

I remember going to UND on a hot summer day in July (1967) to register for college. I remember Mom, unable to hold back her tears, hugging me as I left home for college. Little did I know of the adventure I was about to begin.

And what an adventure it was. There were many things that were very different. The freedom to come and go as I pleased. The extra time between classes to study or goof off. The many strangers that smiled at us as we walked around the campus. The many new friendships that seemed to accumulate each week.

The late nights discussing Vietnam, black power, pollution, Kent State, Indian Reservations, religion. What is fair? Who is right? What is the best way to make things better for all, rich and poor?

The songs were also important. The questions, in these songs, had a terrific impact. Where have all the flowers gone? What are we fighting for? How many roads must a man walk down? These songs raised many questions in my brain.

We were even given the opportunity to spend four years of our lives to study, learn, and discuss. This really was an extraordinary freedom that even today I don't always fully appreciate. I can't imagine life without having been exposed to college life.