BAK, Raymond A. "Ray"

January 26, 1922
Britton, South Dakota
April 1, 1987
Sioux Falls

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luck. Then he banged down the receiver and went to bed laughing himself to sleep, and I lay awake half the night wondering if he really meant all he said. From that time on, a close friendship was started.

Everybody always had to tell Ray a Norwegian story and of course he would make

RUBE'S RAMBLIN'S

On Thursday morning the sun came up extra special bright for an April spring morning, but it wasn't long before a dark shadow was cast over the City of Viborg, as the news of mine and your dear friend, Ray Bak had passed away. News like this is always sad and really you never expect it to come. But there comes a time when we will all be called on to serve another world. Ray will be very much missed by his wife and children and so very much by his grandchildren, who shared a special spot in the center of his heart. To find that out all you had to do was ask about a grandchild and you had a 20-minute story about them, plus pictures. His love for children not only centered on his grandchildren, but for all kids whether they may be a babe in arms, or up through high school.

Ray was very proud of his Norwegian ancestry and of course this made him a perfect person for some of my Norwegian stories in the paper. Back when I first started this column, I had a article in the paper about him (can't recall what it was) and this was the time Ray was still on the road and only home on weekends, so he didn't get the paper read till Friday night. About 12:30 (midnight) the phone rings calling me out of a deep sleep and he starts to chew on me for putting this article in the paper. Course I am trying to get a word in edge-wise and not having any like it was a insult to him, but every once in a while he would come in and tell me a story. He would say, "Rube, I got to tell you this story about the two Norwegians, because really no other nationality will fit in."

Ray also was very active in Community service especially when it came to singing for something, be it weddings, funerals or entertaining for some program for the public. And the past two years he was on to live up the program entertainment for the Pork Show and did a super job this and every year.

So Adeline and I, plus the readers of this column, extend our deepest sympathy to the family, for he will be missed by all of us. But the sun will shine bright again and I believe when it does, Ray will be sitting on a cloud in heaven, with a group of angels around him and say, "Did you hear the story about the two Norwegian Angels?"

Blessed be his memory.

RUBE'S
of Viborg