

Four Glorious Years



1962—1966

by Judy Wells Gartman

DR. MARTIN LUTHER COLLEGE • NEW ULM, MN

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When my mother passed away in 2008, my brother, sister and I had the task of going through everything she had saved over her 90 years. In so doing, a treasure trove of letters I had written to my parents and siblings was discovered and returned to me. Never had I dreamed that letters I had written from DMLC, starting September 4, 1962 and continuing to May 31, 1966, would be held in my hands many, many years later. (Unfortunately, there were only six letters from 1966, compared to many more from the first three years, but they are important, too.)

While in a phone conversation with Betty Lenius Mumme and Elaine Plath Sievert in early summer of 2020, I happened to mention this collection of letters that my mom had saved and how fun and interesting it was to read them. Almost immediately, they exclaimed, "Judy, you should write a book!" Now, just the thought of such a project filled me with dread. When Betty followed up a few days later by encouraging me to write this for our 55th reunion in 2021, I finally began to consider it. And so eventually the work of rereading and selecting began. Betty Mumme and Tish Murray Grabitske offered to read the first draft (and second and third drafts), and they have been an immense help to me throughout this endeavor.

So now you know why YOU have this booklet. May I say that it comes with my heartfelt desire that the word-for-word accounts written long ago about four glorious years at DMLC will bring back memories to you, too, that will be a blessing. Comments added from today's perspective are, for the most part, included in parentheses and written in italics.

From my first letter dated Sept 4, 1962: Good morning from a brand new student at DMLC! Just finished breakfast of pancakes, roll, juice & milk, and have until 9 to clean room & write to you. At that time (9) we must begin a day of testing..... Now for last night: At 7:30 p.m. we 105 Freshmen assembled for the first time together in the Chapel for an address by President Schweppe, introductions of three class advisors; then were split into three groups (not permanent) and went to three different rooms in turn: English room for talk on student newspapers and annuals: guess what – their subscription fee was covered in expenses so I don't have to buy them. History room for talk on use of library, and finally a tour of new Music Center. This was followed by cake, cookies, & milk in dining room. About five of us girls sat around & talked for an hour....

Sept 5, 1962: Last night we had another orientation session: met the Dean who gave us a serious talk on behavior and citizenship. Learned about grade averages & report cards.

*About the enclosed permits: Please sign each one, Mom or Dad, on the line where it says "Signature of Parents" so I may either go home with someone if the occasion arises and so I may ride with Gay (*Gaylord – my husband since 1966*) when he comes up.*

Am anxious to get started with music lessons; the organ in the Chapel is simply magnificent. Heard it this morn for first time in our opening session. They open the door to the gym & there is a whole room of more seats so there's room for everyone. The Seniors look so grown-up. We sang three songs, had a welcome address by Pres. Schweppe & installation of new faculty.

Tonight (& every Wednesday) is dress-up night for supper. Heels & earrings for girls – I think it's a bother.

Sept 9: St. Paul's Church is so big and rather different. So very comforting though to sit & worship with good friends. After church service, we five, Betty, Elaine, Tish, Wanda and I visited their parochial school which houses 415 students. Largest in our Synod. Our practice-teaching school. Such a welcome shock to find the most up-to-date elementary school I've seen. Some rooms have TV, stereo record-players, and talk phones between classrooms. All have plants, beautiful bulletin boards, & pictures of Jesus. The building itself is not new & some equipment is old. But teaching apparatus is most adequate.

This aft we went hiking to Way of the Cross – a Catholic shrine in a woods. Statues showing Jesus' suffering line a paved path leading to a tiny church. It started drizzling harder so we took a short-cut up hill & down dale back to school. Really fun though we were wet & muddy.

The rest of the afternoon I worked on Math & English. My math is really crazy --- Prof. Oldfield goes so fast in his lectures that I can hardly catch it. Have been working with Greek, Roman & Hindu number systems and we're going to pretend in our next class that our number principles are changed – to show how math developed & why we do what we do,

We're getting some old History & Geography tests from Sophomores so we know a bit of what to study. Their ways of teaching and learning are so different: it's all up to you, the student, and you'd better get it (understand) or you are lost.

Our Intro to Music course is wonderful – a complete listening course. Stereo speakers in the wall play music which Prof. Backer explains or else he plays the piano, perfectly. We have to go to Choir room 4 noon hours and 2 night periods a week to listen to taped recordings, if we want to. Guess I'd better, tests are all listening and the music, classical, is beautiful.

Last night Betty & I studied in the Tower Room – middle of dormitory 3rd floor – until 11:30. Before going down we opened the door unto the roof & looked at the city lights. Hermann the German is a shining white statue at night – looks mysterious & scary. A church steeple is all gold and the water tower has red lights – just breathtaking. The scenery is beautiful everywhere and this campus is really located in a swell place. *(Present-day comment: Betty told me that several years ago Hermann was taken down for some restoration. In so doing, some 80 bullet holes were discovered!)*

Sept 18: Hi again! I just came back from the Administration Building, in the room where we have our big gatherings. Tonight we listened to candidates for Student Council give their speeches. Some were so funny that we were in stitches. One girl who is running for treasurer gave a real hilarious speech, then went off stage, and came back dressed in real money. She was carrying a stuffed dog to remind us of what she had done for us in Chapel one morning. A **live** dog had run through the open door & up the steps, and on stage while a teacher was preaching. This girl had gone up & caught the dog – wish you could have seen it!

Money situation is this: Have \$7.30 left. Bought drapes for \$4.99, notebooks, about \$3.00, DMLC sweatshirt – \$2.98, stamps – \$1.00 (*the stamps on these letters were 4 cents*), stationery, aspirins & cough drops. To buy in immediate future: \$3.50 organ book tomorrow & \$1.25 student union ticket.

For Phys-Ed we're wearing shorts & white blouses, don't think we'll have to get new gym suits.

Last night I was nearly at the end of my rope: so tired I couldn't see the printed page and yet I had to scratch out a theme for English. If you don't like to work, don't come here! Down to 100 Freshmen now at least.

Oct. 20, letter to my sister, Jan: Rosie (*my roommate, Rosie Kionka*) and I are presently listening to such albums as Breakfast at Tiffany's, Flower Drum Song, West Side Story, Blue Hawaii, South Pacific, Sanctus & others. Care to join us?

(*A comment on Prof. Hartwig after I'd had a consultation with him re term paper outline*) "He's so intelligent this will astound you: he remembered from talking to me the second day of school that I came from a public school in Wisconsin. He's easily the most brilliant man alive everyone thinks and he nearly terrifies me -- yet I like him best of all the teachers I've ever had: can you figure that out?"

Feel like I got thru a crisis this wk. I went to bed one night and cried and cried and was determined to leave here & never come back. The next morning I was still determined, didn't really listen in Chapel, but then went to Religion class where HE told me again why I am here. Without Him I'll never get through here -- I believe this must be the toughest school in existence, next to Northwestern and Seminary. Your future brother-in-law is studying so hard that he's making very top grades in Greek and English. I'm so proud of him I could burst!

Nov 14: (More on Prof. Hartwig) In History we were given a map of Greece and surrounding islands to have learned two weeks from tomorrow for our big test. Only the dots are on the map with numbers attached. We have to check in atlases (and other older students' maps) for names. Two days before the test he will post his own copy with the names to help us. This time it's ridiculous: there are 82 cities, mountains and islands of which we must know the names and correct spelling for the test wherein we will be given an empty map -- he'll read a number and we have to fill it in. 82 stupid names! For that test we also have to read two books & know notes from five lectures.

Yesterday aft. Elaine, Tish and I practiced our term papers, we have to read them aloud in class, and then we each washed our quota of two storm windows apiece outside. Weather is perfectly lovely. Which reminds me – our room is on to take care of sweeping our hall this week, and I have to wash a window at the end of it before the men put the storms up. (*Weekly dorm duties were posted.*)

Nov 25: (from another letter to my sister): Stamps go up to a nickel in January, so money for stamps (for Christmas) would be the best present you could give me. Tomorrow night we play our first college basketball game here – we have to go a little while to cheer the team and our friend and cheerleader, Elaine, on to victory.

On December 12, 1962, my dear friend Tish wrote to my parents! She wrote letters in English class and I had jokingly suggested she write to my folks. Well, she did! Here is her letter in its entirety:

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Wells,

I just thought I would drop you a line to let you know what is going on here at dear old DMLC. Judy, just as the rest of us, has been kept very busy in preparation for Christmas. I am writing this in English class, taking notes and writing letters.

It seems that every time we turn around there is another extra choir rehearsal scheduled. The Christmas concert is fast approaching and it seems as though we will never be prepared in time. Tonight our choir is singing for both German and English Advent services at St. Paul's.

The profs are all laying the work on thick and fast so we can finish the present unit in each class before vacation.

Decorations on campus are nearly complete. Judy and I are on the committee which is decorating the entrance. There will be two seven-foot angels blowing on golden trumpets with a large scroll between them on which will be lettered the theme, "Proclaim Messiah's Day." In front of the Ad building will be the manger scene with the shepherds and their flocks. Across the way, on Centennial's circle, The Three Wisemen on camel back make their way toward the stable. On top of the Music Center is a large lighted cross which can be seen from town.

Inside the Administration Building the II Norms have gone all out on decorations. On the walls are scrolls – each is the first line of a Christmas hymn. The staves are done in gold, the notes and wording in black. The first letter of each line is done very fancily with illuminated paint. On one end of the hall is a choir loft complete with organ (miniature cardboard type) and on the other end is a caroling scene, with candles and fir trees and snow.

The chapel, done by III Norms, is very abstract and done in blues, greens, reds, yellows, and oranges. The background gives a church-window effect. In front of this are angels, the earth and a few other figures which as yet I haven't figured out because they are just too far gone.

One evening in the dining hall we came in and to our surprise it was all decorated – even a tree – and there was Christmas caroling for background music. We were all so excited.

It's been very cold here lately. It was ten below yesterday. Walking to church in this weather is no picnic. We have to bundle up so much that we can hardly move. We look so cute with woolen slacks under silk dresses. We all wrote to Santa Claus asking for long wool stockings or leotards for Christmas so that our legs don't freeze.

There are only a few days left now until vacation starts and we are all looking forward to seeing kith and kin again.

Now, as the bell is about to ring, I'd better say good-bye. Sincerely, Tish Murray

Sunday, January 13, 1963: Thought I'd grab a few minutes to write before I launch into today's study program. Wednesday of this week our two-hour Semester Exams begin with a schedule as follows:

Wed: 8:30 English
1:30 Isagogics (Religion)

Thurs: 8:30 History
1:30 Math

Friday: 8:30 Geography
Saturday: 8:30 Intro to Music

My easiest test should be English. Our mild, gentleman-professor Sitz said it is a test designed for 35 minutes of work and an essay or short story to read and then answer questions.

Isagogics covers almost everything from the beginning of the year and I have many Bible verses to memorize yet, doctrine to study, plus a time chart & map.

History I studied yesterday – the whole test will consist of multiple choice questions. Math involves eight essay questions on how to do stuff and seven 3-step questions. Geography covers everything. In our last class we studied surface waters and we have to memorize the areas of the earth's four oceans and twenty seas. (*How much do you remember?*)

Intro to Music is another bug-a-boo, covering everything on songs he can dream up. Yesterday he posted a list of compositions we should listen to - - 12 pieces. Figuring about 15 minutes for each one, that means three hours of review. Each day at 12:30 & 7:15 we have review tape recordings of class study to be listened to, in the Music Center.

Saturday aft. I think I shall collapse in a heap. Did you know we get an extra day off for Semester break? Not many are going to Wisconsin though, costs too much money.

Still snowing - - we really have an accumulation - - yesterday the snow blower on a tractor began plowing us out very early in the morn and the day before, boys hand-shoveled at 5:30 a.m.

Next semester seems to be shaping up as a work semester. Instead of Intro to Music, we'll have Intro to Education which will bring us six essays and one term paper to write plus other work. Instead of Geography, we'll have Physical Science - - our brand new books and workbook cost \$9.45. It looks awfully hard - Chemistry & Physics. We have a different professor for this Science course. In History we'll have five books to read. Betty, Tish and I buy them together, costing us \$1.50 apiece that way.

(following several pages of miscellaneous) Sitting here right now I feel I never want to leave this place, in spite of and because of my studying. I feel as though I'm learning so much. Will write again during Semester break.

January 21, 1963: Have you heard how saddened our school was Wednesday morning to learn that one of us, 11th grade James Wheeler from Franksville, Wisc, was called Home to Jesus that morning in New Ulm's hospital? He had attended classes the day before in good health and was seized by pulmonary pneumonia that night. The Dean was with him when he died and President Schweppe told us that morning and reminded us that our time is in God's hands. James was in his 3rd year here, friendly and well-liked, and a model student. He was one of the few I've always noticed for his handsomeness & manners. His friends cried that morning, we flew the flag at half-staff the rest of the week, sent his friends to the funeral, and had a memorial service for him.

Our semester exams were really hard. In fact, I've never seen the likes of some of those tests. Geography consisted of nine pages of multiple-choice and true-false questions. Math was hard. Intro to Music, all 125 minutes of it, was on new music. Religion and English not easy, and History crazy. Maybe that's why I got a good grade on that one, the only one that's been returned to us. It was made up of 60 questions with one word of an event, person, battle, theory, date, etc. followed by four adjectives. We were to underline which one best described or defined it. The class average was -29.

I suppose we'll get our report cards this week: each student must address the letter to his parents and give it to the office to mail.

From January 30, 1963: All Lutheran teachers must subscribe to The Lutheran Educator while teaching, only \$1/year.

February 12: Homecoming for College was Saturday. Activities included a Faculty-4th Norm guys game that was a farcical, hilarious game from the 1st jump ball to the ending gun. They did everything wrong and insulting on purpose, and to see our profs flopping around! I nearly died laughing – such things make this the greatest school ever. Four profs' daughters, ages 6 or 7 in red skirts and white sweaters, cheered for their daddies and won applause & applause. Boys from our class, dressed in black skirts and sweaters and wearing black or white wig-hats, "cheered" for college. They were so clumsy on purpose that they made a big hit – 7 of them.

In the real game against Northwestern of Minneapolis we lost by 30 points - - but after tying at the half and once leading. Our gym was decorated with a knight on his horse on the wall (we're the Luther Lancers) and shields around. Hundreds of alumni were there. Elaine's parents came by surprise to see her cheer.

February 24: We're having a Snow Carnival this year (if we get good packing snow) and the authorities want to make it an annual thing because it's so long from Christmas to Easter and the students get so restless. Our class's choices for a snow sculpture are in line with the theme, Story-Book Land, and are the Three Pigs, Cinderella and Snow White in that order, the final choice depending on the other classes. We can use wood for framework, water for ice, and paints, I think. It should really be a big thing - - just so we get snow now.

March 30: Daily out-of-class attire is shorts - - that's how warm it is. I think this campus is one of the most peaceful, fun, homey and beautiful places to be on this earth. When I look out our window, I can see neatly-kept grounds, new greenness and constant use of the tennis courts. I see robins, hear meadow-larks, breathe the fresh air – oh, I love Spring! Tonight after supper four of us went hiking to Luther Hollow, through the woods into a clearing. We found a camping site that the profs' kids must play in with a hut and real stove attached, a cooking spot, and tree house. Made me wish I was a kid again.

Wonderful news was given us today that this Monday is Arbor Day! No classes, a raking & general clean-up day, picnic in Luther Hollow and a talent show at night. We Seven Sharps are singing "Little Wheel a'Turnin'" and "Zing, Zing, Zoom, Zoom." Tish is playing in a flute duet – "Swingin' Shepherd Blues."

*Yesterday Coach Waters taught us the proper grip, stance and swing in our first golf lesson in Phys Ed. He helped us each individually and the golf club felt like it never felt before. At the end of the period I had three long balls on first try, consecutively. Longing to be on the course again! (*I had only played a few games of golf with Gaylord to that point.*)*

The Aeolian-Marlut concert is next Sunday night, indoors. (*The Aeolians was the Girls' Glee Club and the Marluts, the Boy's Glee Club.*) Our Aeolian songs are "Stranger on the Shore," "The Little Dustman," "Comin' Thru the Rye" - - same arrangement that we sang in PHS two years ago, "Wells Fargo Wagon," "Whoa, Mule, Whoa," and "Cool Water" - - with the Marluts. We've practiced after supper every night this week to polish them off and be sure of memorization.

(Our second class activity of the year was a Hawaiian luau at Flandrau State Park. I did not remember until reading this next old letter that I was co-chairman of the Entertainment Committee with George DeNoyer. That will explain the following lengthy description.)

May 4, 1963: At 5 p.m. DMLC's truck is going to begin transporting guys and gals to Flandrau. We're going to be a native-looking bunch: guys dressed in sawed-off jeans, wild Hawaiian shirts tied at the middle, thongs & goofy hats; girls will be garbed in muu-muus & foot thongs.

The site by the river will be decorated with Japanese lanterns in the trees, stalks of bananas "growing" in the trees, and burning torches scattered here and there like in the movie "Blue Hawaii". To get things rolling and work up appetites, everyone is going on a Treasure Hunt, searching through most of Flandrau. The winning group of the ten groups will get a "loaded" prize: filled water pistols. I had so much fun looking through the toy sections in town yesterday when I bought them. Getting the Treasure Hunt set up has been a panic, for we must not get the groups confused too much. We made rhymes on different colored pieces of construction paper - - reminds me of when Jan and I as kids used to play the game all over the farm.

On the Luau-menu are charcoaled chicken, (Mr. Bilitz is chief cook), corn-on-the-cob, potato chips, pineapple, bananas and Hawaiian punch. After everyone's good and full, the guys will engage in a limbo contest to the tune of Jim Zahn's wild trumpet. That man plays mean. He & Jan Weishahn are going to play some duets too - both play fantastically by ear. Jan's on piano which is being brought down on the truck. Six guys (Ray Manthe included!) (*Ray is my second cousin, hence his being singled out for mention*) are going to perform a genuine hula for us. Elaine and I made the skirts and halters out of burlap potato sacks. Should be dark by that time so we'll light our bonfire. Our guest for the evening, Tutor Fallen, is going to strum his guitar and sing his arrangements of Kingston Trio songs while we're sitting around the bonfire. Then we're going to wind things up with a Sing-Along-With-Mitch deal. Jan will provide musical support.

We have plans fairly well under control, many sub-committees are helping us along. For instance 15 girls are making 100 leis tonight out of Kleenex. Still our meetings have been innumerable and Tuesday is going to be a hectic day.

May 9: My birthday was one of the greatest & memorable of my life – Mr. Bilitz baked a huge cake for me and Chuck Carmichael (a class birthday twin – real swell guy). Betty got a picture of us with the rectangular white cake with cherries and our names on – there was enough for everyone. The combo started playing Happy Birthday when we were around the bonfire and out it came. The whole luau was terrific and everyone had a very merry time. One of our advisors said it was the best, well-organized deal he'd been to. Weather was clear and **hot**. We girls were grateful for our cool muu-muus.

The only thing with the wonderful luau is that it's over and I'm rather behind with work. Consequently, I'm studying like crazy.

June 1, 1963: Oh, how wonderful – my four hardest tests are **over**! We are so glad, happy and relieved – I could just cry – mostly, I could just sleep.

Second Year of College, 1963-1964

September 12, 1963: The busy student pauses...yes, the books surround me and everyone attending DMLC. Again, I get this tremendous feeling that I'm learning constantly and always realizing there is a world of knowledge yet to learn.

Can you imagine, after only six days in classes, I have a three-page paper written for English Lit. on Chaucer & Church Satire. By Tuesday of next week, I have to have a 3-5 page paper for History done on three books – just started it today. Besides those subjects featuring reading, we have three other reading courses. I think this could be appropriately called "The Year Inside a Book."

Our class-president of last year left us to go to Northwestern: to start all over and take a 5-year course there and then go to Seminary. (*Do any of you know/remember who this was?*)

Can't keep a good name down! Ray Manthe is this year's class president! (*Ray, my second cousin.*)

September 26: We Seven Sharps have started practicing for our Hootenanny October 19. Will be singing "Blowin' in the Wind" and "When the Saints Go Marching In," maybe more.

Something new for us: free cookies every Saturday and Sunday in the Student Union from neighboring churches. Are they good!

September 29: This week we have two Aeolian practices, two choir rehearsals, radio choir, practice every night for Seven Sharps performance at our Hootenanny, and three major exams scheduled – so far. History and English are going to be so hard: I have over 60 pages of notes and four books subject to testing. It's a good thing I keep up with my daily work as much as possible.

October 5: Tomorrow we are supposed to have 90-degree temps. Skies have been bluer than blue all week, simply gorgeous. Trees are stunning in color. We have some brilliant red ones by the dining hall and Administration Bldg which I dearly love. This afternoon when Tish, Wanda and I made a quick trip downtown we felt warm; on the way up the hill, we sweltered.....In town I bought one pair of tiny black earrings for 32 cents at the dime store. Small gifts to oneself can be so cheering. Besides, I made 70 cents this week on greeting cards! *(Rosie Kionka, one of my first roommates, passed along her business of selling greeting cards to me – a small dorm-room enterprise of mine for the next three years.)*

This morning we wrote our first major History exam. When I walked out of that class, I had such a headache I could hardly see. Some people were on the verge of crying or fighting. Betty, for one, studied until 2 a.m. and declares never again, for it's not worth it. The test consisted of three questions: 1) Choose three men whom you consider founders of the Middle Ages: give historical data and document your choice. 2) Write an essay on "The Strengths and Weaknesses of the Holy Roman Empire." 3) Give evidence that you read optional reading assignments.

Our material for study consisted of 50 pages of notes covering many, many popes, emperors, monks, countries, invaders and dates, a textbook of 150 pages and nine optional reading selections. I am so glad Prof. Hartwig makes History come to life or else I'd hate the class considering the type of tests he gives.

Chapel services mean so much to me -- this year we have a regular day-by-day program: one morning we recite parts of the Catechism, other days Creeds and Psalms; we sing different liturgy and chants, and have choirs rotate. This Wednesday our Choir sings for morning chapel. We also record for radio service this week.

Friday morn, at 1 a.m. we had Fire Drill #1. The bell is right outside our room, across from my head. Tish and I were checkers in our wing, getting all kids out and closing windows left open. Cleared dorm in 2 ½ minutes. After we came back in, the bell went on the blink and kept ringing now and then. We had to rouse a tutor to fix it. The ringing was driving me insane.

October 5, long letter continued: Am I glad I'm not trying to go to NWC's Homecoming! Seventeen students have dates for it and are intent on going, but Prof. Schweppe has said only eight may go. Why such an arbitrary number we can't understand and why we can't associate with the closest school to ours in doctrine is also beyond understanding. Tomorrow the seventeen have their second meeting to try to determine action in persuading him that all should go or to determine which eight should go.

October 13, 1963: (I have debated about including this part of the letter because it is so emotional and personal.) Sunday night, 8:30 p.m. Dear Dad, Mom, Jan & Larry, I just got back from Mission Festival services at St. Paul's. I must tell you of the sermon - - I guess it happens once in a lifetime that you hear such a sermon. If only everyone who ever lived and will live could hear it! I want to tell you every part of it: if you could only have heard every word, too!

The guest pastor I had heard twice before, Pastor Parcher from Sanborn. I heard him in his home church when I stayed with Wanda's relatives, and again for one of our radio services. Both times we realized he was indeed blessed and that God was working great things through him. Tonight he preached that **Jesus loves sinners**. I hope I never forget it. It was a fire & brimstone sermon, telling all the evil works we are guilty of, opening our hearts, and making them bleed. He told us how we could be the biggest hypocrites - - sitting there in our Sunday go-to-meeting clothes, that his black robe didn't mean anything good, that maybe we were the kind who complained and complained about helping the Church and then complained that the Church didn't help our soldier-boys enough, that maybe we would walk out of church thinking we had done God a favor by being there, and if we thought we didn't need Christ, we had better stay as far away from Him as we could get. Stay away and go to hell forever and ever. Pastor Parcher preaches in down to earth language with colorful pictures in his speech, talking about Jesus and the Bible as though He was standing right next to you (as indeed He is), never looking at his notes, speaking in the most *expressive* voice I have ever heard, and looking right at your heart. When he told us the glad news that Jesus is our doctor to make our rotten, sin-sick souls better, that He was our refuge: "Come unto me and I will give you rest," that He was the only one Who could save us and really love us, that Jesus loves me - - oh, it was just tremendous. I could have laughed, shouted and cried all at once for happiness. I am just so happy, for Jesus loves me. Please, I want you to know this too, to feel it and live it - - for it's the greatest, most wonderful news ever.

(Incidentally, my mother wrote on the envelope "sermon letter.")

Last night was High School Homecoming. The kids really went all out for it: campus displays, pep rallies every night this week, decorated goal posts and one float with the cheerleaders and one of our players on it, stirring up a live police dog in a stew pot because our opponents were the "Wolves." The team was really stirred up, apparently, for we gave the Wolves a grand trouncing: 48 - 0. If we hadn't put the third string in, the score would have been higher.

Our school newspaper reported that the year '64 - '65 will find the Senior College curriculum divided into four 9-week periods. We will practice-teach for nine weeks in Minnesota, Watertown and Milwaukee because this school here isn't big enough. Isn't that a good idea? We will have no work to make up and will receive eight credits for practice-teaching instead of the present five. Our school is now fully accredited so that we could teach anywhere if necessary. Guess I'd better go four years.

November 17: As of this weekend, free ice cream will be dished up for all at the Student Union. Between free cookies and ice cream on the weekends, we are kept well-fed. People and companies are so nice to us!

I'm listening to some lively New Ulm polka music (makes me want to dance) while I'm waiting for the championship football game between our Packers and the Bears. (*Two pages later:*) Am I disappointed - - we can't get the Packer game on our radio.

Our new dorm, as yet unnamed, is really high up there, isn't it. This week they bricked in most of floor one. Would you please send the clipping back to me so that other kids may send it home?

December 8, 1963: Today we are having our first snow storm - the white flakes are swirling and blowing around. This is the first we've had that has covered the ground. We were immensely pleased to have bus transportation to and from church today as we also had Wednesday night for Advent. We pay 5 cents each way, the best-spent nickel of my life at this season when energy and time are important.

Beginning Wednesday before Thanksgiving we Sophomores began our hall decorations for the Ad building. At 4 a.m. today we hung up the last wall murals, chalked with Old English-lettered scrolls to tell the Christmas story. Our stable with Mary and Joseph (store mannequins), baby Jesus and various animals, is erected in the front entrance. The lowered ceiling of blue twisted crepe paper has one section left to be completed. The decorations are truly beautiful: I've never seen anything so impressive that I love so much. Every night last week I was up to 2 a.m. working with the class. One night ten kids never went to bed and Tish (the chairman of our decorations) didn't last night again. We're kind of tired but it was worth it. Mr. Bilitz fixed lunch for us two nights. Yesterday Margaret and I chalked so long that both of us had bleeding fingers. Yet we feel it to be a humble expression of our love for the Christ child - - this has been an experience I'll always treasure.

This next Friday is our dorm party for which we 20 Sophomores are baking 600 cookies and 200 pastry stars to be filled with whip cream and fruit cocktail - - this we'll do on Wednesday.

The 19th and 20th are our concert nights. This week we have extra rehearsals as well as extra Aeolian practices. Next Sunday night we Aeolians go caroling in town.

Just returned from the blizzard. We nearly lost our way to the dining hall for dinner.

Wednesday the 18th I think is the date I am to play for Chapel. My teacher won't let me say "No" anymore. I am scared whenever I think of it but trust for Divine strength to help me as He helps me so often. Prayer, I know, is the only thing that has kept me physically and mentally strong enough to get through this past week.

January 12, 1964: It seems such a let-down of activity, not having so many choir rehearsals and parties to go to as at Christmas. Last night we took timeout for an hour of skating on what is the best rink we've seen. The ice is smooth and clean and music fills the air. Skating is one of the greatest thrills for me. We played "train" on the ice and "Pom Pom Pullaway." I am so looking forward to Semester Break when Gaylord, my friends and I can skate all we want to!

January 19: We have a new mascot for our dorm, a supposedly homeless dog. He eats scraps from the kitchen and sleeps and frisks around Centennial Hall all day. Black, short-haired.

Next semester we are going to have Dogmatics (doctrines) - - a Junior college course in the past, rather than Catechism. Faculty members of MLTC, *Milwaukee Lutheran Teachers College*, met with our faculty this week, getting our curriculum in shape and to correspond from school to school.

Friday night our college played its most spirited basketball game of the year: against Bethany. It was one of the most exciting games - - and in the last minute we won 117 - 113. We cheered until we were weak. Bethany has had their semester tests already and so nearly all their kids were here in addition to all of ours. It was packed and everyone was wild. Oh, our high school team still has a perfect record.

January 27: Our Second Semester's schedule has come out. Classes include American Literature, Modern European History, History of Western Education, Biology, Sociology, Dogmatics, Ear Training and Sight Singing, and Organ, Choir, Phys Ed. This is supposed to be the roughest semester of all. I am eagerly waiting for all the courses, especially Prof. Hartwig's Dogmatics - - our church doctrines.

(Earlier in the letter, I wrote about the semester finals and will just include this: Our History test was terrible: 75 true or false questions, 95% of them tricky. I may have guessed good; I may have guessed bad.)

February 1: I don't know how wise it is to keep telling you discouraging things, but I just feel I have to tell you. We are already having one Busy Semester. There is no easy course and everything is hard. We have many assignments stacked up so that when I look at it now, it seems hopeless.

For Dogmatics we have an essay due Saturday on a topic very touchy to write on: How we defend our faith and what are probable dangers in our mode of defense. We also have 100 pages to read next week for that class, three chapters for Biology, three chapters for History of Education and Sociology, and scads of reading for English. In European History today we were each assigned a book to read and write a report on. I got a 400-page book on James 1, King of England in the 1600's. Read 100 pages this afternoon. Our other two History

paperbacks are classic examples of length and difficulty: Faust and The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich. We have two term papers, both due May 16th for History of Education and for Sociology, and will continue to have English and Dogmatics essays. It's almost impossible - - I just don't see how we can do it all and do it well.

I am thankful though for most of my professors this semester. They have organized courses and we learn the maximum. Prof. Hartwig is completely different in Dogmatics from what he is in History. Now he talks slowly and carefully so we understand the doctrines, answers any questions, and puts us at ease. And he makes the Bible just live! Today he read some verses and translated them from the original Greek, and when we heard the shades of meaning, it was more meaningful and rich. I jotted down the examples so I can explain them to you sometime.

Morning will come quickly again so that means I should get to bed before then. Thanks for listening to me. Please pray that we will have the necessary strength and desire to study and to do so without complaining and to God's glory. Prayer availeth much and I feel that I so need it.

February 10: Would you like to hear of our super-duper Homecoming that we had Saturday night? Although we didn't take a Homecoming victory, our team fought to the end, never letting up on their spirit. We played the best team in the conference which is also ranked 5th in the state. After a half-time deficit of 25 points, we came battling back and closed the gap to 10. We couldn't hold them though, and we finally lost 146-100. At the banquet after the game, the opposing coach said we really showed a fighting spirit and made them work.

The Freshmen decorated the walls of the gym with red Dragons and our mighty Lancers (Knights in armor). Our opposing team calls itself the Dragons so the medieval theme was self-evident. The cages surrounding the stairways from the locker rooms were transformed into a castle and a dragon's cave.

The dining hall for the banquet also displayed artistic pictures of lancers, our coat of arms, and fair damsels. Candles only burned for the banquet meal and "Ben Hur" type music played. All college students were admitted free to the banquet this year; our crowd was excellent, many alumni. Our menu consisted of fried chicken, french-fried potatoes, cottage cheese on lettuce, relish trays and strawberry shortcake with whipped cream. The plates were distributed all prepared - - it was simply marvelous food. Entertainment featured short speeches by the coaches, a short address by our school doctor, a humorous monologue by a Senior College girl, and singing by our group, the Seven Sharps. We were so honored to be asked and practiced like the dickens to get ready. Best of all, we sang the best yet for a public performance - - I just love being a part of the group. We sang "Blowin' in the Wind" and asked the audience to join on the chorus, "Catch a Falling Star" (complete with snapping fingers, no less!) and a song to the tune of "When the Saints Go Marching In" that we wrote ourselves, dedicated to the team with printed copies for the audience.

February 10, continued: Nearly the whole student body went to late church services Sunday morning 'cause the banquet lasted 'til 12:30. The church was overflowing and we sat in the choir loft!

What else have we done lately? Thursday night two friends and I went to an hour lecture here on opera. We enjoyed it so much. Examples are played on records and texts are given so we can follow along, and the speaker is very good. The lecture series will continue. Extra-curricular activities such as this are very important, I feel, and you learn more from them than you would in an hour of book studying. Back in the dorm we just study faster to make up for it.

We were asked in Chapel this morning to please pay our book bills as \$8,000 is outstanding and the library couldn't pay its bills. Today I wrote out a check for \$18.45. I hope my Withholding comes soon.

February 19: Tonight we sing for Lent at St. John's. Our bus service has been discontinued so we're back to our Spartan hikes - - good to get exercise though. Tish and I climbed all through our new dorm (*Hillview Hall under construction*) Sunday afternoon. Coming along good - looks done from the outside.

February 23: How do you like the Beatles? Last Sunday we watched them on the Ed Sullivan show. I think their singing is pretty good. Here is a joke about them: Did you hear the U.S. and Great Britain are no longer on good terms? Lady Byrd killed a Beatle!

My roommates rearranged our room this morn by sliding my single bed down next to their bunk bed and moving the stereo into the corner. What a difference, and the room looks three feet wider!

Mrs. Siegler's birthday this week provided all of us with delicious birthday cake, baked by Mr. Bilitz, and ice cream. (*Mrs. Siegler was our dorm mother in Centennial Hall.*) We "surprised" her again with a lights-out party in the gym after study hall; we gave her a white bulky sweater as a present (and did I ever sell the birthday cards!)

Oh, did it turn cold last night! A bank reading of minus 11 was noticed at 9:30 this morn when Gaylord and I went from church out to breakfast.

We are having some doubts about our new English prof: he never smiles and has given us so much work. But what's a few more books to read when you've so many now you don't know where to turn! Tonight I have 60 pages of History to read that was due last Saturday and two chapters of Biology that I'm behind on. None of us can keep up. Tomorrow I have to go downtown for a bunch of small stuff, the exercise will be good - - I actually like the walk because I'm free of books for a while.

March 9: How wonderful it was to find your letter waiting for me when we got back to the dorm last night! You came through loud & clear, Dad (D-A-D-D-Y-O). Noting the time that you began the letter, 7:45 p.m., it was heartwarming to think you wrote right away after coming in from the barn where we used to talk, philosophize, or scare the cows with our singing. I hope one of those good times will be relived again in our up and coming vacation.

I expect to be doing some studying over vacation, so please don't plan anything special. We got our History book, Rise and Fall of the Third Reich which is 1,453 pages long! However, there is a condensed version of the book in the "Reader's Digest": April, May and June, we think, of 1962. If we have the books, I sure want them.

April 9: After our evening chapel service just five minutes ago, we were informed by Mrs. Siegler that Mrs. Schweppe, who has suffered with cancer all this year, passed away this afternoon. We weren't told the day of the funeral or memorial service yet.

April 20: Last week on this day we were watching a terrific wind and snow storm blow itself out. I never saw anything like it in my life for wind and rainy snow. Such poor weather it was for Mrs. Schweppe's funeral. We had planned on going but couldn't get transportation. We didn't have school that afternoon. I guess the church was filled anyway, the sermon was inspired - - the pastor ended on a note of joy, "Praise be to God!" Everyone who did go was very impressed. The First Choir sang for it.

After our barometer had been the lowest in history Monday, we had a thermometer highest of 88 degrees on Thursday. Crazy weather. Betty laid on the sundeck and burned herself to a crispy crisp.

May 1: Are we busy or are we busy here? There is no other choice than but be busy. Honestly, right this minute I feel as if the whole world is pushing in on me, I have something to do every minute. I just got back from a meeting of high school and college girls, arbitrarily appointed. We are to make scads of crepe-paper flowers for the Activities Banquet May 23rd and work begins next week in our "spare time"! Next week I also just happen to have a paper that needs writing on The Third Reich - - "Adolph Hitler: Genius or Maniac," a major Dogmatics exam to study for which will be given on my birthday, my recital piece to *drill* on, and six Aeolian rehearsals to go to for our concert on Sunday. Oh, well, I'll get through it just like this week: on coffee and prayer.

It's been rainy every day this week for us, too. The tulips in the circle are up and three are blooming, and the trees are getting that green lacy look. Soon we won't be able to see the city below for the leaves.

May 7, 1964: Where do you suppose I'm writing this letter? On the sun-deck! It's so glorious to have sunshine again, rather than wind, rain and storms. The sun deck is one carpet of bathing suits and chattering girls. In 40 minutes I have my organ lesson so I'm soaking up the sun real fast. The sky is washed as blue as blue can be, a few puffy clouds are puffing around, and old Hermann who looks centuries old and very stern and stable is pointing his sword straight up. Every tree has its leaves now - - it's really pretty from up here.

May 13: Did Gaylord tell you of the novel party the girls gave me? When Elaine blindfolded me and led the ascent up the stairs to the Tower Room, I felt it would be hard to pretend surprise for our parties have generally been in the Tower Room, but - - no one shouted "Surprise" when we got to the head of the stairs and we kept walking. On the sun-deck they had set up a record player, lamps and beach towels; thus 14 of us girls had a party under the stars that night! Mr. B's cake was beautiful and had wedding-type frosting again, and he donated ice cream. From my girlfriends I got a short-sleeved, yellow DMLC sweat-shirt, just what I'd wanted and thought I couldn't get because they were all sold out. (They'd bought the last one for me!)

We are having some rush-assignments in two classes. Profs. Schulz and Koelpin have been sick and we now have only six History hours left with history from 1848 to the present to cover, and only three Education hours left since Prof. Schulz goes to Milwaukee to serve on the Call Committee for our graduates. We have our assignments to the end of the year in his class, 300 pages to read and outline on our own and to know for the Final Exam. Whew!

May 20: This Monday morn at 3:20 a.m. a voice said in my ear, "Get up: you have ten minutes to get dressed for Breakfast." Off we went and was it ever fun! Only three kids didn't come. The Planning Committee had worked all night and were dressed as Hitler's Gestapo (because we just finished reading The Third Reich) and we had a German Nazi theme throughout the picnic. I was Fraulein Effiedinger (*my nickname because of my middle name*). We hiked out to Flandrau Park and through Flandrau, the climax being a march up a very tall hill permitting us a splendid view of the river, woods, and farmland for miles.

At 5:15 we were back at Luther Hollow where we had fried eggs, pork sausages and toast over open coals and apples and milk. We all ate tremendous breakfasts. Because we had permission to wake up the campus that morn, we all gathered 'round the various dorms while two guys played "Reveille" on their cornets. We then did exercises or sang "Good Morning." It was real dumb and such fun. After Chapel, everyone went back to bed, (we didn't have class 'til 11:00 a.m. because a prof is gone to Milwaukee for the Call Committee.) I slept soundly from 8:30 to 11 and was none the worse for wear.

May 26: This may be my last letter stamped New Ulm this school year. Isn't that wonderful? At 4 p.m. Tuesday, I shall be singing with our Treble Choir for Cornerstone Laying for our new dorm. The band is also playing.

Last Friday night was the most exciting night of the year - - Call Night. The Old Main bell finally rang at 10:30 after we had waited for what seemed forever. Graduates were on pins most of the day, I think, but when each name was read and their place and grade assignment, there was glad acceptance without exception. Some girls scream, some guys stop holding their breath, and some just break into smiles or tears of joy.

Third Glorious Year of College, 1964-1965

September 10, 1964: {Note: my new roommate was Celeste Schultz and we began this year in the newest dorm for women, Hillview Hall.} Celeste and I are getting along great so far - - it's been so easy to get to know her and to feel right at home with her. Because she lived off campus the last two years, we never got to know each other very well. This dorm is heavenly luxury to her, too. We've moved our beds parallel with the wall and the stereo still fits between with room to spare. The room space seems immense! Everything fit nicely packed away, even the suitcases fit up above in the overhead drawers. Did you know that each room will in time be hooked up privately and directly with the matron's intercom system? Our lounge is gorgeous on every floor: pretty colored chairs and tables, pictures on the walls. And the basement is wonderful...three study rooms (used as classrooms for the college in the daytime) a game room, TV room, kitchen (not ready yet), private room and lockers for the downtown high school girls, and canteen.

Our class enrollment jumped from 75 to 107 with the added students from Milwaukee. We have seven new girls and three new boys in my section. The guys all seem so adult this year! I still don't feel very mature yet in some ways. Maybe because they all dressed up in suits today, they seemed older.

Most of the books for our class were gone - sold - when I got to the library. Many of us are sharing until new ones come.

September 17: This letter is an assignment from Professor Sievert. As we left Teaching Religion class this morning, he pointed a finger at some of us and asked, "Have you written home this week yet? If not, do it right away!" We really like that man - - he keeps the class perfectly alive and oh, how he's inspired me for teaching God's Word. The first day of school he charged us with reading the Bible for just 5 minutes a day, privately, if we didn't already do so. We're supposed to come tell him at the end of the semester if we found we were much happier people and strengthened in our faith by doing so. The way he explains everything is terrific, with real power behind it. I want to teach now so much.

We're beginning to get to know the MLTC students. Of course, their groups stick pretty much together and so do ours. They're real nice kids, though, and act very grown up. This Sunday we Juniors throw our Get-Acquainted Picnic, to be held indoors, however, because of

the cold weather we're having. Tonight at the Class Meeting we will learn what parts we will play in the skits, if any. Tish is on the Planning Committee and it sounds like real fun - - a tour of Hollywood and TV Land. She's going to be a contestant on a mock Queen for a Day. Some professors will be helping us and adding a little extra spice to the program. Mr. Bilitz is providing all the food. Two nights ago he gave us in Hillview free *triple-decker* ice cream cones after Study Hall. He sure is a honey.

Twelve classrooms without teachers in our Synod have requested help from here and the plea was extended to us Juniors, as has always been done in the past. Yesterday we were talked to about it for the second time and more people signed up. Any day now we should learn who's going and where. None of my immediate friends did. Teaching now means postponing graduation one year, getting a car, and so forth. I don't feel any urge to go yet for I feel neither qualified nor that it's the Lord's Will.

Say, you'll be glad about this! Northwestern's Homecoming has been changed to November 7, the Saturday of our 4-day break! So all who want to go can go if they're close enough. No worrying about rides, money, or cutting classes! The guys in Gaylord's class submitted a petition to the faculty and after three days of holding our breath, their wish was O.K.'d. The fellows did it for our sake. There are so many couples this year of girls from DMLC and guys from NWC.

September 24: It's sure wonderful having the Word of God again daily and on Sunday. After the summer lapse, it's like coming **home**. I really dislike that summer arrangement and I don't think it's good for my spiritual life at all. I become neglectful even though I try to read the Bible. And you know what? After living here and experiencing Christian education and studying the philosophies and objectives of such schooling, I have reached the point where I can't approve at all of education apart from the Word when people have the schools available. I can't understand how parents in our congregation can send their children elsewhere when they do have a school in their midst. A little country school in South Dakota closed this year because the parents wouldn't support it. And so the eight children left and had to go to public school. It makes me really sad. Our class had a farewell party for six of us who accepted emergency calls for this year.

Sunday afternoon we staged "Stage Fright," our campus get-acquainted party. We can truly boast that it was a great success and very representative of our class. All of us pitched in and did something. We hammed up three TV shows: "This is Your Life" (we did Professor Schulz's - - his wife gave us information - - was he surprised and a good sport,) "Queen for a Day" and "Truth or Consequences." My roles were playing a rubber band in a commercial and assisting in "Queen" by displaying the gag-prizes we gave and robing the queen. Everything was done in mimicry, of course, and it was a hilarious afternoon.

Monday morning I sang with Choir I for the first time: what a thrill! In rehearsals everything happens bing, bing, bing! Professor Zahn expects you to sing everything professionally from the start. He really directs. We're singing "The Apostolic Blessing," Mom, that we had in Choir once - - with the long "Amen."

Last night our Student Council sponsored the first movie night here in the Administration building. For 10 cents we saw the magnificent "Flower Drum Song." The music, singing and dancing were out of this world.

This Sunday afternoon we dedicate Hillview Hall. Minus curtains which still haven't come.

October 1: This past weekend we dedicated Hillview, you'll remember, and we had a very good turn-out of people, overflowing from the Administration Building auditorium to two classrooms for the service. For me, the service was as thrilling as our Reformation services - singing with Choir I is just one of the greatest feelings there is. (I was asked to fill in temporarily.) We blend so well at this point, and when all the mass choirs, congregation, full organ, and two trumpets sounded forth in our closing hymn of "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty," it was just magnificent!

My success in music doesn't extend to Harmony Class so far. In fact, I am having a frustrating time of it - - can't seem to remember the many rules for chord progressions. We only get the bass and sometimes the soprano note for a sheet of music and then we fill in the other voices. And to think that this is supposed to be only fundamental work!

First Aid class is really lively and do we get assignments! Have already handed in two type-written reports. Today we "rescued Annie." We gave mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a life-sized doll named Annie, property of New Ulm Public High School. We will practice on her another day, too - - it's not as easy as it looks.

October 8: I Made It! Choir I includes me! Oh, aren't you just so happy and glad? I could just sing about it! And we'll be doing a lot of that. This also means that come Easter, we go on our Western Tour - - just think of this wonderful opportunity and privilege, I can't believe yet that it's really happening! There are 76 of us altogether.

Hillview is still drape-less. It's a campus joke that the boys hope they never come, of course.

October 17: Thanks for your Congratulations and well-wishes regarding Choir I. Here's the wonderful scope: On our tour we will be singing in the Dakotas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois and **Wisconsin!** So now you should be able to hear us! I was so happy when he included our fair state. We haven't enough funds to travel to Colorado to accept the invitation from there.

Last Saturday I suffered through a *terrible* organ lesson - - I couldn't do anything right, tempo, timing, notes, or expression. After it was over, I came back to our room and just cried about it. I realize that I have to practice much more than the minimum five hours this year. So this week I got in nine hours and it's paying off. Today's lesson was much better and once when I completed a difficult passage and had really reached a heightened sense of expression, Professor Backer and I both just beamed at each other. One of those precious teacher-student moments of mutual accomplishment. That moment has inspired me for an afternoon of practice today.

Our weather has been gorgeously fall this week and last night was a perfect mild, calm evening for our outdoors class activity. It was nice not to be on the Planning Committee for once and just go to be entertained. We went to a classmate's farm five miles out and in a pasture, we played a game called "Steal the Flag" that was really fun. Then we roamed the farm on a Treasure Hunt, followed by a wiener and marshmallow roast and songs and more songs around the big bonfire.

We had a fire drill at 1:30 a.m. two nights ago. Excitement!

October 26: Last Thursday we laid to rest our former Vice-President and teacher of 42 years, Professor Klatt, who resigned the year I came here. We had no afternoon classes; Choir I sang for the funeral. The entire faculty served as honorary pallbearers. President Schweppe gave an address following the sermon; it all seemed so wonderful for finally the dear, beloved man was Home.

Back from supper and now I have 15 minutes until Aeolians meet. Just as we were putting our trays in the "hole in the wall" all the lights went out - - except here in our dorm and in the Music Center - - so we can still have Aeolians. Soon we'll be getting our new music - - we're going to sing "How the West Was Won" for our Spring Concert.

Tomorrow I may be teaching for the first time, a Devotion in Teaching Religion class. We've all written two lesson plans already and everyone has to give a lesson in front of the class. The professor is very particular and he frightens me no end, but we all have to endure it. I hope to get it over with soon.

Study Hall is now starting. Tonight I have to study the U.S. Constitution, answer three pages of questions on it, study for a Psychology test, and review my Religion lesson. Then, if I can still keep awake, I should begin this week's book for Church History class. Rarely am I to bed before 12:30, some mighty long days.

November 19: Do you have a thin layer of white stuff on the ground, too, this morning? Here it is very calm and still, skies are leaden and seem to promise more snow, and the air is very crisp. The old Christmas spirit should really begin to show itself now. We are making plans for the chapel decorations already and have begun to practice Christmas carols in Aeolians. Professor Zahn has accepted a Christmas TV engagement for Choir I on December 10, 10:30 p.m. in Mankato. That should be fun. We are practicing diligently now; the addition of college seniors returning from practice teaching, and our assignment to definite seats has helped matters a lot. I sing in the front row and like the position for the voice support there.

Our Professor Voecks is still hospitalized from his heart attack. We have heard no word of the fate of our Church History class. Having Professors Voecks and Koelpin absent this week really lightened our load at a time when we needed it. I almost have my term paper written for Teaching Religion on The Doctrine of the Ministry and the Lutheran Teacher's Position in the Congregation.

Tuesday night we went to the auditorium-turned-theater again, this time for the Student Council-sponsored movie "The Benny Goodman Story." Boy, what music - - my idol almost changed from Bach to Goodman and his clarinet. Celeste and I came back and played the Glen Miller records for the rest of the night since he approaches the style somewhat.

Next Wednesday we Choir I girls have to mend choir gowns. I guess they're in shambles as far as hooks, eyes, and snaps are concerned. At least we don't have to hem them. Prof Zahn is having problems because so many of us are short in height this year

9 p.m. Latest developments: Professor Voecks suffered a second heart attack and is in an oxygen tent, and it is rumored that Prof Koelpin is hospitalized with mononucleosis. What's to happen to our classes?

November 26: Mr. Bilitz certainly outdid himself for our Thanksgiving - - wonderful food in tremendous quantity. The traditional Thanksgiving dinner with extra touches: nut cups, relish trays, mints, and Christmas cookies, also place mats and dinner music. President Schweppe led us in Thanksgiving prayer and song - - he's sure a great guy, too.

Professor Hartwig - - that fabulous professor of DMLC - - has taken over our Church History class. The first thing he did was assign a 10-minute oral report. I had to do my research and writing of five pages in one night. One just works like fury and doesn't even stop for breath, most of the time!

Professor Trapp wants our drama paper or play in before Christmas now - most of us don't think we'll be able to do it.

Last Saturday afternoon 20 of us Choir I girls sewed snaps on our choir gowns. For three solid hours - - don't think our heads weren't spinning!

By tomorrow we're supposed to have three songs memorized for Choir I. I'm struggling very hard with two verses of "Lo, How a Rose Ere Blooming" in German. It's very beautiful, though.

Saturday the Literary League presents the Greek play "Antigone." This is the first time such a form of art (with "Greek" chorus, a drum, and three pianos) has been presented here. I'm really looking forward to it. All the costumes are hand-made by the students.

December 6: You know what Christmas at DMLC is like - - well, that's what's happening. Last night we Juniors started decorating the Chapel. We're having the cross, cradle, and crown of glory in three-dimensions projecting out on the front of the chapel and seven symbols of Christ and the Godhead on the left side wall of the chapel. This is the first year

the side has ever been decorated – our class always has to do something different and better. Our theme, “Emmanuel: God with Us,” is spelled out on the front. I worked ‘til 1 a.m. this morn and from 1 to 9:30 today and tonight, steadily.

At this moment the guys are boosting into place the eleven immense wood frames with white napkins stuffed into chicken wire for the background. In our 15 hours work of stuffing napkins we must have used millions of them; we had the greatest fun. Our class is a unity again. MLTC and DMLC kids blend perfectly now – we really have the most wonderful spirit. About 80% of the class worked steadily. Nearly all the symbols are painted too. Chapel will be finished Wednesday, the 8th.

We had Choir I practice from 10 – 11:30 this morning. Now we have two rehearsals a day. We have to have everything memorized for this Thursday night when we sing one-half hour live on TV. I don’t know the songs well yet for it’s just so much and such hard music. Wish us all success. We even sing the “Hallelujah Chorus” on TV!

Wednesday night we have Advent service again, Thursday is Choir on TV night, and Friday is the Dorm party. We Juniors have to make the food. We’re having ice-cream filled cream puff shells with topping and nuts, and fancy sandwiches & punch. Sunday we start our Aeolian caroling at 6 p.m. I only have two practices left with my group that I’m leading, and we could use more; but as long as we have the spirit, it’s o.k.

We have a huge Christmas tree in Centennial circle this year. It’s beautiful. A white phlox tree with pink balls is in our lounge. Celeste and I have our lights, angel hair, choir boys, and tinsel up in our room. Very Christmasy. We have to decorate our door yet for next Sunday.

Judy Winter returned yesterday from teaching grades 1-4 in Palos Hts, Illinois for three weeks. For taking notes in classes for her, she gave me a beautiful luncheon set of four sponge-backed place mats with yellow roses on and four rayon napkins, beige. For my hope chest; it’s such a thoughtful gift.

I got my 12-page History term paper done and typed this week and also a play written and typed for first graders for Drama class. Some huge loads off my mind, especially in this most busy season. I really sympathize with those who are just beginning their papers.

We have to buy two new Catechisms now – one “Annotated” for Teachers and another with a blank page for note-taking between each printed page. I also got another new organ book – very useful one, too.

(This was the last letter saved from December, 1964.)

January 9, 1965: Boy, a lot has happened in just the short week we've been back! We're in the full swing of things, of course. This morning a very sad thing happened: it's so tragic that we've found it hard to believe. Our classmate Carolyn, who has diabetes, was heating her hypodermic needle in our kitchen at 6:30. Apparently, she was warming her back against the stove when her robe caught fire. She had the presence of mind to roll on the floor, thank heavens. Nevertheless, she's now in the hospital with 2nd and 3rd degree burns on 10% of her body. Even her hair caught fire. Her friend to whom she ran on first floor got sick from the sight of it all. I can well imagine. I just want to cry every time I think of it!

Now to alternate with some much better news: Professor Zahn gave us an oral sketch of our Choir Tour, and as well as I can remember it, it is as follows: we leave Thursday, April 8th and sing first in South Dakota. We're in Nebraska by the weekend: Norfolk and other places. Monday night we sing in Grand Island, Nebraska and Tuesday at NWC, Watertown! That means, as you can see, one whole day will be spent traveling as fast as we can go to get to Wisconsin in time. We just hope we're in singing condition for this most important appearance! But guess what? Friday night we sing in Beaver Dam! So you have two really good chances now to hear us; take your pick or come to both.

Wednesday night we sing in Kenosha, Thursday in Oshkosh and Wausau. I think we sing in Morton Grove, Illinois on Saturday and Easter Sunday we make three appearances in Milwaukee. Monday we finish and wind up in Lake City, Minnesota. Tuesday back in school. The two Sundays before tour begins we'll travel to places in Minnesota.

I just love the sound of our Choir music. Even the Bach motet is going to be beautiful. I feel real honored to have been asked this week to become one of the newly-forming, student-organized group of 12 (six boys and six girls) who will sing for special requests on the tour and here at campus. (*This group was known as the Three TABS, three Tenors, three Altos, three Basses and three Sopranos.*) We're going to meet for the first time next week and hope we sound good together. Our plan is to sing secular music, hootenany style. It should be great fun.

Everyone had enjoyable Christmas vacations. Four girls returned with diamonds and one boy-classmate changed his status. Barb Seager and her brother Dave went hunting nearly every day for deer – but only got squirrels and rabbits.

Time for a cat-nap and then back to the books. Celeste and I found it quite hard to study the first three days since we just kept talking. But now I guess we realize that Semester Exams do begin in a week and a half!

January 16: Great news! Carolyn may come "home" from the hospital tomorrow. Her burns have turned out to be only second degree (even though that is bad enough) and her diabetes is under control. Our dorm collected money for gifts for her and we were able to buy a wool dress, wool skirt, and blouse.

I wish you could witness the change that's coming over our class. I think it could be defined as a new awareness of what it's going to mean to be **teachers**, a realization of the nearness and seriousness of the responsibility. We talk about teaching activities, philosophies and methods all the time – in class and out of it! My conception of a teacher is taking on a clearness, I guess.

Wednesday night most of the college transported itself to the down-town movie theater. Honestly, it was just packed with DMLC. "How the West was Won" was the big attraction, and although I'd already seen it, I just had to go again. I enjoyed the music, scenery and story just as much as the first time: I highly recommend it as a family show. Guess what's on this weekend: Walt Disney's "So Dear to My Heart" -- that old story of a boy and black sheep that I enjoyed so much as a little girl. I'm actually thinking of coaxing Gaylord to go to it. Cheaper entertainment can't be found either.

Thursday night several of us girls attended the first of a series of lectures on "The Science of Sound," given by a member of the science faculty. It was really good and worthwhile.

Chapel's over and now we're ready to go to a college basketball game. Have to go cheer our classmates on once in awhile. Tish is going to direct Pep Band tonight.

We lost the most exciting game we've seen in a long time. Stayed tied all the way until the end: 78-73.

January 25: Carolyn's back is healing slowly and she's able to navigate slowly. Her home previously was in Phoenix; over this Christmas they moved to Missouri. Her unbelievably cheerful personality hasn't let her down one minute: she's really a wonder!

I am very eager for this next semester: for the first time we will have President Schweppe as teacher: Shakespeare!

February 7: Yesterday the weather was so mild that snow was melting into rivers and we were thinking Spring! But last night I woke up freezing and the wind was really blowing in. No bus had been hired for church since it had been felt unnecessary – but we could use one. We were frozen by the time we made it to church and again returning; bucking the wind was frightful.

If it weren't for the daily strengthening of God, I don't know how I could continue up here at this pace we are forced to maintain. One of our profs said the faculty was attempting to not "spoon-feed" us any more by having the students do more and more research and get out of the courses what they want to get out of them.

For tomorrow we have three essays to hand in and a lesson plan. To get them done, plus write a Shakespeare test and do other reading, I was up quite late every night last week. In nine weeks our 21 readings and reports for Teaching Reading are due and I haven't been able to start them with all the assigned essays. Every night I'm so exhausted that I think I'll never be able to work again and it's so hard to get up in the morning.

We had five Aeolian rehearsals last week (three more than ordinarily) and two TABS rehearsals for our Hootenanny. I accompany one song for the Aeolian concert, and as Treasurer, I have to order and get a corsage for Jan, our Directress.

This weekend is also College's basketball's Homecoming. Our team hasn't won a game yet but our enthusiasm still runs pretty high. I hope Gaylord will want to go to the game with me.

A member of St. Paul's left a legacy of \$1,500 to the church. The bulletin also reported the baptism of an 88-yr-old man – how wonderful!

March 4: When I got back to the dorm Mon. night, I was greeted with the fantastic news "No School Tomorrow!" It snowed all day Monday and that night Mr. Bilitz, our cook, and Butch the baker had to walk home. Some cooks stayed overnight here. By Tuesday a.m. we were buried under ten inches of drifted snow -- I've never seen anything like it. Cars buried, students plowing through knee-high drifts on our way to meals. The town was closed and nothing moved. This is the first time DMLC closed school since the end of WW II, Freedom Day. I got 10½ hours of sleep and then worked on a history paper. In the afternoon we had a two-hour Choir I rehearsal. Professor Zahn walked to get here.

We had school yesterday -- the only open school for miles. The tunnels of snow for us to walk through are really high and pretty. It snowed again today but nothing like Monday and Tuesday. The church Lenten services were canceled Wednesday but we had church here.

Next week we're thinking about pitching our tents in the Music Center -- we will have two rehearsals a day. Our first concert now is two weeks and five days off. I can hardly believe it! It will be in a shortened form and we may have to use some music.

Our class only got third place in the Snow Sculpture contest but the New Ulm Journal put our picture on the front page with the caption "Winning Snow Sculpture at DMLC!" The college sophomores sure were peeved. They won with the raising of the flag at Iwo Jima and it was really excellent. Ours was the meeting of the two trains at Promontory Point and the driving of the golden spike. I worked one afternoon packing the beginning piles of snow. Sunday it was so warm that everything started to melt.

We had a good crowd for our Hootenany and our singing was appreciated. When walking off the stage, my shoe caught in one of the many wires for speakers, mikes, guitars, etc. And I walked right out of it! The crowd really laughed and I felt like it too. When I was going to my seat a professor said, "There goes Cinderella!"

March 15, 1965: I have some wonderful news that you will be glad to hear. Tish just informed me two hours ago that I have an AAL scholarship for next year! We don't know the amount yet. Tish was given the list by a professor so that she can write it up for the school newspaper - - it hasn't been made official yet but within a few days... Ann Breitreutz and Judy Winter (from Randolph - - remember her from our shopping in Beaver Dam, Mom?) also have them from our class. I sure am thankful and appreciative.

Just nine days until we (Choir I) sing in Redwood Falls for their Lenten service, and then the next two Sundays we'll be in Gibbon, Renville, and Litchfield (Elaine's church) on March 28, and in and around St. Paul on April 4. Time is moving so unbelievably fast! We really need every spare moment to practice for there's **so much to learn yet**. The concert is 1½ hours long. I think we start singing at 8 p.m. in the evening concerts. We'll get the detailed timetable soon, I expect. Two years ago the whole Choir had to get penicillin shots before the trip; we wonder about ourselves. I hope my stomach on Dramamine holds. Everyone's planning school work or recreational reading. I hope to get two Shakespeare plays read.

We went to the Senior class play (high school) Saturday night. It was really good and different: a court-room drama, "The Verdict is Yours." The 12-member jury was picked from audience volunteers. Some of our classmates and a couple profs were among them.

Celeste and I really worked hard yesterday and I managed to get my 21 Teaching Reading reports finished and typed. What a feeling of glad relief! I have only 100 pages left to outline on the 600-page book. Teaching Reading is really a responsibility: I just hope and pray I will be a success with it. It's hard to imagine that soon we'll get our practice-school assignments! And that next year everyone will be graduating and getting confirmed (*in my family*) and Gaylord & I will finally be getting married. It's sure wonderful, too, how God has taken care of us all during these years and how He guides our lives.

March 23: This may be a hasty letter but I want to get it written. I just got moved out of three organs (the schedule is very crowded) and thank goodness, I brought stationery along just in case = one half hour until my next class and then a full, full day ahead: proofreading the school newspaper, choir rehearsals and classes. Tomorrow night we leave at 5:30 for Redwood Falls and concert #1. We are eating, sleeping and living that concert, it seems. Really getting excited now. Yesterday we got our four-page schedule with complete detailed information, down to all stops, departures and arrivals by the minute. (*Aren't you glad I'm not going to record it all for you to read next? I would like to mention the main cities we visited which were new to me: Omaha, NE; Pierre, SD, Seward and Lincoln, NE, Lake City, MN. We also visited O'Hare Field in Chicago and were given a tour of AAL in Appleton. Our mileage tour total according to the schedule was 165,146 miles.*)

March 30, 1965: This Saturday I'm playing my Bach 9-page Passagalia for Freshman Introduction to Music class -- Prof. Backer's idea. I really have to practice before then -- wish me luck. I have to make a stenciled outline of the piece for each of the 100+ students, too. Prof. Backer started more classes in St. Paul last week and thus transferred eleven students to other teachers. Thankfully, I still have him. He's trying to give me more help in church service music now. I play different preludes out of various books he gives me each week. My efforts are always so humble though; I sure wish I had more time to practice.

Our big tour Sunday (Choir I) was really fun and an exciting experience. I have descriptions of churches and everything in my little "tour book" for your later reference. We had a snow storm that canceled our evening performance, however, and lessened the attendance in our afternoon. It was a good thing in a way, for we were all *e x h a u s t e d*. The concerts were rough in spots and we are still working and practicing like everything, but the people who heard them enjoyed them.

Today we wrote another major history test. Celeste and I studied so hard for it, even got up early this morn. I hope it paid off. Whenever we have a test, it seems that Ces and I spend almost all our time laughing about the material. Last night we really were in a silly mood. Surprisingly, we seem to learn it that way!

Our Mission Seminar last Thursday was a great success, informative, and inspiring. The film on Hong Kong had Betty and me sitting on the edge of our seats. I wrote a letter to Pastor and family that night. *(Our pastor, Marlyn Schroeder, was currently serving the Hong Kong mission for a year.)*

(The long-awaited Choir Tour took place in this interim. Apparently, I didn't write any letters then.)

April 25, 1965, Sunday, 9:50 p.m. We just concluded our Homecoming Concert, sung to a packed auditorium. It was thrilling to sing all the songs again! We are all very happy because we did a good job.....I'm almost in the mood for another Choir Tour because it sure was fun.

Did Gaylord tell you the news? I will be practice-teaching the first nine weeks of school and will be somewhere off campus. We aren't told where in Wisconsin or which grades yet. I am glad for this assignment but a little jittery because it's right around the corner and I feel totally unqualified and unready. Wanda also teaches the first nine weeks, here in New Ulm, grades one and two. Betty will teach the second quarter so perhaps won't be home for Christmas. I won't see Betty or Celeste either until after the new year since our assignments make us be away alternate quarters, first semester. My dates are from Sept. 8 to Nov. 6. We were so excited the day we knew we'd get the news, it was really a panic.

Our weather today is unbelievable for this time of year. Since 9:30 this morning it's been snowing off and on, plus rain. We have about two inches of snow and slush on the ground! Yesterday in Mankato, we visited the part of town under water (from a distance). It is simply horrible to see all those houses with water still up to the second stories and almost over roofs! This whole countryside is one mess.

Wednesday afternoon we 3 TABS traveled 40 miles to St. Peter, MN to a DMLC Ladies Auxiliary mtg. Sang our songs for them. Was fun. This Saturday & Sunday we'll go to Winona on a Recruitment Tour. We're singing sacred songs from our Choir tour for the two morning church services and are singing for two Young People's groups in the afternoon and evening. Our 3 TABS has to disband next year because our teaching schedules won't permit it, and I intend to drop Aeolians in an effort to make the load a little lighter.

April 29: We're going to have Arbor Day today and tonight a Senior-Faculty softball game, outdoor supper and chapel, and an evening of entertainment. It's a gorgeous day for once. Should have fun plus work.

May 13: My girlfriends woke me at 6 a.m. on my birthday for my birthday breakfast. Betty and Elaine were getting things going at Hermann Park when the threatening storm broke: wind, rain, and hail – at 6:15 a.m. We had the corn bread, syrup, (and candles), fried sausage links, fruit juice and milk in the dorm basement therefore. It was delightful! Tish and Barbie each made original birthday cards with long poems in them: I'll cherish them a long time. *(I still have them tucked in our 1966 annual and enjoyed reading them again.)*

This week has been just furious with work. Last Saturday I did a History paper on Social Security, yesterday a Dogmatics paper, today we wrote a big test, and I haven't stopped reading once, it seems. Tomorrow the extra-curricular activities start and then we'll really have to cut corners on studying.

At 7 p.m. tomorrow Professor Schweppe gets surprised with his Jubilee celebration = 50 years in ministry (40 at DMLC). The banquet is at the Orchid Inn at Sleepy Eye. Choir I is singing two sacred songs and one secular. Prof. Schweppe's two children from Arizona and California are coming, as well as all kinds of people from ministry and most of our college. We pay on our own for dinner and have given to a Carl F. Schweppe Scholarship Fund – everyone's gift. Our class voted to give \$100 to it – guess it's a big success.

Saturday night I'm going to a bridal shower for a classmate. Celeste and I went together on a gift. Sunday morning we leave early for Delano and Litchfield – Choir I day. Hope it's not too hot. Monday morn I play for Chapel and Monday night is Jan Weishahn's organ recital, plus study for a big History test. Tuesday night we Three TABS travel to Wood Lake for a PTO meeting. We're going to try to sing the 26 page "Camelot", which is what we're singing for the Activities Banquet.

Wednesday night is the Excelsior-Messenger staff picnic – all free, fried chicken. Friday is Call Night and Saturday the Activities Banquet! See how busy – all these activities at once. I don't really expect to get a letter out next week, so now at least you'll know what we're doing.

May 23: Thanks so much for the long letter, pictures, and food. Your baking sure is delicious. About this time of year we are beginning to grow weary of our cafeteria cooking = we know what everything will taste like before we eat it. We students surely were saddened by Mr. Bilitz's resignation this week. To replace his willingness to do anything for us is going to be mighty hard for anyone to do. The faculty wouldn't cooperate with him in so many ways and he really worked under difficult conditions. It's going to be a job finding someone who will consent to feed 600 in a kitchen as small as ours and in a dining hall that only seats 200. Last night at the Activities Banquet we students gave him a standing ovation and clapped for about five minutes! No wonder the faculty is jealous of his popularity.

Call Night, last Friday, sure was exciting. The calls didn't come 'til 10:45 p.m. 74 Seniors and 12 Junior girls got them. One Senior girl has to learn Spanish this summer for she's teaching in San Pablo Mission, Tucson, and her first and second-graders will know little English. She's a brilliant person and thrilled with it. Two other girls are going to Yakima, Washington and Pamona, California. The girls who asked to be sent near their future husbands' homes got their wish – so I'm hoping for next year.

Fourth Glorious Year, 1965 – 1966

(I practice-taught the first nine weeks of our Senior year, at Faith Lutheran in Fond du Lac, WI, in the 6th-8th grades. It was a great experience. Surely I must have written some letters during that time, but there weren't any saved from that period. The nine weeks of teaching concluded Nov. 6 and I don't have information from Christmas of 1965, either. It was a very busy and significant first semester for all of us.)

January 30, 1966, Sunday, 4 pm: Sleepy-head me just woke up from a 2½ hour nap! Guess I'll be studying tonight. I think most of my classmates must be sleeping, too, for it sure is quiet on this floor for a change. Having the gals back from practice school is still reason enough for excitement. I am so glad to have a roommate again (Celeste) and also to have Betty back.

Our classes are going to be quite interesting, I think, and a lot of usual work. For Lutheran Confessions we are working in groups of six to prepare a two-hour class presentation on major false doctrines. I'm on the Committee for Scientism which will involve Evolution and about three other current movements.

Our organ recital has finally been set for 8 pm, Sunday, March 13. (*Allen Krause and I gave this recital.*) In order to help us, Mr. Anderson decided we will be giving a small, preliminary recital the end of February. Mr. Anderson is giving his own recital next Sunday – a complete surprise to most everyone. It should be very good.

Our cold weather has been merciless and unrelenting. I hate it. Most every morn and night it's 30 below. It hasn't been above zero for a week. At least the wind doesn't blow so hard here.

We had our big Class Meeting. For our class trip we might be going to the Cities. We chose our graduation hymn from the three which were written. We're trying to get Prof. Schweppe to be the main speaker at our graduation.

I've surely been selling greeting cards lately. Sold 70 cents worth yesterday and put in an order for more cards. (*I only include this to illustrate the contrast between prices then and now. I think most of my cards sold for ten cents or a quarter.*)

Dad, what about my \$200 second-semester bill?

February 6: Where do you suppose I've been tonight?! Out dining with the music faculty and families at the beautiful Cat n' Fiddle eat spot! Allen Krause and I were invited (with an engraved card no less) since we are giving recitals this year. The dinner was in honor of our organ instructor, Mr. Anderson, who this afternoon and again tonight, is giving his own excellently-done recital. I had a most enjoyable time! Jan Weishahn, who gave a recital last year, was invited, too, so we had each other's support. The smorgasbord was terrific.

Our organ recital is now only five weeks away (the preliminary only three weeks) and I am getting daily more scared. Today's recital (Mr. Anderson's) has given me incentive to practice hard, though. I am having many trouble spots in two major pieces which really worries me. If I never get them smoothed out completely, I just hope they won't be too noticeable.

It surely is wonderful having warmer weather for a while! Snow even started to melt today as the temps rose a bit above freezing. We hope it stays below the freezing point this week, though, for this marks our annual Snow Carnival with its snow sculpture contest, ice skating, skit night, and other outdoor activities. Our class is going to sculpture a model of President Schweppe and some symbol showing his 50 years in ministry. The theme is "Highlights of 1965" so everything must be news-worthy events.

Our class has so much schoolwork again! It's really depressing always having to work frantically and to stay up late. I'm so glad this is my last semester! This week a committee of four, of which I'm chairwoman, has to present a lecture and slide-showing on Gothic Art for Lutheran Worship class. Then we have editorials to write for Government class, essays, and a term paper for Lutheran Church History, not to mention daily work.

You asked about the German Reformed Church – I'll be able to tell you more after I write my Church History paper since I have to write on its founder. We disagree with them on the main point of the Lord's Supper: they say the bread and wine only represent the body and blood for they think Christ couldn't continue to give His body away. We know, however, that it is both true bread and wine and true body and blood at the same time for Jesus said so and I Cor. 11:23-29 proves it, too. It is a miracle. (I wrote a paper on this last year.) The Reformed also are becoming more liberal along with the crowd these days. In Ruth Ann and Jerry's position, it's alright to go there, but they shouldn't support it or join it. I hope they won't. *(Ruth Ann is my first cousin and she and her husband were stationed in Germany at that time.)*

(And now a gap appears between this last letter of February 6, 1966 and the next saved letter dated May 13. My mother was extremely busy that spring with my brother's confirmation and grade school graduation, my sister's high school graduation, their 25th wedding anniversary, my college graduation and then our wedding. I certainly don't blame her in the least for losing track of a few letters. I would like to add that a highlight for me was the organ recital that Allen Krause and I each gave on March 13. It was the culmination of two years' learning the most difficult music I've ever played. Tish, if it wasn't for you being at my side as page-turner, I doubt I could have done it! You were God's gift to me.)

May 13, 1966: Tish has a Bride and Home magazine in which are listed "10 Rules for a Successful Wedding." I thought Rule No. 5 was a good one. It reads: "Get tranquilizers for Mother. It seems that God provides the bride with a built-in tranquilizer to let her drift through the days on a pink cloud. A mother has no such immunity."

Wanda is planning very strongly on singing for the wedding and has her heart set on it. The other day when we went through the music, she sang like an angel. She is singing the Saturday before ours too, for a girlfriend's wedding near Wisconsin Dells. My plan is this: should she be unable to sing that day, we will have the congregation sing. I'm sure she can do it though. *(Wanda did sing like an angel for our wedding, thank you, Wanda!)*

Wonderful news: Celeste and a girlfriend from her hometown (I know her) are driving down for the wedding! They're going to stay at Rosie's house in Beaver Dam. (Rosie is Betty's roommate.)

This coming Monday I'm serving at the First Choir banquet. Get a free steak dinner out of it!

I've decided I want no graduation dinner here or anywhere because I'll be so excited and will just want to pack up and come home. O.K. if we have a hamburger at the root beer stand?

May 22, Sunday: Call Night is soon upon us! I can hardly sit still, thinking about it. Everyone's butterflies are getting more and more active, and I think all of us wish it would be tonight! Soon one town or area is going to be the most important place in the world to us. I

will send you a complete call list Thursday morning so you can see where all my friends and classmates are going. I surely hope I will be able to get through on the phone to you before too late on Wednesday night. There are some 150 phone calls which will be made; and last year some people were finally getting the line at 2:30 am. Of course, last year's calls didn't come until 10 pm, but we are expecting ours at 8 pm.

I will try to get a phone as soon as I can. After the service, the Seniors are invited to the dining hall where we try to learn from others and from the faculty members information about our place. I want to go there, too, to find out my pastor's name, area, etc. so Gaylord knows where to go right away when he begins looking for an apartment. But I'll try to call you before I go to the "party."

Gaylord's new manager at Kroger's is giving him about a week off, so it looks like we'll have a honeymoon after all! He can't make it up for graduation, though.

Last night the College had its Activities Banquet at the Turner Hall. It was nice but far too long – from 6:30 to 11:00 we sat there and listened to speakers, award presentations and entertainment. Elaine Plath's boyfriend (*our RAS*) did an excellent job as MC and he was also presented with the Athlete of the Year award. We wore formals for this.

Our college baseball team took the Conference Championship yesterday! Our classmate, Merlin Wilde, pitched a fine game, completing a top-notch record. We were all thrilled about it since he's worked so hard!

Elaine will be coming back from practice teaching this weekend.

Tuesday after Memorial Day is our Senior Day, picnics, etc. and our Faculty-Senior Banquet that night. Then it'll only be a week until we graduate!

Wednesday, 11 pm: I know you are as stunned as I am. But I have high hopes yet --- the four of us girls who didn't get calls have been told we may receive them from an individual congregation. One of my classmates called his dad (on the church council) right away because their congregation, 12 miles from Mequon, had submitted a call, didn't get a teacher, and thus they're still waiting. There are some 10 openings in Milwaukee yet.

I went all to pieces when they told me but I calmed enough to go to the service. Now I am reassured that this is the Lord's will and it will work out somehow. Please don't worry.

Betty, Ray, Wanda, Tish, everyone is happy with their calls. Ray can't believe it, though, Kindergarten through sixth grade!

Added notes written in 2020: My future father-in-law drove up to New Ulm the very next morning to inquire why I hadn't received a call to a teaching position. Wow! I remember that Prof. Schulz told me when we happened to cross paths on the campus that day that I might not receive a call because of my plans to be married that June. It just did not sink in that that might really happen. As I recall, a few days later, Prof. Schweppe gave me the wonderful news in his office that Atonement Lutheran in Milwaukee had called me to be their second-grade teacher and assistant organist. What joy and relief! God worked all things for good, because Gaylord soon found an apartment for us which was near the school and whose managers were Mr. and Mrs. Bader, members of Atonement Lutheran! It turned out to be a great school with excellent faculty. I had 32 students in second-grade, 20 boys and 12 girls. The first and third grade teachers were of great help to me and the same third grade teacher was the other organist so it was easy to work together. I could only serve Atonement for one year because the following year was Gaylord's vicar year in Neenah, WI, where I did teach the first grade at Trinity Lutheran, the second semester.

May 31: Our Senior Day was terrific! So much fun and we'll have happy memories. First, we had breakfast at Flandrau Park and then we went thirty miles further to Minneopa Falls State Park for the rest of the day. The 20 ft. Falls, the first I'd ever seen, were beautiful! We could stand near enough to feel the mist.

Such a busy day this was! An hour and a half meeting with Synod's insurance representatives, another hour with call information. Practiced graduation hymn. Went downtown for the last time. Now it's study, study, study for exams!

Tonight was our Faculty-Graduates Banquet at the Orchid Inn in Sleepy Eye. A great smorgasbord; the faculty provided the entertainment which was really good, and a wonderful short and to the point speech by Prof. Schweppe on Jesus' words, "Follow Me."

Our exams are on Friday, Saturday, and Monday. Much studying needed the next two days where this gal is concerned. The last tests of my life!

And so concludes my DMLC memories as written to my family during our Four Glorious Years. I am struck by the many, many references to the amount of studying we needed to do to get through those years. On the plus side, it was great to be reminded of the many good times we enjoyed together through class activities and dorm incidents. I remember that before beginning our years in New Ulm, the pastor's wife at my home church told me that the friends I would make at DMLC would be life-long friends. How true her words were! God has blessed me with friends who have stood by me all my life and I can't imagine life without them.

Thank the Lord that Because of His Sacrificial Death and Resurrection, Eternity Awaits Us Where Glorious Years Will Be Unending!