

REMINISCENCE ON A TEACHING CAREER
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Introduction

After spending the first seventeen years of my life on a farm, the next spent fifty-six years were in education – on one side of the desk or the other until I decided to drop out of school (retire). Education has been my life. I have found teaching to be at times challenging, frustrating, demanding, exhilarating, pleasant, delightful, rewarding, exhausting, intriguing and enjoyable – *but never boring*. I've had well over 10,000 students learning in my classrooms.

I also spent one or more summers in the following employment: lumber yard delivery, carpenter, house or barn shingling and painting, steel construction, and gravel truck driver. However, my most important accomplishments revolve around my wife, four children and five grandchildren.

Why Teaching?

I cannot legitimately state that I had always planned on being a teacher. Indeed, as a senior in high school, my major motivation for going to college was to “get off the farm.” Though many folks idealize the “farming way of life,” and it may have many nostalgic attractions, at age seventeen I couldn't perceive them. All I saw of farm work at the time was the boring tasks of driving from one end of the field to the other, for the “great thrill” of turning around to drive back to this end of the field again – whether it was plowing, disking, planting, mowing, harvesting, or whatever. Having a dairy herd tell me that I had to get up too early in the morning was another major negative about farming.

On the other hand, during elementary school, I discovered the joys of reading comic books – including under the bed covers with a flashlight when I was supposed to be sleeping. In high school, I moved to novels (westerns, mysteries, detective stories, almost anything). Indeed my

brother still teases me about the time I stood, beside the huge mobile water tank reading a book. I put five hundred gallons of water into a two hundred gallon hog watering tank (O.K. how much water ran on the ground forming an immense mud puddle – you do the math!) Can't say as I had graduated to reading important stuff like history, sociology, or newspapers yet, but I was doing a lot of “fun reading.”

When high school graduation neared, it was time to decide what I wanted to do next. I really couldn't see farming as an alternative as had all three of my brothers and one sister out of three. I knew that a neighbor friend a year ahead of me went to college to become a teacher. I told my parents that I wanted to go to college. For what? Well, -- to become a teacher. (A major reason why any middle class folks would go to college then –and now – is to “get a job.” Hopefully an identifiable job so that parents can relate to the idea that their kin will eventually be supporting themselves. If the “job” of “teaching” would get me off the farm and into college, so be it.)

I trekked off to the University of Northern Iowa (Then called Iowa State Teachers College, later the State College of Iowa, and now, UNI), majoring in physical education with a minor in social studies. By the time I graduated, my major was Social Sciences with a minor in Biology – and I was certified as a teacher.

The longer I stayed in teaching, the more I cherished the occupation. How many people can say that a great many times, while driving home at night after a full day of work – they think to themselves – “Man, what a great feeling I had when ‘Jonny’ finally saw the connection!” “They even pay me to do this!” Yeah, teaching has been a great career for me. Moving to South Dakota to teach was a *lousy financial decision* – but the people are great and the hunting and fishing are better than in most other places. When I moved to teaching in South Dakota, I

believe its teacher pay was only the second lowest in the nation – with Mississippi below it. In a couple of years, South Dakota achieved the title of being the lowest in the nation for teacher pay – and has staunchly maintained that title through today.

Brief Chronology

- 8 years 1946-54 St. Mary's Catholic Elementary School, New Hampton, IA
- 4 years 1954-58 Public High School, New Hampton, IA
- 4 years 1958-62 BA University of Northern Iowa, Cedar Falls, IA (Social Sciences & Biology)
- 2 years 1962-64 Teaching High School, Reinbeck, IA (World History, American Government, Economics, Social Problems, Psychology & Asst. Wrestling Coach)
- 4 years 1964-68 Teaching High School, Chetek, WI (Government, World & American History, Economics, Social Problems, Psychology & Head Coach for Wrestling and Cross Country)
- 1 year 1968-69 MS Degree – National Science Foundation Grant, Illinois Institute of Technology, Chicago, IL (Sociology)
- 1 Summer 1969 Teaching College, Northern State College, Aberdeen, SD, (Soc. of the Family, Urban Soc.)
- 3 years 1969-72 Teaching University, Wisconsin State University-Oshkosh, WI, (Sociology, Minority Groups, Collective Behavior, Social Problems, Social Gerontology)
- 2 years 1972-74 Ph.D. Degree, South Dakota State University, Brookings, SD (Sociology, Gerontology, Criminal Justice) also, MS Ed., Guidance and Counseling, (1973) SDSU, Brookings, SD
- 28 years 1974-2002 Teaching college, Northern State University, Aberdeen, SD (Sociology, Gerontology, Criminology, Juvenile Delinquency, Research Methods, Corrections, Comparative Justice Systems, Demography, Death, Dying & Grief, Child Abuse & Neglect,

Battered Spouse, Hospice Concepts, Traveling Classroom, and Fieldwork Supervisor -- internships). Many years Sociology Coordinator, Criminal Justice Coordinator, and six years Social Science Department Chairman

June, 2002 Retired

Increased Education –

In pursuit of Master's Degrees and a Ph.D., I earned graduate credits at the University of Iowa, Iowa City, IA, University of Northern Iowa, Cedar Falls, IA, Wisconsin State University, Eau Claire, WI, and Wisconsin State University, Oshkosh, WI. I have earned post-doctoral credits at the Rocky Mountain Gerontology Center, Salt Lake City, UT, and the Ethel Percy Andrus Gerontology Center, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, CA. I accomplished non-credit study with the Statistical Package for Social Sciences in San Diego, CA, and police certification at the Rol Kebach Criminal Justice Training Center, Pierre, SD. I've had two one-semester sabbatical leaves, one spent with the Juvenile Division in the Aberdeen Police Department and the other spent with the Aberdeen Office of Child Protection Services, SD Department of Social Services.

Student Teaching Stumble

I had both excellent and terrible experiences with my student teaching gambit at a Junior High School in Mason City, IA. My good experiences were in teaching Biology, cutting up worms, typing student's blood and taking over the class in general. However, my experiences in Social Studies almost "nipped" my teaching career "in the bud." On a Friday afternoon, my supervisor announced I was to teach a unit on "Property Taxes" beginning next Monday through Wednesday. Now, this college senior had never yet paid any property taxes and admittedly, was quite ignorant of the topic. Thus, I did what I could in reading the materials he gave me (no textbook materials on the subject), and attained all the local information I could quickly find in the local library (no courthouse open on the weekend). I went from zero to about 10% of what I should know over

the weekend and made my presentation, on Monday – as planned. I demonstrated how the county, city, school district, water district, etc. determined their budget, how that translated into a “mill levy,” how property was assessed and taxes were calculated. I gave some examples of houses in town and farms in the county and their estimated taxes. When I finished, I thought I had presented a fairly decent lesson. However, with no warning, my supervisor challenged me to a debate about the “fairness of the property tax.” In less than a minute he took over the class and quickly demonstrated to HIS students that this “student teacher” knew nothing of the arguments about the “fairness/unfairness” of the property tax. Of course, he was correct, I had no idea concerning these arguments at that stage in my life and teaching career. I felt like an ignorant fool, and I believe my supervisor enjoyed it. I had a great time student teaching biology and thereafter dreaded every moment of my student teaching of social studies. It is a wonder that I continued with my teaching career.

My student teaching roommate and my university student teaching supervisor both stated that what had happened to me shouldn't have.... And said that when I was a teacher in charge of a class, such a thing wouldn't happen again. Indeed, my biology student teaching was stressful – but enjoyable. I decided to try a year of full-time teaching, and discovered I was good at it, and liked it. Half of my student teaching experience had almost stopped a great career.

Later, when I became a supervising teacher for student teachers, I always negotiated what and when the student teacher was to teach the class. I wanted them to teach from their strengths, and when they were ready.

From the back of the bus.....

In the first year of high school teaching at Reinbeck, IA, my principal talked me into becoming a substitute school bus driver since the district was presently short of drivers. So I

studied, took the written and driving tests and became an official, licensed school bus driver.

Two incidents keep popping into my memory. First, is the time I was driving the wrestling team and some fans and parents to a wrestling match in a neighboring town. We'd just had a heavy freezing rain and the streets were glassy and extremely slippery with ice. After arriving at our destination, I took one corner just a wee bit too sharp. I was driving slowly, but the back wheels of the bus caught the curb and sent the entire bus into a spin. We did a complete 180-degree turn, ending up facing the direction from which we had come. When the bus came to a final, complete stop from its spinning, there was total silence on the bus. I sat there with my fingers tightly gripping the steering wheel and sweat was beginning to form on my brow, when from the back of the bus came a small, but highly articulate voice requesting.... *“Do it again!”*

The second memorable incident was about two weeks later. I received a 5:30 AM call from the superintendent's office informing me that a bus driver had called in sick, and that I was to take bus #4 and proceed to a described location. At that location, I would pick up the first student, and he would then tell me where to go for the rest of the pick-up route. Everything seemed to be going fine. I had picked up all of the students and they seemed to be rather happy, laughing and generally enjoying themselves. I glanced at my watch and noticed that I should have been at school at least fifteen minutes ago, but was still way out in the country. Shortly after that, I noticed the “funny looking” mail box that I had noticed about a half-hour ago. Yep! The students were thoroughly enjoying the bus ride around and around the same square section of land, getting nowhere nearer the school. The students had collaborated in having their teacher-substitute-driver proceed in circles while they truly enjoyed the same scenery over and over again, getting to school later and later. To this day, I wonder if the superintendent and principal also laughed as hard.

President Kennedy Assassinated

President John F. Kennedy was fatally shot at 12:30 PM, Nov. 22, 1963. I was in my second year of teaching. Around 1:15 that afternoon, the principal came to my classroom door and asked me to step out. He told me what had happened and handed me a radio. I went back into the classroom, announced that President Kennedy had been shot and tuned in the radio. Every station was carrying commentary on the assassination. All that afternoon and the next morning all we did in my social studies classes was listen to continuous commentary on the radio. Neither my students, nor I really had much to say. In a way it was strange, all that silence. I would have guessed that the students would ask a lot of questions, many for which I would have no answer. However, just quietly listening to the radio or carrying on quiet conversations was the major response. After spending an afternoon and a morning listening to the radio, it seemed best that we pick up the lessons where we had left off. Of course, it was major topic of conversation, especially on current events Fridays, but I still remember a mostly quiet, reverent, demeanor from the students at the time.

Teaching the Pits...

After teaching high school classes of 15 to 25 students at a time, my first year at Wisconsin State University-Oshkosh included a little "shock." That is, a classroom of 400 plus students at one time. Indeed the classroom was one of three in one area, and each one seated 450 students with the teacher's stage down below ground level and the students in rising aisles. We called it "teaching in the pits." Standing on the stage to give a lecture was like standing in a pit, looking up at row after row of students. I adjusted to the idea that I just had to go ahead and "do my thing" without paying much attention to what students were doing. However, a colleague employed the same year as I was, couldn't make the adjustment. He began yelling at students for not paying attention, for reading a newspaper while he lectured, kissing their boyfriend, etc. The angrier he became, the more the students irritated him. By the middle of the

semester, he was taken out of the pit and was replaced by a more experienced teacher.

The rule was that we were to teach four classes a semester – however if you taught one of the pit classes, it would count as two classes. The next semester, I taught my pit class and the replaced teacher's pit class, giving me just two classes to teach in the spring. They even provided "student assistants" to help with handing out, collecting and correcting exams. That was one of my easier semesters of teaching. The next years, I was assigned only one pit class a semester.

Deviance project most memorable

In retirement, I truly enjoy meeting former students and learning what they are doing now. They range from owning a business to social work, from police officer to being an associate warden at the penitentiary, from child care to elder care, from minister to prisoner – and much more. When someone mentions that they took my class back in (date), I frequently ask them if they remember anything from the class. The response I get most often, is the "deviance project" that they had to do in "Principles of Sociology." It is a project designed to teach the concept of a "norm" and "deviance" – cognitively and emotionally. That is, they must do something "deviant" (cheer for an athletic team opposed to the crowd they are sitting with, as an adult ride in a shopping cart around a store, drive half the speed limit, go door-to-door "Trick or Treating" wearing Halloween masks at Easter time, etc.). Nothing illegal, it just had to be different from the norm. Then they had to follow a structured procedure in observing, recording and writing for the project. This seems to have been one of my most memorable lessons. I did enjoy reading all their deviance reports – even if it was more than one hundred three-to-ten page reports every semester.

Saudi Arabian Student in Prison

One of the most interesting classes I taught was the "Traveling Classroom" where I led class through a weeklong series of tours. One of these

classes toured Urban Social Service Agencies (from Gay and Lesbian Counseling to the Salvation Army to Sex Offender Treatment, etc.) in Minneapolis-St. Paul, MN. Another time it was comparing the Canadian criminal justice system to ours by touring around the Winnipeg, Manitoba area (attending court, going to jails and prisons, watching mediation sessions, bringing in the homeless from the freezing streets, etc.). However, the most often repeated set of tours was for South Dakota Corrections where we toured jails, prisons, probation, parole, juvenile treatment centers, halfway houses, etc.).

I have many great memories of these tours, but one truly stands out. We were touring the State Penitentiary at Sioux Falls, and went to see “the hole”, or more properly the “adjustment center” or “solitary confinement” or “disciplinary unit” (it gets called many names by various folks). At the Sioux Falls Penitentiary, we went to this unit by going through an underground tunnel – though the unit itself is above ground. All went well going to and visiting the unit and the class heard many stories from the correctional personnel and learned much. However, on the way back through the tunnel, we discovered that someone had broken about half of the light bulbs, leaving the tunnel passable, but much darkened. The students (about 20 of us) were fairly silent as we walked through the tunnel, our steps echoing off the rock and cement walls. Then, I felt a very firm grip on my upper arm. It squeezed so tightly that it almost hurt.

Through the dim light, I saw who was grabbing my arm. It was one of the three Saudi Arabian students on the tour. He hung on very tightly, and stammered, “Dr. Rosonke, I’m scared... so very scared.” He took my hand and placed it over his heart – I felt an extremely rapid thump, thump, thump! Shortly after that, we emerged into the hallway and the lighting was again normal. In thinking about it, I guess that if I were touring prisons in another nation (maybe, Saudi Arabia, Mexico or wherever), in a dark tunnel that had not been dark going in and had broken light bulbs hanging from the ceiling... I think I would also be scared. However, the correctional officer leading us through the tunnel

didn’t show any major concern. It was an interesting experience.

Lecture -- 5 stages of Death

Sometimes a lesson comes through in unanticipated ways. I frequently taught extra classes through university extension in order to make a little more money. While teaching at Wisconsin State University-Oshkosh, I taught a class in Green Bay and another at Fond du Lac. I taught several criminal justices classes for the University of South Dakota Extension while in Aberdeen and several extension classes for NSU in towns around Aberdeen from Gettysburg to Hosmer to Webster. It was in Gettysburg, teaching “Death, Dying and Grief Processes,” when a student taught me a memorable lesson (not an unusual occurrence – I frequently learn from students).

In the first half of the 3-hour class, I presented Elizabeth Kubler-Ross’s “Five Stages of Death.” After a short break we began class again. It was then that a South Dakota Highway Patrolman in the class explained that when I said that the “Stages of Death” could be applied to the experience of any “loss,” he thought about it and gave us a personal application.

The patrolman narrated a typical traffic stop for speeding. John Q. Citizen is driving down the road (albeit over the speed limit) and notices the red/blue lights flashing in his mirror indicating that a highway patrolman is telling him to pull over. His first thoughts are, “Oh, no. Not me. The patrolman isn’t after me!” (Stage #1 – Denial) Then, after glancing down at his speedometer (more information – the denial isn’t working), he becomes angry. “Darn cop. This isn’t fair – he must have been hiding somewhere. Why isn’t he going after real criminals instead of me?” (Stage #2 – Anger) “Oh please, don’t give me a ticket, I didn’t intend to speed. God, if I don’t get a ticket, I’ll never speed again. Can you lower the speed just a little bit so my fine won’t be so high?” (Stage #3 – Bargaining) “Why oh why was I so stupid? I didn’t need to get there that fast. I could have started earlier. What am I going to tell my wife about how much this is going to cost? I’m an

idiot.” (Stage #4 – Depression) “Oh, well, I guess I’m going to get the ticket. The fine is high, but I can pay it. My wife is going to give me a bad time about this – I’m glad she got a speeding ticket last year. It will make it easier for me when she finds out about my ticket.” (Stage #5 – Acceptance)

Then the patrolman said that he didn’t realize it till now, but he always tried to keep the driver to whom he had just given a speeding ticket in his patrol car until they reached “acceptance.” It didn’t always happen, but he didn’t want to send the driver back down the road when he was still “angry” or “depressed” about the speeding ticket. Yeah, a good application of Kubler-Ross’ “Five Stages” applied to another situation of “loss.” I’m learning.

Police Academy Teaching

I have made many presentations around the community and the state. At one Humanities event at South Shore, SD, I gave a presentation on Juvenile Delinquency at the same time as the administrator of the Rol Keabach Criminal Justice Training Academy gave his. A week later the administrator telephoned me and asked if I would like to teach a unit on juveniles at the academy for the police certification class. After discussion with my chairman and dean, I decided to give it a try. I put together a half day of material on the special language used in the juvenile justice system, the current philosophy of the juvenile justice system (emphasis on rehabilitation rather than deterrence), officer handling of juveniles, and gave it a try. It must have been successful because I was invited back to teach that half-day unit for every police certifying class for the next nine years. It was an excellent experience. When on my sabbatical leave in the fall of 1981, I both worked with the Aberdeen Police Juvenile Division and went through the South Dakota Police Certification course. As far as I know, I am still the only person who went through the police certification course, and taught a unit in that course at the same time. It was enjoyable to teach these new certifying law enforcement officers. They were bright, enthused and hard working students.

Technology, Teaching & PPP

Back in 1959, in my sophomore year at The University of Northern Iowa, I was “assigned” to a new experimental class, using the latest technological innovations. This was touted as the “classroom of the future” -- up to half of all college classes and great many high school classes would eventually be taught in this manner. What were the “innovations?” The innovations were a closed circuit television and an “open microphone” between the classrooms. I was in a class of about forty students watching a television monitor in which a “talking head” gave lectures on education and educational philosophies. I did notice that a month after the class started, I sat in a classroom with only about ten to fifteen students at each class meeting. I don’t know what happened to the other students, but I got a “boring B” for a grade at the end of the semester. Is this “innovation” still used in the classroom? Yes, a classroom television has its applications – it can sometimes present the audio and visuals that cannot be adequately explained in a lecture, textbook or scientific demonstration (the persuasion mechanisms of China’s “One-Child Policy,” or atoms forming complex molecules to produce organic compounds). Has television eliminated or reduced the need for teachers? Of course not. I believe that the same is true of computers today. After we have finished the “over hype” of computers, we will find that they can teach some things much better than other methods – but will not eliminate or reduce the number of needed teachers. As educational videos and CDs have become standard usage by good teachers, so will computers.

Remember the ditto machines that made copies with a “master” and toxic fluid that students would sniff as soon as the papers were handed out? Then came the Thermofax that would make the ditto master so much quicker, and the mimeograph was even better. Though photocopying has been around for a long time, it wasn’t used for large numbers of copies because it was so expensive. Now we photocopy everything. That includes both sides of the paper, collating the sheets and stapling them together... all with the push of a button.

I started out using a manual typewriter in high school and college, moved to several versions of the electric typewriter and was ecstatic when I discovered word processing on computers. I had been using a cardpunch and a huge computer for research and teaching statistics – but very quickly bought my own personal computer when I discovered word processing. Then came the test construction programs and many other computerized systems for grading and teaching. Though it had a very long learning curve, I really came to appreciate the computer’s capabilities for teachers.

My subject of Social Studies and Sociology uses reading, lecture and discussion heavily – along with videos, demonstrations, experimentation, etc. I appreciate the technological advances in teaching from chalk on a blackboard to using a marker on a white board (then, nontoxic markers) to using an overhead to computerized power point presentations. However, any specific teaching method has both “uses” and “abuses.”

In the Spring semester of my last year of teaching, I remember coming into my Child Abuse class, having just composed a new power point presentation (this preparation took over ten hours of preparation for a fifty-minute presentation), and one of the students commented, “Oh, no, not another “Triple-P”. When I asked what a “Triple-P” was, she responded, “Power-Point-Puke.” This student had experienced so many NSU professors’ experiments with power point presentations (probably not all “excellent” presentations), that she was “sick-and-tired” of power point presentations. She had “OD’d” (over-dosed) on them. As some teaching truly benefits from a power point presentation, some does NOT. The same is true for computers. We just need to figure out what works best – for the student and for the teacher.

Coaching....

Many teachers are familiar with the idea that they also need to coach a sport in addition to

teaching. Though teaching was always my first interest, I coached wrestling and cross-country running. I was more successful as a coach than I was as an athlete. Though I did not participate in high school athletics, I had about a 50% record in my varsity wrestling career at the University of Northern Iowa and this short-legged fella has never been a runner. I became an assistant wrestling coach at Reinbeck, IA, and a head wrestling and cross-country coach at Chetek, WI. In Wisconsin, there were no “A,” “B” or “C” divisions in wrestling or cross-country. Thus all school sizes were in the same state tournaments. Every year I had one to four of my wrestlers make it through the two qualifying tournaments to attain a spot in the state finals at Madison. In my four years at Chetek, though others placed, only one wrestler earned the state championship.

Several cross-country runners also qualified for the state meet. I was often teased about my cross-country coaching method. You see, I coached from a motorcycle. The team did have their fun at times by digging a pit or disguising a log and then luring me into their trap. I learned to approach very cautiously whenever called by a cross-country team member, “Hey, coach, come look at this!”

While studying at the Illinois Institute of Technology for my Master’s degree, I worked out with their wrestling team for exercise and became an “unofficial” coach, sometimes traveling with the team. Later, I did the same when teaching at Wisconsin State University-Oshkosh. The second year at Oshkosh the head coach left his job late in the summer and a new coach was not available. Thus, team members requested the athletic administration to ask me to be their head coach. I agreed, and WSU-O also hired one of their other coaches who had never even attended a wrestling match in his life, to be my assistant coach. It was an extremely busy year – teaching full time, plus coaching full time from October till March. However, thanks to the recruiting of the earlier coach, and maybe a little work on my part, Oshkosh earned second place among all the Wisconsin universities that year, and we qualified one wrestler for the national tournament in North Carolina. We got

“wiped out” in the first round at the nationals. Oh, well.

Coaching T-Ball

Not all of my teaching and coaching occurred in schools. For nine years I coached Little League Baseball and Softball for the Warner community. My children wanted to play, and when I showed up to drop them off, I was recruited into the “voluntary,” non-paid coaching staff. I continued to coach until a year after my fourth child had graduated and gone to college. I have many fond memories of these experiences, but one does stand out.

I was coaching T-ball for the little kids and we were playing in the neighboring town of Athol. The Athol team was at bat and my team was in the field. The Athol batter hit an excellent ground ball right between the first and second basemen, quite far into right field – an unusually good hit for T-ball. As the coach, I began to shout at my right fielder to get the ball and throw it to first base. As I continued to shout, I looked into the right field, and discovered that there was no one there. I turned my attention to the center fielder to have him go get the ball and throw it to first base or maybe second base by then... But here was no one in center field. I then glanced into left field, and there they were. All three, the right fielder, the center fielder and the left fielder were kneeling together, poking a stick down a gopher hole. I guess it gets boring being an outfielder playing T-ball. There usually isn't much action for them. By this time, my second baseman had left second base, had chased the ball in right field, and had thrown it to the first baseman – long after the batter had run around first base. The first baseman then threw the ball to home plate where our catcher chased it, got it, and came back just in time to tag the runner “out” at home. I simply sat down and laughed and laughed. Such are the pleasures of coaching T-ball.

Research

While at Northern State University, I published twenty-six professional articles, and wrote another fifty plus reports for various research

projects. I gave over sixty professional presentations to professional groups and over sixty nonprofessional presentations to various groups around Aberdeen, the state and the nation.

My most interesting research was a “change of venue” research for the 1989 Dameon Downing murder trial in Edmunds County. Mr. Downing was indicted for murdering his wife and several children in a fourth of July fire at their home. Since Mr. Downing was the only known black person living in the county, the defense question was, “Can he get an honest, unbiased jury” in Edmunds county, or should the judge move the trial to another county in the state? We did a countywide telephone survey of registered county voters that were not on the present jury selection list. My conclusion, report and statements to the judge, prosecution and defense were that there was little racial prejudice against blacks in the county – or at least, if there was, it is not detectable by public survey methods. Indeed, the closer to the town where the deaths occurred, and the more likely the respondent knew Mr. Downing personally, the LESS likely they thought he was guilty. Thus, there was no change of venue, the trial occurred in Edmunds County, and Dameon Downing was acquitted of the charge.

A brief selection of other interesting research projects include: *Community and Professional Attitudes toward Child Abuse and Neglect*, published in the South Dakota Journal of Medicine (1982), *Attitudes Toward DWI*, published in The Lawman (1984), *Poaching and Game Law Violations*, published in South Dakota Social Science Journal (1981), *Attitudes Toward the Aberdeen Police: A Study of the Comparison of Attitudes of the Aberdeen Community and the Police Department Perceptions of Community Attitudes*, published in the Northern Social Science Review (1977), *Attitudes of South Dakota Residents Toward Hunting, Hunters and Game Officials*, published in Indian Journal of Comparative Sociology, Krantaka, India (1975), and *Domestic Violence and the Credit Professional*, published in Credit Professional International (2000).

A small sampling of interesting sponsored unpublished research includes: *Health Education Needs* for Dakota Midland Hospital, *Aberdeen Youth Needs Study* for the Aberdeen City Commission, *Gerontological Training Needs for South Dakota* for the South Dakota Gerontology Association for Training and Education, *Game Law Violation—Criminological and Situational Perspectives* for the South Dakota Conservation Officers Conference, *Child Abuse Perceptions* for the Aberdeen Area Child Protection Team, *Aberdeen American News—A Morning or Afternoon Paper*, for the Aberdeen American News, *Senior Needs and Services Provided*, Bethesda Home of Aberdeen, *Attitudes of South Dakota Dentists*, for the South Dakota Dental Association, and *Alumni Employment*, for the Northern State University Political Science and Sociology Department.

Administration and Other Positions

I served as the NSU Social Sciences and History Department Chairman for six years. I have been President of the South Dakota Social Sciences Association, The Great Plains Sociological Association, The Gerontology Association for Training and Education, North Plains Hospice, Senior Corps Advisory Board (Retired Senior Volunteer Program and Foster Grandparent Program), and a board member of the Midwest Sociological Society, New Beginnings Juvenile Treatment Center, Safe Harbor (Domestic Violence Shelter and other Services), and Child Protection Team. I am a “Founding Member” of the North Plains Hospice, now at Avera St. Luke’s Hospital.

Honors & Awards

Of all the honors and awards, the one of which I am most proud is the 1982 “Teaching” award from Northern State University. To be selected as the best teacher, given an award, and having the award and my photograph permanently displayed in the NSU administration building is an honor. I have also received awards from the South Dakota Social Science Association, the

Great Plains Sociological Association, the Gerontology Association for Training and Education and other organizations. Of note, was my full year scholarship award received from the National Science Foundation to achieve my first Master’s degree from the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago, IL.

Retirement

I had earned my BA and was teaching by the time I was 21 years old. I earned my Sociology Master’s Degree at age 29 and began teaching at the college level. My second Master’s Degree in Guidance and Counseling was earned at age 33 and my Ph.D. at 34 years old. I retired at age 62.

When teaching at NSU, my office was on the third floor of the Seymour Building (no elevator). Most of my classes were either on the third floor of the Mewalt-Jensen building, or approximately a city block away in the Johnson Fine Arts Building. In my 40’s and early 50’s, if I would forget something when I arrived at the classroom, I would jog back down the three flights of stairs, back up the other three flights of stairs to my office, back down the three flights of stairs, and then back up the three flights of stairs to the classroom. I could do it in less than ten minutes. In my later 50’s, I tried much harder not to forget something because it was a long walk. In my 60’s, if I forgot something, I decided that I didn’t need it today.

At this writing, I have successfully completed five years of very enjoyable retirement. I am a “night person,” and when teaching, avoided early morning classes – and taught at least one night class almost every semester. Now, the most delightful part of retirement is that I can sleep late every morning and habitually sit around reading and sucking coffee till noon. Retirement is even better than teaching.

Since joining the Aberdeen Retired Teachers Association, I have been elected Vice-President, then President-Elect/Program Chair, and will be President in 2008-09.

1962



Jerome Rosonke
University of Northern
Iowa, Cedar Falls, IA



*Cross-Country
HON
Champions*

E. Brouillard, R. Tou-
far, S. Thalacker, P.
Otten, Cosch Rosonke,
J. Solum, K. Murch,
L. Johnson, T. Walczak,
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