

## That's the Latest

I mentioned last month that I went to Brown Institute in Minneapolis for the broadcasting program that they were nationally known for. I'm sure you've listened to several alumni of Brown on your radio without knowing it. John Hines of WCCO comes to mind. He went there about the same time I did. Roy Finden, who did weather on KSTP years ago, was one of my instructors. When I lived in Nebraska, Chuck Hagel was a U.S. Senator who later became Secretary of Defense. He and I would visit from time to time and we would reminisce about our days at Brown. Chuck attended the very same radio school about 5 years before me. We always joked about what it took to become a radio broadcaster. At Brown, they would fill your mouth with marbles. Then you would slowly start to read a script and do some announcing. Slowly the marbles would start to fall out of your mouth, maybe one at a time or two or three at a time. You would keep on announcing from the make-believe studio and by the time you lost all your marbles, you were a radio announcer. People would ask 'Have you lost your marbles?' We'd say yes and we have a diploma to prove it.

Speaking of Chuck Hagel, he of course had that great radio voice and he was one of my favorite people to interview. He was like clockwork. His answers would be 45 seconds, and then he would pause to wait for the next question. For us radio news people, a 45 second answer was perfect because if you had time to air the full quote, 45 seconds could sum up the story. If you needed to shorten it for time constraints, then you take the 45 second sound bite and make it 12 or 15 seconds or something close to that. Chuck Grassley, longtime Iowa Senator was and is a bit more long winded and he would add in his own pauses along with a few umms and ahhs. I could take a 45 second audio clip of him and make it 20 seconds and not take out one word.

Of course then there was the other extreme. People who would take one question and give a 12 minute response. After that, we'd be out of time to ask a second question. PR people in agriculture, whether they were talking about crops, chemicals, machinery were very good at this. Although many of them would wait for a second question and then go another 12 minutes. Pretty soon, before I could follow up with another question, I would have to change batteries in the recorder. My record response time was from a veterinarian whose answer to ONE question was 33 minutes.

The West Concord Historical Society's 'Night at the Museum' dinner on April 27<sup>th</sup> was a huge success. It was a great meal served by Omar's Catering. They were terrific. We had a lot of volunteer hours from many people and in the end it was a great evening. Dan Lulf designed the table tent cards. On them he had some conversation starters for each table. Among the suggestions was a memory from the old school gym. For those of you who weren't there or not at one of our recent WCHS board meetings, I shared this old memory.

I was in Mrs. Mernyce Steberg's 3<sup>rd</sup> grade class. The picture you see here is some of the class of 1971 when we were in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade in 1962. I'm the studious one on the front right.



A 3<sup>rd</sup> grade girl classmate, who will remain anonymous to save her from the humiliation and regret, and I went to the basement level of the school on the south end. I'm not sure what this room was used for originally, but we used the

room to have our first kiss with someone from the opposite sex that was not our aunt or grandmother. As we walked out, there was Mrs. Steberg, staring us down with laser like precision. We didn't know what lasers were back then but I did know that look. I'm sure the scientist who invented lasers had the same look from a teacher and went on to design today's lasers. Mrs. Steberg did not say one word. The look said it all. Me and my new girlfriend scurried up those old wooden steps as fast as we could and never spoke of this event again...until now. I think we were too scared to ever mention it. I think 57 years is just a tad beyond the statute of limitations.

One of my memories from the old gym would be all the class plays. As grade schoolers, the junior or senior class would do a matinee for the grade school before they did two evening performances. There were a lot of good plays done there. I think it was Kent Kleeberger who during intermission of one of his class plays did a dance to Roy Orbison's Pretty Woman. Talk about something that seared into the memory...that was it. My class during our junior year did the play 'You Can't Take It With You'. That was a terrific play as every one of our actors fit their part perfectly. I was Mr. Henderson, the tax collector. I think for most class plays, the rehearsals were more fun than the actual performances. There was lots of good bonding among classmates.

Below is the picture of the class of 1971 production of You Can't Take it With You in the spring of 1970. Our director was Miss Mary Ann Schaefer.

Seated at the table from left to right: Jim Monical, Dan Miller, Denise Putrah, Louie Loosbrock, Debbie Schiesser, Richard Eichens who did a wonderful portrayal of Mr Depina.

Standing from left to right; Karl Flormoe, Chris Sathrum, Steve Ray, Bonnie Everts, Marilyn Dengler, Steve Frederick, Shelly Cain, Matthew Fellows, Jim DeFlieger, Grant Ness, Joel Sackett, David Agerter, Emery Kleven, Cindy Henry, Susan Benda, Miss Schaefer.

