

church would say "she carried me . . . to church." It took me several months to get my mind to automatically translate that expression.

One thing I KNOW about my Ward-Belmont days: I really learned to study. I now have many years of experience both as a student and as an instructor, and I can say truthfully – and with an educated assessment – that I had excellent teachers at W.B. One of my math teachers was Miss Mann, who taught math the way it should be taught, but – sadly – not the way it is usually taught today. We had homework *every* night and went over *every* homework problem the next class period. With my excellent W.B. math background, I had no trouble with math at the University of Kansas (K.U.), even though I found sitting in my trig class – in which I was the only female – a bit overwhelming after four years at a girls' school.

Another class I remember with fondness was Ancient History. It truly gave me the Western Civilization foundation necessary for a good liberal arts education. When I – many years later, as a college instructor – led a group of adults to Italy, I reread *The Last Days of Pompeii*, and found to my surprise that I remembered it quite well.

I had my first experience with a foreign language in my freshman Latin class. I didn't have any trouble memorizing the vocabulary, but I was certainly lost otherwise for about the first six weeks. Then I finally figured out that we weren't translating exact sentences; we were translating *ideas*. After that I liked Latin; I took it both my freshman and sophomore years – and in my sophomore year added French class to my schedule. My three years with Madame Fountain allowed me to quiz out of *beaucoup* French hours when I started in as a freshman at K.U. in the fall of 1951. The French Department there welcomed me with open arms, and I rather fell into a French major. (Much later I switched to English, but did end up with a French minor and qualified to teach high school French.)

I took piano lessons all four years from Mrs. Irwin who taught just across the street west of the campus; her husband was the head of the music department. At one point Mrs. Irwin paired me with a day student for a two-person recital. The other student's mother took us shopping together, and we found matching dresses of different colors. We played several two piano numbers as well as our solo pieces. I remember working hard

to memorize Schumann's "Papillons." I can still play part of it – though certainly not very well.

I faithfully signed in each time I went to the music practice hall behind Heron. There were about eight small rooms, each with a piano, so as I was practicing *my* pieces I could hear up to seven other students playing at the same time. It certainly made me concentrate on my own piece. (Maybe that's when I started developing the ability to concentrate totally on what I'm doing in spite of distractions. At times that's a very useful talent; at other times it is almost dangerous. Lots of funny stories could be inserted here, but they don't involve W.B.)

One other teacher who certainly affected my life was Miss Morrison. My freshman year my respect for her was mingled with fear. She made clear *exactly* what she expected and would tolerate nothing less. Through my years there, love became mixed with the tremendous respect I felt for her. I believe her influence positively affected my own success as a teacher in later life.

***Where my life has taken me...**
The summer I was 13 – while on a Senior Girl Scout camping trip – I

met Pratt Barndollar. A Kansas State University student, Pratt was a leader of the Boy Scout troop whose sailboat we were using. He and others were teaching the Girl Scouts to sail. I returned from that trip quite enamored of this handsome "older" man. Pratt remarked to a friend after the trip, "That little Diver girl will make someone a nice wife someday."

I trust he still feels that way. This summer we celebrated our 51st wedding anniversary. We have lived in or near Coffeyville, KS, all these years. We have four grown children – two boys and two girls, of whom we're very proud. They are all educated, responsible adults who are also a lot of fun to be around. We have eight grandchildren too, so when all of us manage to get together it's quite a lively gathering. My family is definitely the most important highlight of my life.

Pratt and I married before I finished at K.U., so, when our youngest entered first grade, I went back to school. I eventually completed a B.A. and a Masters in English and an Education Specialist Degree in the Community College.

I started teaching English at Coffeyville Community College (C.C.C.) in 1978 and remained there for 20 years, retiring in 1998. During that time I served in many capacities in addition to instructor: