

23 July 1964

It is time for some personal reflections. We've decided to down size. We decided that we really didn't need a large four bedroom home with rooms that we never used so we decided to sell and get a smaller place. Our friend Dann Bjornstad of Kvamme Realty agreed that he was the man to sell our house. We spent two months down sizing, getting rid of stuff we had not touched in years and finally had it ready for the market. It went on the market Tuesday, we had an offer on Wednesday for less than asking price, had 11 showings and another offer Friday morning for asking price, pre approved by the bank and no house to sell. We signed immediately and will close next month. No, we are not moving to Arizona full-time, we will be splitting our time, staying in the warmer weather in Arizona and returning to Moorhead and reuniting with friends and family each year.

As part of down sizing, we went through all our old stuff, filled two large dumpsters, made many trips to the Moorhead Thrift Store with donations, the Moorhead Library with boxes of books and gave things to relatives and friends. Since our new place in Moorhead is about one third the size of our house, we had a lot left over which is now in a storage unit. Believe me, it is tough getting rid of items that have personal memories. It did however, give us an opportunity to remember times past and that was fun.

One item we found was my DD-214 from the Air Force. It made me remember that on 23 July 1964, I left Fargo on my first airplane ride to Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas. As my fellow Veterans can remember, it was an experience. When we arrived at Lackland, we were processed in, issued uniforms, given a medical and dental exam and of course, the haircut. It was an assembly line process with the barbers taking about a minute to complete the job. Of course, some of the barbers asked how we wanted our hair styled before cutting it all off. I think we got a meal, but I'm not sure. About midnight, we were herded to our barracks and give bunk assignments. Our barracks were two floors holding about 60 men on each floor, open bathrooms, community showers, a footlocker and small closet for each of us. About 1:00 am before I went to sleep I remember thinking 'What the heck did I do?' That was followed by "thousands of others have done this before me and I can do it." The next four years went quickly and I have never regretted enlisting. The military is a great learning experience. One of the best experiences was serving with men from all parts of our county, men with different ethnic backgrounds, beliefs and religions. Being stationed in Japan, added to that experience, learning about Japanese culture. I'm glad I did it.