surprise to hear of the 110 year commemoration plans for NDSD. I think of my time at NDSD often. It was one of the major highlights in my life even though I was there for only a short time. Congratulations NDSD!

"Student Teacher, Teacher, Director of Education"

By Marcia Schutt (Director of Education, 1987-1993)

I sifted through the far reaches of my mind and came up with a few memories of my times at NDSD:

As a student teacher.....Kevin Grinde climbing up the cord of the clock in Mary Lou Gorski's room when I was subbing for her; the "bachelor" boys; and playing volleyball with staff and students with Jaime Galloway always hogging the ball.

As a teacher.....Trying to convince Scott Adkins that I was "interested" in the garter snakes he dangled in my face one fine spring day when the lilacs were blooming; hours and hours with Lilia Bakken and Carmen Lee synchronizing the NDSD slide show; and playing basketball in the gym with Superintendent Hayek on the weekends.

As a staff member at the vocational center.....The walking path around the north end of the trees when I came over to work with Carla Cochrane on her child care studies; lots of hours

in auto mechanics with NDSB students; and discussing the pros and cons of “mainstreamed” and “reversed mainstreamed” vocational classes with Dwight Rafferty.

As Director of Education.....Lots of laughs with Superintendent Mealka; lots of “tell me what happened” and “tell me what you can do differently next time” discussions with students; a fair number of “you don’t have to like them, you just have to work with them” discussions with staff; and hosting students over weekends or holidays because they needed a place to be.

Across my times at NDSB.....I vividly remember the kindness of Chet Logan, the quality of food, the shininess of the floors, the versatility of the staff and the smell of lilacs.

“Do You Remember?”

By Linda Schaefer-Thorson

(Former Dean of Students & Dormitory Language Project Coordinator, 1979-1984)

I have many special memories of NDSB students from the five years I worked in the dormitories! I wouldn’t want to embarrass any former students with stories of their misdeeds.....or would I? Some of the strangest things took place when students tried to plan activities. Does anyone remember watching a movie on the outside wall of the dormitory? How about the TV cable magically appearing through the extra large hole in the Boys’ Dormitory?

Great memories also include the special atmosphere that would occur in the Bulldog Parlor when a NDSB graduate would stop by for a visit. Mr. Blackhurst’s whole face would smile and his eyes held an extra twinkle when visiting with former students! Everyone would gather around, enwrapped in the tales of college life.

Memories of NDSB students will always be special as there were many entertaining and enlightening events that marked my time there!



“Memories of My Days at NDSB”

By Nancy Skorheim (Former Teacher and Outreach Coordinator)

Memories of my days at NDSB. I have so many I do not know where to start. From 1975 until today, NDSB has played a big part in my professional career. I began my teaching career at NDSB in 1975 and will never forget the opportunities that were given to me the four years that followed. Then, in January 1988 I returned to NDSB as the first Coordinator of Outreach Service and once again I was given an opportunity to learn and grow professionally and personally. Today, I get to venture back to NDSB as their contact from the DPI Office of Special Education.

Personally, every time I go to NDSB I feel like I am coming home. They say that there are places in a person’s life that will always hold a huge part of their heart and NDSB is that place to me. I feel that I “grew up” professionally and personally during my days at NDSB. The other professionals working at NDSB were more than co-workers, they were part of a family, all working together to provide the best possible for the many students attending NDSB.

I congratulate NDSB for 110 years of providing excellent and heartfelt services to the students of NDSB and their families. You should always “Look Back with Pride” and never forget to “Look Forward with Confidence.”

“NDSD Memories”

By Rocky Cofer (Current Director of Education/Superintendent)

Note: See other memories by Rocky in the Family Section

I have been Superintendent at NDSD the past two years (1998 to present) and served as the Director of Education for 3 years prior to that. I always love to see the excitement on the faces of the students when they are successful at completing a project or mastering a new skill. The graduation ceremonies at NDSD each year is truly special and a joy to be involved in as we celebrate with the graduates and their families this great accomplishment in their lives. I look forward to many more years at NDSD and compliment the staff for all they do to make this a great place to work.



Esther Frelich, Kenneth Blackhurst and Dwight Rafferty



Art Class



The Green Bus



Memories from Students Past and Present



“School Day Memories”

By Esther (Dockter) Frelich (Class of 1942)

About 1938, while I was a student at NDSD, we girls always studied in the boys dorm for an hour each night. A few of us girls were hungry and decided we wanted a snack. We knew there was some fruit in the officers' dining room. We agreed not to turn on the lights - to sneak in the dark- and help ourselves to some of the fruit. We sneaked to the dining room and felt our way to the fruit we knew had been left setting in the center of the table. The table was long and could seat about 20 people. As we felt our way through the dark, we stumbled over something on the floor. Curious, one of the girls turned on the light to see what it was. We were surprised to see a rug which had been folded up. To our amazement, we saw that the floor had recently been painted a deep maroon color. We couldn't believe our eyes! We panicked and rushed into the officers' dining room leaving footprints as we ran. We could feel the sticky paint on the bottom of our shoes. We ran to the kitchen, through the big dining room to find something to wipe the paint off our shoes. Hard as we tried, it wouldn't come off so we decided to take off our shoes. We ran up stairs to our bedrooms. In our haste, we forgot to take the fruit. The next morning all of us girls agreed to wear different shoes so no one would spy the evidence. We went to have breakfast in the dining room and saw our footprints dried onto the newly painted floor. Fortunately, the supervisor thought the power-house men had walked on the paint and asked one girl to clean the floor.

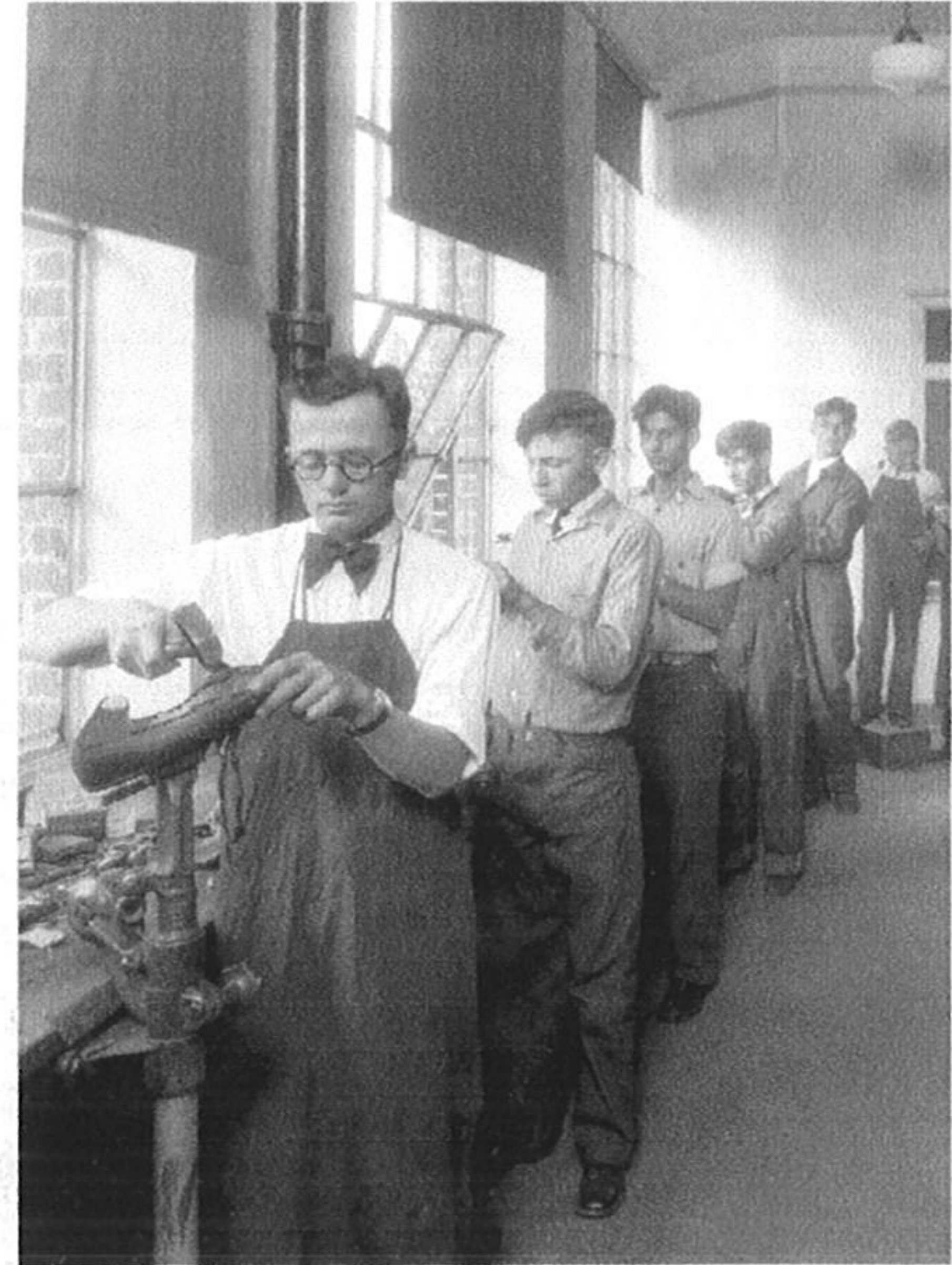
There is one other incident I vividly remember as a girl. It happened in 1942. Two of the boys who lived in the dormitory loved to hunt for gophers. One day, they sneaked out of the dorm and went into the room of the man who took care of the gardens and fields. They took his gun and decided to go gopher hunting. Not far from the NDSD barn, in a grassy area, was an old boxcar. The boys decided to climb to the top of the boxcar to spot gophers. While they were climbing, one of the boys dropped the gun and it went off. The bullet went through the boy's leg, through his body and came out near his shoulder. The other boy was very scared and ran for help. He had been born with one leg shorter than the other so he had a difficult time running. From our window, we girls saw him frantically running and limping and knew something must be wrong. He ran to the gun owner's room and called him for help. They ran back to the boxcar and the man quickly carried the wounded boy to the campus hospital. As we watched from our window, we saw the doctor come, then the superintendent. Finally a minister came too. We watched all night to see what would happen next. Later that night, a hearse came and we saw the minister praying near the hearse. The boy had died from his injuries and they took his body away. The next morning the Superintendent met with all of us. I remember clearly what he wrote on the blackboard -“Where can we place the blame?” Days later, we went to the boy's funeral. It still makes me cry when I remember.

There was a hospital on the school campus during my time. A registered nurse lived there always ready to care for sick children. If we were very sick, we would stay in the hospital until we were better. The doctor came to the school hospital to check on us when we were sick with measles, diphtheria or mumps. During the Depression (as a child) I had my tonsils removed while in our school hospital. Dr. Drew, who was former Superintendent Galloway's father, came to the hospital to do the surgery. Some girls and boys said they could smell the ether as the odor drifted through the tunnel to all the buildings.

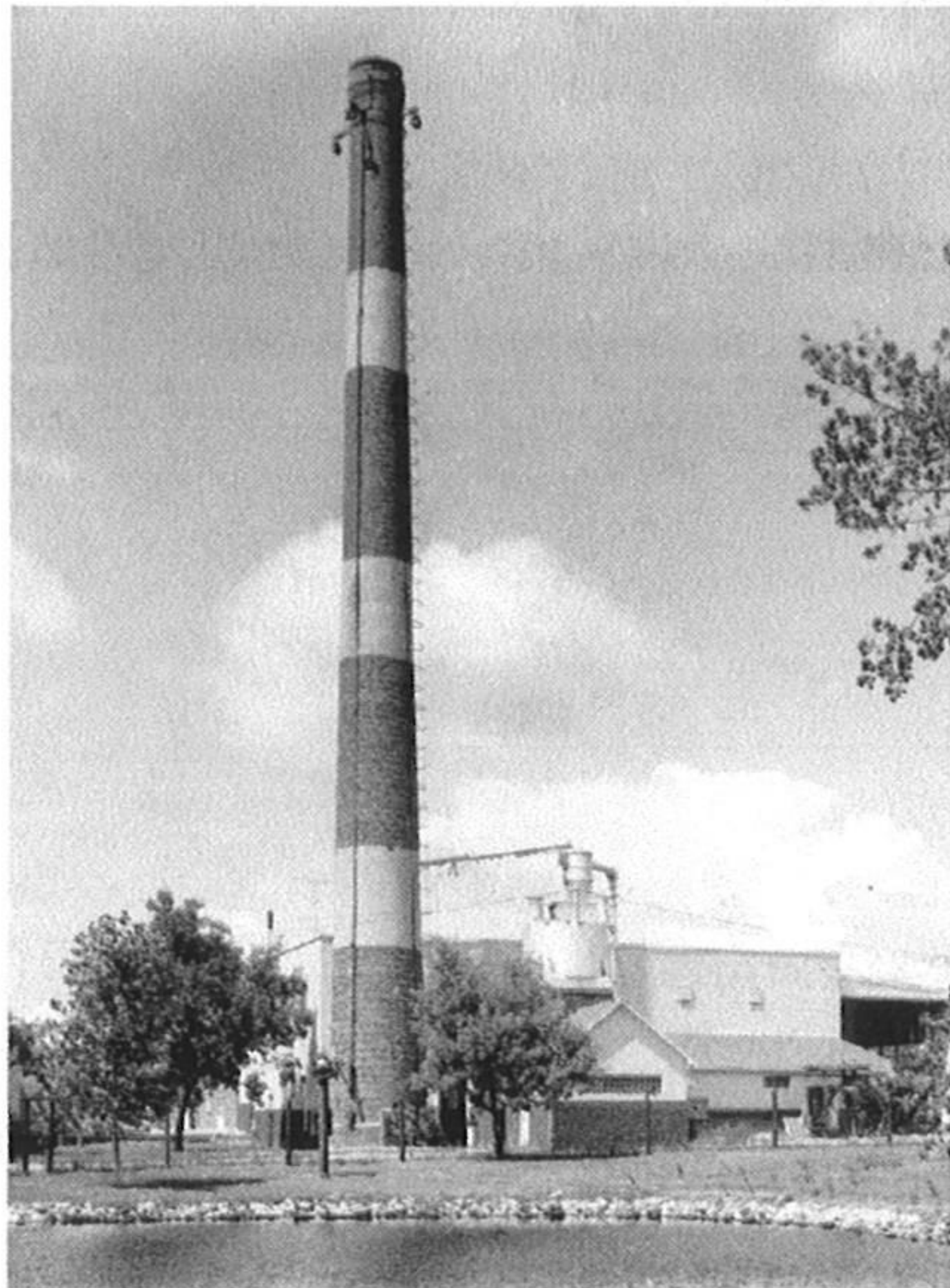
While we were in high school, we were able to learn about nursing and first aide. One time an office lady was sick with pneumonia and stayed in the hospital. We nursing students

were taught how to treat the lady by making a yellow mustard-colored paste and putting it on her neck and chest. The paste was hot and felt like mud.

We girls learned other trades too like cooking, sewing, crafts/art, and beauty culture. For fun, we would learn to tap-dance. Boys learned shoe repair, tumbling, linotyping, book binding, carpentry, and barbering.



Phyllis remembers as a girl, the kids teasing her about liking a certain boy in school. She didn't have feelings for the boy but the kids were persistent about their teasing. One day, someone used chalk to write in big letters onto the tunnel wall, "Phyllis loves Allan". Phyllis was upset because she didn't care for the boy. The kids thought it was funny! When the housemother saw the writing on the tunnel wall,



she thought Phyllis had done it. The housemother told Phyllis she must scrub the tunnel walls for punishment. Phyllis tried to reason with the housemother and explain that she had not done it, but the housemother was unyielding. She sent Phyllis with a bucket of water and a rag. It was a hard task for a small girl. The water ran down her arms and onto her dress while the cement wall absorbed the water and ate up the rag. She was not happy a happy girl.

Merrill admits, that as a boy at NDSD, he climbed the power house smoke stack. It was very tall and quite a dangerous feat. He said other boys had done that too. It makes me nervous when my children tell me about the stunts they used to do as kids.

"My Years As A Student At NDSD-1927 to 1933"

By William F. Hartl (Class of 1933)

(See another story by Willie in the Staff section.)

As a young boy, I went to public school. When I was about ten years old, the teacher noticed I was restless during story time and suspected I couldn't hear. The teacher told my parents to take me to Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. The doctor checked me from top to bottom and said I was OK except for my ears. He told my parents that I should attend a school for deaf children. In 1927, I began my education at the North Dakota School for the Deaf. When I first arrived at NDSD, I laughed at the kids because instead of talking, they used sign language. I don't know why I laughed, maybe it's because I'd never seen signing before. After-a-while, I started learning sign language too.

I stayed in the dormitory with other deaf students. My parents didn't have money for bus fare so I could not go home on weekends. I stayed in school until Christmas vacation then I rode the bus home to New Rockford to see my family.

As a student I took many classes but my favorites were algebra, history and civics. The schedule for high school students included academic classes from 8:00 A.M. to 1:00 P.M.

Vocational training took place each afternoon from 2:00 to 4:00 P.M. My shop teacher was a hard-of-hearing man named Charlie Osborn. He taught me my trade of carpentry.

During my years in high school, about half the teachers signed and the other half talked. All the boys and girls were required to take a half-hour of speech everyday. Our speech teacher's name was Elsie Spider. She was very strict, making us pronounce all the sounds correctly.

After the school day we would exercise in the gym. Then at 5:00 we would go to the dorm and get ready for supper which was at 5:30. After supper we had an hour of free time. Study hall was from 7:00 to 9:00 P.M. Two teachers who taught during the day would also come at night to help us study.

I graduated in 1933 with eight other students in my class.

"My Memories Of My School"

By Maxine (Linson) Younker (Class of 1946)



I remember most of my school days were in the tunnel as I loved to go there. It was like a hidden cave and "tunnel of love." It kept the girls and boys dry when it rained, warm during the coldest weather, protecting us in snowstorms when we had to go to school and the Trades Building. It was a good place for sweethearts to be kissed and also a good place to run fast. The tunnel connects the school building, vocational building, the hospital (infirmary), the Power House and the girls' and boys' dormitories.

The second thing I remember is the fire escape. The girls were not allowed to use it, except in the case of an emergency. We were like devils, having fun going up and down to the third floor and we got a "kick" out of it.

One time I was caught smoking with Adeline Ekstrom, Ruby Surber, and Doris Walks in the last week of January, 1942. We were grounded for the whole month of February. February was the best time for parties (St. Valentine's Day and President Washington's birthday), but we were not allowed to attend them and were not allowed passes to the movies. For punishment we had to clean up the Dining Room.

But those times were our best time as we played "Hide and Seek" in the dark dorm; and we laughed a lot and got extra ice cream and cake while the parties were going on. I believe we had more fun than the kids at the parties. Adeline, Ruby, Doris, remember them? Strange but true, we are not smokers in our adult lives—learned our lesson???

I have such fond memories of school and thank my parents very much for sending me to NDSD. I received an excellent education and have many lifetime friends who also attended school there.

"My Memories Of My School"

By Herbert Younker (Class of 1945)

The first day I attended NDSD in 1939 when I became deaf at age 13, I thought all the deaf boys and girls were insane because they were using sign language. I had never met a deaf person before.

Since I adjusted to my handicap at NDSD there are no regrets, only gratitude because I had an opportunity to receive an education, vocational training, and was influenced to succeed.

I took up printing and Supt. Buchanan gave me permission to work at the *Devils Lake Journal* in the mornings and attend school in the afternoons. After graduating, *The Journal* offered me a full-time position as a linotype operator.

I have been an officer of NDAD for many years. While I was President, I was honored, along with Dwight Rafferty and Supt. Holman, to dedicate the tower at NDSD.

At present, I enjoy retirement and attend all of the activities among the Deaf.

"A Memory"

By Marilyn (Case) Rafferty (Class of 1940)

My most unforgettable and exciting day was when I was six years old going to the special school far from home for the first time. My father took my twin, Marjorie, and me to Devils Lake from Casselton by train, and a bus driver gave us a ride from the depot to the school. A group of deaf children with Thomas Sheridan in charge was also on the train and on the bus as well. I remember watching them intently when they talked with their hands.

What came several hours later was devastating. When Marjorie and I were in a separate swing with two older girls pushing us, I caught sight of our father walking away in haste. I tried to make the girls stop pushing us. But they would not stop until he was out of sight. So Marjorie and I just cried and cried (when we were still in the swings).

I believe it was the last time we ever cried for home. The reason was understandably simple. We were happier with our own kind. Since then, the School for the Deaf was our "home away from home" for 12 long years with summers off for vacations with our family on the farm.

"My Memory"

By Mabel (Quam) Hanson (Class of 1942)

On April Fool's Day in my History class, our teacher Miss Howard, stepped out for a few minutes. One boy (I can't remember his name), put a rubber mouse on her seat. She came back and sat on it without feeling it. The mouse's head popped out and looked like it was peeking at us! That was really funny!

All of us students giggled and giggled. She was stern and asked why we were laughing, so we told her about it. She got up and looked at it and...she laughed! I will never forget it!



"My Memory"

By Juna (Burkle) Rohde (Class of 1952)

There was the old hospital (infirmary) at the School for the Deaf for which we should be thankful to have as I can remember when I was about nine years old, I became ill with the chicken pox.

The nurse was Edith Hollinger who gave me a real watch after my recovery and I was excited to show my parents (we used to live in Devils Lake). They thought I was too young to have a watch and allowed my sister Alvina who is hard-of-hearing and eight years older than me, to have the watch.

They promised me one for my birthday a few years later which would have been about 1941 - '42.



INFIRMARY WARD

"Joseph O. Zunich, Jr."

By Joseph O. Zunich, Jr. (Class of 1959)

I, Joseph O. Zunich, Jr. was the second oldest son of devoted parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Zunich Sr. I was born on July 8, 1939 weighing in at 3 and a half pounds. Dr. Flath from Stanley, ND came to our home to check on me and told my mom and dad there was no hope that I would live. But my parents took good care of me. They put me in a shoe box near the wood stove and watched me real close day by day. Both Joe and Olga took turns watching me 24 hours a day for many months.

When I was four years old, I became very ill with scarlet fever which caused my deafness.. My parents took me to several different doctors in hopes of restoring my hearing. I had several operations, but they failed.

When I reached the age of six, my parents sent me to county public school in Palermo, ND. They noticed that I was having a difficult time in class because of my hearing loss. My teacher put me in the front row, hoping I would be able to hear better, but it didn't help. For about one year, my teacher had a lot of patience keeping me in class. Later, Mr. Carl Smith, Superintendent of the School for the Deaf came to our farm and talked to my parents about sending me to the school in Devils Lake, North Dakota. Mr. Smith learned about me through my classmate, Blaine Lemieux's parents.

When fall came (1947), my parents asked me if I wanted to go "bye-bye" but I had the feeling there was something funny about it and I refused. Then my oldest brother, Vernon wanted to go and I got a little jealous so I told my Mom and Dad that I wanted to go. I ended up at the School for the Deaf in Devils Lake, North Dakota. I cried so hard when my parents left for home. I remember I kicked my first grade teacher's leg when she held me to let my parents go...the next day she had some awful black and blue marks on her legs.

Later I learned to like the school because of better understanding and better communication in sign language among teachers, staff, and students. But for 12 years I was homesick for my parents, brothers and sisters. I went home by train, only at Christmas time and in the summer months. Our school had some wonderful teachers and staff and it had a good vocational school-carpentry, print shop, etc. I learned a lot during my 12 years there. I played a lot of sports including football, basketball and track. During the summer months I

would go swimming everyday in the White Earth River under the railroad bridge. I learned to be a good swimmer through my classmate, Blaine's oldest deaf brother, Bob LeMieux. He taught me when his family took me with them to their cabin in Canada.

I remember when I was a small boy and we had a big swing set with everything including a big sand box, trapeze bar, monkey rings and slide, behind our boys' dormitory. We went out there and played everyday after school and after supper. Mr. Carl Smith always came to see me at the playground and said "Hi Joe," and would tease me or play with me there. I think he did this because of my parents. They really touched his heart and he wanted to show his love and concern for us.

Also, I remember when I was in 3rd grade and I went home for Christmas. I was excited to see my Mom, Dad, brothers, and sisters. I was proud of myself for what I had learned at school. I asked my sister, Lois, who is 2 years younger than me, to see who is the fastest finger speller and write down the letters from A to Z on paper. She beat me easily because she arranged the letters in the order of the alphabet . . . and I did them all mixed up. Later I learned how to do them in order!

I remember when I was a small boy, my Dad had a sheepdog named Spotty, and Dad trained him how to get me when my Dad needed me. He would tell Spotty, "Go and get Buddy" and Spotty would run and start to look for me. He pulled my hand by his mouth and pulled me to Dad. Oh, by the way, Buddy was my nickname. I got the name Buddy from my oldest brother, Vernon. My mother told me that Vernon had a difficult time saying "Joseph" so Vernon asked Mom if he could call me Buddy, so that's how I got the name. I have been called Buddy by my family ever since.

I want to say "Thank You" to all the fine teachers, coaches, staff, and students at NDSD and to our wonderful Superintendent, Mr. Carl Smith, for giving me a fine education. Also a "Thank You" to the LeMieux family. I graduated in the year 1959.

I know my mom and dad worked very hard in many ways. For my mom and dad, your love will always touch my life. You have touched my life in special ways...through your gentle understanding and the thoughtfulness you have shown. You have touched my life through all the loving guidance that you have given me, the trust you have placed in me, and the memories we share. So whether we are near or far apart, Mom and Dad, in so many warm and special ways, I know your love will always touch my life and the lives of my wonderful brothers and sisters for as long as we live.

"My Memories of NDSD"

By Joyce (Senechal) Zunich (Class of 1962)

I was born at Bottineau, North Dakota on May 19, 1942. We lived on the farm at Overly, North Dakota about 30 miles north of Rugby, North Dakota.

Mr. Carl Smith, Superintendent of the School for the Deaf, found out that my sister and I were deaf. He came to my parent's farm and recommended to my parents to send us to the North Dakota School for the Deaf. I went there in the fall and my sister, Diane, the next year. We really got homesick when my parent left. I often got homesick and vomited every time we went back to Devils Lake. At 13 years old I got excited about going to Devils Lake school to see my friends. This was a good school and had good vocational programs for our education. We learned a lot there. I was involved in a variety of sports and enjoyed it very much.

I always had good memories of going to Sully's Hill for girl's camp. We always had fun and took lots of photos. I lost the wrist watch that I had received from my parents on the hill, so I woke up very early in the morning and asked the girls to come and help me find it. We finally found it on the trail. Thank God or my parents would have been upset because they had bought it for my birthday.

I remember the sweet smell in our room that comes from the lovely bouquet of mums

that stand in a vase that I got for being crowned homecoming queen. And one of the most thrilling parts was that I received a letter from United State Senator Quentin Burdick to congratulate me for being a homecoming queen. And I remember there was a gleaming black car that shot to a smooth stop. After slipping on a pair of sunglasses, it was finally possible to make out that it was my grinning boyfriend, Joseph Zunich, (class of '59), behind the wheel of a 1960 Ford Galaxie Starliner hardtop. I remember after the homecoming football game, a nurse lurked Joe to the hospital building on our school campus so he could meet me there and talk for awhile. We hugged and kissed goodbye before Joe left for a long drive back home.

After I graduated from high school in the year 1962, I went to Gallaudet University for a year and then on to Aaker Business college at Fargo, North Dakota, but didn't graduate.

I really am grateful for going to NDSD and because of attending I have been able to be responsible for myself. I want to thank NDSD for all the good education I received and having many wonderful memories!



"Memories"

By Karen Whetter (Class of 1954)

While I was a student in Devils Lake, Jimmy Owens, Duane McDaniel, Ann Durwood, my brother Jimmy, Shirley Doe, and I were all in the barn. The guys were stacking hay bales and of course we wanted to help. We were having a pretty good time and knew that us girls should be there. We looked out and saw Mrs. Oiseth going for a walk. We thought for sure that she had heard us and was coming to get us. We all hid in the hay and tried to be very quiet - she walked on by - and we had been saved!!!



Because we were not allowed to spend much time with the boys, we had our own way to communicate with the opposite sex. We had figured out a type of Morse Code. We got together and worked out a message system with flashlights. For example, we would flash the lights in a certain way, which would mean, "meet me at the fire escape." We would go to the fire escape and slide down and meet whomever we had made arrangements with and we would steal a few kisses and then race up the fire escape again.

There would always be a girl standing by the fire escape as a "lookout" and when she saw someone coming she would bang on the door which was cause it to vibrate so we knew someone was coming.

One time I got caught but I raced to the bathroom and pretended that I had a stomach ache which would explain why I wasn't in my bed.

While I was working in Devils Lake as a Housemother, I would have a day off. Well, one day I had off some of my friends wanted to go uptown. Well - I had the keys to William Hartl's car and thought he probably wouldn't notice if I borrowed it for just a little while. So instead of asking him, all of us girls just jumped in and I drove them all around - we ended up at the 313 Club out on Highway 2.

We sort of lost track of time because we were having so much fun. Then I turned around and there he was - William with a very red face that indicated that he was rather upset. Christ Dockter had been driving William all around town looking for his car.

I got real scared but all of us girls really turned on the charm and pretty soon he started to smile and I knew he had forgiven me.

"Two of My Favorite Memories at NDSD"

By Barbara (Hong) Richardson (Class of '66)

There were two metal chutes attached to either side of the Old Main Building. Inside each, there was a spiral slide. They served as fire escapes for the girls living in the Old Main Building. The younger girls slept on the second floor and the older girls on the third floor. Every time a whistle somewhere in town was blown, all of the girls had to go down those slides. There was one drawback. The younger girls had to hurry and jump down the slide when they felt it was safe and when there were no older girls right behind chasing them down.

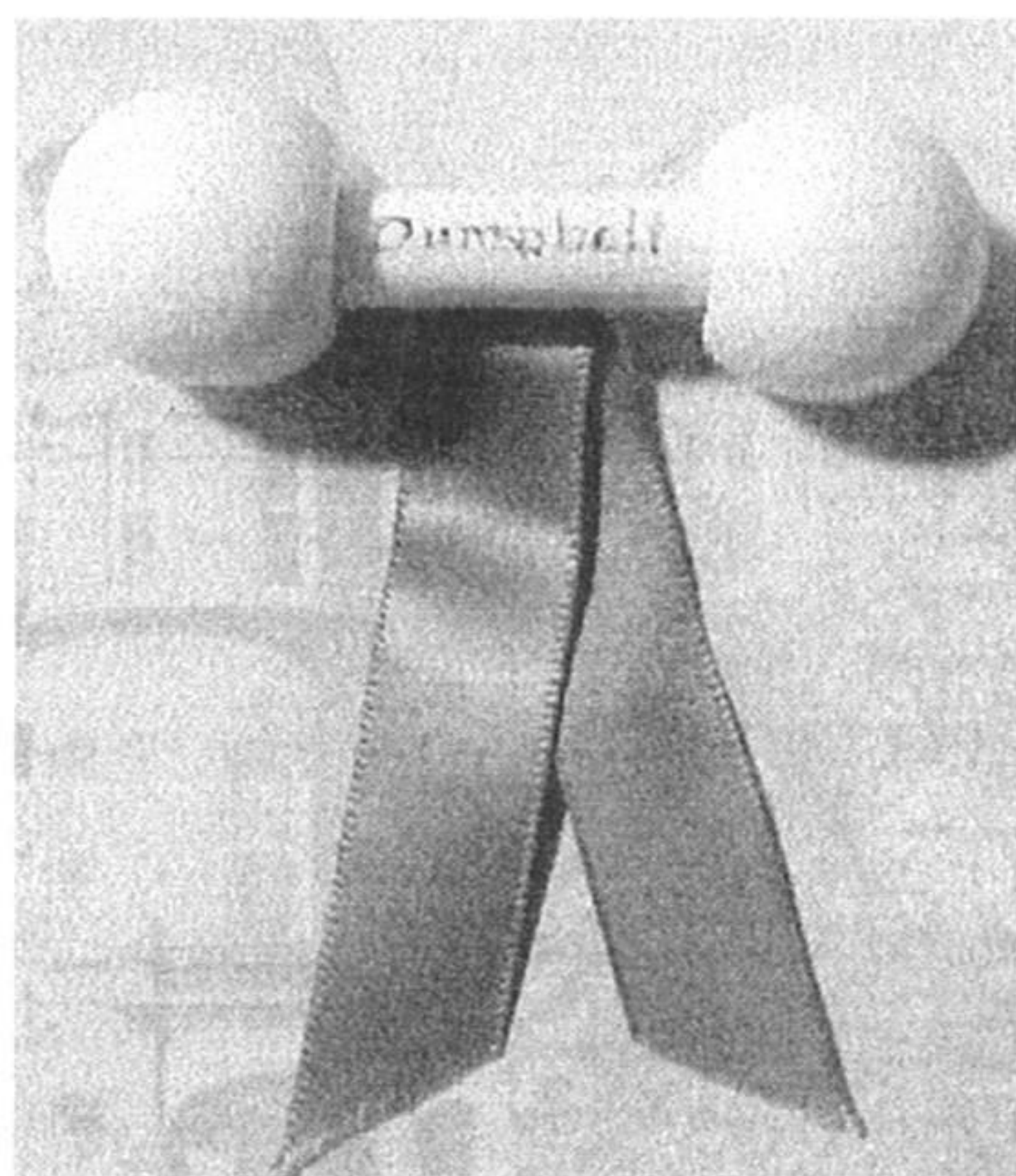
After school or during the weekends, we girls would *lick* the soles of our shoes wet and try to walk either forward or backward up the slide to the top. You probably think that would be easy. Indeed, it was NOT! We had to hurry up before the soles went dry or we would slip and slide down in awkward positions.



My other favorite memory was that on the first Saturday after school started every fall, there was a picnic on the yard right behind the apartment of the Superintendent. The foods were scrumptious and the students, staff members, and guests from town enjoyed mingling. Then there was a treasure hunt. I can remember all of the fun we had but cannot remember what the prizes were. That was a splendid way to begin each new school year.

“Dumb-Bell”

By Peggy (Frelich) Camp (Class of 1968)



I attended the North Dakota School for the Deaf here and Carl F. Smith was the Superintendent at that time.

In 1964, Supt. Smith made four little wooden pins that looked like weight lifting dumbbells. Mrs. Gladys Burns hand-painted the word “Dumbbell” on each of them and attached green ribbons as well.

I had to wear this every day for a whole month for breaking a rule. I had been mischievous and was caught kissing. This showed the staff and students on the campus that a rule had been broken. The Supt. never reported what we did at the school to our parents; He felt it was the school’s responsibility.

One day I wore this pin on my gown for my annual physical check-up. Dr. Pine, our long-time doctor, visited the school, and asked me why I wore this pin, and I shrugged. He must have wondered if it meant that I was strong. After that, the tradition of wearing this dumbbell pin stopped.

We stayed at the school Monday through Friday and it was up to us or our parents if we wanted to stay at the dorm over the weekends. We could not stay there over Christmas Holidays or during the summer.

We had great times with our friends and the memories are great! I thank Mr. Smith for all of that.

“NDSD Memories”

By Jon Hong (Class of 1969)

One Saturday we had a bad storm, it was very windy and downpouring. Steve Zimmerman and I happened to look out the window when we saw a tarp blown off the rink which had been completed the day before. The tarp was used to protect the fresh cement.

Steve and I ran out to the rink when the wind blew the tarp over me, bowling me over, causing me to slide to the other end of the rink! We managed to get the tarp in place and went back into the dorm soaking wet.

Mr. Dockter, the intermediate boys’ supervisor met us as we entered and told us that we shouldn’t have done that. We went to our room to dry ourselves before heading to the printing shop.

Mr. Carl Smith, our Superintendent, came to the printing shop to see me and I thought to myself that I am surely in trouble; but, to my amazement, he was grinning and told me how much he enjoyed our antics and appreciated our efforts. The next Friday, Steve and I received our Star Helper pin!

My proudest memory was when my sister Barby was selected as Homecoming Queen in October, 1963!

“Sagstuen Family”

By Gary, Lynette, Laura, and Greg (Classes of 1974, 1976, 1998 & 1999)

Laura and Greg: We have two generations of family members who have all graduated from NDSD. Our parents, Gary and Lynette (Tesky) Sagstuen. Our dad’s sister, Aunt Renae (Sagstuen) and her husband David and our mom’s sister and brother, Aunt Cindi (Tesky) and Uncle Wayne (Tesky). There have been eight family members who have graduated from

NDSD in the past 31 years and we are proud to be included in that number! NDSD has been like a second home for us. This school will always be special to us and we will never forget it - NEVER!

Laura: My mom and dad always knew that they would send Greg and I to NDSD, just as the two of them had gone years before. Because Greg was younger, my parents held me home an extra year so that Greg and I could start school together. Mom said when they dropped us off at school for the first time, they were very sad. Mom and Dad didn't want Greg and I to know they were leaving us there for the week so they said "see you later," making us think that they would be returning soon. Mom said she and Dad cried all the way home to Grand Forks. I remember crying too but it was probably harder on Mom and Dad to leave us there than it was for Greg and I to stay. I am happy that I attended NDSD and I thank my parents for having the courage to send me.



Greg: One of my proudest and happiest memories while attending NDSD was being able to wear the same basketball jersey and number my dad wore while he was in high school playing for NDSD's Bulldogs. I think that's neat! I'm also thankful that my parents always drove from Grand Forks to NDSD to watch our team play. Their support and school spirit was great!

Gary (and Lynette): It was hard for Lynette and I to send Laura and Greg to NDSD but we knew it was the right thing to do. We wanted our children to have signing friends, a social life, and a good education just as we had while growing up. We wish all parents of deaf children knew how important those things are for their children. Yes, it was hard to send our children away to school; but, we look at Laura and Greg now, both grown, independent and successful, and know we made the right decision. We thank our parents for sending us to NDSD, just as Laura and Greg have thanked us.



"Memories About NDSD"

By Michele (Mueller) Rolewitz (Class of 1980)

When I was in middle school, my girlfriends agreed to try and fool our houseparent, Ann Sandell, by telling her that a student had died. We went to tell her and she did not believe us for a while, but finally agreed to come and check on this. She realized that we had tricked her and scolded us with an explanation about "The Boy Who Cried Wolf." We learned an important lesson from Ann, which I have never forgotten. I still use "The Boy Who Cried Wolf" story with my children and others.

When I was very young, my mother and I always cried on the way to NDSD after we passed the city of Lakota. But I also thought it was funny that I could recognize the city and know that it was near. I did not remember this story until my Mom told me about it.

My grandma, Mathilda (Fries) Mueller always told me what a great and wonderful teacher Olga Anderson was. She said that Olga was a very respected teacher and she would always ask me if I had known her or ever had her as my teacher. My grandma passed away, but I wanted to share this memory. I think my grandma attended NDSD for two years and then graduated. My grandpa, John Mueller was also a student here, although I'm not sure how long he attended; due to his age, he did not graduate. My Mueller grandparents are very special to me.

On my senior trip, we went to Winnipeg, Manitoba in Canada for a weekend. We went to see the moneymaking factory and after that, we went to a store. Somehow, my big purse was not zipped. Julius Saylor noticed this and took my wallet out of my purse, even though I held my purse to my shoulder. I never noticed that he had done this until we got into the school van. I happened to look inside my purse and noticed that my wallet was missing, and began screaming. Suddenly, Julius held my wallet up. He taught me a great lesson in that I should always zip my purse closed. That is one lesson I have never forgotten.

Sheri (Eckhart) Knutson was my houseparent when I was at NDSD. When I became a senior, Sheri and I became good friends. Today, we are still good friends. Finally, Sheri and Duane Knutson fell in love with each other—with the help of their friends who played "Cupid." Now, they have two lovely daughters.

I am very thankful to my parents for sending me to NDSD. My parents and the NDSD staff taught me a lot about being independent.

"Memories"

By Duane Knutson (Class of 1976, Current Employee of NDSD)

I remember when all of us students stayed here every weekend and only went home three times a year (Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter). We didn't get to leave campus very often and many kids talked as if it were like being in jail, but it really wasn't that bad. There were lots of activities planned for the kids on the weekends. Every Saturday night the boys went to town and the girls would go to town on Sundays. Then the next weekend, the girls would go to town on Saturday, and the boys on Sunday. We never got to ride in a vehicle to town, we always had to walk no matter how bad the weather was!

Lots of kids were involved in sports on the weekends, too. There were no games held during the week, the games were almost always scheduled for Friday or Saturday nights.

Every Saturday morning, we had gym class with Mr. Brenner to keep us from getting bored. He would organize activities (like gymnastics, climbing rope, trampoline jumping, etc.) for the middle school and high school boys to practice. After we practiced and became good, we would demonstrate for entertainment during half times at the basketball games.

Also on Saturday mornings, along with gym classes, there were opportunities for the boys to take shop class from Mr. Hartl and barber class (haircutting) from Mr. Vernon Johnson. Along with these activities, we were also responsible for cleaning our dorm rooms, emptying the trash, etc., and for bringing our dirty laundry to the laundry area.

Every month one class, under the supervision of a teacher, would plan a party. The parties were also on the weekends. The kids loved to socialize with each other. There were many students at that time and it was something we all enjoyed doing.

Every Monday through Saturday, the boys took turns raising the flag in the morning and lowering it at night. We were expected to know how to fold the flag correctly with never any red showing, only blue. We were also responsible for shoveling snow in the winter time. If we were responsible for getting certain chores done and didn't do them or skipped them all

together, we would get a checkmark which meant that we couldn't go to town on the weekend. If we got two checkmarks, we couldn't go to town for two weekend, etc.

In the mornings, we'd get up and eat breakfast from 7:00 to 7:30. We then went back to the dorm for 30 minutes to clean our rooms, make our beds, get our books and homework, etc., with school starting at 8:00. There were dorm counselors on shifts who were there to supervise.

In the past, the students enjoyed staying in the dorms on the weekends. Students only went home for a few holidays and stayed at NDSD during the rest of the school year. The deaf kids enjoyed socializing with their deaf friends. When they were sent home, some kids had families who didn't know how to sign so these kids always felt more comfortable staying at school and being with their deaf friends. Now the kids go home every weekend and I've noticed that they seem to love it.

"Memories"

By Steven Peterson (Class of 1984)

When I was a junior at NDSD in 1983, my friends and I found a tiger-striped kitten and wanted to keep it in the dorm. Mr. Blackhurst was on duty when we brought the kitten into the dorm, so we knew he wouldn't hear it. We kept the kitten in the dorm attic with a blanket, food, and milk for three days.

Then the shift change came, and the next dorm counselor was hearing. He heard the kitten meowing and found it right away . . . Oops! He reported us to the principal, Mr. Rainier. We promised him that one of us would take it home, but we weren't going home again until Easter break the following month. Mr. Rainier let us keep the kitten in the dorm (not in the attic!), until Easter break; and then Jim Johnson took the kitten home and kept it.

When I was in high school at NDSD, I always wanted to stay up late and watch TV, but we had a strict bedtime and the night watchman always checked on us. Since I liked to build and create things, I decided to wire my bedroom so that I could watch TV after bedtime without getting caught.

I rigged a wire to my TV and the bedroom door. When the door was closed, the TV was on. When someone would open the door, the TV would automatically turn off. A few times, the night watchman opened my door . . . the TV went off and I shut my eyes.

One time he noticed that the light from the TV came back on when he closed my door, so he opened the door, came in, and closed it again. I was caught! He reported me to Mr. Rainier.

I still wanted to watch TV late at night so I improved my wiring system. I ran the wires from the TV to a spot underneath my pillow. After that, I could control the TV from my bed, and I never got caught again!

"Memories As A Student"

By Ann Sandell (Class of 1964)

As a student, I was grateful that I grew up in a residential school where I received 24 hours of learning, experiences. From deaf friends and staff I got exposure to our "native" language! Sign language was a blessing and the greatest mode of communication which allowed us to talk about **ANYTHING** without any problems/barriers!

"Heidi's Story"

By Heidi Smith (Class of 1986)

My story is emotional. I want to tell you about my experience at NDSD and NTID. My family moved to North Dakota after we lived in Cherry Grove near Cincinnati, Ohio for three years. My school in Cincinnati was lousy regarding education.

My Dad found a new job in Bismarck. We moved there during the winter in 1979. While we were moving in the house there was a bad storm and a lot of snow.

I was 13 years old and I asked my Mom about where I was going to school. She said, "You will go to the School for the Deaf". I didn't want to go there because it was too far away from my family and I hated school after my prior school experience. I was supposed to be at NDSD in December but the moving trucks didn't arrive due to the blizzard so I didn't have any of my things.

I remember when my dad drove all the way to Devils Lake with my mom, sister and I. We arrived at NDSD on Sunday, January 26, 1979, and walked in the front office. I felt butterflies in my stomach. We waited for Mr. Jim Rainier, who was the principal. When he came, he took us to the girls' dorm lounge where I saw all the girls standing by the soccer game table. The girls wanted to see me but I was too shy. So, Mr. Rainier took us to school and showed us around the campus. I felt so sad and my family did too when they left because I wasn't ready to move away from my family and stay at school. The girls came to my new bedroom and took me downstairs to watch a closed-caption movie. I felt so homesick. During the night I thought about escaping but I couldn't do it because the Counselors came around checking each dorm room.

In the morning I went to breakfast with the girls then walked to the High School. I remember Mr. Lynn Krueger and Mr. Jim Rainier stood between the hall and den. I felt uncomfortable with strangers watching me. My roommate, Dianne Brendel, and my new friend Lynne Egan from Bismarck walked with me and I felt better.

I learned a lot of subjects and it was a better education than my old school. I felt more responsibility and learned how to clean bedroom, bathroom, do homework, etc. That weekend, Mr. Rainier told me that I couldn't go home on the airplane due to a blizzard so I had to stay. I was sitting on the stairs by middle school and I was so upset and I cried. Mr. Rainier tried to make me feel better but it didn't work so he took the USA flag and showed it to me. He said, "How many stars on the flag?" I didn't want to answer but I tried to count. He asked me "How many states?" I told him 50 states. He said, "Same as the Stars on the USA flag."

As the months went by I learned to love NDSD. One fall, I was so sick with pneumonia and missed classes for 2 or 3 weeks. I wanted to go back to NDSD so badly. Finally I went back to school even though I was still weak. I was so happy to see my friends again and school too! I joined the basketball team, which was my first time on a deaf team. It was fun and communication was so easy. I had good times learning teamwork and how to handle the ball. I also joined track and volleyball. The head coaches, Mr. Jim Rainier and Mr. Lynn Krueger taught me a lot about challenges, strength and teamwork. I loved to play sports and support NDSD. It was so much fun.



When I was a sophomore, my Dad planned to move back to Michigan where I was born. However, he changed his mind. I was so glad to stay at NDSD. Whew! My classmates were seniors and we lived in the apartment on campus near the pond. We loved it because it was so worthwhile learning how to handle life without counselors. We stayed there for nine months until graduation. In May of 1986 I looked forward to graduation but knew I would miss my friends and NDSD staff.

I went to college at NTID in Rochester, NY. I majored in photography. That August, I was playing basketball in the gym with my new friends. When we were finished playing basketball a strange man stopped and talked to me. I couldn't understand what he was saying. One of my friends told me the man was a recruiter for the college basketball team. He wanted me to join the team. I thought about his offer for a long time but then I turned him down. Now I wished I had joined the team for more experience but it's too late. I wish I could go back in the past. Oh well.

I graduated from NTID in 1990 with Honors. I have a degree in photography. Today, I have a good job, Production Photo/Graphics. I work as a Mural Printer. I am back in college again in Long Beach, CA, learning computer graphics. I live only four blocks from the ocean. My parents moved back to Upper Michigan. They love it there so much. I visit them every summer.

I am still in touch with my old friends who are former NDSD students. I think about them and NDSD often. They are great memories.

"Memories"

By Amanda (Carbaugh) Clodfelter (Class of 1990)

Nicky Finck and I had missed our bus after getting out of Algebra II at Devils Lake High School. We'd barely dressed for the weather we were having that day. We had a banquet dinner at Crary HS in honor of Mr. Charles Schwab, Head Coach for the Crary/NDSD Boys' Junior Varsity/Varsity basketball team; which is why we were wearing skirts and dress shoes.

Walking in snow, we made it to the crosswalk leading up to NDSD. Nicky crossed over without any problems but I didn't make it. I slipped in the middle of the road and landed with my legs doing the "splits," like gymnastics. One guy who saw me in that situation, stopped his car.

I quickly got up and ran across the street with wet stockings and got to school just a few minutes late for English class!

"YEAH! A Co-ed Dormitory!!!"

In the fall of 1989-90, all of the students from middle school to high school were ecstatic to be residing in the newly-improved coed dormitory. Everyone fought to get the best or biggest rooms. Almost all of the rooms were the same size; however, they differed in shape depending on their location in the building. Seniors were able to pick their rooms and roommates first, then Juniors, Sophomores, and so on. That was sure fun to be able to pick our own rooms!

"Senior Apartment"

Winter Term - The boys took their turn first at living independently away from the coed dorm. One night during the winter time, Russell Hoover and Chad Almaras decided to have hamburgers for dinner. They prepared the meat by adding *frying oil* to it! The burgers turned out very oily and tasted really bad!

The next morning Russel and Chad asked us girls (Nicky Finck, Carol Hoium, and me) why the burgers didn't taste like the kind at McDonald's. We asked them what they did when they cooked the meat. They responded, "With frying oil."

We groaned at their answer. We told the boys, "Never add oil to hamburger meat - let it fry by itself!" We all laughed so hard at each other.

Spring Term - Now it was the girls' turn to live in the senior apartment. Nicky, Carol, and I were excited about living there. To celebrate our first night in the apartment, we decided to bake cookies, (chocolate chip, peanut butter, etc.). After we'd finished preparing the batches of cookies, we began to bake them. Meanwhile, as the cookies were baking, we watched TV and talked together . . . We forgot all about our cookies baking in the oven!

To make a long story short, the batch in the oven burned and the smoke alarm went off! We had to open all of the windows in our entire apartment to vent all the smoke out. We laughed at each other - no one was perfect living in the senior apartment. At least we had fun learning all about ourselves living on our own.

"Good-Bye Old Boys' Dormitory"

In the summer of 1989, it was decided to demolish the old Boys' Dormitory due to the fact that it was deteriorating.

When all of the students returned for the new school year that fall, many students were surprised to see that the building was gone. However, the bricks were still there and each student got to pick one brick and draw a picture of the old Boys' Dorm on it. We were allowed to take it home as a souvenir as a remembrance of that special dorm.



"Our First Homecoming Basketball Game 1988-'89 (Year???)

We had our first homecoming basketball game of that season at NDSD. I sang the "National Anthem" in sign language, which was done beautifully. Everyone enjoyed the "National Anthem" and then quickly focused on the basketball game because Crary had been added to our team making it the Crary-NDSD Co-op Team.

We had the best score and won our first game of the season. Everyone ended up talking about it the next morning at school, during lunch, and in the dorms as well.

“Puppy In The Co-ed Dormitory”

Nicky and I were the last ones to leave the coed dorm because we didn't have to be at school until 8 AM that morning. The other students had to eat breakfast in the dining room at 7:15 AM, but we skipped our breakfast.

We found a cute German Shepherd/Husky mixed-breed puppy outside in the freezing, cold weather. We let the puppy into the dorm with us and fed it some bread we had in the refrigerator. The puppy was still there at lunch time when we came back to eat our lunch. But, by the afternoon, our counselor, Holly, told us that we had to let the puppy go or we'd get into trouble . . . so, we had to let it go.

We felt so bad that the pup had to wander around in the freezing weather. We begged Holly to let us keep it inside but she wouldn't. Watching it walk away with such sad eyes looking back at us, made us cry. We felt terrible about that poor pup walking away, lost that night.

“Shoe Show”

Chad, Russel, Carol, Nicky and I were in our mainstreamed Algebra II class at DLHS. Mr. Loberg was our teacher and Lilia Bakken was our interpreter. While she interpreted for us, she liked to cross her legs and wag one leg up and down.

In an instant, her shoe flipped across the room and landed with a small “smack” sound. All of us saw that “shoe show” along with a couple of other students. We laughed at Lilia since this was such an embarrassing moment for her.

How's that for the beginning of the day? That was really funny!

“Memories”

By Anne DuBois (Class of 1993)

I started school in 1976. I showed my mom all of my schoolwork and notebooks. My parents were proud of me with my schoolwork and my mom helped me with my homework.

My mom and I read books together that I brought home from school or my own books that I had when I was a little girl.

My mom learned sign language. I helped teach her.

I was mainstreamed with an interpreter. I took several classes at DL Middle School, DLHS, and at the Vo-Tech Center.

“Memory Stories”

By Holly (Cofer) Ferguson (Class of 1994)

I played basketball for eight years while I was in school. I would have to say that the first year that I played was the most fun. I was on a “Pee-Wee” team with my friends at NDSD and our coaches were Julius Saylor and Mary Condon. All of us students were in second or third grade and we had no idea how to play basketball, so Julius and Mary patiently taught us how to play the game. My teammates were Bethany Sather, Doug Anvik, Jeremy Sebelius, Corene Gourneau, Robbie Paulsen, and Marcel Martinez.

We had such fun! We were very nervous about playing against the public elementary school teams in Devils Lake. But we were undefeatable! We won all of our games and did not lose one single game the whole season! We were very determined to play well for Julius, Mary, and for ourselves. We won the city championship and even got our picture in the newspaper.

I have always wished that we could have continued to play basketball together for the rest of our school years at NDSD because we had such great teamwork together.

I will always remember my art classes with Mrs. Leonhardt because I had so much fun with art! The daily art classes were the highlight of my school days and I looked forward to them. Mrs. Leonhardt taught us how to use our art skills to make creative things. I was amazed at the vast variety of art supplies offered to us for use in Mrs. Leonhardt's room and her ability to see potential in different kinds of textiles, and cloth. Even small pieces of materials could be made into fantastic pieces of art!

I always enjoyed doing the Christmas table centerpieces and tree ornaments for our annual Christmas dinner. My parents still have many of my Christmas art items that they decorate their home with for Christmas every year.

I may have thrown away many of my school papers, but I've kept every single picture that I made in art class because they have many memories attached to them. I always had so much fun with Mrs. Leonhardt in art class!

I have so many memories that I cannot count those I share with my dearest friend, Bethany Sather . . . we have been through so much together at NDSD. When I was first admitted to NDSD, I was in class with Bethany, Doug Anvik, Jeremy Sebelius, and Paul Ash. Our teacher was Vicki Bowe.

I remember my first day of school at NDSD and how scared I was because everyone was signing and I didn't know how to sign yet. But Bethany remained by my side the whole day and played with me so I would not feel alone. That day I **knew** I had found a best friend in her. Bethany always was full of smiles and giggles.

We have been through many sad and happy times together and she has always been there for me, no matter what. When she had to leave NDSD to move to Grand Forks with her family, that was one of the saddest times in my life. Our friendship is very precious to me.

I have so many funny memories of Mr. Brenner. I enjoyed his sense of humor in classes and having him as a teacher at NDSD.

I will always remember how we looked at Mr. Brenner in awe when he returned from vacation. He would be very tan and we would ask him how did he get that way. He always would reply, "I drank too much chocolate milk!" I thought that was such a cute remark. He filled many students' days with laughter at NDSD.



I would like to thank my parents for bringing me to NDSD where I was able to learn so many things as I grew up. The staff and friends at NDSD felt like a big family to me. I know it was very hard for my parents to bring me back to NDSD every weekend and to leave me there to live in the dorm. My parents wanted me to live with the family so they moved to Devils Lake from Glenburn, ND; giving up their jobs there so I could grow up with my family. They have made many sacrifices so I could receive a good education at NDSD and I am very thankful to them. My parents and siblings all have learned sign language to interact with me and that has meant a lot to me.

Mom and Dad - thank you for everything that you have done for me and I love you very much!

"A Memory"

By Kenny Ohlson (Class of 2000)

When Mavis Janzen told me one day to get the ketchup, I went to the refrigerator. First, I took the wrong one, I'd grabbed the taco sauce bottle. I walked back to the refrigerator to get the right bottle. Nolan Bragg followed behind me.

When I turned around behind Mavis, suddenly Nolan squeezed the bottle in my hands, squirting ketchup on the back of her expensive shirt!

She got really mad at him for playing around. She said, "Don't do that, you both might have to pay!" After that she tried to wash the ketchup off and Nolan and I were happy (and lucky) that we didn't have to pay to have her shirt cleaned!

"A Memory"

By Chris Peterson (Class of 2000)

In 1994, our track team went to the Great Plains Schools for the Deaf track meet in Iowa. On the final day after finishing our competition, we stayed at the Iowa School for the Deaf in the dorm; we were to sleep on the third floor.

Our team was ready to go to bed, but the kids from the other teams were fooling around. So our team and Minnesota's team stayed up all night chatting and telling jokes.

At 5:00 AM, several of the boys were fooling around in the hall and opened a closet. They saw many rolls of toilet paper and decided to throw it out the window in the Minnesota's team bedroom. The toilet paper was thrown all over the trees in front of the campus.

Suddenly, the Minnesota coach appeared, walking down the hall wearing only his underwear to check in on his boys. He saw what they'd done and was very mad at them, but not at us. The Superintendent's House was directly across from where the toilet paper hung in the trees!

Our team was ready to leave and head back to NDSD and we were waiting in the van. We were happy to be leaving especially since the toilet paper was right beside the street on our way out. We were relieved that our coach did not see it and did not get a phone call from the Superintendent from ISD. The Supt. was mad at only the Minnesota team because it was obvious that the toilet paper had come from **their** dorm room window!

"Preschool Memories"

By Pamela Nohr (Class of 2000)

My name is Pamela Nohr, and I graduated from NDSD in the year 2000. My best memories at the school are from when I was in preschool. My preschool teacher, Mrs. Vikki

Bowe, liked to take the class outside to play with kites. There were two different kinds of kites, one was a unicorn and the other a blue rainbow. My favorite kites was the unicorn kite.

One afternoon, we went outside to play with the blue rainbow kite and the weather was sunny and windy. The next thing I knew the kite had gotten stuck in a tree. We tried to get the kite out of the tree before we lost it, but it flew away with the wind.

A few days later, Mrs. Bowe bought another kids with animals on it. So we still had two kites in the preschool room.

“A Wrestling Memory”

By Ricky Jacobson (Class of 2002)

I wrestled for DLHS for part of my sophomore year. Sometimes it was hard to understand what my coach said, but during competition it wasn't too back because he did not talk a lot at practice.

The first meet that I went to I lost because I got a penalty of four points. I did a move that I was not allowed to do and I was not very happy about that. My coach was mad. I know because he got up, yelled, and shook his finger at me. His face looked angry.

The referee called a penalty because I pushed my opponent's head into the mat and I wrapped my arms illegally around his waist.

I did not feel embarrassed though because I learned my lesson and when I went to the next meet I did better and didn't get any penalties. My coach said that I did a good job and to keep it up. Happiness is no penalties.

“Hockey Memories”

By Wyatt Klein (Class of 2002)

Last December, I had a hockey game against Grafton. Our team was ready for the big game night. My team told me to do tricks to figure out the best way to get a goal. I got a penalty for high checking.

When the game was finished, our team won 3 - 2, and the coach was happy that our team did such a good job.

When I was a little boy, I watched my cousin play hockey for high school. I thought I would like to join a hockey tem to learn how to skate and play with a stick.

I joined the Devils Lake Public School Junior Varsity hockey tem in my sophomore year at NDSD because NDSD did not have a hockey team. It was a good experience for me as a deaf person. I watched what the hearing players did and then copied them. I had an interpreter so I was able to become good friends with the hearing boys.

“Fun Day Memories”

By Tan Nguyen (Class of 2002)

On Fun Day, we play games on the front lawn of NDSD. Fun Day is a tradition here at NDSD. It is always the day before graduation.

Many people in groups play a game with an egg and a spoon. Two people stand on opposite ends of a line. First, a person puts an egg on a spoon and tries to walk slowly with it. If the egg is dropped, you have to start all over again and put another egg on a spoon. The first person carries the spoon to the next person. The first team to pass the eggs four times wins.

I only dropped the egg one time. I had to go back to the beginning and put a new egg

back on my spoon. Our team won anyway. I was happy and the other people on the team were happy too! Happiness is winning. **"Memories"**

By Jeremy Johnson (Class of 2002)

When I was in fifth grade, we traveled on the Amtrak train to Rugby to see a museum. We walked around to look at an old school building. The guide at the museum talked about ancient school times.

One thing I remember about the old times is when the teachers had rulers to hit the children. If the children did not do the right thing, the teacher would slap the child's hand for discipline. They would also be put in the corner in a tall chair. Sometimes the teachers told the students to kneel on their pencils or to stand with their noses pressed to the wall.

We visited other buildings, but I remember what the guide said about the old punishments best. It was a very good trip and interesting to learn about history.

I am glad that NDSB doesn't have these punishments. Some of them would hurt! Others would embarrass me.

But I did have ISS (In-School Suspension) during my freshman year. I didn't have suspension during my sophomore year. Happiness is no in-school suspension.

"Allison's Memories"

By Allison Hoff (Class of 2003)

When I first came to NDSB in November of 1992, (I was seven years old at the time), Mrs. Henke, Mr. Mnich and the Schwab "sisters" still worked at NDSB. I was pretty disappointed when Mrs. Henke retired in 1997 because she was one of my favorite teachers.

When I moved here, my mom and I (no sister Stacey at this time), lived in an apartment north of NDSB. We lived next door to David Zimmerman. When my sister came to live with us in December of '92, we lived across the hall from her 5th grade teacher, Mrs. Brandt.

Sadly, in 1993, Mr. Mnich moved away, and then we got a new lady English teacher to replace him, and THEN Mr. Leggio came. I remember when I came here the principal (DOE (Director of Education)), was Marcia Schutt. Like Mr. Mnich, she also left in 1993. Jim Davis was here from 1993 - '95, replacing Marcia Schutt. Then good 'ole Rocky came to NDSB during the 1995 - '96 school year and has been here ever since. I remember when the Leppord (spelling?) kids were here.

Before I entered middle school, Lisa Lapp and I would always talk about how excited we were to start 5th/6th/7th/8th grade, and now that's all behind us as we prepare to enter our sophomore year in high school!

I remember the first day I went to my mainstream classes in 7th grade at Central Middle School! Man, we were so nervous (Lisa and I). All of those kids, etc.! But what about in the afternoon? I had to go on my own to three 45-minute classes, all by myself! My interpreter, Jeanne Johnson, came along, but it wasn't much because the school was SO big! Luckily, I had this VERY handsome teacher, Mr. Mortimer, for 7th grade social studies, so that kept me busy. It was also the first year that I had a hearing boyfriend.

At the end of the year, Mrs. Horner told me that I was going to have Mrs. LaFrance (one of my favorite mainstream teachers), but then she also told my class that she was moving to Arizona in the summer of 1998 and that disappointed me greatly! I enjoyed Mrs. Horner because she always gave me grief about CMS's homework and dissecting a HUGE worm and a frog. Hahahaha!

About two days before Lisa and I started 8th grade, we went to NDSB to visit people and to eat, etc.. One particular person we visited was Mrs. Jorgenson, and she told me that Mrs. LaFrance got divorced and was now Ms. Tande. On the last day of 8th grade I went to CMS for a fun day. It was really funny when I walked to Mr. Flynn's (my 8th grade History teacher) doorway and saw one of the mischievous boys get down on his knees and **kiss Ms.**

Tande's feet. She was wearing sandals . . . with **NO** socks on! Tell me about THAT!!! :)

The first day of high school, I went upstairs for my first period class and got lost, so Mrs. Hintz had to help me to my class. It was REALLY awful, because my throat was SO dry, I couldn't swallow, and I was sweating all over, and I am not kidding. I mean that LITERALLY, not figuratively! :)

Going back to remembering people who've left NDSD, do you remember Sherry Eidsness? And do you remember when Health Services was called "The Infirmary?" And do you remember that before September 30, 1996, Angela Mead was Angela Raethke? (Reason: She got adopted by Cindy Mead's family).

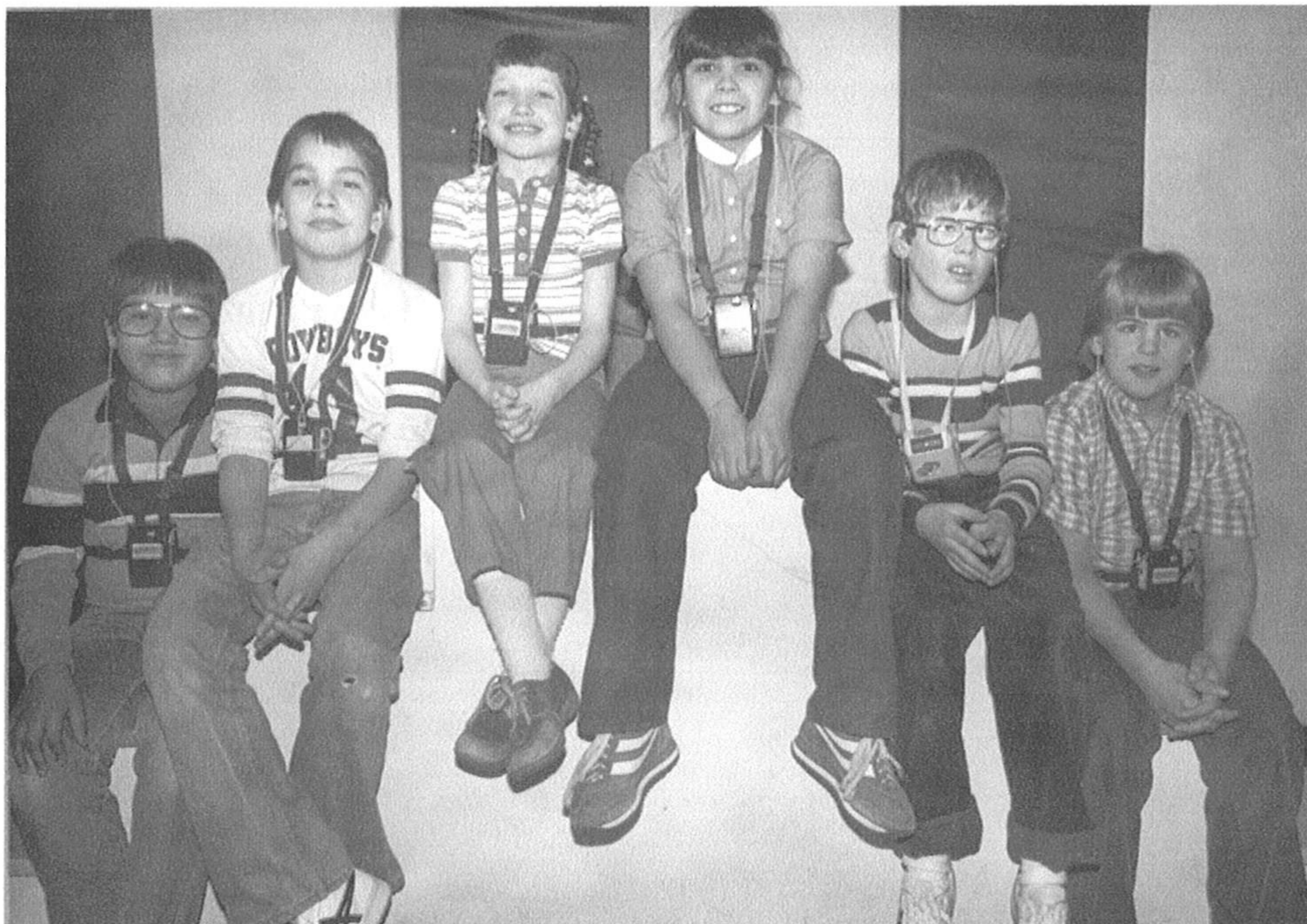
"My Favorite Memory"

By Lisa Lapp (Class of 2003)

There have been many plays at the North Dakota School for the Deaf from preschool through high school. It's my favorite thing to do at NDSD because I can dress up for fun, create decorations and practice acting, and we also get to miss class (Ha! Ha!). It is a good experience to memorize lines and the different expressions and it helps improve our communication skills at the same time.

My favorite play in the history of all my years here at NDSD was called, "The Children Came and the Door Bell Rang." I was the main character, the Mother.

After the play, all of us shared cookies with the audience! It was a really sweet play and there were many more plays that were good, but that one was my favorite.



Classes of 1995 and 1996

"Letter From Lew Rask to Cousin Gary, 1954"

Mandan, N. Dak

Tuesday, June 1, 1954.

Dear Gary.

Today it is raining.

I milked the cow.

I wrote the letter to you.

The kittens are 4.

The kittys are 4.

We eat for supper.

Jerry and Laurel played outdoors.

The kittens are cute.

The pigs are 13 little ones and 2 Mama pigs.

The goose says "o-o-o"

She wants us to stay away from her baby goose.

The mama goose loves her baby goose.

I planted a garden.

I planted corn, flowers, and watermelon.

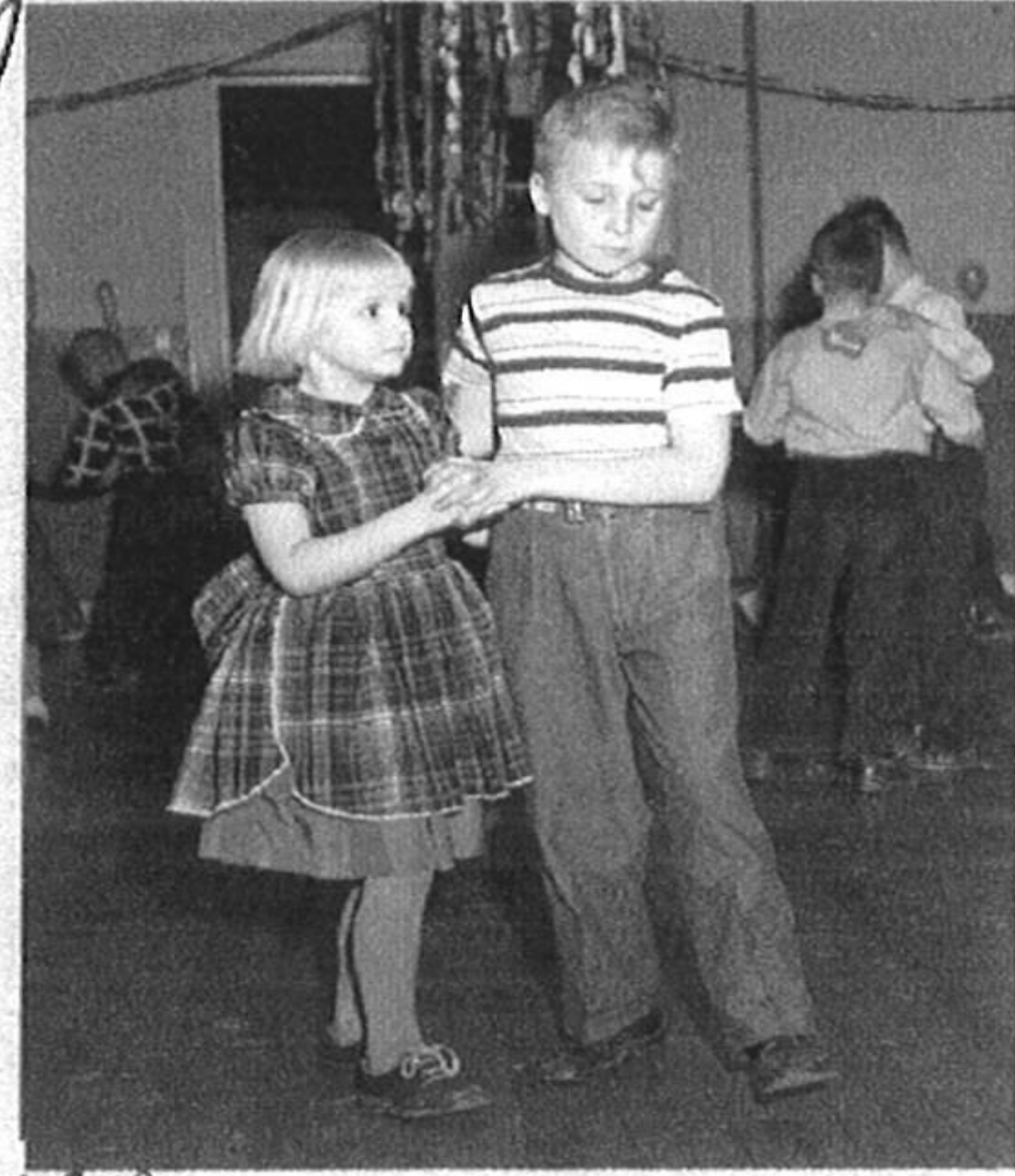
Today Daddy and Mama voted at school.

Today I cleaned the chicken house.

Mama gave me 35¢.

I am happy to be home.

from
Lew Rask



Memories from Family Members



The Christ Dockter Family

“Joseph B. Zunich, Sr. and Wife, Olga” (Joe’s Parents)

By Lil Zunich Schmidt (Joe’s sister)

Joseph Zunich and Olga (Raan) spent the major part of their married years in the Mountrail County area. They lived south of Palermo, North Dakota for nine years, and many years in White Earth, North Dakota. Other places they lived between Palermo years and the White Earth years were Dickinson, North Dakota, Great Falls and Absorke, Montana.

Joe was born in Chicago, Illinois and Olga was born in Appleton, Minnesota. They were married in Minot, North Dakota on September 3, 1938.

While farming south of Palermo during the 30's, tough times were very real to them. I remember my mother, Olga, telling how my Dad walked behind the plow that was pulled by a team of horses, and that at times how sore his feet would get, sometimes causing blisters that forced him to not wear shoes to continue the job. Most years their harvest was very minimal, thus forcing them to leave the farm.

After calling the farm quits, they moved to a small building in White Earth to begin a career in café management. Later they were able to purchase a larger building that had housed the first post office in White Earth, and open their café. They took advantage of the living quarters for their family.

By this time, all five of their children were in school. Vernon, Lois, Jerry, and Lillian, attended the White Earth Public School, and Joe Jr., who was deaf, attended NDSD in Devils Lake. He lived at the school and came home for holiday vacations and summer months. It was always such a thrill, waiting for him to be at home with family. As usual, the time spent at home would go by too quickly and we’d all be faced with the sadness of his departure. We all knew that this was the only choice to be made, but that didn’t keep one’s heart from spilling over with tears. I know that Joe’s leaving home for his education was difficult and painful for my folks. They spent many hours with heartache because of careless words of friends or neighbors criticizing them for sending their son away from home. To share with you how difficult sending Joe Jr. away was, I’ll relay a couple of incidences. One was my dad not being able to put Joe Jr. on the train when it was time for him to leave for school. They would leave home with the intentions of him leaving but after getting to the depot, they’d turn around and come back home, telling my mom that they missed the train! Another illustration was brought to my attention by the Superintendent of the School for the Deaf. He told me that when Joe Jr. was in the first grade there, he had received word that a man was seen looking in classroom windows. When he investigated, he came upon my dad, who was seeing for himself that Joe Jr. was being treated correctly!

Joseph B. and Olga Zunich dedicated their lives to the betterment of their children, giving to them opportunities that they had never had.

My dad, Joseph B., died in October, 1974 at the age of 69 and my mom, Olga H., died in August 1984 at age of 70.

“Phillip and Evelyn Senechal”

(Joyce and Diane’s Parents)

Note: Phillip and Evelyn Senechal have six children. They lived on a diversified small grain livestock farm three miles Southeast from Overly, ND in Rolette County. The second child after an older brother was Joyce (Senechal) Zunich, East Grand Forks, MN. The fourth child after two older brothers and an older sister is Diane (Senechal) Stangler, Stanchfield, MN. The following information was dictated to me by Evelyn Senechal and forwarded to Joe Zunich

for inclusion into the Memory Book.

“Living on a farm in ND in the 1950's was not always easy. Making a living from Mother Earth is hard at best, because you are so dependent on the environment. The sun and the rain must come to nourish the soil and plants for economic cash flow for survival.

We lived on a small farm with small grains of durum, oats, wheat, and hay for the cattle. We had a few hogs and chickens for eggs and meat. The North Dakota School for the Deaf at Devils Lake is about 85 miles away from our farm.

We love our family and children very much.

We knew Joyce had a hearing impairment. We didn't know what to do at first. We brought her up the best we could. We held her back at first, because Phillip and I were searching on what to do for formal education. We decided that NDSD was the right school for seven year old Joyce. It was very tough to bring her to Devils Lake for grade school. Joyce cried and we cried. Leaving her there tugged at our heart strings, but we had to do that. We were very lonesome for Joyce.

One year later, we knew that five year old Diane also had a hearing impairment. With Joyce already at NDSD, we knew that Diane also must go to Devils Lake for grade school. Sending two of our six children so far to school was very difficult. It was a long drive to Devils Lake with six children in the car to send two little girls to school. We thought that it was better to send both together to NDSD, because of the sibling association, but that didn't make things easier. With Joyce and Diane at NDSD it was easier for them to leave home. Our two girls would get so lonesome when we would drop them off at school. They would always be waiting by the door when we would drive to NDSD. They would be so happy to spend summers at home. Joyce, especially, would explore and look around for new things.

Because of the distance from the farm to Devils Lake, we couldn't always get Joyce and Diane on weekends. However, we would drive to Devils Lake on Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter to bring home our two girls for a break from school. Joyce and Diane developed close friendships with other students. Sometimes their friends would come to the farm or we would visit their homes. During the summer on the farm, both girls helped. They did field work or helped in the house and garden. They played with the other kids. They especially enjoyed going on picnics. The picnics I remember best were in the Turtle Mountains, north of the farm.

“A Story About My Brother, Joe Jr.”

By Lillian Schmidt

An incident that comes to my mind concerning my brother, Joseph Zunich, Jr. is this:

The year was about 1967, and I was a senior at Minot State University majoring in Deaf Education. Much of my senior year was spent at the School for the Deaf in Devils Lake. Mr Smith was the school superintendent.

On the first day of my classes at NDSD I received a message that I was to see Mr. Smith sometime during the day. None of the other students in the class received that message, and needless to say, I was “very concerned!” I had no idea why I had been singled out. Much to my surprise, Mr. Smith shared with me a heart-wrenching story that went something like this:

“Lil, your parents, Joe and Olga, had a difficult time leaving your brother Joseph at the school for the deaf. Your parents knew that Joseph needed to be in school, but it was such a painful decision for them to leave their young son in a school that was 200 miles from home. They knew that they would rarely see him anymore except for holidays and summer vacations.

Because they wanted what was best for Joseph, though, they did leave him at the school. One night I received a call that a man was looking in windows of the boy's dormitory. When I went to investigate, I found your father with tears in his eyes. He said that he was just making sure that his son was not being mistreated!"

That incident had made an impression on Mr. Smith, and he wanted to share with me the love and care that our father displayed for his young son. I had tears in my eyes as I left Mr. Smith's office.

"About My Brother, Joseph"

By Vernon Zunich

I can remember the day when Mr. Smith, who was then Superintendent of the School for the Deaf came to visit our farm near Palermo, ND. The purpose of his visit being to encourage my folks to enroll my brother in the school. I know it was a very hard decision for the folks to make. They knew that they would not see him very often, only on holiday vacations. The folks drove Joe to Devils Lake the first time to get him settled in the school. Due to the travel distance it was necessary thereafter for Joe to ride the train from Stanley back to Devils Lake. For about three years I would go with Joe on his return trips back to school, so he wouldn't have to ride the train all alone. I would spend the day sitting in on Joe's classes and eating meals with him. I would stay around until it was time for me to board the train for my return trip home.

The one thing I remember about the school and something that fascinated me at the time was all the underground tunnels that connected the various rooms, so there never was any need to go outside.

Even though this was a very difficult time in our parents life as well as my brother's life, I feel the hard decision they had to make was the right one.

"Brother Jerry's Memories of Joe's School Days"

By Jerry Zunich

I remember two things, one happy and one sad.

I remember all the fun we had during the summer when Buddy came home. Camping, going to the White Earth river, and trying to build a motor bike.

I also remember how sad our Dad would be when he had to take Buddy to the train for the ride back to Devils Lake!

"About Joe Zunich Attending the North Dakota School for the Deaf at Devils Lake"

By Lois (Zunich) Trujillo (Sister)

My brother, Joseph Zunich, Jr., started first grade at the Whitmore School, a one room country school located south of Palermo, North Dakota, the same year that I did. Since I could hear and my brother could not, our parents and the teacher, Selma Whitmore, thought that Joe would be successful there since I could show him what to do. But, it was not to Joe's benefit to continue without appropriate methods and materials to aid him. I believe it was the following year that our parents, Joe and Olga Zunich, were contacted by the School for the Deaf in Devils Lake, ND. It was decided that Joe would begin attending there. I do think that sending

Joe to a school so far from home was one of the hardest things my parents ever had to do. We didn't see Joe again until Christmas time-a long time for all of us to wait to see him again. But, we could tell that his experiences at the deaf school had been positive and he continued there until he graduated from high school.

Joe was very good at sports-especially football, track, swimming and bowling. I remember taking the train from Stanley (the same train that Joe was to take to and from school many times) to attend two of his football homecoming events while we were both in high school. These were some of the most memorable and impressive occasions that I ever experienced. The deaf friends of Joe's and all his teachers that I met were some of the nicest, kindest, and fun people that I ever met. I never once felt left out just because I couldn't sign. They were all very considerate and patient in spelling out or writing me notes to include me in their conversations.

Besides sport, Joe learned and was very good at woodworking. While attending NDSD, he made many things-shelves, end tables, stools, etc. that were used in our home for many years. He is still very skilled in this area. He also learned his livelihood skills there-linotyping, offset pressman and then changing to black/white and color ads paste man, and this enabled him to work in the newspaper field for many years.

Needless to say, our brother, Joe, has always been and always will be very special to us. I'm sure he would agree with me that the deaf school at Devils Lake was very instrumental in his becoming the person that he is today,-GREAT!

"Memories of My Sisters"

By M.P. Senechal

My memories of my sisters, Joyce and Diane Senechal, on our family farm, are as if we had two separate sets of siblings. It seemed like one family during the school months with a separate family during holiday and summer months. Almost from the time that I can remember, as a family we talked about Joyce and Diane at the School for the Deaf in Devils Lake, ND. I really never knew my sisters until summer breaks from school.

At the end of the summer, I was always saddened with the end of our bigger family and I remember those long trips to Devils Lake with three sisters and two brothers in the car. That must have been a nightmare for my parents. We always had picnic lunches on the way, along the side of the road in a tree grove. Our Aunt Melina Fortin, dad's sister, lived in Devils Lake which was a good place for us kids to let off steam.

At first it was hard dropping off Joyce and Diane at school. As a young boy, I did not understand why we had to leave them at this huge NDSD building in Devils Lake. Then mom explained that Joyce and Diane were special and must learn to talk sign language. Every summer the remaining kids at home would look forward to learning the sign language alphabet and signing new words.

As I grew older, I remember Joyce and Diane wanting to visit friends, other school students, during the summer months. Sometimes their friends would come to the farm. It seemed we were always busy working on the farm. I cherished and looked forward to the summer breaks when all six of my brothers and sisters could be together.

Mom and dad couldn't always get to Devils Lake on the weekend to get Joyce and Diane because of the chores with the farm livestock. They would always get to come home at Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter. Occasionally, Joyce and Diane would ride the train from Devils Lake to Rugby, then the family would pack into the car to pick up our sisters at the Rugby train depot.

Summers and holidays were always the best. The remaining kids at home would look forward to the family reunions during the holiday season. I can only imagine how excited my sisters were to come home to see mom and dad.

“A Story About My Two Sisters, Joyce and Diane Senechal”

By Orlan Senechal

My memories of when Joyce and Diane first went to the North Dakota School for the Deaf are little. I was really young at this time, maybe about four years old, so my memories are few and foggy.

I remember that it was a sad time when we brought Joyce and Diane to Devils Lake and a happy time when we would bring them home for a holiday or summer vacation. It was especially hard on mom and dad to have to send their little girls off for such long periods of time.

The trip to Devils Lake from the farm seemed to take so long. The road was not paved at that time, so the trip was much longer than it would take today. I remember asking often how long before we would get there.

We would stop along the way to eat a picnic lunch that mom packed for the occasion.

We would sometimes bring the girls to the train in Rugby, ND to go to school or to come from school and we would pick them up.

Carolyn, Orlan's wife remembers Dad Senechal telling her how Diane would tease him on the trip by tickling him on the back of the neck. These are a few of my memories.

“A Story About Joyce (Senechal) Zunich and Diane Senechal”

By Keith Senechal (Brother)

They believe the girls lost their hearing from the after effects of measles. Mom stated, “The old log house was very cold and drafty.” She was afraid that this didn't help much.

Joyce had gone to the Academy one year for schooling, but not with much success. At that time the teachers (Sisters) had not gone for schooling to learn how to work with children that had hearing problems.

Carl Smith came to the farm to see Philip and Evelyn about the girls, Joyce and Diane. He was, at that time, the Superintendent of the School for the Deaf in Devils Lake.

When he came it must have been cooler outside. I remember they sat in the living room of the old log house around the old coal stove oven to keep warm. We are not sure how Mr. Smith found out about the girls. The news that he relaxed came as both good and sad. The folks were happy to know that the girls could get help. But, sad to know that if they didn't go to school, they as parents, could be thrown into jail because of the law.

So now the big decision to send the girls! Joyce went first and Diane second. It was terribly hard on mom to let them go. She made the statement, “Diane left so young and little.” She had natural curly hair, light brown with a golden touch. Mom's eyes seemed sad when talking about it. You could see how much she loved her girls and had to let them go.

Philip would tell us after he had suffered depression in his 50's, he had blamed himself for the girls' deafness. He felt he had not done enough to prevent them from losing their hearing.

So during these hard times there wasn't much help in comforting parents to adjust and make wise decisions for their two precious girls.

Mom stated Joyce would write home and often thank them for sending them to school. That helped mom a lot.

The road from the farm to Devils Lake was all gravel. The trips back and forth were long. To mom, it might as well been the end of the world for all the loneliness she felt for her two daughters.

They would do many things to make their times fun and enjoyable. A lot of lunches were made and packed as they headed out to Devils Lake and with mom's wonderful way of cooking. They were certainly enjoyable and fun.

A lot of trips to Devils Lake allowed them to stay over at Aunt Melina's house, which added a lot to the coming and going.

When Keith was older he would stay behind and care for the farm and watch over the younger ones. His speciality was hamburgers and fried potatoes. To this day, that is Myron's too.

So, may this not bring you joy and laughter, but most of all that you know you are very special and loved. Love, brother Keith, Janet and Joey

"A Story About My 2 Sisters, Joyce (Senechal) Zunich and Diane Senechal"

By Shirley (Senechal) Voeller

The memories that I have of Joyce and Diane going to the School for the Deaf are rather minimal.

I remember that we would always get up very early in the morning and the girls would have their suitcases packed, mom would pack sandwiches, dad and the boys would milk the cows and off we would go to Devils Lake to bring the girls to school. Sometimes we would stop along the road and eat our lunch before we would arrive in Devils Lake.

Usually we would go to Aunt Melina's in Devils Lake and visit her there and then we would drop the girls off at school, give them hugs and kisses and then we would drive back home. I was always sad when we would drive home because I would be alone then and not have my sisters back until the next vacation.

I remember Joyce being the homecoming queen. We were so proud that she was the queen for the year. I remember going to a basketball game at NDS and watching the team play. It was different because there was very little sound coming from the team, but they sure could play basketball.

The big event of the year was when school was ended and they would have a school program. The song I remember most was "America the Beautiful." It was so neat to see the pupils doing sign language to the music of the songs.

I remember mom saying that it was so, so difficult to have to send Joyce and Diane away to Devils Lake. I think that is why Joyce did not start school until she was 7 years old, I think Diane started at 5 years old. Just imagine, it would have broken my heart to have to let go of my girls at that age. Even though mom and dad knew that it was in the best interest of the girls, I am sure it was one of the toughest things they had to do in their lifetime.



“ Hong Children”

By Mrs. Percy Hong (Mother of Barby and Jon, Graduates; and Cindy, Former Teacher)

Barby's first day at school - Since we had taken her to visit your school before enrolling her, she was quite used to it and sent us home with a smile and a wave. Also, we were told not to visit her for four to six weeks (I can't remember exactly); but after a couple of weeks, we were informed that we could visit any time as Barby had adjusted so well.

About a year later, she asked me if I ever felt bad when we left her at school or when she left on the train after having been home for a weekend or the summer. You see, we had been told that we should not let our children see our sadness when leaving them at school. Anyway, when I told her that when we left her the first time, I cried so hard that her daddy had to drive all the way home. I cried every time we left her or she left to go back to school, she felt much better.

On the other hand, when we left Jon the first day (he had also visited your school earlier), he gave us a smile and a wave and went off with the other little boys, never looking back.

However, after the first year, we were told that Jon needed home more than he needed school at that time, so we brought him home and enrolled him in the public kindergarten. A microphone had been installed in his room so that he could hear and understand (somewhat, at least) what the teacher was saying. Then, in the fourth grade, Jon and I were spending almost all of his free time barley keeping him up with his school work - at this time, there was more student participation, so he was missing a lot of the daily work. At Thanksgiving time, we asked Jon if he would like to go to school at Barby's school, and he was overjoyed. He then got along well at your school.

“Heidi's New School”

By Richard Smith (Heidi's Dad)

My first memories of NDSB are of a visit Joanne and I made to the school in the fall of 1978 to see if we wanted to have our daughter attend the school if we moved to Bismarck from Ohio. We were very impressed on the visit so we made the final decision to move to North Dakota.

We were firm believers in the Total Communication concept of teaching and Heidi's prior education had been at those types of day schools. However it had not been very successful.

Heidi's surprised comment, after seeing all the deaf students, was, "All deaf?" She had never seen so many deaf people. This brought tears to our eyes, because we realized our daughter needed what NDSB had to offer and that for the first time Heidi would not feel so isolated in the hearing world. She had found her educational home.

Over the years Heidi was at NDSB she grew educationally, emotionally and socially at a very rapid pace. The change was remarkable.

The school was wonderful to her. The teachers and staff could not have been better; the examples set by them to the students will last throughout their lives.

We were proud to host the girl's basketball team when they visited Bismarck. It was a full house overnight but lots of fun.

We became friends with many on the staff and many of Heidi's fellow students. We miss seeing them but often think about them and the good times we had.

I was privileged to be involved with several activities and projects at the school. Two that stand out were related to the State and its responsibility for the School. The first was a committee to select a new Superintendent and the second was when I was asked by the

school to appear before a North Dakota Senate Committee that met at the school for a special session to determine whether it was best to Mainstream the students or educate them at NDSD. I was proud to be involved with NDSD.

Heidi is a lucky young woman to have had the chance to attend such an outstanding school as NDSD. We will always remember those days very fondly. Best Wishes on NDSD's 110th Anniversary from parents Richard and Joanne Smith. (Note: See memory story by Heidi in the Chapter for Students, Past and Present).

"A Memory"

By Ken and Paula DuBois (Parents of Anne)

When our daughter, Anne DuBois, (Class of '93) was in elementary school, maybe 3rd grade, her home/school notebook indicated her class was learning about Native Americans. We were talking about our family's Native American heritage at home, and one of the phrases I used was that my husband, Kenny, has "Indian blood on his **side** too," meaning, of course, on his "side" of the family. Anne understood my speech/signing, but took what I said literally.

She went to school the next day and told her teacher (I believe it was Carol Lybeck) that her dad had Indian blood on his side. She proceeded to raise her arm and presented her "side" to the teacher showing where Dad's Indian blood was!

We've had many laughs remembering this incident.

"Memory Stories About NDSD"

By Cindy & Marvin Mead (Parents of Kory and Angela)

Wow. Where to start? Our family moved to Devils Lake in 1979 from the Minot area so our son, Kory, could attend NDSD. He graduated from NDSD in 1992. Socially, emotionally, and educationally, his was a success story. He now lives and works on the east coast, independently, and with good friends and love in his life.

Over those twenty years our family was involved with NDSD in many different ways; first as parents. Also, I have worked there in the dorms, classrooms, with the captioned films program, and have even had the experience of doing inventory! Both my husband and I have been on numerous committees and he has been a driver for the school. Presently I work part-time as an interpreter and we are still involved as parents. Yes, parents of an NDSD student with a daughter currently enrolled. This daughter was not physically born to us as Kory has been, but she came to us of the heart. This is where the memory that has had one of the biggest impacts of our lives comes in!

This came about because of NDSD and a notice on the bulletin board. "Needed, foster home in Devils Lake area for a ten-year-old deaf girl. Preferably with people who know sign language." I passed by this notice every day for several weeks and it continued to catch my eye. I would think about it unexpectedly at various times of the day. Of course being it's a small school I knew the girl's identity. And being a teacher's aide at the time, it was often my responsibility to interact with this student and at times I had to be the one to correct undesirable behavior! I'd think about that notice on the board and then I'd think, "what a handful for someone!" I won't name names, because this list is long and so many people were supportive, but I started hearing how good I was with her.

One night at swimming, someone from town was using the pool and asked if she was my daughter because she thought we looked so much alike! This gave me chills, and from then on things would happen that seemed like message from above. I've always found that it

is best to listen to those messages! After many family meetings, (we have three other children), unbelievable paper work, classes, and house inspections, we became foster parents to Angela. After several years when it became apparent that Angela would remain in the social services' system, we petitioned to adopt her.

Once again NDSD was the scene where meaningful things happened for us. In September 1996, during an all-school assembly in the assembly room with students, staff, and friends as witnesses, Angela became a legal member of the Mead family. Candles were lit, stories told, gifts given, and cake was eaten as NDSD paused from its usual school routine to congratulate a little girl finding a home and a family becoming complete. Thank you NDSD!

Any parent with a school-aged child, tends to tense up if they receive a phone call from "The Principal." This parent is no different.

I still remember the day it happened. . . Mr. Rainier, from NDSD, was on the phone, wanting to talk to one of Kory's parents. I was tempted to have my daughter, who answered the phone, tell him I had moved out of town overnight. I didn't.

I said "Hello." Talk about a strange phone call. Yes, it was "THE Principal." Yes, he was calling to tell me my son was in trouble! The strange part was that with every other word he was laughing. Actually it was a combination of laughing and choking!

To make a long story shorter, here is basically what happened: Kory, who was quite the comic book reader, had put the proverbial pail of water above a doorway, to see if this would really work, a gag used often in comic books, (of course as his Mother I still think it was just an innocent experiment—he didn't really plan on anyone getting wet!) Of course, it was Mr. Rainier's job, as "The Principal" to call me. However, the person part of him was kind of proud that one of his student's had taken the initiative to take an idea from a book and put it into action! He thought it was pretty funny, so he never did get around to suggesting a punishment. He was still laughing as he hung up the phone. Of course, the staff member who got wet never did really see the humor in it. (Sorry again, Penny!)

"Young Pranksters?"

By Rocky Cofer (Parent, Current Superintendent & Director of Education)

In the spring of 1986, I was hired as a teacher tech for Mrs. Bowe's room to help with a new school student who started in January. At that time, Ross Jandt, Greg Sagstuen, P.J. Nohr, and Kenny Ohlson were kindergarten students and also in that classroom. I was trying to decide on a name sign for myself and asked these students to help me come up with one.

They immediately had a discussion among themselves and with smiles on their young faces and a gleam in their eyes, started tapping an "r" on the side of their foreheads.

Mrs. Bowe said, "I don't think you want to use that one," and went on to explain that it was the sign for "retard." To this day, I have wondered if the students were really trying to help me or were trying to play a little joke on the new guy.



“Memories Of A Young Dad”
By Rocky Cofer (Father of Holly)

I remember a night in the late fall of 1979. It was the first time I drove to Devils Lake to drop our daughter Holly at NDSD shortly after she started as a student there. We were living at Glenburn, ND, a small town near Minot.

That Sunday evening we waited until the last possible minute to get ready to drive to Devils Lake to return Holly to the dorm, she was not very happy about having to go back. She fought and kicked and held on to the door frame of her room when we started to leave. Once she was strapped in to her car seat and we were on the way she settled down and stopped crying.

When we got to the dorm and took her bags to her room, I stayed for a while and then hugged her and walked to the door, I remember her looking at me with big blue eyes starting to show tears and holding her arms out to me.

Walking away and going back to the car alone was one of the hardest things I can remember having to do in my life. I know I had tears in my eyes all the way home and I still get teary-eyed when I think of that night over 20 years ago.

“Memories”

By Sheila Cofer (Mother of Holly & Former NDSD Librarian)

In September of 1974, our daughter Holly was born in Elgin, ND. Little did we know she would change our lives in a way we never expected. As she approached her first birthday we began to notice that she wasn't responding to any sounds. We tried many little “home tests,” calling her name, opening and closing doors, playing music...waiting and waiting for that little head to turn and her voice to respond. But, she just smiled, put her arms around our necks and “told” us how much she loved us.

Not the most difficult part for us was to find the best education for Holly. We found a haven called NDSD—a place for Holly to learn sign language and get a well-rounded education, teachers who taught and cared—any many friends we never would've met if our lives hadn't changed in that very special way!

I'll always remember our first trip to NDSD. Our whole family was given a tour by Mr. Rainier, then principal at the school. Before we left that day we bought a sign language book. On the way home we saw a snake in the road so we opened up our book and found the sign for it. When we got to Minot we stopped at the zoo and found the sign for each animal. It was our first sign language lesson and one we'll never forget.

“A Memory”

By Gary Sagstuen (Father of Laura and Greg & NDSD Graduate)

We will never forget when we sent Laura and Greg to NDSD in 1984 for the first day of school. They both cried when we dropped them off on Sunday. At the end of the year they loved school and missed their teachers and friends. **Note:** see a longer story by the Sagstuen Family in the chapter entitled *Students - Past and Present*

“An Embarrassing Signing Memory”

By Maribeth (Sather) Miller (Mother of Bethany)

I remember the time that Lilia, Annie (I think), the girls and I were at that restaurant that was kind of behind Gerrell's and we were using the sign for 'penis' as the sign for Kleenex.

I always tell my students to never just make up signs if they don't know them but to search for the correct sign or just fingerspell it. That would be why we were embraced in the deaf community in Devils Lake.

“A Memory of Lynne”

By The Mother of Lynne Egan

At my age, there are many things that I don't remember very well, but I do have vivid memories of the day I took Lynne to NDSB for the very first time. The trip from Bismarck to Devils Lake was the longest of the many that followed, because my emotions were very close to the surface, and I didn't want Lynne to see me cry.** I was afraid that my tears would frighten her. My friend Lorraine, who made the trip with us, kept me talking about “safer” subjects.

The very special blessing of that day for both Lynne and me was another little girl, Linda Schlitz, who had been at NDSB the previous year and was already back and settled in. Linda immediately took Lynne under her wing, showing her where to put her suitcases, helping her to hang up some other clothes, taking her to see the dining room and the playground outside, and sharing her “savvy” with her new suite-mate.

Watching the two girls get acquainted that afternoon, I said a silent prayer of thanks to God for sending an angel named Linda to watch over my child on a very scary day.



**Lynne: “I cried too! I sure remember that well! I've never forgotten this moment, but I didn't know that my mom was having such emotional feelings - she's good at hiding that from me! I'm sure I will be “in the same shoes” if my boys leave for college or move somewhere else someday!”

“A Memory”

By Sherri Leggio (Mother of Matthew)

I'd like to share a funny story about an experience with the Parent-Infant Program Coordinator, Kathleen Burr-Robinson and my son, Matthew. Kathleen had been providing monthly home visits for our family following our return to Devils Lake in September of 1990 and Matthew's identified progressive hearing loss. Kathleen was very professional and always came with lots of wonderful suggestions and ideas for Matthew's development. I'm sure that was a challenge for her because I, as Matthew's mother, was an audiologist and his father was a Deaf adult. Matthew had been raised with sign language from birth and was quite fluent for a toddler.

One week, we planned to work on the vocabulary words for the topic of “clothes.” Matthew enjoyed Kathleen's visits and wanted to “show his stuff.” While sitting down and labeling pictures of clothing from a book, Matthew names one after another. He was well aware of each piece of clothing.

All of a sudden, he hesitated and with a puzzled look on his face, he looked down at Kathleen's feet. With a look of disgust, Matthew signed, “Dirty socks, naughty, naughty,” and he plugged his nose and said, “Phew!”

Kathleen in her embarrassment was quickly turning the darkest shade of red, to complement her hair. She immediately began to explain that her feet had gotten wet and that her socks had gotten dyed black from her boots.

Kathleen's hands were flying while she was justifying and explaining why her socks were so dark! Matthew watched, listened, and then told her that she needed to buy new socks!

I will never forget that look on Matthew's face as he looked at her feet and the look of embarrassment on Kathleen's face!



Valentine's Day Party

Memories from Staff Past and Present



1951

“A Tribute to L. Dwight Rafferty”

By Gary Christensen

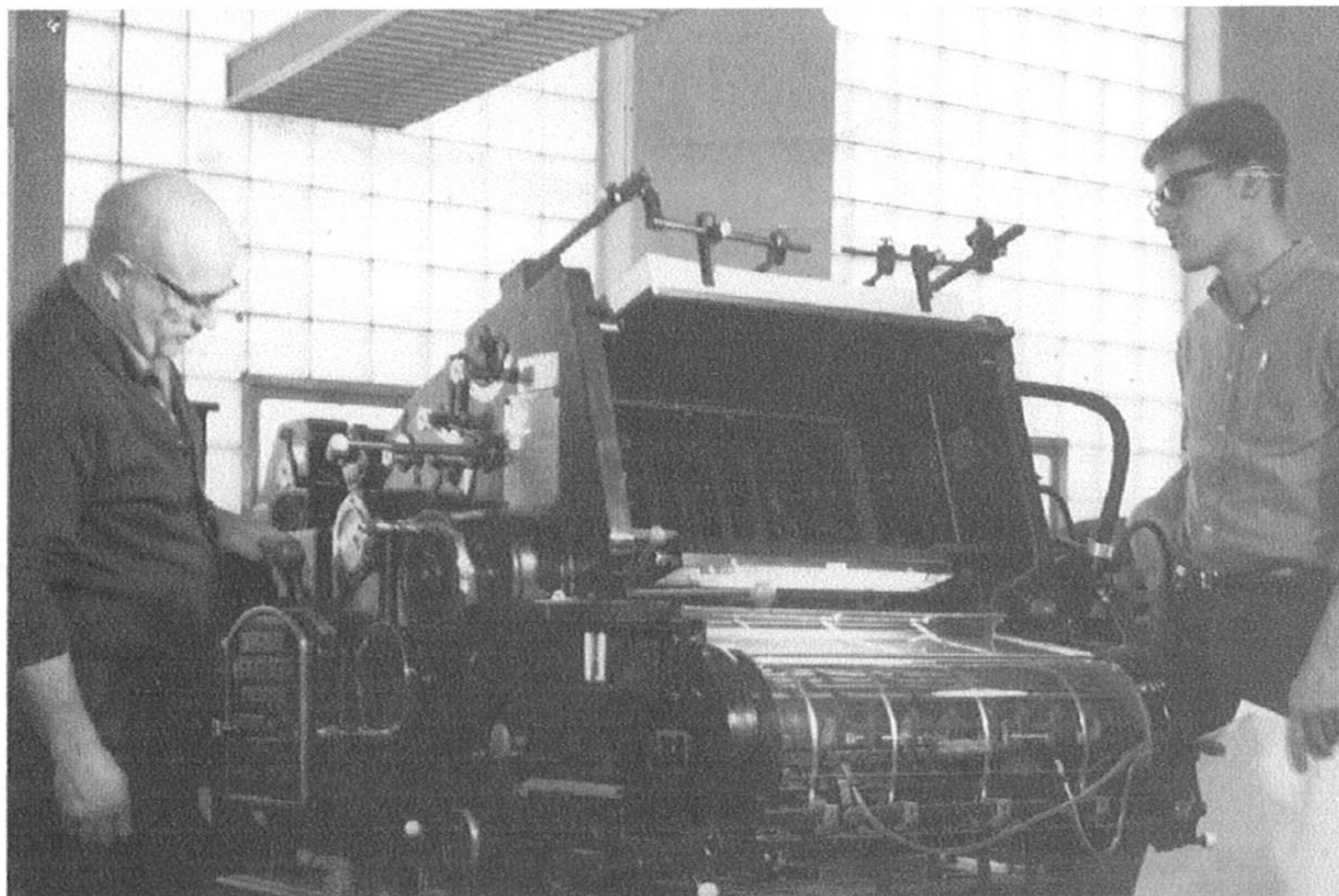
My cousin Lew Rask attended the North Dakota School for the Deaf during the 1950's & 60's. Lew's family lived 200 miles south of Devils Lake. Back in those days it wasn't feasible for deaf students to go home on weekends. My mother (Lew's aunt) always worried that Lew would be homesick so on weekends we would make the trip from Minnewaukan to NDSD to get Lew so that he could spend weekends with our family. As a young boy, I didn't know sign language but I learned the manual alphabet and Cousin Lew and I always seemed to get along fine.

While Lew was a student at NDSD, he learned the trade of printing/linotype setting. His teacher was a deaf man named Dwight Rafferty. After Lew graduated from NDSD, he did an internship at the newspaper office in Bismarck. The newspaper man in charge was so impressed with Lew's skills, he said, “Not only does he run the linotype machine well but when there is something wrong he knows how to fix it too! I don't have to call a repairman!” The man was so impressed with the training that Lew had received from Dwight Rafferty, he said, “Rafferty must be quite a teacher”.

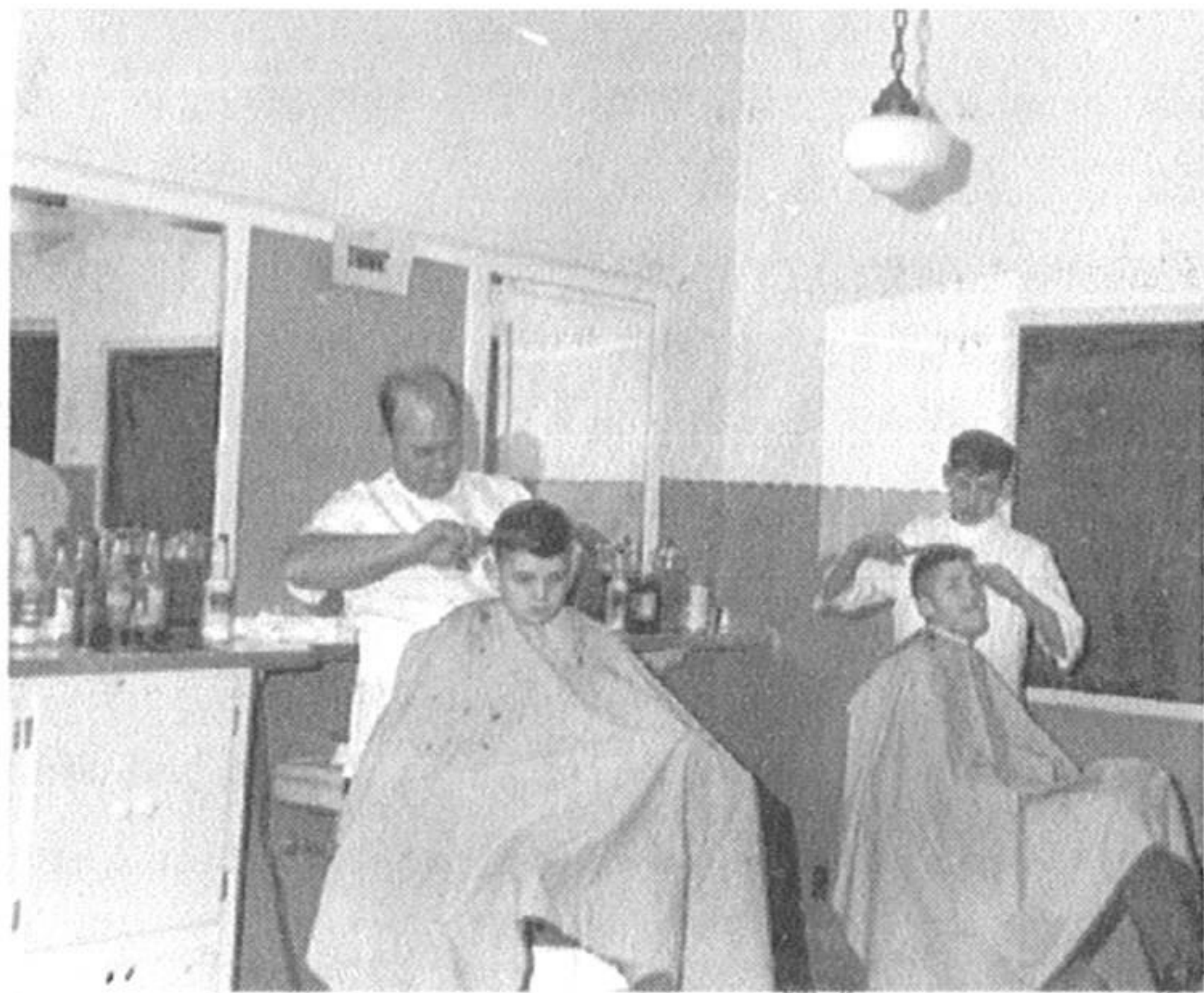
Many years later, I went to see a sick relative at a hospital in St. Paul. While I was there, I decided to surprise my cousin, Lew, with a visit. I knew that he was employed as a linotype worker for the *Minneapolis Star* and I was curious to see where he worked and how he was doing. When I arrived at the *Star*, I asked the man in charge if I could visit Lew. He said, “Sure, no problem, follow me and I'll show you where he's working”. He led me to a large linotype room filled with many workers. The man said, “On this side are my slackers and on this other side are my real workers.” He pointed in the direction of the real workers and said, “That's where you'll find Lew”. I glanced at both areas. One side showed men standing around with their hands in their pockets, chatting and not doing very much. The other side showed a group of deaf men busy working with linotype machines and getting their work done. The boss said, “When I need a job done, I ask this side” and he pointed to where the deaf men worked. He said “They do their work well and when there is a problem with one of the linotype machines-they know how to fix it. Sometimes they seem to know when something is about to go wrong, even before it happens! These guys have had some good training!”

I did not know how many of those linotype workers were NDSD graduates - I only knew my cousin Lew, and I felt proud. I'm sorry I never had the privilege of meeting Dwight Rafferty while he was alive but, fortunately for us, his legacy lives on and all I have to say is, he must have been quite a man!

L. Dwight Rafferty - Teacher & Coach at NDSD for 42 years
Deceased - January, 2000



“A Memory Of Vernon Johnson”
(Vocational Barber, Teacher & Librarian)
By Wife, Dorothy Johnson



A memory that stands out in my mind dates back to Vernon's first year teaching, 1963-64, at NDSD- 5th grade. He had a passion, always, for honesty. That fall he tacked a \$1.00 bill to his bulletin board. The students asked, "Whose dollar bill?"

Mr. Johnson replied, "If it is not yours, then just leave it alone." That \$1.00 bill stayed on the board all year and no one was tempted enough to "borrow" it!

About ten years ago a student from that first class stopped by our home. She thanked Vernon for the influence he'd had on her development as a person. She did mention the \$1.00 incident! What a warm, fuzzy feeling that was for him!

Vernon Johnson - Deceased, January-2000

“Memories”

By Reverend Roger Leonhardt (Pastor) and Sonja Leonhardt (Current Teacher)

Roger and Sonja Leonhardt decided to write their memories together, since both our lives are entwined with NDSD. Roger and Sonja arrived in Devils Lake in July 1965, with their son, Tad, a little over a year old, and their daughter, Lorinda, only weeks old. We moved into our present home in September.

Roger knew that in following his predecessor, Reverend Waldemar Ferber, he'd have big shoes to fill. Roger's first time at NDSD was met by Superintendent Smith's intimidating bellow, "So what's the preacher doing here?" Good thing Roger did not learn until years later that the office secretary took one look at him and commented to co-workers, "My goodness, he's just a kid!"

Saturday evenings Roger had religion classes with the older students. On Sundays, at 8:10 am, chapel services were held for all in our Lutheran classes, followed by Sunday School, with the older students teaching the younger students. On the third Sunday afternoon of each month, church services were held at St .Peter's Lutheran Church here in Devils Lake. The rest of the time Roger held church services for the deaf in other North Dakota and Minnesota cities (ex. Fargo, Fergus Falls, Bismarck, Minot) once each month. We enjoyed Church Christmas plays by our NDSD students , and NDSD students at our house for games, pop and chips. In those days, Roger had an office in the basement of Old Main.

At first Sonja was a stay-at-home mom, with our whole family traveling with Roger to church services for the deaf in North Dakota and western Minnesota. Then in 1970 Sonja decided more income was needed and went to ND Job Service. Where did they send her, but to NDSD for an interview. Sonja worked on inventory for a year. In the spring Superintendent Hayek, knowing Sonja had a teaching degree, asked if she would consider teaching. So began Sonja's 30 years of teaching at NDSD.

When we were young, and our children were little, we came all costumed for Halloween parties, and were regulars at NDSD basketball games. Our daughter, Lorinda, together with Superintendent Hayek's daughter Sally Beth, were NDSD basketball cheerleader mascots. The Fall Return-to- School Fish Fry tested the student anglers' skills at the NDSD pond. What a feast!!

Sonja began teaching in the Preschool -Elementary Department and when Gladys Burns retired, Sonja moved over to the Vocational Building-second floor. Here, the first few years, Sonja taught art, cooking, sewing, job skills and typing. Later Sonja taught art, with students coming to art everyday instead of twice or three times a week, and also reintroduced a rhythms class.

Roger has been privileged to give the invocation and benediction at almost every NDSB graduation since 1965. Roger has officiated or interpreted at confirmations, weddings, baptisms and funerals of NDSB students. Sonja has arranged the lilacs for many graduations.

Art classes over the years made decorations for the annual Christmas Dinner; painted life-sized wooden figures for the pond; 90-foot NDSB letters written in leaves; created a rainforest, underwater world, Antarctic display with penguins, a prom, and large art masterpieces.

Roger has had the opportunity to serve on the Search Committee for two Superintendents, and presently serves on the North Dakota Friends of Deaf Children Foundation.

Sonja received the Jaycee's Educator of the Year Award in 1981, and is thrilled to be among those listed on the Vocational Building plaque.

The NDSB pond area, with wildlife, has been an inspiration for Sonja's paintings and has been a special place to come to feed the ducks - first for our children and now also for our grandchildren.

We have enjoyed being a part of the NDSB family and our fondest memories involve the many students, alumni and staff whose lives have touched ours and have greatly enriched our lives. HAPPY 110th NDSB!!!!

"Last Bonfire at NDSB"

By Lyle Wiltse (Retired Science Teacher)

This incident happened many years ago when I was a young science teacher at NDSB. It was late October and we were planning a Halloween Party for the students. I was in charge of preparing for the bonfire we were to have later that night. I worked hard all day gathering old wood, sticks, and dry leaves and stacked it in an empty field west of the NDSB barn. As I piled wood and sticks, the stack grew higher and higher. I wanted to make it the biggest and best bonfire ever. After I finished gathering and stacking the wood, I poured gasoline around the base of the wood so that it would light easily. When darkness finally arrived, it was time to start the bonfire. I stood back, lit a match and tossed it into the pile of wood. Suddenly I was startled by a huge flame which shot high into the sky. In fright and amazement, I tumbled backwards onto the ground and away from the fire. It was the biggest, tallest bonfire I'd ever



seen! I couldn't believe my eyes! Someone in the surrounding area must have seen the huge blaze and called the fire department because in a short time the fire truck arrived to help contain the inferno. I was so embarrassed! After the blaze was under control, the students were finally able to enjoy the fire. To this day, I've never seen a bonfire that compares to the one we had that night. Shortly after that, new rules were written that forbade bonfires on campus. No one ever told me it was because of my bonfire incident but I have my suspicions.

“Deaf Man Blows His Own Horn”
By Lyle Wiltse (Retired Science Teacher)

One Saturday afternoon I drove a bus load of deaf students to the Lake Theater to watch a movie. I drove the old yellow school bus with ND School for the Deaf printed on the side. As I was driving through main street, I noticed lots of people staring. I was puzzled and wondered why everyone was looking at me. I found out later the horn on the bus was stuck and was honking loudly as I drove through town. I was so embarrassed!

“My Years As An Employee at NDSD”
By William F. Hartl (Retired Carpentry Teacher)

After graduating from NDSD in 1933, I went home to work on my father's farm. I worked there for three years. One fall, after finishing our threshing, I went to Edmore to thresh there. A man from NDSD asked if I wanted a two week painting job at the school. I agreed, thinking I would be finished in two weeks. They must have thought I was a good worker because they asked me to stay on. I became a repair man at NDSD from 1940 to 1948.

During World War II, many men left the area to join the war or to work in the ship yards. The pay was better at the ship yards so I wanted to go too, but Superintendent Buchanan asked me to stay on to work as a housefather. There were 60 boys in the dormitory and only two of us house-parents. During the war and six years as a house-parent, I also drove bus for the school. Three times a day I would pick up teachers from where they lived and bring them to school. At noon, I would drive them up town and after school, I would drive the teachers home again. As years went by, I continued to drive bus to all the school's sporting events. I drove bus for 37 years.

In 1949, the shop teacher at NDSD quit and Superintendent Smith put me in the carpentry class. He said, “I will help you learn to teach.” Mr. Smith told me it was important to go to summer school to get my certificate. I went to summer school for several years and attended: Stout State Institution, Oregon State College, Arizona State College in Flagstaff and Stout State University of Wisconsin. After getting my teaching certificate, I taught for 39 years as a carpentry shop teacher. I taught younger boys how to make wooden boxes, birdhouses, etc. When they got older, I taught them how to make bigger things like wall shelves, furniture,

gun racks and kitchen cabinets. Two boys even made roll top desks. We were responsible for making much of the furniture that is still used in the dormitories and the principal's desk at NDSD was also made by boys in my carpentry class.

While I worked at NDSD, I stayed in the boys' dormitory. I was there to help out in case of emergency. I lived in the dormitory for 37 years. After spending most of my childhood and adult life at NDSD, I retired in 1980.



"Memories"

By Nicole Henke (Retired Teacher)

After we knew we had jobs in Devils Lake, we began the search for a place to live. Mr. Smith referred us to Mr. and Mrs. Frelich, as they had an upstairs apartment for rent. We went to look at the cozy apartment and this was my first opportunity to meet this wonderful couple. Well, the apartment didn't work for us as we needed one closer to NDSD. We had only one car and so I would need to walk to school. But now, years later as I cherish their wisdom and friendship, I often think that if we had taken that apartment what an opportunity my family would have had to learn from this marvelous family.

It was the summer of 1965. That spring I had completed my student teaching at the North Dakota School for the Deaf and Mr. Smith, the superintendent, had offered me job for the fall. My husband had secured a position on the Devils Lake Police Department so we moved ourselves to Devils Lake. We had just moved into an apartment building across the street from NDSD so I could walk to school.

I well remember my first night in our new apartment. Being a rookie on the police force, Merle had the night shift so my daughter and I were alone. It was a warm, balmy night so I was sleeping with the window open. I awoke to what I thought was a scream for help. "HELP, HEL-L-P, HEL-L-L-P!" I jumped out of bed and ran to look out the window to the street, expecting to see someone in a car accident. Nothing! All I could see was a beautiful, colorful horizon as the sun soon would rise. I debated if I should call my husband to come investigate, but now all was quiet. I checked my daughter and she was sleeping peacefully. So I crawled back into bed and pulled the covers up over my head for a couple more hours of sleep. When my husband came home from work he said all had been quiet during his first night on patrol. Later in the morning when I saw the apartment manager in the laundry room I asked her if she heard that loud cry for help just at dawn. She laughed and said, "Oh, you just heard the peacocks at the School for the Deaf making their good morning call." This was my introduction to the bird life at NDSD. After I knew how the peacocks sounded, I loved listening for their "Good morning."

"School Days"

One of the happy memories of school for me was always the beginning of the school year. I remember my very first year when Mr. Smith hosted a fish fry on the day all the students returned to campus. The fence around the pond was opened up, everyone got a fishing pole and we fished for bullheads out of the pond. They were cleaned and fried and we all enjoyed the catch for the day.

Speaking of the first day of school, it was tradition for all teachers and students to gather in the assembly room for the superintendent and the principal to welcome everyone back for another school year. I was teaching the Beginner's class that first year and what an awesome feeling when that first group of students was called to line up so we could go to our classroom. Away we marched to our classroom where we learned each other's names and checked over our school supplies. I always loved the first day of school - even though the new students came with apprehension, it never took long before they were bouncing with enthusiasm into the classroom every morning.

An exciting event for students in the spring was the prom. One of the first I remember attending was the year I was Junior class advisor with Mr. Johnson. The kids picked Western Nights as their theme and we spent hours after school putting crepe paper streamers across wires in the gym. The stage was made into the OK Corral for the band. Tables around the edge of the gym were decorated with red and white checkered cloths and a chuck wagon was built to serve the lunch, which was barbecued beans with lots of bacon. I suppose we had other food too, but that is all I remember were those delicious beans.



The grand march was eloquent and it seemed that the dance floor was full of couples whirling and twirling in their beautiful clothes. Those proms were a lot of work, but what fun everyone had!

“Lessons Learned”

As I reflect on memories from NDSD, I thought back on just how I did get into this aspect of education. Originally when I went away to college it was to become a speech therapist, but I changed majors in the middle of college. Why?

I grew up in a small town in western North Dakota. And when I was in the upper elementary years of my school life I can remember there being two deaf people in our community. One was a young man, short in stature with reddish hair and always with a smile on his face. He was befriended by a farmer/mechanic and loved working with farm machinery and engines. He had a marvelous talent and cared enough to make an effort, he found a niche in life for this deaf man.

The other was this man's brother, a boy who was always around in the summer time, but was sent away to school every September. I didn't know where, and I didn't care.

When this boy returned in the summer, often we could hear him walking the streets alone, dragging his feet on the gravel. He always wore bib overalls and big boots. Sometimes he pretended he was driving a car as he shuffled along, and made funny engine sounds like little kids do when they pretend. He didn't have a bike to ride around town like the rest of us because his folks were poor and old. But I didn't care.

Friends would gather together downtown on Saturday night to have fun. This boy would come to us and make funny motions with his hands. Sometimes we laughed at that. And he would laugh with us. But nobody understood. And nobody tried to be his friend. And I didn't really care.

Sometimes as we were gathered together downtown, this boy would draw in the dust. I was told that at the school he went to he was considered to have artistic talent. Back home his folks didn't have money to buy him paper, pencils or crayons so he could only draw in the dust. But I didn't care.

Then this boy didn't leave for school anymore and he just stayed home with his poor, elderly parents until they could no longer care for themselves. Again he was sent away, this time never to return. I didn't know where he was sent and I didn't care.

As I reflect back on these memories, I think how cold and callous we were, living only in our safe, normal, happy world with no room for someone who was different. Even if this someone had talents and wanted to be friends. Why did I not care?

My next encounter with someone who was deaf was when I was working at a camp for handicapped children. The first summer I worked at the camp there were no deaf campers. The second year, there were two deaf girls who came to camp. They would sit alone in the dining hall, talking only to themselves, their hands going rapid speed. As I waited on tables, I never saw other campers or counselors or teachers interact with the girls. They stayed only two out of the six weeks of camp, going home early because they were too lonely. As I reflect on this experience I was the same as everyone else. I would not try to communicate. Why did I not care?

Later I went to Minot State College for a summer session of college. While there I discovered the college was recruiting for teachers of the deaf. There must have been a spark from those past memories and I decided I could be a teacher of the deaf. Instead of staying in my major of speech therapy, and working with hearing children, I would change my major and work with deaf children and teach them to talk. That was the emphasis back at that time for

hearing teachers working with elementary deaf children-teach deaf children to talk so they could be part of society! Oh, how naive and patronizing I was! But I did complete my degree and I did teach deaf children. I often look back and think that I learned more from the students than they learned from my attempts to teach them. And from the total of my experiences both before I worked at NDSD and after I worked at NDSD, I reflect upon the friendships and positive relationships with students, with parents of students and with other workers at NDSD that have grown for me. I look at my attitude about deafness and hope I have no longer a patronizing attitude, but an attitude that shows that as I work along side people that now as we share and support each others ideas and dreams, we can together care enough to make life better.

“Happy 110th Anniversary to NDSD!”

By Cindy (Hong) Jennewein Clow (Former Teacher)

It was the fall of 1971 and I was at NDSD—not an unusual place for me. Up until a few years before that, I went to Devils Lake every year with my family to say goodbye to sister Barby and brother Jon as they started another year at the School for the Deaf. But, that year wasn't like the other years. My sister and brother had graduated and I was there as a teacher! I was looking at the buildings and the grounds in an entirely different way.

Many wonderful memories came to mind when I started thinking of that year 29 (wow!) years ago. The housing market was tight in Devils Lake that year, so we bought a mobile home and lived in B and F (I think that was the name) Trailer Court. My first son, Chris, was just a little guy of 18 months that fall and we were fortunate to find a great day-care provider for him, making it easier for me to go off to work. Every morning and afternoon, we'd drive past a little green house we called “the fish house.” I really can't remember if they sold fish there or if the owners had an aquarium that we could see from the road.

The boys and girls I worked with were in their second year at the school, I believe. I think the enrollment was around 120 that year. Can you imagine all the activity with that many students? Here are a few more thoughts that have popped into my memory:

1. fresh, home-made rolls every morning for coffee break
2. the tunnels between buildings - great on the days with the outside wind chill of minus 100 degrees
3. signing wasn't allowed in the lower grades, hard to believe
4. students surprised that I could sign
5. helping students write their weekly letter to their parents
6. the students and I sitting in our circle reading their weekly letters from parents
7. field trips and chart stories/ flip charts
8. the great, but clumsy to use, Captioned Films for the Deaf and filmstrips
9. our wonderful and caring janitor, Chet
10. Chet's home-grown cantaloupes
11. the great friends I made and how much I learned from everyone
12. the dress code women had: dresses and skirts, no pants or slacks unless they were part of a matching pant suit
13. the pond and bridge and the wildlife, reminding me of the ducks and chickens brother Jon sometimes would bring home from school
14. seven precious boys and girls: Bea, Cheryl, Daryl, Kevin, Robin, Todd and Twyla, as well as the rest of the students in the school

My time at NDSD was short. Illness caused me to quit teaching during the fall of 1972. Later, we moved to Grand Forks where my 2nd son, Nathan, was born in 1974. Within a couple of years, I learned that signing would be used in all grades at NDSD.

I often felt overwhelmed at the enormous responsibility I had accepted in becoming a teacher. I am proud I taught at the ND School for the Deaf, contributing in some way to the education of the students.

"The Long View"

By Robert C. Rutten (Former Teacher, Parent-Infant Program)

I never learned a sign for the word *perspective*. I think it might be expressed by communicating *a long view* or *the big picture*. That explains the title for my recollection of NDSD.

While I was the program coordinator for the ND Parent-Infant Program based at NDSD, I vividly recall the ceremony when the tower from the original administration building was saved and placed on its capsule that was to be sealed in the foundation.

Time capsules have been a fascinating part of our American culture. Whenever they are sealed or opened, it's interesting to see what people from a certain moment in time select as representative of who they are and what they value.



Because they aren't generally opened until many years have passed, their contents are viewed with perspective - a long view- of what has happened since the carefully chosen items were placed in the capsule.

I wonder what the items in the NDSD time capsule will say about who we were and what we valued when it is opened many years from today? I believe it will reveal that

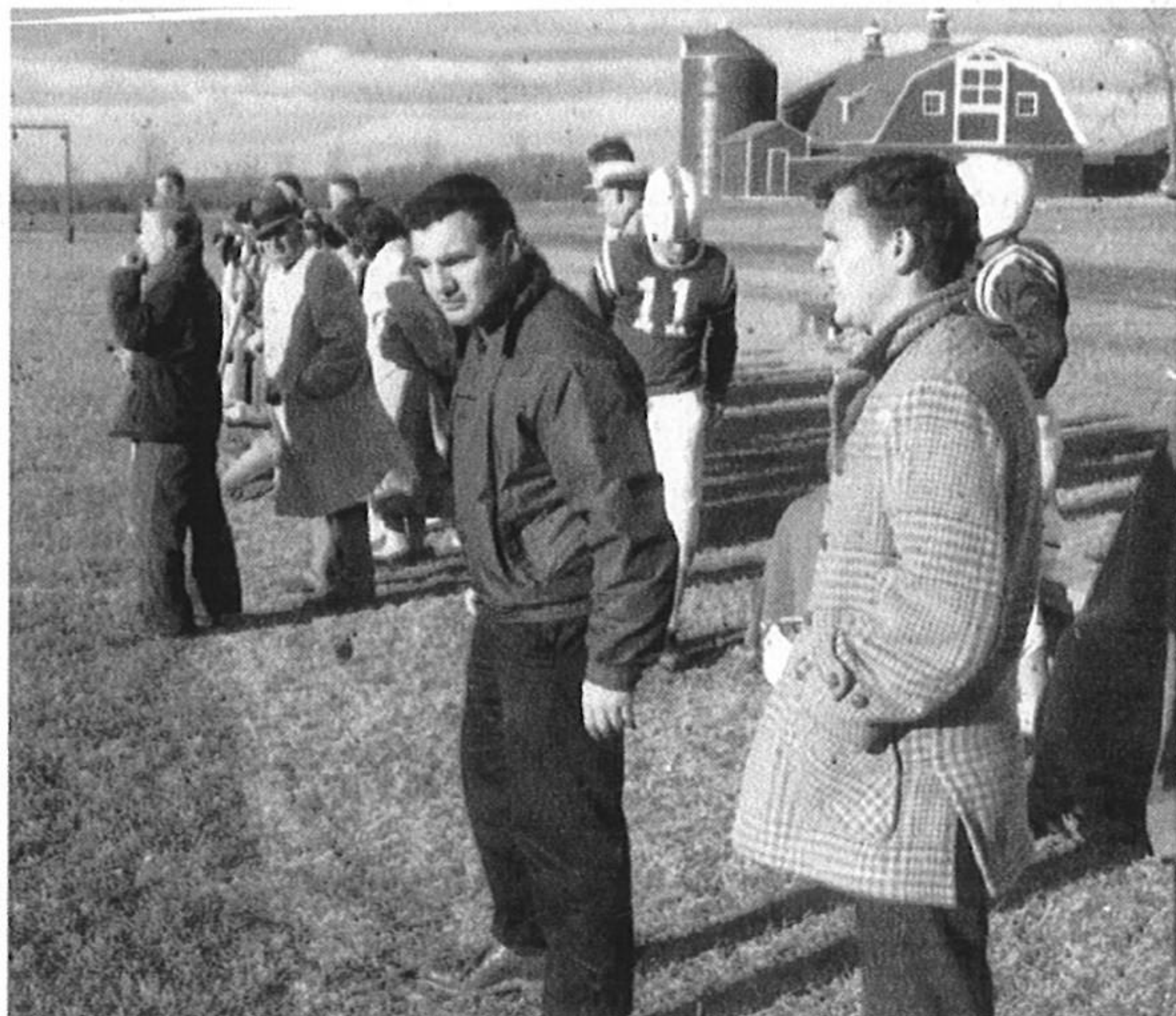
- children who were deaf in the 1980's in North Dakota were treated with respect and dignity;
- our state cared about providing an appropriate education to children who were deaf;
- we were guided by compassion; and
- we were headed in the right direction in educating students who were deaf.

I hope the long view will prove my beliefs to be true. Best wishes to all past and current students, parents and employees of the ND School for the Deaf.

"Memories From A Former Coach And Teacher"

By Henry Brenner (Retired Social Studies Teacher and Coach)

There was a raging three day blizzard in 1964. All public schools were closed, but NDSD was open. I lived in the apartment house on campus. Three women teachers lived in another apartment. Superintendent Hayek told me to guide them along the pond fence to the school (visibility was zero). I told them to wear slacks, but they were afraid Mr. Hayek would be angry. (Women had to wear dresses in the 1960's!) When we got to school they were soaked to the waist - the snow was that deep.



During the NDSD football game, one of NDSD's defensive ends looked up at the geese flying south (I guess he loved hunting more than football!) and let the running back go right by him for a touchdown.

Steve Blehm is NDSD's best known athlete and still holds records in North Dakota. What most people don't know is that he often forgot his uniform and basketball shoes. Once, when playing at the UND gym, he had to borrow shoes from a UND player!

My most memorable moment at NDSD over the years was when NDSD went to the Regional Tourney in New Rockford in 1972.

The team members were Steve Blehm, Steven Reynolds, LeRoy Zeigler, Carl Brien, Bruce Kohl, Drexel Lawson, Gary Sagsteun, James Eglund, Ross Stiller, Larry Geizler, Mike Braun and Duane Knutson. NDSB had a chance to go to the state tournament, but we took second place; that was the best that NDSB had ever done.

Another memory was when I first came to NDSB from Rhode Island someone told me that one of the students ran away to Tokio (in North Dakota) and I thought he had gone to Japan!

"The Easter Blizzard"

By Mary Lou Gorski (Former Teacher)

In the spring of 1975, just as students and staff from NDSB were getting ready for a long weekend of vacation days, an unexpected and intense spring blizzard blew its way across the North Dakota prairie. This disappointing news started to travel around the building. Many families could not travel to pick up their children for the Easter holiday. Phone calls kept coming to the school from frustrated parents. Kids had worried looks, wondering what they'd do over the holiday break. Teachers and dorm counselors speculated on what would happen.

By noon on Wednesday, all of the students who would be "stuck" in Devils Lake had been identified and were gathered in the gymnasium with the rest of the students and staff. Teachers, dorm counselors and NDSB Devils Lake parents had gotten together and determined how many students could fit in each of their homes. The best way to describe what happened next is to think of an "auction." The kids who needed a temporary Easter home lined up on one side of the gym and the staff and parents who had extra space lined up on the opposite side. Then both lines started to match up until all students had places to go.

Phone calls were made to parents letting them know where their children would be and how to contact their weekend shelters. The day ended with students going home with staff and fellow students as arranged. The storm raged across the state for another day. By Friday afternoon, the sun came out and spring showed up again in North Dakota. Parents drove from across the state to pick up their children and everyone make it home to greet the Easter bunny from their own beds. Kevin Halter and Todd Kohl came home with me and both were back with their parents by Saturday morning.

"Ha Ha Fever"

By Shonda Frampton Peterson (Former Preschool/Kindergarten Teacher)

In the spring of 1994, my preschoolers seemed to have "ha ha" fever. They constantly made fun of each other, sarcastically signing, "ha ha" to annoy another person. Matthew Saylor and Alyssa Fonder were two of the main culprits. Like siblings, they would laugh at the other's misfortune. It became so that we had to outlaw the use of "ha ha" in the classroom. No "ha ha." If it's not nice, don't say it! This seemed to work for a while, until one day when Alyssa approached me, exclaiming, "Matthew said 'ha ha ha!'" When I looked at Matthew, he replied, "No, I said 'thirteen'." He had found a loophole in the "ha ha" rule! (Hahahaha!)

"Set the Frogs Free"

The 1992-93 school year was my very first year as a teacher. I had a group of six beautiful preschool children - Casey, Monica, Sarah, Matthew, Kim and Donovan - who were (and remain) dear to my heart. One day, one of the students brought in a couple of frogs from home. The kids were so excited about frogs at school, that I decided to drop what I had

planned and take advantage of the “teachable moment.” We looked at the frogs and held the frogs. We talked about frogs. We went to the library and checked out some nonfiction books about frogs to learn more about them. At the end of the day, I convinced the children that it was not good to keep the frogs in captivity for too long and that we should release them. We decided to release them at the campus pond, since frogs like water. Mavis Janzen and I bundled the kids up and headed to the pond and several chickens met us at the fence. The chickens, however, were quite used to being fed at the fence. As soon as the frogs were past the fence, the chickens proceeded to peck and eat them! Mavis and I quickly tried to cover the six pairs of eyes, hoping not to ruin the “set the frogs free” idea for the kids!

“North Dakota?!”

By Erin Buckley Noonan (Former Social Studies Teacher)

“North Dakota?!” My stricken mother’s voice said to me over the phone. She had a tough time when I moved out of Washington state to Oregon! “Yes, mom. I got a job teaching history at the North Dakota School for the Deaf in Devils Lake.” Personally, I was very excited for this opportunity and adventure. I had moved to Monmouth, Oregon to finish my degrees in Social Studies Education and Deaf Ed. I was now ready to conquer the world or have it conquer me, whichever came first, so it was off to North Dakota. Oh yeah, I was leaving a boyfriend in Portland, OR....I guess that does fit into my story huh?

I’m not sure I was ready to experience all that Devils Lake had in store for me but I loved every minute of it! My apartment was right above Kenneth Blackhurst (who turned out to be a wonderful friend and companion) and had an outlet for my car. OUTLET FOR MY CAR?! What the heck was that for? I soon found out! I guess you can say that I learned a new meaning for cold.

My classroom..... I was blessed to have the opportunity to work with not only a wonderful, welcoming and supportive staff but my students were a joy....most of the time. I wandered into an atmosphere that was ready to challenge me. The students took one look at me and I swear I had “sucker” written on my forehead. Even through all the guff we gave each other, they all have an extremely special place in my heart.

By the end of the school year, I had made some wonderful friends in both the staff and students. And that boyfriend I left in Portland...? We married in July of 1994 and now have a beautiful son, Brennan. Upon leaving the school I knew that the students were special to me but they proved that I was special to them also by asking me back to be one of the commencement speakers at graduation for 1998. I may have been the last person on a very long list (ha ha) but it still brought tears to my eyes. I packed up my 6-month-old baby and took along my sister for help. Of course my sister got sick and ended up wearing a surgical mask so she wouldn’t get anybody else sick. It was a brief visit but long enough to see how wonderfully people had changed.

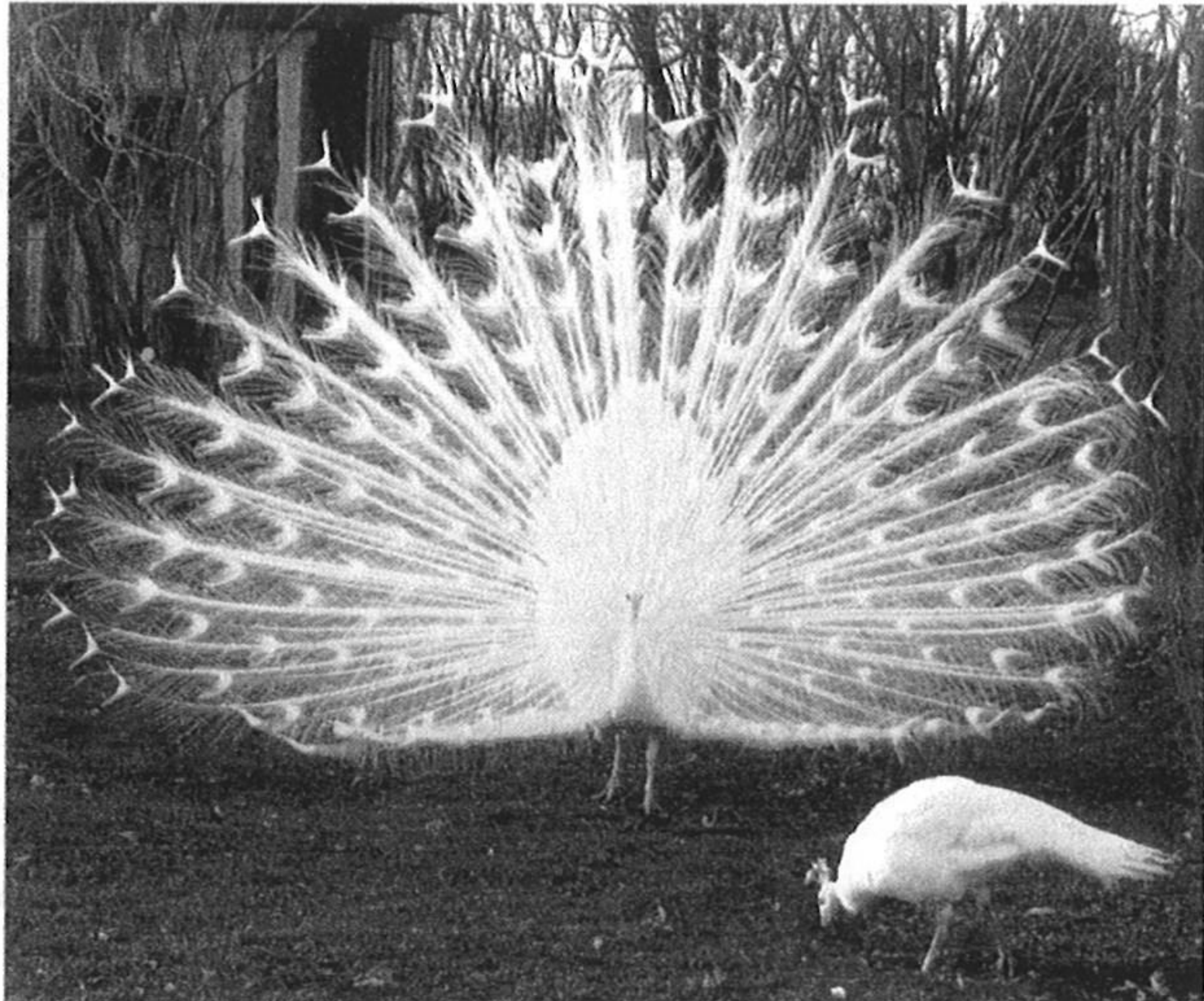
“NDS Memory”

By Wendy Sink (Former Science Teacher)

One of my fondest memories involves a time when I was interpreting for a student in a mainstream class. I had been absent for a day or so, and when I returned, the teacher was discussing the video that the students had watched during that time. The teacher referred to the movie as, ‘Is It Hot In Here?’, and because I had not been present, I was unsure of the title. As I signed the name of the video to the student, I included a questioning expression to see if the title was correct and the student responded, “No, I am fine.” Understanding his confusion, I attempted to correct the statement, but again the student said, “No, I am fine.” After a bit of discussion between the student and I, during which the teacher was continuing with the lesson,

the student and I came to the understanding that this was the title of the video they had watched.

As I rejoined the lecture, the teacher was still reviewing the video. Needless to say, when he again referred to "Is It Hot in Here?", the student told me to "Finish." It became a joke between the student and I whenever we were a little bored!



"A Cry For Help"

I think one of my fondest memories of NDSU happened when I lived on campus in the independent living house. I had recently moved in, and my room was close to the pens where the peacocks were kept. I was awakened in the middle of the night by the sound of a woman screaming, 'HELLLLLLLP!, HELLLLLLP!'. I got up and rushed outside only to find that the sound I had heard was the alarm raised by the peacocks because a large, black cat was stalking them on their roosts. When I approached, the cat fled, and the peacocks settled down to sleep. It was a few hours before I was able to settle down to sleep again!

"As Camp Director"

There are many fond memories of my experience as camp director. From making breakfast tacos with hamburger, onions and tomatoes, to watching Kenny Ohlson and Cody ??? slowly tip their canoe into the waters of Schoolhouse Lake at Turtle Mountain State park! Stefanie Renner and her huge pan of 'insurance' water and getting the whole camp lost on a hike with Sharon Potts! I think the most memorable moment came when we were setting up the tents to check for missing poles or stakes. One student came up to me (this was a student who did not communicate well, or a lot) and said, "Boys in one tent, girls in one tent, separate, MUST!.....You don't want them *#&!-ing around, DON'T!" It was all I could do to keep my expression calm while I responded, "That's right, we don't want that." After the student walked away the counselors and I expressed our amusement at the student's straight-forward assessment of the situation!

"Search for the Snake"

The final memory I will share is one that Cindy would probably rather forget. It was late in the fall, and the snakes were seeking ways into the earth or under buildings where they could survive the extreme cold of the North Dakota winter. My students and I happened to find a garter snake and I decided to bring it into the classroom for observation before letting it go on its way for the winter. The students and I put it into a tank with a screen covering it, thinking that it would be secure for the night... the next morning, it was gone! This was very upsetting to Cindy, the person who cleaned the room and so we put an all-out search of the room for the snake...It turned up later and we did not know where it had gone.

A second time we thought that it was secure in the room and a second time we returned to find it gone. A search turned up nothing! I decided to wait in the room in the dark to see if it would come out when the lights were out, and sure enough, when it was dark, out it

came. It had crawled up under the cover of the model of the human torso that had stood in the corner of the room!

There are so many more that have blended into a warm, glowing place in my heart when I think of NDSD. I know that wherever I roam and eventually settle down, NDSD will always be a cherished part of my life.

“I’m Going to be Fired Now...”

By Dixie (Strom) Duncan (Former Interpreter)

I vividly remember one of my first interpreting assignments as an employee of NDSD. I was asked to come in one evening to interpret for a gentleman who was holding an assembly for the kids. He was going to present on his travels and experiences since his background and experience was in wildlife. It was down stairs in the assembly room and we stood right in front of the small stage (the curtains were drawn). I was doing pretty well for being out of an interpreting course for 2 years. I struggled a bit with some of the exotic animals and the refuge he had traveled to, but things got real bad when I saw Marcia Schutt, school principal and skilled interpreter come in and sit down. My heart was pounding so hard I could feel it in my throat. I knew she was glaring at me and critiquing every sign I made, I was really sweating now. About 10 minutes later Jaime Galloway, school superintendent, walked in and sat down. My legs were getting weak with fear. I was sure Jaime was going to fire me after he saw how awful I was doing. The only thing I could think of was getting out of there but if I’d just run out that would look too awful. Then I thought if I fake a faint and fall back on stage I won’t get hurt too bad. All I could think was how do I get out of this, for sure I am going to be fired now because I don’t know what I am doing here. They should have never hired me. I was screaming help on the inside and had no where to go. All eyes were on me; no one knew how scared I was and how my heart was now racing so fast it was hard to breathe. Again the thought of fainting entered my mind. I took a step back to get closer to the stage so the fall would not hurt, the pain of hitting my head on the fake faint worried me. I could feel my knees getting weaker and my shirt was now soaking wet. Then all of a sudden the lights came on after the slide display and the guy was done. I took a deep breath and thought, thank you God I made it through. I was too scared to look at Marcia or Jaime, I knew they would ask to talk to me and excuse me from my job. I finally glanced over in their direction and Marcia gave me a soft smile and said, “Good job.” I knew it was a lie but at least she did not say, “You’re fired.” To this day I remember the fear that gripped me as well as the thoughts that ran through my head about how I could get out of this situation. When I talk to interpreters that are new to the field and they express the fear they face when they first do something big. I always share my experience with them so they know they are not the only one, that we have all faced it one time in our lives as interpreters.

“Memories of NDSD”

By Sue Becker Olsen (School Psychologist 1986-1995)

I began work at NDSD in August 1986. I was pretty green at being a school psychologist, and had no idea what I was getting myself into at the time. I knew the finger alphabet, but no signs to speak of. I remember spending the summer of 1986 trying to teach myself a few signs, but signing is difficult to learn from a book! When I arrived at NDSD, I was quickly put into a one-on-one sign class (with Lilia Bakken) and quickly started learning sign language. I really appreciated the support from all the staff and students at NDSD throughout my years there.

There are many fond memories I have of NDSD staff and students. The one that sticks out the most is the Halloween parties at the school. All staff and students dress up and vie for

the “best costume” or the “best decorations.” Someone always was able to come up with an idea and what I considered great costumes and decorations. I particularly remember the California raisins and the housewives club!! There were also the “queens” and Three Blind Mice! Another memory is the great staff Christmas parties and other get-togethers, they were always fun and entertaining! Get-togethers with the staff and students and playing volleyball or playing other games in the Bulldog parlor was also always a great time!!

The other memory that I have from NDSD is one that I got to recently experience again, as I attended a workshop at NDSD in March, 2000. NDSD has a sense of “home” to me. Even to this day, when I walk into the building, people are warm and friendly. I really want to let people know that it’s not always that way in other places that you might work, and that NDSD staff and students should feel proud and good about their school. I know I am and I do! I am always talking to other people about my experiences and memories from NDSD!! And I always tell people at NDSD and Devils Lake that I miss them a lot!

“Language Project”

By Susan (Stewart) Kane (Former Language Project Coordinator)

Our Superintendent, Mr. Hayek, had an idea in 1974, and asked me to carry it out for him. The project soon was named The Language Project. He wanted 10 feelings, 10 idioms and 10 things of my choice. I was to work with the Intermediate Girls. The girls responded so well and my best memory of that first year trial was watching the girls add the new words to their vocabularies. One day Karen interrupted me to look at the book she was reading. She had just read one of the idioms we had studied. With great pride she said, “I know!” Wasn’t that great?

The next year Mr. Hayek decided the project should be expanded to all of the students. I left my houseparent job to become the coordinator. He also added a vocabulary group that was to learn 25 (I think) safety words. My! I had my hands full. It was worth it! Of course there were students eager to learn and there were others who weren’t. Some houseparents supported the project and some didn’t. That is to be expected. Any word learned was to the benefit of the students. That is positive, isn’t it?

When we had to leave North Dakota for our daughter Andi’s health, we were all so disappointed. Our time in Devils Lake had been special. The friendships we made were important. I often think of my first time at NDSD and I smile. It was one of the best, most interesting times of my life. Thank you for making those great memories for me.

“Qualified Staff???”

By Tara Olson (Former Interpreter)

Hmmm.... a memory - I remember feeling very unqualified when I first came to NDSD; not being a very good signer yet, and not knowing the kids yet. It was lunch time when the camera crew got me on the video they were doing for the introduction of NDSD. When it was all done and put together, I watched it and there I was, on film when the narrator say, “....qualified staff...!” They sure shouldn’t have been showing me at that time!

“A Quarter of A Century of Memories”

By Mavis Janzen (Teaching Technician, 1975-Current)

Let me see, 25 years ago in August of 1975, I came to work at the North Dakota School for the Deaf. Mrs. Henke and I worked together in the first Special Studies class. We had 7

children in our group.

I have many good memories of NDSD. Going to the Minot Zoo and going to the Shriners Circus in Grand Forks to name a few. Over the past 25 years I have seen a lot of progress. We certainly have come a long way. One thing for sure that hasn't changed is the dedication and pride of the NDSD staff members. In 1979 I married Jerry Janzen. Jerry has worked at NDSD for 21 years.

This May I am proud to say that I will receive a certificate for 25 years of service. NDSD is special to me. It has taught me about children, deafness, sign language and the great sense of belonging. I have gotten strength and support through my years of employment at NDSD. Thank you and may God bless all of you who have been my friend over the years. I am so lucky!

There are just a few of the memories that jump into my mind about my years at NDSD. I remember Colin Soper getting his tongue stuck on the freezing, cold, icy metal on the window in the classroom. Try to imagine Mrs. Henke and I scrambling to get water from the bathroom faucet to pour on his tongue to release it from the metal. We were both in a panic, not to mention Colin screaming in despair and the remaining 6 children witnessing the drama. Mrs. Henke and I fell apart with laughter at our efforts to free him from danger. It was a scream.

Colin also placed ever so neatly, green clay into his ear. He pushed the soft clay deeply into his ear canal. He was apparently making new ear molds. I rushed him to the Lake Region Clinic. Two nurses and I held him down while the doctor removed the clay. Needless to say, Colin freaked out every time he saw clay after the dramatic episode. What a lesson in making ear molds.

How about the time in the spring of the year when the elementary classes and the 7 special studies students went to Minot for a day at the zoo. The animals had a great time watching us maneuver through the zoo. I'm sure, without a doubt in my mind, that we were very entertaining. It ended up being chilly and rainy, so we ate our picnic lunches in the only shelter we could find; in the Monkey House! Those monkeys were wide-eyed and confused with the sudden invasion. They watched with great interest as our hands flew in the air, odd noises of excitement and changing of diapers on the floor of their home. I'm quite certain that those monkeys talked about our visit for days and days. The zoo has never been the same.

Nathan Duerre fell off the slide and split his head open; off to the clinic again. Nathan was so good. He didn't even flinch when they stitched his head together. Me, on the other hand, got ill just watching the procedure. I guess it would be safe to say, I have never been the same.

My goodness- what about the time Tracey Anne Hill fell right into the glass gerbil cage and split her knee open. Another panic stricken child is rushed to the clinic. Tracey and I both got a little sick to our stomachs this time. My knee hurt every time I saw Tracey with her bandaged up knee. There after, Tracey Anne would say, "Home, Home, Mom and Dad." I really could not blame her. I also wanted to go home to mom and dad.

One beautiful sunny morning on the playground during recess I saw Sherilyn Hustoft fall from the monkey bars, due to a seizure. I was standing- supervising. I saw her lose her grip and I flew to her rescue. I ended up flat on my back, Sherilyn landed on top of me. What a happy day that was. I wanted to leave and go home, so I could cry, but instead I went into the bathroom and shed a few tears of relief. I do believe I thanked God a few times and then I joined the class. That was the day Sherilyn and I both lost our grip.

Nathan choked on some bread during dinner while he sat at my table. He was struggling for air and was getting a little blue around the mouth. I opened up his mouth and removed the bread from his throat, thus giving him a chance to breathe again. This was in the years before the Heimlich was introduced. Gosh, he and I were both relieved to sit back into our chairs. The rest of the day was a breeze.

Sue Ellen was my guest for many years at the Church Mother and Daughter Banquet. She would get all dressed up and she would be the perfect little lady.

Over the years several of the children would spend the weekend with my family. Brian Billman was a frequent guest. He was the same age as my sons. My children signed to Brian.

My recent joy at NDSB is teaching Candace how to read, write and spell. She is finding out all about directions and rules. She wrote her first sentence on her own.

I had a sense of humor when I began work at NDSB 25 years ago. I guess you could say I now have a greater sense of humor. I have a song in my heart and a silly grin on my face most of the time. Now you all know why. NDSB has made me a better human being; that is for sure.

“Some Favorite Memories”

By Lilia Bakken (Communications Coordinator and Interpreter, 1973-Current)

The spring after I graduated from college, I got a summer job working in New York. My mother worried that I would find a permanent job there. She didn't want me living so far from home so she would regularly clip and mail job openings found in the newspaper, trying to entice me back to ND. One day she sent a clipping announcing a job opening at the North Dakota School for the Deaf. I didn't know ND had a school for deaf children. I was curious so I found a ND map and located Devils Lake. The thought of working at a school for deaf children seemed very interesting. I decided to move home and try my luck. I sent my resume to the superintendent and it wasn't long before I was invited for an interview. I was hired in the fall of 1973 and I've never regretted my move home to ND. Some of my favorite memories from the past 25 years:

-During my interview, Superintendent Hayek asked if I knew sign language and I boldly said yes. He said, "Show me" and I muddled through the manual alphabet. He smiled as he showed me how to form the letters correctly.

-Easing homesickness by sitting on my couch each night practicing sign language from a book I had checked out of the NDSB Library.

-Learning my first two signs from janitor, Chet Logan. Each day he came to my desk to make sure I would take a break. As he stood by my desk and pointed to the clock he would sign "coffee break".

-Riding the train to Washington D.C. with Marcy Schutt to attend summer school at Gallaudet University. We made stops along the way and had quite an adventure.

-Making endless phone calls for Coach Brenner before the days of ND Relay. Riding noisy buses to basketball games and interpreting in the huddle.

-Walking by the girls' dorm late one night and seeing a little girl lying in her bed signing to her teddy bear.

-Interpreting with Chris Blastock at our church and laughing hysterically over the "another day, another dollar" remark

-Getting an endless supply of moral support, wisdom, sign language instruction and good humor from Dwight Rafferty, William Hartl and Kenneth Blackhurst.

-Watching in the rear-view mirror as one profoundly deaf little girl (Bethany) gave a speech

lesson to another profoundly deaf little girl (Holly) on how to correctly pronounce my name.

-Cherishing the many friends who have come and gone during my years at NDSD.

“A Dream Come True”

By Darlene Schoenfish, R.N. (Director of Health Services, 1995-Current)

Working at the North Dakota School for the Deaf (NDSD) for the past five years has been challenging, rewarding, and dynamic! My dream of 25 years, to work at NDSD came true after receiving a Bachelor of Science in Nursing in 1994. However, go with me, if you will, back to when I was a little girl, until I was in my early twenties, to experience the sequence of events that led up to my desire to work and care for people who are deaf.

In 1965, when I was ten years old, I was at my favorite aunt's house and during that time a young, deaf girl came to visit my aunt. This young girl was only a few years older than myself. I watched my aunt and this girl communicate in American Sign Language. I remember at this time, thinking, “Someday, I want to be able to talk to people who are deaf.” Even in my youth, I could see what a beautiful and expressive language sign language is. I remember pretending to be deaf, with other hearing children, and using gestures to pretend to know how to communicate through sign. We were interested in another beautiful and expressive language.....unfortunately, there was no one to teach us how to sign.

Through the years, I did not come into contact with any more deaf individuals. When I was 18 years old and going to Lake Region College of Nursing, I was walking through the halls one day and needed directions to another part of the school. I stopped and asked a young man, “Could you tell me how to get to the other dorm?” The young man did not answer me. I then tapped this young man on the shoulder and asked the question again. Through gesture, the young person told me that he could not hear me. I ascertained that he was deaf and so thanked him as best I could and went on my way. That evening, this young man knocked on my college dorm door and wrote on a piece of paper that I needed to learn how to sign and that he was willing to teach me, starting with the alphabet. For the next few weeks he taught me how to sign the alphabet. I, then graduated, did not see this young man for some time. The young man was NDSD's own Michael Braun. He inspired me to continue learning about deafness and sign language. My husband and I had the honor of entertaining Michael, his wife, and six children in our home, 20+ years after first meeting him!

Through the years, as our children were growing, I would walk to NDSD, strolling my children along to see the pond, bridge and animals that have been here through the years, and I would pray that one day I could work with people who are deaf...It would be a long time before my dream came true...

I met Shelly and Karla Unruh and their parents and brothers. Shelly and Karla babysat for my children frequently. My interest in deafness and sign language continued to grow. Still, I was not exposed to enough sign language to communicate well. One time, I only finger-spelled my way through a conversation with Phyliss Frelich when seeing her by the NDSD bridge. I was so proud that I could spell! HA! Phyliss did not criticize me for not being able to sign. She only finger-spelled back to me, “Continue to learn!” After being hired at the North Dakota School for the Deaf, the children who are deaf, Duane Knutson, Henry Brenner, Lilia Bakken and her staff, and others had a biggest impact on my learning sign language! It is such a beautiful language!

I have had the honor an privilege of working here for five years as the Director of Health and Services and have never loved a job more-even with the normal frustrations that any person has with any job. Every day, I get up in the morning saying, “Thank you, God, for having a plan in my life, and for allowing me to experience the joy of working and playing with these wonderful people and this great school!”

“Memories Of NDSD”

By Jeanie Schmidt (Former Interpreter)

I have so many fond memories of NDSD that it is hard to choose just one. There are the memories of the figurines on the pond, the fainting goat in the zoo and sharing an apartment with Celeste. Also remembering all the fun I had with the kids playing games in the gym, hanging out in the dorm and walking to mainstream classes.

I guess there are two memories that stick out in my mind the most. The first being of the endless number of snow days in 1996/97. The kids were bored stiff and frustrated because NDSD still had classes when the public school was closed due to blizzards. The Communication Department was scrambling for activity ideas to keep the kids busy in the Bulldog Parlor between classes. There is only so much pool, darts and movies a person can partake of before it gets old. We set up board games and anything else we could think of. I remember keeping them busy for a while telling stories of novels that I had read in the past.

The second memory that sticks out in my mind is when I broke my leg. All the support that I received from NDSD was the greatest. From the kids opening doors for me, to the staff donating sick leave hours. I'll never forget Lilia Bakken and the others playing chauffeur and busing me where I needed to be. The family support I received from NDSD was the best warm fuzzy. NDSD and its staff will always have a warm spot in my heart.

“Memories”

By Kim Shereck (Elementary Teacher, Current)

My first week of work was very scary! I did not know sign language and the students taught me a lot! After my first year here, I knew I wanted to get my degree in Deaf Education because I loved working here.

I remember one particular day in March, Mrs. Cole's class and mine went to the Anne Frank exhibit in Bismarck. It was a wonderful exhibit. Then on the way home, it started storming. The snow was so bad, it took us almost eight hours to drive back to NDSD!

“NDSD's First Live Band Prom”

By Rick and Pam Stuckey (Former Teachers)

Pam and Rick Stuckey remember the first year we helped with the prom, Spring 1971. Rick was on the prom committee, and he suggested that NDSD get a live band as he'd seen back East. The committee said that a live band could not be found that we could afford, so Rick sort of took it as a dare to find one.

Pam helped call around town until we finally found three high school boys with guitars and drums and not much experience. We told them that the most important qualification was a good beat.

Can you imagine, we paid them only \$30!! They enjoyed getting the experience of playing for real dancing people. And they were VERY LOUD! The gym walls and floor vibrated with the huge 6-foot speakers from Mann's Department Store, which they had loaned the school for free. The weather was nice that evening, and from time to time, staff members stood outside to give their ears a rest. Students enjoyed the loud music and danced the night away.



“First Year Teacher Shares Most Embarrassing Moment!”

By Chris Blastock (Former Teacher)

It was my first year as a teacher at the ND School for the Deaf. On this particular day the Governor of ND was visiting our school. As he was touring the school, the Governor stopped to observe my classroom. Neil S., Gerard K., Paul D., Pam F., Neil S., and Bea D., were my students at the time. As the Governor visited, he noticed Neil slyly slip something to Gerard and asked them what they were hiding. Caught in the act, the boys revealed a condom. I was mortified! The students were so embarrassed and so was the Governor.

“Memories”

By Lynn Krueger (Former English Teacher)



-Sue Eisenzimmer interpreting for me the first week. How hard the students worked the first year.

-Henry Brenner shooting the starter pistol in the coaches' room. I think he wanted me to be deaf like him.

-Heidi Smith dribbling behind her back and then making a lay-up during a game.

-The girls' track team winning the meet trophy. Carrying Lori Randon off the track after the dashes.

-The excellent class of James Johnson, Tom Halseth, Darrel Frelich, Beatrice Dockter, Kevin

Halter, Jane Honea and Ronald Tucker, was one of the best.

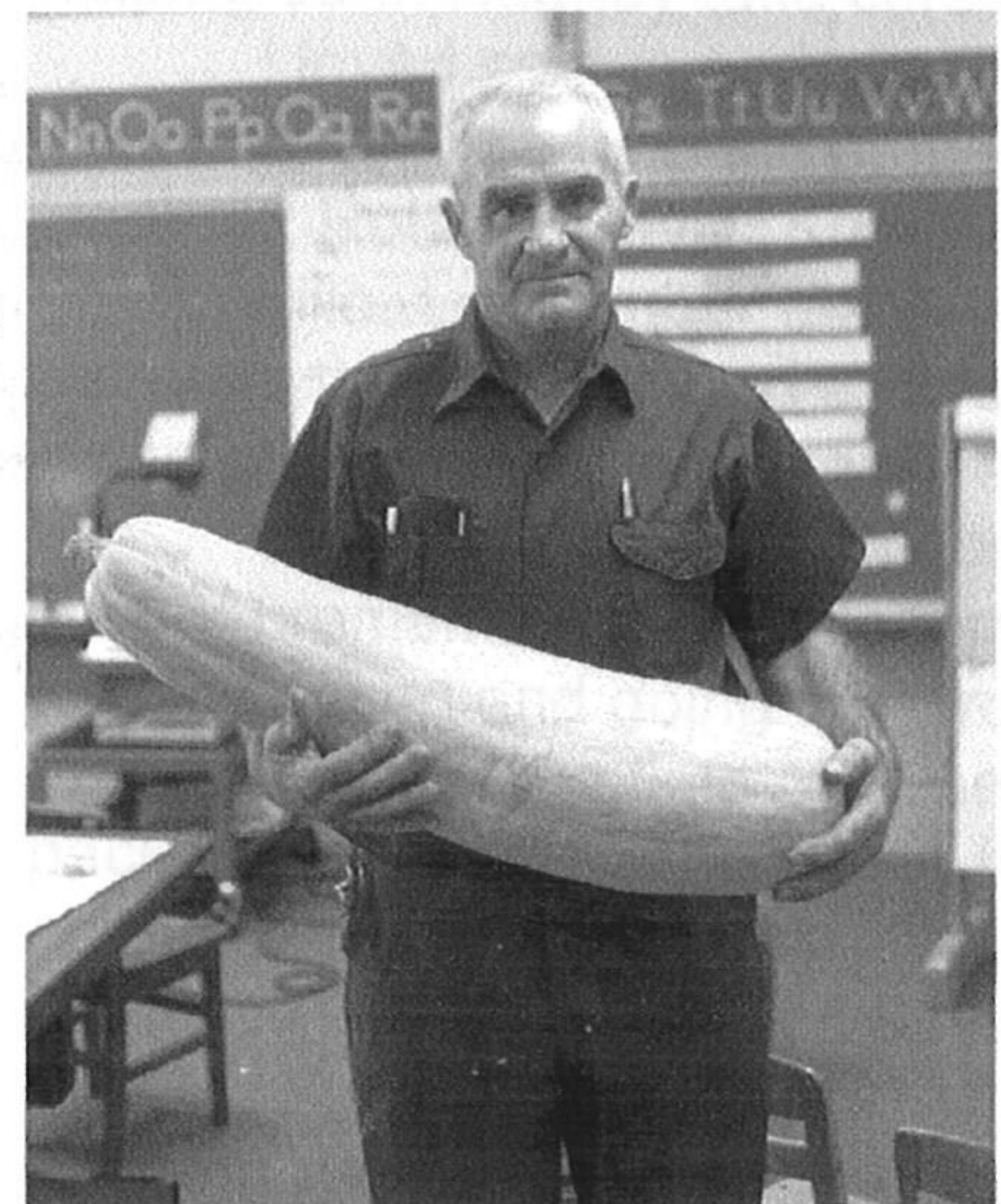
-All of my class trips, especially the ski vacation with the girls basketball team and Mrs. Lybeck.

“Memories”

By Bonnie (Barendt) Lester (Former School Secretary)

I became aware of NDSO and the Deaf Community when I moved to Devils Lake. When I was in high school, I babysat for Pastor Leonhardt's children. Roger and Sonja would sometimes need me to watch their kids while they went to NDSO to attend activities. Tad, Lori and I would take long walks with their wagon and it seems we always ended up at NDSO looking at the ducks.

I became the Secretary to the Principal in 1976, and worked at NDSO with Jim Rainier for almost 7 years. My name then was Bonnie Barendt (I have remarried). Those were fun years and the kids taught me sign language. I remember Chet Logan bringing in wonderful cantaloupes, watermelons and other garden produce.



Henry Brenner would come in and update me on how his teams were doing.

Mavis Janzen and I became friends and still correspond with each other.

Working with the kids, parents and teachers was always so exciting. There was always something going on!

After I left NDSD, I continued my education and had several other jobs. I was living in Fargo when I saw an article in the *Fargo Forum* that a Telecommunications Relay Center was being built in Moorehead, MN. I knew that I had to work there! I applied before the position openings were even announced! I was awarded the position of Training Manager at the Minnesota Relay Center 4 years ago and absolutely love my job! I train all the Communications Assistants that work at the Relay Center. To see the excitement in their faces as they learn what a valuable service they will be performing, makes my job very fulfilling. It certainly is true, "What goes around, come around."

"Most Memorable Moments"

By Sue (Barber) Griepentrog (Former Interpreter)

When you sent the letter asking for stories, I was flooded with wonderful memories! I hold NDSD in a very special place in my heart.

I moved with my daughter, Aimee, to Devils Lake without having seen the place. Lots of friends thought I was crazy for moving someplace I hadn't seen...but I was ready for a change.

We moved up and Aimee and I were allowed to stay in the dorms until we found an apartment and could move in. It was scary that first weekend alone in that big dorm building. We did some laundry. We ate out. We went to bed. The fire alarm rang!!! It was so scary! We got into our car and started to drive, I didn't know where to go and then I decided to go to the Superintendent's house on campus. We got out of the car and were invited into his house. When everything was cleared, we decided to go back and try to sleep. That is when I discovered I had locked my keys in the car!! Mr. Galloway got the police or someone to unlock our doors. What an adventure for my 7 year old daughter and me.

Speaking of fire department...when we lived in the apt. on campus I accidentally put a bag of noodles on the stove and then turned the wrong burner on. When the smoke detector went off I had to hurry call the fire department and tell them it was a false alarm. Of course, the people in the school office came over just to check on me and see what happened. Boy, was my face red!

Aimee's fondest memory is of swimming with the kids in the NDSD pool. She thought that was pretty neat. She also remembers incubating eggs from the birds at school and then watching them hatch. As the babies grew, they were put into the pond area. She loved helping John Hughey take care of the animals.

I loved seeing and smelling the lilacs around graduation time. I remember the graduations, watching the students walk across the stage to receive their diplomas: Holly, Heather, Robbie, David, Kory, Shawn. We watched kids grow and move on.

Lilia, I remember teaching sign classes to staff and having staff come back all excited because they understood a student better and...a student understood them. The look of pride in their faces said it all. I really appreciated all those who took classes.

With sadness, I remember the tower come down. A landmark in Devils Lake was gone.

I remember driving to/through Anamoose going to Bismarck with Mr. G and then getting turned around and going the wrong way!

Oh, and the time of Desert Storm when Chuck was gone, and we sent him care packages from the school, and then the big welcome home when the whole school went to the airport to welcome the troops home. It still brings tears to my eyes remembering them come home, so much thinner and tanner but safe.

I really miss all of you there. Even though I wasn't there very long, you became such a family to me. I think of you often.

“Memories From the Past Six Years”

By Renae Bitner (Administrative Interpreter - 1994 to the Present)

In June of 1995, Wendy Sink, Sharon Potts, Kory Mead, Robin Wacker, and I took several students to Lake Metigoshe during Summer Camp. After we arrived and got our tents set up, we decided to go canoeing. It was a beautiful day and the lake was very calm. A State Park employee came along with us to serve as a guide.

We canoed for about an hour when all of a sudden we heard Kory yelling at Kenny Ohlson! We turned around to see what was going on and saw that Kenny had lost his balance and was leaning to the right and then to the left trying to prevent the canoe from capsizing - but it was too late! The canoe slowly rolled over to one side, tipping Kenny and Kory out into the cold water!

Kenny kept yelling/signing: “I can’t swim! I can’t swim!” We got his attention and told him, “Relax, you have a life preserver on. Let it help you float in the water.” As soon as he stopped flailing around, he realized that he was going to be all right.

In the meantime, the Park Guide dove out of her canoe, still in uniform, to help Kenny and Kory flip their canoe over into its proper position. This took a long time because every time they would get it tipped on its side, it would fill with water. They finally got the canoe tipped over and the Park Guide help Kenny get in after Kory. Then they noticed that their legs and arms were covered with *leeches* (YUCK!!!) and we waited while they pulled them off one by one.

We all made our way to the shore and were thanking the Park Guide for her help when one of the kids, (Stephanie Renner I believe), noticed that she was wearing what appeared to be brand-new boots. The Park Guide told us that her boots were in fact brand new and that this was the first day that she’d worn them! (It was probably the last day she wore them too!)

The first year I worked at NDSD, I was assigned to supervise the high school students during lunch time which began every day at 11:30. Before lunch, I interpreted a class at Devils Lake High School which ended around 11:28 or so, which meant that I had to hurry from class to get to lunch on time.

One snowy winter day I made this trek and after taking my coat off, I went into the Dining Room to eat. I sat down to put some food on my plate and noticed that we needed more potatoes. I’d forgotten that I was wearing hiking boots with thick soles and lugs and hadn’t taken the time to make sure that all of the snow was off of them before I entered the Dining Room! As I stood up with the bowl in my hand to go to the kitchen, I took a step away from the table, my foot slid back behind me and down I went. As I fell on the floor and slid to a stop, all I can remember thinking was, “I have to hold on to this bowl. If I break it, I will have to pay Chuck to replace it!” Well, my worry was to no avail! When the bowl hit the floor, it shattered into several pieces, but I was still holding on to the largest one!

I was so embarrassed as I stood up and wanted to dig myself a hole in the floor to crawl into and hide. I noticed that every one of the high school students was staring at me with huge eyes and were asking if I was all right. When I told them, “Yes I am fine, just embarrassed,” they all burst out laughing and I started laughing too.

I made my way to the kitchen and got a new bowl (Chuck didn’t even want me to pay for the broken one), the cooks filled it with potatoes, and I made it, safely, back to the table and took a bow in front of the kids who were still laughing.

Stephanie Renner got my attention and said, “You should have been wearing a red cape! You looked like Superman sliding across the floor with one arm behind you and the other one sticking straight out in front of you holding the bowl!” This made me laugh even harder and she still reminds me about this whenever I see her.

“A Few Special Memories”

By Renae Bitner

These are a few events/memories that stand out in my mind:

- I remember one afternoon interpreting a math class at DLHS for Stephanie Renner and Laura Sagstuen. The lecture/lesson was over and the students were working on their homework during the remaining time while waiting for the bell to ring for the next class. One of the girls, I can't remember if it was Stephanie or Laura, said something that was so funny that I laughed until I was crying. My face was so red! Mr. Loberg asked us if we were all okay and then when he realized how hard we were laughing, he started laughing too. I've never laughed that hard during an interpreting assignment, and I hope that it won't happen again!

- One fall day several years ago, Mr. Galloway and I were driving to Bismarck for a meeting. The lake had been flooding for several years by that point and that spring the water was particularly high. Many homes had been moved away from the lake and relocated to new sites. Between Minnewauken and Esmond, we were driving on Highway 19 and in the distance I saw something HUGE on the road quite a distance away – I remember thinking that it was probably some farm machinery or a large truck.

As we got closer we saw that the object was a very large HOUSE, in one piece, complete with a 3-car ATTACHED garage! In front of it was another house, a smaller A-frame also in one piece. Both of the houses were being hauled on separate trailers. We couldn't believe our eyes! Needless to say, we had to slow down when we approached the “slow-moving houses,” and couldn't drive around to pass them for several miles. We were finally able to detour in Esmond and get ahead of them to continue on our way.

The following afternoon after our meeting in Bismarck was over, we drove home and were wondering where (or even if) we would see the houses again. Sure enough, we did see them, this time just south of Anamoose. The movers had made quite a bit of progress since we'd seen them last!

We later learned that the houses (formerly located in the Eagle Bend subdivision near Lakewood), had been purchased by someone who was having them relocated in Bismarck - 180 miles away!

- I remember the many drives to Bismarck with Mr. Galloway: sometimes Mr. Cofer was with us as well. We each took turns buying bags of caramel-covered apple suckers to eat along the way. I think that among the three of us, we kept the company in business!

- Lindsey Solberg (current Educational Interpreter) often spends evenings cooking special meals with Jeremy Johnson when he's had a good week in school. They carefully plan a meal and then invite several staff members to join them for a nice evening of dining and visiting. On one occasion, Lilia Bakken, Paula Hartzel, and my husband Keith and I, all went to Pam & Jordan Smith's house to share dinner. The meal Jeremy and Lindsey prepared was delicious, Jeremy was quite the host, and we all had a wonderful time!

- One winter day, Laura Sagstuen, Stephanie Renner, April Leshner, Derrick Hedstrom and I were walking back to NDSD from DLHS after a math class. The gate we walked through to enter the NDSD campus was surrounded by a large metal frame. Under the gate was a huge snowbank leftover from the snowplow which had plowed the street earlier that day. Stephanie walked on top of the snowbank and under the frame but didn't stoop low enough,

and managed to bang her head in the process. She started laughing and holding her head and then turned around to warn the rest of us to be careful. I was watching what she was signing but looked down to watch where I was stepping. Sure enough I banged my head, too! Now when there's snow under the gate, I not only watch where I'm walking, I also make sure that my head misses the metal bar!

- One March, the Communications Department sponsored a game show, "Deaf History Jeopardy," in recognition of Deaf Heritage Week. We collected all kinds of facts and history about NDSD and used this information for the game show questions. I played "Alexandria Trebek, and one of our interpreter interns, Nancy, played "Vanna Not-So-White." It was a lot of fun and if I remember correctly, the administrative team won, with LOTS of help from Allison Hoff (current NDSD student).

- I will always remember Graduation Day every year. This is such a happy day for the graduates and their families. It is also a sad day for the staff. When the students leave NDSD, I always hope that they will remember how special they are to those of us who've had the privilege of working with them.

- Making this book with Lilia Bakken and her daughter Annie was a lot of work, lots of fun, and quite an honor! By the way Lilia, may I add one more story...? Is there room...?

- It has been a privilege to work at NDSD for the past six years! I can't think of any other place that holds as much meaning for so many people like NDSD does. For those of us who've had the honor of working here as employees, or for those who have attended and/or graduated from NDSD, it truly is a "home away from home." Happy 110th Anniversary NDSD!



The Old Library

Memories of Dorm Life



Intermediate Dormitory

“Memories”

By Myrtle Eckes (Retired Girls' Housemaster)

I started work at the North Dakota School for the Deaf in August, 1956, and retired in March, 1972, due to health problems. My job was “Housemaster” for the little girls.

One night the night watch came to my door and said, “Two girls are missing!”

We began looking for them. Finally we heard a noise in the bathroom. The night watch went in and flashed her light around. The girls were sitting on top of the wall divider reading comic books with a flashlight!

The job was a lot of work and stressful, but I enjoyed it!

“The Law of Opposites”

By Kenneth Blackhurst (Retired House Father)

Each night at 9:30 P.M., I had the boys start getting ready for bed and each night, without fail, they tried to avoid bedtime. Their excuses were always the same: I don't want to go to bed because: “I'm not finished with my homework yet,” or “I'm not finished watching the TV program,” or worst of all, “I hate bed, who invented bed anyway?”

When it was time to wake the boys in the morning, their excuses were opposite of those the night before. When I said, “Get up so you can finish your homework,” they would say, “I finished my homework last night.” Those who hated bedtime the night before now admitted, “I love my bed! Thank God to the person who invented beds.”

The boys thought they could fool me with their excuses. I guess that's why they needed a housefather. If their daytime and nighttime excuses had been reversed, my job would have been much easier.



“Runaway Student Gets Caught!”

One time, (1960's) the Superintendent warned me that one of the boys was missing. We suspected he had run away from school. I decided to climb up the chimney (smoke stack) and use it as a lookout tower. I was only brave enough to climb half way up but I could see for long distances. I spotted the boy running in a field about 5 miles away. I climbed down the chimney and drove a route north of the field and waited for the runaway boy. When he saw me waiting for him at the far end of the field he was amazed. He asked, “How did you know where to find me?” I never told him my secret of climbing the chimney to spot him in the distance.

“Memories”

By Sylvia Conlon (Retired Dormitory - Night watch)

Being night watch for nearly twenty-five years - I don't have enough paper to share all of my memories. A few include the day I was hired for a couple of nights while Bertha was sick; that stretched into 21 years of full-time work and 4 years of part-time as relief. I was told it was hard to find someone to work nights. I could see why - those old tunnels! I walked in water at times over my shoes and had lots of company consisting of mice, rats, bats, and birds! I had a heavy time clock to carry while checking and clocking thirteen stations in all five buildings, (what a contrast to what it is today!).

Later a night man was hired for the Boys' Dorm. Mr. Hayek asked if my husband Dick would be interested. The doctor said he could try. God was good - Dick was hired. We were scheduled to work the same shifts and all went well for 14 years - it was the best thing that ever happened to us! Truly a blessing!

One night when checking the exits, I saw a couple of boys going down the fire escape from the Boys' Dorm. I called Dick and he said, "All of the boys were in bed when I checked the rooms, but come and help."

Sure enough, the boys had somehow lightly blocked the door. They (cleverly) had put parkas on their beds and fur on the pillows to resemble hair. We called the Superintendent and he waited until the boys returned. They were sent home for awhile.

One night a former student had, in some way, gotten through a window. He was intoxicated and had gotten sick in the lower boys' bathroom. I called for help from the Power House man who called the police. They came and took him away.

Generally the students were all very good and cooperative, but required special attention to deal with their problems. This caused some stress and fear.

One student wandered around most of the night. Another student crawled over dividers and into other boys' rooms - which was very noisy and disturbing. Another student was very unpredictable - he would throw things, including furniture. He was hard to handle at times, and even ate my lunch once when I was making rounds. I prayed a lot! Having both boys AND girls in the same building required constant watch to keep them apart.

The night watch job was both trying and rewarding. I changed many diapers and wet beds, rocked and cuddled homesick children, found and returned sleepwalkers to their beds, and even located the children that ran away and hid themselves; I often wished I were twins.

We were always so thankful for devoted Houseparents who were always there to help when needed. Myrtle and Polly will always remain close in my heart.

The saddest times for me during my employment was when Mr. Hayek passed away; he was such a kind man - always there to help us in every way; and when Nurse Roberta died. I miss them very much. Another sad time was when Dick had another heart attack and had to retire.

Thanks to Pastor Leonhardt and Sonja for all they did for us all at all times.

Then came graduation time, both happy and sad - bidding students farewell after having them from the beginning of their school years until then.

My happiest moments were and are when students big and small would hug and sign "I love you."

I enjoyed my years at NDSD very much. I am so grateful to Marje for asking me if I would care to work; and I can't thank her and Ruth enough for all they did for us those many years. I appreciate it all more than words can say.

I made many friends and will always cherish my memories good and bad. NDSD is a wonderful place to work. All of the staff and teachers are great - so devoted to their jobs. And

now after retirement, I appreciate being invited back for special events and Holiday meals and picnics - always super delicious food and special "get-togethers" for visiting. God bless you all!

"Memories"

By Polly Riggan (Retired Dorm Counselor)

Many amusing incidents come to mind as I recall my days at NDSD. After working for three years as a dorm counselor for the little boys, I took a position as a counselor in the Little Girls' Dorm. I had a little 13-year-old girl in that department whom I shall call Ann. She was extremely nervous and excitable and it was obvious that she needed deodorant. I got her some Roll-On, showed her how to apply it, and put it on her bathroom shelf. This was considered a "big deal" and gave her new status among the other girls.

About that time, during the winter, a window was left open on the second floor, a pipe froze and burst, causing a water leak through the ceiling on to the first floor, in the little girls' sleeping area.

Norman, a very down-to-earth maintenance man, came into our play area to check for leaks. As we were talking, "Ann" ran up to him and gestured wildly for him to follow her into the sleeping area. When they returned, I asked him what was the matter. In his very stoical way, he responded, "Oh, she showed me her deodorant!" I guess you had to "be there."



"Memories"

By Veronica Schiff (Retired Dorm Counselor)

When I think back, the day I got a call from the School for the Deaf to help out, I didn't think I would be there for 14 ½ years - but I loved it! Taking care of 12 little boys 4 years old and up wasn't easy, but they were away from their parents and home. Finding something for them to do was easy - you name it and we did it! They were boys that loved excitement and we found it.

My. Hayek used to come over and watch the boys play. As they got older, they enjoyed playing basketball. My "little angels" got bigger and a little more discipline was needed with them.

The teachers were great and helped me. I could never complain because they were extra helpful in everything we did. So, I thank all of the people who gave me the help I needed all the years I was there.



“Memories”

By Mary Dawn Tollefson (Residential Program Director, 1984 - 1988)

I was Director of the Residential Program from 1984 - 1988. As I began reminiscing, I remembered fun and crazy times, sad times, and serious times. A few memorable moments:

Does anyone else remember:

Tom Selleck Legs contest?

The California Raisins?

Decorating the tunnels for a “Spooky Halloween” party?

Cooking burgers with the kitchen staff at midnight for a weekend party with SDSD?

The girls’ basketball trip to Bismarck, to Karla Unruh’s farm and then to Deloris Berg’s farm?

John Hughey - Did you ever get that big green bus to fit through the garage door? I tried to make it fit but it just didn’t want to go in.

The very first summer camp started in June of 1986. Pat Horner, Bev Dalziel, Sheri Knutson, Dale Dubois, and myself worked hard to organize the week.

My first week at NDSD as High School Dorm Counselor was quite an experience!!!

There were 18 girls, I didn’t know any of them and couldn’t sign anything but No and Yes. The girls had a lot of fun with me the first few months...

Lynn Krueger - Do you remember the “Pomp and Circumstance” of graduation??

I could go on and on when I think of my days at NDSD. It was a time that I have always cherished. Both staff and students were instrumental in providing a very special place in my heart!!!

“My First Job”

By Ann Sandell (NDSB Graduate and Dorm Counselor)
Note: read another memory by Ann in the Student’s Section

Me, really? As a graduate of NDSB, I never thought of working as a dorm counselor here. Oh yes, I was a bit scared at my first week of work when I was told I’d have 20 intermediate girls under me. As time went by, I just “fell in love” working with them. They were precious.



“Memories”

By Sheri Knutson (Dorm Counselor)

During my first shifts as an NDSB Counselor I worked three different times of the day which meant that I walked to and from home six times a day.

Long years ago I counseled high school girls who stayed in the dorm on weekends except during holidays when they went home. The students had lots of walking to do with their feet to go uptown on Fridays and Saturdays no matter what kind of weather we were having: rain, snow, cold, and or wind.

The girls were also busy in the dorm and played outside after school and on weekends. When they went outside I had to watch and stand by them outside, too! There were many indoor and outdoor activities, proms, and organizations.

A good place for social time for the students was the Bulldog Parlor in the old Boys’ Dorm. I enjoyed this place, but now it is gone and I miss it.

There are so many memories that I have of the past. NDSB’s proud heritage has successfully touched the lives of many. This proud heritage is passing on to our daughter, who is presently a student at this honorable school. Hopefully she will continue to grow up here and graduate from NDSB just as her father Duane did. Truly this says a lot about success and “2nd heritages” that this fine school provides.



"Dormitory Life 1979"

By Jim Clark (Former Dorm Counselor and Director of Student Life)

Starting in 1979, I had the privilege of working at NDSD in a variety of jobs over a 15-year period. While I hold a lot of memories, I would like to focus on my first position as a high school boys' counselor.

At that time, there were over 100 students at NDSD. All of the boys were housed in a three-story dormitory, and the girls lived in the Administration Building dormitory. Few students went home on weekends, and the dorm only closed on major holidays like Christmas. My position was more like joining a family than a job, and I was blessed to be working with so many fine people. A more care group of people you could not find.

I shared responsibility for the high school boys with Mr. Kenneth Blackhurst, that respected Englishman so long a fixture at the school. Mr. Blackhurst had a great influence on the boys, encouraging them to read and play chess, his two biggest passions.

The middle school boys' counselor was Mr. Christ Dockter, who was one of the nicest people I've ever had the honor of meeting. I always picture Christ readying the kids' bikes for spring. Christ had a storeroom under one of the stairways that overflowed with bicycle parts, and he showed the same patience with the bikes that he did with the boys.

Mrs. Veronica Schiff looked after the elementary boys, and was the familiar dorm mother with the emphasis on "mother." Veronica even had me over for supper on occasion. Veronica was not the best signer, but she was a great communicator, and the boys knew exactly what she meant. It seemed that all of the boys in the dorm received needed things from Veronica, often with the help of her husband Frank, who made all sorts of things in his workshop.

The youngest boys stayed in the pre-school dorm in the Administration Building with Mrs. Polly Riffin looking after them. I remember Polly lining them up and handing them pennies when they would come over to the Bulldog Parlor in the Boys' Dorm basement to get some popcorn or candy for a snack before bedtime.

The Bulldog Parlor was a center of activity every night with the girls coming over for popcorn and treats, and of course to see the boys. With ping-pong, an air-hockey game, and TV, the BP was the place to be. The students decorated the BP for special parties and dances such as on Valentine's Day.

There was another lounge area on the second floor of the dorm with more TVs, ping-pong, and a pool table, and in one corner a TTY machine that was so big that it took up the whole corner. Stacked bookshelves lined every wall in the room, with one section for Mr. Blackhurst's chess books and electronic chess game.

The high school boys had rooms on all three floors of the dorm. Seniors had the big private rooms that could be found on the first two floors, close to the large rooms or wards. Veronica's boys were on the first floor, and Christ's middle school boys were in the large room on the second floor that must have had 25 beds.

I supervised 22 high school boys and it was a workout running through the dorm three flights of stairs on one end and three more on the other end as I did my head counts. That did not include checking the basketball courts behind the dorm, and the fire escapes on each end of the dorm. I am sure there were several times that I almost gave the custodian, Mr. Arvid Olson, a heart attack as I came dashing around a corner or up a staircase! But the boys did keep me on my toes!

I remember one of my first nights as I was conducting bed checks on the third floor, and as I approached the north end where the cubicles were, I could hear some noise that sounded familiar but I could not place it. Then, after opening the double doors to the cubicle section, I

recognized the music of Jimi Hendrix, the famous acid-rock guitar player. It was so loud I thought there must be a party going on, but I found everyone asleep even though the walls of the cubicles were paper thin and only six feet high. I found the stereo in Pete Cole's room, and was about to turn it down or off, when I realized it wasn't bothering anyone so I let it finish.

Some of the senior boys that year taught me basic signs, and I still owe thanks especially to Roger Fieckert and Rod Dokken. I still have Rod's picture which shows him standing next to his red Allis-Chalmers tractor, his pride and joy.

I hate to single out some of the boys because there are so many good memories, but a few do stand out. I remember basketball games against Julius Sayler and Darryl Coyle, who were always so frustrated that they couldn't beat me.

I remember Jimmy Linstaedt with his nose buried in an Archie comic book almost all of the time.

I can't forget the prank Jimmy Johnson pulled when he drove my Volkswagen Bug up the steps of the dorm. I did a better job of keeping my keys after that episode.

But the funniest thing involved Steve Peterson. Steve had a large room all to himself, and he knew the routine of bed checks, where we would open the door and look in the room to make sure everyone was accounted for, trying not to disturb them too much.

One night I sensed that something was not right in Steve's room, even though I could tell he was in the room and the lights were out. After checking twice, I decided to try it differently the third time, so instead of just opening the door and looking in, I stepped in before I closed the door. To my surprise and to Steve's surprise, there was Steve sitting in his bed with a pop and popcorn watching TV. Steve had wired the lights and the TV to go off when the door opened and broke the connection. Then, when the door was closed again, everything came back on. Further inspection showed that Steve had used a broom or a rake to pull the TV cable outside over to his window, and proceeded to help himself to free cable TV in his room. The look on Steve's face was priceless when the lights and TV came on to reveal me standing in his room, since he knew his scam was over. But then Steve Peterson is and always as an ingenious fellow...

I feel fortunate that I have met so many fine people at NDSD and in the Deaf community, and I can count them as friends. Besides my co-workers in the dorm, there was Mrs. Esther Frelich who mended clothes for all of the students; Mr. Henry Brenner and Mr. Dwight Rafferty, both legends at NDSD; Mr. Willie Hartl from the woodshop; even my neighbor Mark Hill, who lent me his ASL books.

I was also glad to have met Superintendent Allen Hayek, who became ill and only worked another year or so before his death. Mr. Hayek would pick me up at my house

Saturday mornings at 6:30 AM to have me clean out his stable since he was no longer able to do it. At the time, shoveling horse manure was not my idea of a good time, but I look back at it fondly now, and am glad I could do that for Mr. Hayek.

I am certain that I have omitted many names and memories, and I apologize for that. But while I may have omitted them, I have not forgotten them. Thank you all.



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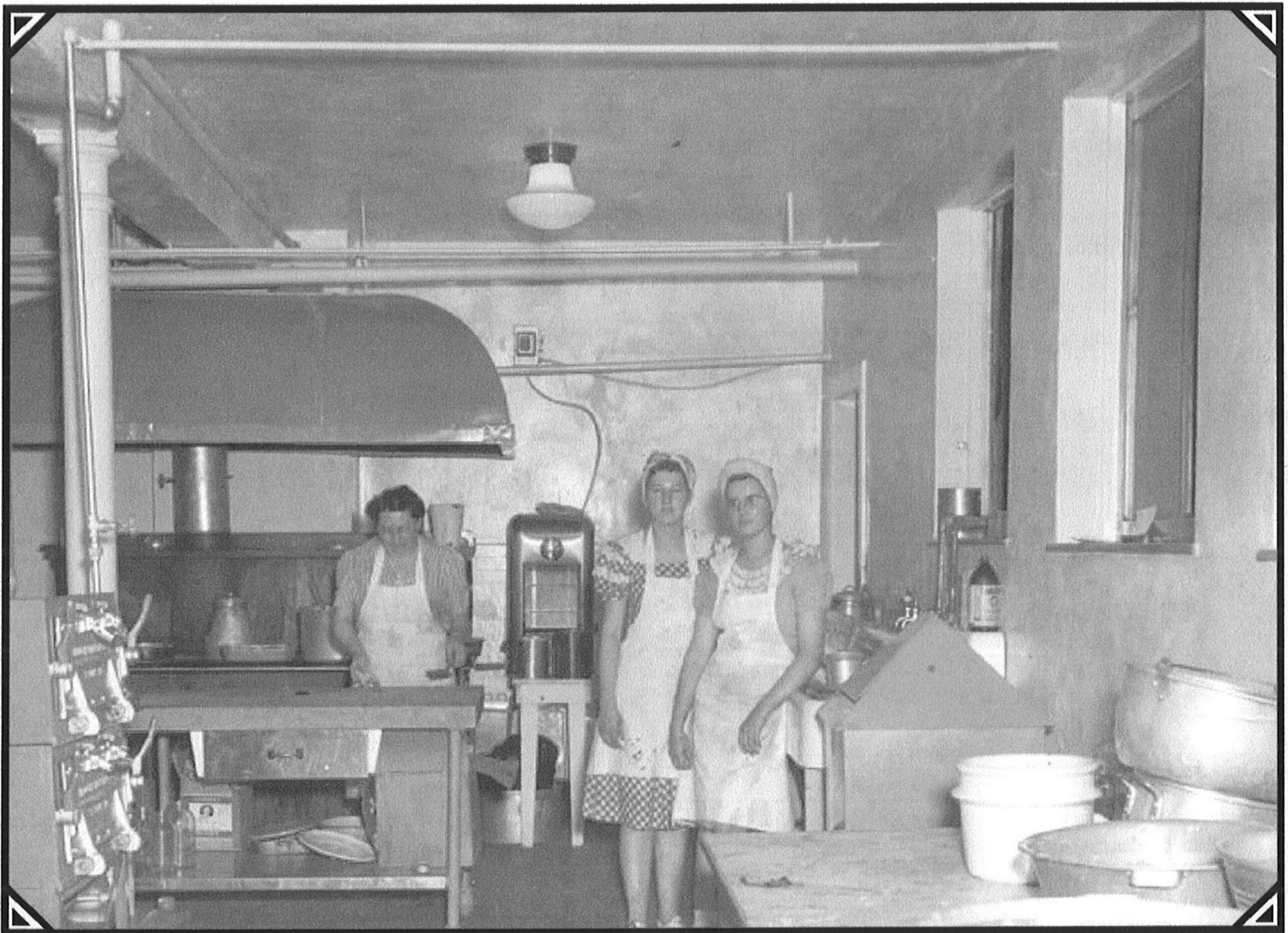


Girls' Dormitory



Boys' Dormitory

Memories of Food Service, Custodial and Housekeeping



The Old Kitchen

"Memories"

By Selma Gronaas (Retired Director of Food Services, Housekeeping, & Custodial)

I was Director of Food Services and Housekeeping from 1959 - 1973. I have many good memories of working with Superintendent Smith, Superintendent Hayek, Marjorie Bye and Ruth Elsberry.

After retiring, I lived in my home at McVile, ND until I moved to Nelson County Health System Care Center at McVile in 1999. I am now 97 years old.

Helen Crary and Helen Mahaney kept us well fed. They were wonderful cooks.

I will always treasure the afghan that Mrs. Smith made for me.

Supt. Smith always called me "Grandma Gronaas."



"An Afternoon With Selma Gronaas"

By Marjorie Bye (Retired Business Administrator)

Note: Selma is believed to be the oldest living retiree of the ND School for the Deaf. She now resides in the Nelson County Care Center in McVile, ND.

It had been many years since we had seen each other—this special lady and I. We had worked closely together at the North Dakota School for the Deaf for 14 years. This caring lady had always succeeded in making the school seem more like home to the kids and to the staff.

As my husband Duane, my niece Lesli and I entered the attractive care center in McVile, I began to wonder if my friend and I would recognize each other. Would we feel at ease sharing our fond memories from so long ago?

Loraine Larson, Mrs. Gronaas' daughter, met us in the spacious lobby. It was good to see her again. Seated at a table near the fireplace was a petite, nice looking elderly woman. There was no mistaking Selma Gronaas! She greeted us with the same soft smile, twinkle in her eyes and warm friendly manner I remembered. Time had changed her little.

We gathered around the table with Selma to look at a half dozen snapshots that had been taken at my retirement party in September, 1998. As we visited about the old timers,

she asked, "How is Mr. Blackhurst? He always had to have his tea! And Willie Hartl-he was the one who liked to have his oranges. Where are Henry Brenner and his wife now? How is Ruth Elsberry? Do you ever see Ruby Aardahl? What about Pastor Leonhardt?"

Later, I asked Selma if she remembered being called Grandma Gronaas at the school. She said, "Yes, I do remember. Superintendent Smith started that! One day my daughter and 5-year old granddaughter from McVille stopped at the school. They wanted me to go downtown with them. I was free to go and didn't need permission but my granddaughter insisted on seeing the Superintendent and asking if I could go. After that he always called me Grandma Gronaas."

"I really liked working at the school. I liked the kids and never had any problems with them. They were always good. And I enjoyed working with the dedicated staff".

"Those two Helens in the kitchen were so good (Helen Mahany and Helen Schrader Crary). Such good cooks and bakers. They liked to please the kids and everybody. I remember them frying donuts early in the morning, then taking a platter of fresh donuts to the basement for 10 o'clock coffee."

Selma asked me rather apologetically, "Do you remember I cried when I left the school?" I told her yes, I had thought about her retirement day many times.

"And I cried when Governor Link presented my certificate...on stage during graduation. I was 70 when I left the school in 1973."

I reminded her she told the Governor he would be her age some day! Loraine went to her mother's room and returned with a small framed picture of that cherished moment with Governor Link.

Then Selma asked, "Do you remember dropping the dinner plate on the dining room floor? We were picking out new dishes. You told us the dishes we liked best were not supposed to break. You dropped a large plate on that hard floor, and it didn't break! So we requisitioned those!"

Selma continued with her memories, "I was required to live at the school, so in the summer I was always glad when you girls worked in the office after hours. It was a bit spooky in the evenings when school was closed. I was the only one in the building. One night Mr. Blackhurst really scared me. He returned to the school after being gone all summer. It was late in the evening. I heard a lot of noise and when I looked out the window, there he was trying to call me."

"I drove home to McVille every weekend and holiday. It was about 60 miles each way. I usually left the school late Friday afternoon and returned Sunday afternoon or evening. On Fridays I would make sure everything was ready for the weekend. I would finish the weekend menus, get frozen meats and so forth out of the freezer, have the dining room girls clean the dining room. Then I'd start for home."

"One Christmas it was terribly icy. The other ladies living at the school stayed put but I was determined to get home. Some how I made it."

"One stormy Sunday afternoon I left McVille and got stormed in at Lakota. I got a room at the hotel. I left there at 4:30 a.m. and was able to get to Devils Lake and the school."

"I think there were fewer than 100 students and 50 staff members the years I worked there. We served about 120 meals at noon. The night staff ate their supper at midnight."

"When there was a special luncheon at the school, we brought the white tablecloths and napkins up from the basement to the dining room. Other days we always used the everyday tablecloths. They were red and white checkered or blue and white checkered with matching napkins."

"The kids liked to eat just about everything, except sauerkraut and deerburgers! They could tell whenever deerburger was mixed in the hamburger! Everything was made from scratch. Bread was made with the big mixer. Norman (Aardahl) would go to the Grafton State

School quite often for a truckload of fresh pork (by the carcass) or fresh vegetables (potatoes, carrots, onions, squash)."

"I remember the School Food Service Conventions. The last time I went to Fargo with a lady from Kloten School. We were supposed to dress alike. We bought material but never got it finished. I still have mine!"

"I'll never forget those wonderful Christmas programs! So many people came--the gym was packed. Phyllis Frelich's signing was beautiful. I remember the Frelich family well."

"I remember a sad thing - there was that pretty young deaf teacher who, very early one morning, started out in her new car. She was going to Arizona for the summer. She took her pet bird which she kept in a cage. Word came back just before lunchtime that she had died in Montana when her car left the road. We wondered if the bird had got out of its cage like it did in her room sometimes or if she fell asleep. We never heard."

"One spring day another lady living at the school and I had such a good time. We took lilacs from the shelterbelt on campus and arranged the flowers in gallon mayonnaise jars then we decorated the whole chapel (assembly room). The young teacher who was getting married in the chapel that day was so pleased when she saw our surprise. She had not expected to have flowers."

"One day I was getting ready to wash dishes and put my diamond ring in the back of the refrigerator. When I came to get it, it was gone! I reported my missing ring to Superintendent Smith. He came and searched everywhere and got down on his hands and knees to look under everything in the kitchen. He couldn't find my ring. Later that afternoon one of the young women who worked in the kitchen came to my room. She reached in the pocket of her blouse and said, 'Here's your ring'. Nothing like that ever happened again."

That afternoon at the McVile Care Center happened to be a special afternoon for the residents. Those over the age of 90 were being honored at an ice cream social. The names and ages were read in order: "Selma Gronaas will be 98 in October!"

What a special milestone!

Age was always a private matter for Selma, but while we visited over the delicious sundaes, she acknowledged that she is probably the oldest living retiree from NDSD.

Then she cheerfully joined us for snapshots.

All too soon it seemed, the afternoon had gone and it was indeed time to say goodbye. As Selma slowly wheeled her way across the lobby and toward her private room, she turned and waved good-bye.

What a special lady and friend! What a wonderful afternoon!

Congratulations and best wishes to Selma Gronaas! Still enjoying life, still contributing to others.

"Memories"

By Kathryn (Axtman) Hermann

Thanks for the invitation to the 110th-year celebration.

Back in the forties, jobs were hard to come by in Devils Lake. However, in my mid-twenties, I landed a job at the State School for the Deaf. It was a job where I got my room, board and \$38.00 a month. It was a great challenge to work there.

I met a lot of great students and teachers. I also learned sign language, which was a

pleasure to know. I enjoyed my work very much.

My sisters Lena, Christine, Mary and Theresa all worked at the school at one time or another.

I left Devils Lake in 1947, took a job in the Twin Cities, and have lived there ever since; but I go back to visit my family and friends frequently. God's blessing.

"Remembering the Early Years At NDSD"

By Mary Ann (Axtman) Senger (Retired Kitchen/Dining Room)

I worked at the ND School for the Deaf from 1937 to 1939. Back in the old days there was a farm on the school grounds. Cows had to be milked and gardens grown. Each fall there was a huge potato field that needed to be harvested and students from the school would have to help pick potatoes. There was a large patch of rhubarb which was picked too and used to make/bake desserts.

At that time, I worked in the dining room with the deaf girls, helping them clean tables and do dishes. I also worked in the officers' dining room. Along with dining room duties, I had to keep the floors clean. My boss in the kitchen was deaf and she could lip-read very well. She had a large quilt frame at the school and she used to make quilts. I would help her with the stitching.

While I worked at NDSD, I stayed in a dorm room in the basement of Old Main. There were rooms for all the staff who worked at the school. Since my room and board was provided, I thought I was making good money at \$37.50 a month. I enjoyed staying in the dorms. Evelyn Feland, a hard-of-hearing gal, worked with me. We became good friends and we would find different ways to entertain ourselves during our free time. On Sundays we would ride the bus or walk to church. When I got married in October, 1939, I wasn't allowed to work at the school anymore. In those days, the school wanted single people who could work and stay on campus so after I married, I lost my job.

In 1977, I came back to NDSD to work as a cook. My boss was Jim Achen (who recently passed away). I had to retire in 1981 because my husband was ill.

"Staff Live in Basement of Old Main"

By Lena (Axtman) Haugen (Retired Housekeeping)

The first time I worked at NDSD was from 1944 to 1947. I stayed in Old Main. In the early years, employees got free room and board; we even got our clothes washed. I earned about \$85.00 a month which I thought was good. At that time I worked in the kitchen which was down stairs in the basement of Old Main and also in the dining room which was upstairs. We would have to get up early in the morning to prepare breakfast (oatmeal, cream of wheat, cold cereal). We cooked/prepared the food in the basement then we would have to put the food on a dumb-waiter and push a button to send the food upstairs to the dining room. After people were finished eating, they would put all the dirty dishes and left-over food back on the dumb-waiter and send it back downstairs so we could clean up. When we finished cleaning up after meals, we'd have free time. Sometimes we would go up town until it was time to start preparing meals again.

NDSD had its own farming operation in the 1940's. There were two farmers, Christ Dockter and Melvin Peterson, who took care of the work. They had to milk cows and raise crops. One of the crops was potatoes. The deaf students had to help pick the potatoes and put them into a root cellar. The hill behind the power house is where the root cellar used to be located. There was a door to the outside and to get to the potatoes, you had to walk down the steps under the ground. The farm hands would bring the potatoes to the kitchen for us. In the kitchen, we had an electric potato peeler. We would throw the potatoes in a big machine and it would whip them around inside the machine until all the skins were off. Then all we'd have to do is take off the eyes. I had to help prepare all the vegetables that were used for the meals. There were only three of us in the kitchen and we cooked for more than 100 students, staff and employees. Ann Felander was the baker and she made the best pies-they were out of this world!

I remember one time there was a visiting pastor eating dinner in the dining room. During the meal, someone said something funny and he laughed so hard his false teeth fell into the gravy bowl!

Because my sister and I shared a dorm room we got the biggest bedroom. There was no TV so at night, the other girls would come to our room to visit and listen to the radio. Often times we would listen to music and teach each other how to dance. We had fun in those days.

In the spring of 1947, I went home to help my folks on the farm and in 1948 I got married. I didn't go back to NDSD after that because only single employees were allowed to work and stay in the dorms.

"Cooking at NDSD, 1951-1977"

By Ruby Aardahl (Retired Cook)

On July 1st, 1951, I started working as a cook at NDSD. My husband Norman didn't have a job and shortly after I started working there, he was hired to work in the Power House. I had to come to work at 5:00 AM and start the fire in the cook stove-that's what we heated and cooked with. The stoves and the oven used wood and coal. In the fall of 1951, a new gas stove was purchased and it is still the same stove being used to this day. At that time there was a dairy farm. Christ Dockter had to milk the cows. The milk was exchanged for pasturized milk for the meals. Mr. Zimmers took care of a garden and when it was ready in the fall, we would take care of the vegetables and get ready them ready for freezing. I cooked for all of the help and those who worked outside plus all the teachers and staff. We had 120 children so altogether we fed about 160 people.

The original kitchen was in the basement of Old Main and the dining room was upstairs. We had a dumb-waiter to send the food up to the dining room. It was a lot of work to send all the food up/down the dumb-waiter.

When I worked, I had a split-shift. We finished dinner about 2:00 and then I'd go home. I'd come back by 4:00 to start supper. Even when school was closed for summer vacation, I cooked because all the workers ate at school all year long. After school started in the fall, I didn't have any weekends off because I needed to make meals during weekends too.

As a cook, one of my hardest jobs was cutting up chicken. They came whole so it was hard work to cut-up and prepare chicken for that many people. When the baker wasn't there on weekends, I did baking too. We would bake bread every single day! We mixed up enough

dough to make 20 loaves. We never bought bread, it was all homemade. The bread that was left at the end of the day was used next morning for toast. Everyone loved donuts so we would make lots of donuts. We needed to make and deep-fry 300 donuts every week, without fail. Once a week, on Wednesdays, donuts for dessert. Even though I've been retired for many years, I still make lots of donuts. Just this morning I made eleven dozen! People order them from me because they like them. It must have been all that practice I had while working at the school.



I never minded cooking and baking; that was my life. Even as a girl, my mom had me do the cooking and baking at home. I really enjoyed working at NDSD. I always had good help in the kitchen and the girls in the dining room were real nice to work with too. Mrs. Selma Gronaas, who was the matron, was very nice.

Norman loved working at the school too. He hated to retire when he was 65. He wanted to continue working at NDSD - it was his life.

“Chatting with Chet”

By Lilia Bakken

(Chet Logan, Retired School Janitor)

One of my favorite people at school during my early years at NDSD was Chet Logan. He worked as the school janitor from 1969 to 1981. He ‘took me under his wing’ when I was new to Devils Lake and I thought he was the kindest man I had ever met. I wondered if Chet recalled any memorable moments from his days at NDSD so I decided to call the Logan home to see if I could stop by for a visit. Chet’s wife, Elaine, answered the phone and when I made my request, she warned me that Chet couldn’t hear very well anymore but to “please stop over”.

As I entered their apartment, I saw Chet standing by the sink busy dicing fresh rhubarb. A orthopedic walker was parked near by. He was happy to see me and we sat around the kitchen table to chat.

Chet told me he had recently had a series of small strokes and couldn’t remember as well as he used to. When I asked if he could remember how long he had worked at NDSD, he thought for a moment then pulled a pocket knife from his trouser pocket. “I got this as a gift when I retired, it has the dates when I started and when I retired, 10/69 to 2/81.” I was surprised he had the knife handy - he told me he carried the knife in his pocket every single day!

One of my memories of Chet is that he had been an amazing gardener-I truly believe he had a green thumb. He remembered back to the days when he took care of two huge gardens. His specialty was water melons. Everyone used to rave about how sweet and tasty they were. Each fall he would load up the back end of his pickup and bring watermelons to the school. By the end of the day, the pickup box was empty. Chet felt disappointed that he was

no longer healthy enough to take care for huge gardens. "Now I only have a small garden. I grow a few carrots, radishes, tomatoes, peppers, squash, cucumbers raspberries and strawberries". I teased him and said it didn't sound like a very small garden to me. "My older brother, John, and I take care of it together. I get a little antzy with him because I don't think he goes out there as often as he should. The weeds start to take over". Elaine and I laughed. Imagine an 83 year old "getting antzy" with his older brother because he didn't do enough weeding. I asked him how he was able to get along in the garden with a walker and he said, "I use my hoe as a cane. So does John". Now that's determination! I hope I'm still that ambitious when I'm their age!

After thinking for a moment, Chet said, "I remember I used to have quite an audience." I asked him what he meant by that and he said, "If a light bulb burnt out in the gym during a basketball game, the coaches would ask me to change it during half-time. I'd have to get this real tall step ladder and climb to the top to change the bulb. One time they sent a couple of young fellows to help me. One of the guys volunteered to climb up and change the bulb for me. He got about half-way up and started to turn white. He got scared so I said 'You get down outta there and I'll change the bulb.'" I remembered back and Chet was right-when a light bulb needed changing during a basketball game, it always was good half-time entertainment!

I noticed hanging on the diningroom wall, a framed print of the Lord's Prayer. The print showed the prayer done in sign language using the manual alphabet. I commented on the picture and Chet told me he had received it as a gift upon his retirement from NDS and "we've had it hanging there ever since."

Chet touched many lives during his years at the school and remains a "happy memory" for staff and students who knew him at NDS.

"The Story Of My Years At The School For The Deaf"

By Doris Eckes (1976 - 1993, Retired Cook & Night Supervisor)

When my children were all in school, I decided I wanted something to do so I applied to work at the School for the Deaf.

As a night supervisor in the girls' dorm on Friday and Saturday nights, I worked from 11 PM until 7 AM. I made rounds at all the checkpoints during the night. If one of the girls got sick, then I would have to call the nurse. If the child was seriously ill, then the nurse would come to the dorm. I also made supper in the kitchen for the boys' night watchman and the Power House Man, they'd eat at midnight. I did this for a year. The last few months someone was needed to help out in the dining room, so I worked Monday through Thursday in the dining room. Friday and Saturday I worked as a night watchman which I did for a year and then decided it was enough "night life." There was a job opening in the dining room and kitchen so I applied and got that job.

As the year went by there were four of us who worked in the kitchen. We rotated duties as baker, cook and dining room worker. I liked working with the girls and boys. They helped at night in the dining room and with the dishes.

It was just like one big family at the School for the Deaf. I enjoyed all of my 17 years there. Now, I am enjoying my grandchildren.



"Memories"

By Florence Kringstad (Kitchen Worker - Retired)

I cannot recall any one special memory while employed at NDSD. I know it was a very rewarding job and time of my life. The children were all so special to me, and brought me many happy days.

I feel proud to have worked there.

"Memories"

By Genevieve Kaiser (Retired Baker - Dining Room)

I have lots of memories of NDSD. Surviving my first week of work! I loved the basketball games - watching Henry Brenner and his boys! When the swimming pool was built, I enjoyed that. I made lots of good friends at NDSD, and really enjoyed the students.

"Memories"

By Stella Weimer (Housekeeping)

While working at NDSD, I did different jobs. I cleaned Superintendent Hayek's home one afternoon a week and did sewing (repairing and patching clothes) one morning a week. If a Housemother wasn't there I would take her place. I was also on night watch one or two nights a week.

While I was there, a new home was built for the Superintendent. They were anxious to move in and I helped Mrs. Hayek move dishes from the old home to the new one. They had a daughter, Sally Beth. She was taking piano lessons and would practice while I worked. The time went fast.

One Sunday I stayed in the dorm with the little boys. It rained and a couple of the boys went out in the fields west of the dorm. They came back all excited and put a frog in a drawer. I told Blackhurst about it and they were asked to let it go again.

One night when I was taking care of the girls they all got the stomach flu. I had quite a night and before morning I was sick, too.

My Aunt Bertha Onerhum was a Housemother for many years. Ottine Sather, my son-in-law's mother, also worked as a Housemother for a few years.

"Fond Memories"

By Gen Nelson (Retired Kitchen Worker)

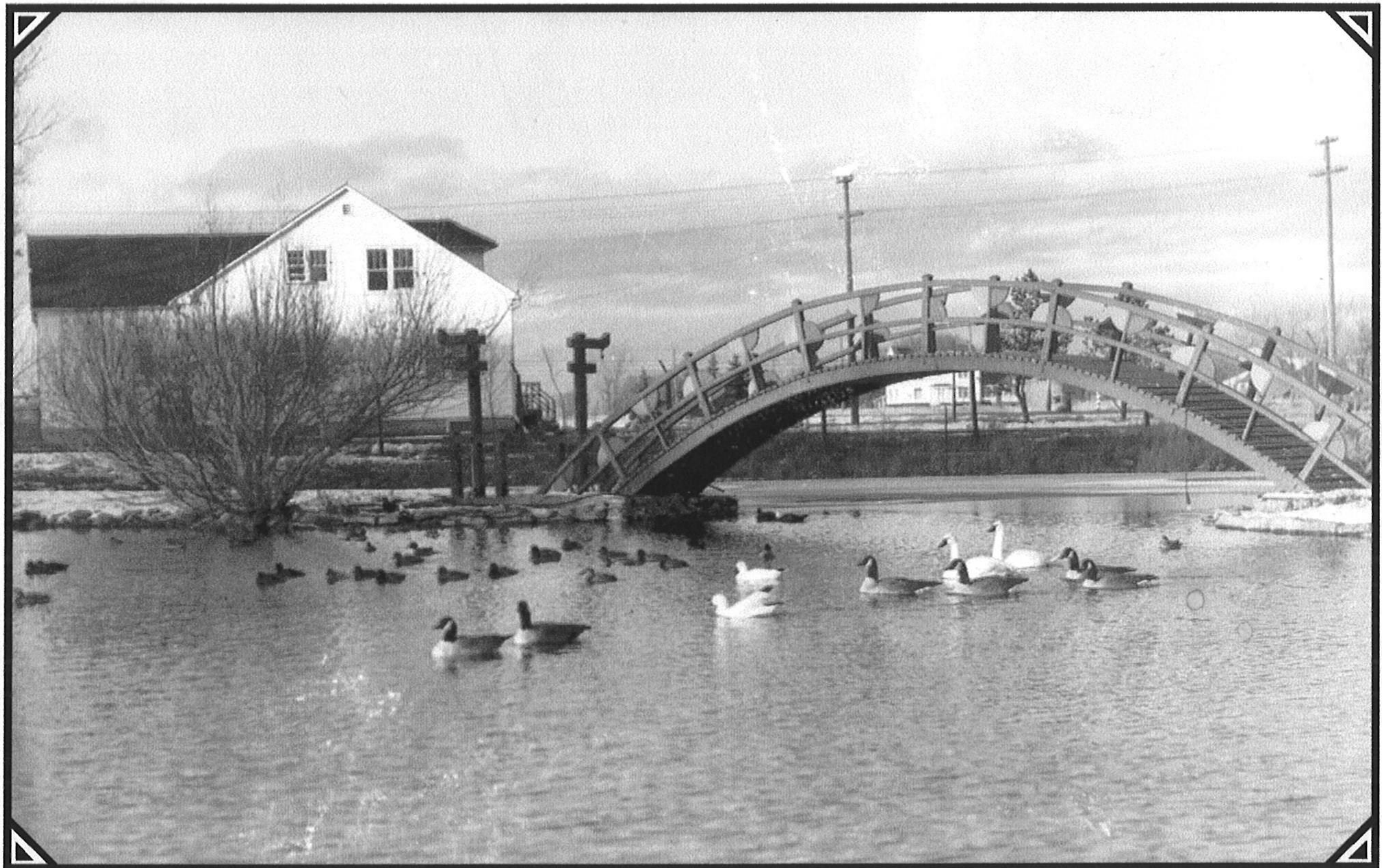
I loved my job working at the School for the Deaf. I've been retired for several years and I still miss the kids. I enjoyed the assembly programs they put on and I still attend the programs when I can.

I loved my work because I loved the people I worked with, they were so good!

Thanks to Marje Bye who first told me about the job opening. I am so thankful to have worked there for 15 years.



Memories of Animal Life



The Pond at NDSD

“Animal Stories”

By Lilia Bakken

There are numerous interesting or funny stories about animals at NDSD. I noticed that several of the memories submitted were of the ‘woman screaming for help’ which turned out to be the peacocks’ wake-up call. I laugh each time I hear about the ‘screams for help’ because I had the same experience happen to me.

I’ll never forget the time Nicci Henke thought a recently hatched chick had died so she tossed it in the garbage. Later, it miraculously ‘came back to life’ and chirped loudly for help. A worried staff member hurried the chick to the vet for medical assistance.

Below are several memorable moments involving ‘critters’ at NDSD.

“Landing to Safety”

One spring afternoon, as I was standing outside near the library, I noticed something fall on the ground in front of me. As I looked to see what it was, another fell at my feet—baby ducks—loudly chirping tiny balls of fluff. I looked up to see several ducklings standing on the roof of the library. A mother duck had nested and hatched her eggs there. Then she had coaxed her tiny babies to the edge of the roof and was gently nudging them off. As they landed on the ground, some fell on their backs, chirping loudly as they tried to stand themselves upright.

Just then, John Hughey walked by so I called to him for help. We tried to catch the remaining baby ducks as they tumbled off of the roof. After the commotion passed, all nine ducklings had arrived safely on the ground. The mother duck flew down to join her babies and they were herded to their new home on the pond.



“New NDSD Residents - A Bunch of Turkeys”

During the fall of 1999, three wild turkeys took up residence on the campus of NDSD. At night they would roost in the trees near the vocational building. In the morning, they would fly down from the treetops and search for food. Sometimes soft-hearted staff or students would toss them dried bread to eat. Everyone had to be careful while walking past the trees where the turkeys roosted because their droppings covered the lawn and sidewalk below.

As winter set in, U.S. Fish and Wildlife officers captured the turkeys and set them free in a wooded area away from town. I hope they survived the winter.

“The Last Time I Ever Used the Old Tunnel”

I use the school van regularly to transport students back and forth between schools. The campus tunnels are handy to use on chilly days. I am able to walk from my office through the tunnels, all the way to the garage without having to go outside. However, to get to the garage, one must walk through an older, musty smelling part of the tunnel that does not have good lighting in the basement/cellar of the old Infirmary building.

On one particular day, I was in that old smelly section when I arrived at the door that opens to the steps that lead up to the garage. As I opened the door, I felt something hit my head as it fell from above. I brushed my hair with my hand, wondering what had fallen. I looked on the floor and there, lying near my feet, was a baby garter snake! Somehow it had found its way to the ceiling or door ledge above. Needless to say, I stopped using the tunnel to get to the garage after that incident.

“Skunk Visits NDSD”

One fall afternoon, a wayward skunk found its way to NDSD. It nudged itself into a corner near the glassed wall by the library and refused to move. Staff and students walking through the hall could look outside and directly down at the skunk that was huddled outside.

The police department was called and we were very entertained as we watched from the window while the officers tried to lure the skunk into a cage.

“Last Frog Race at NDSD”

During my early years at NDSD, I and another staff member volunteered to be den mothers for eight young deaf boys who wanted to join a cub-scout troop. Always in search of entertaining activities, we thought it would be fun to have a frog-jumping contest. We walked our troop of scouts to the grove of trees west of the school and had them search until each of them had found a frog to call ‘his own.’ Each boy gently held his frog until the race was ready to start.

I drew a starting line with white chalk onto the paved road in front of the Business Office. Several feet away, I drew a finish line. We had the boys place their frogs on the starting-line and warned them to keep close watch on their frogs so that their particular one wouldn’t get mixed up with one of the other boys’ frogs.

When all of the boys and their frogs were ready, I yelled “Go!” The boys let go of their frogs and they all began jumping in different directions. In their anticipation to see which frog would win, the boys began pushing and shoving each other out of the way. One boy accidentally pushed another boy too hard and he stepped on top of one of the frogs, killing it instantly. All of the boys stopped their pushing and stared, eyes wide and mouths open. One boy started to cry. That is the last time we ever had frog races at NDSD.

“Duck and Dog Become Buddies”

Many Devils Lake residents love to visit the pond at NDSD. They bring dried bread and vegetables to feed the animals inside the pond fence. Residents know that NDSD is a safe haven for animals.

One time, John Hughey found two newly-hatched yellow ducklings inside the fence who had apparently been abandoned by their mother. Because they were very young, they couldn't be left to fend for themselves. He gave them to Renae Bitner, a true animal lover, to take home and raise until they were able to care for themselves. Unfortunately, one was too weak and died a few days later.

Many weeks later, I stopped at Renae's house to visit. Her huge German Shepherd, Rex, was lying on the floor of their garage and on top of him, lay the duckling now a fully grown beautiful white duck. I couldn't believe my eyes! Renae told me that the dog and the duck had become best friends! Each day, when Renae walked to get her mail at the end of the road, the dog would follow next to her while the duck waddled behind the dog!

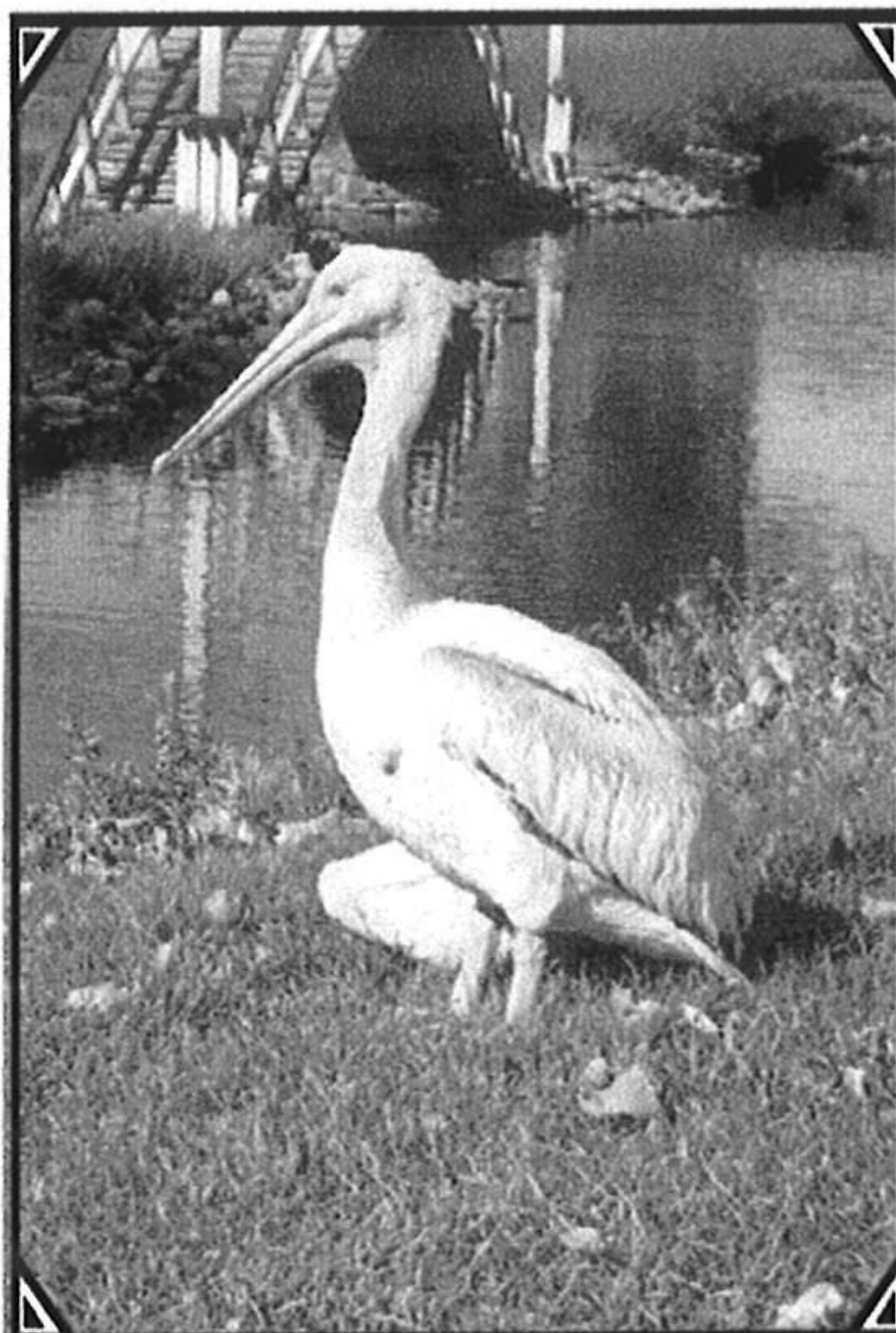
When fall arrived, Renae returned the duck to NDSD so that during the coming cold winter months, it could live in the red barn with the other ducks. Spring eventually arrived and the ducks were returned to the pond.

"Noah and the Butterfly"

There is a new little boy in the preschool program at NDSD. His name is Noah and he is only three years old. Noah's teacher decided to teach her preschool students a lesson about butterflies. Attached to a branch inside of a butterfly cage, was a very large cocoon. Each day the students checked the cocoon to see if it had opened. Finally, a very large and very beautiful butterfly appeared from the cocoon. Wings unfolded, it sat on its branch every day without moving.

Across from Noah's classroom, is the speech room where he received speech instruction. The speech teacher has her students talk into a microphone attached to a computer. When speech sounds are produced correctly, students are reinforced visually by seeing pictures move on the computer screen. As Noah practiced his "bah" sound correctly, an on-screen butterfly opened and closed its wings. "Bah, bah, bah" - open/close, open/close, open/close.

After speech class, Noah went back to the preschool classroom, marched up to the butterfly cage, looked at the unmoving butterfly perched on the twig and said, "Bah, bah, bah." The butterfly sat silently without moving. Not giving up, Noah tried a bit louder, "Bah, bah, bah." Still no response. Unfortunately, the beautiful butterfly was uninspired by Noah's attempts at speech instruction.



“Goat ‘Keels’ Over During Routine Maintenance”

By Renae Bitner (Current Administrative Interpreter)

One summer a few years ago, Wendy Sink (former high school science teacher/interpreter) was working for John Hughey and the Physical Plant Department doing summer maintenance of the buildings and grounds.

One evening, she entered the north shelterbelt, with a rake in hand, to remove leaves and debris and to scrape the scum out of the watering trough that was used by the goats and sheep. As she took the first swipe in the trough with the rake, a horrible screeching sound could be heard, along with a pathetic bleat from one of the goats.

She turned around and noticed that one of the goats had fallen down on the ground and was laying flat on its side with all four stiff legs sticking straight out from its body. Wendy remembered thinking, “My goodness, I’ve killed one of the goats! It must have had a heart attack!” Just as she left the pen to report this to John so the goat could be buried, the goat stood up, shook its head, bleated, took several steps and began eating.

Wendy couldn’t believe her eyes! The goat had been resurrected! She ran to tell John about this since it hardly seemed possible. When she explained to John what had happened, he laughed and told her, “Those are *fainting* goats! When something scares them, they faint and fall down momentarily, and then get up again.”

Needless to say, Wendy was relieved that she hadn’t accidentally *killed* a goat!

In the spring of 1998, (if I remember correctly), Wendy Sink, Lynette Sagstuen and I took several high school students to the Academic Bowl competition which was held at the Iowa School for the Deaf and included seven teams from the Midwest Schools for the Deaf.

While Wendy and I registered the team and attended an advisory meeting, Lynette chaperoned the kids and helped them get settled into the dorms.

Our meeting ended later than expected and when we returned to the dorm, Sarah Morley was no where to be found! Lynette said Sarah had asked to go to a different building to get a snack or soda and hadn’t returned. We began looking for her, searching the area surrounding the dorms and dining room.

Finally we found her, in the school van, holding a tiny calico kitten that she’d found. She wanted to know if we (the team) could keep it and bring it back to NDSD when we left in a few days. Wendy said, “Absolutely not,” but because calico cats are dear to her, we could see that she didn’t really mean it.

We discussed the logistics of getting the kitten back to NDSD without Curtis having an allergic reaction. After much debate, it was decided that if Curtis sat in the front passenger seat of the van, and the kitten was placed in a box in the rear of the van, that the two would never be near each other and everything would be fine. But, were we to do with the kitten in the meantime, over the next several days?

While I held the kitten and kept it warm in the van (for about an hour and a half), Wendy, Laura Sagstuen, Sarah, and Stephanie Renner looked for a box and tried to find some milk or food to feed the kitten.

In the meantime, I spotted a light on in the Power House and found a very nice maintenance man who was also a lover of cats - (oh, happy day!) He offered to keep the kitten for us for the next several days until we left. By this time, the others found my note in the van and came to the Power House to see what was going on. The maintenance man found a small syringe to feed the kitten orally (the kitten was very small and not very old), and when we left to return to the dorm, he was holding the kitten and talking to it while he fed it some warm milk.

The next day, the girls went to check on the kitten during a break in the competition and discovered that it was gone! They came back to tell us about this and were obviously upset. We scouted around and found the same maintenance man and he told us that a girl had come in to get the kitten and had left the Power House with it in her hand. From his description of the girl, we figured out that it was a member of the team from the Missouri School for the Deaf - she'd evidently "overheard" us talking about it in the dorm. The girls went to go ask her what she'd done with the kitten and she explained that she'd seen what looked like a mother cat walking around looking for something (probably the kitten). She'd got the kitten from the Power House and put it under a bush where she'd last seen the "mother" cat. The girls went to see if it was still under the bush but it was already gone.

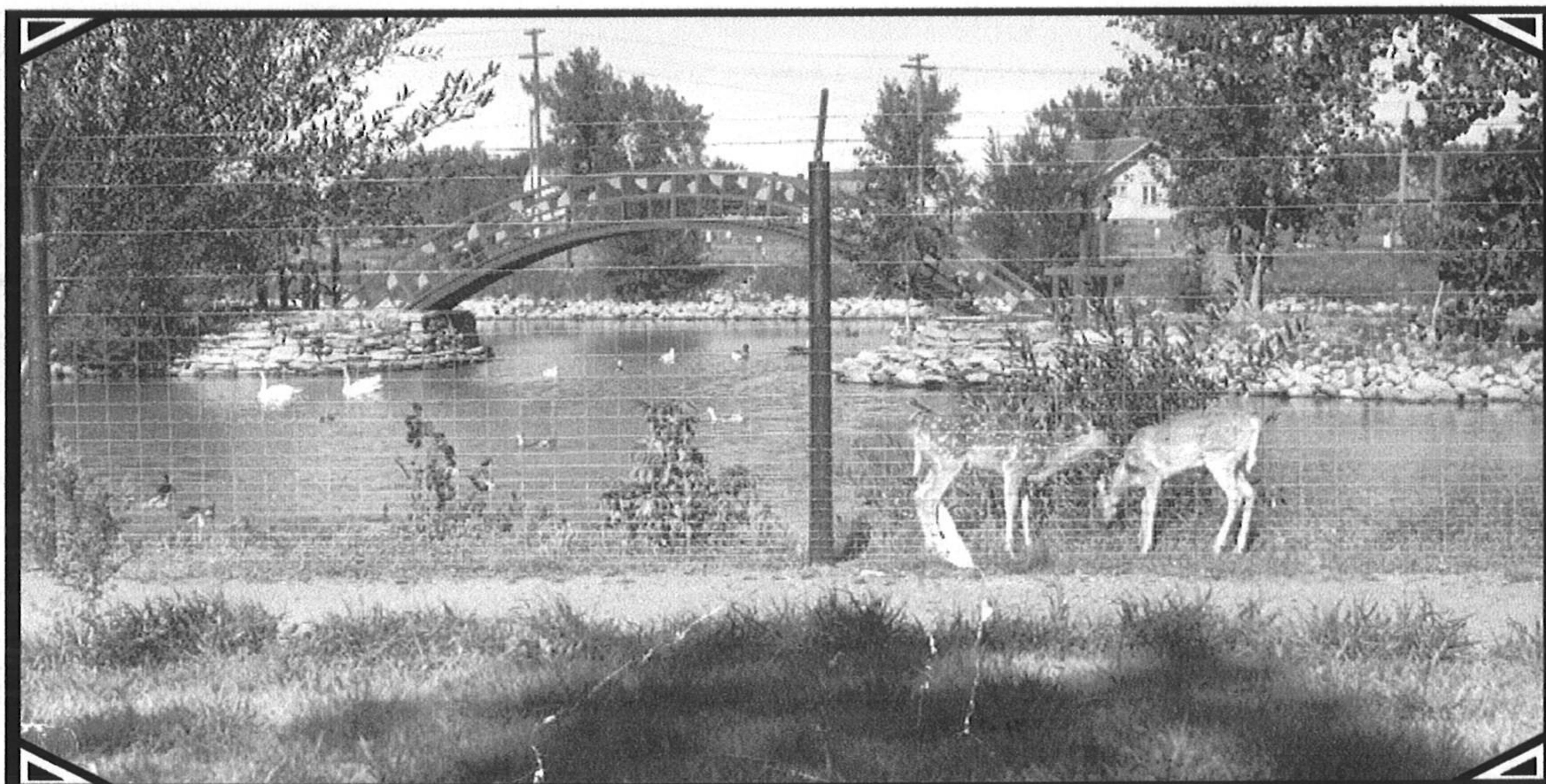
We were all very disappointed that we didn't get to bring the kitten home for Wendy to take care of, but I am sure that Curtis was happy that he didn't have to ride all the way home sick with allergies!

"A Good Question"

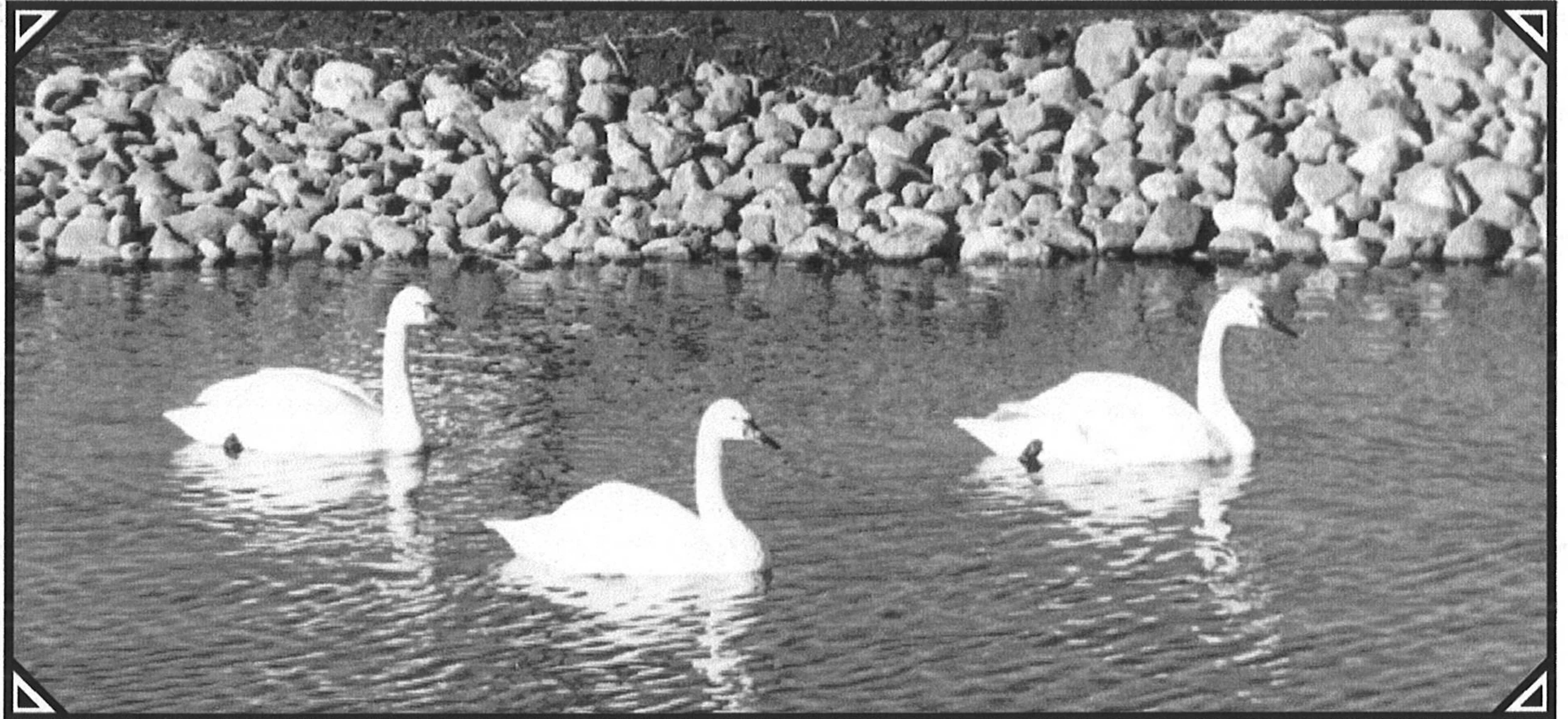
By Sheila Cofer (Mother of Holly (Cofer) Ferguson and Former Librarian)

As the Librarian at NDSD in the late 1980s, I was lucky enough to give a tour to a group of young Devils Lake elementary students. The grand finale was at the pond.

All of the children were, of course, thrilled with the animals; but one little boy gave me a story to remember. He tapped me on the arm and asked, "And all of the animals are deaf too, right?"



Pond at NDSD



*Thanks for
the Memories!*