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*34 Years*  
*at*  
*Minot State Teachers College*

By Mrs. Eva Hartnett

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The sun was shining when I awoke this morning. I didn't have a care in the world. I could just roll over and sleep a little longer if I wanted to, but dutifully I got up and made breakfast and saw my husband off to school. Eventually, I dressed rather casual-like in blue jeans and an old shirt (my husband calls it Left Bank), did a few household chores and sat down to draw. About 10 o'clock my eyes became tired. I put on the heavy, wool, king's blue sweater which Gary K. gave to me last spring and went out into the yard.

All the while I was picking beans, cutting chard, pulling beets, I kept thinking about the wonderful life of Riley I was leading. "It's 10 o'clock in the morning," I said to myself, "and I'm not sitting over at MSTC registering students, trying to arrange programs around closed classes, wondering about how many mistakes I have made and how many schedules will have to be changed, etc. I won't ever have to worry about what to do in this class or that, about that set of papers which should have been checked last night, about studying harder than the students to keep one leap ahead of them, about arranging a new display in the hall, or about making a new test."

"All that is in the past," still continuing to talk to myself and thinking, "I have no obligations whatsoever to teaching and its problems. I'm as free as the

wind," which was plenty free that day. I continued to pick beans. I was planning what I would do next, perhaps go back to my drawing when all of a sudden I thought, "I'm not through with college responsibility as I've been so blightly thinking. I promised Jim Francis I would write my college "obituary" and I better be getting at it. No more drawing for me today."

I am grateful that when your editor called, he asked for a review of my years as art instructor at the college. The past of MSTC does have its merits and its traditions which are so rapidly disappearing, and are held only in the memories of some of us who have devoted much of our lives to working there. Without the ground work and those traditions of success, failures and achievements the present would not exist.

I am grateful, also, that he did not ask, "What do you plan to do with your retirement?," which irks me somewhat. I feel that my retirement is more in the form of a graduation, a commencement, in which I am making a new beginning. I know that the present relaxation and lack of routine cannot go on forever, that after living and working on an organized schedule for so many years another kind of one will soon be worked out. I am not happy unless I can feel that I have accomplished something worthwhile with my time.

It is a bit difficult to remember all of the activities and projects with which I have been associated at

the college. Besides, this story would be too long, if I could remember. Among the hundreds of things which I have accumulated and kept, (ask any of my students) the one thing I have not kept is a diary.

I felt at the time, and still do, that I came to the college position rather well qualified for it. I had my Standard Diploma from MSTC, had grade school teaching experience in North Dakota which included all grades from fourth through eighth and a principalship. I had taught art in a platoon system for one year and had been an assistant art supervisor in the Minneapolis Public schools, responsible for thirty-five grade school and a Junior and Senior High School. My degree from the University of Minnesota was in Art Education and I had graduated with honors.

The college teaching was not entirely new to me. I had taught for two summers at MSTC before becoming a regular staff member. There had been two previous art teachers, Mrs. Amy Simpson and Miss Verdia Miller. President McFarland, a gentlemen of the old school with a fine classical education was a believer in the value of the arts, and had already established good art and music departments. There was Miss Mabel Ennor, teaching art and music in the campus school, and joining with me was Miss Alida Jacobson, now Mrs. McGregor of Fargo. Imagine an

