

**A
SECOND
CHANCE**

**Family History
and
Autobiography
of
Ron Kibble**

Copyright © 2023 by Ronald M. Kibble All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means including storage and retrieval systems without permission in writing from Ronald M. Kibble.

September 2023

Table of Contents and [Pictures]

FORWORD	1
PREFACE	2
[Three Cousins]	2
CHILDHOOD MEMORIES	5
[Pierson Ranch]	5
[Kibble Home].....	6
[Grandpa's Team and Wagon].....	6
Fraternal Grandparents.....	7
[Fraternal Grandparents]	7
[Fraternal Family Tree]	9
[Saddle Club Ride]	10
[Annual Flood]	11
Maternal Grandparents	12
[Maternal Siblings].....	12
[1918 Fire Truck]	13
[Maternal Family Tree]	14
[July 17 th , 1942, Time Capsule]	16
Inseparable Brothers	17
Aunt Myrtle	19
[Aunt Myrtle's Family].....	19
Aunt Alice	20
Uncle Raymond.....	20
[Uncle Raymond]	20
Grandpa Fred.....	21
Willowdale Grade School.....	22
[Willowdale Students].....	23
[Ruth (Huber) Highland]	23
[Annual Christmas Program]	25
[Willowdale School Reunion].....	26
[Steve (6) Chasing Seagulls on Siesta Beach]	28
Wallace Shipton	29
[Aunt Belle and Uncle Wallace]	29
Blakey Family.....	32

[Ted Blakey].....	33
HIGH SCHOOL.....	34
[James Fredrick Kibble]	34
Barry Ellis.....	35
Independence.....	37
Football	43
[Kibble's Big Day].....	43
[Principal Don Snowden]	43
[Princess Kayleen Ron (76) Jim (21)].....	45
[National Honor Athletic Society]	46
[Social Life].....	48
[High School Graduation-1960].....	48
COLLEGE	49
Football	49
[NCC Recognition].....	52
[USD Stuns Augie].....	53
[Five Years - Five Coaches].....	55
[Football Recognition]	56
[All-Time Recognition].....	57
Mamon Keys.....	58
[Mamon Keys at age 78]	58
Coach Bob Burns	60
[Bob Burns]	61
Steve Gerow.....	62
Jim Legg.....	62
[South Dakota vs Nebraska Football]	63
Roger Craiche	63
Bruce Smebakken	64
Dick Weber.....	64
Graduation	65
Sorrowful Loss	65
Practice Teaching.....	66
Alumni Football Game	68
[Alumni Football Game (1980)]	69
Lifelong Blessing	70

[My Lifelong Blessing]	70
MARINE CORPS	71
Marriage	74
[Wedding Party]	74
New Experiences	75
[Solo Flight (11 May 1965)]	78
[Navy T-28B Trojan].....	82
[Out For The Season]	84
[Home on Leave (October 1965)	85
after Lung Surgery]	85
[Kristin Mary Arrives]	86
["New" '66 Bug - \$1,632].....	86
[Top of the Class]	87
VIETNAM	88
[Departure Picture - Sept 1966]	88
Captain William Lynch.....	89
[1 st Bridge Company]	89
First Assignment	90
[Song Thu Bon River]	90
A Close Call	91
Morale	92
[Checking The Perimeter]	92
[Ho Dung Basket].....	93
[Circle of Trees – Valley Forge]	94
Promotion	95
[Captain Bars].....	95
Friend or Foe.....	96
[Espionage Mole]	96
Assault by Subordinate	97
Sappers.....	97
[Combat Report].....	99
Civilian Casualty.....	100
[Vietnamese Currency]	100
[US Military Currency]	101
[Viet Cong Propaganda].....	102
Identifying the Dead	104

[Enemy Engagement Report]	104
[Vincent R. Copodanno]	106
Last But Not Least.....	107
[Grandson Jacob's Project]	110
[Conclusion of a Calling]	111
JOHN DEERE CAREER.....	112
Corporate Management	112
[John Deere Recruiting]	112
Ted Barnick.....	114
[Permit to Carry]	115
Advancement.....	120
[Bismarck Retail Store]	121
Self Determination	125
[Major Changes].....	127
[Mankato Implement].....	128
[John Deere Reliability]	129
Growth.....	129
Community Activities.....	131
[After Work Involvement]	131
[MAYAA Founder].....	132
[Steve Kibble MSU Football]	134
Difficult Decisions	134
A Family Business.....	136
[Steve Kibble - Co-owner]	138
[Manager of the Year Honors]	138
RON KIBBLE’S OPINION on the following TOPICS	139
Business.....	139
Education.....	139
Family	139
Government.....	140
Politics	140
Religion	141
Social Standing.....	143
Sports	143
War.....	144

Wealth.....	145
MY FAMILY	146
Frances Ann Hagen Kibble.....	146
[Fran's Mother Teaching	146
[Kris to Walk at 7 Months].....	146
[Patricia Jean (Hagen) Bruns]	147
[Jennifer (Bruns) Bhalla Family]	147
[Typing Certification]	148
[Kappa Alpha Theta -1964].....	148
[Mobridge Sisters in Las Vegas].....	149
[United In Marriage]	150
Kristin Mary Kibble Mattson.....	151
[Figure Skating].....	151
[Beautiful Bride].....	153
[Mr. and Mrs. Mike Mattson].....	153
[Full Time Mother].....	154
[Kris holding Katie after running her marathon under four hours].....	155
[Kris and TR Boating].....	155
Stephen Thomas Kibble	156
[Hall of Fame]	156
[Steve Kibble – Athlete].....	157
[Marriage Ceremony]	158
[Steve Kibble Family]	159
Our Five Grandchildren and “Great” Grandson.....	161
Abby	161
[The Enforcer]	161
[Letter From Abby]	162
Katie	163
[Fierce Competitor]	163
[Letter From Katie]	164
[Katie's Wedding].....	165
[Katie and Daniel]	165
Zach.....	166
[Hunting Buddies]	166
[Zach Kibble Marine Corps]	166
Jack	167

[Jack's Favorite Sport]	167
[Oath of Office]	167
Jake	168
[Jake Kibble]	168
Theo	169
[T. R. at Six Months].....	169
SIGNIFICANT INFLUENCE	170
Vernon Kibble (1917-1985)	170
Evelyn Branaugh Kibble (1918-2006)	171
[Mother's Family]	171
[Mother With Her Four Boys].....	172
[Twelve-year-old Katie's Tribute].....	173
Fred Kibble (1891-1964)	174
Louise Kibble (1897-1977)	174
James "Doc" Branaugh (1885-1970)	175
[Close Call with A Tornado].....	176
Clara Branaugh (1895-1980)	176
[Grandma Clara amid her Prize Peonies].....	176
Aunt Myrtle Schuldt (1916-1980)	177
Uncle "Augie" Schuldt (1912-1985)	177
UNCLE WALT BRANAUGH (1920-2005)	178
AUNT ALICE BRANAUGH (1919-1989)	178
THE 12 FIRST COUSINS	179
[First Cousins]	179
James Frederick Kibble (1939-2014)	180
[Jim Kibble Air Force]	180
Ronald Morris Kibble (1942-)	181
William Richard Kibble (1944-)	181
[Bill Kibble Marine Corps]	183
[Defense Leader]	184
[Bill Kibble Football]	184
Roger Vernon Kibble (1951-)	186
[Roger Kibble Marine Corps]	186
Donald August Schuldt (1947-)	187
Robert Henry Schuldt (1949-)	188

Kenneth Vernon Schuldt (1951-)	188
Kaylene Evelyn (Schuldt) Lukens (1951-)	188
Larry J. Branaugh (1943-1968)	188
James W. Branaugh (1944-)	189
Donald E. Branaugh (1946-1996)	189
Bonnie E. Branaugh (1951-)	189
ADMIRABLE MEMORY	190
Denny Trio	190
Joe Willaert.....	190
Bruce Born	191
Susan Van Vranken	191
[Susan Van Vranken Emails]	192
IN CONCLUSION	194
COUSIN’S CONTRIBUTIONS	195
Jim Branaugh	195
Some Family Memories	195
Siblings	196
[Larry Receiving a Purple Heart]	196
[Thornton Veterans Memorial]	197
[Veterans Memorial Aquatic Center]	198
Bob Schuldt	199
Some Family Memories	199
Teenage Memories:	200
Siblings	201
[Yankton Police Radio Dispatcher]	202
[1153 DP Transmitter]	203
[Hong Kong].....	203
[Kuala Lumpur]	204
[Singapore]	204
[Y-12 Nuclear Facility – Oak Ridge, TN]	205
[LCMR – Syracuse, NY].....	205
[OSD Study – Richmond, VA]	206
[CVRJ - Arifjan, Kuwait].....	206
[Kuwait Currency].....	207
[RAID G-BOSS]	207
[Gus Taylor]	208

[Iraqi Currency]	208
[Grand National Champion]	209
Summary	210

FORWARD

Forward to Ron Kibble's Memoirs: By Kris Kibble Mattson & Steve Kibble

We would like to thank our parents for not only an incredible and loving upbringing, but for the endless sacrifices that both Ron and Fran have made for us throughout our lives. Their selfless intentions not only contributed to our own personal successes, but the many academic and career accomplishments of their five grandkids. Thanks to their life lessons, generosity, and love, they will forever be better people contributing to this world and to their own families.

Our dad started the discussion for this book after his heart attack nearly four years ago, so to see him put his stories, experiences, and words of wisdom on paper is a proud moment for us. We have always known what a courageous, honest, hardworking man Ron Kibble is, but many do not know the lengths he has gone to give back to his community, or the “Second Chances” he has created – time and time again, empowering the underdog or less fortunate, encouraging and creating success in those around him.

Most of all, our dad has been there for every activity that we participated in from grade school to college, even when he was working seven days a week – we always knew that John Deere hats would be somewhere in the stands. The work ethics and integrity that he instilled in us over the years has contributed to our success in careers, family life, friendships and, much like our dad, helping others in our own communities.

Now that this book is finally finished, you get to see the reason our father has led a successful life – where his grit comes from his reliability, authenticity and kindness. You now get to understand the Ron Kibble that we grew up with and the strong woman who stood beside him as his wife. As adults, there has been nothing better than hearing Ron's stories over a good glass of scotch. So, cheers dad – on an honest life lived large and the incredible impact that you have had on us and those fortunate enough to know you.

PREFACE

October 9, 2018 – three 1st cousins, all second born in the three families of the children of Doc and Clara Branaugh reunited after over 50 years of not seeing each other.

I informed them I was going to do an autobiography - family history and asked them for their individual input.

Both Jim Branaugh and Bob Schuldt agreed, and Bob also agreed to use his work background to help me organize content and pictures. Bob put the finishing touch on what I was trying to convey at my limited experience in such a difficult project.

Left to right: Jim Branaugh, Ron Kibble, Bob Schuldt



[Three Cousins]

I want to thank my daughter (Kris) and granddaughter (Katie) for their typing skills and interpretation of my scribbling.

My journey of life wasn't that abnormal, but I want to emphasize all the help that I received just about every day of the journey.

Parents, grandparents, siblings, friends, schoolteachers, coaches, clergy, fellow Marines, business associates, and my family - all were involved.

My employees were instrumental in the success of my business ventures. I can't thank each of them enough to show my gratitude for their hard work, and to make our business respected by all the customers who were extremely loyal to our organization.

My wife, Fran, had the most difficult job of all. The many times I would get side-tracked by poor choices or negative results, she would make sure I was re-calibrated and heading in the right direction.

Our circle of friends multiplied two-fold when we purchased our Florida condo on Siesta Key, Sarasota, Florida in 2011.

My children: Kris and Steve and their spouses, grandchildren, and great-grandchild all have contributed to my retirement happiness. I, like many in my age group, appreciate family as the ultimate possession. All the money in the world would not replace the satisfaction I receive in following their achievements and careers. I truly love each of them for who they are and how each conducts their personal lives.

You might be wondering why I titled this manuscript “A SECOND CHANCE“. I had numerous incidents; especially the first 25 years of memories where I was lucky enough to have people in positions of authority that gave me guidance and insisted that I set achievable goals in writing and review them annually. Most males do not mentally mature until their mid-twenties and I was no exception!

When I was in my twenties, I remember watching the elderly population moving about using canes, crutches, walkers, wheelchairs and other devices normally used in abundance in the 20th century. Cancer and heart attacks were usually terminal within months of diagnosis.

After having both hips replaced and a titanium disc installed between the lower 4th and 5th vertebrae, I was again playing a racquet sport; pickleball in lieu of racquetball. I am blessed with the best family medicine doctor, Dr. John Benson, and the two best orthopedic surgeons in Minnesota; Dr. Kyle Swanson [hips and knees] and Dr. Thomas Jones [spinal]. I also put my ophthalmologist, Dr. Emily Birkholz in that same category.

In 2019 I suffered a heart attack on the pickleball court and had three stents inserted and was given a “Second Chance, ”and was back on the court within two months. This would not have been possible 50 years ago without major surgery and instructions to live a sedative lifestyle.

There are at least four of us over 80 years of age playing pickleball with artificial knees, hips and other medical issues that absolutely would have sidelined all of us 50 years ago. I can only imagine what medical advancements will be produced in the future. The four of us have been given many second chances to be physically active because of modern medicine created in the past half century.

This Autobiography-Family History is meant to illustrate how many of you who will read this could write a similar story of your own life experiences. I have included some History within my personal story and how the Dakota Territory became my birthplace and myself a forever SOUTH DAKOTAN!

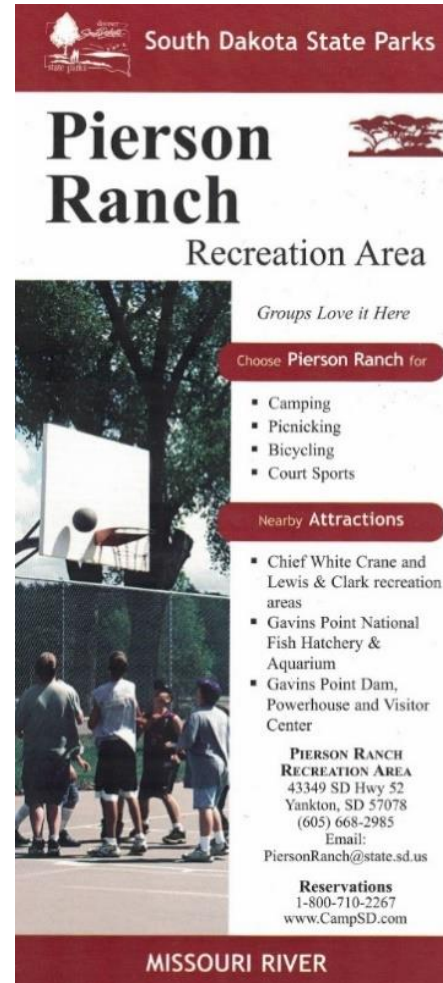
CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

My first childhood memory, at age four, was living on the Pierson-Levinger Ranch, which is now the Gavins Point Dam and [Lewis and Clark Lake] located west of Yankton, South Dakota.

My Father was a ranch-hand and we lived on the ranch. Across the Missouri river on the Nebraska side was a practice bombing range used by the military during World War II. We had a lot of daily thunder around us almost all the time.

One event that sticks in my mind is walking around with a 4-foot bull snake around my neck when I was about four years old. The bull snakes were allowed at our building site as they were deadly enemies of the rattlesnakes that frequented the area, and they would always kill the poisonous rattlesnakes by squeezing them to death. Dad killed the largest bull snake because he thought it might end up strangling one of us younger kids.

I was four years old when we moved to a small farmhouse three miles east of Yankton, South Dakota. Dad, Mom, Jim (7 ½), Ron (4) and Bill (2) fit neatly into a 600 sq. foot house that had no electricity or plumbing. We eventually received Rural Electric Association (REA) electricity in 1949 when I was seven years old. We read with kerosene lamps and would clean the lamps with old newspapers. Many notable events occurred before I turned six years old and started first grade at Willowdale District 3 grade school.



South Dakota State Parks

Pierson Ranch

Recreation Area

Groups Love it Here

Choose Pierson Ranch for

- Camping
- Picnicking
- Bicycling
- Court Sports

Nearby Attractions

- Chief White Crane and Lewis & Clark recreation areas
- Gavins Point National Fish Hatchery & Aquarium
- Gavins Point Dam, Powerhouse and Visitor Center

PIERSON RANCH RECREATION AREA
43349 SD Hwy 52
Yankton, SD 57078
(605) 668-2985
Email: PiersonRanch@state.sd.us

Reservations
1-800-710-2267
www.CampSD.com

MISSOURI RIVER

[Pierson Ranch]

In 1946 we moved into our 600 square foot house located three miles east of Yankton. The three barefoot boys in the picture are - Jim (7 ½), Ron (4), and Bill (2). Notice our bathtub hanging on the side of the house.



[Kibble Home]



[Grandpa's Team and Wagon]

I remember in 1946 I was riding on the wooden wagon that was pulled by a matched team of horses one sunny autumn day on the “Shipton 60” farm and was almost asleep on the wagon seat while my grandpa and dad were picking corn by hand.

Both were small, wily men and could each hand-pick about 100 bushel of corn a day. The ears would just bounce off the “bangboard” of the extended side of the wagon, only interrupted by the occasional “ghee” and “whoa” commands that started and stopped the team of horses

pulling the wagon. About three in the afternoon, I heard my grandfather let out a shout and say “Why I’ll be damned! They finally showed up with my tractor.”

Grandpa's first tractor (Post-war shortages) a WC Allis Chalmer with steel wheels (rubber tires were unavailable) was being delivered by a "Used -Machinery Jockey" and it had a mounted two row corn picker on the tractor. They were so excited because they no longer had to pick corn by hand - they had graduated to a mechanical picker.

The old G.I. picker was the worst corn picker ever made. We ended up hauling more stalks into our yard and corn crib than actual ears of corn. This forced us to pick the ears off the stalks and pile the stalks before elevating the ears of corn into the corn crib - needless to say, the G.I. picker was quickly traded off for a one-row Woods corn picker. It was at the elevator site where my grandpa made my first corn cob pipe that utilized corn silk for tobacco. I realized at an early age that smoking would never be for me.

Fraternal Grandparents

My fraternal grandparents - Fred and Louise Kibble - lived across the township road from us in a large spacious farmhouse that was owned by my father's aunt, Emma Weidenbach.

Top Row: Grandpa Fred, Grandma Louise
Middle Row: Vern, Evelyn
Bottom Row: Jim, Ron (12 months)

Aunt Emma lived in Avon, SD and her husband had done quite well in the grocery store business and invested in the two 80-acre farms that we each lived on. We rented 60-40 shares from Aunt Emma and my mother's uncle, Wallace Shipton, who lived a half mile west of us. Altogether, we were two families living on 400 acres of land, which was a huge farming operation during the late 1940's. In addition to picking corn by hand we also threshed small grain the old-fashioned way until we purchased our first Combine in 1950.



[Fraternal Grandparents]

My first mentor and teacher was my beloved Grandpa Fred Kibble. I was instantly his "favorite" and tagged behind him for two years before I was forced to attend 1st grade. He bought me my only pony, "Blacky" (½ Welsh and ½ Quarter

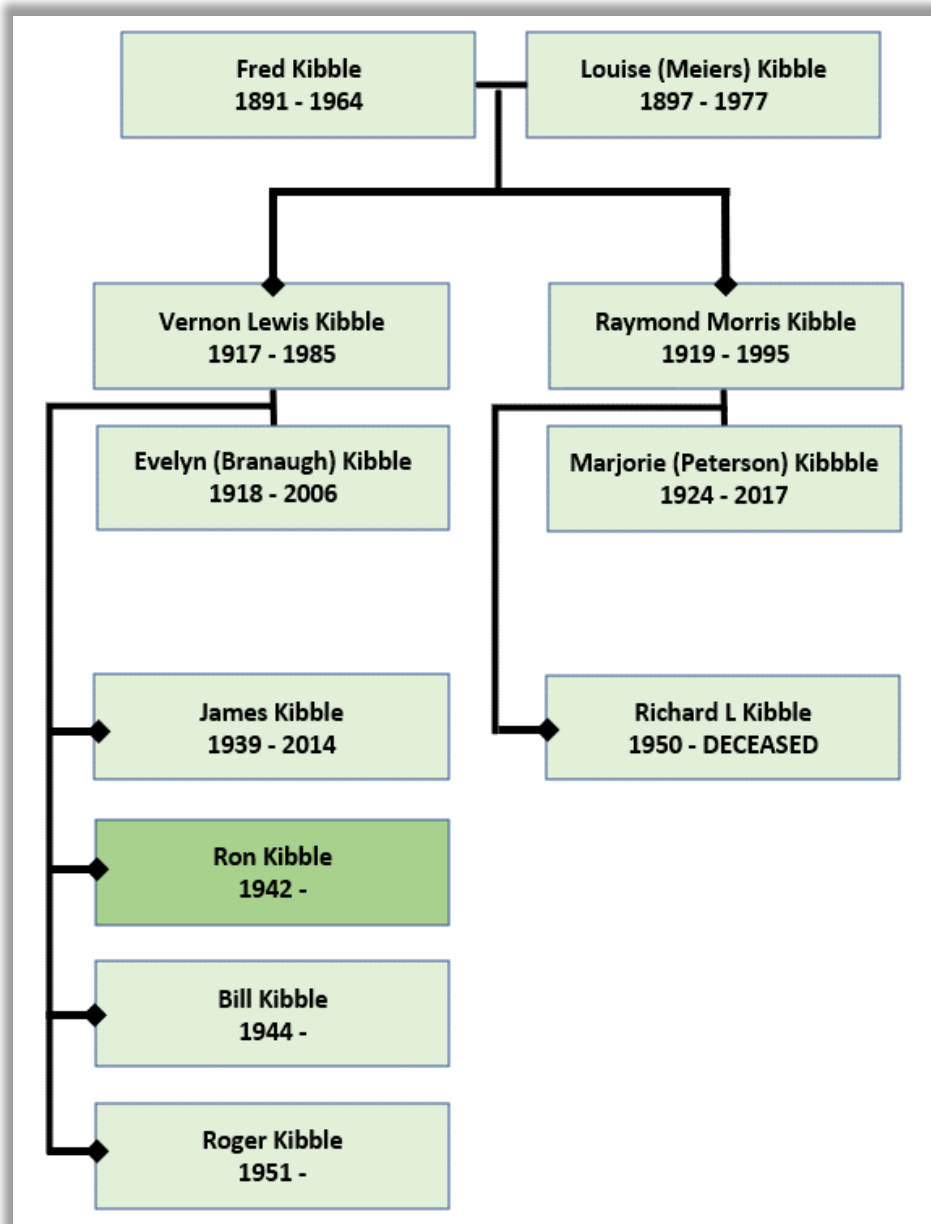
horse) when I was five years old. In exchange I had to “herd” his 15-cow dairy herd in the local township ditches as much of the grass was edible. I would mount Blacky at 8 AM and herd the cows a half a mile along both sides of the gravel road. My duty was to keep them out of the neighbor’s fields and bring them home full of grass before noon. I would lie on Blacky’s back (I rode him bareback) and be part of the herd - carefully watching that no cow would enter no-man’s-land and destroy crops. I received 50 cents per week from Grandpa Fred for grazing the cows.

In the afternoon he would take me to the fields and teach me how to drive the W.C. tractor. We had to hand-crank the tractor as it had no electrical starter. My Grandpa Fred suffered from asthma and would almost die cranking on the old high compression engine. Boy would I ever catch it if I would let the “clutch” out too fast and “kill” the engine. We would have to wait for it to “cool down” so it would start easier. After cussing me out, we’d have great conversations waiting for the engine to cool down so he could crank it. At six years of age, he allowed me to crank it myself. You had to be careful as many a broken arm occurred when cranking engines in that era. So, he taught me how to stand out of the arc of the crank so if the engine backfired you wouldn’t receive a broken wrist or arm.

Grandpa Fred owned a 1941 Black 4-door Plymouth Sedan. It was a 3-speed with a foot clutch, and he decided I should chauffeur him around. He cut wooden blocks and fastened them to the clutch, brake, and accelerator pedals so I could reach them. Many an afternoon at 4 p.m., I would drive him to the local tavern, located on the James River about three miles from our farm homes. He would have an 8 oz beer at the Tavern and buy me a nickel Coke and then get one for the road and I would drive him home on the backroads while he had his second 8 oz beer for the day. Of course, he smoked his pipe the whole day if either one of his hands were available to handle the pipe.

Grandpa Fred Kibble was one of nine boys raised in the Springfield, South Dakota area. His father was born in Worcestershire County England in 1836 and came by ship, settling initially in the Le Mars, Iowa area. The first (4) boys including Grandpa Fred were born in Buena Vista County, Iowa, before moving to Springfield, South Dakota in the fall of 1895. Great Grandpa Richard owned a saloon and got into trouble selling liquor to the Indians. He sold his saloon and worked for Colburn Lumberyard until succumbing to cancer in February of 1915. Seven of his nine sons were alcoholics; fortunately, Grandpa Fred was one of the two lucky ones not addicted.

Grandpa Fred married Louise Meiers in 1917. My father Vernon was born shortly after their marriage and was later joined by one other sibling, my uncle Raymond Kibble.



[Fraternal Family Tree]

I know my Grandma Louise came from a stoic German family who had strong ties to Homeland Germany. My grandpa refused to allow her to speak German around the children and banished all German bibles etc. because of the fallout from World War I, and the stigma of Germany's desire to conquer England and eventually, the United States. This was repeated the second time some 23 years later in World War

II. I have in my possession her German Lutheran Bible. Grandma Louise could sit down and milk 15 cows by hand as fast as any man. When they butchered any animal, nothing was discarded. I can remember eating blood gravy and her favorite head cheese (Eyeballs etc.) Pickled tongue and hooves were also plentiful.

After retiring from the farm in 1956 they moved to Yankton, South Dakota where they purchased a small home and cooked at the Elks Club until both passed away; Grandpa Fred in 1964 and Grandma Louise in 1977.

As much as I liked Grandpa Fred, I disliked Grandma Louise. She was jealous of my relationship with Grandpa and would make life as miserable as possible. She even treated my mother worse than any of us. Grandma Louise was a big, one hundred percent German woman who stood 5'8" and 160 pounds with not an ounce of fat on her. My Grandpa Fred was 5'5" and 125 lbs. They made quite a pair dressed up in their cowboy clothes, matching horses, and saddles when we did the semi-annual Saddle Club ride.



[Saddle Club Ride]

Twice a year, weather permitting, our local Saddle Club would ride 4-5 miles to a neighbor's farm and attend non-denominational church services. The service would be held in conjunction with a pancake breakfast. I really looked forward to this event as it was a social event for farm kids. Once a year, they would have a Saddle Club Rodeo and us farm kids would get to ride small calves in a roped-off area that had 12 inches of mud so nobody would get hurt. Naturally, I thought I was the best rider as I could ride bare-back, and I hated a saddle - I felt like the Indians who rode on blankets - you were part of the animal and not separated by a saddle that was used by the white man for roping and working cattle. My Grandpa Fred made me ride on a saddle, to Saddle Club events, as that was the protocol.

Our move from the ranch in 1946 was Dad's first year as a farmer. He had worked two jobs during World War II and saved enough money to start farming with Grandpa Fred who lived across the township road from our little home. Unfortunately, both farms bordered a channel linking the James (Jim) river to the Missouri river and almost every Spring we would have to move livestock and

personal belongings to “high ground” to avoid the 4-5 feet of water that covered our entire farm until Gavins Point Dam was finished in 1957.

Our summers were exciting as the channel formed a mile long temporary lake, 7-8 feet at its deepest. It typically would remain there until September and fish and wildlife were plentiful and we always had our personal lake until it became stagnant around mid-July. We had many near-drowning experiences from floating logs etc. when crossing the channel.

My father had “Crest” marks on a doorway frame in the house. We would stack straw bales above the predicted crest marks and put our furniture on top of the bales. The flood experts were usually within a couple of inches when they predicted the high crest mark, so therefore, we never experienced wet furniture.

Upon returning after the water receded, we would pump the flood water out of the basement with a tractor P.T.O pump. After opening doors and drying out the house, we then would move back in just like nothing had happened. It was always an adventure because we would move into our grandparent Branaugh’s home for 2-3 weeks until the water recessed enough to allow us to return to our farm.



[Annual Flood]

Maternal Grandparents



[Maternal Siblings]

amputation, so they removed 4 ½ inches of bone and slid it together and left a small “weep hole” in the shin. He wore a 4 ½ inch “lift” in his left shoe until his death at 85 years of age.

After being wounded and being hospitalized for nine months, his family almost starved to death. They lived in a small 600 sq. ft house surrounded by railroad tracks and, thankfully, their neighbors supplied them with food and coal for their furnace. There was no workman’s compensation or hospital insurance available for city employees in 1929, so they were on their own. Grandpa Doc was unable to continue as a policeman because of his leg, so they appointed him the Fire Chief and Custodian of City Hall until he retired at age 72.

My maternal grandparents - James (Doc) and Clara Branaugh - had three children: aunt Myrtle, my mother Evelyn, and uncle Walt.

Doc was a town legend. For many years he was the only policeman in Yankton to be shot in the line of duty. In 1929 he was chasing a bank robber across a parking lot and while chasing him and exchanging gunfire, he was hit in the left shin with a .45 caliber round. It spun him several feet in the air and after spending seven months in the hospital, they sent him to the Mayo Clinic to amputate his leg below the knee. He fought the

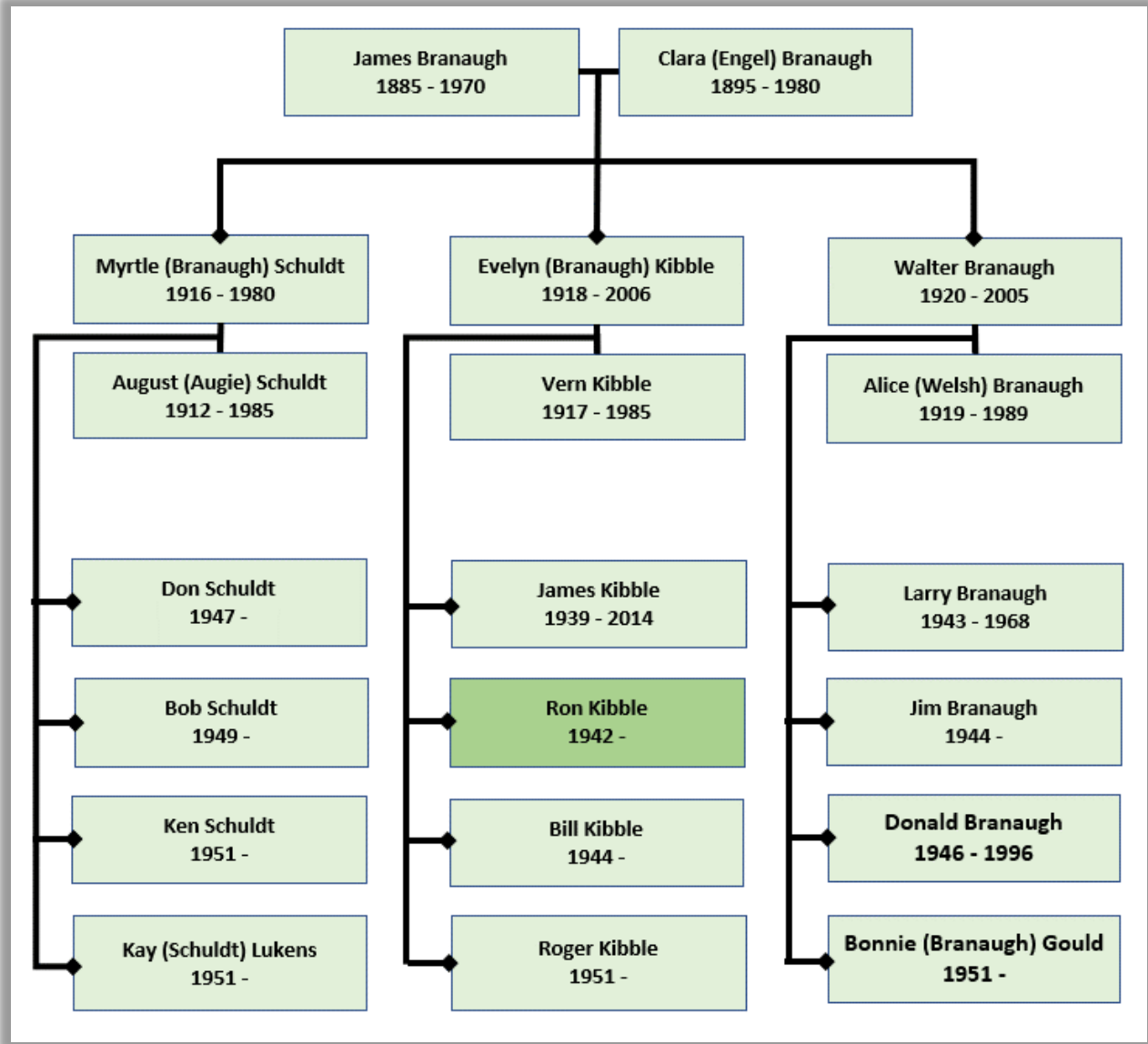


This was Yankton's Volunteer Fire Department in about 1918. The members shown are, from left to right: George Bauman, Reese Davis, Chief Jim Todd, James (Doc) Branaugh (at the wheel), Art Ferdinand, Charles Steinbach, Jess McCoun, Fred Bolan (with mustache on rear of truck), George (Shorty) Bower (with foot on running board) and Nathan Steinbach. (Photo from Chet Branaugh; engraving furnished by the First Dakota National Bank).

[1918 Fire Truck]

They moved into a huge home on 507 Locust Street in a nice neighborhood in the late 1930's. They rented the upstairs apartment for extra income. I only learned in 2005 how they could afford their huge home.

My maternal grandfather's relatives immigrated from Ireland in 1839 during the potato famine. They settled in the New Jersey area and one of them started a successful textile factory. Having never married, upon his death all his estate went to 41 nieces and nephews at \$36,000 each. In 1935 that was a fortune equating to approximately \$500,000 today. My grandparents were able to buy their home at 507 Locust St., a new car, and had money in a savings account.



[Maternal Family Tree]

Grandpa Doc's Irish grandfather was a Union soldier who marched with General Sherman and was in Atlanta, Georgia during the end of the Civil War when he was summoned home to bury his young wife and place his three children with relatives until he returned home from active duty eight months later. In that 8-month period, he met and married a southern belle and returned to New Jersey with his new wife to reunite with his three children. She was a Baptist, so the Catholic priest excommunicated him and sent them on their way.


In an effort to tame and occupy the wild west, all Union soldiers and their families were offered free train tickets and sent west to the new “Dakota territory” with guaranteed homestead rights. President Abraham Lincoln had authored the Homestead Act of 1862 that allowed any individual to claim title to 160 acres after living on the plot of land for a minimum of five years. Service time in the Civil War counted towards the 5-year requirement, thus over 6000 Civil War veterans settled in the Dakota territory.

Grandma Clara Branaugh was an easy favorite Grandmother. At age ten she was sent to live with another family in Crofton, Nebraska, as her parents could not feed and clothe all her 13 brothers and sisters. Her schooling ceased as she was required to work ten hours a day for room and board. I tried to investigate through the Catholic Church in Crofton what her new family’s name was, but she died as an Engle and never considered her new family as her brothers and sisters. She made the most of her 4th grade education and could pick up any crying child and have it cooing in a short minute. She would eventually become my second mother, especially my Senior year in high school. I adored her as much as my Grandpa Kibble. Both were so influential in my early life and taught me that “Giving” is more important than “Receiving.”


Grandpa Doc was born in Parkston, SD in 1885, before South Dakota became a state on November 2, 1889. He was now part of the WASP (White Anglo-Saxon Protestant) generation occupying the eastern areas of South Dakota. They dominated the area with over 800 small Protestant churches built in eastern South Dakota. Every time Catholic Bishop Marty and Archbishop Ireland appeared before the Territory Governor and petitioned to build a Catholic church, they were turned down as the WASP’s wanted no Catholic influence in the Dakota territory.

After many requests by Marty and Ireland they finally made a deal with the Territory Governor; they could have a church if they could tame the renegade Sioux Indians that were relocated from Minnesota to the Dakota Territory. They quickly took up the challenge and pacified several areas and finally were given permission to build Catholic facilities in the Dakota territory. Yankton, SD was the territory's capital, so they built a huge church, school, and hospital on a majestic site overlooking the Missouri River. It became an all-girl’s high school and nursing school for the 400-bed hospital and a cornerstone for the Catholic faith in the early 1900’s. It was named Mount Marty College after Bishop Marty and the hospital was

named Sacred Heart Hospital - the hospital I arrived in as a 10 lb. baby born in 104-degree weather on July 17th, 1942.



dMarie Time Capsule



On This Day In History...

Friday, July 17, 1942

Top News Headlines This Week:

Jul 17 - 3' of rain falls on Pennsylvania, flooding kills 15 Jul 17 - Estimated 87.5 cm (34.5") of rainfall, Smethport, Pa. (state record) Jul 17 - Transport nr 6 departs with French Jews to nazi-Germany Jul 18 - 1st legal NJ horse race in 50 years; Garden State Park track opens Jul 18 - Messerschmitt Me 262 Schwalbe, 1st jet fighter, takes 1st flight Jul 19 - Dmitri Shostakovich' 7th Symphony, premieres in US

Top Songs for 1942

<i>Jersey Bounce</i> by Benny Goodman <i>Tangerine</i> by Jimmy Dorsey <i>Kalamazoo</i> by Glenn Miller <i>He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings</i> by Kay Kyser <i>Sleepy Lagoon</i> by Harry James	<i>Moonlight Cocktail</i> by Glenn Miller <i>Blues In the Night</i> by Woody Herman <i>White Christmas</i> by Bing Crosby <i>Jingle, Jangle, Jingle</i> by Kay Kyser <i>Somebody Else Is Taking My Place</i> by Benny Goodman
---	---

1942 Prices	US President
Bread: \$0.09/loaf	Franklin D. Roosevelt
Milk: \$0.60/gal	US Vice President
Eggs: \$0.61/doz	Henry A. Wallace
Car: \$1,100	Academy Award Winners
Gas: \$0.20/gal	Best Picture: <i>Mrs. Miniver</i>
House: \$7,573	Directed By William Wyler
Stamp: \$0.03/ea	Best Actor: James Cagney
Avg Income: \$2,348/yr	in <i>Yankee Doodle Dandy</i>
Min Wage: \$0.30/hr	Best Actress: Greer Garson
DOW Avg: 119	in <i>Mrs. Miniver</i>

People born on July 17

1935 - Diahann Carroll Bronx, actress (Julia, Claudine, Dominique-Dynasty)
 1952 - David Hasselhoff Balt Md, (Revenge of the Cheerleaders, Night Rider)
 1951 - Lucie Arnaz LA Calif, actress (Kim-Here's Lucy, Jazz Singer)
 1917 - Phyllis Diller Lima Ohio, comedienne (Boy, Did I Get a Wrong Number)

Top Books in 1942

The Matchlock Gun by Walter D. Edmonds *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* by Rebecca West
West with the Night by Beryl Markham

copyright 1997-2014 dMarie Direct Inc

[July 17th, 1942, Time Capsule]

I was the second child born to Vernon and Evelyn Kibble and joined a 3.5-year-old brother James Kibble. Later, my best friend and brother William (19 May 1944) would join our family and, ultimately, my brother Roger (19 January 1951) would be the last of us four Kibble brothers.

Inseparable Brothers

Brother Bill and I were inseparable as we were the only playmates we had - we even had our own language as we were together every waking moment. Babysitters verified years later that we fully understood each other in some gibberish that nobody else could comprehend. Our English was so poor that my mother sent me to the last three days of school to see if Miss Hanson could even understand me enough to allow me to start 1st grade in the fall session. Apparently, I passed her standards, and I was allowed to attend first grade at Willowdale District 3 as a normal six-year-old.

Our little farmhouse was just a sleeping source for two young boys as we were outdoors from dawn until bedtime 365 days a year. We were given chores as soon as we could physically perform them. Our father worked whenever he wasn't sleeping and got by with five hours of sleep. He pushed himself to the limit and everybody around him to be successful as a share crop farmer. He never owned an acre of land until he was 44 years old. He also never purchased anything until he could pay cash for machinery, livestock, clothing or whatever. We were allocated one new pair of shoes each year and all our clothing were hand-me downs or used. All birthday and Christmas gifts were practical items. Consequently, we learned to build our own toys out of scrap wood etc. If we earned any money, we could buy used or broken toys from the implement dealers in our Saturday night shopping in metropolitan Yankton. The one exception was an occasional Daisy B.B. Gun. We would shoot sparrows and pigeons encroaching in our barns and sheds. The B.B. guns were also used to play war games with the neighbor kids when we got to play with them Sunday afternoons as we got older.

Brother Bill and I were always busy. We watched our grandfather and father repair and operate machinery and we decided to get in the act. Dad had removed the cultivator from his tractor the previous year and placed it up against a shed where it would sit until the next spring cultivating year. Bill and I decided to work on it early in the spring because we knew he would be using it a couple of weeks after the crop emerged.

We rounded up some wrenches and disassembled the entire cultivator and lost most of the nuts and bolts in the process. When dad drove his tractor up to the

cultivator to install it, all he saw was about 40 separate pieces instead of the normal 4 that would attach to the tractor. It took him several days to reassemble the cultivator plus many trips to town for missing parts. We were not to be found during his reassembling project.

The one recreational pastime we had available was the channel beside our house and both the James and Missouri Rivers less than five minutes by car or tractor. We fished with ten-foot willow poles or “set” lines anchored to the shore. We would discontinue eating our catch from the channel about the third week of July for fear of worm-infested fish.

At the intersection where the James River emptied into the Missouri River lived a hermit [Augie Jensen] who was allowed to live in a wood-heated tar shack. He fished the Missouri River for a living and was legally blind. He had no transportation, so he traded and sold his daily catch for a weekly trip to Yankton to pick up necessary living supplies. At this point in time, there were 47 saloons (Bars) in Yankton and at least 35 had the “World’s Largest Mud Catfish” in display tanks. Apparently, they were embalmed with formaldehyde and ranged from 98 to 150lbs.

I watched how he would catch the largest catfish by baiting a decayed whole chicken on a huge multi-hook rigged on a Nylon parachute line. He would check his lines every few hours and knew when he had a fish on the line and its approximate size. If it was large, he would get in his rowboat and put the line over the front bow and push off the shore, letting the current slowly lift the fish up and parallel to his boat. If the fish was less than 50 lbs., he would hit it with a small sledgehammer and then tie it to the side of the boat. The larger fish he would shoot with a .22-gauge rifle and then pull the boat to shore with the Nylon line and latch it to two stakes with the fish secured between the boat and shore. At that point, he would run a cable down to the fish and hook and reel the fish up a slight hill to his shack. Very seldom would he lose a fish, even out of his underwater fish traps.

We would buy three pounds of fish several times a month once our fishing season had concluded. When I was 15 years old, I discovered why there were so many huge catfish in that area. Cimpr’s packing plant was 2.5 miles upstream and they pumped out tons of waste, meat, and scraps into the river and it worked its way downstream until it was shot out and dispersed in the mainstream of the Missouri River. It was like the catfish were being hand fed every day of the year.

Aunt Myrtle

My Aunt Myrtle married the humblest man I have ever met; August (Augie) Schuldt and moved into a small home next to the Yankton city limits adjacent to the railroad tracks connecting Yankton to every point East, West and North. Augie's parents lived in a cellar home built inside a hill with one entrance. Augie's father was disabled, and wheelchair bound. Augie was their source of income and caretaker. He and Myrtle delayed having a family as both worked and took care of his parents. They would babysit me when I was four to give my mother a break as brother Bill was in diapers and she had no electricity or running water and was working 14-16 hours per day on the farm.



[Aunt Myrtle's Family]

I can remember walking away from Myrtle's house one early evening and watching the trains going by, separated by a woven wire fence and Aunt Myrtle and Augie screaming my name and running around with flashlights until they saw me watching the passing train. They seemed quite relieved to find me before I crawled over the fence. It wasn't two weeks later when Augie was shingling his roof on his 1½ story house after working late that evening that he glanced back and saw me on the roof with him 20 feet off the ground. They took me home that night and told my mother that they couldn't babysit me anymore until their anxiety levels returned to normal.

They later had four children of their own: Don, Bob, and twins Kay and Ken. They moved away from the railroad tracks and built a small home on their property and fenced in their yard - a good quarter mile from the railroad tracks. They were wonderful parents and raised four great first cousins who were also privileged to have Grandma and Grandpa Branaugh as their only living grandparents. Augie's parents passed away before the four children got to know them.

Aunt Alice

My mother's brother, Walt Branaugh, married a woman who closely resembled Grandma Clara. Alice was a Saint to put up with Uncle Walt who was a professional welder and possessed the most negative personality I have ever encountered. His work took him to the Denver Colorado area where they settled in the suburbs of Thornton, Colorado. They had four children: Larry (1 year younger than me), Jim, Donnie, and a girl Bonnie. When the four Branaugh siblings gathered for a family event there would be 12 first cousins mixing it up and we were all close in age.

Uncle Raymond

Our farm was a true "working" farm. We eventually ended up milking 25 cows by hand. Our best building was our swine farrowing barn owned by my Uncle Raymond who purchased 40 acres including the like-new barn and rented it to my father after Uncle Raymond returned from active duty during World War II.



[Uncle Raymond]

He (right side) served as a Navy cook attached to the United States Marine Corps and was involved in both the Iwo Jima and Okinawa invasions. We farrowed-to-finish 350 hogs per year as the barn accommodated 22 sows. We sold the butterfat from our Guernsey cows and "slopped" the milk to the hogs. Slopping was mixing the skim milk in 50-gallon wooden barrels with a combination of ground corn,

oats, and soybean meal that would ferment and have an alcohol content after a few days under the hot summer sun. The hogs would go crazy over it, and it was dangerous feeding it to them as they would knock you down while "shoveling" the mash out of the barrels into their feeders.

My mother oversaw the chickens, and we would have several hundred laying (egg) hens and up to 500 butcher chickens. After my grandparents left the farm and cooked at the Elks club, we supplied them with fryers. Grandpa would call mother and tell her he would need 75 processed fryers halved and quartered for a Saturday night chicken feed. My job was to help her behead ten at a time and immerse them in boiling water and de-feather them and she would do the rest of the processing. We would start at noon and have them delivered by 5 pm the day he needed them. In addition, we sold cream and eggs to many in town who would come out for organic chicken eggs, dairy, and garden produce. Our grocery bill was always paid in cash from our drive-in city customers. Because we milked cows, everybody from town would unload their unwanted cats and dogs at our mailbox to find their way into our farm. We would have as many as 60 female cats in our hay mow and other buildings. We didn't have a rodent problem on our farm site.

Grandpa Fred

When I was six, Grandpa Fred gave me my first shotgun - a single shot 410 with a cracked stock. I still own it and I have it in my gun safe. My job was to shoot skunks that would crawl under the brooder house to get after the chickens that we purchased from Gurney Seed and Nursery. He claimed the skunks could only spray you if it were facing you, as they secreted their foul-smelling scent on their tail and whipped it over their back when facing their aggressor. Because the crawl space under the breeder house was just 4"-5", they couldn't spray me in the confined area. He was right, as I probably shot ten skunks and was never sprayed. I fished them out after they died with a chicken hook and buried them.

Grandpa Fred was a farrier when he was in his teens, and they used hand billows to fan the coals in preparing the horseshoes to fit the hooves in the shoeing process. They would trim the hooves before installing the metal shoes and then rivet the shoes to the hooves. When he was 19, he had the unfortunate incident of a hot coal fly into his left eye when he was billowing the coals. He lost his eye and was fitted with an artificial glass eye that matched perfectly with his good eye. At night he would remove it before sleeping so I had seen him remove it many times and I witnessed it the last time when I was a senior in college.

In addition to being a farrier, he had a homemade remedy for every occasion. We used "blue vitro" for severe cuts, etc. on animals. Kerosene was used as an antiseptic for all castration events. Colostrum milk from cows who just gave birth was used on other sick animals, as well as the newborn calves. We had hundreds of small willow trees and in addition to making bow and arrows out of the branches, we

would skin the outer bark and use it as an aspirin equivalent. He learned that from the Indians from his early years. Both farms had artisan wells that were 565 ft deep and produced perfect drinking water 365 days a year. The 4" flow was the water source for all our farm animals as well as drinking water for humans. It had a high iron content so a drinking pail of water and hand scoop would be brown in 24 hours. The first time I ever visited a dentist was when I received a blow to the mouth on the third day of Freshman football practice at the University of South Dakota. The dentist that capped what was left of my two front teeth couldn't believe the excellent condition of my non-chlorinated teeth.

Even after Grandpa bought his first tractor, he had kept his favorite team of horses and every Spring he would hook them up to his 1-bottom sulky plow and he would plow a two-acre plot west of his house. I would get to ride on the plow seat with him and be part of the ritual. It was a sad day for me when he retired from farming and moved to town.

Willowdale Grade School

Willowdale District 3's schoolhouse was slightly under a mile from our farmhouse. Ms. Julia Hanson had been the only teacher at the first through eighth grade school for many years and I had her through 4th grade until she decided to retire. The one room schoolhouse with a full basement had no running water but two out-houses (one boy, one girls), and no electricity until 1949 - my second-grade year. Both sides of the school were covered with blackboards and plenty of chalk and erasers. The acreage was surrounded by a woven-wire fence with a swinging gate at its entrance. In the fall we were allowed to ride our horses once a week to school to graze on the grass with one stipulation - we had to pick up the "road apples" before opening the gate after school was dismissed. Usually there were three to four horses ridden to school and we would line up on the gravel road for a quarter-mile race. My horse was a half Quarter-half Welsh and super-fast in short distances. Very seldom would Blacky let any horse beat him at that short of a distance.

Our education at Willowdale was superb. If you were a 6th-8th grade girl, you were expected to adopt a 1st grader and tutor them in the three "R's"- reading, writing, and arithmetic. Lucky for me, Alma Schlafli, my 6th grade neighbor, and straight A student was appointed as my mentor. It was expected that the boys would be helping on the farm during spring planting and fall harvesting, so they escaped the extra duties. I probably missed two weeks in the spring and three to four weeks in the fall once I got to 6th grade. The first frosty day of fall of my first-grade year, I was

initiated by a 7th grade prankster. He tricked me into licking the handrail on the front steps. Ms. Hanson had to come out with warm water to pour on the pipe and free my stuck tongue. I still left a lot of tongue tissue on the railing, and I suffered for two weeks.



[Willowdale Students]

All thirty-some students carried their noon lunch and there was no refrigeration so most of the sandwiches were peanut butter, dried beef, cheese, etc. Most of us carried our lunches in tin lard pails that had covers. Many times, in a fight after school these pails were used as weapons as they would bend easily when they hit

your forehead. The pecking order was top-down with the upper class ruling until you made it through the last couple of years. Our noon softball games were aggressive and sometimes the teacher would let us go a half hour beyond our allotted time.

My two fellow classmates, Ruth Huber and Barry Ellis, were in my grade the entire eight years. Both of their farms touched our farmland, so our families were well acquainted with each other. Ruth Huber was closely watched by her parents as her older brother was in high school when she was born. Naturally, she was smart, musical, and the queen of our school. Barry Ellis was not so lucky. He was the youngest of three boys, both brothers were more than 20 years older, and Barry's mother had died in childbirth delivering Barry. His father was an alcoholic and raised Barry from birth until 15 years of age.



**[Ruth (Huber)
Highland]**

Barry was horribly abused. He would show me marks on his back where his father would beat him with chains or whatever item he could reach. Every parent knew what was going on, but nobody intervened for fear

of reprisal. The whole neighborhood would pay for this silence later, including Barry's two older brothers.

Every morning, we would raise the American flag and pledge allegiance. Prior to school being dismissed, we would reverse the role, and everyone was taught how to lower the flag and fold it the proper way without it touching the ground. Keep in mind, this was 1948, only three years after losing 450,000 American soldiers in WWII. Little did we know that the Korean War would break out less than four years later in 1952 and another 49,000 American soldiers would contribute to the world's inability to get along with each other. It is unbelievable that I would personally be involved in this communist containment policy that really originated in WWI (1918). My oldest brother, Jim, served four years in the Air Force during the Cold War with Russia and my brothers Bill and Roger were Marines involved in the Vietnam War just as I was in 1966-67.

When we entered 1st grade, we were asked to bring a D-cell battery and a steel coat hanger. The school provided crystals so we could make a crystal radio to take home and tune in to WNAX, our local radio station and listen to the Lone Ranger and Tonto. As we had no electricity, it was a treat to be part of the rest of the world. WNAX possessed the tallest radio tower (992 feet) in the world.

The tower was 2.5 miles from our farm, and I used its lights for a landmark while walking at night. The radio station had a minimum 500-mile radius and was one of two stations (besides Austin, TX) granted by the FCC during the early days of federal control.

Lyndon Johnson, Congressman from Texas used his influence on the FCC (Federal Communications Commission) and strangely his wife Lady Bird became the owner of the Austin station. Our U.S. Senator, Chan Gurney, somehow figured into the equation so Yankton, S.D. was the second lucky recipient making both owners instant millionaires because of their 500-mile radius protection from other radio stations.

Our grade school always had an annual Christmas program, and all students were required to participate. At the front of the school was an 18-foot stage with a curtain, so every Christmas scene and song was rehearsed for two to three weeks before the grand finale. I realized at this point in my life that I was a terrible singer and more than a bashful performer. I dreaded



[Annual Christmas Program]

December but looked forward to Christmas day as our Aunt Emma would give us Christmas presents of fresh fruit and a box of our own chocolate-covered cherries.

Because of our status as share-crop farmers we were barely able to make ends meet, an orange, grapefruit or banana was a delicacy and carefully doled out over a two-week period and consumed just before they started to spoil.

Yankton County operated a Bookmobile that visited all the rural schools on a regular basis. Books could be checked out and returned in exchange for the next desired reading. I remember reading *Animal Farm* and trying to figure out what the author's message was for a 6th grade student. I would read at least one book per week as I was absolutely bored during my last two years at Willowdale. Little did I know when I entered 9th grade at Yankton Public High School that my elementary education had put me way ahead of the average 9th grade student who was in a conventional one-teacher per grade environment.



*WILLOWDALE ALL-SCHOOL
REUNION
SEPTEMBER 29,
2007 —*

[Willowdale School Reunion]

sharper than a knife. It was amazing how many college graduates we had in attendance. At least 20 of the 60 had completed college and just about everybody in the building had successful careers. We discussed our country school education and determined that the family-type teaching platform, upper grades helping lower grades, created a safe and secure learning environment, especially for those with learning problems. Everybody pulled for each other, and nobody was left behind.

Growing up, the highlight of the week was getting to go to downtown Yankton on Saturday nights. The local merchants sponsored the Moon Theater and snack counter. It cost a nickel for admission and the same for any item at the snack bar. We were each given a dime and Jim, Bill and I would watch the Lone Ranger and Tonto, Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, Ma and Pa Kettle, Tarzan, and a few other films. I am sure over several years we had seen the same movies so many times we had their lines memorized. Bill would usually fall asleep so we would have to carry him out of the theater where fresh air would wake him up. Our destination after the movies was 507 Locust Street, where Grandpa Doc and Grandma Clara resided. Two card tables would be set up for some highly contested pinochle card games. One table hosted the

Willowdale was closed in 1969 when the decision was made to bus all 8 grades into the Yankton public school system. In the fall of 2007, it was decided by those still living in the area and “spearheaded” by Joan Nielson to have an all-class Willowdale School reunion. I was asked to M.C. the event and they set me up on the stage to direct traffic for the approximately 60 attendees. Several former teachers were in attendance, including one who had taught there in the 1930s. She was 98 years old and

best players while the second table was for beginners. It was my goal to play at the head table and I finally made it when I was 13 years old. Grandpa Doc was an excellent checkers player as he played a couple of hours a day at City Hall. All the Firemen were also excellent players, but he was the king. I was 15 years old before I finally beat him, and I admit that when he played somebody else, I sat behind him and observed every move until I had his scheme memorized. I later resurrected the checkers game when our five grandchildren arrived. My granddaughter Katie finally beat me once when she was 17 years old. Just like my grandfather, I wanted them to beat me on their ability and not get a trophy for participation.

When I was 11 years old, I was introduced to a new novelty called television. My Uncle Raymond and his family lived in Pomona, CA and the New Year's Rose Bowl parade would wind its way through their community. The city of Yankton had the local T.V. dealers install six large televisions on the City Hall basketball court and bleachers were set up facing the televisions on all four sides of the court. I was positive I would get to see Uncle Raymond and his family in the crowd watching the parade. I had no idea that about 900,000 people attended the parade. I had a better chance of seeing a whale in the middle of the Missouri river. In 1954, one year later, a T.V. appeared at 507 Locust St. and the Moon Theatre was immediately abandoned by our family. My grandma Clara was an avid pro-wrestling fan and absolutely believed it was authentic. Vern Gagne, Roy McClarity, Argentina Rocca, Haystack Calhoon, and many others would entertain her for an hour before the Gillette-sponsored professional boxing matches started at 8 PM. Kid Gavelin, Sugar Ray Robinson, Bobo Olsen, and many more 50's-era boxers performed at a high level of competition. Our pinochle games would suffer so we sometimes would play until midnight and still be in the barn milking 25 cows by hand at 5:30 AM Sunday morning.

In 1956 a T.V. appeared in the living room at our rural farmhouse. Rabbit ears (inside antenna) and an outside antenna were installed on our roof. Howdy-Doody was a Saturday morning comedy watched by my youngest brother, Roger.

Our Willowdale 4-H club was the source of social activity for all farm kids in the 1940's and 50's. We had members from other schools who joined our club and square dances were held three to four times a year. We also learned the two-step and Walz and it was a chance to meet the opposite sex in a different setting than a one room schoolhouse.

Every fall 4-H animals were judged at the Yankton County fair and the purple ribbon winners would go to the State Fair in Huron, SD. My brother Jim would train

and show a steer and qualified for State several times. The first time I left Yankton County was making the 100-mile journey to Huron, SD. I had never spent two hours in a car and thought we would never arrive. Jim won many awards for showmanship and always had his animals well trained.

Ringling, Barnum and Bailey coincided their circus with our county 4-H competition. All 4-H members were encouraged to help unload the circus from the train they used to move their circus to the many midwestern cities. They probably had 10 to 12 circuses and we probably got the “C” shows while the “A” and “B” circuses ended up in the larger cities. Nevertheless, we watched the elephants pick up the poles, etc. and we would drive stakes and unload food and supplies for their animals. It was always towards the end of summer and usually hot and humid but certainly a highlight in our small world. Ringling B & B would “winter” in Sarasota, Florida where they would accumulate their 10 to 12 circuses and train animals and performers for the next year of entertainment. In 1975, I wanted to see their winter home and the reason why they chose to go to Sarasota, Florida. Fran, Kris, Steve, and I vacationed in Florida and stayed at Siesta Key on the west side of Sarasota on the Gulf of Mexico. We found out the reason Sarasota was chosen; because it was “hurricane proof”- even to this day every hurricane turns inland and goes south and east of Sarasota or goes north to Tampa Bay., Mr. Ringling had done his homework. He also made it his permanent home and now has a museum and art collection and many other entities

that he gifted to Sarasota upon his death. Siesta Key beach has been voted the number 1 beach in America many times - only a beach in Hawaii has ever claimed the top spot once in the last 10 years. The quartz sand originates in the Appalachian Mountains and is carried by river to the gulf where it is redistributed by the



[Steve (6) Chasing Seagulls on Siesta Beach]

rising and ebbing tide of the Gulf of Mexico. The 5-mile sandy white beach is now

our vacation home for the Kibble and Mattson families via condos overlooking the beach and a short walk to the village of Siesta Key.

Wallace Shipton

I decided after I graduated from 8th grade that I would pass on high school and start farming with my great Uncle Wallace Shipton. Uncle Wallace was exactly 80 years older - I was 13 and he was 93. We would hunt together, and he was very agile for his age, jumping over fallen trees or wading in snow to his knees.

He was a unique person, born in 1862 in Illinois and had finished 2.5 years of college with an accounting background. He walked his way to LeMars, IA and borrowed \$200 from the Bank of LeMars and then walked to Yankton, SD with his backpack, rifle, pistol, salt, ammo, and trinkets for the Sioux Indians who had been displaced from Minnesota. He lived in a sod house until 1905 then he built a huge farmhouse, and it would be the only house he ever lived in until his death three months short of his 100th birthday.

I have in my possession his leather billfold, the original receipt where he repaid the loan in full dated 6-15-1893 and the six American Express receipts totaling the \$200 he owed the bank of LeMars. He cleared 10 acres of timber per year on the river bottom 3 miles east of Yankton on his original homestead. He married Grandpa Doc's sister Belle the year he built his new home. The picture on the right was their 50th wedding anniversary in 1955. He was 93 years old.



[Aunt Belle and Uncle Wallace]

He wouldn't build the house until the last of the Sioux Indians were moved to the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Reservations as they had burned the houses of two neighbors and attacked them as they fled their burning homes.

He ended up owning 400 acres of valuable farmland. He was an entrepreneur as he purchased a steam engine, with a twelve bottom plow and for ten years “custom plowed “the prairieland west of Yankton owned by the railroads. The US government gave the railroads large chunks of land on either side of their tracks as an enticement to push westward with their tracks. They would build coal and water stations every 8 to 10 miles and small towns would sprout up at the locations and supply the homesteaders their necessary supplies, saloons, churches, and transportation to market their crops and livestock to the fast-growing cities east of the Mississippi River. He fired up his “Retired” steam engine every spring as we would leave him five acres to plow just to keep the rust from claiming the two machines. It was finally hauled to the junkyard the year before he died. Uncle Wallace sent out tax statements after figuring out the mill levy to all landowners of the county. He also was a county commissioner and never drove an automobile his entire life. His divorced daughter Edna and foster daughter Elsie both drove and lived with him for the last 20 years, but he would walk to the pool hall in Yankton and back home; six miles round trip for five days a week until his 96th birthday.

Having the biggest corn crib was a status symbol and he owned one of the largest in the county and had purchased a John Deere elevator that was a permanent fixture towering over the corn crib. The elevator was powered by two mules that were yoked to a speed-jack connected to the elevator by a tumbling rod. The mules would walk in a circle and had to step over the tumbling rod connecting the speed-jack transmission to the elevator. The more corn unloaded into the elevator from the wagons filled with corn picked by a mechanical corn picker - the heavier the resistance upon the two mules.

When I was eight years old my job was to haul the corn from the field where my father was operating the mechanical picker to the elevator with Grandpa Fred’s original WC tractor. One of the mules had died the previous year and the remaining mule had to run the speed jack by himself. Uncle Wallace would keep yelling at me to slow down the unloading process as the lone mule was being overworked after losing his harness “partner.” If I unloaded the corn too fast from the wagon into the elevator he would bray and flatten his 18” ears back on his mane. This caused me to double the unloading time and when I got back to the field my dad was yelling at me for taking too much time to unload and slowing up the operation. I was frustrated getting yelled at by both. Dad converted the speed jack the next year to a belt-driven unit powered by our John Deere “B” tractor. The remaining mule was retired and lived another five years.

Uncle Wallace and I hunted along the Missouri River and on several occasions, we would take our farm caps off and dip water out of the Missouri and drink from our caps. He said the Missouri had a sandy bottom and the current would stir the sand, filter the water, and purify it to make it drinkable. About four years later I was riding on a speedboat owned by a neighbor and as we headed upstream towards Yankton, I realized that the city dump was leaking into the river and Yankton's sewage was being dumped right into the middle of the river. The third item I noticed was Cimpl's packing plant dumping all their non processable items (blood, guts, etc.) right along the bank. It was 2.5 miles downstream from where the James River forced the leftovers into the middle of the Missouri river. Now I understood what those World Record Catfish had been eating all those years. I never drank the water directly from the Missouri River again.

A lot of people would go "catfishing" along the bank as the catfish would back into the holes hollowed out by years of river current and fish hiding in the holes. Swimmers would dive underwater and grab the fish by their stingers and slowly pull them out of their homes. Some of the holes would be huge - almost large enough for humans to live in when the water level was down in late summer. The Missouri River supplied the area with many different stories. It was a constant topic of conversation for the 13,000 inhabitants of Yankton.

One hot autumn Sunday in 1955, my brother Bill and I packed our Daisy B.B. guns and Big-Cat firecrackers and headed to the Coulson farm. The two oldest were boys (Ken and Keith) with two younger sisters (Kay and Carole). We would hollow out corn cobs and insert the Big Cats inside the ear of corn and use them as grenades. The kernels would really sting if you had a direct hit. The rule for the B.B. guns was no aiming above the belt. We would play war for about three hours before heading home to do our chores. All six of us drank from the same ladle and a 3-gallon pail of water drawn from their artesian well. On Monday none of the four Coulson children showed up for school and that night we were informed that all four of them were in the hospital and all had polio. We had been together and drank from the same cup - we just knew we were next; but for the grace of God, we were the lucky ones to escape this terrible disease. Shortly after the Coulson episode our entire school was vaccinated with the new Salk polio vaccine. The epidemic was so severe that every available iron lung in the United States was shipped to Yankton. Over 20 machines were humming on a special floor at Sacred Heart Hospital when we visited the Coulson family - it was terrifying watching friends suffering from the effects of a disease that is now nonexistent. Ken Coulson's left leg ended up 4" shorter than his right leg. Both Keith and Kay were affected in the back and leg areas. The youngest

girl Carole was bedridden for many years and died at an early age. That epic Sunday was our last day of playing with the Coulson children.

My father was a workaholic and we farmed almost 400 acres that relatives owned with two-row equipment. In addition to hand-milking 25 Guernsey cows, we farrowed-to-finish about 350 hogs per year and all the chickens as previously mentioned, plus a huge garden with watermelon as the most popular item when people pulled in to buy their eggs and cream before we sent them off to the retail market. We had access to a couple of acres of watermelon, but it never stopped us after sundown from stealing watermelon from our neighbors. It was the thrill of jumping the fence, throwing the illegal melons in the trunk, and sharing them with our age group and talking about the shotgun pellets that rained down upon us as we streaked out of the patch. Like our neighbors, we would shoot our shotguns vertically in the air above the intruder's heads so that no one was injured - but for those who did it for the first time it wasn't unusual for them to go home and change clothes before enjoying their first watermelon heist!

Blakey Family

Our farm was about a mile across corn and soybean fields from a Black family whose grandfather had fought in the Civil War and his service time qualified for homesteading in the Dakota territory. Ike Blakey and his wife raised their family in the area he inherited from his grandfather and was mainly a truck farmer who raised fruits and vegetables and delivered them to his customers in Yankton. My parents and the Blakey's were good friends and socialized a couple of times per year by going to each other's homes to visit over a drink and a cigarette.

Ike raised coonhounds and delivered them all over the Midwest as many of the law enforcement agencies were his good customers. The Yankton area had miles of river bottom and he allowed us to hunt raccoons during the sweltering summer evenings while training his dogs to follow scent regardless of how they were used either hunting man or animal. They learned as puppies to follow their elders and quickly picked up their trade.



Gov. Archie Gubbrud recruited Ted Blakey to be a spokesperson for Civil Rights in South Dakota. Photo courtesy of Dakota Territorial Museum in Yankton.

Ike Blakey's youngest son, Ted was an accomplished businessman and well respected in the Yankton area. Ted was born in Yankton in 1925, the youngest of 11 children. Until the day Ted Blakey died in 2004, he possessed a newspaper clipping from February 1838. It advertised his grandfather, an 11-year-old boy at the time, for sale at a slave auction in Missouri.

[Ted Blakey]

He became the owner of a successful janitorial service and pest control business in Yankton. Ted was also president of the school board and the PTA. He was active in both the Jaycees and Kiwanis.

Our relationship with a black family did not seem unusual as we looked up to the Blakey's since they owned their land, and our family were just poor sharecroppers trying to buy our first acre of farmland. I was a junior in college before my parents bought their first 40-acre farm from my Uncle Raymond. My relationship with the Blakey's would serve me well with future classmates and teammates on the University of South Dakota football squad.

HIGH SCHOOL

My father vetoed my farming plans and said I was heading for high school where older brother Jim would be a senior when I entered my freshman year. Our school car was a worn-out 1938 Chevrolet that jumped out of third gear unless held down by manual force. That was my job whenever I rode with Jim so that he could concentrate on driving.



[James Fredrick Kibble]

Jim was the athlete in the family at 6' 1½" and two hundred pounds. He could hit a baseball further than anybody his age. When he was a freshman in high school, he ran track with the varsity and set the state freshman record in the 880-yard run at 2:06. I am sure that the freshman record still stands as they converted to 800 meters a decade after his record. I saw him run a 10.1-hundred-yard dash in street clothes and tennis shoes on a cinder track in his senior year. On the left is his 1957 high school YHS grad picture

Dad finally made an "iron clad" rule that we could participate in only one sport during our junior and senior years of high school. Jim was an excellent basketball player but decided to play football in his

last two years of high school. It was the worst choice he could have made because he did not like contact and, at best, was an average football player. If he would have had Parents interested in sports, he had the potential to excel in baseball, basketball, and track. He joined the National Guard and shot expert with the M-1 Rifle. He was an average student with no interest in college, so he joined the United States Air Force after graduating from high school.

My freshman year in High School was a social adjustment after being in eight years of grade school with a student body of 30-35 pupils and having to merge into a student body of 500 students, grades 9th-12th. Most of us from the rural area were classified as second-class students and all the boys were bullied by the non-athlete hoodlums who sported duck tail haircuts, black leather jackets and “juiced up” street cars. Math and science classes were my favorite academic classes. I also took mechanical drawing, electrical and shop classes. I enjoyed our gym classes because we would get to shower after class and after being raised in a house without running water, the only bath we would get was our Saturday night bath in about 4” of water; lasting two minutes and usually all four of us would use the same water. Imagine how impressive it was to have a daily shower! Immediately after school was dismissed, we were expected to head straight home and do the farm chores and help with harvest that would sometimes take until 10-11pm by the time we finished greasing and servicing equipment for the next day's use.

My brother, Bill, was extremely intelligent so our father decided to have him skip third grade so that he would be one year behind me and therefore save a year of gas on school transportation. I was fine with that decision as he was my favorite person and we hung out together during my sophomore year of school. By this time, Jim had enlisted in the Air Force, so Bill and I had even more chore responsibilities and now I was the driver of the school car. We also gave our neighbors Ruth Huber and Sara Olson rides home from school and that seemed to create a problem with the black leather gang as they were jealous that I had a farm permit to drive a car, two girls in the car, and their chance to impress the girls by showing up in the parking lot and picking a fight with me before I could get in the car. This happened almost weekly, so I finally convinced my father to let me join Golden Gloves Boxing after the harvest was completed. Boyce Shreve was the coach and he held practices in the city hall basement 7-9 pm, Monday - Friday evenings. His son, Jack, was the 125-pound state champion and usually I was the only one who showed up on a regular basis, so I became his human punching bag even though I weighed 145 pounds. His five-year age difference and experience clearly taught me a valuable lesson - it isn't how big you are but how fast you are that enables you to perform at the next level. I would use that premise throughout my football career.

Barry Ellis

After boxing through the winter of my sophomore year my confidence had grown enough to take on anybody my age. Regretfully, I did not have this experience when I failed to step up and help my Willowdale classmate Barry Ellis when four

black leather jacket hoodlums beat him up in the locker room after gym class. They took his money (50 cents) and blackened both eyes and I stood nearby and did not intervene as I knew I would suffer the same fate. After they left, I approached Barry and asked what precipitated the altercation. It apparently started in shop class when he was accused of reporting them for smoking in the bathroom. Barry was so upset he told me he was quitting school and as soon as he was old enough, he would go into the military. He gathered his workout gear and said his final goodbye to me. I would never see him after that day.

About a week after the altercation the depressed Barry was on the family farm trying to herd a wayward pig back into its living quarters. As he was chasing the escaped animal, his father, Ed Ellis drove into the yard, as usual in a drunken stupor; and immediately started berating Barry and threatening him about the wayward animal. Barry fled the scene, walked into their house, and grabbed a 12 gauge double barreled shotgun and chased Ed to his car. He shot his abusive father between his left arm and chest, knocking him down by the open car door. Barry then walked over and picked up a branch and stuck the shotgun in his mouth and used the branch to depress the trigger and commit suicide. His father survived the attack, and unfortunately the family never had a formal funeral for Barry. So, my good-bye, the previous week was the last time I would see this poor tortured friend.

It was not long after Barry's death, that I came home, and my horse Blacky was gone. My Grandpa Fred had given me the horse 10 years earlier and once I started to drive a car; I had not ridden the horse on a regular basis. My father complained about feeding him and he would sometimes be nasty to our milk cows whenever they intruded into his space. After confronting my father about his whereabouts, he informed me that he had given the horse to another family and didn't want to discuss it any further. I spent hours driving around looking for the little black horse with a slight limp but never did figure out if he went to the glue factory or died in a somewhat normal way.

Many times, in the dead of the winter of my sophomore year I would dream that a headless horseman (Barry Ellis) was riding my horse Blacky up our driveway and even being in my dresser drawers rearranging my socks and underwear. I was ashamed for not stepping up and helping Barry on that day that he was assaulted in the High School locker room. I made a promise to myself that I would never be bullied again without taking appropriate action. That same year my favorite teacher (Biology), George Bauer became a mentor to me, and I shared some of my grief with him. He encouraged me to stay in school and get involved with other students and activities as much as time permitted.

My sophomore year, our Physical Education class conducted a Decathlon with ten events just like in the Olympics. I won the shot put (38') and long jump (17'9") and finished second in about every other event. One of the black leather gang members, Bob Kendall, would always beat me in the running events but I had enough points to nudge him out for first place. Bob Kendall got into trouble and was sent away to reform school. After his release to a foster family, he ended up in Columbia, South Dakota where he became an all-state football and basketball player and the state 100-yard dash champion. He was given a full ride football scholarship to the University of South Dakota in 1961 but lasted only a year. He would have been the starting strong safety at 6'2" - 200 pounds and one of the fastest athletes on the team. In retrospect, a person can have all the talent in the world but if only a George Bauer had entered Bob Kendall's life at the appropriate time maybe he would have been able to achieve a higher goal?

Drought and low grain prices entered the farm financial picture during the years of 1956-1958. There was no safety net like crop insurance and the level of subsidies enjoyed by the 21st century farmer. My father was severely depressed about losing his fortune after having ten consecutive years of profitable farming. My mother got an off-the-farm job to help make ends meet. She sold clothing in a men's store and enjoyed the new scenery after living on the farm without indoor plumbing and running water.

Independence

I was giving my mother a ride to her job the third week of October 1958, my junior year in high school and I complained to her that I didn't think it was right that my father had not allowed me to go out for football my last two years of high school like my older brother had been allowed to do. She admitted that was the agreement and would discuss it with my father.

That evening she approached my father and reminded him about his prior family commitment. He exploded and had a meltdown that I had never experienced. I informed him that there was only one week of football left so it was too late for my junior year, but I definitely wanted to play my senior year. He demanded that I go out for the final week and see what a hardship it would be for him and Bill milking 25 cows by hand and all the rest of the chores required to maintain our animal population.

I reported for the final three days of football practice and didn't even know how to put on the equipment. I participated in the final three practices and enjoyed every minute of it. After helping with the morning chores after the second day of football practice I was preparing to brush my teeth with the family powder (before paste), and I was informed that I could not use the family tooth powder as I was not pulling my weight during evening chores because of football practice. I quickly fell out of favor as the favorite son to the least favored. The curtain was just rising on the final confrontation.

It was the second week of November, and I was riding with my good friend Rick Lang and two others, past the Yankton College dorm when somebody flipped a beer bottle through Rick's front windshield. Apparently, a couple of cars filled with teenagers had been singing dirty songs to the dorms and somehow our car was identified as one of the two cars antagonizing the students. I agreed to go with Rick as a witness and gave Grandpa Fred's address as my home address as I didn't think my standing at home was that good. Sure enough, we were blamed for the incident, so the police called my grandfather Fred, but no charges were filed. Poor Rick had to pay for his windshield out of his own pocket.

My least favorite Grandmother Louise could not wait to tell my father and against Fred's wishes she called my father before getting any details about what really happened. My Grandpa Fred didn't talk to her for two weeks because of her actions. I arrived home about two hours later and headed up to my second story bedroom. No sooner than I got to my room - I heard the door open and my dad bellowing at me to come downstairs as he wanted to talk immediately! I hustled down the steps and encountered an enraged man with my mother cowering in the background. I was not given an opportunity to tell him what really happened as my grandmother had embellished the truth, and now, I was convinced that she really did dislike me.

I made my mind up that this was a bully situation, and I stood my ground. It became physical and I finally picked up my father and threw him on a chair. He was out of breath and my poor mother was crying and about to lose her mind. He looked me in the eye and said, "Get your clothes and get out of here - I never want to see you again." I went upstairs and grabbed two cardboard boxes, stuffed my clothes and two army blankets in the boxes and threw them in the back seat of my two - door 49 Ford Sedan and left the house and would not see my father except one time in the next two years.

For the next two weeks I slept in the backseat of my 49 Ford with two blankets and ate my school lunch and worked at Rick Lang's parent's restaurant after 9 pm closing for all I could eat and earning \$1 an hour washing and cleaning. My relative, Frank Branaugh, was my mother's first cousin and a World War II Vet who was badly wounded, losing his left arm and left eye, and after the war had started a construction company called Underground Inc., specializing in installing sewer and water structures for cities upgrading their systems. He was very successful and maintained a four-man crew all who were fellow WWII vets." Uncle "Frank and his beautiful wife "Millie" recognized my situation and gave me employment at a critical time in my life. I can never thank them enough for their generosity. I started to work for him early in the spring of my junior year after spending the fall and winter sleeping in my car and with friends: Rick Lang, John Mogck, Bill Conkling, Tom Vinatieri and Bill Brokaw. I never stayed more than a night or two not wanting to draw suspicion that I had left home. Once I started to work for Underground Inc. I sometimes stayed in a heated room in the maintenance shop located in downtown Yankton. School attendance dropped off as I worked whenever I could for Underground. I was constantly pursued by our school principal, Don Snowden, who threatened to send me to the State Reform School at Plankinton, SD.

The state law was you had to attend school until 16 years old. Being 16, I knew that he had no basis for that threat, unless I committed a crime. My grades fell off and the only reason they allowed me to go to school part-time was because of my excellent grades in the two previous years. I pushed the envelope to the breaking point but managed to stay out of serious trouble. I seldom got to sleep before 1 AM and learned to get by with 6 hours of sleep.

One of the infamous hang outs was the local pool hall. Even though I was 16 (legal age was 18) I could buy a draft beer, a hardboiled egg, a Snickers candy bar for a nickel each. A smoked carp was a quarter. Where else could you get a three-course meal and drink for 40 cents? The pool hall had 8 tables and the two closest to the bar were snooker tables and the best players ended up on those two tables playing for money. It was an ego trip for me to play with the best but after losing about \$150 over a 10-month period I realized that there was always somebody better in every endeavor - just wait long enough and that person would show up. This held true in sports, academics, politics, the business world, and every other aspect that I undertook my entire life.

My construction job with Underground Inc. was a fabulous experience for a 16-year-old who could physically outwork most of the older crew. Naturally, they took advantage of my eagerness so I was relegated to every physical job including

many that they normally would do in their daily routines. I learned how to operate a transit and set batter boards at a one-inch elevation decline every ten feet - this is required to run raw sewage downhill. If more than 1 inch the liquid moves around the solids, and you end up with a clogged 30-inch sewage pipe. I also operated most of the equipment used on their projects.

On one project we removed twelve feet of topsoil so that our “new “cable - operated Bantam backhoe could dig the other 20 feet. We were working in a 32-foot ditch installing 30-inch sewage pipes and utilizing 2x12 planks held in place by screw jacks to prevent cave-ins when physically at the bottom of the ditch. As an added safety precaution, we had two ropes tied to the bucket so if we had a cave-in the backhoe operator would jerk us from the ditch before being buried alive. We had a mile of sewage line to install, and 32 feet high manholes constructed out of bricks spaced every 600 feet. We mixed hot tar 1000 degrees F and lowered the buckets as we juted each 4-foot length and sealed the connection with a rope- like sealer called jute and then poured the hot tar into the joint that would never be inspected by the state or the city as they were afraid to be in the 32-foot ditch because of potential cave-ins. A dribble of hot tar would burn you severely and more than a few times I experienced hand and arm burns handling the hot tar.

The summer between my junior and senior year of high school found me 100 miles from Yankton on a construction project in Platte, SD. We stayed in an old hotel on the west side of the business district. We replaced their entire sewer and water lines and installed the main lines right in the middle of the street. I operated a 97-pound Jackhammer the entire summer, breaking up the sidewalks and making a path from each building installing sewer and water hook up to the new main lines in the middle of main street, I arrived in Platte, weighing 165 pounds and left three months later reporting to fall football camp at 205 pounds. I had experienced my growth spurt and operating a 97-pound jackhammer 10-12 hours a day made me rock solid and ready for my first full year of football.

My social life picked up in Platte as I dated the local jewelry store owner's daughter. One day she presented me with a ring that was slightly flawed but was a gesture of friendship and the first piece of jewelry I had ever owned. It would be the last ring I would ever wear because the second day I wore it I jumped off the bed of our dump truck and the ring caught on the edge of the dump box, and I almost lost my left ring finger by hanging on the edge for a couple seconds. I quickly grabbed the box with my other hand and was able to release my entrapped finger. I had to cut the ring off and bandage my finger until the wound healed. I never again wore a ring or jewelry after that near-amputation experience.

Working with men 30 years older and listening to their WWII experiences gave me an insight on what to expect beyond my teen years. Saturday mornings were equipment clean-up and maintenance requirements making sure everything was good to go on Monday mornings. We would work until noon, retire to the heated employee room, and start playing cards. At 12 noon a designated employee would be sent out to buy each employee a fifth of Four Roses whiskey along with a couple cases of beer, cheese, salami, and crackers. They sometimes would bring me a pint of Four Roses and to this day I detest the smell of whiskey. Our banquet would go until 5 pm and then we would head for the highway 50 bar that I had driven my grandfather to many times ten years earlier. They would drink and dance with the crowd that would hang out at the bar and then expect me to drive them back to town or drop them off at their homes if too drunk to drive. It was not unusual to break up a fight that they had provoked among the local patrons. After several Saturday afternoon drinking sessions, I would usually find work and therefore I didn't have to accompany them on their escapades and deliver them to their angry wives or girlfriends inebriated beyond control.

Once the ground was frozen, we would construct "spec" homes on lots purchased by Uncle Frank so he could keep his crew busy and off unemployment benefits. He did not expect them to work hard but I learned how to frame a house on a foundation and install dry-wall and tape the seams.

One winter he received a federal contract to build sixteen 900 sq. ft homes for some displaced Sioux Indians that had been moved from Minnesota in the 1860s to Yankton and then to the Rosebud Reservation located West of Wagner, SD. The Bureau of Indian Affairs decided to move 16 families back to Yankton where some of their relatives still lived, hoping that they could get their lives straightened out after several generations of alcohol and displacement.

It was astonishing how they destroyed the 16 homes in less than a year. Most of them lived in tents nailed to the homes and burned cupboards and interior wood for heat. They all moved back to Wagner, SD and the reservation as soon as spring arrived. The next fall we would go back in and repair the damage - that experience by the Bureau of Indian Affairs was repeated many times in an effort to civilize our displaced American Indians who never quite embraced the white European settler's desire to move into the 20th century and modern civilization.

As a 17-year-old, I contemplated skipping my Senior year of high school and enlisting in the United States Marine Corps. I figured I could get my GED in the

service as many others in my homeless predicament had done. On the weekends, we would head back to Yankton from our Platte, SD job so our crew could spend some time with their families.

I met and started dating a girl who lived next door to the head High School football coach, Don Allan. Don was a fiery Irishman who spent WWII serving his country in the Pacific Theater and he would intercept me almost weekly as I would pick up or deliver my girlfriend who lived next door to him and his family. Don Allan would change my life forever with his persistence.

He could not believe how much I had physically matured that summer before my Senior year. He told me that the closest parallel to combat was the game of football. The preparation, chain-of-command, and everything being an integral part of a mission along with the physical requirements was the civilian's version of a platoon of men in combat. There could be no slackers as a simple misstep or lack of desire could doom the platoon or in football create a loss even if you had a superior team. He was right as I would later experience in Vietnam seven years after his sales pitch.

Both Don and my new girlfriend convinced me to finish my senior year. I needed a place to call home for the next nine months so I approached Grandpa Doc and Grandma Clara about moving into their damp, dark basement and using it for my mailing address and I would contribute to their budget whenever I was working. They agreed to let me store my meager belongings and I informed them there would be nights that I would not be sleeping there, and I requested a key to get in after they had retired for the evening. They agreed I could use their basement and understood I might not show up for a week or might sleep there for three consecutive nights.

Finally, after a year sleeping in my car or with five to six friends, I was losing my homeless status and had a permanent address. My new girlfriend was especially relieved as she did not think her parents would approve of her dating me if they found out I had left home. Her father owned a successful clothing store and was a well-respected businessman in the Yankton business community. I'm sure he wasn't happy that a lower-class farm kid was dating his only daughter. He and his wife had every right to be wary just as I would find out many years later when my daughter started dating.

Football

I had a required sit-down session with our no-nonsense principal Don Snowden.

He reviewed my first three years of high school and decided to give me a Second Chance after my disastrous junior year because of two factors: My academic excellence my freshmen and sophomore years and the urging of my soon-to-be Irish football coach Don Allan. I guaranteed them I would first apologize to all the teachers I had antagonized my junior year and not miss any school. At least I knew how to put on my football gear because of my three days of practice the previous year. My line coach, Jack Richardson, was an excellent coach and had me blocking and tackling within a week. He explained the different formations and the normal numbering of the routes the ball carriers would rush towards. I loved the contact, and I could release my aggression and tension against an opponent dressed in the same attire that I wore. The uniforms did not differentiate your social status, wealth, or ambitions.



A vote of thanks from all the students of Y. H. S. is extended to our principal, Mr. Snowden. He has been a guiding hand and a ready help whenever he was called upon.

[Principal Don Snowden]

Kibble's big day was 4 tackles short of record

YHS-Watertown teams played for title in 1959

The year was 1959. As has happened so often over the past half-century, the Yankton Bucks-Watertown Arrows football game decided the Eastern South Dakota Conference championship that year.

Don Allan was in his fourth year as head football coach of the Bucks.

Allan welcomed seven lettermen among his 34 varsity football prospects in pre-season camp.

The Bucks sported new uniforms that season, foregoing traditional red for black and white uniforms with black helmets.

The lettermen included halfback Jim Balfany, center John Mogck, tackle Tom Chytka, quarterback Jim Floege, end Dayton Larson, fullback Ron Soulek and halfback Teddy Smith. All were seniors with the exception of Smith, who was a junior.

Yankton opened the season against traditional rival Vermillion.

Ron Kibble, senior linebacker, in his first varsity football game, on his second

Sideline Slants

By Colin Kapitan



varsity play ever, picked up a Tanager tumble and rumbled 15 yards for a touchdown.

That play sparked Yankton to a 20-0 halftime lead, en route to a 27-12 victory.

Other first scores came on a two-yard plunge by Soulek, a 20-yard sprint by Smith, and a 23-yard pass from Floege to Balfany.

The Bucks stayed out-of-conference the second week, losing 13-0 to Norfolk. It was Yankton's first loss to Norfolk since 1944.

The Bucks struggled on offense against the Nebraskans, managing only four first downs for the game. They totalled just 81 yards offensively.

YHS did have two TDs negated by penalties, including an 84-yard kickoff return by Balfany.

Coach Allan got his charges back on track in the ESD opener the week following against heavily favored Aberdeen.

In that game at Hub City, the Bucks shut down the Golden Eagles, allowing no first downs the entire second half. Yankton came away with a 20-2 victory.

The Bucks then rolled off three more victories, setting up their showdown against Watertown.

First they beat Brookings, 19-7.

Then, they took Sioux Falls Cathedral 19-7 in a non-conference affair. Ron Soulek scored all three touchdowns in this one.

The Bucks next crushed Mitchell, 41-12.

So, here it was. No post-season playoffs. All on the line. Yankton versus Watertown. Both teams were undefeated in ESD Conference play.

The game was no contest. Watertown won it in a breeze, 25-0.

Allan's crew finished the '59 season on a high note, shutting out Madison 41-0, then defeating Huron 21-6.

It was a successful year: Seven wins; two losses; runner-up in the Eastern South Dakota Conference standings.

Dayton Larson, 5-foot-10, 184-pound

senior end, topped the post-season honors. Larson, a demon on defense, was named co-captain by teammates. He was also selected a first team All-Stater.

Tom Chytka, 6-foot-1, 185-pound senior tackle, was named second team All-State. His mates selected him "Buck Back of the Year" in a vote of the team.

Teddy Smith finished second in the ESD scoring race with 77 points in six conference games. Smith rushed for 691 yards in 110 carries on the year.

His play earned the junior halfback second team All-State honors.

Other Buck offensive stars for the year included Tom Chak, with an average of 10.5 yards per carry on 26 rushing attempts for the season. Jim Balfany had 400 yards on 73 carries. Ron Soulek rushed for 407 yards on 87 totes.

Quarterback Jim Floege passed just 36 times in nine games, completing 14 for 270 yards.

Leading pass-catcher was Leroy Jones. Jay Huber snagged two passes for 51 yards during the year.

Ron Kibble led the team in tackles with 116, including 23 in one game.

Neither of Kibble's marks approached the Yankton High School records of 27 tackles in one game by Glenn Halverson or 142 tackles for the season by Dan Wentworth.

[Kibble's Big Day]

Article written in 1999-sent to me in 2022-thank you Linda (Jim) Balfany!

My first and only high school football season was a blur. It has been said you make your own bed and there is no such term as “being lucky.” My first varsity game I picked up a fumble and scored our first touchdown of the season. I had no idea that I had led the team in tackles with 116 including 23 in one game until Linda sent me the above newspaper clipping 63 years after my only high school season of football.

My high school coach Don Allan, a highly decorated WWII infantryman, was also the high school basketball coach and he was not going to let me be idle after my senior year of football was completed. I had limited experience playing basketball, but he wanted me to play defense as it would help me play linebacker in college. Playing defense in basketball requires quick backward movements and reaction to the opponent and he taught me to play the man’s belt buckle and not watch his face or hand movements. It is hard to fake your belly button so whatever direction that it goes a good defensive player tries to get in front or alongside its owner’s forward motion. I used this technique my entire college career. Very seldom was I ever faked out by anybody on the football field. He even started me a couple of times to take on a shifty scorer like Bucky Haldeman from Aberdeen High School. My instructions were to man-handle him and put him into the bleachers short of getting a technical foul. I outweighed him by 50 pounds and was doing a good job until I went up for a rebound and their giant 6’9” center evened the score with an elbow in my eye. I remember getting off the floor and watching the two teams playing on the other end of the court without me, Tom Malchow would later become an All-American Div III player for St. John's University. I had never been hit that hard during the entire football season. I had a renewed respect for the game of basketball and enjoyed my relationship with Coach Allan. I am sure his motive was to keep me on a team and out of trouble. He was a huge supporter when I attended USD and he came to several of my games. I thanked him personally many times when he would show up at our 25th and 50th high school reunions.

South Dakota State at Brookings, SD offered me a full-ride scholarship. I wanted to be a pharmacist and they had a Pharmacy school. The University of South Dakota also offered me a full ride. About halfway through the summer the Head football coach, Ralph Ginn at SDSU called and informed me I would only receive a partial scholarship as he wanted to share it with a late recruit. I figured it out a year later that he reduced two scholarships to make a full scholarship available for a transfer student from Iowa University, a Yankton High School product, Merritt Pulkrabek. Merritt was a fullback in high school and Iowa converted him into an offensive lineman, but he wanted to play fullback, so he approached SDSU about his

transfer. He had been highly recruited by SDSU, so they pursued him with my scholarship. He would only play his freshman year and left school because of academic reasons.

Boot Stewart, the head coach at the University of South Dakota, Vermillion welcomed me with open arms when I called him to see if the full-ride offer was still available. If you are wanted, it makes it much easier to be part of an athletic organization. I knew I had a place to call home for the next four years assuming I could perform at the level required in the tough North Central Conference recognized as the top Division II conference in the United States.



Princess Kayleen presents the ball to Jim Fleege and Ron Kibble, co-captains of the Arickara homecoming.

[Princess Kayleen Ron (76) Jim (21)]

It was during this game that I made eye contact with my father for the first time in twelve months. It was Parent's night, and all the men were standing on the sidelines watching the game. I tackled a ball-carrier and drove him out-of-bounds right at my father's feet. We stared at each other in surprise before I returned to the playing field.

I also was a member of the National Athletic Honor Society, Y Club, Physics and Math clubs.



Members of the NATIONAL HONOR ATHLETIC SOCIETY are ROW ONE: Gene Metz, Jerry de Laubenfels, John English, Jay Hubner, Larry Nelson, Lee Sather, Ted Smith, ROW TWO: Dale Zimmerman, Roy Shoemaker, Tom Cihak, Dean Zimmerman, Ron Soulek, Doug Carter,

and Ron Kibble. The National Honor Athletic Society was begun by a group of high school principals who were interested in establishing a precedence of good scholastic achievement among athletes. It is accepted by 25,000 schools throughout the United States.

[National Honor Athletic Society]

Louella Ray was our school cook and she prepared unbelievable school lunches on a limited budget. Her husband was the head engineer for WNAX, and they lived in a house constructed at the base of the 992-foot WNAX tower. She had two boys of her own who had graduated a few years before our class of '60. She took me under her wing and would have a huge breakfast prepared for me at 7:30 am. I also punched lunch tickets for my noon lunch, and she would always have an after-school sandwich ready for me if I remembered to stop by after my final class. I can never thank her enough for her sixth sense in showing how much she made sure I had enough to eat during school days.

John Mogck's mother died giving birth to him and his older sister had helped raise him since his father was a traveling salesman and was gone five days a week. John's sister left for college his freshman year, so his house was a magnet for many in our junior class and I slept there overnight many times during the week. Tom Vinatieri was a classmate who also left home his junior year and lived in an apartment above his grandfather's plumbing business. Tom's grandparents went South for the winter, so Tom and I moved into their house during their winter vacation. Bill Conkling's father was a wholesale beer distributor, Ricky Lang's parents owned an excellent restaurant on Main Street and Bill and Tom Brokaw's

parents were construction workers who followed the Missouri system of dams downstream to the last of six dams built during the 1950s - Gavin's Point west of Yankton.

Gavins Point Dam was the smallest of six dams built by the United States Army Corps of Engineers under the Pick-Sloan plan authorized by The Flood Control Act of 1944. Fort Peck is located at the mouth of the Missouri River near Glasgow; Montana is the tallest of the six at 250 ft. Next is the Garrison Dam at 210 ft by 2 mile long making it the fifth largest Earthen dam in the world and is located near Garrison, North Dakota. The Oahe dam is located near Pierre, South Dakota and it is 240 feet high by 1.77 miles long with a reservoir stretching north 231 miles to Bismarck, North Dakota'. Big Ben near Chamberlain. South Dakota is 95 foot tall by 2.1 mile long. Fort Randall near Pickstown, South Dakota is 165 foot high by 2 miles long. The final dam in the project was Gavins's point which was 74 ft tall by 1.9 mile long with a 31,400-acre, 25-mile-long Reservoir making it the smallest reservoir of the six Dams that were constructed. Earth moving begin at Gavins Point Dam in 1952 and was finished in 1957 and the Dam started producing electricity in 1958.

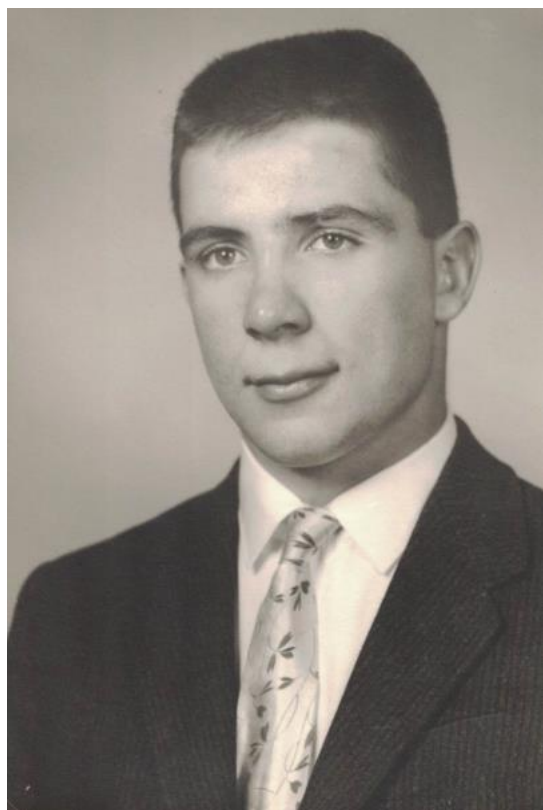
As mentioned before, the dam was constructed on the building site where I was raised for the first four years of my life. The Pierson-Levinger Ranch was purchased by the Corps of Engineers and the farm building site was moved to higher ground, but most of the good land would soon be underwater forcing my parents to relocate and become independent "share-crop" farmers three miles east of Yankton.

Tom Vinatieri would bring home unsold food from his job at a huge grocery store, and he was an excellent cook. Bill Conkling would go to the back of his father's warehouse and borrow a 16-gallon keg of beer. We would drink 8 gallons out of it and then reseal it with thread and wax before returning it to the warehouse and borrowing another one on the trip home. The truck drivers would deliver the half-full kegs and Budweiser would be blamed for not filling the kegs to their 16-gallon capacity. Rick Lang would supply some excellent leftovers from his parent's restaurant. Our nucleus of five would always expand to 20-30 at our usual weekend parties.

My social life with my new girlfriend had expanded as we were regulars at the Teen Canteen and danced to jukebox music 2-3 times per week. We also attended several formals, Homecoming, Y-Club, and many other functions. I had to purchase or rent the necessary clothing and corsages on a limited budget so I would usually work Saturdays and Sundays and would deliver for Christopherson's Floral Shop, do maintenance for Underground Inc. or sweep floors and wash pots and pans at Lang's restaurant.



[Social Life]



[High School Graduation-1960]

I still had my '49 Ford until the end of my freshman year of college so there was always an expense facing me as I inched towards that day of high school graduation.

I had overcome the loss of my horse and Willowdale classmate Barry Ellis and put them behind me, but they say bad luck comes in threes and I was completely blind-sided by the third one. My girlfriend for the past year informed me by telephone that she was forbidden by her parents to see me during her final year of high school. They did not want her dating a college student and wanted her to concentrate on her studies so she could follow her older brother to Drake University. My first steady girlfriend evaporated with one telephone call. I was devastated but had so much respect for her that I did not want her to get in trouble with her parents, so I followed their wishes. I was wary of any

relationship for the next 4 years until I fell in love with Fran, my wife, during our senior year at USD. We were married in December 1964 and have had 58 years together only separated for 15 months while I did my tour of duty in Vietnam.

COLLEGE

Football

Having only played one season of high school football, I had much to learn and my freshman year at USD was a huge step toward that learning process. The intensity level was unbelievable as we scrimmaged the varsity team almost daily and it wasn't unusual to line up against somebody who had completed a 3-year tour in the military - some of them could be 6 to 7 years older than most 18-year-old first-year students. Freshmen were ineligible to play varsity sports in the 1960's; thus, we were used as "practice dummies" for the varsity team.

I was asked to play nose guard my freshman year and the varsity center was a 25-year-old Army veteran who I lined up against every day. He was a converted fullback and hated playing the center position. I would consistently dominate him in practice and one day he sported a huge ring on his right hand. Our old Riddell suspension helmet had a small one-piece facemask that you could easily get your fist into the mouth area. Mouth guards had not been required for football, so my two front teeth became the target of Jim Ashby's ring.

All I had left after the blow was two stubs with the roots exposed. That was my first visit to a dentist who donated his time to the football team. He worked on me the first two times without Novocain. On my third visit, he poured hot wax on the exposed nerves while making the caps to cover the two stubs. I almost tore up his office and he finally gave me Novocain to complete the process. Before finishing playing, I would lose three more teeth when I was accidentally kicked while tackling ball carriers.

Every year I experienced a serious injury, but none would be career ending. I excelled on the football team but fell flat on my face in the classroom my first two years at USD. I still hadn't come to grips with being rejected by my high school girlfriend, so I drank heavily and seldom went to class. I was now on my fourth coach in four years going into my junior year at USD. Don Allan at Yankton High School, Dan Lennon (Jake Jackson) my freshman year at USD, followed by Boot Stewart my sophomore year and my all-time favorite coach Bob Burns my junior year.

I arrived for fall football camp my junior year and was met by Coach Burns who informed me I had eligibility problems with an overall grade point average of 1.9. You needed a 2.0 to get accepted in a school so he took me over to the School of

Education to talk to his good friend Dean Delzell. For the second time in three years, I was given a Second Chance by those who believed in me but with many stipulations, much like Principal Snowden demanded before allowing me to begin my senior year of high school. Dean Delzell's requirements were straight forward:

1. I had to maintain a minimum of a 3.0 average each semester.
2. I could not miss a class without a valid excuse.
3. I would be at the library at 7 am three times per week for a total study time of 9 hours.

I quickly accepted his proposal as I suddenly wanted a college degree and to play football for two more years. I met his challenge and never got less than a 3.2 average and made the Dean's list both semesters of my senior year and graduated with an overall 2.9 average GPA, overcoming my disastrous first two years. I wanted to satisfy those two mentors more than myself. I changed my excessive drinking and for 12 consecutive months I did not date or drink and used that time for physical workouts and working a part-time job at Hecks - a local gas station/bar with a jukebox and dance floor where the fraternities and sororities would hang out on weekends. I observed my future wife with her Kappa Alpha Theta sorority "sisters" twelve months before I got the courage to ask her for a date.

In addition to serving beer and pizza, washing windshields and being a janitor, I was also the bouncer and my reputation enabled me to raise my voice if there was trouble and usually that was enough not to get into a physical altercation. My boss, Hector Harnois, wanted customers to come back so everyone was given many Second Chances even if they had misbehaved. He was a great individual to work for and I learned from him that usually the paying customer was right, even if he was wrong, and each had a different boundary as I found out with my own customers later in my business career.

During my four years at USD, I forged many life-long relationships and consider many of them the best of friends and too many to mention, but I will talk about several of them.

Our football program was in disarray after Bob Burns' departure. His assistant coach and former USD player Marv Rist took over the program for my senior year. He was an outstanding person and taught math at USD but lacked the ability to be a leader. Our team was in shambles and only about five players from our original

freshman football team were still in the program. I realized that I should have followed Boot Stewart back to the University of Missouri when he made the offer after being dismissed as head coach my sophomore year.

I dedicated my final year to Coach Allan and Coach Burns as a thank you for their confidence in supporting me at two crucial and pivotal points in my life. I would be in the best physical condition in my career and as mentioned before, I gave up dating and drinking for twelve months immediately after the Arkansas State game my junior year until I completed my senior year of football. It paid off as I never left the playing field during the entire game as I was on all the “special teams” as well as playing both offense and defense thus, my twelve months of preparation served me well.

NCC Cites Rasmussen

MINNEAPOLIS (AP)—Halfback Wayne Rasmussen of South Dakota State and tackle Neil Reuter of the University of North Dakota were named Saturday as the outstanding back and lineman of 1963 in the North Central Conference.

Coaches meeting here also selected an NCC all-conference team, and conducted routine business.

South Dakota State, officially awarded the NCC football championship, placed six men on the first team to dominate it. State College of Iowa had three and North Dakota the other two.

In other business, the conference representatives named Prof. Raymond J. Schlicher of SCI as president; M. B. MacDougal of South Dakota State, vice president, and Lee Bohnet of North Dakota, secretary-treasurer.

The annual spring meeting was set for March 30-31 in Minneapolis, and rulings were made on remaining eligibility of two SCI basketball players. Donald Hein was given two more semesters of eligibility and Pete Spoden one more semester.

The North Central all-conference football team:

First Team

Ends—Darrel Tramp, SDSC; Ed Maras, SDSC.
Tackles—Neil Reuter, UND; Dave Westbrook, SDSC.
Guards—Don Gulseth, UND; Jim Jackson, SCI.
Center—Jerry Ochs, SDSC.
Quarterback—Ron Meyer, SDSC.
Halfbacks—Wayne Rasmussen, SDSC; Larry Thompson, SCI.
Fullback—Randy Schultz, SCI.

Second Team

Ends—Bob Anderson, Augustana; Joe Anderson, N.D. State.
Tackles—Jim Thompson, North Dakota; Tom Holmgren, N.D. State.
Guards—Ken Beverlin, SCI; Tom Felix, North Dakota.
Center—Ron Kibble, South Dakota.
Quarterbacks—Frank Hanges, N.D. State.
Halfbacks—Ed Pflipsen, N.D. State; Les Josephson, Augustana.
Fullback—Dan Neppel, North Dakota.

Honorable Mention

SDSC—guard Don Hula, guard Stan Jacobsen, tackle Dennis Dee, fullback Gale Douglas, halfback Doug Peterson.
North Dakota—End Dick Reidberger, center George Jaderstrom, quarterback Bob Glas, halfback Pete Porinsh.
SCI—Fullback Phil Minnick, end Howard Simpson, tackle Kent Stephenson, tackle Merle Masonholder.
N.D. State—End Ron Hanson, guard John Neumann, guard Don Paulsen, guard Ardell Weigandt.
Augustana—End Mike Nelson, tackle Ron Mickelberg, quarterback Rollie Larson.
Morningside—End Neil Williams, center Max Broderson, quarterback Larry White, halfback Rich DeHeck, guard Bob Steube.

South Dakota — None

I would have a lot of personal success, but our team was lucky to win one game against Augustana and usually we were not even competitive in the rest of the games.

It would take a couple more years before Joe Salem was hired as head coach and finally turned the program around and my brother Bill was an integral part of that resurrection.

[NCC Recognition]

USD Stuns Augie 7-6

VERMILLION, S.D. — South Dakota University's Coyotes, battling to avert a winless football season, upset Augustana 7-6 here Saturday night.

It was the first victory of the year for the Redshirts, who have one game left — against North Dakota University here Nov. 9.

The Coyotes won by the margin of an extra-point kick, by senior Ed Schaaf. Augustana had scored first with Les Josephson hammering relentlessly at the Coyote line. The Vikings drove 48 yards to score with 3:16 left in the opening period. It was Josephson who blasted the final 15 yards.

On the conversion attempt, the center pass was high and Rollie Larson, who was down to hold for Chris Hagen, desperately tried to pass, but it failed.

JERRY HAUCK, sophomore from Aberdeen, who has been languishing on the Coyote bench for the last several weeks, was the big USD hero. It was Hauck who capped at 65-yard second period drive with a 17-yard

It was a great defensive effort by the Coyotes, who have taken a steady battering this year. In the two previous games the Redshirts had given up 94 points and had not crossed their opponent's goal line.

The frenzied crowd carried Coach Marv Rist and his assistants off the field at the end.

Augustana 6 0 0 0—
 South Dakota 0 7 0 0—
 A—Les Josephson, 15 run (Pass failed)
 USD—Jerry Hauck, 17 run (Ed Schaaf kick)

STATISTICS

	USD	Augustana
First downs	10	16
Yards rushing	208	232
Yards passing	9	112
Passes	3-8	8-15
Passes had intercepted	0	2
Punts	8-33.3	3-31
Fumbles lost	0	2
Penalties	2-22	2-52

After that a large crowd watched the Coyotes scrap furiously to escape an Augustana touchdown. Led by Josephson and George Lewis, who entered the game at halftime, the Vikings were a constant threat.

Ron Kibble, senior center from Yankton, perhaps the outstanding lineman on the field, twice frustrated Viking drives. In the third period he intercepted a Larson pass on the USD 15. And in the final quarter he grabbed the ball in the air on the Coyote 19 when Josephson fumbled.

A KEY INTERCEPTION by quarterback Fred Gephart with 2:22 left, quelled another Augie threat on the Coyote 40.

The Coyotes, with two minutes left and fourth down and a foot to go on their own 40, sent sophomore fullback Jim Hageman into the line. He made the first down by inches and the Redshirts were able to run out the clock.

Augustana tackle Ron Mickelberg played a great defensive game as did end Mike Nelson. Nelson also caught four passes for 66 yards.

Leading the Coyote ground attack, which had cohesion for the first time this fall, were Hauck and junior halfback Ray Paslay. Hauck, a furious driver all evening, picked up 99 yards in 18 carries. Paslay added 58 in 10.

THE AUGUSTANA workhorses were Josephson and Lewis. Josephson lugged the ball 20 times for 66 yards, while Lewis made 93 in 13, all of them in the second half.

NCC STANDINGS

	W	L
S.D. State	4	0
SCI	3	1
North Dakota	3	2
N.D. State	3	3
Augustana	1	3
Morningside	1	3
South Dakota	1	4

thrust into the end zone. Schaaf, a deadly left footed kicker, who has had little opportunity to exercise his kicking foot this year, split the uprights and the Coyotes took the lead.

[USD Stuns Augie]

While watching films for our game against Augustana college I noticed their All-Conference halfback (6 foot-one, 226 pound) Les Josephson would have his stance staggered like his feet were in track blocks whenever his forward motion was straight ahead. If he moved sideways like in a sweep-run his two feet would be parallel. Coach Rist gave me one assignment: if Josephson was on the field tackle him every play even if he wasn't the primary ball carrier.

He carried the ball 20 times for 66 yards (3.3 yards per carry). After his college career he played for the LA Rams and averaged (4.8 yards per carry) and was All-Pro in 1967. Les used this stance throughout his pro career. Evidently no one else picked up on his giveaway directional stance! Josephson was one of many future professional football players that played in the North Central conference during my senior year.

Dave Osborne (Minnesota Vikings), Randy Schultz (New Orleans Saints) and the NCC's Most Valuable Player my senior year (Wayne Rasmussen) played nine seasons as a safety for the Detroit Lions. Wayne might have been the best athlete I have ever witnessed. He was a little All -American basketball player and MVP in the 1962 Division II. finals when South Dakota State beat Jerry Sloan and Evansville IN in the title game. He also was one of the best catchers in college his senior year and was drafted by the New York Yankees who had probably the best catcher in Major League Baseball in Elston Howard. Wayne decided to play Pro Football rather than compete against Howard for a spot on the Yankees team. He had an excellent professional football career even though baseball was probably his best sport.

Five Years, Five Coaches for Kibble

VERMILLION, S.D. — Rugged Ron Kibble has labored in near anonymity because his football team has not cracked the win column often.

But University of South Dakota followers and foes alike say that the 5-10, 206-pound senior center and linebacker from Yankton would be drawing rave notices if his Coyotes were on top.

Kibble, co-captain of the Coyotes, has played in only three winning college varsity football games in his career—one in each of the three

seasons he has played. Saturday he'd like to help change that. He would if the USD crew could upset North Dakota U. here and make it two victories in 1963.

KIBBLE HAS overcome many obstacles to become a topnotch North Central Conference lineman. He has worked under five different coaches in five seasons of football—four here and one at Yankton High. He has survived a variety of physical ailments. And he has labored at several different positions.



Ron Kibble
... Coyote workhorse

Ron, a farm boy, played only one season at Yankton High—yet earned honorable mention for all-state. His coach with the Bucks was Don Allan. As a USD freshman he was coached by "Jake" Jackson. In his soph Coyote season the head man was Ralph "Boot" Stewart. As a junior it was Bob Burns and this fall it is Marv Rist.

Comments Rist, "We played Ron as a linebacker because we needed him there. He may have been even better in the line. He has given us a real

effort."

Kibble has played guard, center and tackle for the Coyotes during his career. He has picked up the usual nuisance injuries but says the most serious was this year against Drake when he over-extended his elbow. He was playing with a painful wrist injury at the time.

RON TABS THE State College of Iowa team when he was a soph (1961) and this year's South Dakota State team as the toughest he has bumped into. And SCT's Dan-

ny Boals of 1961 and 1962 is his pick as the hardest running back he encountered.

Big No. 61 will be playing his last game for the Coyotes Saturday afternoon. When the final whistle sounds it will end the career of a rugged scrapper who gave his best with few headlines.

One of the real compliments came from a member of USD's unbeaten frosh team the other night. In referring to another player, the freshman said, "He loves to hit people. He's just like Kibble."

[Five Years - Five Coaches]

Joe Foss was the keynote speaker at our annual football banquet, and he presented me with one of the two MVP awards that I received from USD. Joe was a USD graduate, fighter pilot - congressional medal of honor winner in WWII - former governor of South Dakota and commissioner of the newly American Football League (AFL) in direct competition with the NFL.

After the event was over, he spent several minutes with me and assured me if I were interested, he would get me a try-out with an AFL team. I had been named to the All-Conference (NCC) football team and was invited to play in an annual All-Star game picked by Midwest Coaches.

Josephson Is Vikings' MVP

Les Josephson, senior back from Minnesota, Minn., was chosen "Most Valuable Player" by his Augustana Viking teammates at a squad meeting this week.

Josephson led the team in scoring and finished second in the North Central Conference in rushing. He earned three varsity football letters at Augustana.

South Dakota State and State College of Iowa dominated the Vikings' all-opponent team filling 10 of the 11 positions.

Named to the opponents' squad were:

Ends—Ed Mares, S.D. State, and Darrell Tramo, S.D. State.
 Tackles—Dave Westbrook, S.D. State, and Merle Masonbider, SCI.
 Guards—Jim Jackson, SCI, and Stan Jacobson, S.D. State.
 Center—Ron Kibble, USD.
 Quarterbacks—Wayne Rasmussen, S.D. State, and Larry Thompson, SCI.
 Fullback—Randy Schultz, SCI.

NCC Gridders Will Play at Concordia

Nine former North Central Conference football stars are included on the out-state All-Star roster for the annual football game at the Concordia Coaching Clinic, Aug. 9-11.

Named to the team Wednesday were Bob Anderson and Ted Kessinger of Augustana, Dean Koster of South Dakota State, Ron Kibble of the University of South Dakota, Neil Bengston and Gary Sukut of the University of North Dakota, Dave Gentskow of North Dakota State and James Davis and Steve Dee of Morningside.

Darrell Royal of the University of Texas, coach of the No. 1 team in the nation last year, will guide the out-state All-Stars while Bump Elliot of Michigan, and John Gagliardi of St. John's University will direct the Minnesota All-Stars.

There are plenty of ex-Bucks playing in the college circles . . . just to name a few . . . Roger Lange, a starter for South Dakota Tech . . . Merritt Palkrabek, Ben Soulek and Ted Smith, Yanation on Gepe . . . Dayton Larson, Bob Roach and Ron Kibble, University of South Dakota . . . and this winter, University of Iowa . . . "Ron Kibble is our best lineman . . . and was the prize Coach Halgen 'Boat' Stewart handed out last night . . . and Dayton Larson is certainly looking better." . . . Larson is playing tackle and may get a shot at defensive end for the Coyotes. . . .

IN THIS TYPE of game, past records supposedly mean nothing, but the Jackrabbits must be rated as heavy favorites. The Jacks lead the NCC with a 2-0 mark and are 4-1 for the season. On the other hand the Coyotes are 0-5 for the season and stand 0-3 in the NCC.

However, Ginn says his team can't overlook the Coyotes completely. "USD center Ron Kibble is one of the best linemen in the conference and in a game like this anything can and usually does happen," he said.

He also pointed out that Roger Kerns, USD line coach, was in the same post at State College last year. "He knows our personnel and what we do on offense and defense. That's quite an advantage for them," he said. 1963

[Football Recognition]

My interest in continuing in football either as a player or a coach was on my mind as a possible career and eventually to coach at the college level.

**USD SALUTES ALL-TIME GREAT
COYOTE FOOTBALL PLAYERS**

In conjunction with the 100th anniversary of the football program at the University of South Dakota all-time decade teams were selected starting from 1900 to the present. It should be noted that the all-time teams for the 1980s will be released at a later date to take late account the players on the current 1989 Coyote team. For each home game these teams will appear in the program. On Sept. 23 when the Coyotes host North Dakota, the all-time players will assemble on the Dakota Dome floor prior to the game for recognition.

1960-1969

Offense

BACKS – Jim Foster, Dan Hankins, Bob Koch, John Biezuns, Jim Nixon

CENTER – Ron Kibble

TACKLES – John Kohler, Tony Glass

ENDS – Ron Gerbart, Roger Larson

Defense

NOSE GUARD – Jim Kramer

LINEBACKERS – Don Abbott, Paul Nelson, Warren Schumacher

TACKLES – Greg Swenson, Chuck Stuemke

ENDS – Tim Modde, Dave Beade

BACKS – Joe Collins, Chuck Koch, Dave

Meriday, Dean Freed

Specialists

PUNTER – Dick Brownell

KICKER – Chuck Koch

[All-Time Recognition]

In addition to my Full -Ride football scholarship, I was asked to be a Julian Hall dorm counselor in my final year of college. I had my own personal room and was paid \$30 a month to be the sheriff on the 3rd floor of the dorm. On November 22, 1963, I completed my 11 am class and walked into Julian Hall at 12:10 pm. The lounge was packed watching the two TVs on either end of the huge room and the 300-400 students were in an eerie silence. I worked my way up to one of the TVs to learn that our President; John F Kennedy had been assassinated in Dallas, Texas and had just been pronounced deceased by the news commentator. This event was one of the two most major events in my life; the second was my marriage to Fran 13 months later; December 21, 1964.

That November 22, 1963, afternoon I contacted a Marine Corps recruiter that I had been in prior contact with and made a verbal commitment to go to officer candidate school (OCS) after I graduated from USD. The only opportunity he had was flight school as an aviator and that was my last choice as I had never been on an airplane in my entire life.

Shortly after my commitment and signing numerous papers I embarked on my first airplane ride to take a flight physical at Olathe, Kansas. I passed the physical and received orders to report to OCS at Quantico, Virginia around October 1, 1964, ten months after I made the commitment. Of course, I had to graduate from USD to go to OCS and become an officer before attending flight school.

Mamon Keys

Mamon Keys was a minister's son from East St. Louis Missouri and was raised in the toughest of neighborhoods. His religious father urged him to box Golden Gloves, and he was quite successful - the rumor was he lost his first match in the 160-pound division in the regional finals to a boxer named Cassius Clay who went on to win the gold medal in the 1960 Olympics. Mamon denied that the match ever happened because if it had occurred, he was sure he could have beat Clay - then he would laugh. He was 5'10", 190 pounds with a 26" waist and the best dressed student at USD. His everyday appearance was impeccable, and everybody respected him as he was a first-class act.



[Mamon Keys at age 78]

After our final game, our junior year at Arkansas State located in Jonesboro, Arkansas, Mamon went home for Thanksgiving vacation. He was crossing over a railroad viaduct with his girlfriend when two gangs started shooting at each other from both ends of the viaduct. They had no choice but to jump off onto the tracks below and both broke various bones. It was the end of his football career and pursuit of a college degree. I had not heard from him for almost 50 years when we finally reunited.

In the year 2002, I combed the Mississippi River Valley in Georgia, Mississippi and Arkansas buying lease-return tractors from John Deere. Over a three-month period, I purchased close to two hundred 8000 series tractors, and I probably

looked at three times that many, always trying to pick the best for the least money. I ended up in Jonesboro, Arkansas at a well-kept John Deere Dealership.

As was always my custom, I would go into the store and identify myself and visit the owner or manager even though they didn't own the tractors but kept them on their lots for security reasons. I introduced myself to the owner who appeared to be my age and the first question he asked was "Is this your first time in Jonesboro?" I told him I had been there the first week of November 1962 as a member of the USD football team. He raised his eyebrows and said, "I was there and part of the 15,000 standing room only crowd."

I was surprised at his reply and asked him why it was such a special occasion. He said the Board of Regents met daily to try to decide on whether to allow the game to be played as no black player had ever played on that football field. They finally relented and after a split vote allowed the game to be played as scheduled. We traveled as a 38-man team on a Greyhound bus and that included our two black teammates: our starting end Jim Hannah, and our starting half-back Mamon Keys. We immediately ran into a housing problem as they were not allowed to stay in our hotel and had to go to a "colored" hotel - we were in shock. Our pre-game meal was at a nice restaurant and by then Jim and Mamon had rejoined our team. As we entered the restaurant both Jim and Mamon were stopped at the door as "colored" people were not allowed within the establishment.

By this time, several of us had had enough and we jumped to our feet and walked out of the door with them and quickly the rest of the team followed us to the Greyhound bus. We were more upset than either of our two black teammates. No sooner had the last player boarded the bus, than the restaurant owner came out onto the bus with our coaches and begged us to come back in with our black teammates as he was about to lose \$500 which was a lot of money in 1962. We insisted they sit with us, and he finally gave in.

After our meal we headed for the stadium to stretch and dress for a 6 pm game. When I walked on the field, I noticed the lime was 2" deep rather than the normal ½" used for the yard and end-zone markers. A few years later they started painting the markers instead of using lime. During the game, I realized why they over-limed the field as every time Mamon was tackled or Jim ended up at the bottom of a pile-up, the Arkansas State players would grab handfuls of lime and heap it into their faces and yell "We'll make white boys out of you N***! before this game is over." Unfortunately, they beat us 7-6 on a last-minute touchdown pass. We wanted to walk

off that field as winners even though they were a better team and a highly ranked Division II football team.

I observed their winning touchdown from the sidelines as I had been kicked in the right kidney with 3 minutes remaining and after the game I was taken to the local hospital where I stayed overnight under observation. I passed blood for about four days until it finally healed. My good friend and teammate Dick Scott and his parents stayed overnight and gave me a ride back to Vermillion, SD to rejoin my teammates and check in my gear as it was our final game of my junior year at USD.

It was my favorite coach's first and final year as coach at USD. Our athletic director, John "Fox" Roning, and Coach Burns were bitter enemies and Roning would sabotage him whenever he could in order to belittle him. I also detested the "Fox." When I returned from Arkansas, I had to go to a Kidney Specialist in Yankton the following Monday and I asked to use one of the USD cars to make the 50-mile round-trip. He looked at me with disdain and told me to hitch-hike and walked away from me. I hitchhiked to Yankton and when I returned, I informed Coach Burns what happened, and he exploded.

Coach Bob Burns

Bob Burns graduated from USD in 1939. He was the starting fullback his junior year and star quarterback his senior year. He was raised in Sioux City, Iowa and was the 1942 light heavyweight Midwest Golden Glove Champion. He placed second in the national tournament finals in New York City.

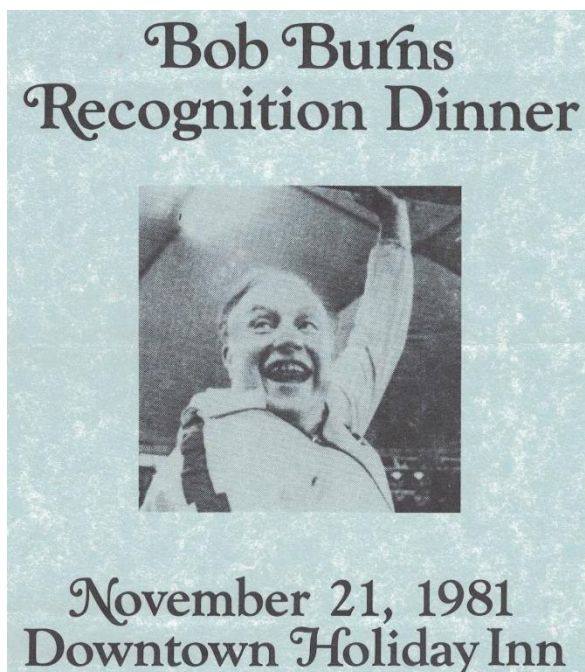
He was a company commander of a parachute group of the 101st Airborne and during the Normandy Invasion was asked to perform a suicide mission with an all-volunteer team that would parachute behind enemy lines and hold a strategic bridge thus preventing the German army from reaching the beachheads where our US soldiers and allies were landing on to start the push into Germany. This invasion was the key to defeating the Nazis and ending World War II. This bridge was one of several bridges that other units would have similar missions. After holding the bridge for several days, the group was finally overwhelmed by tanks and thousands of German soldiers. Lt. Burns and five of his men survived the carnage and the other 132 volunteers were all killed at the bridge site. Bob received the Silver Star for his heroics at the bridge site.

When Bob returned from WWII and recovered from his wounds his first coaching job was at Yankton High School. He turned a dismal football program

around in two winning years and attracted the attention of the largest high school under one roof in the entire United States. Sioux Falls Washington High School quickly became a national powerhouse under Burns' guidance. They owned a 37 consecutive game winning streak, and each year would travel to the best high school football programs like Massillon, Ohio, and Boys town, in Omaha, Nebraska. He took on any and every challenge and his reputation as a coach was impeccable. He finally moved to Augustana College, a North Central Conference Member (NCC) located in Sioux Falls, SD and made the tiny 1200 student school a powerhouse in the NCC.

He jumped at the chance to coach his alma mater when Boot Stewart was fired after a disastrous 1960-1961 season. The cupboard was empty when Bob arrived in Vermillion, and it took more than a handful of talented players to compete in the powerful NCC which was considered the top conference in Division II. He left after his only year of coaching at USD and went back to Sioux Falls and became a Shopping Mall developer and finally returned to coaching in his final years at Sioux Falls Cathedral where again, he won a couple of State Championships at the small Catholic School.

I was the only USD football player invited to his recognition retirement dinner located in a large auditorium that seated 3000 admirers. He received many accolades



[Bob Burns]

through the crowd and thanked him for his service and his influence on me and the

during the two-hour program and finally the last event of the evening was the surprise introduction of three fellow paratroopers who had survived the carnage on their WWII suicide mission. Two had passed away and the other three wanted to be at Bob's retirement party and thank him one final time for saving their lives. All three were well-prepared and very articulate and their five-minute allocation turned into a 30-minute tribute to Bob Burns, their company commander and a coach and friend to thousands who knew him. There wasn't a dry eye in that auditorium after that group of three's presentation and tribute to one of the "greatest generation." Before the evening was over, I fought and clawed my way

“Second Chance” he gave me that 1962 early fall afternoon in the Dean of the School of Education’s office.

Steve Gerow

“Gee-Row” was a Grosse Point, Michigan resident whose father was the Detroit Lions team doctor. Steve was 6’ 2”-240 lbs. and our starting center until a concussion ended his football career. He had unbelievable offensive blocking skills and certainly was one of our best players until getting hurt early in his sophomore year.

He remained in school and created many “Gee-Row” stories as he never missed a party and would be unpredictable whenever he was drinking.

We talked him into going pheasant hunting with us and enroute to the hunting area we told him that pheasants could be [3’ – 4’] tall and would attack a hunter when “cornered”. We put him in the middle of our line with an unloaded shotgun and as luck would have it – he stepped on a hen pheasant who noisily flew straight up and into Steve’s face! He fell face-first on the ground screaming for help! Of course, this “Gee-Row” story was repeated 100 times – each time the story always got better.

Steve was easily the best-known man on campus and liked by everyone.

Jim Legg

When Bob Burns coached at USD my junior year, he recruited about six junior college linemen. Jim Legg was a 300-pound overweight nose guard and played for an Oklahoma junior college that won the national junior college championship. His fellow Oklahoma teammate, Roger Craiche, from Burwell, Nebraska joined us in three-a-day workouts in fall camp.

Jim was trying to impress us with his toughness during one-on-one blocking drills. He wrestled a true freshman to the ground, straddled him and then started beating him unconscious. After about the fifth blow I sprinted to the scene and knocked him off the unconscious “Bart” displacing him about 8 feet from his victim. The two coaches assisting on the drill could not believe what was going on, but I was not reprimanded for my sudden reaction.

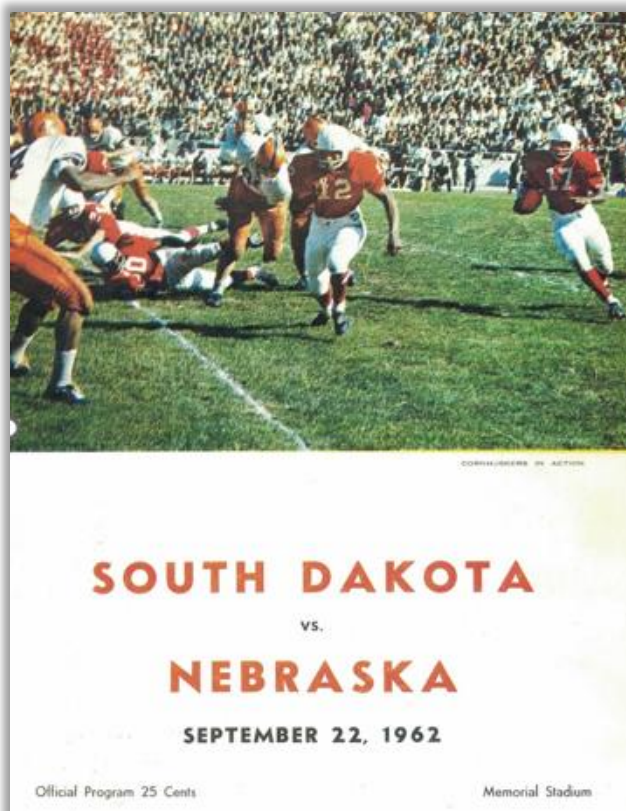
Our second game of the year we played Nebraska and on the second series of the game Legg was clipped on the knee and would never play football again. He had surgery, recovered, and rehabilitated his knee.

He drove home to Oklahoma and picked up his shotgun and German Shorthair Dog and we became hunting buddies as I knew where all the pheasant hot spots were located. In the fall of my senior year, I scheduled no classes after 12 p.m. and we would hunt until I had to be at football practice at 3 p.m. He would go back out and hunt until dark after dropping me off at practice. When he left for Thanksgiving for Oklahoma he weighed 225 pounds, losing 75 pounds from many hours of hunting, his dog weighed 32 pounds and had started the season off at 58 pounds. He took home about 150 frozen pheasants and one deer who charged us in a snowstorm, and we acted in self-defense. This would be the only deer I have ever shot as we were sitting with our backs against a tree waiting out a sudden snowstorm and we heard the willows cracking as some animal was running right at us. We could only see 10-15 feet because of the snow but sure enough a Buck was headed right for us - we both shot at the same time.

We butchered the deer that night in a bathroom in Julian Hall. Just about everybody had left for Thanksgiving vacation so nobody interrupted us during our butchering process. We flushed everything down the toilets that weren't usable and never plugged a toilet. He left the next morning for Oklahoma with his pheasants and a freshly butchered deer.

Roger Craiche

Roger Craiche was a unique person. He was a 5'10" 240-pound rancher from Burwell, Nebraska and owned about 1500 pounds of free weights and was 20 years ahead of the curve. Even the major colleges were not into off-season lifting as they didn't want their athletes' muscle-bound. I lifted weights with Roger for six months



[South Dakota vs Nebraska Football]

before he headed back to Nebraska after finding out he hadn't passed one course so was academically ineligible. I would never witness anybody his size be as strong as Roger. I am sure that he was a successful Rancher as he had common sense and the desire to succeed in the livestock industry.

Bruce Smebakken

Bruce's nickname was "Bandy Legs." He was our quarterback and defensive safety most of the four years when I played at USD. The five-foot-10 inch 180-pound Hot Spring, South Dakota native was "concussion prone". When playing defensive safety, he wouldn't shy away from helmet-to-helmet contact on a back outweighing him by 50 pounds.

I could tell by his eyes when he was calling plays in the huddle that he had his "bell rung". He should donate his brain to concussion research because he got one every time he stepped on the field. Of course, the handsome blonde quarterback was pursued by many sorority women, and he broke an equal number of hearts. If he had been that successful on the football gridiron, we possibly could have won a few more games.

Dick Weber

Dick was from Highmore, SD. At 6' 2" – 190 lbs., he was an undersized offensive-defensive end on our 1963 football team.

He had served in the United States Marine Corps for four years before attending USD.

Dick was a black belt in karate and had numerous facial scars from many fights while in the marines. I easily man-handled him on the football field but knew better than to get into a fracas with him. We slowly became friends and one summer night (1964); he picked me up after my evening job – selling tickets at the dog races (SODRAC Park) next to Sioux City, Iowa.

5

We headed to a well-known bar in lower 4th Sioux City and occupied one of the many booths. Dick bought the first round of drinks and 30 minutes later I headed to the bar to buy a second round. A young American Indian woman was sitting at the bar watching three young men playing billiards on a pool table adjacent to the bar. I ordered two beers and while the bartender was getting the beers, I asked the woman

how she had broken her leg as she had a 30-inch cast on her right leg. Immediately, the three men broke their pool cues on the table - each had weapons about 2 ½ feet long and then surrounded me. Within a second I heard a beer bottle smashing, and Dick had his arm around the head of the nearest to me with the broken beer bottle against his jugular vein and a trickle of blood running down his neck. He yelled at all three of them to drop their pool cues or they would be going to one or more funerals in the next few days! Immediately all three cues hit the floor and he directed me to open the door. When he got to the door, he kicked his captive about 20 feet back into the bar. We ran to his 1964 Oldsmobile Cutlass convertible, left the area, and took Interstate 29 back to Vermillion, SD. He was doing 85 miles per hour and asked me if I was afraid to die! I again thanked him for saving my life back in the bar and he slowed to 60 miles per hour and crossed from the north lane into the south lane going against traffic in the south lane of Interstate 29. We illegally drove 18 miles and passed 60 – 70 cars all honking and blinking their headlights. We survived - that was my last ride with Dick Weber.

Graduation

I graduated on August 6, 1964, from USD making me the first college graduate on either side of the family. It was an amazing accomplishment after all the missteps along the way. Like most young men I didn't mentally mature until 22 years of age and only started thinking of the future after many Second Chances given to me by a lot of good people involved in my mistake-prone journey. After my commitment to the USMC in late 1963 I dug in to make sure that I would graduate during the 1964 summer school because of the OCS requirement requiring a college degree.

Sorrowful Loss

My New Years Day {1 Jan. 1964} evening plans were interrupted by a frantic phone call from my father relaying a message that my ailing favorite Grandpa Fred was in the hospital for the third time in a month and wanted to see me right away. I arrived at the hospital about 8:30 pm and my father and grandmother were in the room with Grandpa Fred. We visited for 45 minutes, and my grandpa asked my dad to take grandma home as he wanted to spend some time alone with me.

Shortly after they left, he asked me to shave him with his electric razor. He told me how proud he was of my accomplishments and for the first time I had a male tell me how much he loved me. Of course, I told him how much I loved him and the influence he had on my life. He asked for a drink of ice water located at the foot of

his bed. I poured the water in a drinking glass then lifted his head off his pillow so he could swallow. He drank a couple of ounces and motioned that he had enough. I turned to replace the glass at the foot of his bed and heard a gasp and turned around as he took his last breath.

He would be the first person I would have die in my arms. When a person dies your involuntary muscles relax and in this case his glass eye popped out of his eye socket and went bouncing across the floor just like a marble did when we played as children. One can only imagine my hysteria of his passing and the eye incident as I ran out into the hallway seeking a nurse to see if there was a chance to revive him.

It was a horrible night and as I drove the 25 miles back to Vermillion to my room in the dorm, I regretted not spending more time with him and made a vow to visit my relatives whenever I had the chance because my life would become even more hectic in the next 4-5 years. Many years later, once I reached age 65, I immediately became a hospice volunteer, and I am in my 14th year and will continue as long as my health allows me to volunteer.

Practice Teaching

Because I was in the School of Education I had to “practice teach” for six weeks in a school system and be graded by the teacher and principal that would be a vital part of my final grade by my USD professor. I applied at several nearby schools but was requested by the 7th-8th grade middle-school principal in Vermillion, SD to student-teach history in his school. I could stay in the dorm and have little expense for meals as I was still on my full ride football scholarship so I could also eat at the dorm. I had one sport coat, so I borrowed two sports coats from my good friend Chuck Hahn.

Chuck and I had already made one decent car out of our two junkers. I supplied four new tires and a new battery from my car, sold it for \$50 and used the money to make minor repairs on Chuck’s car. I had it all: three sports coats, my dorm with food and reliable transportation for my new assignment.

My initial interview with the principal before accepting the teaching assignment seemed rather odd about what he expected of me at the school. He said to me “I know your reputation as being a fierce competitor and I’m giving you an open check blank for any physical activities you might have to use in my building. In fact, your predecessor Jim Hale - a USD basketball player - was assaulted by three students in the hallway and man-handled by the three 15-year-old students.”

As mentioned before, the South Dakota law required attending school until the age of 16. Several were almost 16 years old, including three pregnant 7th grade 15-year-old girls. He reiterated that I was selected because of a real “physical problem” at his school, and he needed inside help to solve a serious problem. My job description was to be as physical as I had to be and not worry about a lawsuit as the Superintendent told him to clean up the problem at any cost. I asked for a couple of witnesses and two women teachers heard him repeat for the third time his direct orders to me.

I arrived at the school 20 minutes before the final bell the following Monday morning and walked twenty feet into the hallway and heard the principal yelling at me to hurry into the locker area and help. I vaulted up the steps and couldn't believe my eyes - a bearded 15-year-old boy had our woman math teacher by the throat up against the wall and both feet were a foot off the floor. She was gasping for air, and nobody stepped forward to stop the bully. I grabbed him and spun him around and put him in the exact position he had the woman that he outweighed by 60 lbs. I was a strapping 210 lb. and outweighed him by 40 lbs. so I only released him just before he passed out and slumped on the ground. He looked up at me and said, “You'll pay dearly for this - it'll be the longest six weeks of your life.” I looked down at him and told him he might not be alive before my six weeks of student-teaching was completed.

The math teacher he had assaulted lived alone in a nearby neighborhood and she let her cat out one evening and minutes later the doorbell rang. She opened the door, and they threw her cat into her house after drenching it with lighter fluid and setting it on fire. The poor animal ran around on her living room carpet and finally succumbed to the flames and set her carpet on fire. They poured sugar in her automobile gas tank that ended up wrecking the engine and forcing her to buy a new engine. The gang of 12-15 should have been sent to the State Boy's school in Plankinton, SD but the local educators were told to put up with them until they reached 16 years old and then expel them.

The elementary school had divided their grades by classes. The 7-1 group would be the absolute best students, ending up with the 7-4 students. Likewise, the 8th grade was 8-1 through 8-4. I was given the 8-1, 8-4, 7-1, and 7-4 students for history classes as well as one study hall. The 7-1 and 8-1 students were extremely bright children and usually included college professor's children and I really had to be prepared as they challenged me on several scholastic issues.

When my 7-4 students came through the door, it was the exact opposite. Three young girls were pregnant and waiting for their 16th birthday to arrive before their newborns appeared. Half of the time in the 7-4 and 8-4 classes were spent on disciplinary problems. In order to get the 4's attention I would grab the rowdiest of them and make them assume the "push-up" position facing me while I stood before the blackboard that was still an integral part of the classroom. I usually stood lightly on the fingers of class disrespects when they were assuming the push-up position. If they sagged to the ground, I would put more weight on their fingers until they got back in the bridge position. When they were completely exhausted, I would send them back to their seats with black and blue fingernails on the hand I was bearing my weight on for the entire time. I had to exercise this twice in both 4 classes and after the first week I had their undivided attention.

The 65 -year-old female teacher who I worked for the 6-week student-teaching period looked on in amazement because she had lost complete control of her 7-4 and 8-4 classes but never verbally approved of my severe teaching methods, but the principal never hesitated in giving his approval. I was never so happy when my 6th week was finished, and I decided not to explore the teaching profession if I did not make the USMC my career. I have extreme respect for all in the teaching profession and certainly my physical tactics could not be used in the 21st century. My theory is if a 15–17-year-old student lacks respect for authority and is allowed to get through the system without confrontation they probably will end up in our penal system and not contribute any positive actions within our society.

Once my student teaching was in the rear-view mirror, I started concentrating on getting physically ready for OCS boot camp at Quantico, VA. I was told by two football players who had graduated two years earlier that I should get my long-distance running shoes on and be prepared for the Quantico hill-country running required at the 14-week boot camp. Before leaving for Quantico in the last week of September 1964.

Alumni Football Game

I was asked to help coach the incoming USD freshman football team before leaving for "boot camp" in September. One of the freshmen was my 20-year-old brother Bill who had just completed his three-year tour of duty in the USMC. He practically turned 17 in boot camp after leaving home immediately after high school graduation weighing 130 lbs. He entered fall camp as a muscular 185 lbs. with 36 months of intense training under his belt. He was so fierce in contact drills that he scared the normal 18-year-old freshmen, and he dominated in quickness and desire.

He lacked technique because of his lack of experience but was extremely intelligent and after 3-4 weeks he had caught on and surpassed most of the incoming team. He continued and became a starter all three years of varsity and Captain of the team his senior year at USD. He probably played a total of 15 minutes of football in his senior year of high school because of his diminutive size and lack of experience.

One of my proudest moments was when we went back to USD 16 years later and played in the first of two annual Alumni football games.

Our father attended the games and the three of us posed for a picture after the first game. He passed away after a long bout of cancer in 1985, about five years after the photo was taken. I have always wondered how two brothers with a combined one year of high school football experience had ever gone on to the University of South Dakota football program and been three-year starters and Captains of their team their senior years. We covered a span of 8 years (1960-1968) and enjoyed every moment of what I consider an unusual experience for two graduates of rural Willowdale District 3.



[Alumni Football Game (1980)]

Lifelong Blessing

In early 1964 I paid special attention to this beautiful long-legged coed in a couple of classes that we had together, and our visits got longer each time we saw each other. I finally had the courage to ask her for a date and to my surprise she accepted, and our relationship began to blossom.

After a few months and at the end of our student teaching Fran was hired by the Pierre, SD public school system as an English teacher, with her employment to start in the fall of 1964. We realized that both had irreversible contract commitments and our futures were heading in opposite directions. Marriage was not on my mind as I knew OCS was demanding and flight school was 24 months of danger as the fatality rate at Pensacola, FL was even more severe than I thought and experienced while being there in 1965. She wanted to be part of this exciting new adventure and accompany me to Pensacola.



[My Lifelong Blessing]

MARINE CORPS

During the summer of 1964, Fran and I continued dating as she returned to summer school to work on her master's degree. We fell madly in love and took the next step in our relationship - I purchased an engagement ring before leaving for OCS in mid-September. I made the trip to Mobridge, SD where her parents lived to ask for their permission. Fran had signed a teacher's contract to teach English in the Pierre, SD school system. No permanent wedding date was set because if I washed out of OCS boot camp, I would be required to serve for a minimum of two years as an enlisted marine. If that happened the wedding would be called off as the uncertainty of duty stations would make a marriage impossible. A private in the USMC made \$60 per month in 1964, hardly a sustainable wage even if the spouse was working because of housing shortages around all the military bases.

In mid-September I said goodbye and headed for one of the toughest physical challenges I had ever faced in my first 22 years of life. As we were unloaded from the old gray military buses, we were greeted by one of the most carefully selected 6'4" 240 lb. 1st Sgt. of the USMC. His booming voice and sharp commands were even larger in real time than any image one could ever receive from the movies or advertisements used for recruiting.

Our 14 weeks of hell started the minute you stepped off the bus. Our first formation had 406 college graduates including about 40 law school graduates. We were told up front that it was the OCS staff's job to weed out a minimum of 50% of those in that initial formation. If you washed out after eight weeks you would not be required to go back to enlisted boot camp at Camp Lejeune, NC. Any washouts prior to that time would have to join an enlisted group at Lejeune and start boot camp all over. The fear of not being a commissioned officer hung over everybody because you were in competition with all 406 standing in formation.

It would be a good bet that all 40 law students would make it as they needed JAG officers in the fleet. When we graduated in late December, 202 of the original 406 graduated. This included 36 of the law school graduates, so only 170 men received their commission discounting the law students. We were divided into two companies, company A and B. I was assigned to the 4th platoon in company B so whenever we marched or exercised, we would always bring up the rear of the formation. At the end of the 14 weeks our platoon would be the best conditioned platoon because we were always in the accordion effect of slowing down then being

forced to run to catch up with the two companies especially when we ran the 17 miles of hills surrounding Quantico, VA.

The final week of OCS competed all eight platoons against each other. Six members were selected to run three miles with 47 lbs. of combat gear per marine including their M-14 rifles. We easily won the event running the three miles in 17 minutes 48 seconds. Standing next to me in formation was the fifth American to run the mile under 4 minutes. Keith Forman and his Oregon State classmate, Dyle Burelson had accomplished it two years earlier in an NCAA track meet. Both were part-owners of the World record 4-mile relay set in 1962. Keith would eventually run for the USMC, and it is probably a good guess that he still owns the Marine Corps mile record because a few years later it became the 1500-meter run - a shorter distance by a few yards. Keith did not look like a typical long-distance runner - he was 5'10" 175 lbs., muscular and looked like a college halfback. He carried all six rifles and ran backwards at times to encourage us to break the 18-minute mark for the three-mile run. The requirement was all equipment and the entire team had to cross the final line so he could legally carry our rifles and it would not disqualify our team. During our 14-week boot camp he taught all the platoon to run distance by relaxing as you ran. He emphasized running with your middle finger forming an "o" with the respective thumb on each hand. Most people when stressed will clench their fists, thus tightening their arm, going into the chest muscles, and causing your whole upper torso to tighten and affect the entire breathing process. To this day even when I am walking any distance, I utilize the "o" method to help my breathing.

The Marine Corps put a huge emphasis on their famous obstacle course and "Pugil stick" competition. At the end of the obstacle course was a 20' rope climb, and no time was deducted if you could climb the rope without using your feet. It was made to order for me as my grip and arm strength allowed me to pick up valuable time lost on some of the other obstacles. I finished in the top ten on the obstacle course the 4-5 times per week that we were required to run the course. The winners of each company would face off in the final round of the Pugil sticks competition. The equipment consisted of a 5' stick with a 6" pad on the stock end and a 2" pad on the bayonet end of the stick. Each contestant wore a football helmet for the only protection afforded by each gladiator. It took between 7-8 fights to get to the company's winner of the contest. 200 men made 100 fights, 100 winners → 50 fights, 50 winners, etc. So, this was accomplished over a two-week period. It was my favorite event as I utilized my boxing and football skills and if I were outweighed at 210 lbs. I usually was much faster to make up the weight difference. I easily won the "B" company competition both times the competition was held. Each time I won I faced the same winner of company "A". Big Chuck was an All-American Tackle

from West Virginia. The big red head was 6'4" and about 250 lbs. and showed no mercy on his "A" company opponents and usually would knock them unconscious. All bets were on him, but I would jab him like a boxer, and it infuriated him to the point that he made a fatal move by charging me, I easily side-stepped him and stock-butted him on the side of his helmet as he flew by, knocking him down and half-conscious. The second time we faced each other a month later after winning our respective company competition, I reversed my tactics and charged him with numerous brisk jabs with the bayonet end of the stick and when he dropped his back foot to let me slide by I upper cut him in the chin and knocked him down and unable to continue.

We had daily classroom hours and spent a lot of time on the "grinder" practicing marching and inspections on each other. I was average in these endeavors, but they were huge in overall grading at OCS. We spent only three days on the rifle and pistol ranges, but I did qualify for both. I sometimes questioned the ethics used by the drill instructors and the staff when they decided somebody wasn't fit to be an officer. Even though they were not allowed to hit us, they would grab a candidate by the throat while he was standing at attention and choke them unconscious until they fell to the ground. Their standard statement if they had orders to get rid of somebody was "You are not ever going to be my commanding officer." Once you heard that statement you knew that officer candidate would be one of the 50%, they had told us about in that 1st formation.

Barry Goldwater ran against Lyndon Johnson for President in 1964: our company commander, a Captain in the USMC, marched us to vote with explicit instructions to vote for Goldwater. He gave us an ultimatum - do it or hand in your gear and pick up your bus ticket for Camp Lejeune. I would guess Goldwater got 100% of our votes from "B" company. I am sure such an action today would result in a lawsuit and a demotion for anybody giving such an order.

Every officer had to purchase all uniforms including a military sword. We were making \$60/month while at OCS and most of us had little or no money to buy the \$1200 of clothing etc. When we were told to buy our clothing, we knew we would graduate from OCS - we needed the sword for manual arms as all officers and staff NCO had to use them in ceremonies and parades. We took out a \$1200 loan to be repaid at \$100 per month after we graduated and thus started to make \$264/month as a Second Lieutenant in the USMC. We were required to have Dress Blues, Dress Whites, Khaki, and Winter Green uniforms with all the necessary accessories needed to complete the class "A" requirements.

On Graduation Day we received our Gold 2nd LT. Bars, a handshake and in my case, two weeks of leave and orders to report to the Naval Air Station (NAS) Pensacola, Florida for flight training no later than January 2, 1965. I liked the Quantico area and made several friends in my platoon including Forman and Bill Bannister. Bill and I went on 18 hours leave to Washington, DC a couple of times and would rent a hotel room and regardless if we had gone to sleep at 2 am we would wake up at our normal 5 am OCS wakeup call and then we would sit on the concrete steps of the hotel and watch downtown Washington, DC “Wake Up” to the early Sunday morning sunrise. Both of us were from rural backgrounds and we just took in the big city atmosphere not wasting any time sleeping away our 18-hour pass from the pressures of OCS.

Bill Bannister was a 6’ 195-pound ex-golden gloves boxer and my best OCS friend. He was tough as nails but whenever we received our military required shots he would pass out because he was fearful of any needle. I always stood behind him in “shot” formation to catch him as soon as they stuck him with a needle. He was assigned to artillery school and was a forward observer (FO) in Vietnam where he was wounded while calling in artillery fire on an enemy position. He survived the war, and I lost contact with him.

Marriage



[Wedding Party]

Before O.C.S. graduation I learned we would be married on December 21, 1964, in Fran’s hometown of Mobridge, South Dakota. She was able to get released from her teacher’s contract in Pierre, SD, and go with me to Pensacola to attend flight school. I asked my brother Bill to be my best man and Chuck Hahn and Rick Lang to be in our wedding. Fran borrowed a wedding dress and her former employer at

Betty’s Floral shop supplied the flowers. Left to Right – Janet Fowler, Pat (Hagen) Bruns, Fran, Flower Girl (Gwen Fowler), Ron, Bill, Chuck Hahn

The reception was held in the church basement and the entire wedding cost just over \$100 as family and friends supplied the sandwiches and cake. We honeymooned in Bismarck, ND, for a couple of days before heading back to Fran's home for Christmas and packing for our automobile trip to Pensacola, Florida - about a 1700-mile trip.

The next twelve months of our lives would be impossible to duplicate with a new experience occurring every day. Two South Dakota twenty-two-year-old residents, both 1964 USD graduates, would experience the outside world like many others had done so in previous generations.

New Experiences

The day after Christmas 1964, we loaded our two-door car with all the possessions we owned and started on our trip South to Florida. We kept pinching each other to make sure that we had really pulled it off and still not quite sure we were married and what obstacles were ahead of us. This had truly been a whirlwind courtship and we had a lot to learn about each other. We had no idea that the next twelve months would be some of the toughest in our 58 years of marriage.

We swung through East St. Louis, Missouri in an effort to contact Mamon Keys but after spending a half hour trying to find a telephone booth in a downtown area we were too scared to get out of our car as we had attracted a crowd and our 6th sense was to leave before getting involved in a racial incident as we were the only Caucasians in a mile radius and certainly had no business being in that area with South Dakota plates on our car. I would eventually hear from Mamon almost 50 years later. He also survived Vietnam and was trained as an Army Medic but was assigned to the Marine Corps and survived the 79-day siege at Khe son located on the DMZ. He went back to East St. Louis upon his discharge from the army and made a career in social work in his hometown.

After our East St. Louis experience, I decided to take highway 61 through Philadelphia, Mississippi as 61 was my senior college jersey football number. We were about six miles north of the city when we were stopped on the two-lane highway 61 as there was a car accident and they were retrieving one of the automobiles out of the ditch on the east side of the road. A 6' 350 lb. sheriff dressed like "smokey" with his highway patrol hat and brown uniform approached our car with South Dakota license plates and gruffly asked me what I was doing on his

highway. He spotted my shaved Marine Corps hair and bought my story about heading to Pensacola, FL after spending Christmas in South Dakota. He asked me to stay behind the car ahead of me until they pulled the 1951 Chevrolet hard-top Impala off the fence that it laid on with its roof on the ground.

A large black woman was wailing beside the wreck scene and the sheriff was yelling at the poor woman. When they turned the car over it screeched when it was pulled off the metal fence. Once they flipped the car, I noticed why the woman was wailing as a dead man was flopping behind the steering wheel. When they got him and the car on the road, they picked the car up by the rear end with the dead victim lying on the steering wheel. The sheriff told the tow-man to take him to the “colored” morgue and the car to the junkyard. They never touched him or took a pulse. I looked at Fran and said: I think we just witnessed what it is like to be in the deep south.

On 22 June 1964 the Ku Klux Klan had murdered three [two white and a local black resident] freedom riders that had gone south to register black voters and buried them in the Philadelphia, Mississippi area and I’m sure if I would not have had a buzzed haircut that we would have been held for further questioning. We distanced ourselves from the area watching carefully to keep within the speed limit.

Upon arrival at Pensacola, we rented a two-room apartment about two miles from the base and set up house for the first time. I immediately went to work on January 2, 1965, at NAS and checked into Saufley Field as an Aviation cadet. Before we could fly, we had 30 days of ground school, flight simulator cockpits and a strenuous swimming test because the Navy and Marine Corps flew over water 90 percent of their flying hours. We had to learn Morse Code and dictate a minimum of twenty words per minute. Fran helped me with flash cards, and I reached that level in the expected time.

I was a non-swimmer who could dog paddle about 100 feet to save my life. The biggest obstacle of Pre-flight school was about to confront me. They had a mock cockpit that went into 15 feet of water and landed on its back at the bottom of the pool. Each student wore a flight suit, tennis shoes and a parachute. One would have to count to ten before unbuckling and heading up and out to an imaginary wing avoiding any propellers that still might be moving from the downed airplane. I finally passed after eight times down the track - at that time, a pool record - one I was not proud to own. All swimming events were in flight suits and tennis shoes. The requirements were to swim a mile in 65 minutes, (4) 50-meter consecutive laps using the breaststroke, backstroke, sidestroke, and the Australian crawl. A demanding

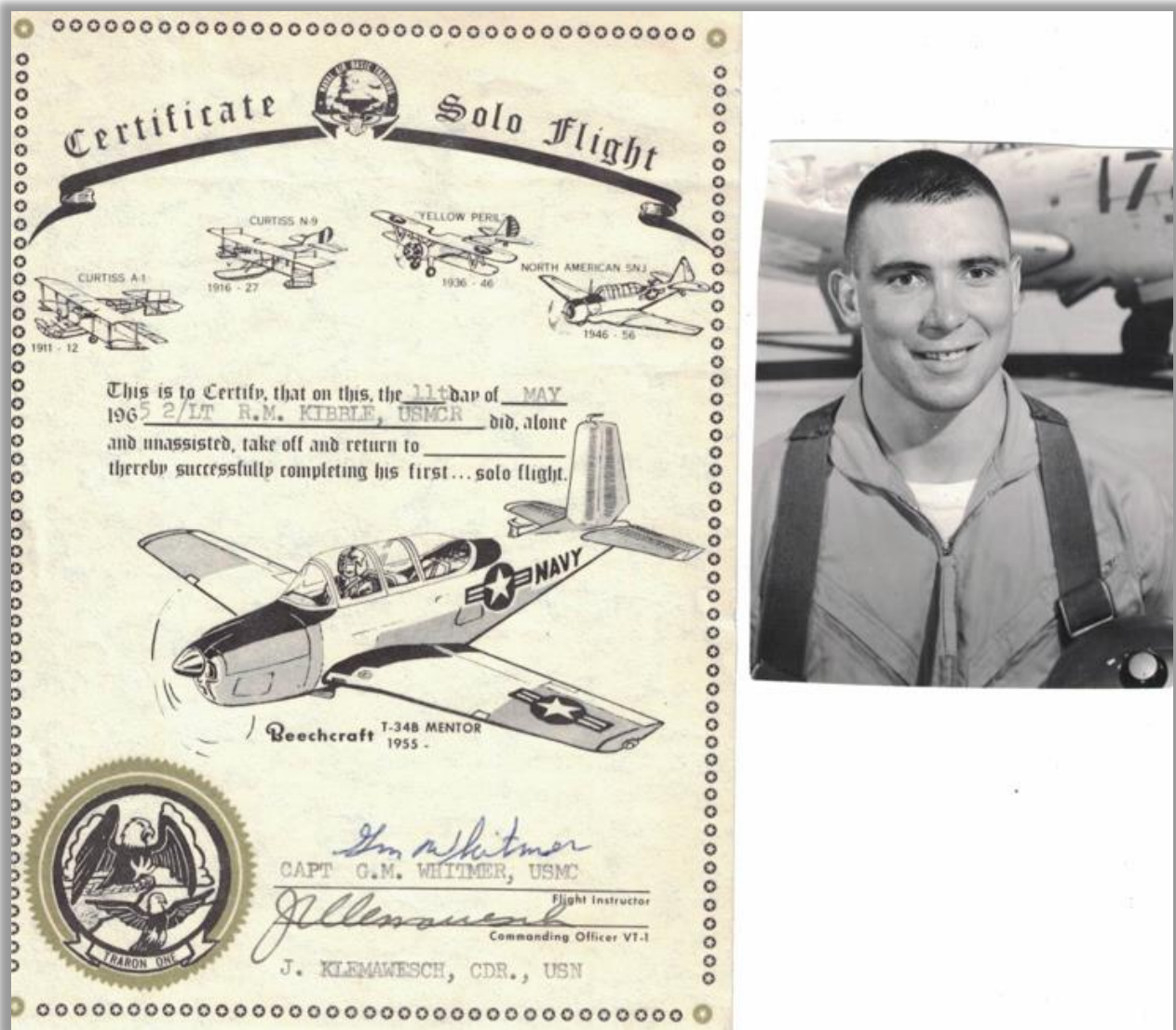
vertical 30-minute tread using the frog kick the entire 30 minutes with the first two minutes with your hands in the air was the most strenuous of all the events.

After passing all the required classroom courses I returned to the pool for nine hours/day with (4) fifteen-minute breaks. Ben, a black cadet and I were the only two non-swimmers in the pool. After (4) days of smelling chlorine and being pushed by a 20-foot pole handled by an enlisted man to keep us moving, both my sidekick and I each wore 2 belt life preservers to keep us afloat while trying to overcome our constant fear of water. Ben had been in the pool for three weeks and had lost 30 pounds. That Thursday night I told Fran that she could be a widow the next day because I was either going to pass the swimming requirements or die trying. I kissed her goodbye and with my chlorinated eyes drove to the base determined not to leave her a widow after just 40 days of marriage.

I decided to try the mile swim and would do the backstroke the entire mile. Sixty-three minutes later I touched the 50-meter pool's concrete side completing the final lap monitored by the E6 who had prodded me with the 20-foot pole the previous four days in my attempt to learn how to swim. He was as surprised as I was and encouraged me to do all the requirements that day. I finished the treading water test and got my swimming wings and permission to join my class who were held up because of inclement flying weather so I had not missed anything while spending the entire week in that body of chlorine.

The following Tuesday my pool sidekick, Ben, joined our flight group as after four weeks and one day he also passed the required swimming course. He immediately approached me and thanked me for helping him pass the course. I asked him how I had helped him, and he replied that I was the worst swimmer he had witnessed during his four-week ordeal and if I could do it, he certainly could - both of us realized it was more of a mental obstacle than a physical obstacle. This would also be true when flying an airplane. Once an individual put the fear of drowning or crashing in the background, flying was quite similar only with more moving parts as we would find out that only 10 percent of knowledge is retained once a pilot is airborne. So, it was emphasized to spend ten hours in the classroom and cockpit simulator for each hour of flying time.

I was lucky enough to get the best instructor in the USMC air wing - Captain Glen Whitmer. He was a huge man, 6'2" 240 pounds and barely fit in the cockpit of the T-34 Beechcraft powered by a 235 horsepower Lycoming engine with a variable speed propeller.



[Solo Flight (11 May 1965)]

After 12 flights from Saufley Field in Pensacola he said I was ready to fly my first solo flight on number 13. I had no trouble and continued for a total of 40 hours before he checked me out on my final flight at Saufley Field. I was his last student before he left on a 30-day leave “vacation” with his wife and five children.

After performing and passing all the necessary maneuvers we had about a half hour of flight time before we had to go back to the base. Captain Whitmer had over 5000 hours total flight time, he flew A-4 and F-8 Jets, C-130 transport planes and every helicopter the USMC possessed.

Captain Whitmer had 16 years in the USMC and was just promoted to Major and when he returned from leave (vacation) he would be taking over the USMC wing at Saufley Field. As commanding officer, he would no longer be an instructor, but an administrator and he was not happy about not flying daily. After he checked me out, he asked me if I wanted to see what maneuvers he could perform with the T-34 trainer. I had no choice and for the next 20 minutes we flew Ingelmans, Figure 8s, wing rolls and many that I had never heard of - the final maneuver being a hammerhead stall and because I was sitting in the front seat, he informed me that I would pass out before he would as I was on the outside of the arc and would pull more G's than him. He said not to worry as he had the plane all trimmed up because both of us would be unconscious for 10-15 seconds. Sure enough, when he performed the maneuver, I experienced what he described and when we regained consciousness, we were flying level at 5,000 feet.

My final T-34 ride was one I will take to my grave and his next T-34 ride took him to his grave. After taking his 30-day leave, he returned to Saufley and went up in a T-34 to get his four hours minimum per month to qualify for flight pay. His buddy Captain Baker took a second T-34 so that they could practice fake aerial combat with each other. A recent naval academy graduate asked to fly with the now Major Whitmer so he too could qualify for his four hours of required flying time.

Major Whitmer's plane experienced carburetor problems at 3500 feet elevation. He went through the normal re-start procedure and his engine caught fire and spread so fast that it melted the canopy to the plane thus preventing him from parachuting from the flaming plane. Whitmer radioed Baker and told him he was going to give the recent graduate a chance to survive so he instructed the graduate to unbuckle his seat belt and wrap himself in a ball by grabbing his ankles. If the T-34 was flown in the ground at a 47-degree angle at 106 knots it would snap the plane in half between the 1st and second seats. Major Whitmer knew this was a last chance tactic to save the occupant of the rear seat.

They dug Major Whitmer out of seven feet of soil and the naval academy graduate would have lived if not for hitting a tree 400 feet from where the plane hit mother earth. The academy graduate was like a bowling ball jettisoned from the plane at about 90 miles per hour. Major Whitmer would not get a Second Chance. His military funeral would be the first Fran and I attended, and it would not be the last, especially at my next assignment at Whiting Field located in Milton Florida.

Whiting field had a north field and a south field. The USMC squadron flew out of the north field and flew a clockwise pattern setting up at 1200 feet altitude.

The south field flew a counter clock pattern at 1500 feet - so when most of the high-performance T-28s were in the air 400-500 planes were taking off and landing around the clock and were especially busy during daylight hours.

The T-28 was a perfect trainer as it was so highly maneuverable. My first solo flight was the last visual flight of the day three hours before sunset. I headed over the Florida-Alabama line to do my spins and other acrobatic requirements as we usually tried to use as much fuel as possible before we made 4 required simulated landings on several unoccupied landing fields where just a spotter was on site to confirm the touch-and-go landings by writing the plane number on a verification sheet.

Our ceiling was 13,000 feet as we didn't use oxygen masks, so we flew into the clouds after finding a "hole" in them. I had overlooked that the clouds were moving at 100-120 miles per hour so after 45 minutes I descended looking for a landmark to line up on a touch and go field. It took me ten minutes to realize that I was lost and now a major thunderstorm had moved in and my ADF- (Automatic Direction Finder) was spinning from the constant voltage of lightning strikes. At this point I wasn't sure if I could trust my compass and it was lights out as a heavy Cumulus cloud blocked out the sun. I decided to head to what I considered south where I would run into the Gulf of Mexico and if I had to ditch the plane, we were taught to land parallel with the waves. I considered parachuting if I ran out of fuel but if the plane landed in a heavily populated area and I survived, I would probably be court martialed for not making sure that the plane didn't cause loss of life or destruction of property.

While pondering over all my possibilities, I noticed an Air Force F102 jet flying about 50 feet from my wing. He had to lower his flaps and landing gear to slow the jet down so he could get my attention. He pointed with his hand and motioned me to follow him. He took me to the Gulf, and I made my way back to Whiting Field and landed in the dark with little fuel to spare. They had sent two chase planes up to find me and I knew there would be two irritated instructors who were late for happy hour or ate leftovers when they got home. I received the normal chewing out and ribbing the next day - I assure you that I was not the first to have it happen, that is why the Air Force kept a plane in their air space because Whiting Field was about 100 miles West of Elgin, and we invaded their air space on a regular basis.

The Vietnam War was heating up and pilots - especially helicopter pilots were in high demand, so we were pushed to the limit to get through our training. Because of the push by our government, married housing was impossible to get so we were forced to compete for public housing outside of the base. We rented a house that was being vacated by a family with four children and five dogs. We moved in and found

cockroaches in the refrigerator, cupboards, and in every room. They left the dogs who lived under the home, and they cried the entire night. After spraying the cockroaches, they would find their way into the bedroom and would fall on us while we attempted to sleep.

Fran took me to work early in the morning and returned to the house for our belongings. At 6:00 pm she picked me up at work and said we had moved into a trailer park. When the park owner interviewed her, he asked her 3 questions: I can see you ain't no black girl - are you Jewish? Are you Catholic? In desperation she denied all three and lucky for her the cock didn't crow so she moved all our belongings by herself. She was careful not to put her crucifix on the wall in case he walked into our new rental unannounced. After I met him, it was easy to conclude that he was a high-ranking member of the Ku Klux Klan.

We attended a Friday night party hosted by friends and all of us had to work (fly) the next morning because of the push to get pilots through so nobody had more than a couple drinks because at dawn several of us could be in the air. One young couple was expecting their first child, in fact she was a week past her due date. He had two whiskey cokes and they left early. The next morning when he was doing a spin he got his T-28 in an inverted spin and if that happened it was impossible to correct the plane, so the only option was to parachute. The student pilot must have been hairline diabetic as he passed out when stalling the plane to get it to spin thus putting him in an inverted position. He probably regained consciousness and tried to jump at a low level and thus had a streamer (His chute didn't open) and became the second memorial service that we would attend on the base in less than 30 days. His body was recovered three days after the accident. He had landed in an old couple's front yard, and they wouldn't report it to the proper authorities as they didn't want to get involved. Several camera flash bulbs were found around his body, so they were not the only ones not doing their civic duty. His first child was born a week after his death.

My new instructor, Captain Verbeck, was a screamer and I disliked him as much as I adored Major Whitmer. I was not the only student who disliked him - everybody who had contact with him felt the same as I felt. I would experience the same situation in Vietnam two years later when Colonel Harris, my battalion Commander had finished his tour and was replaced by Lt. Col. Funderburk who refused to leave the battalion area and was a micro manager without a commanding presence.

I fell in love with the high horse powered (1425 HP) T-28B and worked on Landings and acrobatics until I had complete confidence in my ability to fly this plane in all conditions.



[Navy T-28B Trojan]

1,425 Horsepower, Wright R-1820-86 Engine, Length 33 feet, Height 12 feet - 8 inches, Wingspan 40 feet, Empty Weight 6,424 lbs., Gross Weight 8,500 lbs., Max Speed @ 10,000 feet 343 m.p.h., Rate of Climb 3,540 feet per minute

The T-28 was also used in combat during the Vietnam war.

I completed my acrobatic and landing requirements and was just entering basic instruments when I was notified that I had to try out for the Pensacola Goshawks football team. Anybody who played college football was ordered to report for three practice sessions/ day- six days a week on the main base in Pensacola. The head coach, Commander Knicklebine, had lived with Vince Lombardi for a full year while the Green Bay Packers were dominating Professional Football.

The U.S. Naval Academy was ranked number one in the nation in the [1963-1964] season under the guidance of their All-American quarterback Roger Staubach who was a junior amongst a star-studded senior team. Twenty-seven of that number one team would be in flight school and eligible to play during the 1965 schedule. In anticipation of the 27 going to flight school-including many starters-they had sent Commander Knickelbine to Green Bay to learn their practice methods, their offense and defense schemes and Coach Lombardi's inside secrets to his success. As mentioned before, he stayed at Lombardi's house for most of the year.

Over 1000 tried out for the team as they had to legally open it up to everybody on the base, knowing exactly who would make the final 80-man roster. All of us who had played college football automatically made the team. Three practices/day with a full game scrimmage every Saturday in the 100-degree heat was so demanding that we were allowed to put a hold on our flight school training regimen. After two weeks of practice, I moved into the starting inside linebacker position and had an outstanding 40 days of practice.

I had missed my required July birthday physical because of the football requirements and they finally ordered me to report for the physical after our first game.

My chest x rays showed a growth on my right lung. The left lung has two lobes while the right lung possesses three lobes. The growth was in the lowest lobe in the right lung, and I was given two choices:

1. Accept \$10,000 and leave the USMC and they would have no further financial obligation.
2. Leave immediately for Bethesda Naval Hospital in Maryland and undergo Thoracic Surgery.

The 10K settlement figure was equivalent to two years' salary in the USMC or a South Dakota teaching position in 1965 dollars. We pondered over the choices given to us and luckily, we decided on the operation. This decision ended my 6-year football career.

Goshawks' Kibble Out for Season



GOSHAWK GUARD RON KIBBLE
... in miss Mexico game with injury

The Pensacola Navy Goshawks' top linebacker, Ron Kibble has been sidelined for the season it was announced Tuesday by Coach Harry Knickelbine.

Kibble, an all-conference guard from the University of South Dakota, developed a spot on his lung which will keep him out of action for the season.

The Goshawks, working long and hard for their Saturday night encounter with the University of New Mexico, will be seeking their third straight vic-

tory of the season against the White Borros.

The Navy opened its season by defeating Huntsville, Ala., and whipped the University of Corpus Christi last week, 47-14.

Kibble, who played center, guard and tackle for South Dakota, has been the Goshawks' left linebacker in the first two games.

"He was one of the most aggressive linebackers I have seen in a long time and a very fine player," Knickelbine said.

"We'll be hurt in losing him, especially when we meet some tougher competition later in the season," Knickelbine said.

Al Coley, a honorable mention all-American player from Presbyterian (S.C.) College, has been slated to fill in for Kibble.

[Out For The Season]

The Bethesda three-man Thoracic surgery team removed the benign growth and called it histoplasmosis commonly called Farmers lung. We were around pigeons and bat dung working in the Haymow and in our milking parlor 3-4 hours per day so my exposure to those elements probably caused my eventual lung surgery.

Unfortunately, I couldn't fly for 12 months after surgery, so I was assigned to 6-month Basic School and a new MOS (military occupational specialty) with a good chance of returning to flight school after one tour in the "fleet." I was given sick leave so Fran and I decided to go back to South Dakota for two weeks. I was not allowed to drive because of the surgery so she had to drive the 1700 miles to South Dakota by herself.

I had come down with pneumonia and paid little attention to her constant upset stomach. We arrived in Yankton, South Dakota where I contacted a doctor who gave me antibiotics and checked on Fran's upset stomach. He informed us that we were on our way to becoming parents. While examining her he discovered a walnut-sized tumor in the right side of her pelvic area. He urged her to get it checked out at Bethesda Hospital as soon as we returned as I was still a patient at Bethesda until my final discharge.

Fran was examined two weeks later and the walnut - size growth had grown to a grapefruit - size and immediately they admitted her to the Bethesda neurology ward and started to give her medication to put the fetus asleep during the surgery to remove the tumor. For the second time in a six-week period we were on our knees praying in the Bethesda Hospital Chapel that we would survive a second major operation and save our first-born child. Fran made history at Bethesda as they had never encountered a similar situation. While on bed rest before the operation they measured her for a metal prosthesis brace anticipating permanent nerve damage if the tumor could be removed as it encircled the nerves that controlled her right leg.



**[Home on Leave (October 1965)
after Lung Surgery]**



[Kristin Mary Arrives]

Her team of three neurosurgeons were assembled and the ten-hour operation was a complete success. She walked 24 hours after the operation and didn't abort the fetus. Our ten-pound baby arrived July 14, 1966, a month overdue because of Fran's operation. We named her Kristin Mary and because of being 30 days overdue she had a full head of hair and long fingernails. She was a miracle baby, and we couldn't believe how lucky we had been through all our medical problems over the past ten months. Thank God I didn't choose the \$10,000 option. I'm sure that we would

still be in debt if we had made that choice.

In January 1966, I started basic school involving six months of company infantry training and a lot of schooling on tactics, JAG (Judge Advocate General) USMC History, Rifle Range, Ordinances, Mapping, and everything else a Marine officer would be involved in once he got to the fleet. Vietnam was imploding so the emphasis was centered on what we would encounter in that Southeast Asian country that suddenly became a second Korea involving a post -WWII Communist Containment policy. Unlike Korea's 2 ½ year war, this one would go on for almost ten years.

After graduating from basic school, I received orders to attend Combat Engineer school at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. We had purchased a new Volkswagen Bug and put everything we owned in the backseat with Baby Kris in her bassinet surrounded by clothing and household items. We had to live off the base, so we grabbed the first house that was available. Because of the Vietnam war people were moving out of their homes and living with relatives so they could cash in on the high rentals driven by the excessive demand. We had been in our furnished home for about three



["New" '66 Bug - \$1,632]

days when Fran noticed bug bites on Kris's head and after further investigation, we realized the house was full of fleas from the elderly woman's dog. She had rented the house to us knowing it was flea infested.

For the second time Fran moved us to a different home after she dropped me off at work. We settled into an apartment complex during my 16-week engineering school.

We handled explosives, built tent structures, operated heavy equipment, and learned about mines and booby traps. The bouncing Betty mine was the most popular landmine and was propelled five feet in the air and had about ten pounds of nails and shrapnel that killed everything in a 50-foot radius. It was propelled by a MIAI fuse that had five possible safety pin holes. The mine could be initiated by pressure, pressure release, pressure pull, and wire cut. The fifth hole prevented any of the four possibilities from occurring so was used for transport or installation until one of the four mentioned releases was selected. Now that I was a father, I studied extra hard as you didn't get a Second Chance, especially when handling explosives like the bouncing betty. It would be the only school I finished 1st in during my 3 ½ years of active duty.

2. The final score and class standings are indicated below:

<u>NAME</u>	<u>RANK</u>	<u>SER/NO</u>	<u>CLASS ST</u>	<u>GRADE</u>
KIBBLE, R.N.	1st lt	090920	1	94.37
WILSON, D.S.	2ndlt	094075	2	90.81
WATTS, T.L.	2ndlt	094063	3	89.99
FEWELL, T.L.	2ndlt	093913	4	89.44
HARANIN, H.I.	2ndlt	092701	5	88.85
BYRNE, J.H.	2ndlt	093876	6	88.58
COCHILL, J.R.	2ndlt	093885	7	88.14
MOORE, J.L.	2ndlt	093993	8	88.05
Kueller, A.G.	2ndlt	093997	9	87.72
WOOSLEY, W.H.	2ndlt	094080	10	86.59
STOWMAN, D.L.	2nd lt	092742	11	86.39
TUCKER, P.M.	2ndlt	094055	12	85.93
JONES, R.L.	2ndlt	093952	13	85.63
DEVINNY, B.M.	2ndlt	092735	14	84.51
WYMER, K.A.	2ndlt	094081	15	84.21
PARKER, M.M.	2ndlt	092713	16	81.16
HOFFMAN, D.W.	2ndlt	092715	17	80.40
HOGUE, W.L.	2ndlt	093941	18	78.53
ASPBURY, J.T.	2ndlt	093852	19	78.44

[Top of the Class]

VIETNAM



[Departure Picture - Sept 1966]

After delivering Fran and three-month-old Kris to Fran's parents who lived in Mobridge, South Dakota, I boarded an airplane with my first stop in San Francisco, California. I made a brief detour to Lodi, California to visit my older brother Jim, his wife Liz and their four children. Jim was a deputy sheriff in the Lodi area and had been in law enforcement for several years. After departing San Francisco on a commercial airplane, I had orders to report to Okinawa for a 3-day briefing and indoctrination session before heading to my destination - Danang, South Vietnam.

We learned there were three major religions in South Vietnam, Taoism, Buddhism and Catholicism. North Vietnam was almost 100 percent communist so the practitioners of the three religions, especially the Catholics would be

persecuted for their beliefs if the north would defeat the south. Containing communism was our reason for being involved in Vietnam just like the Korean war conflict a decade earlier. In our briefings, it was emphasized many times that Asians would have the patience of three years to accomplish a mission while Europeans would want three months versus Americans three days to get the same results. Patience was the North Vietnamese' main asset as well as their Viet Cong counterparts in South Vietnam.

The airplane ride from Okinawa to Danang was about a two-hour ride and when we stepped off the plane in the October heat the stench that permeated the air was almost unbearable. It would take 30 days to get used to the foul odor. Once your clothing was saturated the smell was less noticeable. Lack of sewage systems and if they were present, they were open-air all heading to the closest river or ocean. All men, women and children would urinate on every roadside along every traveled road. Modesty was unheard of and certainly no bathroom etiquette existed.

I was the only officer being picked up by the 7th engineer battalion vehicle but at least 12 enlisted Marines were in the same 6x6 tandem truck designated to pick us up and deliver us to the battalion headquarters about ten miles from the Danang airport.

Captain William Lynch

I reported to Headquarter Co. and was immediately assigned to 1st Bridge company. I walked the short distance to the 1st Bridge company's command tent and reported to my commanding officer, Captain William Lynch.

He welcomed me aboard and immediately assigned me to the 1st platoon as their platoon leader. Five fellow 1st' Bridge Officers had their

own Officer's tent and I quickly started to introduce myself as they became available as some were in the country and might be gone 7-10 days depending upon their assignments.

Captain Lynch was a Purdue Engineering graduate and had already finished a 13-month tour as an 0-3 (Infantry Officer). Because of his engineering degree he extended six months to become a combat engineer and hopefully utilize his Purdue engineering degree. He was single, and a career officer so he wanted to build his resume by having a secondary MOS (1302 Engineer officer) and combat experience both as an infantry officer and engineering officer, his decision to extend would cost him his career about a week before he completed his extended tour as 1st bridge company commander. He would not be given a Second Chance.



[1st Bridge Company]

First Assignment

He assigned me to run one of our boats up-river about 15 miles to a possible bridge building site to check water depth and current possible sniper locations. We loaded up with weapons, ammo, water, and gas, leaving at dawn for our destination. It was mentioned that if we had engine problems that we could radio back for a tow boat but keep ours in the middle of the river as we would be in a very hostile area, and it would be best not to land on either bank of the river. The day-long trip was accomplished with no incidents, but it was one eerie feeling to be put on display after three days in-country. I am sure I was being tested by my C.O. to see if there would be any hesitation on my part; the next day I received my second assignment. I would join my platoon that was operating an M-4 aluminum boat ferry on the SongThu Bon river alongside Liberty bridge that was being built by Navy Sea Bees as our platoon supplied security for their crew as well as operating the ferry.

The bridge site was at the southern mouth of the Ashua Valley and a main thoroughfare for NVA soldiers from North Vietnam infiltrating in the I Corps areas. The 1st division of the Marine Corps was responsible for the furthest north area of the 5 corps designations. The 7th Engineer Battalion was part of the 1st division. The 9th engineer battalion was also assigned to the 1st division, and they were in the Chu Lia area about 60 miles south of Danang.



[Song Thu Bon River]

Our platoon was positioned on the east side of the river with sandbag bunkers facing east and the river immediately to our rear. A Navy LST landing boat was behind us and was used to ferry heavy tanks etc. across the river. The Navy Sea Bees were directly across the river building the Liberty bridge. They were protected by a reinforced platoon of 2nd battalion 5th Marines who occupied a small hill overlooking the Liberty bridge project. This would be my new home for the next 40

days - sleeping under the stars and listening to the H & I (Harassment & Interdiction) 105 shells landing around our position on an irregular basis to keep the enemy from jumping on us out of the surrounding jungle. They changed artillery batteries, and the new battery used the old information supplied to them by the departing battery. One night we received an errant round over our position that landed behind the LST and exploded on the river surface. The night watch aboard the ship received fatal wounds from the 105-artillery round - again, about 50 percent of all fatalities in war come from friendly fire and training exercises. We continued to run the aluminum ferry and hauled civilians along with the military to the west side - into the direct path of the dreaded Ashua valley - a main conduit for NVA troops headed to various points in South Vietnam.

A Close Call

One late afternoon our Battalion commander Lt. Col. Harris arrived by jeep with the A Company commander to recon the trail to An Hoa - a small coal mining village that the South Vietnamese occupied and was located at the entrance to the Ashua Valley trail. I had just returned on the ferry, and he asked me to go along, and I asked him to wait until I got my rifle, flak jacket and grenades from my tent area. I jumped off the ferry and ran to my tent for my gear - I arrived back at the ferry site in less than four minutes only to see them halfway across the Song Thu Bon River - Col. Harris was always in a hurry and he didn't travel 400 meters after departing the ferry when he was ambushed by a 10-man North Vietnamese unit. They straddled the road and were going to capture the three men alive when the Col. ordered the driver to accelerate and drive through them. The driver responded and roared through but was killed instantly by rifle fire - the jeep continued down the road 75 meters before turning on its side. The Col. and Captain fended off the NVA, but both were wounded and lived to talk about their five minutes of hell. I missed this episode by two minutes and would have been sitting directly behind the driver who was shot several times by an AK47 rifle.

The next day I was ordered to accompany an M60 tank and a squad of eight Marines and recon the trail to An Hoa. Tanks were major targets for 60-pound box mines that were usually electrically detonated from a distance. Do you ride on the tank and be prepared to fly 20 feet in the air or walk behind it and take the possible blast from the front? I rode it over and walked back - 50/50 chance; luckily, no mine incident. A week later we ferried a small convoy across led by an LT. and his jeep driver. A few hours later the four tandem trucks returned without the LT. and his driver- the LT.'s jeep was victimized by a mine that was intended for a machine

much larger than their jeep. The sergeant said the jeep and occupants just vaporized before his eyes.

Morale

After spending about eight weeks at Liberty Bridge my platoon was rotated back to Battalion HQ for a three-day stand-down, equipment replacement, haircuts etc. for my men. Naturally being a junior officer, I drew OD (Officer of the Day) for our Battalion - meaning I stayed awake the entire night checking the perimeter sandbag bunkers making sure that everybody was awake and alert. I swung by the transit tent that my 32 men were sleeping in and activated my flashlight making sure all 32 canvas cots were occupied. To my surprise at the foot of each cot were 2-3 rats each the size of a large cat licking between each Marine's toes. We all took many salt tablets because of the water intake required living in the tropical climate, so I assumed that the rats were licking the salt deposits between their toes. The largest rat of all, 6-8 pounds, was sitting on Cpl. Kersey's chest. Every time the 6'3" 240-pound Marine would exhale the rat's hair would move like it was being fanned. I didn't wake anybody up but informed them the next day what I had seen the prior evening. That answered why their toes were all irritated whenever they went back to the Battalion area. One highlight of our brief 72 hour 'down-time' was being able to attend the Bob Hope show at the Danang Air Base.



[Checking The Perimeter]

My C.O., Captain Lynch, noticed the men of 4th Platoon attached to the 9th Engineer Battalion at Chu Lai were down-trodden, ill dressed, unshaven etc., when they arrived at our Battalion Headquarters for rest and relaxation, sick call, or other normal activities. He decided to send me to Chu Lai to replace their platoon leader and investigate what was going on at the leadership level. Upon arrival, I immediately sat down with the platoon sergeant and had a one-on-one discussion and

warned him of his rights covered by JAG (Judge Advocate General), the military's legal branch of law. He quickly implicated the platoon leader, LT. Glen McCarthy, a native of New York, and verified that the Lt. was buying/selling drugs to his own men. In some cases, he lent them the money to purchase his drugs. I knew that I would have to interview each platoon member separately and make sure that all the stories were the same. One of the responsibilities our platoon had was guard duty for the battalion as there wasn't any bridge work going on in their sector.

I would lead several daylight patrols around the perimeter of the battalion looking for tunnels or recent activity within a mile of the battalion's outside



[Ho Dung Basket]

“Encountered “on one of my daylight patrols - this basket was carried by a 90-pound woman approximately two miles to a Village Market. I estimated it weighed 120 pounds.

perimeter. One night my platoon escorted a 175 self-propelled Howitzer 40 miles to the small town of Tam Ky and we were responsible for the protection of the gun. We dug trenches around the gun emplacement and for 36 hours heard it fire in support of a battalion of marines engaged in a fierce firefight about five miles from our position. The gun barrel finally melted down and while it was being replaced the ammo bearers crawled under a 6x6 truck to get a few minutes of much needed rest. One young man rolled over in his sleep and his head was positioned in front of a truck tire. After taking the last few shells off the truck they brought in a different truck fully loaded with shells. It was nighttime and nobody noticed the sleeping corporal. His head was crushed under the tire, and he never had a Second Chance. This incident happened right behind my position - 15 feet away from the truck.

During the patrols, the 175 incident and many nighttime sandbag bunker visits I compiled statements from the platoon implicating Lt. McCarthy and the probability



[Circle of Trees – Valley Forge]

of him spending a lot of time incarcerated at Fort Leavenworth prison. I contacted my C.O. Captain Lynch and told him I was on my way to Danang with my completed report and would arrive by courier helicopter at the Danang airport on 28 March 1967. Captain Lynch was driving his own jeep and hailed me into the passenger's seat. We exchanged pleasantries and drove away from the noise, and he parked the jeep in an isolated location. He informed me that my 30 days of detective work was in vain as that morning Lt. McCarthy was involved in a Bouncing Betty mine training session and had tripped the mine killing himself and 12 other Marines in the classroom session. He felt terrible about the incident, but Capt. Lynch knew that somebody in the chain of command would have their career ruined as congressional inquiries would be pouring in demanding accountability. He assumed he would be targeted and unfortunately, he was correct. Upper command felt that with the collected evidence even at the start of the investigation, they should have taken Lt. McCarthy out of any command position. Twelve innocent Marines paid the price as

McCarthy knew he would be court martialed and possibly spend several years in a military prison.

Promotion

I returned to Chu Lai and led my platoon for about five days when I received orders to have my platoon ready for inspection by Lt. Col Harris (Battalion commanding officer). Upon his arrival he inspected my platoon, and his last event was presenting me with Captain bars and company commander of 1st Bridge Company.



[Captain Bars]

My good friend and company commander Captain Lynch was sent home with a ruined career, and I indirectly benefited through his mistake. I had never felt so bad for an individual. I received the command from Col. Harris with his explicit orders - make sure that everybody in your command gets home alive and do not ask them to do anything you are reluctant to do.

First Bridge Company was 250 men strong; 8 million dollars of inventory and scattered along a 75-mile road from the Hai Van pass (Northwest of Danang) to seven miles south of Chu Lai. We had small detachments involved in mine clearing, convoy bridging, M-4 Floating bridges, and many other functions too numerous to mention. I was on the road every day with my jeep driver, and we averaged 100 miles per day bouncing around on the infamous highway "1" and all the tributary roads leading to every Marine position along the 75-mile journey. We unloaded all the sandbags from the jeep and carried an M-60 machine gun and grenades. My thought process was to travel fast so that the electronic devices would be harder to time us at 35-40 miles per hour and if accosted by an ambush squad we would drive through them and have firepower available if we were still alive. I did not want a repeat of Col. Harris' incident where they weren't able to keep the enemy at bay because of lack of firepower. We would leave during daylight and sometimes not come back in the

evening. We would stay at different 5th and 7th Marine positions to avoid night driving after 7 pm.

It would take me many pages to describe each day and the different encounters and the human tragedies that I observed for the next six months after I took command. Once I settled in, I felt comfortable in my job and all the responsibilities I was given.

Friend or Foe

My world changed when Col. Harris rotated home after his 13-month tour of duty ended 4 August 1967. I would have died for him in an instant as I had so much respect for him and his fearless approach to his command. His replacement Lt. Col Funderburk was entirely the opposite. He sat in his office and was rarely seen in the field. On 1 September 1967 I was in my rack [bed] at about 10pm just falling asleep when the Col's runner asked me to get dressed and report immediately to the battalion office. After reporting to Col. Funderburk, I was ordered to check the Namo bridge about 10 miles away on the Northwest side of Danang. I decided not to take an armed contingent with me so just my jeep driver and I would go to the site and evaluate what happened. This almost was a fatal decision on my part because of the return trip home.

Upon arriving at the Namo bridge site, there were 10-12 dead Viet Cong sprawled around the bridge. One of the dead was the barber for the 7th Engineer Battalion. He was our friendly barber by day and our enemy at night.

The South Vietnamese Soldiers for once held their ground and repulsed the enemy. I quickly inspected the bridge and reported back to the Battalion what I had seen and told them that my jeep driver and I were headed back to the Battalion. They replied to hurry, because many military installations were reporting action in the area as there was a coordinated attack in the Danang area.



[Espionage Mole]

Assault by Subordinate

We traveled as fast as possible and made it to route 33, the dirt road that separated the Force Logistics Supply Group for the 1st Marine Division and our 7th Engineer Battalion.

There was a small village located on the west side of the road about 150 meters North of our Main Gate. The village supplied prostitutes and clothing washers for the two units. Upon approaching the village, I could hear a commotion just off the main road. I directed my driver to turn in and as we drove up to the village chief's hut one of our battalion's marines (an American Indian) was holding his loaded M-14 rifle against the old man's temple. I slowly got out of the jeep and approached the USMC private who clearly was on drugs and was visibly angry.

He put the rifle against my temple and threatened me. I calmly told him about all the action taking place in our area and he would be safer in the battalion area. I guaranteed him I would not court martial him for being off base. He was in love with one of the prostitutes and would "shack "up with her a couple of nights a week. As he crawled into the back of the jeep, he gestured with his rifle in the direction of the dirt road and muttered V.C. - many V.C. I jumped into the jeep and told my driver to get the hell out of there and to the main gate as fast as he could. We made it to the main gate in record time and I signed in a few minutes before 0100. I would be the last to enter as all hell would break out about three minutes later. My driver and I dropped off the "doped" up Private in the middle of the Battalion area; and headed to our company area located at the rear of the battalion. We shut the jeep off, and I went to my office to write a formal report on my two-hour recon of the bridge I had just visited.

I flipped the desk light on and heard a loud freight train noise in the air. About ten B-40 rockets entered our battalion area and we were surrounded by explosions.

Sappers

Over the battalion radio net came the word that "Sappers" had made it through the wire and the Bn. command bunker had suffered casualties. I retreated to my command bunker with loaded weapons and made sure that everybody was alerted and going to their pre-designated positions. FLSG started firing across Route 33 and our battalion area was lit up with tracer rounds coming from their side of the road. Two Marines were crawling to the sandbag bunker surrounding our company generator

and I saw an older marine running across the area towards the battalion executive officer's bunker about 50 meters from the two Marine's positions.

The Major had arrived the day before and was shown his command bunker which was about 250 meters from his bunkhouse. He saw my two Marines crawling towards the generator position and yelled "VC's." He then emptied his 45 Cal pistol in their direction. I yelled at the two Marines not to shoot him. He proceeded to his destination clutching his empty .45. Twelve hours later we laughed about the almost tragic incident and how fortunate they were that the major's shooting skills disappeared when the adrenaline was flowing. He shot eight times about six feet above the crawling Marines and left a nice pattern in the canvas tent beside the generator position.

We were directed to defend our perimeter defensive positions and be prepared to engage 20-25 sappers who were trying to get out of the Battalion area and into the surrounding rice paddies. I threw grenades above the rice paddy whenever anybody heard unusual noises. I would pull the pin and count to three before throwing it 30-40 meters and have it explode above ground. Thankfully all the timers were good on their 4-5 second timers as every one of them gave me a legitimate three seconds before throwing them.

About 0600 (6am) a motorized bike driven by a young Vietnamese male was headed north on the dirt road separating our two battalions. Somebody yelled V.C. and an M-60 gunner literally shot the bike to pieces. At 6:30am a truck full of Vietnamese was headed south towards our main gate and was picking up locals who worked in Danang - a daily occurrence. Somebody yelled that they were picking up the sappers from the adjacent rice paddies and again, the M-60 gunner opened fire on the truck. About 45 civilians were packed into the truck and they all jumped off and fled for their lives. We finally took the M-60 gunner off the gun as he was too trigger-happy.

DECLASSIFIED

UNCLASSIFIED

REPORT OF ROCKET ATTACK ON 2 SEPTEMBER 1967

At approximately 0100 on 2 September 1967 the sound of incoming Rockets was heard and then a series of explosions. These were quite close. As it was later discovered four (4) of these Rockets impacted approximately 100 meters to the northwest of the 7th Engineer Battalion perimeter positions. Perimeter Security observing the strikes felt there were two (2) duds in the rico patty. However, a check of the area revealed that if there were duds, they had gone too far beneath the patty water to be visible from the surface. At the same time rockets could be seen and heard striking in the area of FLC. This strike was followed by a slight pause and then a volley of four (4) or five (5) rockets came in striking FLC in what appeared to be the Area just inside Gate Number 3.

The rocket attack was followed by very intensive small arms and automatic weapons fire along the entire Northern Section of the perimeter. An estimated 25 to 30 VC being along the road (Route 33). Fire continued at a moderate rate until approximately 0345 along this section of the perimeter with only occasional pauses. From 0345 to 0615 fire was sporadic of the sniper variety.

During the period 0230 to 0515 the perimeter in the vicinity of AT 946774 observed and heard heavy movement of enemy personnel moving in what appeared to be, an East to West direction. Fire was occasionally received from this area but was transitory in nature and varied in intensity from one (1) or two (2) rounds to long bursts of automatic weapons fire.

Casualty figures were 2 USMC KIA, 5 USMC MIA. No known VC casualties although several members of the perimeter believed they had scored hits. All Casualties were the result of small arms fire.

The following is a picture of pieces of a Rocket found just outside the perimeter.

[Combat Report]

At 7 am Col. Funderburk ordered me to go assess the damage outside the gate. I picked six well-armed men to go with me and the first scene was the shot-up bike. Unbelievably, the bike was scrap iron and the biker escaped injury as we couldn't find any blood trails. I proceeded 100 meters north on the dirt road to the truck. It was full of 30 Cal. holes from the M-60 machine gun. We searched the immediate area and found no wounded or dead.

Civilian Casualty

I looked in the back of the truck and saw a woman leaning up against the truck cab. I jumped up on the truck bed, approached her, and noticed her head scarf sticking awkwardly out of the back of her head. I cautiously approached her fearing that she might be booby trapped with a grenade between her and the truck cab.

She was dead as one of the 30 cal slugs from the M-60 entered the front of her forehead and exited out the back of her head. I carefully looked and could not see any booby traps and then I touched her shoulder and she gently fell backwards. She appeared to be a young mother of about 20 years old and would never see her children again.

She was one of thousands of civilians caught up in the clash between war-torn nations; democracy vs communism - our “containment policy” that Korea had experienced 15 years prior to our effort to keep China influence out of Vietnam. The average peasant had no idea about either conflict - they just wanted to survive as the life expectancy was about 42 years in both Korea and Vietnam.

The family of the Vietnam woman was awarded 10 cases of C-Rations, and they would sell the contents on the streets and probably end up with \$250-300 equivalent Vietnamese money. This happened frequently and allowed the US military to compensate the accidental victim’s families and move on to the next tragic incident.



[Vietnamese Currency]



[US Military Currency]

My jeep driver, the “doped up” Private and I were given a Second Chance as we had been surrounded by approximately 40 V.C. during our short 5-minute stop-over in the “Ville”.

If they had attacked us, it would have alerted the entire battalion thus making the “sappers” entry through the concertina wire impossible and would have prematurely set off their surprise attack.

American servicemen !

WHY WOULD YOU BE HERE TO PERPETRATE WAR ?

Sowing death and destruction, you are committing atrocious crimes in South Vietnam like what the British invaders did in the past against your forefathers.

ACT REASONABLY AS YOUR CONSCIENCE, YOUR FREEDOM- AND - JUSTICE - LOVING SPIRIT TELL YOU TO DO !

Stop terrorist raids, massacre, capture, torture, plunder, house-burning, women-raping, crop - and - livestock - destroying !

Give back to people the right to live peacefully on their very fatherland :

Let people go back home, return to their native village to re-establish their homestead and cultivate their nutritive land devastated by U.S. troops.

Let people go at will as habitual to earn their living in security,

Refuse to obey all orders to carry out mopping-up operations to kill Vietnamese people or attack their Armed Forces !

DEMAND THAT THE U.S. GOVERNMENT MUST END ITS DIRTY WAR OF AGGRESSION IN SOUTH VIETNAM AND YOU MUST BE SENT BACK TO YOUR HOMETLAND AND FAMILIES !

**THE QUANG--DA PROVINCE
NATIONAL FRONT FOR LIBERATION**

[Viet Cong Propaganda]

The day after the Ville incident and the invasion inside our battalion area my jeep driver approached me and asked me to have him transferred to our motor T platoon as he only had a few weeks left (in - country) and wanted a less dangerous assignment than he had driving me on our daily excursions. I agreed but with the stipulation that he had to select his successor and somebody who could handle the daily trips into hostile country that was demanded by my position as company commander of 1st Bridge Co. and responsible for the 250 men spread out in a rectangular area 20 miles x 75 miles: ten miles north of Danang to seven miles south of Cha Lai. On Sept. 4, 1966, two days after going to a safer driving experience with our motor T platoon, my ex-driver hit a land mine while driving our M37 ¾ ton personnel carrier when transporting a staff sergeant and four men in the cargo box. My ex-driver was killed instantly, and the rest were seriously injured.

All would have died because a 10-man squad of NVA were crossing a rice paddy to deliver the "coup de gras." Corporal Kelly was aroused by the staff sergeant pinned in the front passenger seat. Cpl. Kelly grabbed an M-14 rifle and started firing as he stood on the road by the overturned ¾ T vehicle and chased the NVA squad back to the tree line, before passing out on the road. The NVA squad immediately returned, and the staff sergeant got Cpl. Kelly to again grab another M-14 and chase the squad back even though bullets were flying around him.

A Marine Lt. and his jeep driver came upon the overturned vehicle and called in the incident to his 5th Marine position located less than a ½ mile away. The Lt., jeep driver, and Cpl. Kelly started exchanging fire with the NVA squad for the third time. Unfortunately, the Lt. was killed instantly by a rifle shot to the forehead. The reaction squad from the 5th marines arrived and rescued the survivors.

Cpl. Kelly spent nine months in Japan recuperating from two broken arms, a broken collarbone, two broken wrists and a severe concussion. He saved the lives of the staff sergeant and four other occupants by fighting through the pain of the mine explosion. I nominated him for the Silver Star, and he eventually received it.

He returned to duty ten months later and the first day back in Vietnam he was traveling in the back of a 6x6 six-ton truck that hit a mine throwing him 20 feet in the air. He survived with several broken bones and a severe concussion. They sent him home and he lives in Okeechobee, FL and I am in contact with him and see him at least once a year.

Identifying the Dead

UNCLASSIFIED

from AT 938783. All personnel were on 100% alert. Returned fire with automatic weapons and small arms. 2 USMC KIA, 5 USMC MIA. Enemy casualties unknown.

020845H	B Co. M-54 hit 40 lb. mine. Called Blackwell for jeep ambulance to medevac slightly wounded Marines. 4 MIA	AT 993664
021145H	Battalion Headquarters LP#2 received 40 rounds automatic fire. Observed 8 VC moving on position across ravine. Returned fire with 100 rounds. No friendly casualties.	AT 935774
021202H	Battalion Headquarters CP#1 received 15 rounds from AT 939784. Observed 3 VC by bridge. Returned fire.	AT 942788
022123H	Battalion Headquarters received sporadic automatic weapons and small arms fire from AT 933777. Returned same.	AT 935777
022215H	Received small arms fire from 6 VC from AT 947788. Returned with automatic weapon fire.	AT 945786
031130H	B Co. sweep team found two (2) mines at BT 019708 and BT 020708, 1 American made and 1 of 20 lbs. plastic explosives. Mines were blown in place with one (1) lb. of TNT each. Craters left for ARVN to repair.	BT 019708
041010H	A-9 security received sniper fire with one (1) friendly casualty resulting. Injured man taken to A-9 CP. Security returned fire.	BT 101505
041300H	1st Bridge Co. M-37 hit a mine on West Anderson Trail. Moved security and medevaced casualties. 1 KIA, 5 MIA.	BT 003634
082310H	Scout sniper ambush observed movement at AT 934783. Threw grenades and small arms fire with negative results.	AT 934784
090900H	A-9 sweep team found crater 6 feet deep and 10 feet in diameter in center of road. Crater was then filled.	BT 099519
110945H	A-9 sweep team security sentry shot by sniper. Medevac resulted. No fire returned.	BT 091543
130801H	B Co. sweep team found Chicom grenade booby trap in road. Removed same.	BT 059655

4

Enclosure (1)

DECLASSIFIED

[Enemy Engagement Report]

As company commander, I was asked to identify our dead at graves registration. I entered the refrigerated building that contained two preparation tables and many stacked bodies leaning against the walls in gurneys used to hold the body remains of those killed in action. One of the assigned morticians asked me to help him unpile seven body bags to get to the bottom bag encasing my former driver.

I was able to identify my former driver by his hair and physical size - otherwise the 40 lb. box mine had made him unrecognizable and certainly a “closed casket” funeral for his unfortunate family; he did not get a Second Chance.

In that one refrigerated car I counted about 60 bodies being prepared for their final trip home. It was not unusual for graves registration to prepare 20-30 Marines per day in the Danang area. Our young men were just drafted numbers fighting in a war and country that in the final analysis made no sense to the American public.

The body bag above my driver contained the body of Father Capodanno, a Catholic chaplain assigned to the 5th Marines. The mortician asked me to be gentle while moving his remains as he was the most popular man in the 5th Marines and was an ultimate Medal of Honor winner for his heroics.

VINCENT R. CAPODANNO

LIEUTENANT
U.S. Navy Chaplain Corps



Chaplain Vincent Capodanno

Citation

Lieutenant Vincent R. Capodanno
U.S. Navy Chaplain Corps

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his own life above and beyond the call of duty as Chaplain of the Third Battalion, Fifth Marines, First Marine Division (Reinforced), in connection with operations against enemy forces in the vicinity of the Quang Tin Province on 4 September 1967. In response to reports the the Second Platoon of M Company was in danger of being overrun by a massed enemy assaulting force, Lieutenant Capodanno left the relative safety of the company command post and ran through an open area raked with fire, directly to the beleaguered platoon. Disregarding the intense enemy small-arms, automatic-weapons, and mortar fire, he moved about the battlefield administering last rites to the dying and giving medical aid to the wounded. When an exploding mortar round inflicted painful multiple wounds to his arms and legs, and severed a portion of his right hand, he steadfastly refused all medical aid. Instead, he directed the corpsman to help their wounded comrades, and, with calm vigor, continued to move about the battlefield as he provided encouragement by voice and example to the valiant Marines. Upon encountering a wounded corpsman in the direct line of fire of an enemy machine gunner positioned approximately fifteen yards away, Lieutenant Capodanno rushed in a daring attempt to aid and assist the mortally wounded corpsman. At that instant, only inches from his goal, he was struck down by a burst of machine-gun fire. By his heroic conduct on the battlefield, and his inspiring example, Lieutenant Capodanno upheld the finest traditions of the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country.

Richard M. Nixon

[Vincent R. Copodanno]

The protests and draft avoidance set our country aflame from 1965-1974. The young men who survived the condemnation as Vietnam veterans finally were recognized by the general public as true veterans and not the “baby-killers” depicted by the news media. The media used the Vietnam veterans as political tools to turbo-charge political leanings of the general population.

The Korean War veterans did not have the same experience as their war lasted 2.5 years and was not televised nightly in everybody’s living room. The average Korean War veteran experienced twice the hardship in the frozen mountains of Korea. They had 47,000 KIA in the 2.5 years compared to 58,000 KIA in the ten years of the Vietnam War.

Last But Not Least

One of my last and most important assignments was to keep all sixty-six bridges operational on the East side of the Hai Van Pass. I was reunited with a good friend, Capt. Lyle Albert Johnson, who was responsible for the security for the 66 bridges. His reinforced company 2nd Battallion-5th Marines (2-5) could not physically guard all 66 bridges so many four-man groups were stationed at the most strategic bridges leaving many vulnerable to night-time activity by the NVA. Every morning, starting around 15 September 1967, I would meet Lyle at the bottom of the Pass, and he would follow my jeep with his M37 ¾ ton vehicle usually occupied by 6-8 replacements for the different bridge sites.

On 5 October 1967 I had to turn around and go back to the base of the 2-5 mountain camp for better radio contact initiated by my Battalion commander, a needless radio call confirming that I was at the Pass assessing the previous night’s activity and how many of the 66 bridges were non-operational. After several minutes of useless conversation, I proceeded up the Pass to catch up with Capt. Johnson.

His lone vehicle had been attacked by a small unit of NVA and all aboard the M37 truck were killed, some by execution style as the NVA unit ran down the mountain to their hidden tunnels. I am positive if there had been two vehicles the incident would not have occurred. A useless radio call got the single vehicle caught in a planned surprise attack.

My good friend had only a few days left before he was scheduled to leave Viet Nam. The state of Montana lost a great person, and the Marine Corps lost an outstanding leader. Lyle and his men didn't get a Second Chance. Did a useless radio call give my driver and myself a “pass” from the ambush or would there even have

been an ambush if both vehicles were together? The ironies of warfare always leave that question: “what if.” It also left within me a forever “survivor’s guilt” that I will carry to my grave.

Some People live an entire lifetime and wonder if they have ever made a difference in the world, but Marines don't have that problem.

~ Ronald Reagan

When Grandson “Jacob” was a High School Student, he was given a project involving the Unites States participation in Vietnam. Below are my answers to his questions.

1. Viet Nam was an extension of WWII and our presence in the Korean war. The Soviet Union helped Mao Zedong push Chiang Kai-Shek out of China and made the swift conversion to communism in about 1949. Suddenly, our two WWII allies were becoming our enemies after defeating the Japanese and Nazi in WWII. China moved over to North Korea and helped them invade South Korea and caused our involvement in one of the most remote countries in the world. Soon after pushing into South Korea, the Communist Chinese convinced Ho Chi Minh to embrace Communism in North Viet Nam. All this post WWII communist conversion created the "containment policy" adopted by the United States to slow the tidal wave of expanding Communism. Many of my high school teachers and college professors were WWII veterans, so we were taught it was our duty to volunteer for military service if manpower was needed to help any place on the globe. I arrived in Viet Nam October, 1966 convinced that we were helping Communism from spreading into South Viet Nam. I left 15 months later (1 December 1967) convinced we had no intention of winning the war and over 58,000 young men would pay the ultimate price of our presence in a country that would be devastated by conflicting ideologies. The effect on the USA was divisive as our country was split into pro-war and anti-war factions. All Korean-Viet Nam veterans were part of a failed "containment policy" by our politicians who refused to consider that sometimes economic policies can have more "clout" than tanks, airplanes and divisions of armed men.

2. I walked into the University of South Dakota, Julian Hall student lounge at 12:12pm, 22 November 1963 after my 11:00 class and saw about 400 students watching the two huge TV's and it was eerily silent other than the hushed voice of the TV commentator as they carried John F. Kennedy's body to Air Force One. That afternoon, I sent paperwork to enlist in the Marine Corps Officers Candidate School (OCS) at Quantico, VA.

3. As a Marine Corps officer, you were committed 24 hours a day, 7 days a week if needed. My original assignment was flight school at Pensacola, FL. The first funeral I attended was a well-respected Flight Instructor. We lost many people in flight accidents. Lung surgery sent me in a different direction, and I completed Combat Engineer school before leaving a wife and 3-month daughter behind on my 15-month tour of duty in Viet Nam. Our Engineer Battalion was in Da Nang, South Viet Nam (I Corp Area 1st Marine Division). We lost (KIA) 142 men out of our Battalion and many more wounded. There was no "safe" location as our Battalion Headquarters was attacked many times. Snipers, landmines and "booby" traps were always present. We were always in danger as we built roads, bridges and conducted early morning "mine clearing" of local roads. We also accompanied convoys and were involved in patrols and ambushes around our work areas.

4. The only communication in 1966-1967 was letter writing. Sometimes mail could be 4 weeks old before finding our position. We had no idea that violent anti-war demonstrations were happening in the US. It would probably have devastated an already low morale problem. It was estimated that 70% of the military personnel, were involved in drugs during their tour in Viet Nam. This drug culture was taken back to the USA by returning soldiers and really accelerated the drug scene on American soil. We were told on our return to the States, not to wear our military uniforms for fear of physical harm from anti-war protestors.

[Grandson Jacob's Project]

5. As mentioned, letter writing was the only source of communication. Everybody was entitled to one R&R (one week of rest & recreation) during the normal 13-month tour. I met my wife, Fran, in Hawaii for that week and was brought up to date on the "home front" including pictures of my now one-year old daughter.

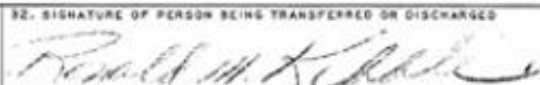
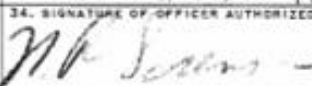
6. It is hard to believe that some are willing to die for their country and others avoided their obligations by many different methods. Bill Clinton (who was Commanding Officer of his ROTC unit, declared conscientious objector status immediately after being commissioned as a 2nd Lt. and getting his college education paid for through ROTC. Biden, Gingrich, Trump, and Cheney all kept getting student or medical deferments to avoid serving their country. I have friends and relatives with their names inscribed on the Viet Nam wall along with the other 58,000 who gave their lives. So you can only imagine what I think of the Jane Fonda's whose protests encouraged the North Vietnamese to prolong the war rather than quickly settling the confrontation in the late 1960's. Every protest helped more names to be added to The Wall in Washington, DC.

7. In the 1960's some of the music was related to the anti-war protest such as Bob Dylan's "Blowing in the Wind". Folk singers such as Peter, Paul and Mary's "Leaving on a Jet Plane" was also played a lot. Other music by the Beatles, Jimi Hendrix, The Rolling Stones, Janis Joplin and Johnny Cash to name a few were popular during the Viet Nam era.

8. Viet Nam ushered in the "Protest Movements" that we see happening today in our country, Hong Kong, Paris as well as almost every country in the world. Viet Nam was shared in everybody's living room as television exposed to the world the war as it happened. Violence especially to the innocent civilian population was not censored as in previous wars. In conclusion, Viet Nam made me an "Isolationist". I truly believe that we should allow the rest of the world to solve their problems without our intervention. We can easily protect our country in 2019 without going 10,000 miles away to fight in conventional wars. I'm tired of hearing from military strategists and our politicians that it is in our best interest to become involved in unwinnable conflicts around the world. History will prove me correct-even our so-called WWII victory could have been avoided if diplomacy and economic tools would have been properly utilized. I am sure the families of the 478,000 we lost in WWII would now agree that we can't solve the world's problems.

My Viet Nam experience was as a volunteer to fulfill my obligation to my country. Only after experiencing what happened to the civilian populations did I realize that the leaders of our country and other world leaders put miniscule value on the non-combatant lives of those countries experiencing the atrocities of war. I am sure I could go into my local VFW and get the same sentiment by any veteran.

I had many other experiences before leaving Viet Nam and leaving the U.S. Marine Corps in December 1967.

PERSONAL DATA	1. LAST NAME-FIRST NAME-MIDDLE NAME KIBBLE, Ronald Morris		2. SERVICE NUM. 090920		3. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER [REDACTED]		
	4. DEPARTMENT, COMPONENT AND BRANCH OR CLASS USMCR		5A. GRADE, RATE OR RANK Capt	6. PAY GRADE O-3	7. DATE OF RANK DAY MONTH YEAR 01 Apr 67		
	7. U.S. CITIZEN <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO	8. PLACE OF BIRTH (City and State or Country) Yankton, South Dakota		9. DATE OF BIRTH DAY MONTH YEAR 17 Jul 42			
SELECTIVE SERVICE DATA	10. SELECTIVE SERVICE NUMBER Not Available		11. SELECTIVE SERVICE LOCAL BOARD NUMBER, CITY, COUNTY, STATE AND ZIP CODE Not Available			12. DATE INDUCTED DAY MONTH YEAR N/A	
	13A. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Released From Active Duty		13B. STATION OR INSTALLATION AT WHICH EFFECTED Sep/Draft Unit, USMCAS, ElToro, Santa Ana, California				
TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE DATA	14. REASON AND AUTHORITY *RELAD WCO 1900.1P; SDN 637F			15. EFFECTIVE DATE DAY MONTH YEAR 22 Nov 67			
	12. LAST DUTY ASSIGNMENT AND MAJOR COMMAND 1stBrdgCo, 7thEngrBn, RMF		13B. CHARACTER OF SERVICE HONORABLE		14. TYPE OF CERTIFICATE ISSUED None		
	14. DISTRICT, AREA COMMAND OR CORPS TO WHICH RESERVIST TRANSFERRED Marine Corps Reserve Automated Service Center, Kansas City, Missouri		15. REENLISTMENT CODE RE-2				
	16. TERMINAL DATE OF RESERVE/UNIT'S OBLIGATION DAY MONTH YEAR 25 Apr 70		17. CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE OTHER THAN BY INDUCTION A. SOURCE OF ENTRY: <input type="checkbox"/> ENLISTED (First Enlistment) <input type="checkbox"/> ENLISTED (Prior Service) <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> OTHER Assigned FAD <input type="checkbox"/> REENLISTED		18. TERM OF SERVICE (Years) indef	19. DATE OF ENTRY DAY MONTH YEAR 11 Dec 64	
15. PRIOR REGULAR ENLISTMENTS None		16. GRADE, RATE OR RANK AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SVC 2ndLt		20. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE (City and State) Yankton, South Dakota			
21. HOME OF RECORD AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE (Street, RFD, City, County, State and ZIP Code) RFD#2, Box 440, Yankton, Yankton, South Dakota		22. STATEMENT OF SERVICE		YEARS	MONTHS	DAYS	
23. SPECIALTY NUMBER & TITLE 1302-EngrOff		24. RELATED CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND D.O.T. NUMBER Civil Engineer C-16.01		25. CREDITABLE FOR BASIC PAY PURPOSES			
				(1) NET SERVICE THIS PERIOD 02 11 12			
				(2) OTHER SERVICE 00 07 16			
				(3) TOTAL (Line (1) plus Line (2)) 02 08 28			
				26. TOTAL ACTIVE SERVICE 02 11 12			
				27. FOREIGN AND/OR SEA SERVICE 00 11 23			
24. DECORATIONS, MEDALS, BADGES, COMMENDATIONS, CITATIONS AND CAMPAIGN RIBBONS AWARDED OR AUTHORIZED National Defense Service Medal Vietnam Service Medal w/1* Vietnam Campaign Medal w/device							
25. EDUCATION AND TRAINING COMPLETED College - 4 - History (BS) QUANT - CCC - 10 weeks QUANT - Basic School - 25 weeks CLNC - CombEngrCrs - 14 weeks							
VA AND EMP. SERVICE DATA	28. NON-PAY PERIODS/TIME LOST (Preceding Two Years) None		29. DAYS ACCRUED LEAVE PAID 50 days		30. INSURANCE IN FORCE (INSL or USGL) <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO		31. AMOUNT OF ALLOTMENT N/A
	32. VA CLAIM NUMBER C. None		33. SERVICEMEN'S GROUP LIFE INSURANCE COVERAGE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> \$10,000 <input type="checkbox"/> \$5,000 <input type="checkbox"/> NONE				
AUTHENTICATION	30. REMARKS			31. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES AFTER TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE (Street, RFD, City, County, State and ZIP Code) 811 1st Avenue East, Mobridge, South Dakota 57601			32. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING TRANSFERRED OR DISCHARGED 
				33. TYPED NAME, GRADE AND TITLE OF AUTHORIZING OFFICER R. E. SORENSON, 1stLt, USMC, O1nC		34. SIGNATURE OF OFFICER AUTHORIZED TO SIGN 	

DD FORM 214 MC (1900) PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES S/N-0101-880-4301
1 JUL 65 THIS FORM AND OBSOLETE REPORT OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE

4

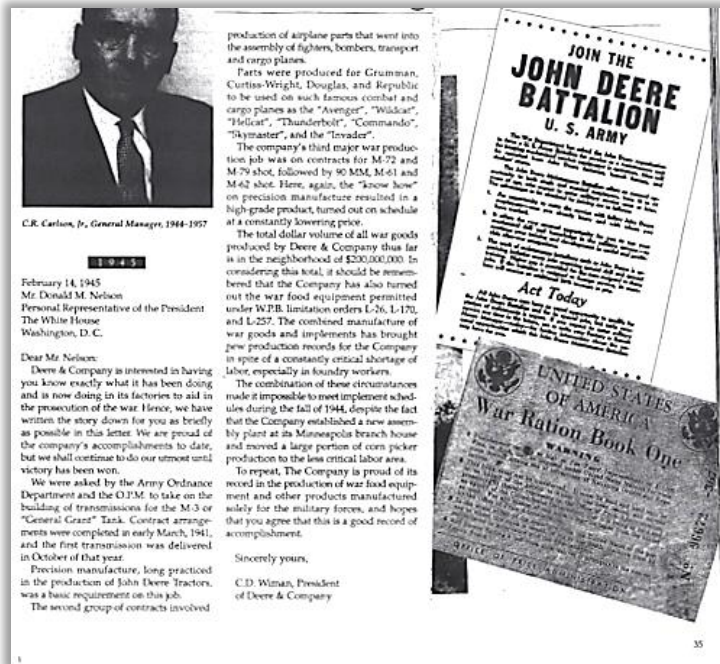
[Conclusion of a Calling]

JOHN DEERE CAREER

Corporate Management

I had several interviews with agricultural companies after my Marine Corps commitment was fulfilled. Because of my farm and construction experience, I knew enough to head for companies like Allis Chalmers, J.I. Case, Massey Harris, International Harvester, and John Deere. My last interview was with John Deere, and I reported for an 8 AM interview in their brand-new branch headquarters located at 94th street in Bloomington, MN on a cold day in late December 1967. All my previous interviews had lasted about two hours, so I was prepared to head back to Mobridge, SD about 11 AM for the eight-hour ride to be back with Fran and Kris and prepare for my first Christmas with Kris.

I spent a minimum of 45 minutes each with different individuals and learned that almost all middle management were WWII veterans in their early 50s and were extremely interested in my recent military experience.



During WWII John Deere had two service battalions of John Deere employees, one battalion was attached to Patton and repaired tanks, etc. Many employees served in the Navy and Army Air Corps if not involved in the two service battalions. John Deere, like many other fortune 500 companies used the same pay grade system that the military uses. E-1 through E-9 for hourly paid workers and O-1 through O-10 for monthly salaried employees.

[John Deere Recruiting]

As 5 PM rolled around I knew I would not be going to South Dakota, and then I was invited to dinner with the branch manager and general sales manager for a final interview. They offered me a

position as a territory manager trainee, an O-1 position at \$600 per month. I would have to relocate to Bloomington, Minnesota for four months and work in the office before being assigned to a company territory manager for six months and hopefully be able to take over a territory in less than a year. I accepted the position.

We spent Christmas in Mobridge, SD with Fran's parents and left for the Twin Cities to get an apartment before I reported for work January 2nd, 1968. I began in the retail note department and then wholesale finance, and finally the advertising department, also attending sales meetings whenever possible. After three months I was sent to Billings, Montana to work in the company retail store and travel with the local territory manager.

One of my jobs was erecting new machinery for delivery to farm customers. The retail store had sold two new 30' chisel plows to the Schaak ranch located south of Billings, at the foot of the Pryor mountains. We had to haul the equipment by truck and travel about 20 miles on their dirt roads once we left the highway on their west boundary. We skipped breaks and lunch the first day so we could travel to the main ranch on the second day. After traveling about another ten miles from our set-up site at the first ranch we pulled into the most serene scene I had ever witnessed.

The main ranch was located along a good-size trout stream, and we noticed seven tiny, individual cabins located along the stream. The noted author Will James had used a different cabin for each day of the week for his writing skills according to one of the hired men who was walking in the area. We obtained permission to drive up the mountain for some sightseeing. He directed us through a pasture located on the other side of the stream and cautioned us to close each gate that we passed through. After crossing the stream on a timber bridge, I opened a gate going into the first pasture that was heavily covered with 4' tall grass. No sooner had the truck passed through the open gate, its motion alerted about 150 beautiful black angus bulls to stand up thinking they were getting extra rations before being allowed to mingle with the 5,000 cows spread across the 10x35 mile ranch.

We traveled up the mountainside with our delivery truck and eventually ran into snow and a herd of elk grazing on newly emerged grass. Our two-hour excursion ended, and we returned to our work site. After traveling with Chuck Avery, the local territory manager for a month, I received a phone call from Minneapolis asking me if I was ready to assume a territory manager's job as one had appeared on the radar. If I accepted the job after meeting with the division sales manager, Bob Porter, I would immediately move Fran and Kris to Bismarck, ND. I was flown to Bismarck and met Bob Porter and was told about the urgency of their request.

Ted Barnick

The former territory manager, Jim Nygaard, was a young 22-year-old recent college graduate and had been physically assaulted by the John Deere Dealer in Washburn, ND, the infamous Ted Barnick. I was asked if I had the courage to take over the territory and eventually close Washburn and replace him with a dealer that more represented John Deere's image. This was my first and most strenuous job with John Deere during my 6.5 years of employment.

Ted Barnick was from the German-speaking community of Max, ND. Shortly after graduating from high school, he entered the army during the initial stages of WWII. In one of the early battles, he was severely wounded by artillery and was left to die on the battlefield. While semi-conscious he spoke German and drew the attention of German soldiers checking on the American dead.

They wrapped his intestines in a towel and had him hold them against the open wound while they dragged him to a gathering place for POWs. This was the beginning of a 3.5-year odyssey and his ability to stay alive in several different POW camps. After two months a German doctor reopened his wound and stuck his intestines back in his stomach cavity - all without the benefit of any anesthesia.

He relayed this story to me on my first visit to his dealership. He pointed to a wall with his brother's picture receiving the Silver Star after the battle of Bataan. His brother was a fighter pilot who kept going back after marooned service personnel and rescuing them from the Japanese army who had over-run the islands' meager fortifications. Ted stared me down. HIS BROTHER got the Silver Star for rescuing American soldiers in contrast to Ted who claimed to have killed fellow POWs for food just to keep alive. He viewed his medal for survival as important as his brother's Silver Star.

Upon returning from his captivity, he entered North Dakota State University at Fargo, ND. He was an All-Conference football player and graduated with academic honors. His first job was the agriculture county agent for McClean County, and he moved to Washburn, ND located about 45 miles north of Bismarck, ND. He was recruited to be a John Deere dealer by Boyd Bartlett who later became President of Agriculture for John Deere Co. Because of his high connections in John Deere, Ted thought he was untouchable and ignored normal dealer-company protocol.

On my first visit to his dealership, he gave me a tour of his building and was proud that he was the sole employee and hired part-time help (usually former customers) and still was one of the largest revenue producing dealers on my small territory.

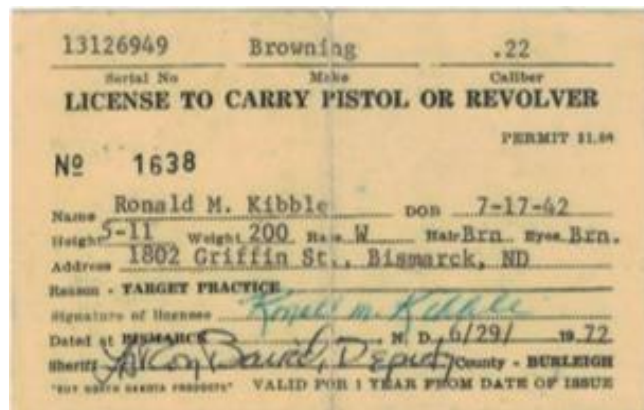
We finally went to his office which was huge (24'x24') and it contained three desks. His main desk and two smaller desks tucked in corners with steel drawers between the desks and Highway 83 that ran parallel to his building and the front door of his business. He motioned me to sit down in front of his main desk in a wooden chair and then proceeded to tell me what the "Barnick Rules" were whenever I entered his dealership.

He opened the middle drawer of his huge desk and pulled out three loaded pistols; a 38 special, 357 Magnum, and a .45 Colt pistol like the one I carried in Vietnam for 14 months.

He told me that he had researched me and knew all about me including Fran and Kris. In no circumstance would I ever be allowed to go behind any of the desks.

My first reaction to this whole presentation was that I was probably safer in Vietnam because there I carried weapons to defend myself. If he thought, he had succeeded in intimidating me he created the opposite effect. When given the job as the Bismarck territory manager I was told that my number one goal was to put Ted Barnick out of business and that had come from the man who put him in business 19 years earlier: Boyd Bartlett.

One of my first endeavors was to obtain a permit to carry a pistol that I acquired for meeting a sales quota selling John Deere bulk oil. I carried it in my automobile under the front seat and I always parked my vehicle south of the doorway leading into the store. If an argument occurred and I was pursued by Ted brandishing one of the three weapons he displayed to me, I would have a chance of defending myself with the firearm inside my vehicle. The Burleigh County sheriff's department issued me the permit after I disclosed my reason for needing it.



[Permit to Carry]

Within four months after taking over the run-down territory from the prior territory manager, I closed the dealership in Underwood, ND located approximately ten miles north of Washburn. Iggy Wolfe was the owner and ready to retire. I would work after hours with him over drinks and dinner planning his withdrawal from the business.

That required me to stay at the Underwood Hotel at \$5/night and that was probably overpriced. I was given the same room each night located on the second floor and the owners had a 20'-1" rope wrapped around the cast iron heater. This rope was the "fire escape" required by ND law for hotels with one set of stairs above the main floor. I was never certain that the sheets had been changed after the previous customer's check-out.

By closing Underwood, I sent Ted an unspoken message that I was sent to clean up the Bismarck territory. He constantly asked me if he would be the next to go. I would never give him a direct answer, so we mutually got along day-to-day. Ted employed many part-time farmers and would get them in debt and thus allow him to get a mortgage on some of their farm ground and eventually own some of their acreage by foreclosure.

Ted introduced me to his part-time farmer salesman, 54-year-old Jack Luithle who owned some of the nicest farm ground in McLean County. Jack was a big-time cattle feeder and had several blue silos on his 640-acre home farm. Blue silos were the answer to dairy and cattle feeders' dreams as they were sealed and resulted in zero spoilage on any crop put into the 60-to-80-foot vertical structures. Unfortunately, they created more bankruptcies than successes. They were overpriced and broke many purchasers.

One early spring day about two weeks before planting would commence Ted invited me to accompany him to the town of Turtle Lake about 12 miles east of Washburn to observe the weekly cattle auction. He would collect from delinquent farmers when they went to pick up their checks after selling their livestock. They knew when the 400 lb. mass approached them that they would have to write a check before leaving the premises.

The sale finished about 4 pm and after Ted made several collections, we stopped at the local butcher shop to find out the status of the two steers that Jack Luithle had dropped off for Ted and his family to be processed by the popular 3-man proprietorship. We entered the small shop and immediately one of the owners greeted Ted with a hello. Ted told him he wanted to see the two beef that Jack had brought in

to apply to Jack's delinquent open account at Ted's Dealership. The shop owner told Ted he could not go beyond the counter as it was state law that only employees could be around the hanging carcasses of several animals being processed.

Ted swung the hinged counter up and stepped behind the counter and disappeared amongst the hanging carcasses. I heard him ask the owner where his two beef were, and the owner told him the last two on the left line. Moments later I heard Ted ask why they were so black, and the owner replied, "They were dead when Jack brought them in to be processed." Ted then asked how long he had been bringing in dead steers to be processed for Ted. The owner replied, "at least two years."

Ted emerged from behind the counter and headed straight for his Chevrolet Impala and I rushed to get into the passenger side while he was backing out of the parking spot. On the 12-minute ride back to Washburn he finally muttered "He'll pay for that!" Ted was visibly upset and ignored me completely. On my forty-minute drive back to Bismarck I could only wonder what was in store for Jack Luithle.

The answer came about 20 days later as poor Jack was involved in a fatal farm accident. It was unbelievable to me that a 54-year-old farmer would be dumb enough to crawl under an up-raised truck box and be crushed between the up-raised box and truck frame while filling his drill on one of his farms located out of sight of any human being. Upon reading the article my mind quickly drifted to the prior 19-year-old POW's claim that he had to kill fellow POWs to stay alive - Jack's death was no accident in my mind! I'm sure the accident scene was never considered a crime scene and any traces of a struggle never entered first responder's minds.

I decided not to go to the authorities with my beliefs and I am still haunted by that decision as I think Jack was murdered in retaliation for delivering dead steers to the Turtle Lake butcher shop. I am certain Ted also ended up with some of Jack's prime land.

About 60 days later, I was demonstrating a new John Deere 800 windrower to a farmer and his twenty-year-old son who lived about 20 miles north of Bismarck. The young son and I shut the machine down at dusk and I headed home to take a shower as both of us were filthy from riding on the open-station [less a cab] machine.

I walked into our home at 1802 Griffin and greeted the family and was interrupted by a ringing phone. Fran said they asked for me and as soon as I said hello there was a sobbing voice on the phone telling me that the 20-year-old son I had said goodbye to a half hour earlier had been fatally electrocuted while taking a bath in the

family home. Their main well also watered their cattle about 300 feet from the house. A lead pipe went to the house from the well and apparently the 220-volt electric motor shorted out and the electricity followed the lead pipe into the house and killed the unsuspecting young man taking a bath.

This incident reminded me how lucky I was 90 days before his fatal electrocution. On a cold Sunday afternoon, I was changing the filter on the humidifier attached to our ten-year-old furnace. I had shut the water off but still had a few drips running off my left elbow while I was tightening the fly-nut on the humidifier.

The furnace kicked in and I was in unbelievable pain and could not let go of the fly-nut. I finally fell to my knees and quickly moved away from the furnace. Fortunately, I had tennis shoes on and escaped with nothing but a left arm that I could barely move for a couple of days.

At about 3 am that next Monday morning our furnace quit, and I had no choice but to call the emergency number on the furnace as Kris and Steve were toddlers and at -40 degrees wind chill our house would be a refrigerator by 8 am. When the 55-year-old furnace man arrived 30 minutes after getting my frantic call the first thing he asked upon entering our house was had we experienced anything unusual the last couple of days with our heating system. I instantly told him about my near electrocution, and he carefully entered the furnace room in our basement. He immediately found the problem.

The 220-volt line covered by a metal coaxial cable had rubbed up against the metal of the furnace and cut through to the bare wire. Every so often it was positioned to “short “out the 220 volts on the furnace and at 3 am finally blew the fuse. He repaired the cable and reset the fuse and looked at me and said: you are lucky to be alive and probably were saved by wearing tennis shoes. The water running down my left elbow made a perfect conductor. I was the lucky one and unfortunately 90 days later I attended the funeral of one who was not given a Second Chance.

I had the smallest revenue producing territory in our division that included seven other territories and their JD territory managers. I was the youngest of the eight and many of them had worked for John Deere for 20 to 30 years and all thought they had the ultimate job and didn't even consider advancing in the company so any promotion would just mean relocation and more responsibility and more hours of work. I clearly had no competition in my division if I decided to advance in the company. My desire was advancement and I immediately enrolled in Bismarck Junior College and completed two semesters of accounting so I could decipher each dealer's

John Deere required “double entry” booking accounting system. Most dealers had no clue what their business was worth or what their cost of sales etc. entailed. They figured if they made payroll every two weeks they were “cash flowing.” I would sit down each month and go over their financial information when I made my monthly collections as required by John Deere. Not one dealer could process a John Deere retail note, nor did they have anybody in their organization that could produce an acceptable note. It was not unusual for me to do 15-20 notes at each monthly collection. None of the notes were legally signed by the purchaser so after I completed the notes the dealer would head to his parts and service departments to have his employees sign for the absent purchaser. To the best of my knowledge no note was ever rejected by John Deere credit or the actual purchaser who had sealed the deal with the dealer by a handshake and an order not to bother him with any more paperwork.

I had to become the chief salesman for my nine dealers, and I approached the job with 100 percent effort because my 5-year plan was to work for John Deere for five years and hopefully become a John Deere dealer through a relationship with a retiring dealer who would finance me and put a value on my experience and youthful eagerness. I also would not turn down any advancement with John Deere as relocation to the corn belt was my long-term goal.

Within a year my nine dealers trusted me and if I said I’d help sell their equipment I was allowed to order three to four times their normal inventory. I was a bargain hunter and when John Deere introduced their new 6600-7700 combines in the summer of 1969, I collected twenty-nine 95-105 combines from Canada and had them shipped to my territory. They had huge bonuses on them as John Deere wanted them retailed and I made sure that I had them in my possession on the Bismarck territory. I sent eight combines to Flasher, ND and Paul Mahrer accepted them only if I guaranteed to sell them as Flasher had never sold a combine in their 40-year history of being a John Deere Dealer. Within 60 days I had sold all eight and made about \$5500 net profit on each machine. Paul was ecstatic and hired a salesman, Herman Disrud to expand his dealership and he went from my smallest dealer to the top three on the Bismarck territory. Ironically, Herman bought Paul and Angie’s dealership about ten years later when they decided to retire.

In the fall of 1969, I skillfully maneuvered Ted Barnick out of business without getting shot or having a physical confrontation.

Advancement

A few years later I accepted my final job with John Deere as the youngest ever Division Sales Manager (I was 30 years old at the time) in the Minneapolis Branch. My first boss (Bob Porter, a WWII veteran, B17 airplane pilot) who now was a fellow division Sales Manager (there were 5 divisions in the branch) confided in me that I was specifically selected to hopefully take Ted Barnick out of business and who ever got the job done and survived would be on the fast-track for promotion. I also had installed a service center at Glen Ulin, ND without permission from the branch and Bob had to make a special visit to Bismarck and tell me if I had screwed it up that it might cost me my job as a territory manager even though I had rid the company of the “Terrible Ted”.

Every November after the Minneapolis branch’s October fiscal year-end all field employees from the Minneapolis branch would meet at Breezy Point Resort Lodge near Brainard, MN for a three-day annual sales meeting. All service, retail note, and 40 territory managers and many branch personnel would converge (some 200 employees) to the resort. They would draw names out of a hat and that person selected would be required to give a three-minute speech in front of all 200 personnel. They used a giant egg-timer placed on the podium by the microphone so you could see your time running out. Almost everybody rambled with a meaningless speech as few would ever prepare hoping their name would never be picked from the hat. On the way home after escaping the first two annual meetings without being called upon I vowed I would be ready for the next annual meeting with a prepared speech.

I purchased a tape-recorder about 4 months ahead of my 3rd annual sales meeting along with a three-minute egg-timer and prepared my speech figuring my luck had run its course and lucky for me my timing was perfect. The Green Bay Packers were the elite NFL team coached by the famous Vince Lombardi and certainly a huge favorite as Wisconsin was in the Minneapolis branch and everybody knew each player. My speech centered around how Vince Lombardi became such a great coach as he was an assistant along with Tom Landry and Don Shula under the famous Jim Lee-Howell coach of the New York Giants who were even more successful than the Packers were before television helped football overtake baseball as the national pastime sport.

The theme of the speech was that greatness is not always instantaneous but usually achieved by taking advantage of other people’s skills and building a new foundation to help catapult new ideas along with previously learned skills to a whole

new level of success. I am sure Jim Lee Howell was just as proud of Tom Landry and Don Shula as well as Vince Lombardi. The business world, military, sports, academia, etc. all have this in common and placing personnel in a position to succeed and not just to get by is paramount to success in every great organization.

I finished my speech in 2 minutes 57 seconds and all 200+ company personnel stood up and gave me a standing ovation. I was embarrassed but happy I had purchased that tape recorder and practiced the speech for 30 hours; little did I know I had just auditioned for a promotion as several 2nd floor executives from Moline headquarters were at our meeting including Senior Vice President R.J. Carlson. The next morning as I was eating breakfast at the cafe counter an empty seat to my left was suddenly occupied by the energetic R.J. Carlson and he slowly started to interview me while I was attempting to eat two eggs, toast, and coffee.

I barely was able to finish my breakfast but within a half-hour he knew a lot about me and within a week of the speech I was promoted to manager of the Bismarck retail store and the most powerful man in John Deere Co. was now my “sponsor.”

R.J. Carlson was a controversial autocrat - he was constantly on the move and created as many enemies within John Deere as he had friends. Deere & Co. was a stoic company that moved at a snail's pace but made few mistakes. R.J. wanted to take the company to the next level, and he made no secret that “young blood” would be replacing the “old guard” and forced retirement would be his method of replacing the “Greatest Generation” of branch personnel who returned from WWII and were just happy to have a job and raise their families in the stoic culture that Deere had provided in the first 70 years of the 20th century. As previously mentioned, I was appointed manager of the company-owned retail store at Bismarck, North Dakota. Fran, Kris, Steve and I got to remain in our small home at 1802 Griffin Street a block down the street from the elementary school. I was given the job of splitting the industrial contract away from the agriculture portion of the retail store as it was being sold to an industrial territory manager who would move to separate facilities and start his own retail store, much like I did when I left Deere in May 1974 to go into private business in Mankato, MN.



[Bismarck Retail Store]

The move left our store with thousands of dollars of uncollected account receivables and the branch manager thought I was the perfect employee to go collect every dollar from numerous small contractors that had no intention of paying “Giant John Deere Co.” the money they owed for past purchases of parts, labor, and machinery. The task would prove to be as hard as facing terrible Ted and his three pistols.

I pursued the debtors and received death threats, physical violence, and every swear word imaginable. After twelve months I had collected 90% of the balance. I then started to concentrate on retail sales (my favorite) and was lucky enough to have the most capable service manager possible - Jake Spitzer. Jake had worked for John Deere for 25 years in different capacities in their service department and was a genius and was a local boy who returned home to farm the family farm 15 miles north of Bismarck and work at the company store. He was a great sounding board for service, customer relations, and collections. He tutored me in many aspects on the difference between wholesale vs retail and their inter-relationship. Even though he worked for me I carefully included him in all major decisions and seldom did I make a final decision without conferring with him.

The previous store manager had left with negative earnings and low morale amongst the employees. Within three months we turned both around and everyone started to work together, and once black ink was resurrected, I could start to hand out pay raises and bonuses to the most deserving. Everybody wanted in on the action so all 20+ employees pulled in the same direction, and we made unbelievable strides month by month. Unfortunately, my immediate success would end after 18 months as I was invited into the branch at Minneapolis and was offered the job of division sales manager of division 1 that covered all southern MN below highway 7 and one territory in South Dakota that included my hometown of Yankton, SD. At 30 years of age, I was told I would be the youngest division agricultural sales manager that Deere had ever promoted. The general sales manager (Fred Heitke) would be my boss and the other four division sales managers (Allen Klein, Cliff Lunke, Ed Johnson, and Bob Porter) would be my cohorts.

In addition to managing eight territory managers and their 95 dealers I was given the job as the Des Moines factory contact person. Des Moines produced all the tillage and spraying equipment for our branch so whenever they introduced a new product that was used in our branch I would go to Des Moines and see it field-tested and visit with engineers and our respective sales contacts at the factory level.

Shortly after assuming the job of division sales manager, I was told where to live and to arrive at work in a business suit, tie, and no facial hair. I was also expected to “party” at the Edina Country Club a couple of times per week with the branch manager Bill Tremmel and general sales manager Fred Heitke who both were long time members at the exclusive club. Wives were invited at least once a week and Fran was told to join the Women’s Bridge Club.

My first office request was to abandon the suit requirement and finally top management agreed so sport coats were suddenly in and the stoicism of the first 150 years of Deere’s corporate dress code was replaced by individual tastes and different sport coat/tie combinations.

I bucked the tradition of buying a house in Edina by building our first new house in West Bloomington on 98th street. The house was ½ the price of a used house located in Edina and affordable at our new wage level (0-3 w/5 years) as I made less than half the salary that my fellow division sales managers made because of my brief time with Deere. In addition, Kris was very close to the neighborhood grade school where Minnesota Vikings Coach Bud Grant’s children also attended. The Burnett family lived behind us, and their son was famous during the 9/11 attack as he was quoted as saying “Let’s roll” as they tried to overtake the hijackers who had commandeered the flight and was headed for the White House but crashed in Pennsylvania killing all aboard but denying the plane’s original route to the heavily populated Washington D.C. area. We assumed that we would be living in the house for several years before a potential promotion and relocation to one of Deere’s factory sites, which would have been a normal sequence in Deere’s promotional ladder.

One of my largest dealers was Mankato Implement located in Mankato, Minnesota. The owner, Chet Willer was 65 years old and was considered one of the wealthiest men in Mankato. He owned a bank, several rental houses and was heavily involved in the stock market. I would meet with him several times over a 90-day period, and we would usually meet at the Holiday Inn on North 169 (now a Best Western) where I would secure a room as I knew Chet would have 5-6 scotch-on-the-rocks before consuming a steak dinner as he knew Deere was picking up the tab. He had a bottle of scotch in his desk drawer at the dealership and would start drinking at about 3pm every day. Fortunately, I was a scotch drinker but would order a second round and give him both drinks while I nursed my first drink; thus, he would drink three drinks to my everyone.

Chet was a true character and one of the cheapest wealthy people I had ever met. He owned a home insulation company after WWII and would blow insulation into farmhouse attics and walls and only put half the insulation into the dwellings that he charged the owners. He found his way to Mankato and purchased the John Deere dealership with an equal share partner. He eventually bought out his partner's share of the business by being a complete bully and forcing a showdown. He bragged to me how he forced his partner out for a fraction of what the business was worth. His claim in 1973 was that within his stock portfolio he owned 1.5 million dollars of GMC stock and one million dollars of John Deere stock which was about a third of his 7.5 million stock portfolio. He insisted that he would not sell to anybody unless they had a net worth equal to his. I told him that I was not going to replace him with a 75-year-old but that maybe I could find someone acceptable to his demands.

I conferred with our credit manager, Glen Martin, who was recognized and appreciated as the best branch credit manager within Deere. His business sense was unequal to anyone, and all the dealers respected him more than any other individual at the branch level. Glen sat back and thought for a minute and said "Wilbur Veldman" who was the dealer at Hollandale, MN.

Hollandale was one of my smallest accounts but located in a secluded vegetable area of the branch and Wilbur was an inventor of specialized equipment that he sold to exclusive clientele that were Hollondalers - just as he was a first generation born in the Netherlands and at two years of age was brought to the U.S.A. by his immigrant parents. Glen directed me to head to Hollandale after he visited with Wilbur about purchasing the Mankato location. Upon meeting with Wilbur at Hollandale's only restaurant (population 150) he immediately became interested as his son Mike, a John Deere territory manager in Wisconsin, had expressed a desire to return home and run a retail operation. In addition, his son Scott was about to graduate from St. Olaf college and wanted to become a John Deere dealer. Wilbur thought for sure that Mike would be interested in the Mankato dealership and told me to proceed with his name and expressed interest in buying from Chet Willer. Chet knew Wilbur as a fellow dealer and immediately ran a credit check on him through his security state bank. Within days Chet notified me to proceed with the sale as he was 65 years old and wanted to retire. One criteria for the purchase was the branch requirement for a new building to be erected within 12 months of the transfer of ownership. Both parties agreed on a purchase price and the transaction would be cash paid for the total price of all assets except Chet's small building. The ink was dry on the transaction and satisfied all of John Deere's credit requirements and the closing day was selected for May 1, 1974.

About three days before closing Wilbur called my office at the Minneapolis branch and made an appointment with me. He arrived mid-afternoon and had a worried look on his face and I immediately sensed a problem was in the making. After exchanging pleasantries, he informed me that his son Mike was not interested in going to Mankato and instead would join him at the Hollandale dealership. He asked me if I had anybody else in mind to take over the acquisition to take him off the hook for his near finished purchase commitment. I informed him that three days before closing did not give me much time to bring another buyer to the table even though the Mankato area was considered one of the most desired locations in the Minneapolis branch. Wilbur then asked me to walk out to the parts warehouse with him where he had parked his Harley Davidson motorcycle. He rode his Harley from Hollandale to the branch almost daily to pick up parts for his dealership. He was a unique individual who enjoyed the ride to save a few bucks in freight charges on his parts purchases. We walked to an isolated part of the warehouse, and he confided that he wanted to talk to me in extreme privacy and make sure he wasn't heard through the glass partition separating our sales offices at the front of the building. Wilbur was not a bashful individual and he asked me if I were interested in becoming his partner and admitted that was his intent from our very first meeting and he wanted his son Mike to carry on at Hollandale and never intended to place him at the Mankato location.

Self Determination

When I started to work for John Deere on January 2nd, 1968, I had a 5-year plan to own a retail store and because of three promotions in five years I was considering staying with Deere until I found just the right location. I turned down a couple of possibilities in North Dakota and wanted to keep looking until the right dealership was available. My main concern was to get Kris and Steve in one school district and not have to move them every three years. If I had stayed in the military or with Deere it was a "given" that a move was guaranteed every three years if you were on the promotion trail for either organization.

While in college I took an economics course entitled: Economics of Transportation. We would look at different cities with populations of 5,000 to 40,000 or above and whenever two major highways would intersect within the cities 5-mile radius we could determine that it could become a "hub" city depending on the rural area and proximity to the next hub city. Railroads were also part of the equation and Mankato was one of the first railroad hubs dating back to 1862 when Minnesota became a state. In addition to being a railroad hub it was located on the bend of the Minnesota river that had supplied barge traffic for the several grain milling operations and coal for the foundries located in Mankato during the 1870's and 80's. Highways

169, 22, 83, 60, and 14 were all state highways running through Mankato's hub. They had also moved their regional airport to a new location if commercial air traffic would ever become a possibility.

Some of the richest soil in the state surrounded the city and they boasted a college (Mankato State) of about 14,000 student population. Also intriguing, they played in the tough North Central Conference against my Alma Mater, the University of South Dakota, and the rest of the schools I had competed against (SDSU, NDSU, UND, Augustana, Morningside, Northern Iowa, St. Cloud State). Wilbur told me I had three days to decide.

He would finance my half of the \$100,000 total requirement with a \$40,000 loan if I could come up with a \$10,000 cash insertion. I had \$10,000 equity in my house and everything else paid for as we weren't overpaid our first 6.5 years working for Deere. Two people would help me decide this intriguing invitation by a man whom I respected and trusted if I could get my wife, Fran, and Glen Martin convinced of the move.

Fran and I visited Mankato that weekend and she put her trust in my judgement that the move was "doable" and certainly we would have some hardships to overcome. Glen Martin embraced the idea and informed me that he wished he had an opportunity when he was younger like that being offered to me by Wilbur. I knew I had the two most important people backing me up and now it was my turn to see Wilbur and make an offer of both an employment agreement and buy-sell partnership agreement.



GENERAL BULLETIN

John Deere Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota

PERSONNEL CHANGES

RESIGNATION: R. M. KIBBLE

It is with mixed emotions that we accept the resignation of Mr. Ronald Kibble. Mr. Kibble started with our Company as a Sales Representative. In April 1968 he was made Territory Manager in North Dakota. He did an outstanding job and earned the promotion to Manager of Bismarck Implement Co. in September of 1971. During the time he managed the Store in Bismarck, he made many friends and cemented good relations with our customers.

In March 1973, he was appointed Division Sales Manager for southern Minnesota and one Territory in South Dakota. He has worked very hard and earned the respect of Dealers in his Division. We know they will be disappointed that he has resigned, but we are sure they will be pleased to hear that he is joining their ranks to become a partner in the Dealership at Mankato. Ron has always enjoyed the retail business. We know that he will represent us well in the area and be a real asset to the Community.

APPOINTMENT: J. C. STEINMAN

To replace Mr. Kibble, we have selected John Charles Steinman, who started with Deere as a Sales Representative in the Dallas branch in 1968. In 1970, he was named Territory Manager in the Dallas branch and in 1972 was selected to manage our Store in Minot, North Dakota. We are very pleased to have Mr. Steinman join our Management Team here in Minneapolis. He is a hard working, dedicated individual and we know the Dealers will enjoy working with him. Charlie (as he is known to his many friends), his wife, Lucy, and their son will be moving to Minneapolis as soon as suitable housing can be located.

APPOINTMENT: W. R. KIBBLE

To replace Mr. Steinman, we have selected William Kibble. Bill Kibble started with John Deere Company of Minneapolis in 1969 and, after a short training period, was assigned a Territory out of Jamestown, North Dakota. He has done an outstanding job and we know the Dealers are going to miss him, but we know they will join us in wishing him the very best in his new assignment.

Bill, Jennifer and their two children will be moving to Minot as soon as they are able to locate a home.

[Major Changes]

I asked for 25% of the net profit before taxes and \$2500 per month salary. He agreed to both requests, and we appeared before Glen Martin with the paperwork. I tendered my two weeks' notice with John Deere Co. and encountered a relieved Fred

Heitke. Within 24 hours of my two weeks' notice I received a phone call at our home from Mr. Robert Carlson.

He talked to me for twenty minutes and tried to get me to change my mind. He finally informed me that he intended to make me the General Sales Manager on January 1, 1975, replacing Fred Heitke who was being forced into early retirement and the arrangement had been discussed with Fred about 60 days before I announced my intention. Fred had not shared this with anybody and didn't want to retire for at least two more years. I had noticed that he was treating me with some indifference the last 60 days and ignored what I was doing daily. Upon my announcement to Fred of my intent to go into business with Wilbur, he thought it was a great idea and even offered to lend me the \$10,000 until I sold my house. His replacement would soon be out of sight, and he got to remain in his job for the two years he wanted - my choice fit him perfect, and he also was a Wilbur Veldman fan from the first time he had met him.

Suddenly, my relationship with Fred blossomed into a useful connection as machinery was on strict allocation and Fred became a source for equipment badly needed by a new dealer that was building new facilities.

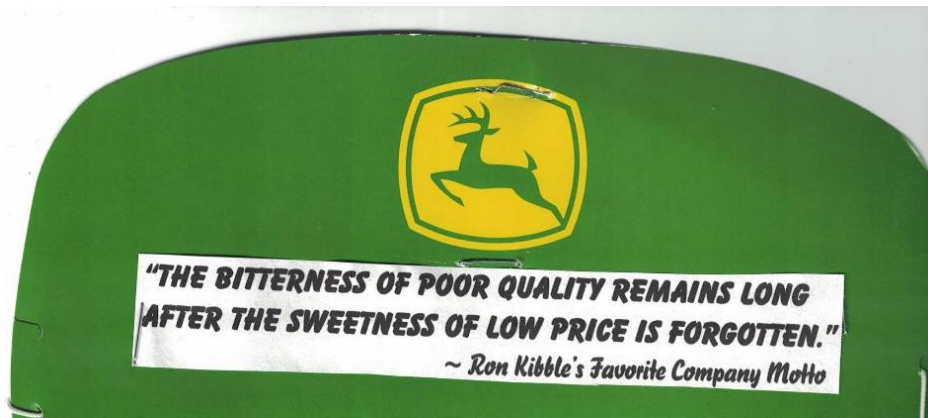


[Mankato Implement]

The additional equipment made our dealership immediately profitable, and my 25% bonus became a giant pay day for the next four years as the demand for machinery was good through 1978. In 1978 they opened allocated tractors on a sold-retail

availability. We sold 143 tractors in less than 9 months and became the number 1 dealer in settlements in the Minneapolis branch.

100 of the 143 were 4440 tractors, by far the best built and most reliable tractor that Deere ever built. Thirty years after their introduction they sell used for at least as much when sold new.



[John Deere Reliability]

Growth

In 1976 Glen Martin asked me to meet him in his office and discuss purchasing another dealership that he considered to have more potential than the Mankato area. Herman Meyer at Montevideo, MN wanted to sell his dealership and he didn't think his son Norman was interested in continuing the Meyer name as a John Deere dealer. Glen thought I would have a chance of purchasing it from Herman as he didn't want a neighboring dealer to buy him out. Glen suggested that I should consider my brother, Bill Kibble who also worked for John Deere and had been promoted to store manager at Minot, ND and Glenn thought he would be a perfect fit in Montevideo. I had two tasks to accomplish: sell myself to Herman Meyer and convince Bill to leave the security of John Deere as he also was on a promotion run.

After meeting with Herman several times, I finally got his commitment to sell his dealership to the Kibble "boys". My next and hardest job was to persuade Bill that the Montevideo area was indeed as lucrative as Glen Martin had stated. On our first trip to Montevideo, I made the mistake of taking a few short cuts following the Minnesota river from Mankato to Montevideo. Bill was not impressed with the terrain, and I sensed he was not happy as he stated that the farm ground around Minot looked better than what he was seeing through the windshield. I quickly started to drive in a circle around Montevideo showing him the rich farmland and diversified

crops being grown such as beets, wheat, corn, beans, and large turkey operations abundantly scattered in the Montevideo trade area. Little did he know that his decision to move to Montevideo, MN with his family (Jenny, Butch and Leslie) would prove to be the best decision of his life and certainly he verified Glen Martin's statement that it was the "plum" of the branch. Working 18-19 hours per day, Bill quickly built the dealership into the number one dealership in the Minneapolis branch, and he was open for business 19 hours per day (4am - 11pm) 7 days/week and he quickly turned his service department and parts department into profit centers that could survive if he didn't sell a piece of machinery for 12 months. Of course, he had no trouble selling machinery as his reputation for honesty and fair prices backed up by his service hours was a natural draw for local farmers who themselves would put in similar hours during planting and harvesting, especially the beet farmers. The surrounding John Deere dealers were overwhelmed by his tenacity and inhuman drive and quickly organized to try and undermine him by low-balling on price quotes to try and bait him to sell himself into bankruptcy. He didn't take the bait and won the admiration of solid dealers like Vern Anderson at Redwood Falls, MN who eventually picked Bill to buy his dealerships upon his retirement.

It took me several years to realize if one is successful in business everybody has a deal for you and everyone wants you to sit on their board of directors, etc. I accepted the position of Bank Director at Norwest Bank (later Wells Fargo) and met many successful people on their board. I learned how individuals were able to ration their time between their businesses, board activities, social life, and home-family commitments. Allocation of time was highly valued and most successful people usually slept 5.5-6 hours per day and functioned efficiently meeting their daily demands. I also realized that one percent of the people generally were the pillars of the community and usually were called upon to kick-start many programs that the other 99% took advantage of without realizing the volunteer hours required to originate and maintain most "free" community endeavors.

Community Activities

Community Activities

- Mankato Township Officer for five years.
- Lay Member, 6th District Bar Association Ethics Committee.
- Mankato Area Youth Athletic Association (MAYAA). Ron was one of the original organizers of this association, served as its President and coached several association football teams.
- Member VFW Post 950.
- Member, Eagle Lake American Legion.
- Member, Mankato Elks Club
- Member, St. John the Baptist Catholic Church
- Member, Key City Conservation Club
- Member, Minnesota Pheasants Forever
- 14-year Hospice Volunteer through Mayo Clinic
- Former Mankato MRCI Foundation Board Member

[After Work Involvement]

the first year with 10 teams and 230 participants. Coaches were interviewed and a handbook with plays was written so every team had to run the same offense and defense with no exceptions.

Referees, practice fields, game fields, etc. were required and it almost turned into a full-time job for three months. It became an unbelievable success, and we branched off into basketball, baseball, and finally soccer. The original model with 230 participants slowly grew into well over a thousand.

After six years of being a coach of a team, president, and other duties, I resigned because of business commitments and the advice from my attorney as we were unable to obtain liability insurance for MAYAA until two years after my resignation. My involvement in MAYAA, Mankato State, and Mankato East football activities gave me some pleasure in giving back like Don Allan and Bob Burns did for me in my short football career.

In 1979 I was purchasing a pair of tennis shoes from a local store when the owner, Ted Botten asked me to step into his office for a short visit. He asked me to join him and a traveling salesman, Ron Lund, to upgrade the dismal football program in the Mankato area by starting a program for 6th and 7th graders. We formed an organization called Mankato Area Youth Athletic Association (MAYAA).

Our goal was to purchase 250 helmets, shoulder pads, and associated equipment and start a league with volunteer coaches and locate teams within neighborhood boundaries hopefully within walking distance where individual teams would practice and then have league games every Saturday morning during the high school football season. I inventoried all the equipment for the first 6 years in our service shop and we had overwhelming success starting

I was inducted into the Mankato East Hall of Fame in 2017 as a contributor to their athletic program and my MAYAA experience. Sometimes people notice your volunteer work many years after (38 years) a successful program continues to function now driven by the very people who participated as 6th and 7th graders starting in 1979.

RON KIBBLE - COMMUNITY MEMBER



Ron Kibble is one of the wonderful community members who helped transform Mankato East into a competitive athletic school from its early stages. His generosity and willing involvement helped Mankato East thrive in multiple areas.

Ron is a 1960 Yankton, SD, graduate who excelled in football and track; after graduation he went to University of South Dakota in Vermillion where he played both ways on the football team as a linebacker and offensive lineman. He was a team captain, earning team MVP twice, and was named to USD's all 60's football team noting his play from 1960-64 campaigns. After graduating as a Coyote, Ron entered the Marine Corp where he was on the boxing team and served a 15 month tour of duty in Vietnam, being promoted to Captain and serving as Company Commander. He also played semi-pro football with the Pensacola Goshawks before returning north.

Ron and his wife Frances, who he married in 1964, moved to Mankato, where he started working at John Deere Company for seven years, prior to buying John Deere Implement in 1974. After a few years of running a business, he began his work helping to develop athletic programming in the Mankato community, which directly affected and enhanced the growth of East athletics. As a founding member of MNMYF football, which is celebrating their 40th year of existence, Ron helped purchase 250 helmets and other equipment, storing it at his dealership for many of the early years, along with providing all of the time and dedication needed to insure a quality program for all of the Mankato youth. Furthermore in his spare time, Ron served on the board of Mankato Area Baseball in the 70's, 80's and 90's.

He also helped to fundraise for the lights on the East stadium field, which would make the field home finally for all of the East football games as well as donating money to the weight room in exchange for athletes volunteering weekends washing and polishing combines and tractors.

Ron and his family have donated both time and money over the years for signage on the baseball field and in the gymnasium as well as to the booster club. His generosity and support as a Cougar have endeared him to many coaches and players who are aware of the influence he brought during a time where high school sports needed help at Mankato East. Ron and his wife Fran are wonderful promoters of Mankato East athletics as well as of Mankato East High School, for being a great school to obtain an excellent education.

In retirement, Ron has been helping with a hospice program in Mankato the past 12 years and lives with his lovely wife Fran, for whom he works as a "Garden Boy", which he states is a non-volunteer job. Both of their children, Kris and Steve, were student-athletes at East. In addition they have five grand-children.

[MAYAA Founder]

In 1976 Mankato State contemplated dropping their Varsity football program and didn't play a varsity game because of Title IX requirements and a lack of interest by local attendance. I was asked to be on the advisory committee chaired by MSU President Margaret Preska.

Surprisingly, she was a strong advocate to maintain a football program and regain entrance into the tough NCC Conference headed up by schools such as North Dakota State, UND, South Dakota State, University of South Dakota, Augustana, Morningside, Northern Colorado and Northern Iowa. Our in-state rival was St. Cloud State who was experiencing some of the same fiscal problems, so it was up to the state legislature to appropriate the necessary funds for capable re-entry into the NCC. Meanwhile, to keep the program running, MSU had to play "club" football in 1976 and keep a nucleus of players for possible re-entry. I donated time and substantial

money for that year and finally we received the necessary state appropriations from the state legislature to move back into the NCC.

One of the most important hires we made on our selection committee was the hiring of Dan Runkle who coached (1981-2001) and could operate on a shoe-string budget but had innate ability as a recruiter and Head Coach. He was an excellent DIV. III college football player with an Illinois farm background who could coach both sides (offense and defense) of the ball. He instantly became a good friend and still is today as we shared similar backgrounds in our younger years. He also coached at the University of South Dakota and followed the head coach, Joe Salem, to the University of Minnesota for a couple of years before applying for the head football coach position at MSU.

Dan was a perfect hire and immediately started winning in the tough NCC with ($\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$) of the budget of the other schools. Margaret Preksa's theory was that for every football player on the roster (90-100 players) there was at a minimum a girlfriend and 3 good friends who followed each player that was recruited by a school. That totaled up to 500 students for a football program and she wasn't to be denied.

To top it all off, my son Steve was recruited to play at MSU. He had offers from NDSU and SDSU, but once he was offered a scholarship at MSU he immediately accepted. He had been a ball boy on the sideline at MSU and fell in love with the school and football team. He had a successful career and under coach Runkle the team played into the final eight teams in the nation in his senior year. They beat the hated NDSU Bison in Fargo, ND (27-7) to make the final 8 team bracket.



[Steve Kibble MSU Football]

He was named All-Conference as a guard and had a great college career. Winning programs pack the stands and after the NCC went Division 1A, MSU joined the NSIC Conference and have won or shared the title just about every year since joining that Division II conference. In summary, thank Margaret Preska and Dan Runkle for 21st century football being played at MSU.

Difficult Decisions

As good as the farm profits were in the 1970's, the early 1980's was a complete reversal. Interest rates jumped to 20% and our economy came to a screeching halt under President Jimmy Carter's one-term presidency. Land prices had soared to \$3500/acre and within a year had plunged to \$900/acre. Many farmers had expanded, and variable rate interest contracts forced auction sales and sell-offs making the farm economy like the 1929 depression era. I had purchased additional dealerships at Windom, MN, Grand Forks, ND and Bismarck, ND and was caught in the same fishnet as a farmer buying \$3500/acre land that devalued to \$900/acre within a time frame of 12 months.

To make matters worse I was a theft victim by my general manager, Dave Curl at Windom, MN to the tune of \$438,000 dollars. I had suspicions that he had a gambling problem, and he paid his debts by re-writing orders for less than the agreed upon price. For instance, if he had traded combines for \$50,000 difference and he

owed the individual \$30,000 in gambling debt he would rewrite the contract for \$20,000 difference. He also started a personal trucking company and Day-Care center with corporate funds.

Sherill, his wife was complicit in his thievery and on the final day of business he took off with his daughter and threatened suicide by driving his vehicle off a bridge if we pressed charges. My attorney Jack Regan, CPA Pat Rogers, Fran, myself, and Curl's wife Sherrill were in a small conference room when she admitted guilt and told us of his possible suicide plans involving his oldest daughter.

Everybody looked at me when she was done talking and I didn't hesitate that I would not press charges as I couldn't take the chance he was not bluffing. His death would have bothered me for about five minutes, but a 7-year-old girl's death based on my decision would not have been worth all the money on earth.

The Curls left Windom in shame and within 60 days - Bill Kibble and I had a similar problem with Dave Frambers, the manager at Grand Forks. He was raiding the company till and buying RVs, cabins, sailboats, and starting a new business all financed through the retail operation. Fortunately, Dave Frambers was a good salesman at 1st Bank of Grand Forks, and they allowed Bill and I to sell the operation to him, and we were able to get our names off all obligations at Grand Forks. Within a year he went broke costing the bank 1.5 million and John Deere 2.1 million.

Both Dave Curl and Dave Frambers were ex-company employees and highly recommended by Minneapolis branch personnel. Both knew exactly what they did was illegal and were good friends until they both died at early ages of 59 and 60 of cancer. Maybe there is a penalty by a higher order than our judicial system. Both showed no remorse for their illegal activities and took their blighted reputations with them to their early graves.

As my economic world came crumbling down around me, I retreated to my mother store where it all started - Mankato, MN. I had shed my financial investments in Windom, MN, Grand Forks ND and Bismarck, ND and had survived a humbling, disastrous business experience and waited out the 20% interest era for a rejuvenation of our farm economy.

I had fallen out of grace with John Deere personnel in the Minneapolis branch but decided if I could do it once I could do it again and this time, I would not be influenced by Branch People into making investments because of past successful operations. By the grace of God, I was given a "Second Chance".

In 1977, tragedy occurred when my friend and business partner Wilbur Veldman died suddenly of a brain aneurysm. Our buy-sell agreement allowed me to purchase the dealership from the Veldman family and I immediately gave 20% of the stock to two key employees: J.J. McGraw and Bill Hoffman. I put the stock purchases on notes but paid them bonuses to cover their payments and taxes. I now had my two most important employees as partners and within three years both notes were paid for, so their loyalty was intact until they retired.

When they reached age 65, I had the right to repurchase their stock for book price, but both remained after their retirements as full-time employees and later as part-time employees. They were two of the best employees and partners that I would ever work with during my career as a dealer.

A Family Business

There was a statistic in corporate John Deere that always stuck in my mind: only 10% of sons who succeeded their father were successful. During my stint with John Deere, I could name failure after failure of a dealership whenever a father retired, and the son succeeded him. In 1991, my son Steve needed a practicum working at a retail operation to complete his business degree at MSU. I temporarily hired him to work in the accounting department as he had worked part-time at Mankato Implement since he was 12 years old. He cleaned toilets, scrubbed the showroom, worked in the wash rack, set up machinery, worked in parts, etc. so he had been involved in everything but sales and accounting. I initiated a hiring policy that no individual would be employed unless all three of us owners, (Jim, Bill, and myself) agreed upon hiring any employee including relatives. If one out of the three of us cast a negative vote we absolutely would not hire that person regardless of how qualified, they might have been. About every third applicant was given the “thumbs-down” by one of us and we never questioned each other's judgement. Shortly after Steve graduated from MSU he approached me about the possibility of a full-time job with our company. I got an immediate “thumbs-up” from both Bill and Jim and asked Jim to contact Steve for an 8am Monday morning meeting in my office to discuss possible employment. Both arrived promptly the following Monday morning and after 30 seconds of exchanging pleasantries I addressed Jim McGraw who was seated to the right in front of my desk by stating: Jim, meet Steve without a last name. You will be having him work for you full-time in the Sales Department and you will make the final decision within the next 24 months on permanent employment. My reasoning: I did not want a second Ron Kibble at Mankato Implement and wanted no part of his training or final judgement on employment. I figured I had the best man in

John Deere that was about to give Steve his master's degree in organization, time management, self-confidence, sales for volume and profit and most importantly having to manage people while you have 12-14 balls in the air and still function as a normal employee and have the respect by everybody in the organization.

I watched from a distance, and I noticed that Steve was walking around with a clipboard just like Jim and soon he was given his first responsibility-consumer product salesman. In a year's time he tripled the sales and profit as he started bringing commercial accounts into our store. I realized that I now had a second J.J. McGraw in our employment thanks to Jim's tutoring of Steve.

About 15 months after Steve's first day of employment Jim asked me for an 8 am Monday morning meeting with him and Steve. They arrived promptly and sat in the same seats they had occupied 15 months earlier. Jim opened the conversation by stating: Ron, meet Steve Kibble who now has a last name. With that statement he verified Steve's permanent employment with Mankato Implement and designated him as the new consumer product sales manager.

It would be the most important hire of my lifetime and I had no input other than one of the three necessary votes in the initial hiring process. Not once did Jim ever confide in me in his training and evaluation of Steve, but I could see that their relationship was all business, while maintaining respect for each other.



[Steve Kibble - Co-owner]

Steve received his non-accredited master's degree and soon after pursued an unbelievable career as a John Deere Dealer/owner/manager of several locations before finally selling majority interest in the eight locations to entrepreneur Ace Brandt of Fargo, ND. He was responsible for making our organization worth twice its value after he took over as manager and majority owner.

We decided to sell to Ace after I announced my retirement at age 68. We sold the business and closed the transaction. It was a sad day

in my life, as other than 3.5 years active duty in the USMC, my entire career was spent in two different capacities in Deere, first as an employee and then a dealer. I had many lifetime ups and downs as a Marine, Deere employee and as a Dealer but would not second guess my career for one second. I cannot count how many "Second Chances" I was given throughout my career.

During that time, I received John Deere "Manager of the Year" honors 24 years in a row, and brother Bill received the honor 25 years in a row.



[Manager of the Year Honors]

RON KIBBLE'S OPINION on the following TOPICS

Business

In a free enterprise system and our Republic, a healthy environment is needed for any business that provides jobs and taxes to maintain our cities and federal government, with all their programs - especially the police and military units for our public and world safety.

It amazes me how easy it is to spend tax money generated by less than 40% of our population.

A corporation that employs 30,000 and doesn't pay federal or state taxes doesn't mean they're not contributing to our overall economy. The state and federal taxes generated by 30,000 well paid employees contribute to city governments, school districts, state, and federal taxes. Welcome all businesses and their contributions to a world class nation where many would look to experience the American dream through "legal" immigration.

Education

Educational activity should be from birth to death and a never-ending quest - no matter what one's intellectual level. I've witnessed some of the smartest people with eighth grade educations that possess a doctorate degree in "common sense." In contrast, I've witnessed college professors who possess the opposite. Who would you want in your foxhole or doing electrical work on your home. I respect every job title, and especially those who provide us with the necessary talents that feed, clothe, and house our great country.

Family

The foundation for success. We must emphasize the importance of marriage and the children normally produced by the institution. Lack of either parent - especially the father figure usually produces a child that ends up in our court system and is a burden on society. The crime rate in America could be easily traced to the fracture of marriage and family. Our schools, churches and government entities must be the leaders on the importance of marriage and its effect on maintaining family traditions and continuity. It's heartbreaking to think somebody didn't have either

parents or grandparents in their maturation process. It takes a special person to survive without that support lifeline.

Government

Government is defined by the action or manner of controlling or regulating a nation, organization, or people. A Republic government means the supreme power is held by their people and elected representatives and president, rather than a monarch. Democracy is a system of government by the whole people, usually interwoven with Capitalism. Our nation is the first Republic with two legs - Democracy and Capitalism supporting the Republic's body. It has survived for 247 years and has many changes to its original format. It has been a model government for the entire world. Whenever anything negative occurs, everybody continues to turn to the good old USA for help and guidance.

Politics

My father was a Republican and my mother was a “die hard” Democrat. They laughed when voting, as they cancelled each other's vote.

I considered myself a Democrat until I headed south in 1964 to attend flight school in Pensacola, Florida. It was embarrassing how the Democratic Party persecuted the southern black population. Most people don't realize that 38,000 Black Americans died fighting for Abe Lincoln's Republican Party and the Civil War that killed over 600,000 Americans over the main issue: “slavery.”

The Civil Rights Act of 1964 (enacted July 2nd, 1964) had Democrats in the South filibustering the bill for 60 days. Led by Al Gore senior, Jay William Fulbright, and Ku Klux Klan member Robert Byrd, who personally filibustered for 14 straight hours.

President John F. Kennedy led the nation on passage of the bill. I am convinced that it cost him his life {22 November, 1963} as the Ku Klux Klan fought the “Bill” 24 hours\day. The 11 states that made up the confederate states of America in the Civil War all voted against it except Senator Ralph Yarborough of Texas. The other 21 senators (Democrats) voted against its passage.

The bill covered voting rights, public accommodations, desegregation of public facilities, desegregation of public education, Commission on Civil Rights,

nondiscrimination in federally assisted programs, and many minor alterations. It was probably the most significant bill implemented in my lifetime. It affected the whole nation, regardless of your race. The Democratic opposition to this bill turned me away from the Democratic Party. and it amazes me how the Democrats have brainwashed our Black American citizens, after killing 38,000 (Black Union Army soldiers) in the civil war and mistreating them in the South and forcing them to migrate to the northern major cities; thus, creating almost “ghetto -like “communities, and somehow still able to convince them to vote Democrat.

I consider myself an independent voter. I vote for candidates on both sides of the ticket and try to research who will represent all of us and not just special interests.

I believe “Term Limits” should be the USA policy for all positions from town boards to all of Congress and all court positions. New ideas and fresh faces reduce the possibility of corruption and political payoffs.

Our Republic has experienced many changes of power by both parties since its inception, but I do think there is a valid reason to have a third party that would keep both present parties from “stacking the deck” whenever each is in power.

Religion

Jesus Christ’s monotheistic belief is that there was only one God who created the heavens and earth. Jesus was persecuted on the cross and resurrected on the third day. Thus, his followers formed the Christian Belief. They were persecuted by both Jewish and Roman leaders and executed if confessing their Christian Belief.

When Roman emperor Constantine converted to Christianity, he lifted the ban on Christianity in 313 AD with the Edict of Milan. In 380 AD Catholicism was declared the state religion of the Roman empire. Christianity was off and running in Europe and throughout the rest of the world.

There were many bumps in the road including the Crusades between 1095 AD – 1230 AD. The Catholic Church reigned until 1517 AD when the Reformation was led by the German monk Martin Luther who published his 95 theses on October 31, 1517. Thus, the Protestant movement was created, and present-day figures mark 1.2 billion Catholics and 1.2 billion Protestants for a total of 2.4 billion Christians and 31% of the world population. Islam has 1.9 billion, or 25% of the world, followed by Hinduism with 1.3 billion (17%).

Christians hold 55% of the world's wealth, followed by Muslims with 28%.

Hindus are the most highly educated followed by Unitarians, Jews, Anglicans, and Episcopalians.

Yale University, in 1757, formed its own campus Congregational Church believed to be the first church on an American college campus. The Congregational Church was the original church in South Dakota, led by Joseph Ward. He preached his first sermon on November 8th, 1868, at Yankton's Congregational Church. He helped establish Yankton College, the first institution of not only of the two Dakotas, but the entire area included in the original Dakota territory of 1861. He was the first president of the college. He helped organize the first electric light and power company in Yankton along with the school system and a brick manufacturing company. He helped establish the Dakota asylum for the insane in Yankton in 1879. He also helped establish a hospital and was also its first president. Dr. Ward led the fight for statehood, and he wrote most of South Dakota's state constitution. In 1910 he was recognized as one of the 24 greatest men in the 300 years of the Congregational Church. A statue of Dr. Ward, who was the author of the state motto, "Under God the People" is in the capital in Washington, DC. General Beadle is the only other South Dakotan to also have received this recognition.

By the late 1840s, a growing movement of Christian abolitionists was giving strength in the struggle against slavery. These abolitionists could no longer abide in the union of Christian faith and a nation filled with slaves and slave owners.

The church in Yankton that Dr. Ward built was to become the church I attended as a youth. My two years of confirmation class were taught by a Yankton College student, Paul Heffron, as the college and church were unified because of Dr. Ward's early endeavors.

In early 2000, I joined the Catholic Church so I could participate with Fran and the rest of the family in their religious faith. The Mother Church of Christianity is an awesome vessel that has run aground many times in its 2000 years of existence. Currently its pedophile problems have bankrupted many dioceses and, in my opinion, removal of priest celibacy and allowing women clergy are going to have to be considered or they soon will be a minority if they don't get reorganized as soon as possible.

Believing in a God has helped many nations become united and educated as all religions follow a written script, thus forcing an educational system on the “believers” so they have at least an elementary understanding of their belief.

Wisely, religion and politics should never be openly discussed unless you are with family or close friends.

Social Standing

Having been raised in a somewhat poverty childhood, I wasn’t aware how important “class standing” was to many people. I have watched many young people trying to “ladder up” to the social levels they think are so important. Usually, it puts unnecessary financial demands that ultimately affect their families and future retirement plans. Good friends will always be there if needed while “manufactured” friends disappear as soon as you have little to no value in their lives. “Be Yourself” and be content with family and mutual friends.

Sports

Our nation is consumed by every sport imaginable. It isn’t necessarily a 21st century phenomenon. One could look back many centuries and find competition amongst humans at some level; fishing, hunting, axe-throwing, gladiators, etc. Now that women are participating in about every sport that their male counterparts are, one can only imagine the pressure on each child in certain households that demand participation in one or more events.

Television kick-started this massive participation we are seeing in the 21st century. As a child, we were expected to work on our “share-crop” farm and organized sports wasn’t even a reality. We weren’t alone as most in the (8-18) age group had a job to bolster their parents’ income in the mid-20th century.

Our “work ethic” proved to be more valuable than the “sport ethic” that the small minority of those who got to participate in sports would obtain.

The positive side of sports is learning team objectives and goals that a group of people share in physical and mental preparation. This participation is necessary on many levels, military, police, federal agents, business, and hundreds of ventures.

My High School coach, Don Allaen used that approach to convince me to go out for football my senior year. Being a WW II vet, he experienced war and its parallel to football. All the practices, preparation and dependency on each other, whether on the battlefield or football field, required leadership and a chain of command. I valued my six years of football and my experience leading 250 men in combat. I never asked anybody to do something that I wouldn't do, and sometimes that meant being the first one in a "bouncing betty" minefield clearing exercise.

War

One of my senior history courses taught by Dr. Cummins (Head of Dept.) was called Cycles of History. We cycled 38 topics; 2 per student, and war was one of my topics. We went back to the revolutionary war, and we were at war almost every 20 years. In my lifetime, WW II (1941-1945), Korea (1951-1954), Vietnam (1965-1974), the Gulf war, etc.

Religion, communist containment, and boundary lines are the three main instigators that pit one or more countries against each other.

We lost more military lives (600,000+) in our own civil war, over slavery, than all the rest of the wars we have engaged in since 1776.

If we had all the money invested in wars since 1776, we could feed the entire world, and all would have unlimited health care and housing until the end of the earth.

I volunteered to serve in Vietnam and left a wife and 3-month-old daughter at home and never questioned my sanity for doing so. November 22, 1963, was the moment in my life that I decided my country was more important than myself. I had many years of contact with WW II veterans and the majority influenced me with their belief that they would do it all over again if asked to protect our great country. Anybody wearing a uniform, be it military, law enforcement, firemen, and the many other agencies we take for granted should be honored every day they walk out of their homes and put their lives on the line for every one of us.

There has never been a "good" war and even the winner of a war is really a "close second" loser because of loss of lives, material costs and retaliation by future generations.

Wealth

Accrual of assets during a lifetime of working results in different levels of wealth for every individual. The “millionaire’s goal” was a 20th century goal for just about every worker whether attainable or not. By 2050, a million dollars in savings might not be enough, especially if one would end up in a nursing home for any extended period.

Careful monetary planning needs to start immediately on your first job, and one needs to sit down and write 5 years to 10 years, etc. objectives and live within a budget until every goal is met and reviewed annually.

Most wealthy people have worked every daylight hour, 365 days a year and taken limited time off their demanding schedules. Is this for everyone? Absolutely not, and when a “self-made” person becomes that “millionaire-next-door”, they should be lauded instead of envied. Many people who failed the first time do not want to take a “Second Chance” and slip into the “wading pool” rather than swim in the ocean. Mental toughness is required for every self-made millionaire and if you interviewed a hundred you probably would have a common denominator of failing once or twice before finding that formula for success.

My advice is “Do Not Be Afraid to Fail” as many have - but given “A Second Chance “- they were able to continue on their way to financial happiness.

MY FAMILY

Frances Ann Hagen Kibble.

Frances entered the world on 8 December 1942 in Mobridge, SD. Her father, Roy Hagen, was a first generation 100% Norwegian whose father jumped ship from a Norwegian freighter that had docked in Duluth, MN. The 16-year-old made his way to South Dakota after living in northern Minnesota for several years and meeting his 100% Norwegian wife. They settled in a sod home, and homesteaded on the North Dakota-South Dakota border near Lemmon, SD. They had 5 children including Fran's father Roy, who was born in Adams County, North Dakota on 1 December 1911.

Fran's mother (Mary) was born on 4 August 1916 shortly after arriving in America, as her parents were 100% Romanian; they called themselves gypsies and were being persecuted in Romania, so they headed for the "promised land" once they accumulated their "ship fare money". They eventually settled in Mobridge, South Dakota which is located on the east Bank of the Missouri river that later became the Oahe Reservoir created by the Oahe dam located at Pierre, SD, 100 miles South of Mobridge.



**[Fran's Mother Teaching
Kris to Walk at 7 Months]**

After Roy retired, he became one of the "elite" walleye fishermen in the Mobridge area. He died of kidney failure 15 October 2004 at age 93. Roy was buried alongside Mary in the Mobridge Greenwood cemetery.

Mary, was a devout Catholic and full-time bookkeeper for the Ford car dealership in Mobridge, SD. She was an avid golfer and was the South Dakota state women's champ a couple of times during her golfing career. She had a high standing in the community because of her golfing achievements and outstanding personality. Mary died suddenly in her sleep at the early age of 56 on 30 April 1972.

Roy Hagen, Fran's father, started working for the Milwaukee Railroad and retired after 45 years. Because of part-time work early in his railroad career, the family lived "off the land" - deer, pheasant, grouse, and fish caught out of the

Fran's only sibling, Pat, joined the family two years after Fran was born. Sadly, Pat passed away from COPD at the age of 73.



[Patricia Jean (Hagen) Bruns]

2 Nov. 1944-14 Dec.2017

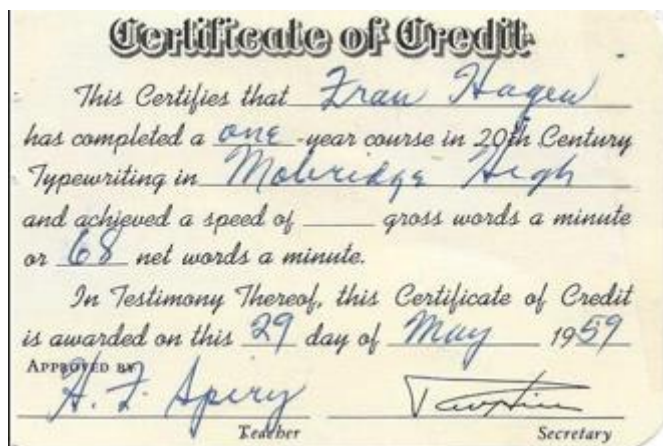


She was survived by her only child, Jennifer (Bruns) Bhalla, Jen's husband, Ravi and granddaughters Bea and Josie. Jen and Family reside in San Francisco, California.

Left to Right: Ravi, Jen, Josie (12), Bea (15)

[Jennifer (Bruns) Bhalla Family]

Fran was well known in the small town (population 4,000) as she was usually one of the tallest (5 foot 9 inches) in every class and won many foot races, boys included, conducted by the local school district. Unfortunately for her, the only activity was cheerleading for girls in the late 1950s. She was her high school's fastest typist at 68 words per minute and competed at the state level. Fran was the South Dakota Junior Catholic daughter of the year, and that probably influenced her to attend Saint Catherine in Minneapolis, her freshman year of college. Thankfully, she transferred to the University of South Dakota at Vermillion, SD after her freshman year or it would have been unlikely that we would ever have met each other. She was an active member of the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority and lived in the sorority house her entire college career. Fran was an English Major - Spanish Minor and was also involved in Strollers as a director in their "First Place" musical production.



[Typing Certification]



[Kappa Alpha Theta -1964]

Top Row: Fran - Second from top: Sister Pat

Fran always had a job as soon as she was eligible to work. She worked at the Mobridge theater for many years, as well as the local florist shop. She was extremely sociable and developed many “life-long” friends who meet annually at a pre-determined location, usually Las Vegas!



[Mobridge Sisters in Las Vegas]

Left to Right: Frances Peterson, Frances Kibble, Janet Fowler, Gayla Kramme, Ione Oster, Marilyn (Sis) Asmussen

One of her main hobbies was water skiing on the Missouri River as soon as the ice melted. She could ski on one ski and take off from the dock and return with hardly a drop of water above her knees. Constant water skiing developed tremendous shoulder and leg strength, shaping her into 120 pounds of muscle. After arriving in Mankato in 1974, she joined a tennis league and became an above average tennis player. She is extremely competitive, whether at tennis (before both knees and right shoulder were replaced) or the many card games – particularly Cribbage and Gin Rummy - played socially or at home.

Fran shifted her attention from her children to her grandchildren, starting in the early to mid-1990s, and would also work part-time in Mankato Implement’s bookkeeping department as our accounts payable manager. No bill was paid until she validated every employee or store purchase. She saved us thousands of dollars by

taking advantage of discount schedules, etc. She also had the respect of all our employees, so everybody “toed” the line by using purchase orders O.K.’d. by proper department heads - nothing got by her eagle eyes.



[United In Marriage]

On 21 December 1964, marriage was accomplished without any input from me as I was just completing OCS boot camp in Quantico, VA. So, I arrived 24 hours before the wedding and as usual, everything was planned with perfection. All I had to do was show up at the altar with my best man - brother Bill.

Little did either of us know how the next 36 months would affect us for the rest of our lives. A short honeymoon in Bismarck, ND, Christmas in Mobridge, SD and over a 1700-mile trip to Pensacola, FL started our unbelievable 36 months journey. That included introductions to the deep south, segregationists (Ku Klux Klan), military funerals, hazards of flight school, two major surgeries, the birth of our daughter Kris (14

July 1966) and my 15-month absence in Vietnam. It would take many written pages to detail that 36 months of adventure that only two South Dakota young adults could have experienced. We felt that after surviving those three years our marriage could overcome any obstacle.

After spending (3 ½) years in the Marine Corps and almost seven years working for John Deere Company, we decided to raise our children in one school district after relocating 12 times during the previous ten years.

We settled on our final location, Mankato, MN, and moved there in May 1974 and have lived in three homes in that 49-year period. It will be our final resting place. Our 58 years of marriage (21 December 1964) has produced many surprises, but only helped cement our love for each other. I could not have chosen a better Life-Time partner and mother for our two children.

Kristin Mary Kibble Mattson

A “fierce competitor” describes her from early childhood. She wasn’t blessed with unusual athletic skills but would push her limit far beyond her physical skill level. Kris finished her second and final marathon in less than 4 hours.

Always a top-notch academic performer in the classroom, and over-achiever socially, she was runner up for Home Coming Queen. Kristin was never absent from any planned party in her last two years of high school, especially after obtaining her driver’s license.

Her passion was figure skating and she started lessons at a young age. I would drop her off at our “ice palace” at 6:00 AM and go back and pick her up in time for her first class at elementary school. Her devotion to the sport could have led her to the Olympic team if figures weren’t compulsory. At that time, they were combined with “free-skating” unlike today they just do free-skating and that was where she excelled; triple jumps and all the different jumps required at that level. She took second place at an important event, beating Jill Trenary, who later became a three-time U.S.A. champion and World skating champion. During her junior year in high school, she made the decision to leave the “political” skating world and concentrate on academics and other activities. She ran track for Mankato East and for quite some time held a 4x100 relay record as well as had success in the long jump.



[Figure Skating]

After graduating from high school in 1984 Kris attended Gustavus Adolphus College, in St. Peter MN, for two years and transferred to Saint Cloud State, known for their Journalism to focus on Speech Communication and Journalism, finishing her degree in 3.5 years. After long hours in an internship as a news reporter for KEYC TV in Mankato she took a turn and decided to pursue Exercise Physiology.

She was accepted in the master’s degree program in Kinesiology at Mankato State University and graduated with honors in 1989.

Kris accepted a job teaching at Normandale Community College in Bloomington MN and continued her education at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis and just needed to finish her doctoral thesis for a PhD.

While Kris was working for her master's degree at MSU, she was invited by the MSU baseball coach (Dean Bowyer) to teach his baseball team aerobics to prepare them for the spring season.

Her future husband was the captain of the baseball team. He asked her to attend a baseball-football gathering at the local ballroom, and that was their first official date. Mike Mattson would become my son-in-law two years later. Mike grew up on a farm ten miles outside of Willmar, Mn so he immediately fit in well with our farming family. Mike loves to hunt with their German Short Hair “Libby” and has been active in golf as well as coaching Jack in football and baseball and running the Chanhassen Legion Baseball Program. Mike started his own successful company (Rhino Technology Group) in the computer hardware industry in 2005 and now employs more than 50 people with over 35 million annual revenues.

I could not have picked a better son-in-law and father to Kris’s kids – he is our family handyman, a successful business entrepreneur, and is proving to be a hands-on grandpa to Theo just like he was for Katie and Jack.



Kris and Mike were united in marriage June 1st, 1991, after dating each other for two years.

They finally settled in the Chanhassen MN area and have lived there since January 1996, raising their two children Katie (February 9, 1994) and Jack (August 28, 1996.)

Both children attended the excellent Chanhassen public schools within walking distance of their secluded neighborhood of about 48 homes.

Everybody knows each other and many have become “best friends” throughout the years.

[Beautiful Bride]



[Mr. and Mrs. Mike Mattson]

Kris taught at Normandale Community College for 12 years and was close to finishing her doctorate degree in educational administration when she made a “pivotal” decision on becoming a full-time mother and school volunteer.

I quote her: “Raising children was my choice. I gave up my career and other things and went without for them. I never regretted making that decision and my life was and will forever be for my children until the day I die. They didn't ruin my life - they gave me a whole new perspective on the meaning of life.”



[Full Time Mother]

She made sure that her two children were challenged, and exposed to all aspects of life – homework, play time, extra credit for class standings, athletics, piano lessons, board participation, first communion, confirmation lessons, and everything else. involved in raising two exceptional goal-driven children. Her husband, Mike, backed her up and spent many hours coaching and being a great father while supporting Kris in her decision to be a stay-at-home mom. It proved to be the right decision as daughter Katie is a pediatrician and son Jack is an attorney. During the covid epidemic Kris started a small online jewelry business all on her own called Bold Soul Designs. She continues to have an e-commerce presence as well as wholesale accounts and they even named their boat after one of her best sellers – Happy AF.

The older she gets, the prouder I am. Her network of friends is overwhelming, and she and Mike will never be lonely as long as they live in their social Chanhassen neighborhood.



[Kris holding Katie after running her marathon under four hours]



[Kris and TR Boating]

The trait I like best about my daughter is that she controls her own destiny and makes all the right decisions at the appropriate time. Family is everything to her including their German Short Hair Pointer (Libby).

Kris and Mike enjoy a busy social life of boating on Lake Minnetonka, playing pickleball, golf, hunting, going to concerts, babysitting Theo, and spending time at their condo in Siesta Key.

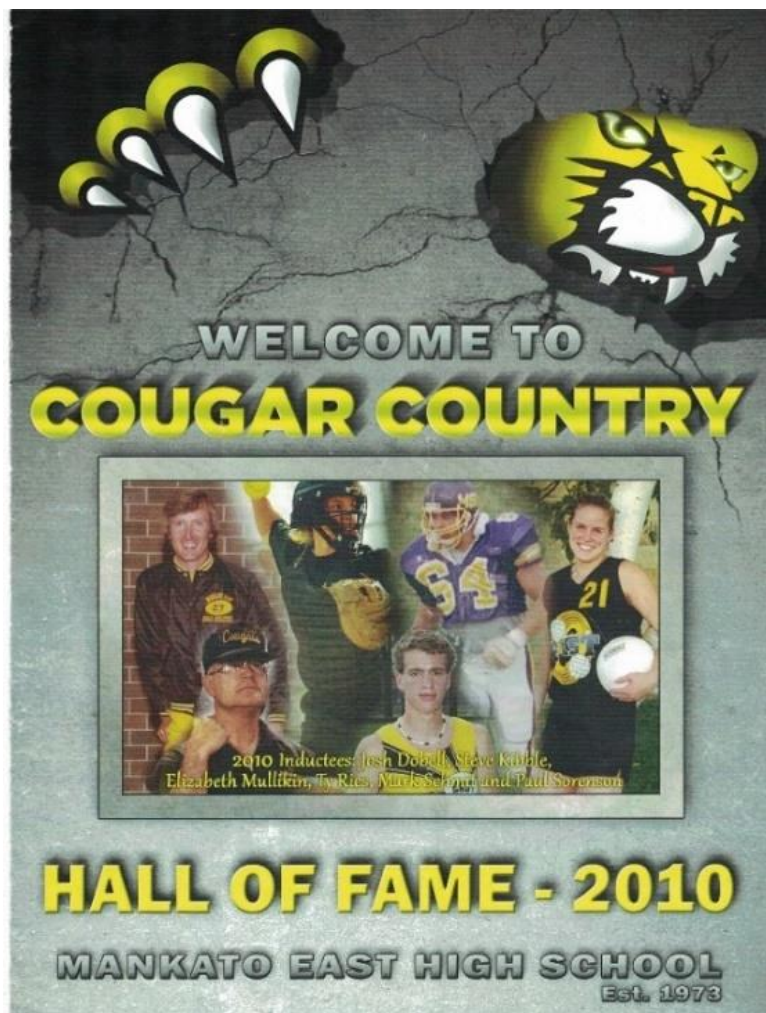
Long after I am gone, I know she will carry on our family tradition and raise her glass of scotch and toast her father, whenever appropriate. She has made me so proud, and I dearly love her.

Stephen Thomas Kibble

Born (January 28, 1969) in Bismarck, ND where I worked for John Deere Co. as a territory manager.

Fran had Kris and Steve both swimming as soon as they learned to walk. His swimming skills later helped him rescue two drowning adults on different occasions when he was in his forties and one in his fifties.

Steve had natural athletic ability and was always one of the largest boys all the way through grades (1-12). I encouraged both him and Kris to participate in track. His final year of AAU summer track (12 years old) he won the state 100-yard dash and took second in the 220 dash even after being spiked and tripped on the first turn.



[Hall of Fame]



Steve Kibble - Athlete

Steve Kibble certainly left his mark at Mankato East on the football and baseball fields and continued to make a name for himself after his career at East as well.

In football Steve earned All-Big 9 Conference honors and was All-City as a junior and senior for Cougars. Furthermore, he was a two-time Iron Man winner for the Coach Dierks' led squad and captain of the 1986 team. Steve also was a member of National Honor Society and was on the Dean's list his senior year.

During the spring Steve excelled in baseball by lettering three years, being a starter for his final seasons, and leading as a captain in his final campaign. He led the squad in batting average, home runs, and RBI's and capped off his senior year by earning All-Big 9 Conference honors.

Wrestling occupied Steve's winters during his last three years at East, and he claimed to have given Coach Dierks and Coach Kvebak many a good tussles on the mat during practice.

Upon graduation from Mankato East in 1987, Steve accepted a football scholarship to attend Mankato State University. As a Mav, Steve was a three year starter on the offensive line, played in two Division II National playoff games, and was named All-NCC his senior season. Steve earned his B.S. Degree in Marketing/Management with a minor in finance.

Currently Steve is part owner/general manager of Mankato Implement (John Deere) where he has worked for the last 17 years. He was the winner of 24 years of John Deere Manager's Club (top 50 dealers in US/Canada). He is president of MN/SD Equipment Dealers' Association, a board member of Poet Ethanol of Lake Crystal, a board member of the MSU Touchdown Club, and a board member of John Deere Advisory Council.

Steve and his lovely wife Pam have three children, Zach (22), Abby (15- a sophomore at East), and Jacob (9). His hobbies include running, biking, golf, bowling and traveling.

[Steve Kibble – Athlete]

Steve made the “Mankato Royals” traveling baseball team both as an eleven-year-old and twelve-year-old. He was a dangerous hitter and during an All-star tournament in Sioux Falls, SD, he hit five home runs in the only game my parents would ever see him play. My father turned to me after the 5th home run and asked, “how many times has that happened?” I grinned and replied, “He was just showing off for his Grandparents.” He never again had a day like that Sunday afternoon in Sioux Falls, SD.

Football was his sport, and he was lucky enough to play his senior year in High School for one of the best Football coaches that Mankato East ever had - Gary Dierks! He slowly grew into a six-foot 3-inch, 270-pound college lineman and started for three years on our local Mankato State College football team. He was again fortunate enough to play for one of MSU's finest coaches, Dan Runkle. Steve's senior year found them in the final eight teams in Division II after beating North Dakota State (27 to 7), on North Dakota's home turf, in 30-degree weather.

During his senior year, he started dating Pam Dvorak from St. Peter, MN, who also attended MSU, and graduated with a teaching degree that allowed her to teach for 30 years before retiring in 2021. Steve and Pam were married June 13th, 1992, a year after graduating from college. Their three children - Zach, Abby, and Jake would join them, living first in the old farmhouse and later in a new house erected about 200 feet from the 100-year-old house that hosted many a college party. As stated earlier, Pam dedicated thirty years to teaching in Mankato; 27 of those were at Kennedy Elementary – which happens to be where both Kris and Steve attended grade school. Pam played a significant role in developing curriculums and making a difference in the lives of many kids including ESL children. She balanced being a great teacher with parenting her own kids as well as developing an excellent game of golf. Pam and Steve love to bike and travel as well as continue to support MSU football, attending most of the games. We could not be more appreciative of having Pam as a daughter-in-law; she is a hard worker, dedicated to her family, and always up for having fun.



[Marriage Ceremony]



[Steve Kibble Family]

by Gannett publishing company.

Left to Right: Zach, Abby, Pam, Steve, and Jake.

Zach is a University of Minnesota Duluth graduate and served four years in the United States Marine Corps achieving the rank of Capt. He is now employed by Stryker Company.

Abby is a SDSU (Brookings, SD) graduate and is employed

Jake is finishing his senior year at Florida Gulf Coast University at Ft. Myers, Florida.

After graduation, Steve (in 1991) joined our Mankato Implement team and eventually worked his way up the ladder and became the manager and majority part-owner. After successfully purchasing six additional adjacent dealerships, for a total of eight, we were pursued by the Brandt organization to join with them. They had purchased brother Bill and Butch's dealerships in 2002. We decided to sell them in 2010. It was a huge decision for Steve to make as I was retiring at age 68. He worked for Brandt's organization as a minority owner and resigned 31 December 2020. Steve started his new venture - a housing development (Siesta Hills) . It is located on some of our farmland that butted up against the city of Mankato. He obtained his realtors license and started a whole new career at age 51. If his success continues forward as it has in the past 50 years, he will impact the local real estate market like a tornado with his new subdivision concept.

Steve and Pam are active golfers. They enjoy traveling and spending time at their condominium on Siesta Key, Sarasota, FL, during the winter months. I couldn't have imagined having a better partner in the last 20 years of my career than my only son. We never had a blow up nor disagreement that we couldn't immediately reconcile. I valued his commonsense judgment as much as my original partners, Jim McGraw and Bill Hoffman. I had made minimal contribution to his success, and we give his mother most of the credit. She helped develop his self-confidence from a toddler through the 8th grade. Like most successful people, he had the respect of the

local community and created many lifelong friends, both in the business world and in social arenas.

I am extremely proud of his achievements and especially proud to have him for my son. I enjoy the father-son relationship we still have and my love for him will be long after I am no longer alive.

Our Five Grandchildren and “Great” Grandson

Abby

Abigail (Abby) Kibble easily possesses the most “street smarts” and common sense of our five grandchildren.



She was a three-year starter on her soccer team and the team “enforcer” because she was not afraid of contact and was never “intimidated” by anyone.

Abby graduated from South Dakota State University, Brookings, SD with a business degree and has worked in sales for Gannett Publishing Company since college graduation. She purchased a home in Sioux Falls, SD and resides there with her golden retriever, Nalu and black cat, Myla. When she was a junior at SDSU, she wrote us the following letter. This young woman has made us the proudest grandparents that you could ever imagine. She lights up a room when she comes through the door. We love her so much.

[The Enforcer]

Grandma and Grandpa,

I decided to type this instead of write because I have a lot to say and my hand gets tired when I write too much. I first want to start out by saying THANK YOU. Thank you for everything you have done for me. You have been there my entire life, always curious on the latest going and I appreciate that more than you know. Most of my friends don't have any grandparents, and some of them have already lost a parent. It really puts things into perspective when you see what you have compared to others. And I am so GRATEFUL. I wanted to also thank you again for the money you have given me to fall back on. It is honestly the most humbling thing that has ever happened to me. I know money isn't everything, but I got lucky with that generosity. I have recently been struggling with a lot in my life. Figuring out who I am, what makes me happy, who makes me happy. I have lost close friends, and have been fighting to get back to the fun-loving and outgoing girl I used to be. I realize this is life, and things take time. I luckily am able to take some of that money you have given me and spend it on vacations and little weekend getaways with my friends. This has granted me to create memories I will have forever with people I will never forget. Time with friends and people who I love has always been very valuable to me. But this has also given me an opportunity to choose a path in life, to chase my dreams because I know I have that security. I honestly wouldn't have the luxury of doing all the cool things I am able to do if it wasn't for the path you and my parents began to pave for me. I hope to God one day I will be able to prepare my kids and grandkids for life, just as you did. You guys have been an unbelievably important part of my life. It may not always show because I am growing up and beginning to become an adult and we lose contact sometimes, but just know you guys follow me everywhere I go. I want to also thank you for showing me what it is like to respect everyone. To walk with my head held high and don't listen to what others say. You have always been the two to tell me, ALWAYS BE YOURSELF. I have stuck to this my whole life. I have noticed a lot of people go through their lives not living it fully to the way they wished. I can't be that type of person. I am a go getter. You have been two have taught me to be that way. Thank you for believing in me when a lot of others doubted me. Whether it was with soccer in high school, or me graduating college. You NEVER doubted that I could succeed. That has followed me and has been a huge part of the woman I am forming into. I could go on and on about everything I am thankful for from both of you. But I just wanted you to have a personal momentum of the respect and gratitude I have for both of you. Thanks for loving me unconditionally. I know I can be a big scary bitch, but I have a genuine heart and will do good in this world because of the love you've given me.

Thank you again. I love you so much.

Your Grandaughter,

Gail-Abba

[Letter From Abby]

Katie

Katlin Frances (Mattson) VanDerhoef was the most motivated of the grandchildren. Aside from being an excellent pianist, and homecoming queen, she was one of her school's top sprinters and played first team tennis for five consecutive years. She made it to State her last three years, beating rivals in singles and the following two years earning doubles champion runner up titles. If she had not had major wrist surgery her junior year or mono her senior year, she possibly could have been a state singles champion.



[Fierce Competitor]

From age four, Katie dreamed of being a pediatrician and built her resume and grade point through Chanhassen, MN high school and the University of Minnesota. She was accepted into Creighton, NE School Of Medicine and became a Doctor of Pediatrics and did her residency at the University of Minnesota.

When Katie was a first-year med student at Creighton, she sent us the letter below as our Christmas gift. I will cherish this gift forever. Everybody loves Katie, but not as much as we do.

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

This year I decided to write you a letter for Christmas, which I hope is more meaningful to you both than any gift I could have picked out. I want to start out by saying how much I love and appreciate you both. You have supported my dream of becoming a doctor since day one and have helped push me to achieve my dreams. I could never thank you enough and I am so grateful for all you have done for me. From financially and emotionally supporting me, to being so understanding when I am busy at school and don't have the chance to talk for weeks at a time, you have always been there to brighten my day. I love you both so much. I couldn't have made it this far without you.

Since I didn't have the opportunity to keep you consistently updated on my medical school experiences throughout the past semester, I will share some of the things I did and learned with you now! Anatomy lab was extremely interesting, but I also learned very quickly that I don't want to be a surgeon. The smells were disgusting and I definitely didn't have the patience to dissect through the various fragile structures of the human body... I'm crossing neurosurgery off of my list! However, I absolutely loved shadowing a neonatologist in the local children's hospital. It definitely solidified that I want to work in some realm of pediatrics. As sad as it was seeing extremely sick children, I can't imagine anything more rewarding than helping them to get better day in and day out. I also learned this semester how to perform a full physical exam, from listening to the lungs and heart to palpating the abdomen. I feel like that was the first true "doctor-esque" thing I have learned to do so far, which only made me more excited for the future! The first semester was mostly used to cover the basics of anatomy, genetics, cell biology, and ethics. Over the next few years, we will finally begin covering the different body systems and their related pathologies, which will be much more applicable to the profession. Although school is difficult and tiresome, I can't imagine doing or being anywhere else. It's where I belong, and you both helped me to get there. I could never thank you enough for the opportunity you provided me to study medicine, something most people never get the chance to do!

On a different note, my friends in the fraternity absolutely adore you guys! You must visit Omaha again sometime soon. They would just love it if you guys went out and had a couple of beers with all of us! They still laugh about when you were here for the white coat ceremony and decided to "fire proof" the house. All of them think you are both the greatest, and I couldn't agree more. Please come visit soon. You could even bring Libby! Or Jack could come with for the weekend if he doesn't have baseball.

Anyways, I would like to end this letter by saying how thankful I am for the both of you. I love you both very very much. You are the greatest grandparents I could have ever asked for and I couldn't be where I am today without you.

Love,

Katie

[Letter From Katie]



[Katie's Wedding]

Left to Right: Jack, Mike, Kris, Katie, and Daniel.

After overcoming COVID interference, on 9 August 2020 Katie married her medical fraternity soulmate, Daniel VanDerhoef (who is now a Hospitalist at Regions Hospital in St. Paul, MN).

They produced our first great-grandson -Theo (Theodore Ronald VanDerhoef) born November 14, 2022. If he inherits both his parent's drive and talent, he will be the most successful child in the 21st Century.



[Katie and Daniel]

Zach

Zachary (Zach) has been my hunting buddy since he was six years old. He started accompanying me on South Dakota hunting trips at age twelve. I made him drive the car at age 13 and he was just as good of a driver, as he was an expert marksman with pistol, rifle, or shotgun. He is easily the best in our family in all four categories. He was an excellent Lacrosse player and good football player in high school.



[Hunting Buddies]



[Zach Kibble Marine Corps]

He graduated from the University of Minnesota-Duluth and immediately departed for a four-year tour in the Marine Corps. He became an Artillery officer, as a USMC Captain after serving most of his tour in Hawaii and Okinawa. True to form; he shot “Expert” on the rifle range!

Zach has worked for Stryker Company since his Marine Corps experience and operates a robot used in knee and hip surgeries mostly in St. Peter, MN near the Minneapolis area. He bought a house in Shakopee, MN and lives there with his German Shepherd, Kimber. SEMPER FI, Zach!

Thank you, Zach, for continuing the family Marine Corps tradition. That’s one of many reasons we love you.

Jack

Jack Mattson was his high school's leading tackler his senior year as a starting inside linebacker. He was arguably the best hitter for his 2015 Chanhassen State Championship baseball team as well as earning academic all-conference several years.

He attended Minnesota State University-Mankato, MN on a baseball scholarship and graduated with a finance major. He then obtained his master's degree in finance from the University of Colorado in Boulder. He participated in an accelerated one-year program (normally a two year).



[Jack's Favorite Sport]



[Oath of Office]

He was accepted into the Stetson School of Law (St. Petersburg, FL) and graduated May 13, 2023, with an emphasis in Business. He interned with the highly rated Law Firm (Cole, Scott & Kissane) in Tampa, FL. and was offered a full-time job after graduation at this firm to start his law career.

It is very unlikely that you would ever win an argument with Jack as he has a photographic memory and will overwhelm you with well researched facts. He is liked by everyone and doesn't possess an enemy. We respect and love you dearly Jack.

Jack taking his oath after passing the Florida BAR Exam, 19 September, 2023.

Jake



[Jake Kibble]

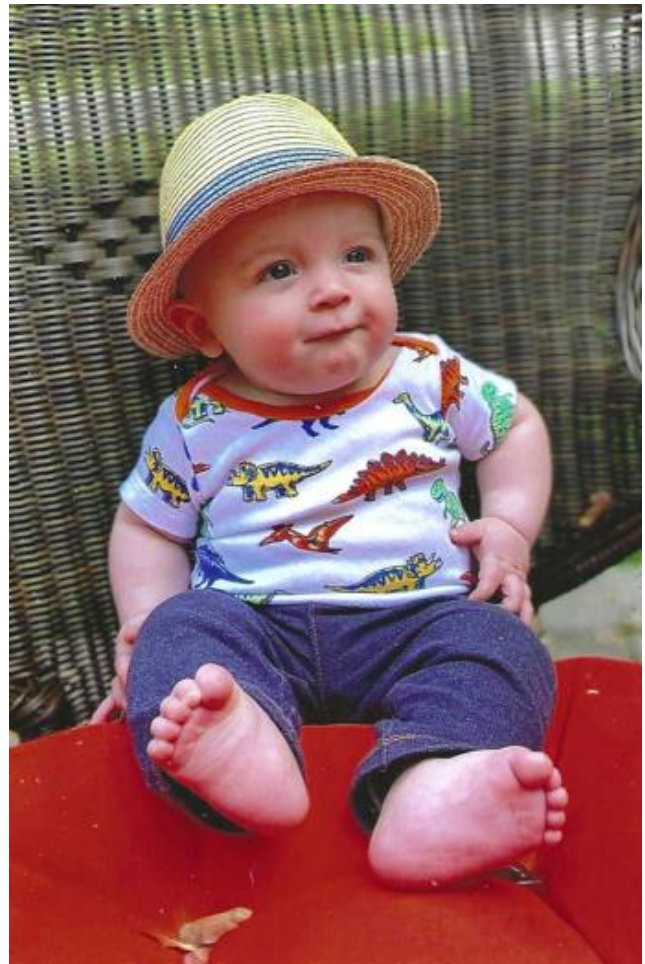
Jacob (Jake) Kibble was the field goal - kicker for the Mankato East High School football team and played on the soccer team. He had probably attended more parties than his sister, Abby.

Jake and I were involved in a near-fatal Gator (John Deere utility vehicle) accident when he was four years old. The concussion he received easily made him the most Conservative member of our family. Of course, I'm embellishing an almost tragic incident, but you will never win a political argument with him. We call him M.R. Ultraconservative! Jake moved to Florida immediately after high school graduation and attends Florida Gulf State University in Ft. Myers majoring in Forensic Studies.

He has had many part-time jobs working as a grocery employee, janitor, handy-man, night watchman and waiter. All the different past employment makes him the most job-experienced of all the grandchildren. I predict he will own his own business by the time he reaches thirty. He will make a great owner-manager with all his past working background. Even though we don't see him often, we see him enough to love him as much as any of our grandchildren.

Theo

Our first great grandchild,
Theodore Ronald VanDerhoef was born
on 14 November 2022.



[T. R. at Six Months]

SIGNIFICANT INFLUENCE

Every successful person has a huge family supporting cast that has influenced one's life and 95% of the time they are positive but one can also learn valuable lessons from the 5% negative influences so I will start a chronological list from my earliest memories:

Vernon Kibble (1917-1985)

My father had experienced rejection by his mother, Louise Mairer - my grandfather had impregnated her out of wedlock, and she resented her shotgun marriage - thus grandpa raised his son the first couple of years with little help from his son's mother.

I personally thought this affected my father even later in his mid-40s. Vern was a perfectionist - every cornrow had to be perfectly straight, or he would tear it up and replant. There couldn't be a single alfalfa plant standing after you mowed a 10-acre field. We would hand rake our huge backyard almost every Sunday if dirty or filled with too many tractor tire marks. An 18-hour day was common and 7 days/week during the growing season was the norm. He had gone through the 1929-1936 depression era as a teenager and would only purchase anything with cash. He was a very successful share-crop farmer who didn't own a piece of land until his late 40s. I classified him as an introvert who cared for and helped many people and never expected anything in return. I felt he was more generous to neighbors than he was to his immediate family. He taught me how to work and gave me huge responsibilities at a very young age and I was his "hired hand" until our disagreement in October 1958. I didn't speak to him or see him but once in two years and he made no attempt to contact me for reconciliation. He went to his deathbed without ever saying he loved me. I personally felt he fought depression throughout his lifetime, and I certainly forgave him for our blow-up in 1958. In summary I gave him credit for helping me be independent and not afraid to jump outside the norm and be an entrepreneur when the opportunity was available. Vern is buried in the Garden of Memories cemetery in Yankton, South Dakota.

Evelyn Branaugh Kibble (1918-2006)



[Mother's Family]

My mother was the middle child; Myrtle was her older sister and Walter was her younger brother.

Pictured are Myrtle, Grandpa Doc, Grandma Clara, Evelyn and Walt. This picture, taken in 1969, was their last visit together.

Her parents, Doc and Clara Engle Branaugh were very undereducated. Neither had graduated from 8th grade but were excellent parents and both Myrtle and my mother were high school graduates. Mother was an exceptional musician and played in the Yankton College Orchestra as a 12-year-old violinist. She

could play sheet music and by “ear”. She would hear a new song on the radio and sit down at her piano and play it several times in different chords even though she only heard the song once. She was the most loving parent one could have and despite the condition we lived in - no electricity until 1949, no indoor plumbing, and wood heating - she was always upbeat and told us it would get better in the future.

One can only imagine what it was like moving from a city into the country and experiencing settler-like conditions and raising four boys while maintaining a large garden, chickens, and hens, milking 25 cows by hand, farrowing 350 swine to finish and canning 1000 quarts of meat and garden produce for winter consumption. Our weekly bath was a large washtub on the front porch in front of a wood-heated stove that warmed our bath water. She was on the go 18-19 hours/day, and it took its toll on a beautiful woman who deserved more. Many a night I would help her wash dishes and clean up so she could sit down and rest - we had many one-on-one talks when we were alone in the kitchen.

Pictured are Jim, Mother, Ron, Bill and Roger (1954).

She would always encourage me to do my best even though she struggled physically on our working farm. Shortly after my departure in November 1958 the cows were sold and most of the livestock, swine, chickens, etc. went with them and mom got a job selling men's clothing at Hanney's - a local men's clothing store where she worked with another young part-time salesman, Tom Brokaw [of NBC fame].



[Mother With Her Four Boys]

The 15 years of hard labor on the farm had taken their physical toll and she would ache the rest of her life. She was such a positive influence during my first 16 years.

I did the eulogy at mom's funeral, and her great-granddaughter, Katie (age 12) played the piano and wrote the tribute below. Evelyn was buried beside her husband Vernon Kibble in the Garden of Memories cemetery in Yankton, South Dakota.

Grandma
by
Katlin F. Mattson

It was my Grandma. That day was all a memory for her. I must admit, it was one for me too. The day was thick with sorrow, and tears stained the faces of her loved ones. We had all gathered for one purpose, yet our minds wandered. When the time came, we sat in silence waiting for the sermon. Only an occasional whisper could be heard. When the music cued, silence so quiet you could hear your own heart beat, enveloped the viewers. All of us knew what was coming next.

When the time came, my Grandpa, her son, stood to speak. You could see the pain in his face and the sorrow behind his eyes. That picture will stay with me forever. Creeping forward like the pace of a fog suffocating a town, he made his way to the front of the room. Behind that old wooden altar he swayed, telling his friends, family and others, the story of his Mother's life.

When he was finished, grief swept over the room, thick and engulfing us all like a disease. He came back and carefully sat again, his body making the slightest "Thump." Now it was my turn.

I kept my head down, creeping towards the front of the room where the old piano sat – like a cat waiting for its prey. I heard myself Gulp. I had practiced and practiced Amazing Grace, and now was the time to show it. I sat down gently, set my hands on those cold ivory keys, and played. It wasn't the best I had ever played, but it must have moved the audience. By the time I was done, the whole room was in a flood of tears. When I came back, my Grandpa squeezed my hand. Nothing else was said, but it meant everything to me. By that time, I too was crying.

The next few minutes seemed like hours, the Minister prolonging each and every one of his words, making what should have been a memorable time merely 20 minutes of torture. Then it was done. As fast as it had started it was over. I guess you could say that I was in a daze. But that wasn't uncommon, for when you looked around the room you could see in everyone's eyes that they too were some place else.

There were some words spoken but many were just hung in the air of emotion. We said our good byes and set out, back to _____ where we had come from.

[Twelve-year-old Katie's Tribute]

Fred Kibble (1891-1964)

My fraternal grandfather was the most influential person in my formative years (ages 4-11). Fred and Louise lived across the gravel road in a house 2.5x larger than our 600 square foot, two-bedroom home. Aunt Emma Weidenbach owned both farms, so Fred was also a sharecropper like his son, Vernon.

Grandpa was a great horseman as we farmed with horses until 1947 because of the shortage of machinery created by WWII. He was an excellent “Ferrier” and as mentioned before, lost an eye while stoking the fire with hand bellows when he was a young man. He taught me how to clip and shoe horses and use all his medicinal remedies for farm animal ailments.

He bought me my only horse, Blacky, and I started riding him bareback at age five and in return I herded his cattle on the township roads until he moved to Yankton and became the chef at the Elks lodge. At age six, I drove his car while he would sip his ‘pony” beer. I would plow ahead of him in the field - I operated the original W.C. Allis Chalmers while he operated a “H” Farmall trailing behind me. He’d throw a cigarette butt down and I would pick it up and take in a mini drag - so I could be just like him.

He was one of nine boys and seven were alcoholics - thank God he was one of the two who had escaped the dreaded disease. The last half-hour of his life we spent together, and I only wish I could have recorded the conversation. He was truly one of my favorite people and I will never forget him. Grandpa Fred was buried at the Garden of Memories cemetery in Yankton, South Dakota.

Louise Kibble (1897-1977)

My fraternal grandmother was one of my least favorite people. If I sat in a certain chair, she would yell at me to move as I might have dirty clothes and soil a wooden chair. The next day it would be the chair she had directed me to the day before - you could never satisfy her, and she detested my relationship with her husband. She was a 5’8” 160lb woman who could out-work her husband and there was no doubt that she was “boss.” My Grandpa Fred took the abuse and made up for her negative actions by taking me with him whenever possible. On his deathbed he apologized for her actions that indirectly got me kicked out of my home in 1958. She was not one of my favorite relatives. Louise was buried next to her husband at the Garden of Memories cemetery in Yankton, South Dakota.

James “Doc” Branaugh (1885-1970)

My maternal Irish grandfather was clearly the family character in my earlier childhood. He was a policeman for Yankton, S.D. and the family lived in a small 600 sq foot house located between two major railroad tracks on the east side of the town of 13,000. They could barely afford the rent on the meager salary he earned as a local policeman, so they also had a large garden on several different properties around the two parallel tracks.

In 1929 he was chasing a bank robber and was shot in the left leg below his knee by a .45 caliber handgun. He spent a total of nine months in different hospitals until Mayo Clinic removed a 4.5-inch chunk of shattered shin and slid the two remaining bones together where they finally healed but caused him permanent nerve damage and severe pain the rest of his life.

He was forever crippled and the absence of salary for nine months and no other benefits had put his family in peril. All his neighbors kept the family with firewood and food until his return as the first fire chief in Yankton and the city hall custodian. He was a well-known town celebrity and the only officer to be wounded in the line of duty until his death.

Doc was a great checker player and I finally beat him at age 15. He hosted our family Pinochle games and would play a variety of card games that only a fire chief would have that much free time on their hands.

In 1936 he inherited \$36,000 from a rich bachelor uncle that was a New Jersey textile manufacturer. Each niece and nephew received the same amount. The inheritance allowed Doc and Clara to move out of their rental home and purchase a huge home at 507 Locust Street, one of the better areas of Yankton. They rented the two-bedroom upstairs apartment for years and lived in the spacious downstairs area. My senior year of high school I lived part-time in their basement so I could have a permanent mailing address. My rent was playing cards with them if I slept there. They were understanding grandparents and I loved them both.

Grandpa Doc survived two tornadoes within 12 months. For many years he had made fun of our farm tornado shelter that was used several times per year.



[Close Call with A Tornado]

the ground and preventing it from becoming airborne.

The tornado proceeded 100 yards downstream and destroyed a cabin occupied by the landowner - they found the deceased owner the following day more than a mile from his destroyed cabin site. Doc and his nephew escaped a near-death experience, and both were given a “Second Chance”.

Almost a year later a tornado hit the town of Yankton and caused minor damage to two homes, one home was located at 507 Locust Street. Doc's sunporch lost most of its shingles, thus putting him on the front page of the local newspaper as a tornado victim for a second time in less than a year. He never made fun of our tornado shelter after his two "twister experiences". Doc was buried in the Family plot at the Garden of Memories cemetery in Yankton, South Dakota.

Clara Branaugh (1895-1980)



My maternal Grandmother was a short, slightly overweight redhead who never overreacted - no matter how terrible the situation appeared. I attribute her calm demeanor as a product of her early childhood and being forced to leave her family at ten years of age and live with a foster family until her marriage to Grandpa Doc. She was a perfect grandmother and

never once did I hear her lose her temper or belittle anyone. She hovered over Grandpa Doc and satisfied his every demand. This effort carried through the entire family and even to outsiders (neighbors, renters, etc.) She loved her flowers and plants and was an avid card player.

Once television arrived, she was a huge fan of wrestling and would not move from her favorite chair until the hour was over. Clara was buried next to Doc at the Garden of Memories cemetery in Yankton, South Dakota.

Aunt Myrtle Schuldt (1916-1980)

Myrtle was an aggressive woman who was always on the move. She wrestled with me until I was a freshman in high school and was extremely strong. Aunt Myrtle had saved all my college football clippings and gave them to me a couple months before her death-she was like having a second mother! Myrtle was a great sister to my mother and didn't back down from anybody.

One day she picked up my mother and enroute to City Hall where Grandpa Doc worked, she informed my mother what their mission was that day. Apparently, Grandpa Doc was having an office affair with the bookkeeper at City Hall, and she was going to confront both to save Grandma Clara's marriage. Upon arrival, at City Hall she grabbed Grandpa Doc by the ear and marched him into the bookkeeper's office and "cussed" them out and threatened both physically if they didn't cease their romance. My Mother couldn't believe what she was doing, but it resulted in the bookkeeper's resignation and the end of the office romance.

Aunt Myrtle was the matriarch of her family and all four of her children respected her and never questioned her authority until the day she died of breast cancer at the early age of 64 (1980). Aunt Myrtle's final resting place is at the Garden of Memories cemetery in Yankton, South Dakota.

Uncle "Augie" Schuldt (1912-1985)

Uncle Augie was a small, soft-spoken man who had one employer all the time I knew him. He retired from the Yankton County shop as shop foreman after 40+ years as an employee. He was well liked and respected by all who knew him. He passed 5 years after Myrtle (1980). The last time I visited him, he told me he wished he had died when Myrtle did as he couldn't live without her. He was "mechanical"

smart and was used by Caterpillar Company as a reliable source of field information on any piece of equipment sold to a county or state entity.

I never heard him cuss, swear or belittle a person if they made a mistake. The four Schuldt children couldn't have picked better parents. Augie was finally reunited with his beloved wife, Myrtle, at the Garden of Memories cemetery in Yankton, South Dakota.

UNCLE WALT BRANAUGH (1920-2005)

Walt, a professional welder, and a devoted Union member was the youngest of the three siblings and according to my mother was in constant trouble the day he was born. He was very opinionated and always stood his ground thus creating a negative impression in every conversation.

Walt was a good "provider" and was lucky enough to marry one of the nicest women that God ever created! Alice was the "glue" that kept their family intact and had the respect of her "In-laws" and their extended families.

AUNT ALICE BRANAUGH (1919-1989)

Alice was a good-looking "Redhead" that mirrored Grandma Clara's personality. She loved her family and somehow figured out how to handle her husband, manage a household, and raise their four children (Larry, Jim, Don, and Bonnie) in Thornton, Colorado, a suburb north of Denver.

Many times, after their semi-annual week of visiting their South Dakota relatives, upon their departure my Aunt Myrtle and my mother agreed that they could not have picked a better sister-in-law. She had an innate ability to handle their brother unlike their parents who had given up on him once he had entered grade school.

THE 12 FIRST COUSINS



[First Cousins]

Top Row Left to Right: Don Schuldt, Ron Kibble, Jim Branaugh, Larry Branaugh, Jim Kibble, Donny Branaugh

Middle Row Left to Right: Bob Schuldt, Grandma Clara, Grandpa Doc (both holding Jim Kibble's two oldest children)

Bottom Row Left to Right: Roger Kibble, Ken Schuldt, Kay Schuldt, Bonnie Branaugh (Missing Bill Kibble – active-duty USMC)

The second born of each family; Ron Kibble, Bob Schuldt and Jim Branaugh will comment on their siblings in more detail.

James Frederick Kibble (1939-2014)

Jim was the first-born grandchild (25 Jan. 1939) of James and Clara Branaugh and Fred and Louise Kibble. He was the center of attention until I arrived 3 1/2 years later.

He was the most natural athlete of all the 12 first cousins. When he was a freshman in high school, He ran a 2-06 half mile [880 yards] that probably still stands as a freshman South Dakota track record. He could have played varsity basketball and he certainly was the best baseball player in his age group. He didn't like physical contact but chose football in his junior and senior year and was at best an average player, even though he was the second fastest player on the team at 6-foot, one inch and 200 pounds.

Jim enlisted in the U S Air Force Immediately after high school graduation. He met his wife, Liz, while stationed in Logansport IN.

After a short romance, they were married, and he was relocated to an air base in England, where they started their family of four children. First was Angel, then Joy, Bud and Kerry.

Upon completing his four-year commitment, he returned to Yankton, SD, and became a police officer. A couple years later, he accepted a similar position in Denver, Co. After three years in Denver, he accepted a deputy sheriff's job in Lodi, CA and went to college after working his shifts and was two courses short of obtaining his BA degree in law enforcement.



[Jim Kibble Air Force]

After 10 years on the job, marital problems arose, and Liz and Jim obtained a divorce that scattered their young family in many confusing directions and resulted in unwanted negative choices by several of them.

My brother Bill and wife Jenny stepped in and helped the two middle children, Joy and Bud, by taking them into their household and helping them finish high school.

Jim resigned his sheriff's job and returned to the Midwest and became an alcoholic and was married several times. He never accepted the failure of his first marriage and the effect it had on his four children.

He was almost a teetotaler before his divorce and he tried to drink his sorrows away until his death from cancer March 15th of 2014, at the age of 75. He had so much potential and was well liked by everyone who had contact with him.

He eventually returned to Logansport IN and reunited with his first wife, Liz, and the two girls living in Logansport. Bill and I made our final trip to Logansport to visit him a couple months before his death. He knew the end was near and accepted his fate and was happy to be in the care of his youngest child, daughter Kerry. Bill and I gave her credit for stepping to the plate and taking care of her dying father.

Jim died from throat cancer (15 March 2014). We helped bury him alongside his grandpa, James [Doc] Branaugh in the Garden of Memories Cemetery in Yankton, SD. He had a military funeral with an Air Force honor guard. We placed him in his final resting place after a 75-year circle from birth to death. Rest in peace Jim!

Ronald Morris Kibble (1942-)

A 1964 B.S. History-Economic graduate of the University of South Dakota. Served in the United States Marine Corps (1964-1968). Worked for the John Deere company (1968 - 1974). Became a John Deere dealer (1974 - 2010). Married to Frances Ann Hagen (21 December 1964) in Mobridge, South Dakota. I presently live in Mankato, MN. Two children, Kristin and Stephen.

Fran, (born 8 Dec. 1942) was an English teacher.

William Richard Kibble (1944-)

William Richard Kibble received a B.S. in History - Math from the University of South Dakota in 1968. Served in the United States Marine Corps (1961-1964). Worked for the John Deere company (1969-1976). Became a John Deere dealer (1976-2002). Married Jenny in 1967. Lives in the Villages, Florida. Two children, Vernon (Butch) and Leslie.

Jenny was a Valley State N.D. College graduate and avid book reader who would read 200 to 300 books a year. Jenny died from lung cancer 22 May 2021.

William [Bill] Kibble. Was born. May 19th, 1944, the third child of Vernon and Evelyn Kibble. Bill and I were one year and 10 months difference in age.

We were inseparable in our early years until our mid-teens. Bill was extremely intelligent and was allowed to skip 3rd grade, so he was one year behind me until my high school graduation.

In contrast to me, he never jumped into any situation without clearly exploring every possible positive or negative that could occur. Both of us were extremely valuable to my father's farm operation as we could safely operate any machine and have that machine perform to his high expectations. We also did manual work at the level of any adult. We truly were In-House hired hands and were available 24 hours a day, seven days a week. I doubt if any two neighboring brothers produced work at our level.

It should have been no surprise that both of us, through hard work, achieved success on the University of South Dakota football teams. Both of us were three-year starters and Captains of our respective teams. That work ethic transferred into our business careers, and it was no accident that both of us were extremely competitive.

Bill finished his senior year of high school and immediately departed for the United States Marine Corps boot camp in San Diego a month past his 17th birthday and weighed a whopping 140 pounds. He went through a growth spurt while in boot camp and gained 40 pounds of muscle throughout his four months of extreme physical training.

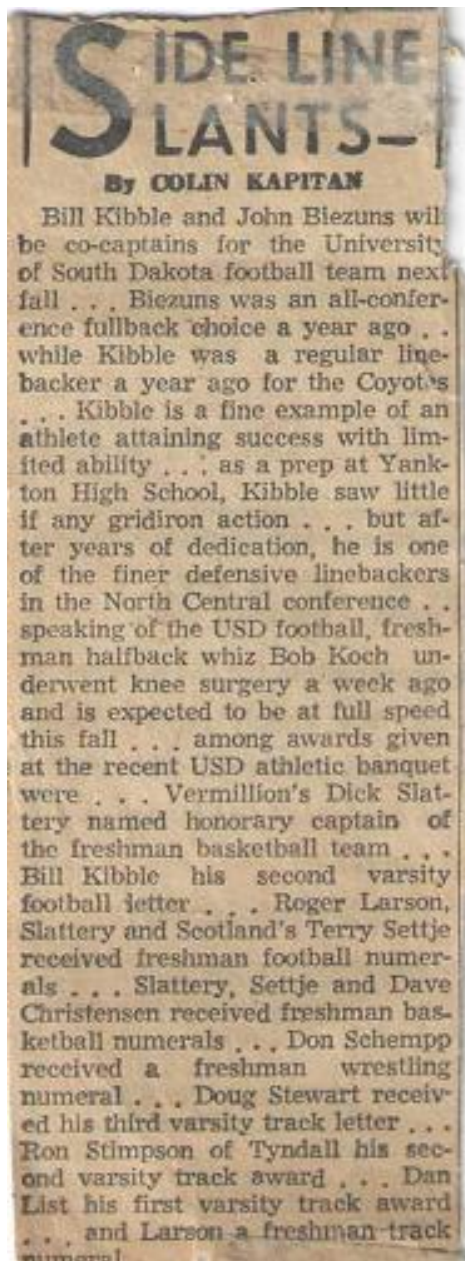
He later qualified for the Third Bn. Recon Marine Group and endured many more months of grueling physical training in small unit tactics like the Navy SEAL program. He was on a troop ship located offshore near Cuba in 1962 and was about to head for shore when President Kennedy canceled the invasion that allowed the massacre of the exiled Cubans who thought they had the Marines following them to the Cuban shore.

Most of his three-year tour involved being part of a six-man crew assigned to a submarine. The six Marines would surface offshore and paddle in to shore on a rubber raft and reconnoiter most of the shorelines, rivers, and terrain of many Asian countries. They would return to the submarine before daylight and be towed back out to sea by roping the submarine's periscope and boarding the sub several miles out at sea to avoid detection. He also landed in Saigon, South Vietnam, in a show of force after cruising upriver in a naval vessel.



[Bill Kibble Marine Corps]

He started school at the University of South Dakota in the fall of 1964 and walked onto the football team. Because of his size, 5 foot nine, 185 pounds, he would have to prove himself every year to the football coaching staff and would always win his starting position by being the toughest (pound -for -pound) player on the team. He was considered one of the best Linebackers in the N.C.C. Because of his USMC experiences and mental toughness, he quickly became a team favorite amongst his fellow teammates.



[Bill Kibble Football]



[Defense Leader]

During his junior year, he met his wife Jenny and after months of dating, they decided to get married.

Because of her academic background, Jenny made sure that both children knew what a high priority education would be in their future endeavors. Both were excellent high school athletes and after Butch served six years in the United States Marine Corps (which was a family tradition) he finished college at North Dakota State University in Fargo, ND, in less than two years and joined Bill in the family business with his wife, Isa, and their two girls, Kendra and Tania.

Both Kendra and Tania would go to medical school and become doctors, just like their aunt Leslie, who is an ENT surgeon and owns her own clinic in Fargo, ND. Leslie married her high school sweetheart (Bill Soine) and they have two girls of their own: Sydney, who is in Law school, and Olivia a college student.

Bill sold his John Deere business to Ace Brandt in 2002 and pursued his lifelong dream of farming until retiring in 2019. Butch continues to work for Brandt Holding Co. as manager of 37 John Deere stores and still farms the 4000 acres that he and Bill put together after their sale to the Brandt organization.

Bill and Jenny retired to the Villages in Florida, and both were active golfers and loved their new home in the active community until Jenny's death, (22 May 2021). Jenny's funeral and final resting place was conducted at the Garden of Memories in Yankton, South Dakota.

Excluding my wife, two children, five grandchildren, and great grandson, I consider Bill my best friend and we still talk weekly and it's amazing how much we agree on any topic. I value his input more than any lawyer, accountant, or other professional input that I have received over many years. I always bounce a crucial idea in his direction before making a final decision. Willowdale School District Three and our almost identical paths through our first 30 years of life, cemented our trust in each other and both of us will take it to our graves or urns.

Prior to marrying Jenny, Bill had roomed with my good friend Chuck Hahn. Both were fellow Marines and became good friends. After graduation from the University of South Dakota in 1968, Bill had a couple of short-term jobs before joining John Deere in 1969 as a territory manager trainee that was identical to the program, I engaged in one year earlier. After a few months, he was assigned a territory manager's position at Jamestown, N.D. We were now in adjacent territories and got to see each other on a regular basis. His last assignment with John Deere

Company was store manager at Minot, ND, where he excelled and loved his job until I convinced him to become a dealer in Montevideo, Minnesota. As previously mentioned, he quickly became the number one dealer in the Minneapolis branch, consisting of about 400 dealers. Bill and Jenny raised their two children, Vernon (Butch) and Leslie in the small town of Montivideo, Mn. (Approximately 5000 population).

I asked Bill what accomplishments other than family pleased him most. He cited three: his three years of service in the United States Marine Corps, playing college football and being a college graduate. He listed his one major disappointment- when he sold his highly successful business ten years too soon. Semper Fi Bill!

Roger Vernon Kibble (1951-)

Roger Vernon Kibble. Born (19 January 1951). High school GED Plus many college credits. United States Marine Corps (1969-1972). Was self-employed, Selling used farm equipment. Never married. Presently lives in Centerville, South Dakota.

Roger was the youngest of the four boys. My mother wanted a daughter and was so sure her 4th child would be a girl, but it was not to be as his plumbing was the same as his older brothers. Being the youngest child by several years, Roger was allowed to “solo” his teenage years with very little responsibility or direction from his parents or older brothers.

Roger was extremely intelligent but not driven to reach any goals resulting in his not graduating from high school and eventually enlisting in the United States Marine Corps and serving from 1969 to 1972.

Roger tested quite high in their IQ and aptitude tests and ended up in Vietnam as a trusted Division Courier. He traveled by helicopter to every outpost manned by the Marines in the I core area; the most northern provinces that the United States Marine



[Roger Kibble Marine Corps]

Corps operated in Vietnam. After his tour in Vietnam, he was honorably discharged from the Marine Corps in 1972. He settled in the Lodi, CA area where his oldest brother Jim lived with his wife and their four children. Roger obtained his GED and attended college while working full time.

In 1976, he moved to Montevideo, Minnesota, and helped his brother Bill in the early stages of building Kibble Equipment Inc. He had a desire to be his own boss so after a couple of years he departed to start his own business in the used equipment market in our hometown of Yankton, SD.

I eventually helped him by giving him five acres of Hwy. 50 frontage that allowed him to build a new building and I also started him out with some used equipment that I had accumulated over a six-year period. A sudden downturn in the farm economy and sleep apnea forced him to sell the business and move back to Montevideo as a salesman for Brother Bill.

After he recovered his health, he headed back to the Yankton area to sell used equipment until his eyes started failing him from an earlier muzzle flash incident that occurred in Vietnam. He finally qualified for 100% VA assistance and has lived in Wakonda and Centerville, South Dakota for the past 15 years. He never married and has a cast of friends surrounding him and he spends many hours each day surfing his computer.

He possessed the most pleasing personality of the four brothers and probably never made an enemy his entire life. Roger called his three-year stint in the United States Marine Corps as his major accomplishment. His inability to get proper financing for his business venture was his biggest disappointment. He escaped his business venture debt free and left with some equipment for rental purposes, so it wasn't a complete bust.

Semper Fi Roger!

Donald August Schuldt (1947-)

Donald August Schuldt. Born (27 Aug.1947). Graduated from Southern State Teachers College, Springfield, SD. Was a secondary education teacher and involved in manufacturing. He married Liz Corkle in Tilden, Nebraska on 24 July 1971. Presently lives in Rapid City, SD. Two children: Amy and Brian.

Liz is a registered nurse.

Robert Henry Schuldt (1949-)

Robert Henry Schuldt. Born (17 July, 1949). A Physics and Math major at USD. Worked in Manufacturing Engineering and Consulting. Married Theresa Walker from Onawa, IA, 2 May 1970. Currently lives in St Cloud, MN. Five children: Tracy, Tim, Julie, Joe, and Jessie.

Tess is a registered nurse.

Kenneth Vernon Schuldt (1951-)

Kenneth Vernon Schuldt. Born (31 August 1951). Graduated from Northwestern Medical School, Chicago, IL. A certified Orthotics and Prosthetics Practitioner. Married Lenora Krone from Miles City, MT 25 August 1973. Presently lives in Wichita, KS. Three children: Jennifer, Jason, and Jill.

Ken and Nora Ken bred and raised Paso Fino show horses.

Kaylene Evelyn (Schuldt) Lukens (1951-)

Kaylene Evelyn (Schuldt) Lukens. Born (31 August.1951). A Yankton High School graduate was an office manager in medical insurance. Married Mike Lukens from Crofton, NE 17 July 1971. Lives in Wichita, KS. Three children: Sarah, Leslie, and Adam.

Mike was a Vietnam Veteran and died from cancer 28 November 2012.

Larry J. Branaugh (1943-1968)

Larry J Branaugh. Born (19 June 1943). Died (19 April 1968). Buried at the Fort Logan National Cemetery, Denver, Co. A 1961 Thornton High School graduate. Attended the University of Colorado - Boulder. Worked for the Public Service of Colorado before entering the army. Married Betty J. Thrasher in 1963. They had no children.

Larry was a highly decorated helicopter pilot who was killed in Vietnam 19 April 1968.

James W. Branaugh (1944-)

James W. Branaugh. Born (8 November 1944). A 1963 Thornton High School graduate. Also, a 1995 Regis University graduate. Purchasing manager and Contract manager for several companies. Married Charlene Jones 29 July 1967 in Arvada, CO, which is their present location. Their two Children, Preston and Matthew are both Law School graduates.

Donald E. Branaugh (1946-1996)

Donald E. Branaugh. Born (28 July 1946). Buried in Highland Cemetery, Northglenn, CO in 1996. A 1965 Thornton High School graduate who Served in the Army for a short period of time after high school graduation. Never was married.

Bonnie E. Branaugh (1951-)

Bonnie E. (Branaugh) Gould. Born (28 June 1951). A 1970 Thornton High School graduate. Went to Emily Griffith School in Denver. Did assembly work for several companies around Denver. Married Douglas Gould in August of 2005. Currently lives in Port Charlotte, FL. Has Three children: April, Brian, and Gavin.

ADMIRABLE MEMORY

I want to recognize four deceased friends that I admired during my time at Mankato Implement and retirement; it could have easily been 404 but that could be for another time.

Denny Trio

A Mapleton Mn. farmer who not only was a great customer, but he also became an excellent friend. Denny only slept four to five hours each night, so he became an avid reader of non-fictional books and would read two to three hours every night. His overall intelligence was unbelievable. He was considered the best farmer in a 30-mile radius. He understood soil profiles, soil compaction evils, and would always get top production on every acre with the minimum required inputs. He was lucky to marry somebody much like him. Vera, his wife was equivalent to a hired man and still raised seven outstanding children. Their son David and his wife Jody took over the operation after Danny died from cancer in his early 60s. I spent many hours with him discussing different topics. The last two months he was alive I'll never forget one of his statements. Ron: I have read at least 100 books, and nobody can prove that God doesn't exist. Denny, being quite religious, felt he would be in good hands when the time came. The Trio family asked me to deliver his eulogy and I was extremely honored to be involved in his final Tribute. Vera, now in her 80s, still does fieldwork for David and Jody and I think she spiritually connects with Denny by doing so because of their past mutual love of the land and still farming it with her son and daughter-in-law. I will forever remember the Trios.

Joe Willaert

Joe was about 30 years older than me and quietly became one of my favorite customers. He was soft-spoken, a good listener and he had a remarkable ability that captured your attention with his wisdom. He was the leader of a four-brother operation and was able to direct everyone to a consensus achievable goal. Their Nicollet County operation was considered the best in the county. Joe bought marginal peat ground and hauled black dirt to the bogs with soil movers and created some of the highest producing soil in the county. I would visit him for hours in his Home Office between harvest and spring planting. Any topic was on the table, and he was well read and current, even in his late 70s. He was a religious person who believed

we were put on this earth for a purpose. His mission was to take care of his extended family and help feed the world by farming the soil that God created. He emphasized that a person had to be profitable to be functional, and that was his success story. I only encountered one of his kind in my 44 years of John Deere experience.

Bruce Born

Bruce would be the only employee that I would hire four times and fire three times. Gordon Jindra was the South-Central College Agriculture Diesel mechanics technical instructor for over 35 years, and he claimed that Bruce was the most intelligent student he had in his entire career at the North Mankato Technical School. Bruce had a 150 IQ and was a Merit Scholar and was offered a Full Ride Football Scholarship at SDSU Brookings, SD as a defensive tackle. He was 6 foot two inches and weighed 250 pounds of solid muscle. He decided to marry his high school sweetheart and get his technical degree. He started working at Mankato Implement and unfortunately became an alcoholic, thus ruining his marriage and eventually leaving his wife and their three children. I would fire him and tell him to come back once he had conquered his drinking problem. The fourth time I rehired him, he had been active in AA and was sober for his last 19 years. He was our “shop” teacher and roamed around our service department, helping everyone solve their daily problems in the highly technical, computerized world of the latest farm equipment. He became an icon after beating the dreaded alcohol disease. Unfortunately, He was diagnosed with cancer and became a terminal cancer victim in his mid-50s. He was bedridden the last couple of months of his life. I visited him quite frequently and during one visit he asked me how he would die as he knew I was a Hospice volunteer. He said he couldn't find a technical manual on how to die. I reassured him there was no such manual and that he would dictate the final chapter of his life. I gave him foot massages on each visit, which was my Hospice specialty and gave him his final massage two hours before he peacefully passed away. I was honored to do the eulogy at his funeral.

Susan Van Vranken

We met Tom and Susan on the beach in Siesta Key, FL and instantly became friends with the North Canton OH Midwesterners. We had similar thoughts on family and life experiences, and we would spend hours discussing how we could make the world a better place. Tom and I would walk the island and I was happy that we started playing pickleball as he almost killed me while I tried to keep up with him on our long walks. Tragedy hit when Susan informed our group that she was diagnosed with ALS. One of the most popular in our group was about to teach all of us how to die with

dignity and her husband was with her every step of the way and fulfilled her dying wish “to die at home”! His two-year ordeal certainly was remarkable, and he honored her request to the final hour. Susie died knowing he loved her as much as she loved him. Susie and I exchanged the following emails on 15 November 2020, 11 months before her death 9 October 2021.

Dear Susie,

I have rewritten this three times as it is hard to put in words on how all of us feel about your situation. The first time I visited with you, I could sense you were a caring person, which is not unusual for retired educators. We have many career teachers as friends as well as our daughter and daughter-in-law. The common denominator for successful teachers is the love of their job and making a difference for those who need help. Your choice to run and be elected to your local school board even demonstrated that you weren't through "making a difference". I was flabbergasted when you would interrupt your Florida vacation and fly home to attend school board meetings at your own expense. I can only imagine how many young people you influenced during your teaching career and how many you helped "turn-around" and head in a positive direction. My high school biology teacher helped me head in the right direction at a critical time in my life and he certainly didn't do it for monetary reasons.

Being a wife, mother, teacher, school board member and all of your other activities required a lot of non-leisure hours jammed into a 24 hour day. Now your life has been turned "upside-down" and you have every right to be upset and please do not stop communicating your feeling as this is a "teaching moment" for all of us-I admire you for your honesty! We will have you and Ton in heart and mind as you traverse through this unwanted journey. We will never understand why you were chosen to "teach" us how sacred that even the most minute, everyday chore should not be taken for granted.

Most important of all, you have truly made a difference during your lifetime and all of us respect you and pray for a miracle. We love you dearly. Ron

[Susan Van Vranken Emails]

Dear Ron,

The words & thoughts you shared with me brought me to tears, but mostly happy ones, & the fact you took the time to write to me at all is a priceless gift that I will cherish.

I haven't done anything you haven't done, especially when we don't put a name to the volunteer action. I have learned from our many discussions (that never get old) the numerous ways you have given back to your community, your church, kids & to those you mentored in your very successful profession. When those are done not for the notoriety but rather from a huge heart, you too have proven you paid it forward over & over again.

It's not going to be easy to get me to SK & after last year, I really didn't think we would be able to return. I hope we can stay as long as we plan to but time will tell. We will do our best with what we are given. I really believe I'm more angry about covid than my condition. It adds frustrating obstacles that we shouldn't have to consider on a daily basis. No euchre, no game nights, no paws in bowls of nuts, M&M's & snacks, no cookouts, no simple pleasures.

There are times I try to understand my illness & fate but my undeniable faith in God reassures me I'm not fighting this battle alone. There are too many moments that I worry about not being capable or strong enough to battle this disease when my symptoms get very bad. When I start needing a lot of assistance to stay alive, I will not give up but rather respect Tom enough to unselfishly end the nonsense so he can get back to living. Our plans as a couple ended abruptly but he should have a lot of life remaining to explore.

There are so many people being affected by my sickness & it adds more stress for me & far too many adjustments for my family members & friends, continuously changing every aspect of our lives. Sometimes it's overwhelming & exhausting trying to stay one step ahead of what I (we) will need.

Even though my days are most likely numbered, I'm grateful we have been able to grow a very comfortable & meaningful friendship with you & Frannie. It's a blessing we don't take for granted.

We will make the most of our winter together with you & the others as long as FL doesn't close the state to those of us who spend a lot of money in their state.

We are anxious to see you. I hope Dr. Liang is able to give you relief from your back pain.

We send our LOVE & look forward to seeing you soon.

Susie♥

The common denominator among all four individuals; Denny, Joe, Bruce and Susie were their undeniable belief and faith in God.

IN CONCLUSION

The men in our family have been avid waterfowl and upland game hunters since their early grade school days. Our farm backgrounds and military experiences exposed us to early firearm safety procedures, and this keeps getting passed down to each new generation. Hunting as a family unit has become a "bonding agent" the few days spent together every year especially between October and New Years Day.

Our family plans on forming a "Wounded Warrior" hunting experience on land located in South Dakota owned by my daughter and son-in law (Kris and Mike Mattson). We will start on a small scale and hope to accommodate more participants each year. Hopefully, we can make a difference in somebody's life who has been severely injured protecting our country including both military and law enforcement.

I want to thank you if you have reached this final part of my presentation as I am now passing the baton to Jim Branaugh for his contribution. Bob Schuldt will follow up with the final portion of the family history of the twelve First Cousins.

COUSIN'S CONTRIBUTIONS

Jim Branaugh

Some Family Memories

Mom and Dad were married in 1942 and started their married life together in Washington, DC.

Dad worked in construction (pipefitter/welder) and moved frequently following where the work took them in the early years of their marriage. The first 10 years included many moves back and forth between South Dakota, Minnesota, Illinois and other places, never very long in any of those places.

As we moved frequently, we never were near to our extended family thus never got to really know our grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, etc. In 1953, following the work, we moved to Denver, Colorado and in 1955 we settled "for good" in Thornton, Colorado where we grew up as a family – a long way from our extended family.

The only vacations we took were a one week dash every year to Yankton to visit with Dad's side of our family and a two week dash every third year to Yankton and Minnesota that included Mom's side of our family. Our vacations to Yankton always included staying at Grandpa and Grandma Branaugh (507 Locust). We always got to visit with our cousins, Kibbles and Schuldts, and visit their farms. We would visit Grandpa at work at City Hall. There were rides on the small firetruck the city took around town for kids to ride. Grandpa and Grandma always had a big flower garden with lots of peonies. As we got older, some of the last visits included a trip to the "IceHouse" and a cold one served to us in our car.

We stayed in Colorado and lived normal suburban lives. Life started making major changes in 1963, events that changed our lives forever. Those changes included some of the normal life happenings including marriages, births, graduations and deaths. Most of these events were happy and joyful, some expected and some unexpected. Some were life changing and some destroyed family relationships forever.

As I write this, of the original six in the nucleus family, there are only two of us left.

Siblings

Larry (1943-1968)

Larry graduated from Fullerton High School in 1961. He was a four-year letterman in several high school sports, and active in many organizations. In 1966 Larry enlisted in the US Army with a desire to become a helicopter pilot. He earned his pilot wings and was commissioned as a Warrant Officer in the US Army. He was always committed and performed 110%.

Larry was in Vietnam for 10 months as a helicopter pilot and had flown multiple missions almost every day. His helicopter had been hit many times. It was on April 19, 1968, during the Tet offensive, that Larry was making his third lift on that day into the A Shau Valley, when his helicopter took fatal heavy AA fire. Larry managed to get the craft down for a crash landing. Larry took off his flak jacket and was helping the injured crew out of the helicopter. It was then Larry was shot by hostile groundfire. He was evacuated to a medical field hospital, but they could not save him. Larry died of his wounds April 20, 1968, in Vietnam. His company lost more craft and crew that day than any other day during the war. RIP!



[Larry Receiving a Purple Heart]

Larry was the first service man from District 12 Schools and the first from the City of Thornton to be killed in action. As an army helicopter pilot Larry earned and was awarded:

- 2 Silver Stars – Oak Leaf Cluster
- Bronze Star “V”
- Distinguished Flying Cross
- 3 Purple Hearts, one posthumously
- numerous other service medals

Jim (1944-)

I graduated from Thornton High School in 1963. I enlisted in the US Coast Guard in May 1965 and served until May 1968. I served aboard the USCG cutters: Willow, Dexter, and Avoyla. I served as a Radarman. Most of my sea time was the West Coast, Gulf of Alaska and Bering Sea Patrol.

When discharged, Charlene and I moved to Arvada, CO and that is our home today. I earned my undergraduate degree from Regis University, BSBA with honors. I served in the National Association of Purchasing Management (NAPM is now known as ISM – Institute of Supply Management), NAPM-Denver for many years, many roles and finished as President.

Charlene and I also volunteered for, worked on and served in several roles in the Thornton Veterans Memorial Foundation (TVFM) for 13 years. I finished as chairman. We raised the funds, secured a location, designed, and constructed the memorial and at completion we turned the memorial over to the City of Thornton. Thornton Veterans Memorial honors all veterans that have served our nation. The Branaugh name appears many times on the memorial.



[Thornton Veterans Memorial]

Charlene and I also had the opportunity to design a wall and the plaques for the Fallen Heroes of District 12 schools. That wall resides inside District 12 “Veterans Memorial Aquatic Center” (VMAC) in Thornton, CO. If interested, you can google Thornton Veterans Memorial for more information about the memorial, VMAC, and the paver program.



[Veterans Memorial Aquatic Center]

Don (1946-1996)

Don graduated from Thornton High School in 1965. Don enlisted in the US Army in 1966. Following boot camp Don trained as an aircraft mechanic and was sent to Germany. Something awful happened to Don while stationed in Germany as in 1967 he was sent to Fitzsimmons Army Hospital in Denver. Don was evaluated as 70% mentally disabled and spent the next 29 years in many different VA homes and hospitals before he passed in 1996. He never married. Don participated in many high school sports and liked art. He was a well-rounded young man and is missed by all who knew him.

Bonnie (1951-)

After attending Thornton High School, Bonnie attended Emily Griffith Opportunity School in Denver. She has lived mostly in Thornton during her adult life. In addition to being a wife and mother of three, she has worked doing manufacturing assembly work mainly in the electronics and medical fields for large and small companies in the Denver area.

In 2020 Bonnie retired and she and husband Doug moved to a new home in Florida.

Bob Schuldt

Some Family Memories

I cannot say enough about being fortunate to have wonderful parents like mom and dad. Dad was the “strong silent” type. Not once did he ever punish any of us, but if mom said, “sit in that chair until your father comes home”, for some reason, it was a worse punishment than mom’s dreaded fly swatter on our little bottoms! I never saw my dad take a drink until, as we became college age and brought home a six pack of beer, he would occasionally have a cold one – but only on Sunday afternoon. Dad took great pride in his reputation for honesty, dependability, and integrity. It meant more to him than money. I often comment that my childhood was like being raised by “Ozzie and Harriet”.

We mostly lived a simple life on a small farm east of Yankton. Dad worked (43 years) for the Yankton County Highway Department. Mom was a housewife in our younger years – eventually working in retail sales. The food was plentiful. We had two milk cows. We raised runt pigs we got from our uncle, Vern Kibble. We raised and butchered a steer every year. We also had chickens (butchered about 100 every year), domesticated ducks and geese. Mom had a green thumb, loved to garden, and did a lot of home canning. Both freezers and the root cellar were always full of nutritious food.

We worked hard even though the farm was small, getting up before sunrise in the mornings to feed the animals, milk the cows, and bring in firewood for the combination wood – bottled propane stove we had in the kitchen. We actually DID walk (weather permitting) from our house to Grove elementary school, but it was only 3 miles round trip.

We planted a 100-pound sack of seed potatoes every year which yielded a couple of FULL trailer loads when we harvested. The potatoes kept fresh in the cool root cellar all winter long. The few things we needed to buy at a grocery store we bartered with Roy and Millie Bails at Bails Market at the corner of 8th & Burleigh in Yankton. I remember mom stopping in Bails Market, gathering up a couple of things, and Millie totaling our bill on a 3X5 index card she pulled from a small wooden box. About once a week, we would load up a 100-pound gunny sack of potatoes and take it to Bails Market. Millie Bails would pull out the 3X5 index card and credit our account.

Most of mom & dad's social life involved Vern & Evelyn Kibble. Dad and Vern liked baseball. I remember going to baseball games down by the river south of Yankton. The 'Kibble Boys' (as my mom called them) made a bit of spending money by catching and returning foul balls that flew out of the ballpark. I remember summer picnics on the Jim River. I vaguely remember the location was close to one of Grandpa Doc Branaugh's secret fishing spots where he used to take us.

The 4th of July was usually spent at Uncle Vern Kibble's farm place. That is where the Kibble Boys introduced their younger cousins to homemade grenades by putting a firecracker in the core of a hollowed-out ear of corn. Lots of stories I heard about the Kibble Boys like jumping off the Yankton – Nebraska bridge into the Missouri River, running with a stolen watermelon and smashing it onto a streetlight post at Super Valu food store, etc. I won't get much into that because I'm not sure about the statute of limitations on a lot of things I heard they did. (Just kidding)

Teenage Memories:

High School and College days made Yankton a great place to grow up. I attended Yankton Middle School for the 9th grade. One eventful day, I was working on the school newspaper (we had a radio) when we heard that President Kennedy was assassinated. Stunned, I wandered into the empty hallway and bumped into Mr. Fisher, my Latin teacher. I told him and he replied, "Surely you jest"! He ran to the principal's office and shortly after that they closed school.

Of course, I had to try out football. After all, the Kibble Boys and my older brother Don were avid football players. I lasted my freshman year and decided it wasn't for me. One memory is the time we were returning from the practice field a few blocks away, running downhill, when Coach Walser made a comment to Tim Branaugh. To my astonishment, Tim angrily replied, "Bone you coach"! The next night, after practice, Coach Walser had Tim stay after for a few "extra" exercises.

During those years, Yankton was as lively as the Las Vegas strip! Southern States Teachers College (Springfield) was about 25 miles west of Yankton. The University of South Dakota (Vermillion) was about 25 miles east of Yankton. Yankton College was in full swing, and Mt. Marty Nursing School (Yankton) had quite a few students. The party place to converge was Yankton. The streets were live with college students, bars were in easy walking distance on 3rd Street, hippies were the in thing, and Lewis & Clark Lake had a lot of popular beach areas. Today, when I visit Yankton and drive down 3rd Street, it seems like a ghost town.

Siblings

Don (1947-)

Don graduated from Yankton High School in 1965, and married Liz Corkle (Tilden, NE) in 1971. He graduated from Southern State Teachers College (Springfield, SD) with a Secondary Education teaching degree in Industrial Arts and Athletics. Liz is a registered nurse and practiced in the field of emergency room nursing.

Don and Liz are currently living in Rapid City, SD and they have two children – Amy and Brian.

After graduation, Don taught at a high school in Kenosha, WI. He later moved back to Yankton and taught at Viborg, SD.

While working on construction at Sacred Heart Hospital (Yankton, SD) he had a horrible accident. He fell from a step ladder which resulted in a severe head injury. He was taken to a hospital in Sioux City, Iowa where they had neurological specialists. He was unconscious for several days, and during that time period, had brain surgery three times. The first operation was to relieve pressure on his brain caused by an epidural hematoma. After surgery, he remained unconscious. The second operation was to relieve pressure on his brain caused by a subdural hematoma beneath the first hematoma. The third surgery was performed to remove some brain tissue that had died due the pressure of the hematomas. Fortunately, he managed to survive, and if you spoke with him today, you wouldn't be able to realize that he had this life-threatening injury.

Bob (1949-)

I graduated from Yankton High School in 1967, and married Tess Walker (Onawa, IA) in 1970. I graduated from the University of South Dakota (Vermillion, SD) with a Bachelor of Science in physics and mathematics. Shortly after our marriage, while I was attending the university full time, I also worked as a radio dispatcher, on the graveyard shift, at the Yankton police department. The hours were midnight - 8 AM, six days out of an eight-day rotating cycle. Life was hectic carrying a full load at the university and working full time. No, I was not asleep when that picture was taken – I posed for it. Tess was studying nursing at Mount Marty College (Yankton, SD) and graduated with a BSN (Bachelor of Science in Nursing). She passed her state board exams and worked as a registered nurse.



[Yankton Police Radio Dispatcher]

Unfortunately, in 1995, Tess and I parted ways. We have five children, Tracy, Tim, Julie, Joe, and Jessie. I am now living in St. Cloud, MN.

Early in my career, I worked with a Minneapolis company – Rosemount Engineering (now Emerson Electric). While working there, I managed a Reliability Engineering group and T&E (Test and Evaluation) laboratories. Rosemount designed, developed, and manufactured process control system components for companies such as oil refineries, and processing plants.



[1153 DP Transmitter]

One of the unique products was Differential Pressure transmitters. Model 1153 DP was qualified by the NRC (Nuclear Regulatory Commission) for utilization in the primary safety systems of nuclear power plants.

An interesting situation occurred when a knock off company began purchasing and refurbishing used Rosemount products. They would combine pieces of different devices to create a functional unit. Unbeknownst to them a microchip in each unit contained the coefficients of a proprietary 5th order polynomial used as a “curve straightening” calibration which was unique to each individual device. Removal and replacement of these microchips resulted in a very dangerous situation where the devices could indicate a highly inaccurate signal.

Expediency in resolving this situation was paramount. While the knock off company was in the process of being sued in court, my T&E lab personnel, in real time, were corresponding with attorneys providing them with laboratory test results.

Fortunately, the knock off company discontinued their activities, and all refurbished devices were recalled.



[Hong Kong]

During my career, I also worked for numerous companies in the field of engineering. I have travelled, for work, to different places in southeast Asia and the Mideast.



[Singapore]



[Kuala Lumpur]

The last few years of my career, I worked as a contract engineer from Rome, NY. Our primary customers were the DoD (Department of Defense) and DoE (Department of Energy). During this time, I acquired classified secret security clearances from both the DoD and DoE. Surprisingly, the DoD does not own and control nuclear weapons – that responsibility is part of the DoE.

I was fortunate to have worked on several interesting programs including:

- CAAS
- LCMR
- OSD Study
- CVRJ ECM
- RAID G-BOSS
- SOCOM SCAR

Some details of these programs are listed below.

CAAS is an acronym for Criticality Accident Alarm System. Fissile materials are isotopes used in nuclear reactors and nuclear weapons. The purpose of CAAS is to detect and alarm inadvertent radiation leakage from vessels used in the fabrication of fissile materials at the Y-12 facility.

The Department of Energy Y-12 facility is operated by CNS (Consolidated Nuclear Services) located at Oak Ridge National Laboratories in Oak Ridge, TN. Oak Ridge was built under a cloak of secrecy by the United States government during World War II as a major site of the Manhattan Project.



[Y-12 Nuclear Facility – Oak Ridge, TN]



[LCMR – Syracuse, NY]

LCMR is an acronym for Lightweight Counter Mortar Radar. The AN/TPQ-48 is a man portable system designed to detect, track and locate mortars, artillery, and rockets. It has two separate modes of operation: (1) sense and warning, and (2) counter-fire. Calculating the POO and POI (Point-of-Origin and Point-of-Impact) when in the counter-fire mode, the LCMR can provide extremely accurate Point-of-Origin (POO) data, allowing

supporting strike elements to neutralize the threat. Several of these systems have been deployed in Ukraine.

OSD is an acronym for the Office of the Secretary of Defense. I conducted a study to evaluate the Operational Readiness of Weapon Systems. Portions of the study focused on weapon system logistics. The Department of Defense operates several different IACs (Information Analysis Centers.) AMMTIAC is an acronym for Advanced Materials and Manufacturing Technology Information Analysis Center.



[OSD Study – Richmond, VA]



[CVRJ - Arifjan, Kuwait]

CVRJ ECM is an acronym for Crew Vehicle Radio Jammer Electronic Counter Measure. I supported a device location tracking and repair facility located at Camp Arifjan in Kuwait. CVRJ's are vehicle-mounted electronic jammers designed to prevent the detonation of improvised explosive devices (IEDs), which are often triggered by off-the-shelf technology like cell phones. CVRJ counters existing and evolving Radio Frequency (RF) threats by jamming each threat's

transmitted RF signals. The system has demonstrated superior performance in both Operation Iraqi Freedom and Operation Enduring Freedom.



[Kuwait Currency]

I spent a lot of time working at NSWC (Naval Surface Warfare Center) Crane. Naval Support Activity Crane, located in Crane, IN, includes over 3,000 buildings and more than 98 square miles (64,000 acres). The mission of NSWC Crane is to provide acquisition engineering, in-service engineering and technical support for sensors, electronics, electronic warfare and special warfare weapons. NSWC Crane is one of Indiana's largest high-tech employers with over 3,800 employees of which 2,500 are scientists, engineers and technicians.



[RAID G-BOSS]

RAID G-BOSS, an acronym for Rapid Aerostat Initial Deployment - Ground Based Operational Surveillance System, is one program I was involved in while working out of NSWC Crane. One of the capabilities of the G-BOSS is utilizing Forward-Looking Infrared (FLIR) that senses infrared radiation. The US Marine Corps directed the creation of a persistent surveillance system to identify and counter threats to

security of military installations. The G-BOSS enhances situational awareness by

allowing personnel to monitor activities in the vicinity of a military installation such as a FOB (Forward Operating Base).

During this time period I had the opportunity to meet several very interesting people. One of the most notable individuals was Gus Taylor, a 20-year veteran of the United States Army Delta Force. As an NSWC Crane Chief Engineer, Gus received the Honor Alumni Award for 2021 from Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology. Lucius “Gus” Taylor graduated from Rose-Hulman as a Mechanical Engineer with a minor in Psychology and retired from the Army in 1995 as a U.S. Army Special Forces Lieutenant Colonel. He served twenty years in the Army, and more than twenty years at NSWC Crane. As a Chief Engineer, Gus served in a division with around 200-people devoted to weapon systems engineering for the US Navy, US Marine Corps, and US Special Operations Command.



[Gus Taylor]

For more information on Gus, check out the Special Forces Association video – url: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L8iGbxVbwCc>



[Iraqi Currency]

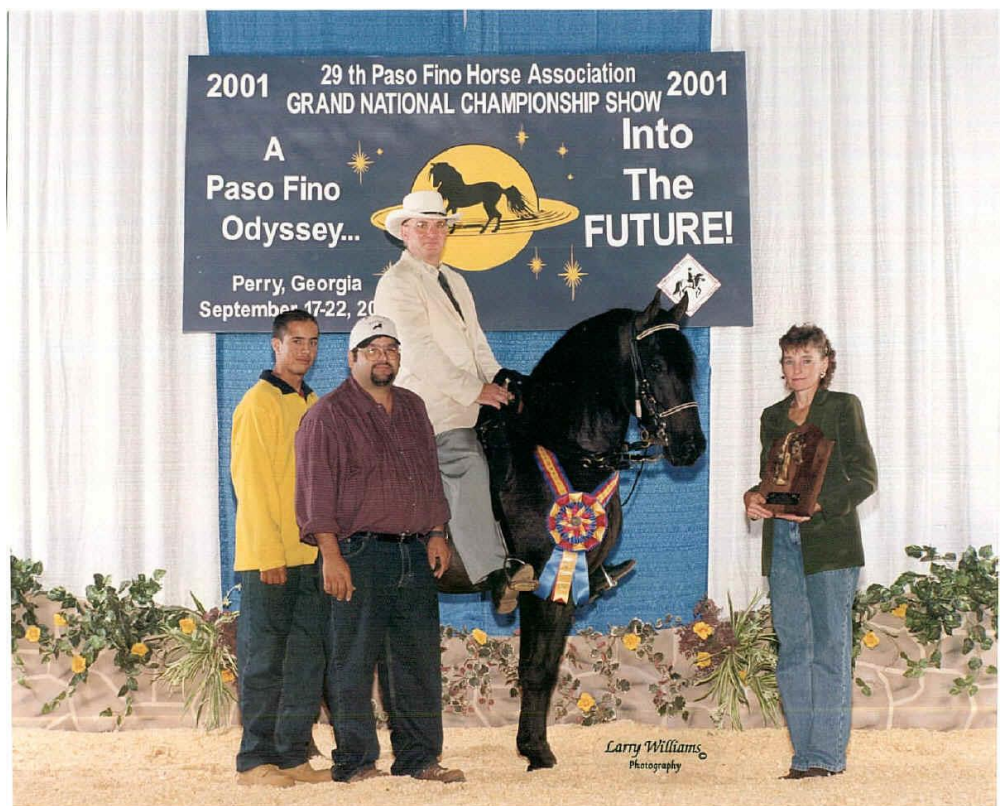
Gus gifted me some defunct Iraqi currency. I don't know how he acquired it, and I didn't ask.

Ken (1951-)

Ken graduated from Yankton High School in 1969, and married Nora Crone (Miles City, Montana) in 1973. Ken also graduated from Northwestern University (Evanston, Illinois) after studying Orthotics and Prosthetics. Nora worked as an office manager at Hanger Orthotics and Prosthetics along with Ken.

Ken's career led him to working for Missouri Valley Orthotics and Prosthetics in Omaha, NE. While working there, he had the opportunity to partake in stock options, eventually becoming a senior partner. In 1987 the company was sold, and his stock did quite well. He moved with the new company to Wichita, KS where he worked in regional senior management and as a practitioner.

Ken and Nora purchased a small horse ranch near Wichita. They bred and raised paso fino show horses and won several national awards. They have three children – Jennifer, Jason, and Jill.



[Grand National Champion]

Kay (1951-)

Kay is the youngest in our family by about five minutes. She and my brother Ken are twins! Kay graduated from Yankton High School in 1969, and married Mike Lukens, (Crofton, Nebraska) at Yankton in 1971. Mike's college degree was in Prosthetics. Kay worked as an office manager at a health insurance company.

Shortly after Mike's college graduation, they moved to Wichita, KS where he worked for several years as a Prosthetic practitioner with my brother Ken. They have three children – Sarah, Leslie, and Adam.

Mike was a wonderful husband and father. He was also a Vietnam veteran. Sadly, he passed away at the young age of 64 in 2012. His cancer was believed to be caused by exposure to “Agent Orange” while he served in Vietnam. The number of Vietnam veterans affected by the chemical Agent Orange is astonishing. Roughly 300 thousand veterans have died from Agent Orange exposure - that's almost five times as many as the 58 thousand who died in combat.

Summary

In conclusion, throughout my career, I have had the opportunity to work on some very interesting military programs. I want to say that my contribution to my country pales in comparison to the dangers and sacrifices of the families of my cousins – Ron Kibble and Jim Branaugh. I especially want to recognize my cousin – Larry Branaugh, who made the ultimate sacrifice.

I would also like to comment that I very much enjoyed assisting Ron, my cousin, with his Family History and Autobiography