Brian DuSible remembers a much slower pace in the 1960s, a time of math done longhand, no personal computers and text messages, and no “feeling like you had to do things right away.” Yet, with purpose, high school freshman Brenda (Garrett) Green’s typewriter buzzed passed her counselor’s racially charged comment (“You won’t make straight A’s here.”) Her class valedictorian’s speech rolled out of it four years later.

We anticipate our parents and grandparents also sharing their “we walked to school uphill, three miles in the snow and back” memories—and sometimes they’re even true. Stories of their youth bring us closer to an era, or allow us to peek over the decades into conversations, circumstances, and even dreams taking shape, whatever the pace.

I had a much more home-based high school life than my classmates. My parents assumed that you just have your family and that you shouldn’t have friends for... support and comradeship. The way I could go to a basketball game was by saying, ‘How can I get elected to be student council vice president [if I don’t go to the basketball games]?’ [chuckles] I figured that out in my senior year. My parents went, ‘You’re right.’ And they let me go. But I couldn’t go just to go and have fun. Couldn’t go anywhere or do anything unless there was a motive... I think that was something they didn’t know about America.

—Joyce Yu

I just finished junior high. I was an A+ student, and yet, I just walked away. I used to sit outside and laugh at the students walking to high school in my neighborhood. I just thought it was so funny, because I wasn’t running away from something as much as I was running toward something. I mean, this whole hippie lifestyle was totally different. At work they’d talk about TV shows, and things like that, and I couldn’t say much because I’d never seen them! I had LSD, you know, and had a great trip. Drugs were a big part of the counterculture.

—Lorna Doone

I knew I was gay when I was about 15. High school was terribly traumatic for me... I started having these manic episodes... I found this doctor who I told, ‘I think I’m gay, but I don’t want you to tell my parents about it.’ Not only did he tell them, but he suggested that they lock me up in Anoka State Hospital, to ‘teach me a lesson.’ I ended up there for about three months... I was only 19 when I started FREE (Fight Repression of Erotic Expression). It was a short period of time when all this turmoil and misery really set me up to start something or be angry enough probably to take that big a risk.

—Koreen Phelps, co-founder of Minnesota’s first gay organization. Interview by Scott Paulsen

I had a very small class. A lot of them I’m going, ‘my Facebook friend, my Facebook friend, my Facebook friend, my Facebook friend.’ We never—never—could’ve imagined Facebook, the Internet, and cell phones! I was in band, choir, I was in FHA, Future Homemakers of America. It was only open to girls. And I became an A Squad cheerleader for both football and basketball. Girls were not in athletics in those days. We just kind of accepted it: ‘Why do the girls not have sports? Hmm.’ Later on the questions really exploded.

—Penny Ray