Memoirs of Great Basin College

by
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Abstract: Nevada was one of the last states to establish community colleges. The colleges developed from a grassroots movement of citizens who had little opportunity to pursue postsecondary education. They were placed under the University of Nevada System, whose Board of Regents had no sense of their mission. Seven years into the movement, the regents abolished the division presidency. A 13-year period of un-coordinated growth followed. Few state policies were developed specifically for community colleges. College personnel protested that they were step-children in a university system. The regents studied their complaints and developed policies to improve relations. Statewide coordination improved. Today four colleges, with mostly modern facilities, enroll a combined headcount of 52,000. Nevada has often been the first or second fastest growing state, but population growth has spotlighted social issues: crime and prisons, health care, and infrastructure. The colleges make postsecondary programs available to most Nevadans, although some citizens remain disenfranchised. Limited funding prevents the colleges from realizing their potential.

PEOPLE'S COLLEGES AT TWENTY-FIVE

I. Origins

Community colleges emerged late in Nevada. Twenty-five years ago the state had but one, and it was young and it was sputtering.

Postsecondary education history itself in Nevada falls basically into two eras. In the first span, the state struggled to build a single university. The long period from 1874 to 1967 was one of slow, uncertain development; but the rise of the GI Bill generation coincided with an expansion of the university campus in Reno and the birth in 1954 of a branch at Las Vegas--the future UNLV. The second span, beginning in the mid-1960s, witnessed a rush to expand universities, build colleges and to serve citizens for whom the doors of advanced education had mostly been closed.

Nevada was born prematurely in 1864. A mostly arid, unproduc-

tive land, the state was far less prepared than its older sisters for statehood. President Lincoln needed anti-slavery votes for a constitutional amendment and Congress wanted to partake of the Comstock riches to pay Civil War debts. During its first 75 years, Nevada was a scattering of railroad towns, volatile mining camps, and a highly emigrant and transient populace.

Its university was born ahead of itself, too. Ten years into statehood, the Legislature created it as a response to the potential patrimony of the Morrill Act. The governor was an Elkoan, so the Preparatory Department of the University of Nevada had its home in the four-year-old camp-town, Elko, by 1874. Never mind that the town would wait 20 more years for its first high school graduating class of three students. The "university" never attracted more than 30 students a year, a few of whom might have qualified for high school admission. In 1886 the Legislature moved the university to Reno. But there its development was halting, too, for Nevada was a land of roaming treasure hunters who spoke many languages and had little interest in refined ideas.

The modern era dates from the mid-1960s when the state still had one foot in the frontier. "It was a horse and buggy state," recalls then-governor Paul Laxalt. For those who made the Nevada crossing, it appeared much as Wallace Stegner described it in the 1940s: ". . . three or four little puddles, an interminable string of crazy, warped, arid mountains with broad valleys swung between them; a few waterholes . . . that about sums up the Great Basin." Nevada's vast interior would not have a permanent town of 10,000 until 1990.

California had developed two-year colleges feverishly, but

colors, and abilities. Within a few years it would be the state with the highest percentage of its people living in urban areas.

In 1967, the school district opened a vocational center in Las Vegas to provide training alternatives. But it proved to be a white elephant. In most years jobs in hotels and restaurants were plentiful, and young people looked first to paychecks and gratuities. At Nevada Southern, a few blocks from the Strip, many students, pushed for UNLV. They burned Gov. Laxalt in effigy in 1967. They believed he did not support their university.

In Carson City in 1966, some prominent citizens rallied around Carson College, which was the private experiment of three rainbow chasers. They saw Nevada as ripe for an "Oxford of the West," a kind of Socratic-tutorial college. It was bankrupt after a few months. As it was closing, a more sensible initiative began with Dr. John Homer, a legislator. He had a bill drafted for Kit Carson Community College. The bill appeared late in the 1967 session. It described a college that was beyond the comprehension of legislators, The bill did not move to debate. Simultaneously, a citizen thrust for a community college began in an unlikely railroad/cowtown--Elko, original site of the university in 1874.

In April 1967, four Elko citizens visited the community college in Ontario, Oregon. Their tour convinced them they could have a college, too. In a flash of frontier Americana and in the face of disbelief of professional educationists, they opened Nevada Community College in September with about $45,000, most of it raised in a "Give-A-Day's Pay" drive. Nearly ten per cent of the population enrolled in mostly adult education courses. The renegade

Nevada had struggled to keep its one university afloat. By the 1950s it had evolved into the state's major civic symbol and it radiated a sort of provincial power. When other colleges began to rise in the 1960s, they had to confront the university's power.

The university's extension program attempted to serve the isolated pockets of people in the seventh largest state. Mostly the coursework was geared to public school teachers--the one reliable market in the desert towns. There was little need for sophisticated career programs in a society dominated by the livestock industry. Larger school districts scheduled career training in evening adult programs and cooperated with hospitals to train practical nurses. Many community college functions existed in the mid-1960s but they were fragmented and scattered.

But deep change was afoot. Often, Nevada would be the first or second fastest-growing state in the second half of the 1900s. The Newmont Company had developed ways to extract flakes of microscopic gold--invisible to the eye--from a haulpack's load of earthy debris. In 1965, Newmont miners poured the first gold bar from ore of the Carlin Trend. Within a few years the new technology was abetted by the highest gold prices in history. A much different era of mining commenced, as Nevada's old horse culture faded. The new mining industry would require thousands of skilled technicians in diesel, welding, millwrighting, computing, and electricity.

The gaming industry was changing too. By 1966, the sagebrush casinos had begun to give way to the glitzy facades of the "Adult Disneyland." Chest-thumping predictions were made that Nevada would build the biggest hotels and conduct the biggest conventions

the world had ever seen.

Momentous years in higher education lay just ahead. In 1966, Paul Laxalt won the governor's chair. In his campaign he called for "self-sustaining community colleges." The term "community colleges" was vague to Nevadans, and "self-sustaining" was a feel-good adjective. Laxalt knew that rural Nevadans were deprived by the tryanny of desert distances. Also, most high school graduates never enrolled in the university and, of those who did, more than half would not graduate. Laxalt had made a campaign promise but he had no plan for governance or funding.

The university regents created a technical institute on the vacated Stead air base north of Reno in 1966. It offered certificated and two-year occupational programs. But a university trying to develop professional colleges had little zeal for promoting career programs. The institute did not prosper.

The richest man in the world--Howard Hughes--took up residency on the ninth floor of the Desert Inn in Las Vegas in 1966. Within a year he spent about $70 million buying Strip hotels. Before Hughes' arrival, the state had made strides in cleansing its main industry--gaming. But Nevada was the ugly duckling state in the American mind. Mafia names still surfaced in the back alleys of sin. Hughes' infusion of capital and his placement of Mormon managers in his operations meant that gaming would have a more savory image. Evangelist Billy Graham held a crusade in Las Vegas in 1982. Not once did he deplore gaming as a vice. It was becoming an economic virtue and gaining the approval of Americans. Nevada was on the eve of a massive inflow of people of many languages,

college had no public governance. Some classroom teachers protested it, but the Elko school district harbored it with the help of a citizens advisory board.

The pivotal year was 1968. The University of Nevada System was born when Nevada Southern became UNLV. The state could claim two universities along with its Desert Research Institute. The system now had a chancellor and three presidents. In the Great Basin distances, the little college in Elko was about to fold up. But it had Gov. Laxalt's support and the sympathy of many school district superintendents. The universities did not welcome it. UNR had ancient brick buildings to maintain or replace and plans for more doctoral programs. UNLV, now autonomous, would be getting more state funds. University leaders did not enjoy the prospect of state funds going to community colleges.

The state education agency extended a helping hand to Elko. In that "Great Society" era, Nevada seemed awash with federal funds, some of which got to Elko. (Equipment from federally funded programs jump-started technical education at all Nevada community colleges.) Gov. Laxalt called a special session of the Legislature in 1968 to draft laws to protect Lake Tahoe. The Elko delegation got a college bill through the state Assembly with an appropriation of $95,000. But the Senate Finance Committee tanked it, as senators worried about funding K-12, rising UNLV, and a medical school, which Howard Hughes had boosted with promises of money. The bill was reintroduced without a funding request. Nevada Community College was allowed to exist under the Elko school district, but it had to be renamed Elko Community College. Legislators believed that

it would fail and take the name Nevada down with it.

Elko, unlike rivals Reno or Las Vegas, was neutral ground. It faced the desert in four directions, and lay 230 miles from a college. Its citizens nurtured their isolation; paradoxically, they nurtured community, too. Howard Hughes heard about the plight of Elko's college. When it was closing its doors in May 1968, he called Laxalt. "When he said he was making a donation to Elko's college, I nearly screamed into the phone," said Laxalt. Hughes dispatched $250,000. That gift riveted citizens on Elko. Reporters came from afar to write about the gritty town that had bootstrapped a college. Half the money was meant to sustain the would-be college, the remainder to fund a study for a system of them.

The Arthur Little consultants presented the study in early 1969. It recommended a single community college district with a single president reporting to its own board of trustees. The district would have three central campuses--one located in south Reno, another in Elko, and in east Las Vegas. Using local part-time coordinators, each college would schedule courses for communities in service territories that were larger than many states. The Little consultants knew that local communities had no means to support colleges and suggested that the state might not be financially able to develop three colleges at once.

The 1969 Legislature appropriated $200,000 for a "pilot program" at Elko. No funds were ventured for land or facilities. The governor said that the towns would have to build campuses. No Nevada communities could do that 25 years ago. "Biggest Little City in the World," Reno's motto, was merely aspiration, and Las Vegans,

then in an economic recession, were digging into their pockets for UNLV. State funds, sometimes boosted by federal monies, would build the first facilities. In 1973 a Nevada delegation conviced Congress to rebate four fifths of the federal tax on slot machines. With that money--$200 per machine--the state created a small facilities construction fund. By 1991, over a $100,000,000 had been appropriated from the state's general fund for facilities at four campuses and five satellite centers. An untold amount of private money went to learning resources, equipment, and facilities. The Reno-based Fleischmann Foundation gave generously for learning resources centers in the 1970s. Recently, a Las Vegas donor gave funds for a modern child development center for the Elko campus, a building for the university system offices in Reno, and much of the health sciences center of the Community College of Southern Nevada (originally Clark County Community College).

II. Growth and Drift

Nevada's community colleges are a continuation and a formulation. Many of their functions had developed naturally in frontier communities. When a campus opened at Stead, a vacated air base north of Reno, in 1971, the director of the Washoe school district adult education jump-started a college. He effected a transfer of adult programs with hundreds of students. Only the adult diploma program stayed behind. Adult education had been made into higher education, at least for accounting purposes. Much the same thing happened, but more gradually, in Las Vegas. As the colleges

developed, programs would be undergirded by general education, following the university discipline-based model. Coursework now could be molded into certificates and degrees. Student services and learning resources had been non-existent. In time, they would develop and bolster students.

Founders of Elko's college were loud for unaffiliated trustees. Nearly three decades later, they still are. But the state attorney general's office ruled that the university regents were constitutionally responsible for public postsecondary education. On July 1, 1968, the University of Nevada System, which had existed for only a year, would have a fourth entity, the Community College Division. University presidents, fearing a dilution of their authority, convinced the regents to appoint a single division president.

The regents selected Dr. Charles Donnelly of Flint Community Junior College as president of the new division in 1970. By 1971, he had boldly implemented a state plan to place the three institutions in the mainstream of the national community college enterprise. All people in all sections would be served. The "open door" colleges would provide liberal arts/transfer, occupational and developmental instruction and sustain counseling and community services. They would be community colleges and not become state colleges. The plan called for 60 per cent of the colleges' efforts to go to occupational programs. There would be campus vice presidents and citizen advisory boards with members appointed by the regents.

Academic respect was hard to earn. The 60 per cent thrust for

occupational education was a signal to the universities that liberal arts was not to be strong. The figure was never realized because funding was mostly driven by FTE, not by program. The collegiate function became the strongest, because its higher enrollments generated more funds and because the colleges eventually were seen as feeders to, and outlets for, universities.The merger of school district adult education with community colleges brought instant funding from the state, but it also left the taint of expediency, especially since school administrators became college officials. University professors criticized courses according to their own standards; many decried "watered down" courses and the "excessive" use of part-time faculty at half the university pay scale. Citizens tended to view the colleges as places of experimentation in career training and not as serious academic institutions. Others saw them as one response to minority education. Instructors saw themselves as collegiate faculty genuinely concerned with creating opportunity. Today, most citizens look upon them that way, too.

There was plenty of opportunity for conflict in both organization and philosophy. In some instances, tension developed between citizen advisers and regents. Relations between the universities and colleges could be especially tense, although there were notable instances of total cooperation. The colleges' instructional focus would be on what could be learned by students in an "open door" institution. Instructors would not penalize students by issuing failing final grades; students who could not meet standards for a program would be allowed to try another. That

a certain number of students would be weeded out had become an unwritten law in the university. The "No F" policy seemed a heresy to the professoriate and some community college instructors, too.

In approving the state plan, the regents had apparently accepted the idea that students would be encouraged to complete two years at a community college and transfer as juniors to the universities. In practice this rarely happened, as specialization encroached on general education in the universities. They built brarriers to make transfer of courses difficult. Nursing courses, with their communal origins, and businesses courses, with their Main Street flavor, had the hardest time of all. Many community college instructors were university graduates, so articulation, in some cases, became a personal matter, easily solved by telephone. Eventually an articulation board formed, with membership weighted toward universities. Today, "transfer centers" have been established at the universities. Community college students confer with advisers and sign contracts with officials of university colleges that guarantee transfer of courses. The articulation board still functions and the colleges have proportionate membership.

Charles Donnelly had won his spurs in the very home of the Mott Foundation, national benefactor of community education. He saw community services as the framework for the self-actualization of citizens. Strong citizens advisory boards would help guide the process. He had a broader view of community colleges than Nevadans, whom he tried to educate on the nature of the institutions. Politicians wanted to fund only the collegiate and career education functions. Intercollegiate athletics was forbidden. The state

senate was wary of "far out" community services and forbade funds for it. Some legislators did not understand the need for developmental instruction. Wasn't Nevada already alloting nearly half its revenues for K-12 and wasn't it also funding districts liberally for adult diploma instruction?

The student body was destined to be 85% part-time. Given the breadth of the colleges' offerings and the goal of serving all citizens in a large state, much of the teaching load had to be carried by part-time faculty. Funding was based on a ratio of full-time to part-time faculty. The typical student-faculty funding ratio was 25:1, and as low as 10:1 in health sciences and some technical programs. Colleges serving sparsely populated towns eventually received "rural factor" funding. The colleges and universities prepared their budget requests locally, and these were negotiated with the vice chancellor for finance. A university system budget would emerge as a team document to be presented to the Legislature, and selected regents and administrators lobbied.

College personnel and their supporters built campuses first; then they would plan. They obtained free land; thus some campuses were poorly situated, although the state's growth has obscured the issue. Colleges spread out before one was built up--as warhorse politicians brought a campus to their hometowns. A Carson City state senator deftly secured Western Nevada Community College for his town in 1971, before more populus Reno acould act. In 1977, its "North Campus" in Reno broke away to become Truckee Meadows Community College. In the south, North Las Vegas got the initial campus that had been recommended for a central part of Las Vegas

Valley.

There was no great rush for occupational education in a basically one-industry state. Liberal arts was the fertile ground for FTE. The colleges' fees were 35% below the universities' and class size in liberal arts, unlike that of technical courses, was restricted mostly to laboratory sciences and studio art. It was impossible to create a sequenced curriculum in an environment dictated by two universities with relatively autonomous professional schools--especially when some departments moved lower division courses to upper division. A sequence of specifically required courses was also relativized by the use of large numbers of part-time faculty and by the desire in the 1970s and 1980s to schedule courses according to the wishes of the adult public.

The regents tended to look upon the colleges as attachments to the system, not as an infusion into it. They did not see them as processes in communities. To the regents, career programs that had been transferred from school districts and universities seemed to meet most needs. Training initiatives with federal funds flowed to the colleges through the Nevada Department of Education. Several state agencies and business fraternities conducted training through the colleges. The universities were already the guardians of liberal arts. The colleges, said the regents, should simply secure course outlines from respective university departments and replicate courses. Teaching was, to them, a matter of imitating universities.

In 1977 the regents abolished the seven-year-old Community College Division. The reasons are complex. After budgets were cut,

some local advisory board members clamored for independent governance, and Nevada's governor was already cutting state-level agencies. Several towns wanted colleges, and could not tolerate waiting. Some regents and some people in the colleges' ranks exploited the situation. The community college movement had gathered steam and apparently threatened some politicians. The regents elevated campus executives to presidents--reporting to them through the chancellor. To deflect criticism, regents called in consultants to study organization. Again separate governance was recommended, but the regents, fearful of competing appeals to the Legislature for funds for postsecondary programs, asked the consultants to reconsider. The regents said they would place a "community college advocate" in the chancellor's office. The campus presidents were leery of the proposal. Thirteen years later a director of community college affairs was hired.

A decade of growth and drifting and more sturm and drang followed the loss of the statewide office. Colleges followed the example of their state, with its double-digit growth. For emerging colleges there would be little state-level coordination. College personnel recruited students brilliantly and ceaselessly. They delivered coursework heroically to the smallest towns, to Indian reservations, to military bases and prisons. High school seniors with lofty GPA's could complete 12 semester credits. But the colleges were not always ascending to the mountaintop. In the rush to grow, they were sometimes blind to consequences. Some high school seniors were already laden as class leaders; some were not mature. Inmate students could be scheduled according to what the

colleges were able to offer, not the individual's needs. For adult students with a constellation of problems, dropping out was common.

Colleges performed self-studies, but there was little internal assessment and planning until the late 1980s. New programs surfaced on the force of individual personality. Personnel sometimes forgot what their colleges were about. Even so, enrollments surged. The number of courses ballooned in the system's "Course Transfer Guide," which had been developed to designate how courses transferred to the universities. The regents focussed on rapidly expanding UNLV and university sports domes, and heard reports of uninterrupted growth. All was well. In 1971, fewer than 1,000 FTE could be counted. By 1993 Community College of Southern Nevada had the largest headcount in the university system--about 28,000. Nobody mentioned the 5,000 student limit per campus suggested by the state plan. The total community college headcount had reached about 52,000.

Until the formation of college partnerships with industry became fashionable in the mid-1980s and until state level coordination was resumed in 1991, internal curriculum development was nil. Visiting accreditors sometimes cringed at the state of technical education, which had been left to twist in the wind. State economic development officials complained, too. Ignored by regents, community college personnel came to believe that their legitimate world was one in which adult students dictated what was taught and "dropped in" or "dropped out" as they pleased. Community services became entrepreneurial and flourished with numbers, if not by process. The tiny college at Elko (FTE 400 in 1981) created a

foundation, which eventually raised several million dollars for a college-community center and a theater complex by 1993. The college in Reno commenced an endowment that now boasts $3,000,000.

The colleges moved swiftly into computer instruction in the early 1980s and the masses enrolled for word processing. Colleges reported the good news in the few moments alloted them at regents' meetings. Progress was seen as being on the road to some higher destiny. A campus took shape at Henderson, before the parent campus in North Las Vegas had a learning resources center. Tiny Fallon (population 4,000) got a campus before the 13-year-old Elko college had funds for a counselor.

Limited state-level coordination occurred in monthly meetings of the system presidents' council, the academic affairs council, and the articulation board. Observing a "shared governance" policy, each college had faculty senate chairs who came together to analyze issues on the eve of regents' meetings. They rarely spoke before regents for whom the real agenda dervied from the universities. Faculties learned that no pay scale existed and that some colleges paid more for the same teaching load than others. Funding seemed not to be proportionate. Inequities--internal and external--existed; others were imagined. Outside forces seemed to be in control. Federal programs--single parent, employment training, and small business development--landed in the colleges and brought rules that could compromise instruction.

There was unrest. Some faculty members threatened collective bargaining. In Nevada, a "right to work" state, that got attention of policy makers. The regents created an ad hoc faculty relations

committee in the late 1980s to address community college concerns. After a series of hearings and surveys, the committee learned that faculties believed they had been left out of decision-making. That issue flowed directly into the other: the instructors believed that they were an underclass in the system.

The regents then developed processes to reassure the faculties, at least temporarily. Regents had, through the hearings, begun to understand what a community college was. Channels for communication were broadened. Salaries were adjusted. In 1991 the regents appointed a director of community college affairs. In 1992 the they changed the system name to University and Community College System of Nevada.

During the same period, the universities created core curricula, which focussed articulation. The college nursing programs shed some of their communal origins and passed the rigors of national accreditation. Colleges developed facilities/land-use plans, then strategic plans for instruction and operations. A team of critics observed technical programs and made recommendations for improvement. The college at Elko developed a widely admired partnership with mining companies; the technical arts program offered degrees in welding, electricity, diesel, and mill maintenance and the mining companies provided generous scholarships. The college in Reno created a business institute, which customized training to employers' needs. In Las Vegas, where several thousand people were relocating monthly, colleges met the inflow of non-English speakers with an extensive training activities for literacy volunteers. Colleges trained hotel/casino

management personnel to teach ESL. The university medical school joined the community college's health sciences center in scheduling. Libraries opened themselves totally as they developed a statewide catalog on a computer network.

lll. Toward Maturity

Most Nevadans today live within commuting distance of post-secondary offerings, if not complete programs. The Community College of Southern Nevada, with three campuses, is de facto a system. It can reach out to a million residents of Las Vegas Valley, although its enrollment does not measure up to the potential. Many are waiting, but the college's limited funds cannot redeem the hopes. In the north, Western Nevada Community College boasts two campuses, one at Carson City, another at Fallon, and several off-campus sites. The college has fresh new facilities and partners greatly with businesses. Reno's Truckee Meadows Community College is the state's only purely urban college. It serves Reno from its hillside campus to the north of downtown Reno and from classrooms in a shoppers' mall to the south. Enrollments in its business institute are expanding, and on its horizon is a technology center. Northern Nevada Community College in Elko has small satellite campuses at Ely, in eastern Nevada, and Winnemucca, in central Nevada. Both are equipped to receive telecourses and both are close to county high schools, with whom they share facilities.

Interactive telecourses now help relativize the great distances

that have always plagued postsecondary schedules; they make more predictable schedules in areas with small populations. In rural areas computer-assisted advising and itinerant counselors inform citizens. Several sites also have university extension offerings, also telecourses, which complement community college instruction. Master's degree programs in business and education are now conducted at some community college sites.

The state has made strides in postsecondary education that could not have been imagined in 1968. The community college movement has also left notable milestones: one of the colleges hired the first female president and also the first African-American president in the university system's history. Some regents believe the colleges have also indirectly made the universities better. The movement has inspired hope. But the work is unfinished. Despite colleges' heroic efforts, minorities are still undserserved. Reservation Indians remain isolated. Participation by African-Americans has fallen short of hopes. Some of the egalitarian spirit of the origins period has been lost.

Most knowledgeable people believe that the colleges are fulfilling only half their potential. Nevada's growth has not resulted in a commensurate increase in funds. Instead, the growth has spotlighted other issues: crime, health care, infrastructure, aging. The colleges' financial capacity has not improved to the level at which their potential can be realized.

But they are coping, much as they coped in their early years. Where they are going is probably very much like where they have always been. They hire part-time instructors and have a 60-40 full-

time to part-time funding ratio, with a goal of 70-30. A dozen years ago some supporters did not believe that their future was assured. They are not yet complete institutions, for they have real curricula gaps. They will probably have to continue to compromise their offerings in their attempts to reach the neglected majority.

The onrush of students eventually flattened, even as Nevada's population swelled. College personnel had the opportunity to reflect and understand the need to mature. They developed useful assessment tools and have, for the first time, meaningful data on which to act. Yet some boosters and some faculty members seem unsatisfied with the idea of community colleges. There have been suggestions that one or two of them should become state colleges. It may fairly be said, then, that we have yet to learn what a community college is, or at least to build one the way it ought to be. If it is to be a symbol and therefore someting important, we must think about it for what it means to us. In the early years, there was much discussion about its mission. In recent years discussions have focussed on school and business partnerships. There is still too little public understanding of the capacities of community colleges and how they can give meaning and direction to community. We have been much too busy to discuss community, except as it exists as a fortress in which the citizens take shelter in dangerous world. We have apparently arrived at the point where we have grasped the idea that a change in the way something is delivered and the speed of its delivery means something, but we have not gone much further.

We have a tendency to look back and imagine simpler times. But

the age when the community colleges were born was not simple. Thousands of disillusioned veterans of Viet Nam knocked on college doors. Regents who did not know us presided over our destiny. We had no facilities, and we were always trying to define ourselves in the state. Probably we were no less fearful of the future then, but were we more open to possibilities?

At age twenty-five, maybe one of the best things we can do is to consider the community college as a symbol. For any important institution is a symbol. Every mature institution understands its own genius. Questions about its nature may seem trite to veteran practitioners, but never to the citizenry. What is a community college? In what ways is it incompatible in a university system, which seems more concerned with urban specializations than community? What are its grown-up functions and what conception of people does each of its functions hold? Does not its general education, if indeed it is teaching "essential knowledge," have something to do with the civilizing graces in a community? Is not this "essential knowledge" the core business in which all the community college constituents must participate? Having understood community, should not a community college develop its general education curricula itself? Can not community services, if it really is a process, help revive and mold a community that too often is full of self-segregated tribes engendering separatism and not community?

Probably we have always been a race caught between education and disaster. We have somehow muddled through the crises because we cooperated in communities. Our perception of our future must

begin with community, with the place where our institutions were born. Outside our little set-aside campuses, there will exist ominous activities that will shake our confidence in the future. But there will also be examples of institutions going forward, doing what they have set themselves to do. The commitment to teach people the crafts that make the world turn, the intellectual commitment to work together, that is what has brought us through our first 25 years, and closer to maturity.

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Postsecondary education history itself in Nevada falls basically into two eras. In the first span, the state struggled to build a single university. The long period from 1874 to 1967 was one of slow, uncertain development; but the rise of the GI Bill generation coincided with an expansion of the Reno campus and the birth in 1951 of a branch at Las Vegas--the future UNLV. The second span, beginning in the mid-1960s, witnessed a rush to expand universities, build community colleges and to serve citizens for whom the doors of advanced education had mostly been closed.

Nevada was born prematurely in 1864. A mostly arid, unproductive land, the state was far less prepared than its older sisters for statehood. President Lincoln needed anti-slavery votes for a constitutional amendment and Congress wanted a share of the Comstock riches to pay Civil War debts. During its first 75 years, the state was a scattering of railroad towns, volatile mining camps, and a highly emigrant and transient populace.

Its university was born ahead of itself, too. Ten years into statehood, the Legislature created it as a response to the potential patrimony of the Morrill Act. The governor was an Elkoan, so the Preparatory Department of the University of Nevada had its home in four-year-old Elko by 1874. The town had no high school and would not have its first graduating class, with three students, until 1893. The "university" never attracted more than 30 students a year, a few of whom might have qualified for high school admission. In 1886 the Legislature moved the university to Reno. But there its development was halting, too, for Nevada was a land of roaming treasure hunters who spoke many languages.

The modern era dates from the mid-1960s when the state still had one foot in the frontier. "It was a horse and buggy state," recalls then-governor Paul Laxalt. For those who made the Nevada crossing, it appeared much as Wallace Stegner described it in the 1940s: ". . . three or four little puddles, an interminable string of crazy, warped, arid mountains with broad valleys swung between them; a few waterholes . . . that about sums up the Great Basin." Nevada's vast interior would not have a permanent town of 10,000 until 1990.

California had developed two-year colleges feverishly, but Nevada had struggled to keep its one university afloat. By the 1950s it had evolved into the state's major civic symbol and it radiated a sort of provincial power. When other colleges began to rise in the 1960s, the power of the university would shape some of their destiny.

The university's extension program attempted to serve the isolated pockets of people in the seventh largest state. Mostly the coursework was geared to public school teachers--the only reliable market in the desert towns. There was little need for

sophisticated career programs in a society dominated by the livestock industry. Larger school districts scheduled career training in evening adult programs and cooperated with hospitals to train practical nurses. Many community college functions existed in the mid-1960s but they were fragmented and scattered.

But deep change was afoot. Often, Nevada would be the first or second fastest-growing state in the second half of the 1900s. The Newmont Company had developed ways to extract flakes of microscopic gold--invisible to the eye--from a haulpack's load of earthy debris. In 1965, Newmont miners poured the first gold bar from ore of the Carlin Trend. In a few years the new technology was abetted by the highest gold prices in history. A much different era of mining commenced, as Nevada's old horse culture faded. The new mining industry would require thousands of skilled technicians in diesel, welding, millwrighting, computing, and electricity.

The gaming industry was changing too. By 1966, the sagebrush casinos had begun to give way to the glitzy facades of the "Adult Disneyland." Chest-thumping predictions were made that Nevada would build the biggest hotels and conduct the biggest conventions the world had ever seen.

Momentous years in higher education lay just ahead. In 1966, Paul Laxalt won the governor's chair. In his campaign he called for "self-sustaining community colleges." The term "community colleges" was vague to Nevadans, and "self-sustaining" was a feel-good adjective. Laxalt knew that rural Nevadans were deprived by the tryanny of desert distances. Also, most high school graduates never enrolled in the university and, of those who did, more than half would not graduate. Laxalt had made a campaign promise but he had no plan for governance or funding.

The university regents created a technical institute on the vacated Stead air base north of Reno in 1966. It offered associate degrees in nursing and office administration. But a university trying to develop professional colleges had little zeal for promoting two-year programs. The institute did not prosper.

The richest man in the world--Howard Hughes--took up residency on the ninth floor of the Desert Inn in Las Vegas in 1966. Within a year he spent about $70 million buying Strip hotels. Before Hughes' arrival, the state had made strides in cleansing its main industry--gaming. But Nevada was the ugly duckling state in the American mind. Mafia names still surfaced in the back alleys of sin. Hughes' infusion of capital and his placement of Mormon managers in his operations meant that gaming would have a more savory image. Evangelist Billy Graham held a crusade in Las Vegas in 1982. Not once did he deplore gaming as a vice. It was becoming an economic virtue and gaining the approval of Americans. Nevada was on the eve of a massive inflow of people of many languages, colors, and abilities.

In 1967, the school district opened a vocational center in Las Vegas to provide training alternatives. But it proved to be a white elephant. In most years jobs in hotels and restaurants were plentiful, and young people looked first to paychecks and gratuities. A few blocks from the Strip, some students, pushing for Nevada Southern to become UNLV, burned Gov. Laxalt in effigy in 1967. They believed he did not support their university.

In Carson City in 1966, some prominent citizens rallied around Carson College, which was the private experiment of three rainbow chasers. They saw Nevada as ripe for an "Oxford of the West," a kind of Socratic-tutorial college. It was bankrupt after a few months. As it was closing, a more sensible initiative began with Dr. John Homer, a legislator. He had a bill drafted for Kit Carson Community College. The bill appeared late in the 1967 session. Such a college was beyond the comprehension of Homer's colleagues and the bill did not move to debate. Almost simultaneously, a citizen thrust for a community college began in an unlikely railroad/cowtown--Elko, original site of the university in 1874.

In April 1967, four Elko citizens visited the community college in Ontario, Oregon. Their tour convinced them they could have a college, too. In a flash of frontier Americana and in the face of disbelief of professional educationists, they opened Nevada Community College in September with about $45,000, most of it raised in a "Give-A-Day's Pay" drive. Nearly ten per cent of the population enrolled in mostly adult education courses. The renegade college had no public governance. Some classroom teachers protested it, but the Elko school district harbored it with the help of a citizens advisory board.

The pivotal year was 1968. The University of Nevada System was born when Nevada Southern became UNLV. The state could claim two universities along with its Desert Research Institute. The system now had a chancellor and three presidents. In the Great Basin distances, the little college in Elko was about to fold up. But it had Gov. Laxalt's support and the sympathy of many school district superintendents. But the universities did not welcome it. UNR had ancient brick buildings to maintain or replace and plans for more doctoral programs. Now UNLV would be getting more state funds. University leaders did not enjoy the prospect of state funds going to community colleges.

The state education agency extended a helping hand to Elko. In that "Great Society" era, Nevada seemed awash with federal funds, some of which got to Elko. (Equipment from federally funded programs jump-started technical education at all Nevada community colleges.) Gov. Laxalt called a special session of the Legislature in 1968 to draft laws to protect Lake Tahoe. The Elko delegation got a college bill through the state Assembly with an appropriation of $79,000. But the Senate Finance Committee ditched it, as senators worried about funding K-12, rising UNLV, and a medical school, which Howard Hughes had boosted with promises of money. The bill was reintroduced without a funding request. Nevada Community College was allowed to exist under the Elko school district, but it had to be renamed Elko Community College. Legislators believed that it would fail and take the name Nevada down with it.

Elko, unlike rivals Reno or Las Vegas, was neutral ground. Its citizens, who lived 230 miles from a college, nurtured their isolation; paradoxically, they nurtured community, too. Howard Hughes heard about the plight of Elko's college. When it was closing its doors in May 1968, he called Laxalt. "When he said he was making a donation to Elko's college, I nearly screamed into the phone," said Laxalt. Hughes dispatched $250,000. That riveted citizens on Elko. Reporters came to write about the gritty town

that had bootstrapped a college. Half the money was meant to sustain the would-be college, the remainder to fund a study for a system of them.

The Arthur Little consultants presented the study in early 1969. It recommended a single community college district with a single president reporting to its own board of trustees. The district would have three central campuses-- one located in south Reno, another in Elko, and a campus in Las Vegas. Using local part-time coordinators, each college would schedule courses for communities in their huge service territories. the Little consultants reported that local communities had no means to support colleges and the state might not be financially able to develop three colleges at once.

The 1969 Legislature appropriated $1,000 per FTE, up to 100, for the Elko college. (An FTE at first was 16 credits, later 15.) It ventured no funds for land or facilities. There was talk that the towns would have to build facilities. No Nevada communities could do that 25 years ago. "Biggest Little City in the World," Reno's motto, was merely aspiration, and Las Vegans were digging into their pockets for UNLV. State funds, sometimes boosted by federal monies, would build the first facilities. In 1973 a Nevada delegation conviced Congress to rebate four fifths of the federal tax on slot machines. With that money--$200 per machine--the state created a capital fund. By 1991, over a $100,000,000 had been appropriated from the state's general fund for facilities at four campuses and five satellite centers. An untold amount of private money went to learning resources, equipment, and facilities. One Las Vegas donor gave funds for a modern child development center for the Elko campus, a building for the university system offices in Reno, and much of the health sciences center of the Community College of Southern Nevada.

II. Growth and Drift

Nevada's community colleges are a continuation and a formulation. Many of their functions existed before they did. When a campus opened at Stead, a vacated air base north of Reno, in 1971, the director of the Washoe school district adult education jump-started a college. He effected a transfer of adult programs with hundreds of students. Only the adult diploma program stayed behind. Adult education had been made into higher education, at least for accounting purposes. Much the same thing happened on a more gradual scale in Las Vegas. As the colleges developed, programs would be undergirded by general education, which would follow the university discipline-based model. Coursework now could be molded into certificates or degrees. Student services and learning resources had been non-existent. They would develop and bolster students.

Founders of Elko's college were loud for unaffiliated trustees. Nearly three decades later, they still are. But the state attorney general's office ruled that the university regents were constitutionally responsible for public postsecondary education. On July 1, 1968, the University of Nevada System, which had existed for only a year, would have a fourth entity, the Community College Division. University presidents feared a dilution of their

authority. They lobbied the regents successfully to appoint a single division president.

The regents selected Dr. Charles Donnelly of Flint Community Junior College as president of the new division in 1970. He boldly implemented a state plan to place the institutions in the mainstream of the national community college enterprise. The "open door" colleges would provide liberal arts/transfer, occupational and developmental instruction and sustain counseling and community services. The plan called for 60 per cent of the colleges' efforts to go to occupational programs. There would be campus vice presidents and citizen advisory boards with members appointed by the regents.

Academic respect was hard to earn. The 60 per cent thrust for occupational education was a signal to the universities that liberal arts was not to be strong. The figure was never realized because funding was mostly driven by FTE, not by program. The merger of school district adult education with community colleges brought instant funding from the state, but it also left the taint of expediency, especially since school administrators became college officials. University professors criticized courses according to their standards; many decried "watered down" courses and the "excessive" use of part-time faculty at thalf the university pay scale. Citizens tended to view the colleges as places of experimentation in career training and did not regard them as serious academic institutions. Others saw them as one response to minority education. Instructors saw themselves as collegiate faculty genuinely concerned with creating opportunity. Today, most citizens look upon them that way, too. The collegiate function became the strongest, because its higher enrollments generated more funds and because the colleges eventually were seen as feeders to, and outlets for, universities.

There was plenty of opportunity for conflict in both philosophy and organization. In some instances, tension developed between citizen advisers and regents. Relations between the universities and colleges could be especially tense. The colleges' instructional focus would be on what could be learned. Instructors would issue no failing final grades. That a certain number of students would be weeded out had become an unwritten law in the university. The "No F" policy seemed a heresy to the professoriate and some community college instructors, too. Universities erected brarriers to make transfer of courses difficult. Nursing courses, with their communal origins, and businesses courses, with their Main Street flavor, had the hardest time of all. Many community college instructors were university graduates, so articulation, in some cases, became a personal matter, easily solved by telephone. Eventually an articulation board formed, with membership weighted toward universities. (Doug, what's the situation on articulation now?)

Charles Donnelly had won his spurs in the very home of the Mott Foundation, national benefactor of community education. He saw community services as the framework for the self-actualization of citizens. Strong citizens advisory boards would help guide the process. He had a broader view of community colleges than Nevadans, whom he tried to educate on the nature of the institutions. Politicians wanted to fund only the collegiate and career education

functions. The state senate was wary of "far out" community services and forbade funds for it. Some legislators did not understand the need for developmental instruction. Wasn't Nevada already alloting nearly half its revenues for K-12 and wasn't it also funding districts liberally for adult diploma instruction?

The student body was destined to be 90% part-time. Given the breadth of the colleges' offerings and the goal of serving all citizens in a large state, much of the teaching load had to be carried by part-time faculty. Funding was based on a ratio of full-time teaching to part time. typically _____ (Doug, maybe you are Sparks can clarify this). Nursing and some technical programs had ratios of ____. Colleges serving sparsely populated towns eventually received "rural factor" funding. The colleges and universities prepared their budget requests locally, and these were negotiated with the vice chancellor for finance. A university system budget would emerge as a team document to be presented to the Legislature. Selected regents and administrators lobbied.

College personnel and their supporters would build campuses first; then they would plan. They obtained free land; thus some campuses were poorly situated, although the state's growth has obscured the issue. Colleges spread out before they were built up--as warhorse politicians brought a campus to their hometowns. The site plan had called for a centralized campus in south Reno, but a Carson City state senator deftly secured Western Nevada Community College for his town in 1971. In 1977, its "North Campus" in Reno broke away to become Truckee Meadows Community College. In southern Nevada, North Las Vegas got the initial campus that had been recommended more centrally for the eastern part of the city.

There was no great rush for occupational education in a basically one-industry state. Liberal arts was the fertile ground for FTE. The colleges' fees were lower than the universities and class size in liberal arts, unlike that of technical courses, was restricted mostly to laboratory sciences and studio art. It was impossible to create a sequenced curriculum in an environment dictated by two universities with relatively autonomous professional schools--especially when some departments moved lower division courses to upper division. A sequence of specifically required courses was also relativized by the use of large numbers of part-time faculty and by the desire to schedule courses according to the wishes of the adult public.

The regents tended to look upon the colleges as attachments to the system, not as an infusion into it. They did not see them as processes in communities. To the regents, career programs that had been transferred from school districts and universities seemed to meet most needs. Training initiatives with federal funds flowed to the colleges through the Nevada Department of Education. Several state agencies and business fraternities conducted training through the colleges. The universities were already the guardians of liberal arts. The colleges, said the regents, could simply secure course outlines from respective university departments and replicate courses.

In 1977 the regents abolished the seven-year-old Community College Division. The reasons are complex. There was a clamor by some local advisory board members for independent governance, and

Nevada's governor was cutting state-level agencies. A few people in the colleges' ranks exploited the situation. The community college movement had gathered steam and apparently threatened some politicians. The regents elevated campus executives to presidents--reporting to them through the chancellor. To deflect criticism, regents called in consultants to study organization. Again separate governance was recommended, but the regents, fearful of competing appeals to the Legislature for funds for postsecondary programs, rejected the idea. They said they would place a "community college advocate" in the chancellor's office. The campus presidents were leery of the proposal. Thirteen years later an assistant to the chancellor for community colleges appeared.

A decade of growth and drifting followed the loss of the statewide office. Colleges followed the example of their state, with its double-digit growth. For emerging colleges there would be little state-level coordination. College personnel recruited students brilliantly and ceaselessly. They delivered coursework heroically to the smallest towns, to Indian reservations, to military bases and prisons. High school seniors with lofty GPA's could complete 12 semester credits. But the colleges were not always ascending to the mountaintop. In the rush to grow, they were sometimes blind to consequences. Some high school seniors were already laden; some were not mature. Inmate students could be scheduled according to what the colleges were able to offer, not the individual's needs.

Colleges performed self-studies, but there was little internal assessment and planning until the late 1980s. New programs surfaced on the force of individual personality. College personnel seemed sometimes to forget what their colleges were about. Even so, enrollments surged and so did the number of courses in the system's "Course Transfer Guide," which had been developed to designate how courses transferred to the universities. The regents, focussed on rapidly expanding UNLV and university sports domes, heard reports of uninterrupted growth. All was well. In 1971, fewer than 1,000 FTE could be counted. By 199_, Community College of Southern Nevada had the largest headcount in the university system-----. (Doug, get me some figures on this). Nobody remembered the 5,000 student limit per campus suggested by the state plan.

Until state-level coordination and the formation of college partnerships with industry became fashionable in the mid-1980s, internal curriculum development was virtually non-existent. Visiting accreditors sometimes cringed at the state of technical education. State economic development officials complained, too. Ignored by regents, community college personnel came to believe that their legitimate world was one in which adult students dictated what was taught and "dropped in" or "dropped out" as they pleased. Community services became entrepreneurial and flourished with numbers, if not by process. The tiny college at Elko (FTE 400 in 1981) created a foundation, which eventually raised several million dollars for a student center and a a theater complex.

The colleges moved swiftly into computer instruction in the early 1980s and the masses enrolled for word processing. Colleges reported the good news in the few moments alloted them at regents'

meetings. Progress was seen as being on the road to some higher destiny. A campus took shape at Henderson, before the parent campus in North Las Vegas had a learning resources center. Tiny Fallon (population 4,000) got a campus before the 13-year-old Elko college had funds for a counselor.

Limited state-level coordination occurred in monthly meetings of the system presidents' council, the academic affairs council, and the articulation board. Observing a "shared governance" policy, each college had faculty senate chairs who came together to analyze issues on the eve of regents' meetings. They rarely spoke before regents as most issues revolved around the universities. Faculties learned that no pay scale existed and that some colleges paid more for the same teaching load than others. Funding seemed not to be proportionate. Inequities--internal and external--existed; others were imagined. Outside forces seemed to be in control. Federal programs--single parent, CETA, SLIAG, and small business development--landed in the colleges and brought rules that could compromise instruction.

There was unrest. Some faculty members threatened collective bargaining. In Nevada, a "right to work" state, that got attention of policy makers. The regents created an ad hoc faculty relations committee in the late 1980s to address community college concerns. After a series of hearings and surveys, the committee learned that faculties believed they had been left out of decision-making. That issue flowed directly into the other: the instructors believed that they were an underclass in the system.

The regents then developed processes that reassured the faculties, at least temporarily. Regents demonstrated concern, for they had at last begun to understand what a community college was. Channels for communication were broadened. Salaries were adjusted. In 1991 the regents appointed an assistant to the chancellor for community colleges. In 1992 the they changed the system name to University and Community College System of Nevada.

During the same period, the universities created core curricula and articulation was simplified. The college nursing programs shed some of their communal origins and passed the rigors of national accreditation. Colleges developed facilities/land-use plans, then strategic plans for instruction and operations. A team of critics observed technical programs and made recommendations for improvement. (Doug, say something about assessment). The college at Elko developed a widely admired partnership with mining companies; the technical arts program offered degrees in welding, electricity, diesel, and mill maintenance and the mining companies prpovided generous scholarships. In Las Vegas, where the population was doubling every decade, colleges met the inflow of non-English speakers with an extensive training activities for literacy volunteers. Colleges trained casino management personnel to teach ESL, often training hotel managers to teach. The university medical school offered core courses in the health sciences to students pursuing degrees in medical technology, physical therapy, and others. Libraries developed a statewide computer network. At the Reno college, an endowment fund was approaching $_____. In
(Is there anything we can say about Carson City? Henderson?)

lll. Toward Maturity

Most Nevadans today live within commuting distance of post-secondary offerings. The Community College of Soutern Nevada, with three campuses, is a system in it own right reaching out to a million residents of Las Vegas Valley. In the north, Western Nevada Community College boasts two campuses, one at Carson City, another at Fallon, and several off-campus sites. Truckee Meadows Community College is the state's only purely urban college. It serves Reno from its hillside campus to the north of downtown and from classrooms in a shoppers' mall to the south. Northern Nevada Community College in Elko has satellites campuses at Ely, in eastern Nevada, and Winnemucca, in central Nevada. Both are adjacent to county high schools, with whom they share facilities. These campuses and dozens of off-campus study centers have broght postsecondary within reach of most Nevadans. Interactive telecourses now relativize the great distances and complement traditional instruction. Most Nevadans see predictable schedules with coherent programs.(Doug, change this to what you would like). In rural areas computer-assisted advising and itinerant counselors inform citizens. Several sites also have university extension offerings, also telecourses, which complement community college instruction. Master's degree programs in business, nursing, and education are now conducted at community college sites.

The thrust to extend educational opportunity to neglected Nevadans that began a quarter of a centry ago has made strides that could not have been imagined in 1968. The community collewge movement has also inspired hope. But the work is unfinished. Despite colleges' heroic efforts, minorities are still undserserved. Reservation Indians remain isolated. Participation by urban blacks has fallen short of hopes. Most knowledgeable people believe that the colleges are fulfilling only half their potential. Nevada's growth has not resulted in a proportionate increase in resources. Instead, the growth has spotlighted other issues: crime, health care, aging. The financial capacity of the colleges has not improved. (Doug, qualify my comments on finance).

Even so, they face the future much stronger. But they are not yet symbols of fully confident institutions. The onrush of students eventually flattened, even as the population swelled. Probably that was a good. Personnel had opportunity to reflect and understand the need to mature. They developed useful assessment tools and have, for the first time, meaningful data on which to act. Yet some boosters and some faculty themselves seem unsatisfied with the idea of community colleges. There have been suggestions that one or two of the community colleges should become state colleges. It may fairly be said, then, that we have yet to learn what a community college is. Or, if it is to be a symbol and therefore someting important, we must think about it for what it means to us. In the early years, there was much discussion about its mission. In recent years discussions focussed on school and agency relationships. There is too little public understanding of the capacities of community colleges and how they can give meaning and direction to community. Unfortunately too many people see them as junior universities. We have been much too busy with the bottom

line to discuss community, except as it exists as a fortress in which the citizens take shelter in dangerous world. We have apparently arrived at the point where we have grasped the idea that a change in the way something is delivered and the speed of its delivery means something, but we have not gone much further.

At age twenty-five, one of the best things we can do is to consider the community college as a symbol. For any important institution is a symbol. A community college is not a state-college-in-the-making. A mature institution must understand its own genius. Questions about its nature may seem trite to veteran practitioners, but never to the citizenry. What is a community college? In what ways incompatible with governance in a university system, which seems more concerned with urban specializations than community? What are its grown-up functions and what conception of people does each of its functions hold? Does not its general education, if indeed it is teaching "essential knowledge," have something to do with the civilizing graces in a community? And also violence and justice? Is not this "essential knowledge" the core business in which all the community college constituents must participate? Should it not develop its general education curricula itself? Can not community services, if it really is a process, help fix a community that too often is full of self-segregated tribes engendering separatism and not community?

If we are a race caught between education and disaster, our discussion must begin with community, with the place where our institutions were born. In the community, there will be ominous events to shake confidence in the future. But there will also be examples of institutions going forward, doing what they have set themselves to do. The commitment to teach craftsmen, the intellectual commitment to work together, that is what has brought through our first 25 years.

People's Colleges
by
Charles Greenhaw

In recording these "oral histories," I followed my own path and interviewed people I had come to know during more than two decades of service in the University of Nevada System (UNS). "People's Colleges" is bounded by my experience, which is may not be as deep as it is wide. But my limitations are overcome by other people in these pages. Each of them had a role in the founding and development of the colleges.

I researched newspapers of the 1960's and 1970's. Files of the erstwhile Community College Division (CCD), 1970-77, were destroyed after that entity went down in political flames in 1977. I have heard it said that a former chancellor of the 1970s looked upon the colleges with contempt, and, since their central office had been eliminated, so its records ought to go through a shredder. But I did have the benefit of several pieces of "primal" correspondence from Bill Wunderlich of Elko, and some primary items from the Board of Regents' ad hoc Faculty Relations Committee of the late 1980s. Using countless newspaper articles and these documents, I tried to build some bridges between the "oral histories." I titled these bridges "Interchapters." I added also a list of milestones to help coherence.

The book is a collection of memories and personal perceptions of citizens, politicians, students, and people who were affiliated with the UNS, which is now the University and Community College System of Nevada. The pages sometimes churn with contradictions. Oral history can be a disputatious art; it does not have the braidwork of formal history. Different people will perceive the same event in amazingly different ways. If "real history" exists, it lurks out there somewhere alongside Platonic concepts like "justice" and "truth," and is probably impossible to get to completely. "What is important anyway," the late historian Wilbur Shepperson was fond of saying, "is not what happened but what people thought about what happened." I asked of every person I interviewed to focus on what they thought about the creation and development of the colleges.

When I commenced transcribing, I learned that people don't speak in print. They backtrack and shift and ramble. Many people confuse dates and names. In bringing these interviews to print, the oral story--the nuances and inflections--is lost. I've tried to be a faithful messenger. In a few cases I had no choice but to re-create with conjunctions omitted by voice and add nouns that had been implied. On rare and grave occasions I edited a statement altogether to save an essential element. School people are not notable for the brevity required of the popular press. Most narratives were shortened. "People's Colleges" is the term Charles Donnelly, the only state-level president the college ever had, often used when talking about the institutions. He thought of them as embodiments of Jefferson's belief that

Americans should "establish the law for educating the common people." They should also be guided by Ortega y Gasset's idea that colleges should teach only "what can be learned . ..."

The book implies three parts: the political background, the era of the Community College Division, and the aftermath of conflict and partial resolution. But the individual narratives fit only roughly into that pattern and the narratives are weighted toward the founding years. The division of an educational entity into stages of development is a construct. It is based on the belief that we are always moving upward to some improved state of being. Institutional histories are a mishmesh. Not many colleges climb to greatness--in the sense that they ever come to understand their own genius.

One theme, with many sub-themes, dominates the pages: who should govern the state's community colleges? The question is complicated because they were foundlings; that is, they had no constitutional status. Nevada communities could not fund them. When they were emerging, Nevada was among the smallest states. Elko had barely 6,000 people, Carson City was the smallest state capital, Reno's motto was "Biggest Little City in the World," and Las Vegas was trying to convert Nevada Southern into UNLV. Nevada's unitary government, with funds coming mostly from the state, was not a promising environment for community colleges, for that meant that "community" would be compromised. The Board of Regents had for nearly a century been devoted to the development of its university. The problem for the community college movement was both historical and representative. The constitutionally sanctioned university, with its specializations, was, by its very nature, antagonistic to "community." The potential greatness of university is that it nurtures professions and the arts. The potential greatness of "community college" is that it provides citizens a context for their lives; citizens go to it for empowerment and expression. They may withdraw and later return with a renewed sense of themselves and community. Dr. Tony Calabro, president of Western Nevada Community College from 1983 to 1995, observed after his job had been abolished in the CCD massacre of 1977 that the university and the highway patrol are appendages of the state and their link to its funds seems uncontested. But not so for community colleges. What state body willingly funds community services and developmental education programs, which are cornerstones of community colleges?

Many pages in the book will be a walk down memory lane for both those who opposed governance by the regents and those who struggled to make the system work. Nearly a quarter of a century elapsed between the time when the regents assumed governance and the day they changed the name of their organization to the University and Community College System of Nevada. Those were years of foot-dragging, conflict, and grudging recognition. Many people emerged from the experience with psychic scars and departed with bitter memories. Dr. Paul Meacham, who served from 1984 to 1994 as president of the Community College of Southern Nevada, has best described the era with his statement: "No good deed could go unpunished."

Community college people had chronic trouble over the transfer of their courses to the universities and status issues such as equity in pay and rank. Their disciples believed that the regents in general had little sense of their mission and that they would have been virtual foundlings without the Legislature's favor. But the colleges' struggles weren't only system problems. They themselves had internal battles over such matters as equity and collective bargaining. Their administrative structure sometimes resembled the Politburo. Within a college an individual campus was always threatening to break away and become its own college. There built-in friction between practitioners of occupational education and liberal arts faculty. And sometimes the community college faculty used the neglect of the UNS as leverage. They argued for equity solely on the basis of being a part of the same system, without evidence that they were qualified or that quality was improving.

Some readers of these "miniautobiographies"--"pals" of the University of Nevada System--will encounter ghosts in these pages. Among them stands out the name of Dr. Thomas Tucker, UNR professor of education. He did not live to tell his story but he is alive in these "oral histories." Other haunting personages are members of the "Ely Connection," most of them members of the GI Bill generation who fled Ely when copper was no longer king. From White Pine County came many school people who rose to the top of the education circuit in Nevada. Men like Charles Knight (Elko), Proctor Hug and Marvin Piccolo (Washoe), Todd Carlini and Craig Blackham (Lyon) were White Pine people who became superintendents, and who, in one way or another, made the ascent of the colleges easier. The Ely Connection also includes Fr. C. J. Caviglia, who was once Superintendent of Catholic Schools and was a strong voice for the Henderson campus of CCSN. The late Bert Munson, academic dean of TMCC, came to Reno from White Pine. The highest star of the Ely Connection remains Vernon James Eardley--teacher, director, dean, president, chairman of the regents. He and some of his retinue became legends in Washoe County schools and the UNS. The House of Tucker and the Ely Connection intermingled to become a "palocracy," to use George Wills' term, that held sway over school politics in much of the state for a score of years. The infant community colleges needed the blessing of the pals to get started, for it was their facilities and their adult education students that gave the colleges a beachhead in Nevada.

Missing from these pages are matters and events which should be in a proper inventory. Some faculty members declined to participate. Others, who were bold in their interviews, were less so when they reviewed the printed transcript. They either withdrew, ignored my pleas, or revised their comments so severely that nothing substantial remained. One person I interviewed said this of the circumstances: "The more important people in education think they are, the less interesting and more fearful they become."

Clark County Community College (CCCC), as I knew it, only recently became Community College of Southern Nevada (CCSN), Elko Community College (once Nevada Community College) is now Northern Nevada Community College (NNCC). Western Nevada Community College (WNCC) retains its original name, although Truckee Meadows Community College (TMCC) arose from WNCC in 197--. From 1969 to 1977 there existed an entity called the Community College Division, which I have shortened to CCD. Recently the University of Nevada System (UNS) changed its name to the Uiversity and Community College System of Nevada. But most individuals herein will remember the organization as the University of Nevada System, a name which lasted for twenty-five years, and I have used UNS to denote the system. These are not economical names. They derive from both regional affinities and long-standing prejudices about levels of higher education in Nevada. Because of their length I have used their acronyms freely.

I owe thanks to many people who helped with this book. Former Chancellor Mark Dawson wanted it, perhaps before the departing educationists of old Nevada could leave no memoirs. I think Mark would have preferred a ceremonial history. Tom Radko suggested that it be oral history. John Caserta's 1979 dissertation on the colleges was a constant guide through a maze of events and names. Former UNS public information officer Pamela Galloway offered timely suggestions and editing. Linda Stapley of the NNCC Library showed me that it could be done. Candace Kant offered me the use of her history of CCSN. And JoAnne Dain, TMCC emeritus, not only encouraged it, but came to my rescue when I was faltering. So did public school activist Carley Sullivan and Faun Dixon of WNCC. Janet, my wife, once again saw me through a manuscript. Greg and Leslie Greenhaw rescued me many times when I was lost in WordPerfect. Gayle.

I am dedicating the book to a wily Democrat--Norm Glaser--and those fervent Republicans--Bill Wunderlich, and Paul Sawyer. Their tenacity, which stirred a state to action, has been something to behold.

Origins

August 21, 1969, was a glorious summer day in little Elko, Nevada. Overnight, there had been a wayward shower in the desert and the sage-scented air was luxuriant that morning. The flags whipped in the breeze and the famed Nevada blue skies enclosed the tiny town like an enormous inverted bowl. That day I was moving my young family through Elko eastward to be an assistant professor of English in Arkansas. A waitress at the Commercial Hotel, where we had chorizos and pancakes for breakfast, talked about an opening ceremony that day for a community college. That term was vague to me

then, although I had heard rumblings about an Elko college at the University of Nevada where I had studied since 1966.

Elko was in the midst of its Centennial and people were gathering for the County Fair. They came from the great ranches to observe the livestock, to participate in cutting horse events, and to bet on horseraces. Others would return to hometown Elko from faraway places for the annual Labor Day weekend festival. It would be a time of reunion when many rules of everyday life were suspended. Police give drunks a ride home. Children could place bets on the horses if they could reach the teller's window.

As for Elko Community College, well, it had been born two years earlier, as a renegade in a state that had always looked to its university in Reno as the Vatican of education. But now, after much struggling just to exist, ECC had itself become, on July 1, a part of the UNS. The governor, Paul Laxalt, whose drive for community colleges made him a hero in Elko, would be in town. Regent Thomas Bell from Las Vegas would also be present. Some people hoped that Robert Maheu, aide to Howard Hughes, might come with good wishes from the reclusive billionaire who was living atop the Desert Inn in Las Vegas. Hughes was an elusive hero to Elkoans. He had rescued their college with a huge donation just as its doors were closing. But Hughes would accept no thanks in public and he sent word that he did not want to be honored with his name on a building.

At the ceremony, the VIPs would appear in front of the townsfolk who had collected dollars, dimes, and pennies for the creation of Nevada's first community college. ECC had known two other homes in just two years. Now it would operate from Elko's vacated old Grammar School #1. Thus the scene was the schoolyard at 8th and Court streets, only a half block from 9th and College Avenue, where nearly a century earlier the University of Nevada Preparatory Department had held classes for more than a decade.

Elko Community College opened in 1967 as Nevada Community College. That name perturbed some persons in the educational establishment. They insisted that it be--if it had to be at all--Elko Community College. At this opening ceremony, Rev. Charles Lindsey from the Presbyterian Church gave the invocation and benediction. The college's second president, Richard Lynch, introduced dignitaries. Mel Steninger, soon to be a regent of the university system, came both as the chairman of the ECC Advisory Board and as co-publisher of the ultra-conservative "Elko Daily Free Press."

Mike Marfisi, the lawyer, would say a few words. Intense, fiery-eyed Paul Sawyer, the Chevrolet-Oldsmobile dealer, reminded those gathered that they stood on almost sacred ground, "the cradle of education in Nevada," site of the first community college and within spitting distance of the original university and the first county high school in Nevada. Bill Wunderlich, a B17 pilot in World War II, now New York Life agent and friend of the Laxalt family, beamed his delight at the occasion.

Governor Laxalt was the main speaker, and properly so. He told how he had seen the Elko college often near death but be revived many times. It endured because people of Northeastern Nevada had kept the faith and their devotion had been an inspiration to him. Joan Gaynor (Chalmers), who had been Laxalt's Elko political chairman and also an important fundraiser for the college, stood proud in her work for both the college and the Republican governor.

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If there is a national education story, surely it is the American community college. It had not developed from a plan. It had no Thomas Jefferson
to design and ordain it. It was more the product of the Jacksonian man, the conservative, expectant capitalist. In its origins it was a kind of sandlot institution, sometimes operating from an abandoned building and often an obscure attachment to a county high school. The ambivalence of its origins and the diverse aspects of its mission can still haunt it. It was an expression of the community as a social unit in which everyone, if they would work, was thought to be capable of being equal. Its founders believed that citizens should work within the framework of the American system to create their identity and fortune.

Such colleges did not exist in Nevada until 1967. Few stable communities large enough to support colleges had developed. Schools and city recreation departments scheduled adult education, and hospitals and schools combined to train students in allied health. Off-campus collegiate courses originated with the University of Nevada's extension program, which offered coursework at Ely, Elko, Winnemucca, Fallon, Hawthorne, and Carson City. These elements that would become the essence of community colleges were fragmented and scattered. Students in extension programs received little guidance and their credits rarely counted for a degree or certificate. The tyranny of distances in Nevada and the sparse and mobile population combined to make offerings costly and unpredictable.

Beginnings are never precise, even though our consciousness wants to pinpoint origins and creators. But beginnings are not confusion. Nevada's community colleges are a continuation and a formulation. The elements to be gathered and pulled together--and just who did all the implementing--much of that lies behind knowledge. What is clear is that in building community colleges in Nevada, people saw their private ideals as community goals. When Nevada Community College opened in Elko in 1967, the action was not under the auspices of government but the work of the common man. That communal effort was the citizens' greatness, for they transformed hum-drum rural reality into a spell of transcendence.

Why did Nevadans push for community colleges? There is the historical answer. The time was the Great Society, when the nation looked outward and created institutions fervently. There is the social answer. Americans have a long history of turning to education for solutions to problems. In Nevada, the old system was giving way because it was too fragmented to meet needs. The state, for so long a volatile satrap in the union, was growing steadily. The old desert horse and sheep cultures were waning. Gambling, for so long a vice in a puritanical America, was becoming a virtuous revenue base. Quasi-urban areas had begun to form in Washoe and Clark counties.

Early stirrings for community colleges occurred in both Elko and and Carson City. Elko, then a fabled railroad/cowtown of 6,000 situated deep in the desert, is a long way from everywhere. It is the backbone city in the Great Basin desert--a kind of continent within a continent. In the 1960's it was a city only by Nevada standards, but being on a transcontinental highway and far from the urbs, the town had to act like a city. Elko could still bestow a baptism of solitude. In 1967, the closest college was 230 miles east, in Salt Lake City, although a community college was being organized in Twin Falls, Id., 175 miles northeast.

Elko retained many frontier icons. If its hotels and stores--with a century of facades laid on like fish scales--had been frozen in time, it might have been the Williamsburg of the West. The transcontinental railroad tracks still cut the town in half. Idaho Street, the main drag, was old U.S. 40. The east and west ends were lined with motels and gasoline stations. It had one fast food eatery, the Arctic Circle. More than thirty saloons within a three-block radius of downtown soothed the dusty palates of railroaders, Basque sheepherders, drillers, miners, tourists, livestock people, and pariahs with bristly beards. Elko had a ticky tacky brothel district, three old-time drugstores, and three sagebrush casinos. But, while there were important undercurrents that would eventually transform the town drastically, it displayed little prosperity in 1967. Some downtown buildings were boarded up. Elko had lost much of its vaunted political clout in the "one-man, one-vote" Supreme Court ruling of 1964. The embryonic casino border towns of West Wendover and Jackpot seemed destined to capture much of Elko's tourist trade. It was the least likely town that any outsider would have imagined to become the birthplace of a new type of institution.

But the desert was close in four directions, and the citizens had to see each other almost every day. One life eclipsed another, and citizens could rub each other to the point of deep friction or they could cooperate beyond the meaning of teamwork. The town had a band of vigorous cohorts who envisioned a new Elko and one or two firebrand leaders who could convince its strong-willed inhabitants to work for the common good. Elko's isolation was an undaunted protagonist in the development of community colleges. The town's leaders nurtured their isolation, and by doing so, paradoxically, they nurtured community.

Carson City, then the smallest state capital in the U.S., was also pivotal ground. Here lived Governor Paul Laxalt, who encouraged expansion of post-high school education. In 1966 some citizens had supported Carson College, a private liberal arts school. That "Oxford of the West," as Carson College was called by its founders, was the dream of three rainbow chasers. They believed that there was such a thing as a "proper college age" and that young students would flock to a place where they could have a Platonic intimacy with the exalted professorate. If its founders been keen to Nevada needs, Carson College would have focused on young people excluded from the state university and on part-time adult students, that is, the people who would form the student body of the soon-to-be-born community colleges. The year Elkoans opened a community college, Carson College became an Edsel. That same year, 1967, Dr. John Homer, an assemblyman, sponsored a bill to create Kit Carson Community College. But the chairman of the Assembly Ways and Means Committee was an Elko area rancher. The bill died in his desk.

In the late 1960's, Nevada had begun to pass from what Paul Laxalt described as "a horse and buggy state." In the pre-Hughes era Las Vegas was
America's back alley of sin. The town had been revived with the growth of Nellis Air Force base after WWll. But in the 1960s, the Las Vegas economy was troubled. Most of the small towns of rural Nevada seemed suspended between life and death. Many leaders in towns along the emerging Insterstate 80 feared the freeway would make more ghost towns just as the diesel locomotive had reduced Ironhorse waterstops such as Imlay, Valmy, and Golconda to blips on U.S. 40. Las Vegas and Reno had really been only towns until the 1950's, perky with the summer tourist traffic, barely stirring in winter. "Biggest Little City in the World" was a statement of aspiration by people of Reno, not a depiction of reality. Not until the 1980's did a permanent town in the Nevada interior reach 10,000 people.

The state's major civic symbol was the university. A rudimentary university, fostered by the 1864 state constitution, opened in Elko in 1874. Nowhere do the spoils of government create more public frenzy than in Nevada. David Sessions, first principal of the university, writing to university President Stubbs on the occasion of the university's 30th anniversary, said that the university had been a political creation for Elko. Naturally, Comstockers mocked the tiny institution. Elko had plenty of the vestiges of a camp, including tents and railroad-tie huts. The university principal was for years its full-time faculty, and, since no real public school system existed, he spent an inordinate amount of time on remedial work and moral education. The Legislature moved the university to Reno in 1886. One gaunt building, Morrill Hall, rose from a sagebrush clearing north of the Truckee River. Cattle competed with hogs for turf. Reno was a railroad town, a Hell-on-Wheels town. The lumber camps of the nearby Sierra shut down in winter, and the lumberjacks came to Reno where they joined miners, railroaders,

and cowboys to bestow rowdiness upon the settlement. Reno was a hopping scene with scores of saloons, a few of them civilized places with great mahogany bars.

Many decades later, after the Good War, the campus had become a visual stereotype of an American college. Hollywood producers used it as a backdrop for movies, for it was an idyllic little set-aside. It would have qualified in its setting as the incarnation of Jefferson's idea of the academical village with its tree-lined quad, its undulating brick buildings on each side, the original Morrill Hall at the south end and the statue of John Mackay, the Comstock baron, guarding the College of Mines at the north end.

By the 1960's the university was steeped in traditions which deserved respect because they enshrined hard-won wisdom, along with some nonsense and years of political baggage. The great American author--Walter van Tilberg Clark--sometimes lectured there, and Professors Robert Gorrell and Charleton Laird had become nationally famous rhetoricians. A fledgling press, directed by author Bob Laxalt, had begun to publish books that could teach the state something about itself. The Basque Studies Program, unique in the world, commenced in the 1960's.

Outwardly the university had aged gracefully. But its picturesque older buildings had become a financial drain. The faculty believed that the university--provincial, as for so long it was--was finally coming of age. The regents had reaffirmed shared governance, a policy that had been instituted in the 1890s, but lost with the iron rule of President Minard Stout after WWII. University facilities had grown spectacularly with the coming to campus of GI Bill students. The Reno-based Fleischmann Foundation donated money for new facilities, including the College of Agriculture. A futuristic atmospherium-planetarium had been built north of the campus on Virginia St. That facility also was built with Fleischmann money, which often seemed to be the source of more public bricks and mortar than were the taxpayers.

After WWII Nevadans turned to the university for solutions to a constellation of problems. President Stout, who extended democracy beyond, though not to, the faculty, insisted on open-door admissions. The faculty were more concerned with setting standards than the access of citizens and did not share Stout's desire to serve people throughout the state. The university extension program tried to deliver courses to the far reaches of Nevada. At one time the it could claim 1,500 enrollees, mostly in collegiate courses. Little technical education was offered. University faculty members wanted students to come to the campus because they were attempting to solidify departments and colleges. Many faculty resisted traveling the formidable distances of the Nevada desert. Student registrations were unpredictable, just as were the schedules of United DC-6s, which flew teachers to Ely and Elko. Many university professors regarded off-campus students as out of the mainstream--as older adults who had not qualified with placement tests.

In 1966 the university began conducting technical programs at the old Stead Air Force Base north of Reno through the newly created Nevada Technical Institute. But enrollments were poor. The desire to own the old military facility was at least as strong as the will to provide education. University personnel had their hearts in the staples of a university--in research, refereed publishing, and advanced degrees. In the 1960's it expanded doctoral programs. The regents agreed to co-sponsor with the Washoe Medical Center a medical research facility in Reno. From that agreement would grow the School of Medicine, but only after a bitter intrastate fight. Some influential persons believed it belonged in growing Las Vegas.

A Las Vegas college, notable for boisterous boosters, began to emerge from the extension program the Reno university created there in 1951. Regents feared that BYU might build a college in Las Vegas. That would embarrass them and perhaps undermine support for the Nevada university. In 1954, meeting in Las Vegas for the first time, the regents announced that they would develop a campus with a "full junior college program." By 1959, the institution had two buildings and was officially named Southern Regional Division of the University of Nevada. Set in a desolate area on Maryland Parkway behind the Flamingo Hotel, irreverent Las Vegans, seeing the sands collect against Maude Frazier Hall, sometimes called it "Tumbleweed Tech." By the early 1960's it gathered speed in shedding its negative image. As its boosters clamored for independence from Reno, the regents made it Nevada Southern University in 1964. Its feverish supporters were bold in fund-raising, in protesting the dominance of the University of Nevada, and energetic at lobbying. In 1968, the year before the Legislature authorized a system of community colleges, the regents gave the institution autonomy. It became UNLV. Thus the university in Reno was now UNR. Within a year the two universities, the Desert Research Institute (DRI) and the infant Community College Division (CCD) would be units in the recently formed University of Nevada System.

Many institutions had burst forth willy nilly. Nevada had paid little attention to community colleges, even though next-door California had built nearly a hundred. In 1967 the Legislature, acting upon Gov. Laxalt's request, created the Higher Education Advisory Committee to carry out a "needs study." Its recommendations were published in two volumes in December, 1968, as "Nevada Higher Education to 1980." The study mentioned potential branch university campuses at Elko and Lake Tahoe. It confirmed that Nevada had a high proportion of poorly prepared freshmen students and a very high drop-out rate at the university. Neither the Southern Nevada Vocational Center nor the Nevada Technical Institute at Stead had proved popular. Community colleges might cope with the problem. The committee recommended that "a study be undertaken . . . of the feasibility of establishing at the Reno and Las Vegas campuses coordinated community college programs under unified University administration." The recommendations were published more than a year after Elko opened its college.

Nevadans had been fixated on their university, which was nearing 100. It was hard for them to imagine any other kind of post-high school program. But major change was afoot in the 1960's. Just west of Elko, the Carlin Gold Company, which started production in 1965, had begun mining invisible gold, microscopic flakes that when leached from 2,000 pounds of rock, could yield one tenth of an ounce of gold. The new process would soon be abetted by the highest gold prices in history. By the 1990's more gold would be produced in the mines of the Carlin Trend in one year than had come from the Mother Lode and the Comstock combined. The new age in mining eventually transformed a swath of rural Nevada, especially the valley of the Humboldt River, from the old horse and cattle empire to a modern mining culture. During the same period Reno and Las Vegas surged in population as gaming gained national approval. When Nevada Southern was in its infancy in 1951, only a few resort hotels lined the Strip. Of those, the Flamingo had been opened only a few years, the Desert Inn but a year, and the Sahara and Sands were under construction. In the 1960's Howard Hughes bought more than half the state's casino business and expanded much of it. In 1974 the colossal MGM opened. Las Vegas was inventing itself as "Adult Disneyland," the term Governor Donal "Mike" O'Callaghan used to describe his state.

And Reno was changing, too. The old family-owned casino operations were giving way to corporate gaming. Reno bulged with an onrush of job seekers. When the MGM Grand opened in Reno in 1978, it was a casino-hotel colossus. The old sagebrush casinos were becoming, in their new guise, glitzy tourist tanks. Old Nevada was becoming New Nevada. Citizens began to ask even more of the university. The scattered functions of occupational, remedial, general, and community education were ripe to be unified under community colleges.

In 1966 Paul Laxalt made "self-sustaining community colleges" an issue, at least for rural voters, in his campaign for governor. Governor Grant Sawyer accused him of promising a college for every county. Two of Laxalt's advisors, Jerry Dondero, an ex-adult education director in Washoe County, and Dr. Thomas Tucker, UNR professor of education, had promoted the concept after Laxalt was elected. The colleges Laxalt envisioned would use community experts as instructors. They would keep the costs of education low. But there was ambiguity. When people thought about colleges, they envisioned campuses. And they scratched their heads about who would pay and who would govern. Laxalt's advocacy of the colleges did not motivate the centers of population of the state to action. In Reno and Las Vegas the universities and adult education officials feared competition for tax dollars. The year Laxalt started his governorship, 1967, some Nevada Southern University students--pushing for UNLV--hanged him in effigy on the campus because they thought his attitude on expenditures was insensitive to their interests. UNR, knowing that it would have to share more state funds with UNLV, had no good wishes for community colleges.

Springtime in Elko in 1967 was a period when the spirit of revitalization swept through the citizens. Letters to the editor exhorted them to create a better city. Already, members of the historical society were building a museum. Townspeople were developing an indoor municipal swimming pool, and others planned to abandon the nine-hole golf course for a championship course. Some Elkoans lobbied their congressional delegation for funds for "Project Lifesaver," an ambitious and costly "Model Cities" plan to relocate the railroad tracks that had spit the town in two from its first days. Elko's first shopping center, with a J. C. Penney's and an Albertson's, was being designed. Three writers worked on "Nevada's Northeast Frontier," the first real history of the area. The National Basque Festival had its fourth season in July.

Fred Harris, a ranch real estate broker, had long been interested in a college for Elko. He had talked about a junior college at least as early as 1962. He tried, with no success, to convince the Board of Regents to build a college on land he and his friend, Mark Chilton, would donate. In 1964 he managed to get the regents at least to accept the gift of land. Those acres, located near the Mountain City Highway, would eventually be traded with the City of Elko for the municipal golf course, which had to be abandoned because Interstate 80 would bisect it. The old golf course was destined to be the campus of Elko's college.

But the victory of the Elko people required much more than donated land. Behind it was a sort of fortunate ignorance--optimistic ignorance. Before state support was won, many bruising battles would be lost. But people close to the frontier were enured to hardscrabble, as people in the Great Basin wilderness had to be, expecting nothing to be easy.

Some Elkoans believed that the University of Nevada had once belonged to Elko, but only a few citizens understood that it was but a preparatory department for a university. Still, local newspapers referred to it as "the state university." David Sessions, its founding principal and only full-time instructor at first, taught a staggering array of courses: Greek, French, Latin, German, mathematics, history, philosophy and orthography. Arriving in Elko, he selected students from the grammar school for courses based on "what they might learn." He chose seven and "two or three . . . might have stood a fair examination for high school," he said. But there was no high school and would not be for a score of years. Enrollment at the university rarely exceeded 25. By the early 1880's the full-time staff included a professor for geology and assaying whom the regents brought in from the Comstock perhaps to deflect criticism from Western Nevada. In 1884 the assayer voiced the perennial complaint of Nevada faculty: two of his four students required that he devote too much time to remedial mathematics. His first year he had eight students, then 13 the next. And then there were none.

In those days, the system had three regents--one, who supervised the physical plant, from Elko. After Sessions' tenure, the regents, beginning the enduring "palocracy," twice appointed one of their own to lead the school.

The university, like the state itself, had been born ahead of itself. It was the Nevada response to the Morrill Land Grant Act of 1862, through which the state was awarded 90,000 acres of public land. When sold off and the proceeds invested, Nevada got $8,500 annually. The first $3,000 of the fund financed the institution in 1874-75. Much energy was expended in deciding which of the several towns--Reno, Carson City, Washoe City, even Winnemucca--should be its home--very little about whether it was needed. The "university" had been awarded to Elko in the midst of a political feud between Reno and Carson City. Carson, said Renoites, seemed to get the spoils of government--state offices, a prison, an orphan's home. Reno citizens would see to it that greedy Carson did not land the university. The university edifice was the first state building in eastern Nevada, and Elko people and their county commision had gone deeply into their pockets to pay for it.

A Carson City editor joked that the university campus in Elko was a treeless plain of alkalai waste, and classes were held in wickiups. Some western Nevada citizens thought Elko was ideal for a prison. That L. R. Bradley, an Elko area livestockman, sat in the governor's chair in the early 1870s surely made all the difference, and the political act by which a state institution landed in a politician's home district--well, this was just a beginning. But realistic funding never came from the state for support and expansion. Eastern Nevadans believed that Western Nevada wanted to choke the college.

The "university" lasted eleven years in Elko. By 1885 it was finished. Not even the finest educational facility in the state nor a well-furnished dormitory, built to accommodate 20 persons, attracted students from Western Nevada. To them, California colleges were more convenient. Most students were locals. Elko, barely four years old when the "university" opened, was a railroad town. Stages and freight wagons streamed to and from the town as the mines of White Pine and Tuscarora prospered. During the silver recession of the mid-1970s, Elko lost its early vigor. It slipped soon after the "university" opened. The population dropped below 1,000. Reno rose to 4,000. In the battle to relocate the school, Carson City came within one vote of becoming its home in 1884. But the Legislature chose Reno, whose service area included 75 per cent of the state's population.

A university would not have appeared prosperous any place in Nevada in the Nineteenth Century. It remained on thin ground for decades after moving to Reno. At the turn of the century it enrolled about 250 students. Nevada could claim just over 40,000 people and would stay near that figure for decades. Only 50 schoolhouses, many of them shanties, existed in all the state in the 1870s. Some high schools had been started at Virginia City, Carson City, and in unruly Reno. But they had few graduates in 1874. Elko, which had been awarded the "university" in 1873, didn't have a high school program underway

until 1877 and no graduates until 1892, when there were three. And no credible state system of secondary education emerged until century's end. Nevada was a restive state, a place where a few progressive citizens struggled to foster the trappings of a civilized society in a itinerant mining culture often dominated by male-oriented frontier vices. Most inhabitants dreamed of riches from the earth. They had little concern for refined ideas.

Nearly a century later Elkoan Fred Harris inspired several of his business buddies to take action on a college. The model would be Treasure Valley Community College in Ontario, Oregon. Harris' friend, Bill Schroeder, was a trustee there. Schroeder preached the virtues of community colleges to Harris, and Harris extolled the concept to his Elko peers.

One March morning they all came together at the Commercial Hotel for a free breakfast from Harris. Harris' idea sounded like morning in America. He talked about a college for the people. It would schedule freshman and sophomore courses and young people would not have to leave town after high school gradutaion. Citizens who needed academic review or remedial study could enroll in developmental English and mathematics. There would be community education courses--community orchestra, arts and crafts, stock dog training. And counseling. That had always been lacking in rural Nevada. But the chief appeal would be the occupational function. That hit home with the Elko businessmen. Competent secretaries. Mechanics who could fix a transmission. Electricians to wire homes. To people with one foot still in the Western Frontier vocational education was the handmaiden of economic health. Some of them had a distrust for academics, that is, for anything they couldn't get their hands on.

Five Elko business leaders toured Treasure Valley Community College within a month. That tour increased their fervor. TVCC was rural and folksy. It had a mechanical technology program. Elko could blossom with a training like TVCC's, the visitors thought. The college was far different from the Nevada university in Reno, which, to some Elko leaders, had become a habitat of eggheads and aloof bureaucrats. Ever since the university had moved to Reno, some eastern Nevadans had warned against Reno as a wholesome place for rural youth.

If a small farming town like Ontario, Oregon, could start a college, so could Elko. Eugene Voris, the president of TVCC and its founding president, knew how to talk to small town Nevadans. He had once taught in the public school at Owyhee. He inspired the Elkoans. Would he, they asked, be interested in moving to Elko as a president and repeat what he had done in Oregon? Maybe. The Elkoans did not know that the TVCC leader was in trouble with the local board, but that would have made little difference anyway. They wanted a promoter, and they saw Voris as their man. On the 280-mile drive south to Elko, Paul Sawyer, the Chevrolet-Oldsmobile dealer; Bill Wunderlich, the New York Life agent; Mike Marfisi, an attorney; Robley Burns, Jr.; the undertaker, conceived a fund-raising campaign.

When they had money in the bank, they would hire Voris and his dean, Carl Devin, a vocational educator himself.

Back in Elko they began to preach the virtues of a college and they underscored "community" college. They carried their message like frontier evangelists throughout Nevada. Governor Laxalt, who had staked his political career somewhat on community colleges, opened many doors in places of influence for the missionaries from Elko. Citizens went headlong into the task. That spring Elkoans began to bootstrap. Soon they had a letterhead for their Nevada Community College. They had a fundraising campaign in May, hitting their $45,000 goal quickly. Money continued to come in during the summer and fall. They hired a president and dean by July--Voris and Devin. They opened their college for classes in September. Elkoans taught classes to Elkoans who enrolled. It was pure frontier Americana. They had done all this while members of the education establishment looked on, some laughing, some disbelieving. The most aggressive leaders--namely, Paul Sawyer, Bill Wunderlich, and Mike Marfisi--drove the bandwagon of community progress. This was not government on the move, but people on the move. The distinction is of considerable significance in understanding many of the conflicts that surfaced when the Elko movement became a statewide thrust. In a real sense the state would eventually have to ratify what had been demonstrated as accomplished fact. They had few "proper collegians" enrolled; but they had adult part-time enrolees--the citizens who always voted and who had influence in a small state-- would soon become "non-traditional students" everywhere.

The Elko boosters were people for whom free enterprise was a password to life. No doubt they would have preferred a private college. But no church or individual had the wherewithal to be its parent. They would have to ask Governor Laxalt, their friend and star politician, for state help. The Elko group amounted to a political godsend for Laxalt, for Elko, unlike rivals Reno and Las Vegas, was neutral ground.

They ran head-on into the champions of status quo, the system maintenance people. Democracy has never run deep among those who get funds from the Nevada State Legislature. Many officials and faculty members in the university perceived a threat. Howard Hughes, who moved to Las Vegas in 1967, had offered money to start a medical school. Reno would want the medical college and so would Las Vegas. Could Nevada, all at once, afford another university, community colleges, and a medical school? The new buildings would require millions. University funding was driven by numbers of students, and community colleges, with their everyday low prices, would pull some of their students away. No organized conspiracy developed against the idea, but barriers aplenty surfaced. For many years community colleges would think of themselves as the "Diggers" of the University of Nevada System.

Even some enlightened Nevadans who understood the concept did not think a cowtown like Elko could support a college. Hadn't the "university" failed there? Weren't many of the young people leaving for the city the day after graduation? A college in the Great Basin desert? Climate and geography will have their effect, try as we may to relativize them. The Great Basin usually relegated higher education to a minor priority. Few human settlements in the interior of the Great Basin had ever been any more than semi-permanent.

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I returned to Nevada after teaching a year in Arkansas. My wunderlust and the desert solitude had drawn me back. I came to Elko as an English instructor for ECC in June 1970. I had been hired in April on the phone by the president, who had already been fired. He seemed to think I was jumping into the frying pan. When I settled into Elko, I wondered if a college could really work in a town so small that people could win or lose an election because of the way they umpired Little League games. In time I recognized that everything but the landscape itself was smaller in the Nevada desert--the trees, the streams, the flowers, the towns. A college would have to be small, but it could be worthwhile. I began to see something beyond the land and beyond myself in it. I could not help but admire the people who had risked absurdity to start a college. Some of them seemed puffed up with Babbitry, but the town had leaders who were delightfully charitable. They were being stifled in their isolation, but they did not despair, for they knew that eventually, if their quest was authentic, their call would be answered.

During the next 21 years I would get to know all of the people whose memories are recorded in these pages.

Paul Laxalt, Washington, D.C.
THE COMMUNITY COLLEGE GOVERNOR

On Dec. 19, 1991, I began interviews for this book. Driving to Paul Laxalt's office on Pennsylvania Avenue, I wondered how to talk with him. Would he say that his humble upbringing by Basque shepherds had made it easy for him to be a supporter of community colleges? Would he confirm what some people had told me--that as governor he had pressured Howard Hughes to make a huge donation that would speed the development of the colleges? Would I learn if it were simply destiny or canny political skill that had made him Nevada's most famous politician since Pat McCarran--one who had actually raised funds to be a candidate for president after he left the U.S. Senate?

I found Laxalt Associates on the seventh floor of a Pennsylvania Avenue building about a mile from the White House. Laxalt's great friend, Ronald Reagan, had left the White House in triumph three years earlier. Laxalt had remained in the capital city to work in the higher levels of lawyering.

He was as charming as I remembered him from a day in 1973 when I toured him through the construction site that was becoming NNCC. That college had been one of his political triumphs and he once described the creation of the colleges as "the most emotional experience of my governorship."

He was well prepared for me. He retold his experience with the colleges without pausing, without repetition, as if he were dictating his memoirs.

Was his upbringing a consideration in his support of community colleges? No. The colleges were right for Nevada. Did he badger Howard Hughes? No. He never saw the man. Hughes called him about saving the Elko college when it was closing its doors. Did he like Virginia? Yes. It was now home.

At the end of the hour, he showed me a mural-sized color picture of Marlette Lake, the Laxalt family grounds, in the mountains above Carson City. And he asked me to convey his greetings to his brother, Bob.

Many people around me were school people. From the time I was lieutenant governor in 1962, I was constantly aware of the deficiencies of our Nevada educational system. I knew early in my political career that the best contribution a governor could make would be to respect education.

When I decided to be a candidate for governor in 1966, I had to put together a platform to see where Nevada might go. One day I read in the "Wall Street Journal" about a wave of education called community colleges. The article referred to a successful college in Oregon that the citizens were receiving well. So I checked it out and came to the conclusion that such an institution could serve people in Nevada well. We were in those days a very, very small state of about 250,000 people, a kind of horse and buggy state. We had far too many students unable to participate in postsecondary education. Some couldn't afford to go to a university, and many didn't want that kind of education. Community colleges, I thought, had a place in Nevada. So my 1966 campaign advocated community colleges, and the idea was received enthusiastically before the election and maintained after it.

After I was elected, I felt the "drop dead" moment when I would have to carry out my campaign promises. Jerry Dondero, a teacher, was very close to me and was a great supporter of community colleges, as were some of his friends in Reno. That was a plus.

But I think what ignited me more than anything else, outside my political family, was a little group in Elko. At the time I didn't know them all that well. I did know that they were--on their own--going to raise some bucks and start a community college there. That was like political mana from heaven. It gave me something I could get my teeth into. So I contacted the people in Elko and we decided we

would try to pursue the idea together. Although they were raising private money, obviously they would eventually have to have public funding.

So we put together some trips. Some key legislators and some people from Elko visited a community college near Portland, Oregon with me. During that visit I became even more impressed with the concept. Very early in my governorship, I went public with the idea that the state should support the colleges. I thought this idea was akin to motherhood and morning in America. But like most young governors, I didn't realize that what seemed like motherhood to me was like poison to some others. The idea encountered geographical problems. If Las Vegas was against it, then Reno was for it, and vice versa. And it was Elko against the whole world. The University of Nevada, protecting its turf, considered community colleges a threat. Many jealousies emanate from the academic world. I knew that politics in the ordinary world was pretty tough, but I found it to be nothing compared to politics in academia. That is a tough, tough world.

Nonetheless, we pursued the goal. But we ran into trouble getting started in the 1967 Legislature. Nevada was having a kind of recession, especially in Las Vegas. The savings and loan companies there were having troubles, and many casinos were having difficulties. The state had a budget pinch. But we didn't give up and the Elko group kept pushing. Elko was neutral territory and the idea, though it seemed to die many deaths, kept coming back.

Sometime in the middle of my governorship . . . the dates are foggy to me . . . probably springtime, 1968, the Elko group called me. They said they could not go on with only private funds. They were going to have to close down. Well, this was really sad news. They asked me if I would come up and help them participate in a closing ceremony. I said, "Hell, yes!"

Naturally, the event received a lot of press. That very morning I was going up to Elko I received a call from Howard Hughes. He said he had been following the Elko story. He thought the private fund-raising showed real gumption. "I really hate to see that college die," he said. "Can I help?"

I practically yelled into the phone, "Hell, yes!" "I'd like to help," he said. "I'm going to send Bob Maheu (his right arm) up to Carson with a check." Hughes was true to his word. Maheu came to Carson immediately with a check for $250,000. "There is a lot of drama here," I said to Maheu. "Wonderful." I didn't tell anyone about the gift. Hughes, of course, never talked to anybody.

I flew up to Elko to this mournful ceremony, It was like a wake--actually a burial more than a wake. The members of the Elko Rotary Club and the Lions Club and some women's clubs had come together in the Commercial Hotel banquet room. They were long-faced. They were doing a post mortem on their college. They had worked hard, dug deeply into their pockets, made many trips on behalf of their college. They had done their best, but to no avail. They were going to have to bury their college.

I shared their concern and commended them as I spoke. "But there is one small development that I must share with you today," I said. I told them about the Hughes donation. There was an electric, unbelievable reaction. I don't recall seeing anything like it in my public life. All those grown men . . . hard asses like Snowy Monroe . . . just broke out in tears!

Great publicity followed. And that was the trigger for the community colleges. The event was so filled with drama and emotion that other Nevadans felt that what Elko was doing they should also be doing. That is, they were trying to do for themselves before looking to government. That attitude really helped eventually in 1969 in getting state legislation for the colleges.

From that time on, I must say that every hope we had for the colleges has been realized. During my governorship and later as U.S. Senator when I would visit the campuses, I saw all those people who wouldn't have been served without community colleges. I suspect that the colleges are the most valuable part of our Nevada educational system.

Helen Harris, Elko

HER HUSBAND STARTED IT ALL

She is the widow of Fred Harris, a ranch real estate broker who had long advocated a college. Fred Harris was no mystic, but a businessman who took the long, sharp view of things. He was both a booster and a visionary, and also, to use Wallace Stegner's term, a "sticker", a person who loved the life he made and the desert he made it in. His Elko business colleagues--Paul Sawyer and Mike Marfisi--believe that part of Elko's destiny was defined by his vision.

She lives on upper Court Street, and from her window she can look out at the snow-mantled Ruby Mountains, where Fred Harris developed Talbot Creek into a a special oasis. That was his physical "oasis." The college was what he called an "oasis" too. The Fred Harris Memorial Grove on the NNCC campus was started by Sarah Sweetwater, NNCC art instructor, with aspen trees from Talbot Creek.

Why was Fred so strong for education? Well, Fred and I were raised in the Dirty Thirties when there was no money. We usually went "dutch" on a date. We had to. If the woman was lucky enough to have two quarters, she bought the movie tickets. Or each paid when we were lucky enough to afford a ticket. When we were at Utah State, not more than ten students had cars. They were the kids of dentists and

doctors. A new Chrysler cost about $1,000 and you could get a Studebaker for $800. Fred and I were Utah kids, and things got really bad in Utah in the Depression. But we were still able to laugh.

Fred was the first in his family to go to college and I was the first in mine. It was not a given in those days that you could go to college. We both started at junior colleges, he at Weber in Ogden, and I at the junior college in Cedar City. Anytime we could learn, we did. Anywhere. We loved college. When we came to Nevada, we understood the feelings and difficulties of the small-town kids and the ranch kids who lived hundreds of miles from college. Many were scared of a university.

Our daughter Nancy teaches English at Mendocino Community College. She says that education was the gospel in our family. We worked our way through college. Fred did a lot of things to make money. He was a good musician. People in the 1930s were almost fanatics about dancing. Fred had his own band in high school. Once he got reprimanded in Mutual in the Mormon Church for swinging "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam." It's a hymn, and he played it with a beat. That made a wave.

Fred was president of students in high school and president of the student association at Weber. But typical of him--once he got things going, he let others take over. He just moved things along until other people were ready--people who often didn't know they had been headed in a new direction.

He graduated from the very first class in range management at Utah State. Afterwards, he visited Elko with a BLM survey crew. He was part of the group that developed the standards for grazing fees on public lands.

We got married in 1938, but we couldn't afford to live together for the first six months. I stayed in Utah and worked at the college library for 37.5 cents an hour to pay off tuition loans. He got a job at the University of Nevada College of Agriculture, and I joined him in Reno in 1939. After a year, he was transferred to the Agricultural Experiment Station in Elko. The town was really isolated. It didn't even have a radio station nor a traffic light.

But we liked Elko from Day One. Pretty soon the bureaucracy got to Fred. In two years he had had it. Then he got to be what he always wanted to be. A cowboy. He started managing ranches. Luckily, I liked that too. We managed some of the biggest ranches in Elko County during the period when it was the heart of the western Cattle Kingdom.

In 1962 Fred bought a section of land north of town for nothing down and $5 a week. We were struggling. We were in hock up to our eyeballs. Fred had been thinking about a junior college for Elko for a long time. We didn't know what a community college was then. But we had attended junior colleges. Fred wanted to give land for a college. In fall 1963 the university regents were meeting in Elko. Fred took them out to see the property. He offered them 50 acres. I recall that Regent Broadbent of Ely, Chris Sheerin from Elko, Molly Magee (Knudtsen) from Austin, and Eyer Boies from Contact

inspected the property. They weren't interested at the time. Eventually Mark and Kathy Chilton and Fred I gave them 60 acres just north of Elko to the university system in 1964.

The community college idea set loose many adventures. Once Paul Sawyer and Fred set out to get a donation for their budding college from a rich Elko widow. Paul was the Chevrolet dealer and a salesman, and Fred was one of the best bullshitters around. How could they miss scoring big? The rich lady asked lots of questions and showed real interest. And Fred and Paul went into great detail about the merits of a college in Elko. After a couple of sweaty hours, the lady wrote them a check for $25.

The college supporters tried to get funding from the Legislature in 1968. Roy Young was our assemblyman. One evening in February, we were sitting at midnight with a bottle of Jim Beam waiting for Roy to call. We were feeling a little ridiculous. We had a college started, but with no money to keep it going. We had hundreds of people signed up for courses so we could present impressive statistics to the Legislature. Ten per cent of Elko enrolled. And, as I think back, some of our antics seem ridiculous. I mean, some middle-aged women were enrolled in welding. But in 1967-68, if you weren't signed up at Nevada Community College or you weren't teaching there, your friends weren't speaking to you. Elko was a community where people depended upon each other to get through life. People cared about your business. Your business was their business.

Sometime in the wee hours Roy called. "We got no money," he said. "The Assembly supported the idea, but Senate Finance killed us," Roy said. No recognition. Nothing. But Elko was marching. The citizens had a bond. The people were a tribe. Everyone was dreaming the same dream, going the same direction, as if a whole community was holding hands. I think that's why Paul Laxalt supported us and Howard Hughes saved us. For six weeks, we had a marvelous feeling of cohesion. I wish I had a magic wand and could wave it and make it possible for young people to experience the community and commitment we were part of.

The dream came true after many ups and downs. And Fred lived to see many wonderful results. Young people who would have never gone directly to a university got a start. Many didn't have the money to leave home. The pickins' were pretty thin in Elko in those days. Most of the rural kids were very naive and scared of the city. If you lived in Lamoille, Reno was a big city. Two brothers from Lamoille--the Sestanoviches--enrolled at ECC in 1970. One trained in automotive and has a good job in the city shops. The other transferred to UNR and completed a degree in geology. Now he has an important position with a mining company.

I have been thrilled with that college. Isn't the important thing to be headed in some direction? Nobody ever gets it finished.. . ever gets there. If you're headed somewhere, that's what counts. I think there is hope for the future when we learn better how to handle ourselves. Some of my friends are cynical about life today. They talk about how bad things are compared to the "good ole' days." I think

people then did know how to have a good time. But that "good ole' days" thinking is a trap. Right now--today--is the "good ole' days." You've got to be headed somewhere. And you've got to remember that bad things happened in the "good ole' days" and that good things, like the college, are improving our lives.

P. Michael Marfisi, Elko
MEMBER OF THE YO-YO CLUB

He was born in Reno and he grew up in Elko, Winnemucca, and Battle Mountain. In high school he was a musician. He did his undergraduate work at UNR and completed law school at George Washington University. Then he moved to Elko, where he has been an attorney since 1960. He once acted with the "Silver Stage Players," an Elko theater group of the the 1950's and 1960's. He is one of NNCC's founders. In the college's early days, he was in the forefront of the action and an early chairman of the college Advisory Board.

He acknowledges George Orwell's idea: the greater the education, the bigger the delusion. He agrees with MacDonald's founder Ray Kroc: the best education for most people is trade school. He is not anti-intellectual. He thinks of himself as being "anti phony-intellectual." He envisioned the Elko college in part as a center for training teachers of vocational education. A critic of the academicians, he preaches that community colleges should prepare trained workers for local businesses. Because most students don't transfer to a university or complete a degree program, they should not be forced into academic pursuits. They should acquire skills for survival in the work-a-day world and be adequately paid for the services we all need.

Back in April of 1967, Fred Harris, who as far as I am concerned was the pioneer of community colleges in Nevada, led several of us businessmen into a discussion about a college. I didn't know anything about a community college, and neither did any one else. But Paul Sawyer, Bill Wunderlich, Dr. Hugh Collett, Bob Burns, Jr., Carl Shuck, Mark Chilton, and several others became interested.

Fred got his friend Bill Schroeder from Ontario, Oregon to explain the community college functions to us. Fred said that Nevada was the only state without a community college.

A community college, which could offer vocational training, seemed ideal for Elko. Number one, Elko had been the cradle of education in Nevada. Elko started the university in the "good ole' days" by raising local money and having benefit balls. After about ten years, the university moved to Reno and left us far, far away from higher education. In the 1960's, the Elko economy was pretty grim at times. Especially in winter, when the tourists stopped coming. In the long winter months Elko people lived off each other. So why not start a system of colleges, with Elko as the leader? The economic impact was obvious. A college would bring teachers and students. An academic hub would also be good for the arts, although most of us thought first of vocational training.

Fred Harris was impressed by the fact that Treasure Valley Community College had been built on the site of a golf course. I'm getting ahead of my story, but the irony is that ultimately NNCC would end up on our old Ruby View Golf Course, by the generosity of Mark and Cathy Chilton and the Harrises. A wonderful story in itself.

Some of the local citizens visited the college in Oregon. They decided that if a little berg like Ontario could have a college, so could Elko. To a great measure, the credit for leadership thereafter must go to Bill Wunderlich and Paul Sawyer. They beat the pavement in and around Elko selling the college idea and raising money for it.

But our biggest job, overall, was convincing the education establishment in Nevada that the state should have community colleges. Always money is tight in education. Competing for that almighty dollar was going to be difficult.

UNR didn't want to talk to us because it had an extension program and they said they could gear up and offer more courses. K-12 had so many problems and money shortages that they didn't enjoy the prospect of cooperating and sharing. But Bob Zander, the Elko superintendent, understood adult education needs and he liked the idea of vocational certificate programs. He really helped us, even though many of the teachers didn't want "moonlight educators" messing with their classrooms.

Since I was a lawyer, I had typewriters and a secretary and could keep files. The other guys would do behind-the-scenes political work and beat the sagebrush for students and money. Eventually it all came together, but each day that we met--and we met almost every day and every other evening--there would always be a crisis. The school district was going to shut us out, or we couldn't attract qualified teachers. We had so many ups and downs that we called ourselves the Yo-Yo Club. One day things would go great, the next day the project seemed dead.

Fred Harris led us to a concept that went right to the hearts of the people. Many of us got caught up in the vocational/technical function. But we wanted to emphasize training of practical use to the area. Dr. Gene Voris, the first president, of course, advised us that we needed to develop all the functions of a

community college--developmental, vocational, and general education. Also community services. Because of Gene, we understood what being a community college meant.

We realized we couldn't be all things to all people. So we tried to focus on real needs. Elko had already developed the School of Nursing, which trained practical nurses. We brought that under the college. That move improved nursing and it boosted the college. Then we tried to grow a college, with training in welding, automotive, business and office. The needs of the area were starting to be met.

I've been a critic of education for many years. I believed the vast majority of people were not being served by the existing system. Only a small portion of the people had an opportunity to improve themselves. People who needed to learn a trade--people who carry on the everyday work of the world--they were left out. After high school, they gravitated to a service station or became chambermaids at a hotel. They received some in-house training and that's about all. One thing that really impressed me about community colleges was the emphasis on counseling. Counseling and the open door admissions--that was something I had never seen in all my experience. Here was apple pie and motherhood, all for the taking. One thing I regret, though, is that the community colleges are starting to charge students too much because they are tied to the university system.

That first semester in 1967 we put on every kind of course that would attract everybody and anybody. We had courses in diesel mechanics, square dancing, and history of Nevada. Anything some willing soul was qualified to teach we scheduled. And people enrolled for a pittance. We got the college launched and then we had to bring on the professionals who knew how to put it together. We needed to work toward accreditation.

I fought being tied to the University of Nevada System a thousand per cent. I didn't want the educational eggheads running this type of college. I'm an advocate of vocational training for the workforce. University systems are so overflowing with "know-it-alls". . . people who in fact don't know or teach anything practical. University "academia" is out of touch with our real day-to-day world. Few of our "educators" have ever experienced the practical business world and pay only lip service to the vocational training and educational needs of the majority of America's work force. We fall into their grasp and they tell us who is and who isn't qualified to teach. We opposed the idea of the strict education credentials for community college instructors from the start. We fought against being a part of the university system. But we had no choice in the end but to join it. Our good friends Paul Laxalt and Mike O'Callaghan thought that we had to be tied to some existing branch of education in the state if we were ever to get funding. They didn't think Nevada had any appetite for funding a third entity in education. On balance, we were better off to go under the university system, for a time, because it brought about an immediate image of legitimacy. However, I still firmly believe our community colleges should have separate, but equal, autonomy in Nevada education.

Paul Sawyer, Elko

LEADER OF THE PEOPLE

Just as Elko seems to be a city state like Sparta, so some of its citizens cut disproportionately prominent figures against the desert. There have been great men here, within their context--masters of influence, with an independence that must go beyond any usual sense of that word in all places except the basic western towns born of Manifest Destiny. I have heard it said that there was nothing a government employee could teach any native in the Nevada "Cow Counties." In Elko, I learned that it is true.

Sawyer, who sometimes seemed to be a steam engine in human guise, started delivering the community college gospel almost the moment he learned it. He took the good news from Elko to Reno to Carson City to Las Vegas. He turned state human services meetings into his personal pulpit. During the initial campaign to raise local funds, the late Joan (Gaynor) Chalmers said of him, "When he told me I had to be in charge of some of the fund-raising, I just stood up, ready to march. The town was so excited that even little children brought their pennies and dimes."

More than any other person of his time, Sawyer changed the way Nevadans thought about education. Known for his behind-the-scenes work for Republicans and his fund-raising crusades for community causes, he is widely acknowledged as a driving spirit of the NNCC founding group. If there is a "Type A" personality, he is its embodiment. He is the epitome of frontier individualism--a lover of the outback, a Jacksonian man, a builder of community. He distrusts planners and their product, conformity. Paul Laxalt called him "an effective man." The late Fred Harris said of him: "I can see him sitting on the back of a chair, as he pounded on the merits of community colleges and what they would do for Nevada." Paul Laxalt invited him to a Manpower conference in Las Vegas in November, 1967. He rose to speak and electrified the participants with his firebrand endorsement of community colleges. Bob Brown, editor of the Review Journal, wrote: "The most exciting thing that came out of the Manpower conference was the community college concept."

Born on a ranch north of Winnemucca, he moved to Elko, where he was a automobile dealer from 1945 to 1977. He has a strong distrust of the "educators" who, he believes, through their unions, take education away from the people. He is unwavering in his opposition to governance of community colleges by the Board of Regents. A quarter century after the Elko college opened its doors, he continued raising private money for it. Millions.

It was the spring of 1967. I got a call from Fred Harris asking me to come to breakfast at the Commercial Hotel. To get a free breakfast from Fred, I'd go anywhere.

Next morning, he had with him Bill Schroeder, an attorney from Ontario, Oregon. Fred and Bill worked together on range management matters.

I don't remember everybody who was there, but I definitely know Bill Wunderlich, Mike Marfisi, Robley Burns, Jr., and Mark Chilton came. Maybe Carl Shuck and Dr. Les Moren came, too. It is easy after so many years to get confused about the members of the Yo-Yo Club because when we started the college, we were busy raising money, getting organized, and selling the project. When we needed someone's expertise, we'd get them involved at the time. So it's hard to remember everybody and just when they got into the action. But I can tell you, there was an outpouring of energy. Many people became young at heart again.

But one person stands out. Fred Harris. It was his vision, enthusiasm, and his constant urging that kept us going. There can never be enough credit given to Fred and others like Bill Wunderlich, Mike Marfisi, and Paul Laxalt.

Schroeder told us what a community college was. He was really pepped up about it. He said it would vitalize a community and be great for businesses. It was a workable way to get education to rural areas.

I didn't pay too much attention at first because I had lots to do with my business at the garage. At Rotary two weeks later, someone suggested, "Let's go up to Ontario and take a look at that college." We started contacting people to go. Fred Harris was going to be at Ontario and would meet us there. Mike Marfisi, Wunderlich, and Bob Burns, Jr., and I drove up and met Fred at Treasure Valley. We spent a day there. We talked to students and to the faculty. And we talked a couple of hours with Dr. Eugene Voris, the president.

That was the first taste any of us had of a community college. Seeing the attitudes and listening to the enthusiasm of the faculty and students for that kind of education--well, that sold us.

In the car driving back to Elko that evening, our enthusiasm soared. How to start? Go to the state? To the Department of Education? To the university regents? We reasoned that if we sold the idea to some official entity of the state, then the funds would go to the metro areas--Reno and Las Vegas. We'd be left out in the cold. Maybe 25 years later we would get a college.

We asked Dr. Voris what it would cost to start a college. He indicated that the cost wouldn't be great. He said you wouldn't have many professional faculty at first, but you could expect volunteers. "You can probably get by with $40,000," he said.

Driving to Elko that night, I said to the others, "If you guys want a college, I'll raise $40,000." And the fund-raising drive started that moment. After I got home, I thought, "My God, what have I done?" The economy in Elko was sick at the time. That was a lot of money I had promised to raise. But I thought to myself, "This is just like selling a new car. I have to start with a prospect list."

I called my close friend Carl Shuck. We got a bottle of Jim Beam. He owned the Cave Motel. We went into one of his vacant rooms with a legal pad, a phone book and the booze. We brainstormed our list and wrote down the amount of money we expected from each person. We were in that room until nearly daybreak. The list of names got longer and the amounts of money we were going to collect skyrocketed as the night wore on. As we got more booze into us, we thought our contributors were generous people indeed.

We decided to test the list before we went to the Yo-Yo Club with it. We needed some fresh, country air as an antidote to the evening before. Driving in the country and looking at the snow-covered Ruby Mountains made us feel like Nevadans. The Jim Beam also made us feel like Nevadans.

So we drove out to Clover Valley. The hour-long drive would give us time to build up our thoughts about asking for money. We stopped at Russell Weeks' ranch. He was on a tractor in a hay field. We visited him a few minutes and I told him what we had come for. We all went to the ranch house, and Russell got his checkbook from a desk. "How much do you want?" he asked.

"Five hundred dollars, Russ," I said. He wrote out a check, and that was our first collection. It was a good start.

On the way back to Elko, Carl asked me why I had asked for five hundred. "It was the first figure that popped into my mind," I said.

With this success, we got organized. We selected solicitors and assigned the volunteer workers to different names on our target list. A week later we met in the judge's quarters and counted over $6,000. And that was before we had gone public. Clearly, Elko was sold on the idea. The reason? We had enthusiastic workers. And this has always been a town of miracle workers. They told the college story to anyone who would listen. In about a month we had raised $45,000, and the money kept coming in even after we had opened the college doors in September.

We had to sell the people in the state what community colleges were all about. The press--the "Elko Daily Free Press," Paul Leonard of the "Reno Evening Gazette," Hank Greenspun of the "Las Vegas Sun," and Bob Brown of the "Las Vegas Valley Times"--all were receptive. In fact the press throughout the state understood what we were trying to do. Chris Sheerin and Mel Steninger of the "Free Press" did a super job with stories and editorials. I believe it was Earl Frantzen who inserted our slogan "Give a Day's Pay" in small print between front pages stories of the "Free Press."

We let our businesses go, or worked late at night or early morning. At first we got our big donations. Then, to get everybody involved, we took anything people would give, even pennies that schoolkids collected. I came up with the idea of a "Give-a-Day's Pay" promotion, and we asked the girls to carry that out. Joan Gaynor (Chalmers) and Louise Collett helped organize that drive.

With the money coming in we hired Dr. Gene Voris to come to Elko by July 1. I had sensed that he might be interested in the job when we first talked to him at Treasure Valley. He had virtually started the college there. They had to start with no money and no facilities. They raised some local funds, and held classes in basements. Gene had engaged all the problems we were about to encounter. He seemed right for Elko. I must say that a lot of resentment arose from the educators, who in turn influenced the legislators, about Gene Voris. He was an outsider. The university people and the regents didn't want him because they didn't hire him. He wasn't one of the ole' boys. They told a lot of damn lies about Gene. If anybody was ever entitled to a slander suit, Gene could have slapped one on them. "The stories you are getting about Gene are not true," I told some legislators. People in the university fought us from Day One. To them, we were local yokels, butting into what they considered their expertise, their neighborhood.

When Gene left here, he went to Clackamas Community College in Oregon. He passed away a few years ago. Carl Devin filled in for a while.

Our experience with the educational establishments convinced us that community colleges should have their own governing board. From the first we had problems with the local school board and the university. The university was in the business of telling people what to do, not listening to what people wanted. Classroom teachers at the high school thought the rooms belonged to them. Even using the chalk board bothered them. But that's human nature.

The Arthur D. Little Study recommended that community colleges should have their own trustees. And the study was right. Feelings got so bad. We were infringing on the territory of school and university people. They resented it. During the next elections for school board members and university regents, Bill Wunderlich and I got deeply involved. We went after some incumbents and they lost. We wanted people with different thinking.

Paul Laxalt told us he was going to put community colleges on the agenda for the special session of the Legislature in 1968. So we had to pre-sell the idea to politicians. We were community college activists. The concept was our gospel. We told the story countless times. Not many people in the state knew what a community college was. To the politicians, of course, a college meant another column of figures. We were a problem for them, just another group asking for money.

It was the local people in 1967-68 who made the difference between success and failure. I have mentioned some, but there are many others. People volunteered to raise money and to teach classes.

Others enrolled in classes and twisted arms of others to enroll. The people supported the college with money and time and didn't expect any thanks.

"Bury this bunch" was the marching order in the state senate. And that's what they did in the special session in 1968. They ganged up on us and we were dead. Norman Glaser and Roy Young worked their tails off for the college. The bill passed the assembly because of them. However, Senator Snowy Monroe was lukewarm about the college. This showed up as the bill was killed in the senate.

But we got them to acknowledge that there was a community college in Nevada. They changed our name. We had named it Nevada Community College because it was a pilot project to show the rest of the state what a great type of education could come from the people. I don't know if it was the politicians or the educators who were behind the name change. Whoever, they believed that the college was going down the tubes, and they didn't want the state's name connected with failure. The attitude was: "They started this abortion up there in Elko, so let it go down in flames with the name Elko Community College. It's going to fail. Those sagebrush monkeys aren't educators. They can't run a college."

After the senate buried our bill, we were down in deep dumps. We hung out hope that somehow something would happen. But when May came and nothing happened, we started closing down. During late May, Mike Marfisi called a community college stockholders' meeting at the Commercial. The term "stockholder" is accurate. It belonged to the people. Everybody who had contributed--and there was over $80,000 eventually--was a stockholder.

At the meeting were Rotarians, Lions, and Soroptomists. Mike introduced Paul Laxalt, who had come with his hang-around entourage of press people from over the state. Paul thanked us for our work, and spoke on political matters for a while. He praised community college idea. "Too bad the money is gone," he said. Then he made the announcement about Howard Hughes' $250,000 donation.

He was squeezing all the drama he could out of this. Paul was good at that. The Commercial banquet room was packed. It had been deathly quiet. Then all Hell broke loose. I saw a bunch of handkerchiefs come out. It seemed like everyone had to blow their nose.

I was sitting next to Hank Greenspun, publisher of the "Las Vegas Sun." He poked me and said, "This is for real; it's for real." He got out his pad and made notes. We had a friend in Hank from then on. He couldn't do enough for us. Ted Lunsford closed the meeting by saying simply, "Thank you Howard, wherever you are."

Norman Glaser, Halleck
CLEARING THE WAY

He is a rancher from Halleck, a small community east of Elko. The Glaser ranch is the setting for the novel "The Treble V."

He was an assemblyman from 1961-72, then a state senator from 1976-84. Faun Dixon, instructor at WNCC, was once his student aide in the Legislature. She says of Glaser that "He had a country-boy look with an alligator smile. He would rivet on you without a blink. He heard what you said and would answer levelly in a voice that reminded you a bit of Gary Cooper."

His work in the Nevada State Legislature, along with Elko Assemblyman Roy Young, also a rancher, resulted in the "early" legislation for community colleges. Later, hearing his constituents' complaints about troubles students had trying to transfer their courses to the universities, he introduced bills for an independent board of trustees for community colleges. In the late 1970's, his measure proposing a constitutional amendment for a such a board passed the senate but failed in the assembly. "The regents lobbied it to death," he said. Even so, Glaser believes, the bills were therapeutic, "because the regents started letting the community college presidents sit around their table at meetings."

I was in the Assembly in 1967 when Fred Harris, Paul Sawyer, Bill Wunderlich, Mike Marfisi, and Mark Chilton were spearheading a drive for a college. I didn't know anything about community colleges in the 1960s. In 1967, Mel Close, Speaker of the Assembly from Las Vegas, appointed me Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. It's one of the most powerful committees in the Legislature and if you get on it you're in the catbird's seat. The chairman has the power to move a bill fast or sit on it and let it die.

Carson City was the first place to sponsor a community college bill. Dr. John Homer, an assemblyman from Ormsby County, proposed Kit Carson Community College. He drafted a bill in 1967 for a college, but the bill didn't come out of bill drafting until late in the session. It took Russ McDonald, a capable bill drafter, a long time to put it together. It grew to the size of a small book by the time Russ assembled it because he had to review many pertinent statutes. Russ, a Rhodes Scholar, complained that the bill cost $5,000 because of attorney bill drafting time. It went to Ways and Means because it asked for an appropriation. Kit Carson Community College died a quick death in my committee. It asked for too much money. Also, no one on the committee knew what a community college was. The idea of having community leaders teach college courses flabbergasted us. We weren't ready for that idea.

In 1966 Governor Laxalt came out in support of community colleges. Every governor wants to be remembered for something. Mike O'Callaghan wanted to be remembered for starting the first physicians program in Nevada. Laxalt wanted to go down in history as the father of community colleges. In 1967 he appointed a study committee on vocational/technical education and community colleges. I was one of the members along with Burnell Larson, the state superintendent; Senator Carl Dodge; Al Seeliger and Tom Bell, university regents; Dr. Jack Davis and Dr. Tom Tucker of the UNR College of Education; Stan Jones, commission on labor; Lewis Paley, AFL-CIO; Jerry Dondero, director of employment security; and Russ McDonald of the Legislative Counsel Bureau.

The committee met in the fall of 1967 at Elko High School, where the college was holding classes. Dorothy Call, who was one of the first instructors at the college, was teaching business courses. Senator Dodge wanted to know how the program worked. He questioned her, at length, until it became clear he was interrupting her teaching. Dodge was skeptical. I had a great deal of satisfaction several years later when I was a member of Senate Finance and he came with his hat in his hand asking for a college program and building for Fallon.

The governor's committee once met in Reno in a downstairs recreation room at the home of Dr. Tom Tucker. It had a well-stocked bar and I remember also a coffin and some antiques. He was a political powerhouse with the school districts because he could control graduate degrees in education at UNR. He was an old Tennessee boy who could enliven stories--especially when he was into Wild Turkey, which he liked very much. He had once run for Governor of Tennessee as a Republican and lost by a handful of votes. He bragged about putting every principal in every school in Nevada. The educators would go through his master's program and he would place them in a friendly superintendent's school. He was a very strong community college supporter. I know he supplied Laxalt with statistics and recommendations, and he probably had a big hand in picking some of the first college executives.

At Tucker's home we discussed college legislation for the special session that Laxalt had called for early 1968. We talked about how to get the support of Senator Jim Gibson of Henderson. Gibson served 30 years in the Legislature. He was a well-informed man. He was tight-fisted with money. If you wanted to get a program passed in Nevada, you had darn well better get Gibson convinced.

In the 1968 special session Gibson had just moved into the Senate from the Assembly, and that allowed me to become chairman of Ways and Means. I went to breakfast with him several times. I tried to get him to support community colleges. He was attentive, and he always tried to support education. But he backed off from the colleges for a time because he knew that K-12 was hard pressed for money and the university system was chronically short of dollars. So it was natural for him to view the colleges as another layer to be sandwiched between the schools and the universities. One thing, however, did appeal to him. And that was the idea that the state could economize by getting community

colleges to take over the freshman classes. A study had just come out indicating that the universities would have to hire more professors and build more classrooms to gear up for surges in enrollments. We knew that there was a 50 per cent fallout between the freshman and sophomore years. And the universities lost a lot of juniors and seniors. Only about one in four who started actually graduated. I suggested to Jim that the community colleges could save the state a bundle by accommodating freshmen at a lower cost.

But I'm not sure he was convinced. When the Nevada Community College bill came to Senate Finance in the 1968 special session, he voted against it. Later, when Henderson got interested in a college, I was gratified to have Senator Gibson wanting my support.

The first state-level debate came in that 1968 special session. Governor Laxalt had called the session primarily because of pollution problems at Lake Tahoe. He wanted to develop agreements with California to keep Tahoe blue. Only the governor can put an item on a special session agenda. A legislator cannot introduce a bill unless the governor has placed the topic on the agenda.

The Elko group got the governor's ear, and the college bill made the agenda. The Elko folks wanted to make a good impression. They were, I recall, asking for $390,000. That was a huge sum in 1967. That definitely got my attention. I became interested when they explained the mission of the colleges. But I knew the money request had to be chopped drastically. Laxalt had recommended $96,000.

I thought it would be a good idea if the Elko people would meet with some of the legislators, for the idea was foreign to them. It never hurts to polish apples and grease skids.

I called Mary Frazini, Assemblywoman from Washoe: "Mary, can you get a group of legislators together? I'm bringing President Voris of Nevada Community College to Reno to explain this new kind of college." She got all the Washoe legislators to the meeting. We hosted them at a posh restaurant, Vario's. In politics, food is a wonderful diversion and catalyst.

After that meeting, I arranged a meeting with Las Vegas legislators. Dr. Voris and I took them to breakfast at the Fremont. Floyd Lamb, Mahlon Brown, and Jim Gibson came. After Dr. Voris outlined the concept, they seemed to understand. But you have to remember that in those days UNLV was just coming into its own. Their attention was on university matters.

One thing the Elko people did to impress the Legislature was to get big enrollments. That first fall semester I enrolled in a cattle herd—health course, taught by Dr. Bruce Branscomb and Dr. A.A. Cuthbertson, the veterinarians. Nelda, my wife, signed up for a course taught by Pat McGuire, "Business Charm and Grooming." which Nelda later taught.

Nelda was a great help with the Legislature. We were "babysitting" the spacious Charles Harper House while the Harpers wintered in Mexico Nelda cooked several courmet dinners for the regents and key legislators while extolling the virtues of community colleges.

About 450 people enrolled that first year. Armed with such numbers, I could plead with the Legislature for some help. "Elko is just crying for this college," I told legislators. And those numbers did cut some ice.

In a special session you've got to get your work done in 21 days. New bills have to be carefully structured and planned. Roy Young, my Elko colleague, and I agreed that AB3, the Nevada Community College bill, had to be introduced right off the bat. We planned to hold hearings just as soon as we got the Tahoe bill out of the way.

When the bill was about to come up for a hearing, I talked to Floyd Lamb, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. "We're having a hearing on the college bill. A group from Elko will be testifying. I would like you to bring the committee to the hearing." He did. He was a gracious gentleman in some respects. He liked me because I was a rancher. He was a rancher in Lincoln County. We had comraderie.

At the Ways and Means hearing the room was jammed. Elko had come in force. They talked fervently about their college. When they finished, I didn't want to cover the same ground. I said that one of the side benefits was, as a student, I was now sleeping with a coed—my wife. Floyd Lamb, who sometimes didn't have much humor, punched me in the ribs, "Cut it out, Glaser." But there was laughter in the room and the hearing ended on a high note. Floyd was a supporter after that.

The college bill got caught in the crossfire about the proposed medical school, for which Howard Hughes had promised a large donation. Roy Young and I were afraid we would get shot down in the crossfire. Clark County didn't want Reno to get the medical school. The rural counties threw in with Reno. Reno got the medical school by one vote.

I was one of the few Democrats from rural Nevada, and Clark County was mostly Democrats. So they leaned on me heavily to help them stop the medical school. I needed their votes for the college bill. During the session we all stayed at a new motel called the City Center on Carson Street, a few blocks from the Legislative Building. I had a room on the third floor next to a corner room. The motel people set up the corner room for use as a meeting area. At first I thought I had a bad deal because different groups would caucus next door. Their arguments got heated and kept me awake. I could hear nearly everything through the wall.

The session came to "Day 14." On "Day 15" the college bill and the medical school bill were up for final votes. The Legislature had three readings for a bill--the introduction and referral to committee, the committee hearing, and second reading. Roy Young and I were really concerned that the medical school issue would kill our bill.

The night of "Day 14" the Clark delegation met in the corner room at the motel. I couldn't help but overhear them. I heard my name mentioned. I put my ear close to the wall and listened to their strategy.

Assemblyman Keith Ashworth said he would put pressure on Glaser. "If Glaser wants his college, he'll have to vote against the medical school," he said.

When the meeting was over, my phone rang. But I didn't answer. Next morning, the phone rang again. I didn't answer. I was careful not to be seen leaving next morning. All of us usually had breakfast together at the Carson Nugget. But I slipped past the Nugget. I waited until the last moment to go to the Assembly Chamber for roll call. It would be too late for Ashworth to talk to me.

I looked up at the general file board and saw that the medical school vote was first. Bad news. If I voted for the medical school I would turn some Clark votes against me and the college bill. So I arose and moved that the college bill, AB3, be moved to the top of the agenda. I said that my good friend Roy Young would then be able to vote. I told the legislators that he had to leave for a directors' meeting of the First National Bank. He really did have a Reno meeting that day.

The college bill passed Ways and Means by 9-0. It passed the Assembly, 32-9, if my memory serves me. Then it went into the Senate's court. The senator in those days from Elko was Snowy Monroe. How many votes could he influence? Especially in Senate Finance? Floyd Lamb was chairman, and the other members were Archie Pozzi, from Carson; Jim Slattery, from Storey County; Jim Gibson, from Henderson; John Fransway, from Winnemucca; Emerson Titlow, from Tonopah; and Mahlon Brown, from Las Vegas. Originally we had asked for $92,500, but we whittled it down in Ways and Means to make it more palatable. But that didn't help. It went down, 5-2, with only Lamb and Pozzi voting "yea."

As you can imagine the people in Elko had their fingers crossed. The phone was ringing off the hook. Scotty Sawyer and Mike Marfisi called about every hour. I gave them a blow-by-blow description, and they were deeply disappointed. "Take the money out of the bill, and get it reconsidered," one of them said. So I called Floyd Lamb and asked if Senate Finance would vote for the bill if we left the money request out. He polled the committee, and they said "no."

I reintroduced the bill in the assembly, but without a provision for funds. AB17 would place the community colleges under the Nevada Department of Education. It passed the Assembly, 42-0, as an emergency measure. This time Senate Finance saw how strongly we felt about the college, although some complained that our bill was a "foot-in-the-door" mechanism. They knew we'd be back in a year asking for money. In truth, it was a foot in the door. They tried their best to kill the idea. They amended the bill by taking "Nevada" out of the college name and substituted "Elko." Also they placed the college under the school district. They wanted to divorce the college completely from the state. Then they passed it. Maybe it was a hollow bill. But they couldn't kill the idea and they knew what a community college was.

Hugh Collett, M.D., Elko

PHYSICIAN PRINCE

He is a retired surgeon and one of the Elko college's founders. He served on the college's Advisory Board for a quarter of a century. An advocate of strong academic standards, he argued that occupational education was a key to fulfillment for that majority of young people who would not study at a university. He would not vocationalize community colleges for he believed that they must also educate citizens in the liberal arts.

I sometimes sat as a guest at ECC Advisory Board meetings when the members discussed the construction of the college's first building with officials of the state Public Works Board. The funding had been uncertain, for Governor O'Callaghan had not specified funds in his budget for 1971. Elkoan Roy Young was chairman of Assembly Ways and Means. He and Senator Norman Glaser steered a bill, with an appropriation of $325,000, through the Legislature for the building now named Lundberg Hall.

The planning meetings would continue past midnight and become highly contentious, even after federal grants had raised the construction money to $585,000. Simply, there was not enough money to build a plant for the college's programs even if a library was deferred to a later time. And some board members insisted that an auto shop be a part of the facility. At one point, the local board considered a "Butler Building" with a macadam floor to save money and gain space. They decided also that portable walls would make the building more versatile. The director of the Public Works Board smiled disdainfully at nearly all their suggestions.

In one fierce confrontation Dr. Collett complained about the architect's charges. The Elko people didn't understand that about 20 percent of the appropriation would go for the architect's fees. Defiantly, Dr. Collett said the college board would get a volunteer architect. But that was against the rules. Elko's college was emerging from its communal origins as a part of a state system. More and more the infant Elko college would step out of the processes of frontier democracy and be subject to the state bureaucracy.

Elko in the 1960s might have seemed a sleepy small town to outsiders, but it was a network of busy bees. We were always looking for ways to improve the economy. Business was very fragile, especially in winter, so citizens tried to build in even the smallest ways. Just the addition of a physician at the Elko Clinic was big news and would be a headline story. There seemed to be just enough people to make a town work, but no spares. So, you could make a case that by nurturing our isolation, we were, if you will permit me a paradox, nurturing community

Fortunately we had a leadership of professionals who always strived to improve the city. Elko Community College was one of many projects carried out by active people in a vibrant, small city. When we were discussing the college's first building, the members of the advisory board were led to believe that Lundberg Hall might be the college's only facility for a long time, so they tried to put shops, labs, classrooms, nearly everything, in it. If we had known in 1970 that the federal slot machine tax rebate would soon make more money available for college buildings, our campus would look much different today.

The ingredients for the college were present in the 1960s. The town had grown up providing for itself. The community had its own nursing program. It was operated by the county hospital and the school district. The physicians lectured in the program. Leaders in Elko were not cardboard people. They were individuals with a mutual respect for each other. They had great civic spirit and involved themselves in everything from community theater to community orchestra to community recreation to a historical society.

Under the leadership of Mark Chilton, Elko started--and eventually completed--"Project Lifesaver." That was an enormously imaginative program to relocate railroad tracks that had always cut the town in half. It involved virtually all of downtown and even the rechannelling of the Humboldt River. That project became a national model. "Project Lifesaver", along with the creation of the college, symbolized a concern for civic improvement by the citizens. There were a few naysayers. There always are. But it was cooperation of the citizens more than individual heroics that got things accomplished.

Elko had many devoted leaders. I'm speaking of people like Dutch Stenovich, Norman and Art Glaser, Dr. Tom Hood, Bill Wunderlich, Robley Burns, Jr., Hugh McMullen, Tom and Morris Gallagher, and Mel Steninger. These people enjoyed improving Elko with little desire for feathering their own nests. It was the dream of a better community that provided the fertile ground for a college in Elko in the 1960's.

The Elko Toastmasters Club was a sort of local think tank. The members debated ideas thoroughly. It would be hard to overestimate the importance to Elko of the Toastmasters. We discussed the Upstream Storage of water on the Humboldt. Education was a frequent topic because the people knew they were deprived without a college. Elko lacked cultural and economic advantages a college could bring and the contributions of professional educators. At Toastmasters, an underlying question was: "How can we get a college and what kind should it be?" In the 1960's the Elko Volunteer Fire Department conducted the "Firemen's Ball" to raise money to lobby for a junior college or technical school. Roy Young and Norman Glaser got a resolution through the Legislature in the early 1960's asking the Board of Regents to develop plans for a junior college or technical school.

I doubt if any of us thought about the consequences of our push for a college. We had no idea how strongly some university people would resist us. We knew nothing about the Public Works Board and the hoops you had to jump through with it. The university architect considered us a joke. If it had not been a grassroots effort and the dream of the citizens, our college could not have endured several "down" years after it got under way. Its roots helped it survive three incompetent presidents until Dr. William Berg came in 1973.

The college struggled several years until the Legislature could understand the benefits of community colleges. One member of the Legislature, State Sen. James Slattery of Storey County, was especially arrogant when we were first trying to get legislation. During the special session of 1968, when Norman Glaser and Roy Young were pushing a small funding bill for the college, Slattery was a member of Senate Finance. He wouldn't even discuss the idea. He scorned the idea by shouting, "I'm agin' it!"

The college survived the opposition of department heads at UNLV and UNR who did not want to accept courses that our students attempted to transfer. It survived, though at great cost over many years, an incompetent architect forced upon us by the Public Works Board. The architect designed Lundberg and McMullen Hhalls at NNCC--those flat-roofed buildings that have had so many costly remodelings. After all these years, I can recall the architect saying: "I don't care what you want. I'm the architect! I have never built a building that has fallen down." But he designed flat-roofed buildings. In the cold desert they are disasters waiting to happen. They collect snow and ice and insure leaking roofs. He just wouldn't discuss it.

The college survived the negativism that was bound to set in with so many obstacles. I know. I was chairman of the Advisory Board. It was staggered by the politics behind the firing in 1977 of Dr. Charles Donnelly, the statewide president, who was just a great guy and a fine administrator. He was one of the few people in the top of the education pyramid who had any understanding of higher education. At a Senate Finance Committee hearing, I was astonished at the arrogance on the part of Don Mello, the chairman. Charles Donnelly had convened a statewide meeting of college advisory board leaders. I became a spokesman for these boards and mentioned the outstanding work of Charles Donnelly before Mello's committee. "I don't want to hear anything about Charles Donnelly," he shouted at me. Donnelly listened to the Elko people. He was fired, I think, because the whole system was afraid of a person, really an "outsider," who was becoming potent. He just kept getting stronger and people in the hierarchy felt threatened. The college advisory boards respected him enormously. That was ominous for the regents.

Today, looking at the thriving state system of community colleges, it is easy to forget those bitter years of struggling.

Burnell Larson, Carson City

PRINCE OF EDUCATION

No one earned more respect in public Nevada instruction during the 1960's than Burnell Larson. He was at the center of the state's powerful forces in a time of great change. The desegregation of schools, the reorganization of Nevada school districts into county entities, the big federal thrust into vocational education, and the birth of community colleges--these issues swirled around him.

He retired in 1972 as Nevada Superintendent of Public Instruction. He began his career after the Good War as an instructor of foreign languages at the University of Washington. Later he was a teacher at several rural schools, including Battle Mountain High School. He played in dance bands on weekends at places like Beowawe and McDermitt. Eventually he became the superintendent of the Elko County School District and later the state superintendent. He was an advisor to Governor Laxalt during the formative years of the colleges. He believed the occupational function of the colleges would have received more attention had the colleges been an extension of the public schools and not a part of the UNS.

The community college movement was extremely important to Paul Laxalt. You might say that its success was one of the milestones of his political career. The crowd in Elko was really vociferous for a college in 1967. They got lots of press. Chris Sheerin, publisher of the "Free Press," helped them, and Paul Leonard, who had worked in Elko, editorialized for the Elko college in the one of the Reno newspapers. Eventually Hank Greenspun tried to fire up people in the south through the "Las Vegas Sun." And, of course, my good friend Mel Steninger helped too, maybe more than most people know. Mel became co-owner and editor of the "Elko Daily Free Press" after Chris Sheerin retired, about 1969. Mel was an outspoken but competent newspaperman. He certainly didn't pull his punches in editorials. Some Las Vegas newsmen called him a "pistol." Technically, he was a realist. It was hard for anybody to pull the wool over his eyes. He helped to keep the fire going for the college at Elko.

When I was superintendent in Elko in the 1960's, comments would sometimes appear in the paper recalling that "one time we had the university here. Why shouldn't we have a college?" I think some of the Elko old-timers felt a sense of loss to Reno about the university, although that had happened long ago.

In the beginning there was hot and heavy controversy about what would go on in the community colleges. Who would govern them? What would their function be? Much of the controversy ended in

my office, probably because the university system was not receptive to an institution that had some non-academic tendencies. The Department of Education had helped with curriculum when the Elko college was starting and also with vocational funds.

I thought community colleges should have been an extension of the public schools. I think Governor Laxalt felt the same way, originally. Maybe I am putting thoughts in his head that weren't there. But we were working very closely on the project. I chaired his committee on Vocational Education and Community Colleges in 1967. The committee's mission was to study the possibility of starting a system in Nevada. He asked for a report back to him by the end of 1967. When we made our report, I don't recall any opposition. But that would be unique. In all my years in education, I think I had opposition to anything I ever proposed.

And I think the Governor believed that the vocational function of the colleges would be more potent if they were an extension of public education. Maybe Howard Hughes did too. I say that without knowing but he did send his $250,000 check to me as chairman of the study committee.

Laxalt had been touched by the spirit of the Elko people. He was always asking, "How is it going up in Elko?" But the attorney general ruled that the university system was constitutionally responsible for public postsecondary education, although that was later contradicted. Finally Laxalt said, "Forget it. We just can't do it. It can't be under the public school system."

Laxalt took the study committee up to Portland to look at colleges. One group gave us a big banquet. The Portland people accused me of being Howard Hughes. I honestly think they believed I was Howard Hughes.

We spent two days there. They had a great presentation of their programs and their physical plant. The college, I recall, was a new one, but enrollments were surging. In Oregon, the Department of Education had a community college division, and the Portland college was a part of that. It was much like what many people in Elko wanted in terms of organization. Apparently we had to change the law in Nevada to have that kind of governance. So Laxalt said, "Forget it."

I was a neophyte as far as community colleges were concerned, but the Portland college looked wonderful. That tour opened my eyes and I think also the eyes of the people on that committee. At the time, I was working on integrating the schools in Las Vegas and, as I remember, the independent school districts were just coming on. I wasn't fully aware of all the aspects of a community college.

I'm really gratified by the way the colleges developed. The people needed them. I hate to see the costs always going up and up. I feel the cost is getting out of reach for many of the people the colleges were meant to serve.

Bill Wunderlich
COMMUNITY COLLEGE GADFLY

He became the franchise community college vigilante and he ferreted out enemies and condemned them. Only his friend Paul Sawyer and Dr. Marvin Sedway, a Las Vegas optometrist and later an assemblyman, proved to be more vocal in the movement. But no one was more vigilant. He is one of the trailblazers, one of those who got there first. He served on the NNCC Advisory Board for nearly 25 years. His wife, Marge, a classmate of Bob Laxalt, says that her husband and Paul Sawyer "never let up" once they set their minds to starting a college in 1967.

Wunderlich could flare like a rocket and show much passion for the vocational programs that lay close to his heart. And his passion proved fruitful as he constantly stirred up legislators on matters relating to the community college mission. During the founding period, almost daily he phoned or wrote to persons around the state selling the idea.

My New York Life office was right next to the college office in 1967, upstairs in the old First National Bank at 5th and Railroad streets. The bank had an extra space at the end of the hall, and that's where the college started. Gene Voris, the president, and his right hand man, Carl Devin, had offices close to mine. Carl's wife, Patricia, taught some classes there—modeling, as I recall. This was before ECC began to use Grammar School #1 in 1969.

That first year we just converted the top floor of the bank into some offices and classrooms. We started working with the school district and used their classrooms at night. Bob Zander, the superintendent, wanted the college to develop. He always preached that many high school grads needed certificated programs, not university degrees. He appointed one of his assistants, Chuck Knight, to coordinate the transfer courses with the university. But that didn't mean that the university accepted our college's courses immediately. Our students got "rain checks" for their courses that might be redeemed after a semester at UNR or UNLV.

Zander asked Don Elser, who had been in charge of adult education, to develop vocational training. Bob wanted Dr. Tom Tucker, the UNR education professor, to be an advisor to ECC. Some school board members objected to that, probably because he was identified with the university. Since the college had no real legal status until 1969, it was under the school district. In the early days, the school trustees appointed members of the advisory board.

At the end of that first year, we were about to close down. Money was the big item. We had gone to the bottom line and nothing was left. Our "Give-a-Day's Pay" funds were gone. Everybody had just about given up, including Governor Laxalt. The Legislature had stalled on us in the special session of 1968. I had Paul Laxalt's private number. One night in the spring of 1968 Paul Sawyer came by my house about 10 p.m. We got the governor on the line and said, "Hey look, we've done everything we can do, it's up to you now." He said, "I'll take it and we'll go from here." Shortly afterwards, Howard Hughes gave the money to save us. Elko had raised money many times for many good causes. But never anything like the Hughes gift--a quarter of a million dollars. In 1968 that was a ton of money. A full-time instructor would get maybe $7,500 a year in 1967.

The drive for a college just happened--it kind of grew with Elko. Fred Harris really pushed the idea, or, you might say, he pushed us into it. He was a real estate broker, dealing mostly with ranches. He went all over the country and so he learned about colleges out of state. He came to Scotty Sawyer and me because we were salesmen. He wanted us to sell the college idea. That's why he joined up with us.

We knew we needed education to fill a big void in Elko. Fred's ideas were the first we had ever heard about community colleges. And that's when we decided that was the route we wanted to go. We were impressed with the occupational function. No question about that. We knew what our void was in our little community, and if we had a need for people with vocational competence, it had to be that way in the other communities. We knew that Las Vegas was primarily interested in their university, but they also had started a vo-tech center. Reno had the university and Nevada Technical Institute. The tech school didn't pan out. They didn't appeal to students. They were money losers. We could see that the community college could fill in this big gap and eliminate these technical schools that weren't practical.

When we were trying to get legislation, we had to negotiate with Ely and White Pine citizens to support us. Ely and McGill at that time had their own adult vocational program. That program had been going for a long time. It got lots of attention, even outside Nevada. Ely had a strong citizens vocational council. They had done a good job. Kennecott Copper supported the program with funds and employee incentives. It had clout. They were training their people for the jobs that they had there.

A state senator from Reno knocked us. He said that Ely's adult program was better than our community college. During the special session of 1968 he spoke out against Elko having a college. He said it should be in White Pine County. One guy down there that was on the college advisory board initially was Frank Stanko. He helped with relations in White Pine. I think the people in White Pine had some doubts that much money would come from the community for a college. They had always relied on Kennecott, and they wondered if the community would change. The Ely people agreed to support Elko if we would develop a center there to offer academic courses and support vocational

training. Dick Munson, who was the first coordinator, made the Ely program work, along with the White Pine Vocational Council.

It was always a struggle to keep the college on track. During the early years, most of the regents were helpful. They were for the underdogs. Several of the regents had ties to Elko, and that helped. Harold Jacobsen, from Carson City, was born in Elko County. So was Paul McDermott from Las Vegas. Dr. Louis Lombardi had relatives in Elko, and Dr. Fred Anderson was born in Ruby Valley. And, of course, Mel Steninger, who became a regent in 1970, lived in Elko.

But things started going wrong with the regents about 1975. Some of the old regents got tired, and the new ones, well, they identified with the universities. Several of them were UNR graduates. Community colleges looked like the Salvation Army to them. Some university academicians started putting up intense resistance. And so did the new regents, who were pushing physical education programs. About that time, the state's power brokers wanted the huge sports pavilions and the university system was the vehicle to get them. Las Vegas pushed hardest for a sports dome and what they were going to get Reno had to have too. The power brokers brought in their own chancellor specifically to get the Thomas and Mack and the Lawlor Centers. All that the university bureaucrats could see was the sports domes.

So the state began to ignore the colleges. Charles Donnelly, the CCD president, became the sacrificial lamb. Politicians criticized him for "high administrative costs." Well, nobody has ever seen the universities' administrative costs in one figure. Nowhere. Period. The figures were carefully distributed into budgets for colleges and departments. They wouldn't dare put administrative costs directly on paper. Even if they did, not a single regent could decode the university system budget.

With Donnelly gone, the head was cut off. I know as an advisory board member that the colleges started to stagnate in the late 1970's. The regents made certain that the new campus presidents would be pet presidents. They were not to be spokesmen. Never again, after Donnelly was fired, would anybody speak out like he did. For the colleges, the UNS was a black hole. But, even with neglect and hardship, the colleges grew.

What would Elko be if we hadn't moved ahead with the college?

Frederick Anderson, M.D., Reno
HEALER AND PUBLIC SERVANT

For nearly a century, the state university at Reno was the center of the educational universe in Nevada. It was, in a small state, a main source of status and power. For political hopefuls, it was the lightening rod for statewide recognition.

If Utah revolves around the Mormon Square, Nevada revolves around its university system. The university always took a big slice of state appropriations. Sometimes it seemed to be a monolith, especially with the politically powerful deans in the agriculture and education colleges. The clan of some college territory seemed to be a political unit that showed no mercy without tangible reward. Sometimes a dean just went directly to the Legislature to get funds. It was easy for the College of Agriculture to get the ear of rural legislators who, for decades, were a center of power.

No person's name coincides with the university in Reno more than that of Dr. Fred Anderson. A retired surgeon, he sometimes thought of himself as a dabbler in politics. He graduated from White Pine High School. He became a Rhodes Scholar after graduating from the University of Nevada and studying medicine at Yale and Harvard. He was a regent from 1960-76. He was a pusher for the medical school, which bears his name.

He and his associates Helen Thompson and Harold Jacobsen were among the first regents to support community colleges. He was, nevertheless, university bred and he respected its endless system of gradations. He saw community colleges much as other influential Nevadans saw them--as an additive change in education, not a part of the structure. The view that a community college was an addition to the system--rather than an institution serving community needs through community processes--that image persisted because of the difficulty Nevada had in developing stable communities.

The regents started, in 1966, to move in the direction of forming a vo-tech school in each end of the state. Clark County School District had already constructed a facility of this sort between Las Vegas and Henderson. It could provide vocational training not available in high school to students who might not want to go to high school or finish it, or who might not wish to go on to college, but who were prepared to go to work at other things such as heavy equipment and welding and carpentering and such things as that.

Both universities had certificate and two-year vocational courses before the colleges came on the scene. The latter did not belong in the four-year schools, as they were both striving for higher standards and more advanced courses and advanced degrees with a greater percentage of Ph.D. faculty. Although there was some footdragging in turning loose these courses on the part of the universities, they were persuaded to gradually transfer them to technical institutes when the buildings and grounds were ready. We had already started ours at Stead.

The development of the community colleges changed all that. Most of the colleges provided their own land--200 acres were transferred from the Nevada land register for WNCC. A portion of land at Stead--232 acres and some buildings--had been in 1966 considered as a site for the technical institute. By 1967 the community colleges were already on their way.

The university attempted to serve the outlying areas of the state through General University Extension beginning in 1951. Eventually the universities formed a statewide office for extension, but it was rather unsatisfactory. In many instances we were unable to give places like Ely, Battle Mountain and Pioche the university-level courses they wanted. We could either hire faculty there--providing we could find ones with the appropriate qualifications (which of course would have to equal the qualifications of the university faculty)--or members of our own faculty would go out when we couldn't find qualified instructors.. . . our own faculty were not too fond of this, so many of them would not go out and give their courses.

At this time the state was particularly short on the intermediate types of education usually found in vocational schools, in which students are educated to handle heavy equipment or work as a painter or a carpenter or a welder or cook or baker or something not normally taught in the university. So, under Governor Grant Sawyer, there were state meetings in which needed manpower was discussed. I was a delegate and had a chance to hear many of the arguments about needs. Because of this, the university planned to form new branches--one of them in Reno, which would be called the Nevada Technical Institute, offering terminal two-year degree programs and located at Stead. Meanwhile, the Clark County public school system had constructed a vocational education facility partway between Henderson and Las Vegas. It was in essence a technical institute. One of our plans was for the university system to cooperate with the school district and develop the programs together.

During this period, a college was on its way in Elko. President Armstrong made an inspection trip to Elko, but he returned with the opinion that there were not sufficient students and resources to support a technical institute or a community college in that area. I think he was probably correct. However, Elko did give their college strong support and made a concerted effort to get at least part-time students from behind every sagebrush in the near and far vicinity. A little less than a year after Armstrong had been in Elko--and because they were making such a determined and vociferous effort to get something started--I visited there and found they had more than 400 of the citizens enrolled—I think many of them just to get the enrollment up and get the college recognized.

At the next regents' meeting I moved that the university take Elko Community College under its wing, thus myself incurring the considerable wrath of President Armstrong. Using some of the money donated by Howard Hughes in 1968, the regents employed the Arthur D. Little research firm to study

the feasibility of a system of community colleges. The group recommended a rather rapid extension of two-year colleges. However, we were not obliged to adopt the study in its entirety.

In 1969 the regents approved the Little recommendations in principle, and the Legislature put Elko Community College under the regents. The university at once took up the task of creating a system of community colleges.

The Arthur Little report originally had advised a separate board of regents for the community colleges. Governor Laxalt, I think, wanted that too. He had his assistant, Jerry Dondero, call me to see if I would take the affirmative side for the university--that the colleges should be under the university regents--while they would provide somebody else to take the other side to arrive at a decision through the courts. After thinking it over and after talking to Chancellor Humphrey, I decided I wanted no part of such a court procedure. I thought we had an ideal system and didn't want to see two boards each going over to the Legislature and competing for funds. I called Governor Laxalt and told him I didn't think we should do it, and the matter was dropped.

Elko's college certainly had its ups and downs in getting started. Governor Laxalt commented at a ceremony there, "I have never worked on a project that died so many times; but it wouldn't stay dead."

There were many disputes during the first years when students wished to transfer their credits. The courses were not equivalent to university courses; the students may not have even graduated from high school. And, if they did, they may not have had sufficient grade point averages to be admitted to the universities. So there was no automatically going on from a college to a university.

Interchapter I

Money talks. Howard Hughes' donation in May, 1968, saved a college. By today's dollars, his quarter of a million may seem paltry, but in a poorer Nevada it inspired a system of colleges. Half of Hughes' $250,000 had been given for a study to decide if such colleges would work in Nevada. The Arthur D. Little Company, a San Francisco needs assessment firm, completed the study. Little submitted a report, titled "Recommendations for Community College Education in the State of Nevada: A Report to the Superintendent of Public Instruction," in late 1968.

The Little report boosted the movement. It recommended in professional terms what the Elko apostles had preached. Unserved Nevadans could have quality occupational training, low-cost

university parallel studies, community and developmental education. A student services office would develop counseling and job placement services.

Little also recommended that community colleges not be governed by the Board of Regents. Nevada should be a single community college district. The district should have a single president, answering to community college trustees. Local colleges, located in south Reno, Elko and east Las Vegas, would have citizen advisory boards.

When Governor Laxalt gave his State of the State speech to the Legislature in January 1969, he ignored substantial parts of the Little recommendations. The state, he said, could not afford to implement them all. He said he did not want to weaken K-12 and university funding. He proposed a budget in which the state would begin to fund college operations. The communities themselves would have to raise money for facilities according to local desire. Laxalt asked the university regents to develop the instructional program.

The regents said they would take charge but only with the understanding that the Legislature appropriate money to cover the costs of the new division. With Assembly Bill 659, enacted in April 1969, the Legislature charged the regents to develop and govern the colleges. hus Elko's little college had been boosted into the year-old university system. Chancellor Neil Humphrey developed objectives for the CCD for the 1969-71 biennium of the Legislature. The tasks: to continue the operation of the Elko college and to establish administration of an emerging division.

Dr. Charles Donnelly came to Nevada in the spring 1970 as the president of the new division. Some observers described Donnelly as never quite belonging. After all, this was Nevada and he was from "back East." He quoted Emerson and Jefferson. In the world of school administration the heirs-in-waiting paid homage to the College of Education and one of its luminaries, Dr. Thomas Tucker, and through them became upwardly mobile. Few of them were academicians. Experience had taught them to be averse to risk. It might be risky to be cozy with academicians or quote Emerson in public.

Because Donnelly was an outsider he could be the realizer. Sheila Moon, the Jungian analyst, has written that "It is a psychological truth of profound import that only the outsider can become the insider, that only the foreign element can serve as the reconciler and helper." Donnelly, seen as an unconventional administrator among the men of the Nevada educational network, represented the "flash of insight." He had lived the community college experience in Michigan and had fought the good wars there. In Nevada the familiar and acceptable solutions--the fiefdoms and centers of power--would not work with the new enterprise of community colleges. The known, the usual, the separated programs with their various directors, needed some help from the outside and maybe even some vision.

Nevada lay before Donnelly like it did before Howard Hughes, virtually untouched, full of promise. He and his curriculum assistant, Leon van Doren, began immediately to prepare a state plan. They presented it to the regents in January 1971. The plan argued for "open door" admissions. It reiterated what Donnelly had publically declared: The colleges would be egalitarian learning centers. They would focus on the individual as learner, not on the instructor as the center and purveyor of knowledge. Learning resources--i.e., the library plus its learning aids--would enrich student experience.

The colleges would be weighted toward practical training, but they would also offer a fund of general education, which every citizen had a right to obtain. Any ordinary student should be able to acquire this social inheritance by going to college. "I think of this body of knowledge as the cultural fund, meaning the basic knowledge, from every discipline and profession," Donnelly said.

So nearly everybody aged 18 or older could enroll. Never mind that the Nevada Revised Statutes said that a 15-year-old could enter the university, if the youngster "passed a test." Donnelly did not wish to antagonize public school officials, especially since they had been helpful, so the rule of 18 became the standard. "With its fierce dedication to teaching, the community college will mold the practical purpose of educating for jobs, the political purpose of educating for citizenship, the cultural purpose of educating in the arts and humanities, and the democratic purpose of providing a college education for everyone who wants it," Donnelly said. To do all this would require flexibility, innovation in scheduling, and the extensive use of part-timers instructors.

"It is unthinkable that the colleges ever develop into state colleges," he said. A community college should never be thought of as a university-waiting-to-be crowned." The maximum enrollment at any Nevada college would be 5,000 full-time-equated students. Sixty per cent of the effort would go to occupational-technical education; 20 per cent to university parallel courses; the remainder to developmental programs. Then as now, the Legislature made it clear that community education be conducted without public money.

An important goal was to serve all of Nevada. That would require campuses in Clark County and in western Nevada and study centers in in any town that demonstrated keen interest. CCCC and WNCC would open in fall, 1971. The study centers would use existing community facilities. Each college would have a a big service area. The plan called upon the Elko college to serve Humboldt, Lander, Eureka, and White Pine counties, a land mass, including Elko County, of about 45,000 miles. WNCC would have a territory that included Ormsby, Pershing, Churchill, Mineral, Lyon, Storey and Washoe counties. Lincoln, Nye, Esmeralda, and Clark counties--these would be served by the southern college.

The state plan indicated that the universities would admit community college graduates as juniors. That part of the plan was an unenforceable in a university with colleges and schools setting their own standards.

Right away Donnelly angered some members of the university professoriate. The pay scale for part-time faculty would be only $150 per credit hour, about half the university pay scale. Part-time instructors teaching a university course in sociology might be paid $900 for the course; the identical course at a community college would net only $450. University department heads were stunned. All their hard-won gains of the 1950s and 1960s seemed to be unravelling. Community college fees would be lower. University departments might lose both students and instructors.

Donnelly had won his spurs in the very capital of community education, Flint, Michigan, home of the Mott Foundation, the nation's greatest benefactor of community education. Donnelly's promotion of community serivces angered both politicians and academicians. Wasn't college based on academics? Were these to be "cotton candy" or "chicken fried" colleges? What college worthy of the name would teach "country swing dance" or "horse-hair braided ropes"? And the policy of giving no "F" grades--to some regents and university faculty, that was an heretical idea. Wasn't it a fundamental fact of life that about one third of the freshmen fail? That had been the custom for as long as anyone could remember. And didn't many sophomores and juniors also fail? Wasn't it almost a natural law that some, say a lot of, students be "weeded out"?

Donnelly never looked upon community colleges in the same way many Nevadans did, especially those who had grown up with the university. As a disciple of the Mott Foundation, he preached sharing of facilities and schedules and focusing on community needs. But when he proposed a merger of the Elko County Library and the college library as a means of saving money, he was rebuffed, even in Elko. But he continued to deliver the community college credo: the colleges were not simply an addition to the system. They were places where citizens communed with the town family. They were to the community what the family is to an individual. Everywhere Donnelly looked he saw that Nevada needed changing. Only a fraction of Nevada people had higher educational opportunity. "There are 100,000 waiting," he said. With the universities, those who got the "F" usually had the door shut in their faces. When they dropped out, they might become minimum wage employees in restaurants. A community college was a second-chance college. A third. A fourth. The world changes, the job market changes. People need to find their place, but they make mistakes. Give them counseling, help them find their place, and forget the "F" grade.

The regents, perhaps not fully appreciating what they had done, accepted the state plan and endorsed its policies at their January 1971 meeting. But no sooner had they approved it than they started discussing colleges for Ely and Lake Tahoe, which had not been featured in the plan. About the same time, Governor Donal "Mike" O'Callaghan, in his State of the State Address that January, 1972, proposed that the Legislature fund colleges in Las Vegas and Carson City.

Sue Ballew, Elko

SECRETARY OF EK-TECH

She was the first state-funded classified staffer of ECC. In its early years, the Elko college suffered from internal Samurai warfare. Sue Ballew was a witness to an infant college being battered around like a tumbleweed in a devil duster. She was a main symbol of stability in the turbulent years. She was both the accountant and controller, the president's secretary, and the receptionist, but all those positions were unofficial. "Our ignorance about running a college was nearly complete," she said to me once.

Some members of the Elko founding group did not want to relinquish control to the school district or later to the Board of Regents. Sometimes the Nevada Department of Education seemed to be in charge of ECC, for federal funds flowed through it to college vocational programs. Sometimes the school district seemed to govern because it had facilities and personnel. Finally the Board of Regents emerged in 1969 as the governing body. Internally there was warfare for position and status sometimes so intense that "it almost broke the back of the little school. We had only five or six faculty members but I think half of them wanted to be dean" and none of them liked the administration.

ECC was very much an unsettled college when I met Sue Ballew in 1970 at old Grammar # 1. I'm sure times when she wanted to say out loud, "God damn, Ek Tech!" The problem: "Our trouble was that everybody wanted everything and wanted it now. We didn't have the staff to offer all the courses people said they wanted. So we had to compromise. We would spend hours setting up courses that only one or two people would enroll in."

Outsiders must have thought Elko had flipped. Here was this tiny town asking its citizens to give money for a college, to give to a school which didn't have anything. No facilities, no teachers, no books. There was no church to sponsor it, as you see in the little towns back East. Only some people wanting it to happen.

I gave a day's pay for ECC in 1967. I had never thought about working for the college. But I did. And soon. Nearly everyone I knew gave a day's pay. I would have been an outcast if I hadn't given. I enrolled in a few classes that first year. I signed up for psychology, but it ewas cancelled.

The college ran out of money before the first year ended. The school district and the advisory board were about to close it down just about the time Howard Hughes made his big donation in May 1968.

The president, Gene Voris, had moved back to Oregon. Some people thought he mismanaged the funds and spent the donated money unwisely. Some university people said that. He was basically a promoter and the leaders said he did just what he had to do.

The first three presidents didn't last long. You might say they all got whiplashed. I lasted for five years, and these were the hardest working years of my life. It was a time of traumas. After five years, I just gave out trying to do so many different things.

In the summer of 1968 Bob Zander, superintendent of Elko schools, told me that the college needed someone to manage the business office. The college was administered by the school district then. I took the job. There were only three of us at first. Dorothy Call, who had been a high school commercial teacher, was the business and office department. John Bunten from the Nevada Department of Education came down from Carson City to help. He was acting president and helped coordinate the Elko activities with the Department of Education. The federal government was giving out lots of funds and he obtained vocational grant money. One of the first vocational programs was law enforcement and corrections. For a while we had lots of students from the Nevada Youth Training Center. Highway patrolmen also enrolled. The other programs were highway technology, secretarial, mid-management, and automotive mechanics. The advisory board insisted on an auto shop in the first building. Bill Bellinger had been a success in auto dealerships and mechanics. He had supported the college. The board wanted him to have a shop to teach in.

The three of us did practically all the work--trying to recruit part-time teachers and organize classes. We ordere and sold books, and accounted for funds. Dick Lynch, the new president, came in the fall of 1968. We had classes all around town, in at least 30 places. We worked out of the Elko County School District administrative offices. They built us a little cubby hole that was the home base. Some of the school people resented us. They started called us "Ek-Tech." After we got the semester going, John Bunten went back to Carson. But he had really given us some push with vocational funds.

I registered students, greeted people, and answered the phone. I typed letters, but I was primarily the business manager. I was supposed to be the bean counter. There were no deans or directors then. President Lynch didn't have a secretary, so I did his clerical work. I think he wanted his wife to have my job. He did bring along his buddy from Texas, J. B. Cudd, who taught psychology and corrections. Cudd and an electronics teacher named Casino, I believe, were the among the first full-time instructors. Probably Dorothy Call was the first. Royal Orser from the school district offered several art classes. Hub Stenoish, an NYTC teacher, also taught art. Eventually, Lowell Swendseid from the high school taught watercolor and ceramics.

We started getting a lot of electronics equipment with federal vocational funds. Don Elser and John Bunten started a combined high school-college electronics program. All that year we kept looking for

part-time teachers. I got teachers for sewing and cake decorating. The university agriculture extension people in Elko wouldn't have anything to do with us when we tried to get them to help with community services. I think they saw the college draining away some of their activities.

In fall 1969 when we came under the university system, we moved into the old Grammar School # 1 at 8th and Court streets. Bob Zander, the superintendent, and the school district made it available and the college only had to pay for janitors. We were terribly limited with funds. Half the $250,000 Howard Hughes donated went to the Board of Regents. They used it for a study for a statewide system.

Everything was very difficult in 1969. Dick Lynch, the new president, always hesitated about closing a class. Elko was small and several classes would have only five or six students. People could continue to enroll anytime, even to mid-semester. He was trying to get the full-time-equated student (FTE) count up. The most important word in the UNS was "FTE." I was trying to balance books. We could never really supply accurate figures to the public or to Chancellor Humphrey. It was impossible to balance funds with the FTE. When we went under the UNS and started receiving money from the state, we had to be able to prove to auditors that we had the numbers of students we reported. The only way we could do that was with money received through registrations. Well, Mr. Lynch never seemed to understand, or agree with that. I think he was confused because the Department of Education had originally told us that our funding would be based on ADA--average daily attendance. I think the Department really expected to govern community colleges.

Someone decided that the university extension would have control of the collegiate courses. At first we thought we could just buy the credits from the university, but we found out that students had to qualify to enter and that only the university departments could approve instructors. And they always said the college didn't have any qualified instructors. I also had problems balancing the funds, because the students didn't necessarily have to pay when they signed up. So, you might say, the business procedures were fluid.

When I was worrying about balancing the books, someone from the Controller's Office complimented me for being accurate. But I was also told that I shouldn't work so hard. "This college isn't going to last, you know."

But there was always a place for a college in Elko.

We didn't have basketball until 1969. But if Bill Wunderlich had had his way, we would have. He kept saying, "The only way to start a college is with a basketball team." And when we started basketball, it really did bring in several full-time students from Battle Mountain, Ely and Winnemucca. For a few years the college actually had maybe a hundred students who looked like freshmen anywhere. We started the basketball program by getting donations around town. We also had banquets. Once Paul Laxalt brought a Dallas Cowboys quarterback to a banquet, and Mike O'Callaghan brought

in Eddie Little, Noel Manoukian, and Jackie Jensen for the fundraisers. All the activities would raise about $2,800 and that would be the team's budget for the season. They would have stretch that money when they traveled to places like Rangeley, Colorado; Butte, California; Twin Falls, Idaho, and Provo, Utah.

When we went under the UNS in 1969, the university personnel office made me take a test in clerical. If I passed, I would become a state classified employee. I was doing accounting, but no accounting was on the test. What I learned about accounting was from the Controller's Office--from Henry Hattori and Tish Pezak. A fellow named Mark Dawson was very helpful to me then. He would alert me to heavy problems before they came down on me.

Chancellor Humphrey fired Dick Lynch in the spring of 1970. I got the letter. I think the advisory board wanted a president with more of a vocational outlook. I first saw Charles Donnelly that spring in the Arlington Towers in Reno, where the UNS office was located then. I liked him. He was a good administrator. He wanted to hire Dr. Bill Berg after Lynch left, but Bill couldn't come up from Arizona Western then. So he and Tom Tucker interviewed Elmer Kuntz who became the president in July 1970. Elmer lasted about two and a half years. Some conservative people in the twon complained about how the faculty dressed, and Elmer was really distressed that the mathematics teacher wore sandals to class. So he proposed a dress code, and thet caused an uproar in the faculty. It was a tough period.

A president really matters. I don't know if anyone could have been survived as president during those early years because there was tension between the local board and nearly every school group in Nevada. We could not have functioned without the help of the university bureaucracy, but we had conflict with its academic departments. When things go well, it isn't so obvious how much a president matters. But it takes a president to keep the peace and get a good faculty who will teach well. Some people believe that administrators are failed academics. Maybe so. I imagine some mediocre professors have been good presidents.

Because of the turmoil, I don't think I appreciated the college at that time. But there was something to be said for it, for the people eventually pulled together and made it work. Maybe some of the instructors didn't impress you with their credentials, but they knew how to equip students to survive in the world. Students learned that there was no such thing as people who were totally stupid. The word "bonehead" was taboo from Day One. Students believed that they could perform in some niche somewhere. That quality was really the bread and butter of the place.

Delna Day, Yerington
PIONEER OF RURAL NURSING

There was a time when rural Nevada was regarded by most outsiders as virtually unhabitable space, a place that stood as an unsightly desert waste that separated the United States from California. To some political eyes, Nevada was good for activities like the MX and bombing ranges and aerial practice combat zones, weapons storage, and nuclear testing. The desert was never appreciated until people started reading Edward Abbey and Wallace Stegner. As urban life became more dangerous and as the MX concept took shape, there appeared the famous bumper sticker: "NEVADA IS NOT A WASTELAND." About the same time citizens spray painted "MX" on stop signs in eastern Nevada. The bumper stickers and the spray paintings--these marked a turning point in the way people perceived the desert.

In rural Nevada, the only way to have nurses was to train rural Nevadans to be nurses. So in 1957, citizens initiated their Elko School of Nursing, which was an imposing name for a one-year program that usually graduated ten student nurses. Some years, no more than five might enter and graduate. The School of Nursing was a coveted program. The penning ceremony just before Charistmas, and graduation in July became major celebrations. Families and extended families came with cameras, flowers, and cookies for the reception.

Delna Day was a Lucinda Matlock of the Great Basin. Born into a large family in eastern Utah, she became resourceful and strongly individualistic. Like the male frontiersman she made snap judgments and never complained. Nursing became her religion. She was instructor, advisor, and program coordinator from 1961-1978, a period in which scores of practical nurses were trained for rural health care. The program, which had been co-sponsored by the Elko County School District and the Elko General Hospital, was adopted by ECC in 1968. It was not unlike other community-based nursing programs later taken under the wing by each of the community colleges. Their communal origins and their reflection of community values put them under a strain in the UNS. Under the colleges, LPN training was boosted with general education courses such as biology, chemistry, and psychology. But that didn't mean the nursing courses would transfer to the Orvis School of Nursing and for two decades a stalemate existed in the transfer of nursing credits. Orvis had long-standing traditions that it would not compromise by awarding credits for community-based nursing training.

In 1979, NNCC expanded the program to associate degree nursing, but only after the college boosters raised money in the community to operate it for a year and prove to the Legislature that it would work. Delna Day retired that year.

When I visited her in Yerington for this interview, she had became a steadfast anchor of the crisis hotline from her home.

My career was in clinical nursing. Before I moved to Elko in 1960, I was working for Dr. Bill Ririe at Kennecott Copper Co. in McGill. In those days, Ely was a hopping town.

In 1960 Fay Wallace from the Department of Education visited me and asked me if I would consider moving to Elko. He wanted me to take a job teaching practical nursing.

"I'm no teacher," I said. "I'm a nurse."

"Think it over for a week. I'll call you," he said.

I talked with Dr. Ririe about teaching.

"You can tell your students what you know about nursing, can't you?" he asked.

"Sure. I can do that," I said.

"Then you can teach them," he said.

I was planning to make a move anyway because Kennecott had sold its hospital in Ely to White Pine County. The head nurse had seniority over me and she wanted the job I had at McGill emergency. She wanted to retire with Kennecott benefits.

So I went to Elko. Burnell Larson was the superintendent, and the LPN program was under the school district. Don Elser was my immediate supervisor. Margariet Clevenger, the state supervisor of health occupations training, came from Carson to help orient me to the program. She was the organizer and first teacher of the Elko School of Nursing in 1957. Mary Rang was the second instructor.

"I have never been a teacher," I told her.

"You've never taught anything?" she asked.

"Sunday school."

"You'll do all right."

In those days, the program had one full-time person. I taught everything. Math. Medical vocabulary. Biology. Child development. Anatomy and physiology. Clinical. The whole schedule. But I did have the help of the doctors. They were excellent guest lecturers. Dr. Les Moren lectured on OB and obstetrics. Dr. Tom Hood helped with orthopedics. Dr. Hugh Collett lectured on surgical situations. Dr. Roger Seyferth taught pediatrics, and Dr. Jake Read gave presentations on heart conditions. All the Elko physicians were involved, and as volunteers. They cherished that LPN program, because they just could not get nurses to move to rural Nevada.

My only assistant was "Mrs. Chase," who joined the program early, early, early. Mrs. Chase was a mannikin. During the first six weeks of the one-year course, we had academics from 8 a.m. until noon, and in the afternoon we would have practicum until four. During the following six weeks, clinical training was in the morning, and classroom training in the afternoon. Primarily we practiced on "Mrs. Chase." I think she was named for the Chase Company that manufactured her. She became the most

notorious person in our nursing education. I had practiced on Mrs. Chase when I was a student. I imagine Mrs. Chase is still lying in a hospital bed at NNCC.

I became really excited about going under the community college. For one thing, I wouldn't have to teach sociology any more. I could concentrate on nursing. LPN came under the college when Dick Lynch was president in 1968. Under a college program, nursing students would have more prestige. They would have courses in biology, chemistry, psychology, composition. The graduates had really wanted to broaden their education, and the college opened doors to them. The more they got into their LPN studies, the more they realized they needed the non-nursing subjects.

I believed the college would provide a stabilizing force for the program. Working with the director of nursing at Elko General Hospital had sometimes tested my patience. She expected too much of students who had just graduated. The day after graduation she would schedule their duty. June Sutherland was put in OB alone at night. She had graduated but she hadn't been licensed. And Nancy Houghson was put in surgical with one nurse's aide.

I confronted the director. "These girls need to have more experience before they take so much responsibility."

"What I do with your students after they graduate is my business, not yours," she shot back.

Elko General had an unstable hospital administrator. He kept interfering in the clinical training. He wanted to have the students do just what he needed done. He would have them working in the laundry or cleaning rooms. Burnell Larson, the school superintendent, got so irritated with him that he discontinued the program for a couple of years. I trucked off to Denver, until Margariet Clevenger called me up and said there was an LPN program in Yerington. I went there for a while. I came back to the LPN program in Elko in 1966.

I had the utmost cooperation from the ECC faculty, from Marilee Harper in child development, Maxine Palmer in the library. And, of course, Bill Berg, when he became president, took a strong interest in the program. He saw nursing as a program to build on, for nursing students enrolled in non-nursing courses. He and Dr. Les Moren accompanied me to Las Vegas and to Reno to meet with the Board of Regents to present our case toward having an associate degree program. They deserve the credit for our expanding nursing education.

Our goal was to graduate ten LPNs annually. But the number varied. One time we started with 15 students, and sometimes we had a hard time coming up with ten to start. Along the way a few males came into nursing. But to Elko eyes, nursing was definitely a female occupation, and the pay wasn't very good. You couldn't support a family on that pay.

We had Indian students in every class. I remember especially Barbara Healey and Edna Brady. Lila Sam, a Shoshone in Margariet Clevenger's time, was one of the first. Some of the older women came

down from Owyhee. Many had to take a GED test to qualify. Owyhee didn't have a high school when some of them were ~~young. They had to study much harder than those who came~~ with high school completed. Actually, people from many backgrounds came for LPN training. We had several women in their 50's take the program. I think Carol Turney's children had already studied at ECC when she entered LPN training. Occasionally one of the students would graduate and then fail the state exams for licensure. But almost always they would pass after more study. Almost nobody who went through the program failed to get a license.

We had two ceremonies. First was the capping event. Students who were doing satisfactory work at the end of six weeks would go through the line and get a nurse's cap. Many relatives would be in the audiences--uncles and aunts and grandmas and grandpas and, of course, children. Graduation came in July, at the end of the program. The students wore white blouses and pinafores until the end of the program.

Graduates went to work all over rural Nevada, and some in southern Idaho. Naturally Elko General Hospital provided the single biggest opportunity. Without exception as far as I know, graduates were always able to get a job. I left the program in 1978 because it had to be upgraded to associate degree nursing, and I did not have the credentials to continue. I have heard that some prominent Elko citizens thought I was forced out by the state. But that isn't what happened. I supported the change. Everything we had ever done in that program was based on merit. We admitted students on merit and we graded on merit. Period. Nursing is an art with a high purpose. I had the best of both worlds--teaching and nursing. Some good people inherited the program--Georgeanna Smith, Ruth Holland, Marilee Kuhl. Dolores Middlebrooks in Reno was always a big help. And Bill Berg, the president, was always so easy to talk to. He was a dear man.

Pepper Sturm, Jr., Carson City
FACULTY BRAT

He was among the first graduates of Elko Community College. He and his peers worked to get student activities started--clubs, a yearbook, a newspaper. As ECC became NNCC and dominated by non-traditional students, these early trappings--the basketball team, the newpaper, the yearbook, the Indian Club--were abandoned. Their appearance reveals some local aspirations about the college. Their disappearance speaks to the character of community colleges as perceoved by the UNS.

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I was a faculty brat, so I knew all the intrigue at the college. For as long as I can remember my parents were connected with colleges. My father was an instructor of political science and my mother was a librarian for over 50 years. Elizabeth Sturm is the name of the learning resources center at Truckee Meadows Community College. She built the learning resources program at NNCC. She also had a hand in the learning resources program at WNCC.

My father got involved with Carson College, a private college in Carson City, in 1966. It failed after a few months, and we moved to Myers, near South Lake Tahoe, to work at Tahoe Paradise College. When that college was floundering, Nevada was expanding into community colleges. My father took a position at Elko Community College in 1969 teaching political science. He also had various administrative duties. My mother became the librarian there. She established the learning resources center with the help of a $100,000 donation from the Fleischmann Foundation. In those days that was beaucoup dollars and she complained about having a hard time spending it wisely.

Technically, I was a high school senior when we moved to Elko. But I was allowed to enroll as a freshman while completing a high school government course. I graduated in 1971 with about twenty others. Most of the graduates got the associate of arts degree. Governor Mike O'Callaghan spoke at commencement. Paul Laxalt was speaker at the first commencement. In the 1970s community colleges had become hot political stuff, and nearly every candidate for office boasted that he was the father of ECC.

ECC held classes in Elko Grammar School # 1 until 1973. It was a fine old brick building, seemingly very solid. Water pipes ran under the ceilings, multiple layers of paint had built up on the walls. Radiators popped and cracked on cold Elko mornings. Brittle hardwood floors were preserved by ancient oils and waxes. It was your basic old school house with windows aplenty and a combination gym and auditorium. Students were always using that gym for ping pong and plays and music. And basketball, too. On weekends the rock bands came and the whole community vibrated into the wee hours. They always had the amplifiers at capacity. Surprisingly, few people in the neighborhood complained. No policeman ever showed up that I can remember. We just danced and danced.

I have special memories of the facility itself. My parents worked there, I studied and played there, and I met my wife there. My gut wrenched when they tore it down. Some engineers had condemned it. But it didn't fall easily. In fact, the cables pulled by Caterpillars were supposed to collapse the building.

But the cables kept breaking. Finally, the wreckers had to bring in a crane and a huge demolition ball. The old building defied the destructors for a long time.

When I started at ECC, the college had just come under the university system. So we began to set up student government, give names to activities, start a newspaper and a yearbook. We did all the things a student group does to found a school, and some nutty student things as well. Janice Wolfley, who works in the next office here at the Bureau, had the first Honda Civic Elko ever saw. It was really small, like a motorized beer can. Now and then, some basketball players would pick the car up and put it in a fenced power plant area on the school ground. When she came out of class, she was shocked to see her fenced-in Honda. But the guys would lift it back to the street for Janice.

I understand that we were an enthusiastic group, like Elko itself in those days. We tried lots of things. Fred Betia, Jr., one of the first ECC graduates, was always doing community projects. Bill Hicks was known as the gentleman of the college. Kevin Dressi became the college artist. Shane Stahl started a fishing derby, and students went to Lamoille Grove for an annual fun day of picnicking and volleyball in May. Naturally, snow would blow in and we played volleyball in several inches of white stuff. Many of the activities we started have been dropped, I hear. In those days we were Cowboys. Now they are Knights. No wonder many activities died. I mean, Knights in America's buckaroo country!

We even had a basketball team. We had a contest to name them. Naturally they became the Cowboys, and that set the tone for other activities. "Roundup" was the paper. "Vaquero" was the yearbook. Steve Dollinger, who is a judge somewhere, was the first newspaper adviser, and later Barbara Gardner, a reporter, helped out.

The team won one game in 1970-71, and maybe a couple the next year. Cheerleaders and students conducted fundraisers and banquets for travel money for the team. I remember Jim Justus, a smallish but excellent player from Tonopah. Some other players were Les Preader, Jody Dwyer, Ed Williams, Tom Anderson, Lynn Cunningham, Paul and Bruce Bilbrey from Battle Mountain. Bruce Aranguena, who was a student body president, was on the team. George Corner, a Vietnam vet, played basketball. He went on to become Elko mayor for 16 years. Our sports director was Bob McCausland, a perpetual optimist who was a jack of all trades. He was also the choir director. I think he expected the job to become full time, but it wasn't to be.

The student body turned out very well for games, at first. But basketball was never strong. Sometimes we would end a game with only four players because out bench had fouled out. Some people in town didn't appreciate some players with long hair. Long hair was prominent in the late 1960's. I remember that some college advisory board members were going to cancel games if players didn't cut their hair. Shane Stahl asked if he could wear a hair net. Although some on the team were

Vietnam veterans, they cut their hair. But getting haircuts didn't help them win. They played at the new Centennial high school gym.

My academic experience was excellent. Education is mostly what an individual puts into it. Basically, everything was there to get a good foundation. An education is matter of what you reach out and grab. Freshman courses like psychology and sociology were rewarding because of the small ECC class sizes. There was plenty of interaction with the instructors, and with the other students. Elko was still excited about its college in 1969, and if you look at that first yearbook, you'll see older people, housewives and young people. The student body had a large number of individuals now called non-traditional students. People pursued things they hadn't been able to study before. And that kind of excitement communicated itself in the classroom and in student life in those years. ECC had cowboys and Indians. A fair number of free-thinking types showed up for classes, and even a few hippies, and they were always in conflict with the black-hatted dudes from the ranches. The dynamics of the groups kept things honest.

When I got to UNR I still needed some introductory courses because ECC had a limited range. At UNR core courses were in the lecture format usually with 100 or more students. They were very straight and impersonal. But it's your own involvement that counts most. One thing I've learned: it's people, not places, that become hum-drum.

If the community college had an inferiority complex, it was institutionalized from the university system down. That probably affected me most when I tried to transfer ECC credits. Although there was an agreement in place to transfer those credits, there was reluctance at the UNR Registrar's Office to do so. When I had trouble I just called the president of ECC to get things straightened out. I never really thought of community colleges as inferior institutions.

Here at the Bureau, I get the regents' minutes and I have to read them carefully because we make interstate comparisons of policies for the Legislature. Higher education is my assignment. I detect from the Board of Regents minutes that the community colleges are still trying to assert themselves with their University colleagues. Transfer of credits is still a problem. There's a dynamic tension between the autonomy of the different institutions in the system and the autonomy of the university system. You have program directors who want to be free to do their own thing in the colleges and then you have the university wanting to call the shots. In the recent cases I've been reading about the nursing programs. You have leadership at the dean level saying,"We are not going to compromise our principles about what constitutes a good nursing education to accommodate community colleges." It probably amounts to turf battles.

Amy Emerson, Elko
TRAILBLAZER OF DEVELOPMENTAL EDUCATION

A visitor from the University of Utah once looked at a graduating class at NNCC and exclaimed, "They're so old!" That angered Amy Emerson, who won her spurs teaching developmental mathematics, which, along with develomental English (known by the epithet "bonehead" in the universities) quickly became staples of the NNCC schedule.

Nevada's community colleges never attracted great numbers of traditional students, those young people with the vitamin-fed look. The colleges found a willing clientele in the working and out-of-work adult population. Twenty-five years after the colleges opened, only a fraction of the their enrollment might be considered full-time and traditional.

Developmental education may have been designed originally to help faltering young students succeed in college academics. But, for a long time, an adult learning center, like the one Amy Emerson helped to create at NNCC, was peopled by classes of thirtyish and fortyish individuals. A black man from Carlin, a railroader, learned to read there a year before he died at sixty-five. In some years the clientele of the Adult Learning Center would be two-thirds female, many of them single parents. Many were Great Basin Shoshones, whose parents had been segregated from the public schools. In the NNCC Adult Learning Center, which combined college developmental classes, tutoring, and adult high school, older students had little fear of becoming casualties of the unwritten law that a certain number of students must be flunked each semester.

But how do you offer remedial studies over the huge NNCC service area . . . nearly half of Nevada? That is, if, as Amy Emerson was, you are the only full-time NNCC mathematics teacher? One way was to videotape courses and make them available to students at their convenience. Amy Emerson never considered it the ideal way, because she made a career of meeting with students personally to solve mathematics problems. But her videotaped basic math and elementary algebra courses eventually made up a small library. They were used at Winnemucca, Ely, Battle Mountain, and in Elko for students who couldn't attend scheduled classes. They were offered also at five prison sites. A sheepherding operation in the White River Valley, moving between Alamo and Ely with the seasons, used the tapes for home schooling for youngsters.

Some engineers said that the old Elko Grammar # 1 was unsafe for children. Maybe that's why it became the first real home for ECC. I liked the place. It had broad hallways and high ceilings and

gigantic classrooms with creaking floors. Behind the classrooms were long, narrow coatrooms, which we used for offices.

I had no problem with a college being in a grammar school but Shelley Hanna, our history and anthropology instructor, did. Shelley had studied at Oxford and he had directed the University of Maryland's European branch. He was put down by a college being in a grammar school on an asphalt campus. To him, there could be no college without a campus. He thought of a campus as a bowling green surrounded by dormitories and lecture halls adorned with names of founders and sculptures of great individuals. He was a historian of warfare so he liked to see some cannons or howitzers on the grounds. A campus would probably be anchored by a bell tower and graced by statues of men like Henry Adams and Aristotle.

University people used "campus" as a synonym for college. When NNCC moved to the Elm Street "campus" in 1973, it was a dusty place with desert crested wheat grass, sagebrush, and some Russian Olives, and millions of ground squirrels in June.

Elko had but one piece of sculpture. It was in the city park. Lowell Swendseid, our part-time ceramics teacher, created it. The next closest thing in town to a statue was the gigantic imitation polar bear on the Commercial Hotel. A simple sign on Idaho Street directed people to "Community College." It was no different from signs for "Police Station" or the "Welfare Department." There was no fanfare about our college.

What would Shelley tell his academic cronies if one came to visit him in Elko? One was a famous economics professor in Nebraska. Another was a law professor in Maine. In our minds' eyes, we created a great campus, something like Walter Mitty might have come up with. Elko General Hospital was our "medical school", the county fairgrounds became our "equestrian center," the Elko County Courthouse our "law school." And since military matters were important to Shelley, the National Guard Armory was "ROTC headquarters." Although we created our make-believe campus in jest, our imaginings were not so far-fetched as you may think. We did use the armory for physical education. Student nurses trained at the hospital. The judge taught courses in criminal justice at the courthouse.

I began teaching at NNCC as a part-timer in 1972. I went to the college that fall to see what was being offered. ECC conducted registration in a multipurpose room that was both a basketball court and an auditorium. For registration, a row of tables ran the length of the north wall. Behind them were college instructors looking bored. I arrived at mid-afternoon. There was not a student in sight.

Shelley Hanna was sitting at the social science table. He seemed dejected. "Doesn't this college have any students?" he asked. He had been in Elko a week and was already contemplating his next job. He didn't realize that the fall semester couldn't start until after the Elko County Fair, which ran over the Labor Day period. Nearly everybody in town was involved in the fair.

Classes were small. None ever filled a classroom, except for community service courses in the Basque language and square dancing. The administration was reluctant to cancel classes so there was no incentive for students to pre-register. They just showed up when they were ready, but never before Fair time. People called this syndrome "Elko Standard Time."

At the college I picked up a schedule and saw a course titled "Introduction to the Computer." I had been a systems analyst and programmer in Indiana. I went to the dean, Bernie Sadowski, to check it out. I asked him who was teaching the course.

"I thought you were," he said. My husband Dave had been hired to teach biology to nursing students. Dave had told him about my computer experience.

I was flabbergasted. No warning. No build-up. No teaching experience.

"Is there a textbook?" I asked.

"No," he replied.

"Where is the course outline?" I asked.

"Mr. Lundgren must have taken it with him," he said. Mr. Lundgren had a disagreement with Vice President Kuntz over wearing sandals to class and had left for Wyoming.

"How many students?" I asked.

lone, yet," he said

He said I should go around town recruiting for the class. Almost all teachers recruited their students. The banks were planning to buy computers and they might be key places to start.

"Does the college have a computer?"

He said "no" but indicated that Carlin Gold Company was planning to buy one, so there was a need for an introductory class.

"Is there anyone else in town who can teach the class?" I asked.

"No. You are it," he said.

My blood rushed. "When would the class begin?" He said he could delay it a couple of weeks until I had rounded up the students.

I agreed to do it. I had not yet learned to say "no."

"How much will I be paid?" I asked, timidly.

"$150 per credit," he said. "Less if you don't have twelve students."

I taught the class but never received any pay. I had been shanghaied into a new career. Eventually I would settle into teaching developmental mathematics. For the computer class in 1972, eight students enrolled, and I lectured 15 hours during the term from library sources. Students had access to the university computer through a teletype. But it never functioned once during the semester. The closest

my students got to a computer that fall was a picture I xeroxed from a library book and handed out to them. It was noit the best time of my life, but my teaching career was launched.

We were like an extended family in those days. Shelley Hanna taught a Friday evening course titled "Civilization" using the Kenneth Clark film series as a basis for discussion, if the film arrived from Reno by Friday afternoon. Most of the faculty participated, and there was a good turnout from the community. After class, we would all go to someone's house for spirits.

That was a great age. The people of Elko had their hearts in their college. A class like Shelley's "Civilization" became a social event. It was a town-gown gathering that was positive beyond the academic content. What was most exciting was the interaction of diverse points of view. Elko residents tended to be conservative politically and the faculty was too, except that in Elko some people thought them to be decidedly liberal.

In the Friday night discussions on "Civilization," Shelley would bring in an anthropological perspective. Charles Greenhaw would present a literary or philosophical point of view, and Dave Emerson, who had a Ph.D in biology, might bring in scientific background. The Elko people would offer social and political comments and discussions would take on unexpected targets and last well into the night. Anyone who left before midnight was leaving "early." It was the vitality of these argumentative interactions that fueled the growth of the college. People in the rural Nevada had intellectual curiosity, plenty of it. When our differences would get the upper hand, it seemed as if the school would split apart. But when our energies pulled together, as mostly they did, there was no stopping us.

ECC had an excellent library. Betsy Sturm, who developed it, had worked in many college libraries. She didn't have a degree as a professional librarian. I think Chancellor Humphrey knew her abilities and had probably recommended Betsy. She had a history of creating libraries. But President Kuntz hired a professional who had been a Jesuit priest. He was a middle-aged stereotype of a male librarian. He was distant, frowning, and severe. He wanted a library to be a quiet, orderly place. So he was constantly under stress. The library was in the basement directly under the multipurpose room where students constantly played ping-pong or basketball. Their jumping and dunking noises magnified in the library.

Betsy Sturm was completely opposite. She actually talked and laughed with students when checking out books and materials. This violated the "quiet policy" of the library and infuriated the librarian. He would turn red.

The fact that Betsy was gregarious and helpful was bound to create conflict. The librarian concocted a case against her: She talked to students, she didn't follow directions, she was unqualified. Betsy had a strong sense of ownership in the place. She had worked for some months without pay, and she had

really started with nothing. The librarian tried to get vice president Kuntz to fire Betsy, but he wouldn't. Finally he took the issue to President Donnelly. The outcome became known as "Bloody Friday."

It was a Friday in April or May of 1973. President Donnelly visited ECC on Fridays. He ordered Kuntz to fire Betsy. Kuntz refused. Instead, Kuntz fired the librarian. Then Donnelly fired Kuntz. He told him he had to be out of his office by 5 p.m. The librarian left quickly. Betsy stayed for a year or two. Eventually she went to work at WNCC and there she built her last library.

At 4 p.m. on "Bloody Friday," we all gathered as usual at the RanchInn. The jukebox played "American Pie" and "Sweet Caroline". Some people were drinking beer. It was a tense TGIF. In a few minutes in walked Donnelly and Kuntz, chatting like old friends. Donnelly ordered Coke and Beam, Kuntz a coke."

Paul Shelley Hanna, Elko

MR. CHIPS CARRIES ON

He was a rifleman in World War II. He was shot in his right leg by German soldiers north of Rome in 1944. He crossed the college grounds with a cane and, even before Banana Republic became popular, he wore a bush jacket and an Safari hat. He championed military veterans and he once made a public protest that Elko, which eventually he claimed as his favorite town, failed to observe Memorial Day with a proper tribute. He retired from NNCC as distinguished professor of history in 1987. But he continued to teach part-time. His abiding interest was military history, and he created a popular course titled "War and Western Civilization." History students sometimes joined him for weekend-long strategic simulated battlefield games in his basement "war room."

Although he always scheduled at least fifteen semester credits, he was for a few years Athletic Director when NNCC had a basketball team. He once made an impassioned appeal before the regents for their support of athletic programs for the community colleges. He argued that a college should have the goal of developing a sense of identity for individuals. "The college," he said, "is only a partial college if it does not provide a person with his name and help to make him whole. We are too much alone already." Some regents thought he was joking.

"Where in the hell is Elko?" one of my friends said when he learned that a college in Nevada needed an all-purpose humanities instructor. I first heard about Elko at Texas A&I, where I was teaching in the history department in spring 1972. "They need someone who can teach five or more different sections,

including the Constitution," a friend said to me. "They definitely need a generalist. You might even have to teach philosophy and economics."

"They need a triple threat," I said to myself, using a football cliche from the 1940s. "Someone to pass, kick, and run. Wow!"

I applied. A few days later I got a call from Dr. Elmer Kuntz, the executive vice president of ECC. "Can you come for an interview?" he asked. "I want to see you and you need to see Elko. It's not like Texas at all. More gambling here than New York City." Elmer was a Texas Aggie and a fundamentalist. He was never comfortable with some of Elko's frontier traits.

The Elko airport was not very inspiring, but it had historical significance. I learned that the airline that later became United Airlines made its first scheduled commercial flight to Elko from Pasco, Washington, in 1926.

Truly Elko was different from the flat, tropical landscape of Corpus Christi. In the distance, rising above the gray sagebrush desert, rose a range of mountains with a cap of snow. They were the Rubies.

Dr. Kuntz picked me from the small group leaving the Frontier Airlines prop-jet. He conducted my job interview hastily over a cup of coffee. After only one or two questions he departed for a most important meeting with President Donnelly, leaving me at the Stockmen's Hotel. It was sort of a caravanserai in the desert.

The suddenness of his departure surprised me. I stood for a moment in front of the Stockmen's and looked across two sets of railroad tracks at the giant polar bear replica rising above the Commercial Hotel. A heavy duty pickup pulling a horse trailer and a couple of Winnebagos came down Commercial Street. The wind swirled dust and tumbleweeds along the sidewalk.

I was still nauseated from the mid-day bumpy airplane trip. I went to my room to lie down. I remember saying to myself, "So this is Elko! This is really out in the tundra. I'm glad I have a good job possibility in Gainesville,
Florida."

Later in the evening I took a long walk up Court Street. It was once the street of the Elko gentry and a few still lived there. I circled the gaunt old grammar school that housed the college at 8th and Court streets. Then I headed for Elm Street. I had been told that ECC would have its campus there. The place had been a golf course, but the desert was reclaiming the site. There was only one home in the vicinity. In the twilight the mountains had turned purple and the sky was slighly orange on the horizon. Only once had I experienced such deep silence, and that was at Marrakech in the Sahara.

The prospect of a campus seemed remote. I wondered if Elko had enough people to support a college. But I did not know then what a community college was.

Walking back downtown, I noticed the neon of the casinos lighting up the evening sky. The clarity and crispness of the desert air enerergized me. At the Stockmen's a jolly crowd had gathered. A craps dealer hawked people with verses. I heard someone yell out a term that I would later know as pure Nevadaese: "Yo-Lev. Ah! Yo-Lev." People around the dice table screamed in ecstasy. Scantily dressed young females carried cocktails to the gamblers. My only other casino experience had been Monte Carlo, where the clientele wore evening dress. The Stockmen's teemed with ole' dudes with big hats, and a lot of senior citizens played slot machines.

After a nightcap, I called my wife. "It's pretty raw here, Jewel, but the desert air is sweet," I said. That was more than 23 years ago. Who would have guessed I'd still be here after all these years? Not I. Not I.

The job in Florida didn't work out. So I decided to spend a year at ECC and start looking early for a job in a real college.

Jewel and I drove into Elko in an overloaded Ford station wagon in August 1972. After getting situated, I visited the "campus." It was officially the Kate St. Clair School, but it had been Grammar # 1 so long that it would remain that way to most people. The first person I met was Bernard Sadowski, the dean. Then I met Charles Greenhaw who had been teaching at ECC for two years. We became good friends. As we were talking, he quoted some Chaucer in Middle English. I knew then that we were going to be pals. I met Dave and Amy Emerson, and we became close friends too. Sarah Campsey introduced herself to me and talked about having to teach art classes in the locker room. Later she became famous for having the Pioneer Arts and Crafts program. The Cowboy Poetry Gathering, which became world famous, developed from that.

I was eager to meet students on registration day in September. But by noon no more than 50 had enrolled. The pace was very tiresome. I had been used to long lines of students at registration, and nobody was coming in.

I wondered if I had come aboard a sinking ship. But eventually, after several days of registration, small classes began to form. I learned from that experience the meaning of "Elko Standard Time." The college had gotten into the habit of keeping registration open after the official close, and students would wait, knowing they could make a deal with the Registrar's Office. A fee was on the books for enrolling late, but it was not enforced.

The faculty was a friendly and partying bunch. Friday afternoons at 4 p.m. we went to the RanchInn. It had been built in the days when world-famous entertainers performed in Elko. It was only a block away. The RanchInn still had some good bands, and often we would stay into the night. Sometimes after an evening class, faculty and students would go to the Ironhorse Pizza. We were really a large, extended family, just as the people of Elko seemed to be.

The first thing that struck me about ECC was the predominance of older students. Many were middle-aged--much older than I had been used to at the universities where I had taught. There were young mothers and older mothers. Many of the young men were Vietnam veterans, not long out of the jungle battlefields. They proved to be among the most interesting students I had ever encountered because nearly all of them brought a world of experience into the classroom. My classes also had more than a few Shoshones. Young ranch kids with big hats sat as a group in the back of the room. They had a custom of wearing their hats in the classroom.

The place had a pronounced western flavor. Jack, the janitor, had been a buckaroo, and he liked to tell stories of cattle drives in Elko County. I related one story in class once.

"You students know that Jack was a real cowboy? He has been ridin' broncs and ropin' cattle since he was 10."

"What took him so long to start?" asked a black-hatted kid from the back row of desks.

A uniformed Nevada Highway Patrolman wore his gun in class, and that was definitely a different experience for me. In one of my anthropology classes was a quiet, weathered kid. He was a professional trapper who spent months in the far reaches of the Great Basin. He wrote beautiful poetry. I nick-named him "Jim Bridger." An Indian woman, Beverly Crum, stood out in class. She was well into her forties. But she could win footraces with teenagers. She had completed a GED for admission. She spoke Shoshone to other Indians, and she organized a Native American Club. At her graduation the students selected an Indian professor from Berkeley as the commencement speaker, and a couple of the advisory board members boycotted the ceremony. Beverly continued her studies at the University of Utah, and became widely respected as a careful scholar in Great Basin traditions. The last time I saw her she had published a book about the Shoshone language.

My classroom was spartan, but some beautiful coeds brightened it. I can recall only a few of the names that stay with me over the span of years. I remember well Kay Steninger and Dolly Thompson. They helped me in my first anthropology class simulation, "Tribes and Anthropologists." I learned quickly that the community college students responded well to visuals. For that simulation the class members dressed in tribal costumes. I will always remember Arlene Van, who created reproductions of paleolithic cave art. And Jane Pilotte, who overcame huge obstacles to learn Koine Greek and to have a nearly perfect academic record. She was already in her fifties when she transferred to UNR to complete a bachelor's degree.

I still bristle when I hear uninformed people call community colleges "glorified trade schools". Robbie Call prepared a research paper--"Mystery of the Neanderthals"--that would have met graduate requirements at many universities. Dan Baumgardner built sculptures of homonids evolving through various stages of prehistory. Jim Davis, who gave up a cabinet-making trade to become a student, is

now a Ph.D. microbiologist. Whatever we faculty may or may not have been, our students were often superb performers, the older ones especially. Teaching youth is more difficult.

I have always had a special affection for war veterans. What the GI Bill of WW11 was to university campuses, community colleges were to the veterans of Vietnam. We had a full contingent of them at ECC in the 1970s. I had a special rapport with them as I had been down that road, though it was not really the same path. I had been hurt, but not the way they were hurt. Every day in every way they were told by someone that the war was immoral and unwinnable--and yet they went on bravely performing their duties. Some of their names stay with me. A gifted young man named Rod Hart, my best history student, later travelled the world over in his wheelchair. Stan Inzer, who worked at Carlin Gold Mine by day, studied by night. Lee Miller, a veteran of the Cambodian incursion, always brought a hot thermos of coffee for our after-class talks.

Elko, a place where I planned to stay for a year, opened new doors for me and introduced me to wonderful friends. Before I retired in 1987, I had a breadth of adventures and acquaintances unknown to most college profs. I became athletic director for a while, was producer-director of our Bicentennial play, "Valley Forge," and I chaired the self-study teams for NNCC accreditations by the Northwest Association.

Remarkable young people like Fred Pascarelli made the times memorable. He led the charge for changing the name of the college from ECC to NNCC in 1973. And Steve Juenke who gave me his Green Beret as a keepsake from the heart. Dear Amy Emerson was always there as a steady hand. One night in the spring of 1973, when our shaky little college seemed about ready to sink, she stopped by my trailer house and said, "We have a new college president, Shelley! He's William Berg. You are going to like him." She was right. I did.

William J. Berg, Ed.D., Elko and Apache Junction, AZ
KING OF THE NNCC HILL

He became NNCC's executive vice president in 1973, the year the college moved to its campus on Elm Street. He retired in 1989 as president. Three presidents had tried to lead NNCC in the short, turbulent period before he came.

He was at ease with authority. He was utterly without pretense. You could believe that he wanted to do the right thing for everyone. He was a WWII Navy veteran. Some brief, guarded comments on rare occasions revealed him to be a "closet intellectual." But he was a verbal tightwad and a legendary

pennypincher, perhaps because he was a child of the Depression but probably because of NNCC's poor financial condition through most of his presidency.

He disliked change. He tried always to eat at Denny's, at the same table if possible, usually ordering either a "patty melt" or a "chicken fried steak."

Unlike most college administrators he taught classes . . . U.S. history--two or three sections--each semester and in the summer. Maxine Palmer, NNCC audio-visual technician, taped his lectures and these he used as offerings at several off-campus sites. At night he would come to his office and phone students in Ely or Owyhee or Battle Mountain. Often, his student count was equal to that of a full-time instructor.

He came to Elko from Arizona Western in Yuma, where he was a dean. So knew a small town's habits. He joined the Lion's Club. He became a paramedic, driving an ambulance for the emergency medical service. He served as a director of the Chamber of Commerce and also the Elko Senior Center. When I first met him, he seemed puzzled that I would be teaching in a community college and be completing a Ph.D. He was an Ed.D. He thought Ph.D's had no place in community colleges. I think maybe he was right, but I was a failed academic and I had kids to feed. I kept office next to his for 15 years.

"I was interviewed by the NNCC Advisory Board in spring 1973. I had dinner at the RanchInn with the Advisory Board--Jerry Warren, Deloyd and Connie Sattherwaite, Marla Boies (Griswold), Jerry Warren, Hugh McMullen, and Mel Lundberg. One of them said that Bing Crosby had performed at the RanchInn. I think the board members were impressed that I could tell them what a community college should be doing.

In those days, the Elko Chamber of Commerce tried to convince everyone that the town had a population of 7,500. But it was more like 6,000. No other place so small in the entire country, I thought, would be trying to develop a college. But few places so small had so many people coming in and leaving every year. The permanent residents created NNCC, but it was the "Movers" who kept the enrollments up year after year.

NNCC had had high faculty turnover. Turnover was troublesome because there were only nine full-timers in 1973. So the college had been volatile. But it had a stable nursing program. I knew we could start building around nursing. We would expand general education and hire core instructors. Then we could add vocational programs and build around them. Of course, it didn't go as fast as everybody wanted. Elko was not growing much in the 1970's. I myself got discouraged about 1975, and I tried to find another job. But it didn't work out.

We received state funding based on each full-time equated student. We had a service area larger than half the states. But it had only about one person per square mile. We spent many costly hours traveling between sites, and we always had trouble getting ten persons to register for a course. We had classes at both McDermitt and Ely, which are nearly 400 miles apart. And for a while we scheduled courses at Wendover and Round Mountain whihc must be over 400 miles from each other. Charles Greenhaw used to call us the "Sherwin Williams College." Eventually we did manage to get rural factor funding. That helped offset the expense of serving places that were 200 miles from campus.

I've been looking through the archives. In the fall registration in 1973 we had 208 FTE and a student headcount of 647. Our full-time authorized staff was about ten faculty, two administrators, one librarian, and four classified staffers. The contractors were just finishing the vocational building (Lundberg Hall) and the learning resources building (McMullen Hall). Our budget was about $450,000. We had classes in Owyhee, McDermitt, Wells, Winnemucca, and Ely. All off-campus courses were taught by part-timers. But I never looked upon part-time faculty as a detriment the way some full-time faculty members did. Maybe they didn't prepare courses as faithfully as full-time instructors. But they brought competence and everyday reality to students.

Shelley Hanna and Amy Emerson became the key people in our self-study for accreditation. The Northwest Association was to visit the college in spring 1974. Amy was good at analyzing data and Shelley and his wife Jewell knew how to do institutional surveys. So we did an institutional goals inventory--using students, advisory board members, faculty and staff. That gave us information to plan with. The visiting accrediting team seemed shocked at our small size. I became depresed when they pointed out our shortcomings. I believed they were going to blackball us. Instead, they gave us a five-year accreditation and told us to get busy and get some vocational education. In 1984 they accredited us for ten years although they still weren't very happy with our progress in occupational training. Ed Haynes, the dean of Treasure Valley College, was on the visiting team. Ed and Shelley Hanna and Amy Emerson hit it off pretty good. They escorted Ed to Elko hot spots--the Stockmen's Hotel and the RanchInn--and they became comrades.

Ed understood our circumstance. He knew the difficulty of providing technical programs in a small town. He told me on the exit interview in 1974 that NNCC could really begin to roll with just four or five more full-time faculty. He had been down the same road. But there were several years in which we got no money for increases in faculty or money for pay raises. The state was often in recession. The Legislature was trying to built up UNLV, and the urban colleges. We were always in poor financial condition. Naturally that troubled the faculty. Some of them believed that I never asked for enough money from the Legislature. But the truth is we were small potatoes in the UNS, and you didn't get money without having numbers of students to back up your requests. Because we had such a small

population and it was so scattered, our student-to-faculty ratio was always poor, compared to the other colleges in the system.

I'm a baseball fan. I know you win by getting one run at a time. We grew slowly. I saw what happened to one of the colleges which tried to hit a home run. They got funds for enrollments that never materialized, and they paid dearly for a long time. I think one of our best accomplishments came when we turned our negative relations with the school district around. Bad feelings had developed between the high school and the college at the very beginning. The superintendents--Bob Zander, Don Elser, Roy Smith, Chuck Knight and Paul Billings--they all helped. We started a program in which high-achieving high school students in their senior year could complete 12 credits of college courses. The school district was trying to encourage rural kids to consider college. Parents loved it. I taught history for about 15 years at Elko High, and Genie Goicoechea taught English and so did Cyd McMullen and Richard McNally.

Elko had very little housing for students, so we lost some students to Idaho. I had always thought of Elko as being a hub, the place where students from Ely and Battle Mountain and Owyhee would come for a couple of years. But there was no student housing. One day, in 1975, George Atwood and Bob Regnier, who were local businessmen, brought in a plan for apartments. They had a good idea. For about $120,000 they could get loaned to them they could build housing for 20 students, and if that worked they would expand. It depended on the UNS leasing them some land on campus. I presented the plan to the system. In those days UNS had its own architect. He didn't like the plan. So he nixed it. That was a very bad decision because the housing they were proposing was really affordable.

We were trying to live up to the town's expectations of being an academic hub. The regents caught a lot of flak over the colleges from the Legislature in 1979. Several legislators felt that the regents didn't deal with the colleges with an even hand. So the regents hired the Tadlock Associates to study community college needs. Tadlock recommended that NNCC get student housing. In 1980 we received an offer from a Reno developer. He would put up housing for 48 students if the UNS would make the land available. The regents approved the idea, but it was a flawed project. The design was a problem. Four students would have rooms around a common kitchen. That might have worked for a traditional college. But we had very few traditional students. I don't think the developer understood the community college student makeup. Many were married and had children. The rule was one person per apartment. And the cost was a killer. The apartments were built during the period of 15 per cent interest. So the rent was much too high and the place became a liability. It stayed rented, I think to people coming to work in the gold mines. but it was never student housing.

Still, we made some good strides in the 1970's. One of the best was the Pioneer Arts and Crafts program. Sarah Campsey (now Sweetwater) organized it, and over a period of three or four years, with

funds from the Humanities Committee and the Arts Council and student fees. I think nearly everybody in Elko signed up for something. There were classes in soap-making and horse-hair rope braiding, quilting, banjo making, ethnic foods--you name it. It was all the stuff Senator Floyd Lamb didn't think a college should be doing. One of the good things about being in Elko was that the Legislature wasn't looking over our shoulder every day. We had an edge on that matter over CCCC, which got a lot of heat and some bad press.

In 1979 we decided to develop a registered nursing program. As always, we had to prove the need to the Legislature before they would fund us. So people like Dorothy Gallagher and Paul Sawyer and the hospital trustees helped raise funds for a pilot program. That year we created a diesel mechanics program with federal grants. Stan Aiazzi was one of the movers for diesel, and it was a natural for Elko. When the Legislature was convinced the program would work, they funded it after a few years. Then Bret Murphy became the instructor and it started to develop as a classy program, and equipment companies made donations to keep it up to date. Bret, by the way, also brought the Vocational Industrial Clubs of America (VICA) to NNCC. His VICA students won both state and national awards. When the mining boom came, diesel was the centerpiece for training for mining companies. We were able to develop mill maintenance, with Scott Hawkins and Ralph Siler; automotive with Carl Cook, welding with Ed Martin, and industrial electricity with Lou Temple. Stan Popeck, the coordinator, was a force in the program.

The growth of computing also gave us a shot in the arm. John Luebben and Trudy Kenney had been teaching a few classes using a few of the old Tandy TRS-80 machines. In 1981 we got a $180,000 gift from the Fleischmann Foundation, and Trudy had some funds to start a computing center. When Trudy moved to the UNS Computing Center, Carl Diekhans decided to join NNCC. He was out of work and hungry. He really carried us into the computing age. Pretty soon, we were having computing classes all over our area . . . in the BIA hospital at Duck Valley, at the Duckwater Reservation, at Wendover. I remember Carl once taught a class at McDermitt. He would drive up there on a weekend--carrying several Leading Edge computers--and teach the class in a room above the "Say When Casino." That Fleischmann grant also gave us funds to improve our child development program. The Child Center became a showplace, thanks to Marilee Harper.

The regents waffled about the colleges having foundations. First, they didn't want to let us develop a foundation. I think they thought local foundations would hurt the UNS Foundation. But they changed their minds. Our faculty got behind the idea. I think the initial move came when Bill Bellinger, the first automotive instructor, gave the college $10,000 back in 1979. The money came from the Knights of Pythias, a fraternity that had disbanded. The first event was a flea market that the staff and faculty got going. They gathered all their rummage and their friends' junk and bric-a-brac and put it in the parking

lots. And did the people come! Marilee Harper, Tony Salvatierra, Karen Martin, Cyd McMullen, Linda Carter, Louis and Alice Horton--they worked their butts off. And it paid off. That started the wheels rolling. Eventually we got the foundation on its feet. They say nothing succeeds like success. Important people wnated to be on the Foundation. If you look around NNCC today, you'll see a fine student-community building they put up. But I think the great thing that came from it was the community support it generated. People in Elko got a better understanding of the college. Chuck and Mary Harper, Ginger Rackley, Val Easterly, Jeanne Blach, Gary D'Orazio, Syd and Joan Chalmers, Charlie Ballew--these people really gave and gave and gave.

I resisted getting into fundraising--for a while. When they asked me to solicit, I said to them, "I wasn't hired to do that." But I learned to do it, but I never really liked asking people for money.

One thing I regretted about a community college was that students left so quickly. You'd just get to know them and they'd be gone. Mike Smales, Connie Hicks, Kump, Beverly Probert . . . they were real leaders and soon they were gone.

I did not enjoy my last couple of years at NNCC. Our faculty believed they were getting short-changed in pay and just about everything else. Once again the faculty at one or two of the colleges were talking about collective bargaining. They believed the regents favored the universities and looked upon community colleges as second class. In the early 1980's, during recession, faculty had gone through some years without pay raises. But a president at one of the colleges gave good raises to faculty by taking money from operations. That proved divisive. Later, we were mandated to have a merit pay system. That was also divisive. We were in a system that preached shared governance, and that implies equality. So isn't 4everyone meritorious?

So there was unrest. But I had a lot of special memories of special people-- Leslie in chancellor's office, and Ron Sparks. Mary Lou Moser, Lois Ledbetter, my first secretary and Linda Carter, my second. They were special. I'll always remember Maxine Palmer and Jesus Silva, and Jill Jones. And Dorothy Gallagher, who became regent in 1980 . . . she had the energy of ten people and she rescued the system more than anyone can know . . . lobbying the Legislature. So did Bob Cashell, when he was a regent. He opened his pocketbook to NNCC in Winnemucca. And Chris Karamanos, a regent, always wanted to help an underdog, and he thought NNCC was an underdog compared to the big boys of the UNS. Dick Culver was the workhorse of NNCC. He was builder, thinker, creator. There was real spirit there, in those people.

Richard Culver, Elko
ONE-MAN GANG

If anyone was entitled to believe that architects were high paid hustlers, it was Dick Culver. To him, NNCC's first two buildings, McMullen and Lundberg Halls, were architectural nightmares. They had scant office space for faculty and virtually no storage space. Each building had a flat roof that collected drifts of snow. When the thaw came, they leaked from March to June. In the wet years of the early 1980s, there were tubs placed in numerous places to catch the water.

Culver came to NNCC in 1975 just after the completion of those buildings. When he wasn't repairing the sprinkler system or dislodging the elevator in McMullen Hall, he was building, building, building. He added faculty offices in corners of classrooms. He built classrooms within classrooms. When he wasn't building, he was attempting to repair the icy potholes in the macadam parking lots.

In another setting he would have been titled superintendent of buildings and grounds. But at NNCC he was, for a long time, a one-man force, a classified employee. The CCD budget had no provision for extraneous functions like maintenance and security or fixing potholes. As a classified employee, he was like an enlisted man at the officers' club. A classified employee in a university system could be in a minefield of abuse. The rules of day-to-day protocol were laid down by the campus aristocracy. And, within itself, the classified system had all the features of a caste system.

But Culver never allowed himself to be treated as a coolie.
He had a worthy occupation--carpenter--and in the world of carpenters he was among the noblest and most creative of them all.

The early people at NNCC had to be gritty because everything was an obstacle. Building a campus from scratch was not easy. The grounds were on hard pan and trees didn't grow well. In Elko, you can get a freeze any time of year. Once on June 22 the temperature went down to about 20 degrees, and that killed about half of the trees we had planted a few years before. We always had winter kill. Also the student workers who mowed the campus sometimes scraped the young trees with a riding lawn mower. So everything seemed to work against a campus.

The college service territory was difficult because it is bigger than many states. You needed nearly eight hours just to drive a round-trip to Ely. You could drive there and maybe the person you went to see wouldn't show up. Or the coordinator had just quit. But NNCC was still an experience to rejoice in.

When I came, the college had only been established on Elm Street for two years. I came about the same time Bill Davies did. (He later went to WNCC to be dean of students.) Bill Bellinger was still teaching automotive, and Stan Aiazzi was the director of cooperative education. Charles Greenhaw organized the off-campus program. The institution at that time had been accredited only one year. It was still in a struggle for survival. Dr. Bill Berg was the person who knew all the students, faculty and

staff by name. He spoke to each student every time he saw one. He sometimes took time to play ping pong with them.

Bill and I developed an excellent working relationship and a very special friendship. He always seemed to be there when an extra pair of hands was needed to shovel snow, to paint, or to hang dry wall. We worked together with Bob Cashell, when he was regents' chair, to obtain a facility to house our diesel training. Cashell also paid the rent for the facility in Winnemucca on Minor Street for several years. Bill worked very hard to get funds to construct the student services building (now Berg Hall), the College-Community center and also the Technical Arts Center. I really don't believe that Bill Berg was a part of a university system brotherhood, although he was definitely what they call a "team player." He never fell into a particular group. He had good political insight but he wasn't a politician. He was just a straight arrow. He was fair. I think it irked some faculty that he would sort the mail, sweep the floors, pull weeds. They didn't think that was "presidential." He did what had to be done.

I noticed that he did not hang out in Reno or Vegas. He always made an effort to get right back to Elko, even if he had to drive all night. He talked to me as much as anyone about how he felt. And that wasn't much. He did not get into personnel matters or anything like that. He endured a lot of pain all of the time that I worked with him. He did not display that on the job. The arthritis got so bad he had both knee joints replaced. I think those years just before he retired in 1989 must have been nearly unbearable.

NNCC didn't really spurt in students numbers until the middle 1980's, about the time computers were coming in and gold mining made Elko grow. So we remained small and not very well off. We couldn't get much help from the state for capital improvements, so we built facilities ourselves. The architect who designed Lundberg and McMullen Halls planned offices for only eight faculty, so we had to build offices in many nooks and crannies. The architect designed almost no storage space, so we built some small huts for tools and equipment. Bill Berg and I built an art barn for ceramics and other art. It was the first passive solar building in the UNS.

I began teaching construction classes in 1976. Among the facilities the students constructed that still remain on campus were the cow barn and several sheds for the practical experience farm we once had. Students in the construction classes got their practical experience building projects on campus. We put up a building and grounds facility, also a hut for a public television station. An agriculture storage building. We built a construction trades building and later converted part of it to a fire assaying lab.

I started my position with 40,000 square feet of building space and two and a half acres in landscaping. I had one state-alloted helper, Jesus Silva, who had to work nights. Today NNCC has nearly a 100,000 square feet of buildings and over ten acres of green landscape. The crew has expanded to seven.

We have used more than 125 student workers over the years, starting with Crystal Roberts. Mowing ten acres takes manpower, which for a long time we didn't have. For several years we used the CETA summer program workers to do campus projects. They built a picnic pavilion and planted trees and also the exercise trail.

Working at NNCC has been a very positive aspect of my life. The original architect left us many challenges to get the bugs out of his designs. The first two buildings were flat tops, so with the winters' accumulation of ice and snow they were soon leaking. In fact we have literally had waterfalls in the faculty offices of both McMullen and Lundberg Halls. I believe that it must have been terribly disheartening for some of those people who founded the college to see those facilities completed. Ugly air conditioners rose from the top of Lundberg Hall, which has always been an abortion of a building. Then for a couple of years NNCC got no money for landscaping and the place was dusty and weedy and ground squirrels infested the grounds.

I wonder if the state people really didn't expect the college to fail, so they must have had other uses in mind for Lundberg Hall. It would have made a pretty good warehouse. The walls were portable and didn't reach the ceiling. I think they meant it for a warehouse. It was about as far from an educational facility as anything I've ever run across. You couldn't lecture in it because sound from the adjacent classrooms would come over the walls, and if someone was showing a movie the sound carried throughout the building. We tried to compensate by carpeting the walls and lowering some muffling curtains from the ceiling, but that didn't help much. If I believed in the conspiracy theory of history, I would say that Lundberg Hall was a plot to kill NNCC. After the state spent a couple of million in roof repairs and remodeling, it turned into a fair building.

One large building with a central heating plant would have better served our purpose than the two small buildings. But the system was trying to expand other campuses. Costs for upkeep would have been far less with larger buildings instead of small ones on many acres. The number of machines it takes to service the buildings would have been less, and there would have been fewer roads to maintain. I think that probably we could have cut maintenance costs in half with one large building.

When you work for NNCC you also have to maintain facilities at Winnemucca and Ely. I had to shuttle video machines between Wendover, Ely, Winnemucca, and Wells. And typewriters, too. Then computers took over. It's a lot of space.

But I had high satisfaction every time I finished a project. I can't imagine a better working life than at NNCC--seeing the whole thing take shape. I think we all grew as the college grew, watching people learn.

Fred Fogo, Salt Lake City

COACH OF THE HEART

He came West to Reno in 1967 from Wabash College on the "Hippie Highway," participating in the "revolution of the 1960's," which turned out, he says, to be merely a demographic blip and a sandbox rebellion. The economy of the times just couldn't absorb all those kids. So they headed West following a revised version of Manifest Destiny. Many hitchhiked. Many tavelled in Volkswagen vans, which in Nevada came to be known as Hippiewagons, easy targets for the Highway Patrol.

Fogo reveres the period and is author of "I Read the News Today: The Social Drama of the Death of John Lennon," published in 1994 by Rowman and Littlefield.

He is associate professor of communications at Westminster College in Salt Lake City. He once taught freshman English at the failed Tahoe Paradise College and later at WNCC, where he had been hired by Dr. Jack Davis. At NNCC he taught the customary 15 credits each semester, and volunteered to coach basketball.

Fogo and I had been graduate students in English at UNR in the 1960's. The Friends hired friends in Nevada education--sometimes their wives too. The reasons were simple: more than one instructor improved a seedy reputation by coming to Nevada, so employers had to be leery of strangers; also, in some cases, a friend might be the only person interested in the job. So a "palocracy" developed and became instituionalized, and, when new colleges were created, it became tribalized.

I coached NNCC's last basketball team. I'll leave it to whoever does the definitive history of the college to grapple with causation. But I'll always be grateful that I was in the right place at the right time to live out a Walter Mitty fantasy. It was 1976. That fantasy was that of an ex-jock English teacher becoming an intercollegiate basketball coach. Like the Cinderella story, it was not forever. It lasted just one season before the clock struck midnight and a romantic experiment quietly expired.

Steve Sneddon, the sports editor of the "Nevada State Journal," put the matter in perspective in his 1976 season preview of NNCC. "Northern Nevada grows lots of sagebrush, but few basketball players." The main problem with establishing any intercollegiate sports program at NNCC was simply isolation. It was hard to make a schedule and hard to recruit any but local players. Demographics were crucial, too. Community colleges have tended to serve adult populations, increasingly female. In the spring of 1977, I had only three actual students on my team. So help me, that spring there weren't five healthy males between 18 and 22 who could dribble a ball up and down the court twice without bouncing it off their feet. I just finished out that season with some local kids who had attended the college and had played on previous teams. In fact, Bobby Regnier made a career out of playing at NNCC. I think he

played in parts of five years at a two-year college! But, hey, the kid could go to the basket and could hit from the outside when you needed it. That's how coaches think, anyway.

I got the job because nobody else wanted it. The team had always been coached by a part-timer from outside the faculty and staff. Part-time pay back then in the college was insultingly low. To coach was pretty much an act of volunteerism, and NNCC had apparently tapped that market by 1976. I took the team for the last two games of the 1975-76 season when the regular coach had a family emergency. Bill Berg asked if I would be willing to give the program one more shot. I got the bug and said, "yes."

How bad was basketball at NNCC? Well, I'll spare you a Henny Youngman routine. We lost our home opener to a very good Treasure Valley Community College team. They were big and fast. We were neither. I think the score was around 100-69. We did not get embarrassed, though, and we stayed within five points of them for the first half. At a very nice party at Professor Shelley Hanna's house after the game the mood was positively celebratory. People from both the town and the college kept congratulating me on how well the team played. (I think they meant that the team looked more like a team than in recent years--we had no 300-pounders or 5'2" midgets).

"We lose by 30, and I'm a hero," I said to myself. "Well, so much for pressure."

The roster soon began to unravel, and just before Christmas I had to suit up the team manager, Danny Sullivan. Steve Sneddon, the sports writer for the Gazette-Journal, wrote a moving piece about how Danny had been born with one kidney and never could participate in sports but finally got a chance to play. It was a great story and nice publicity for NNCC. In fact, we got better coverage from the "Nevada State Journal" than we did from the "Elko Daily Free Press." I guess the Journal saw us as a whacky operation, always good for either a laugh or a sob story. I tried not to disappoint them.

For convenience, I scheduled some teams for two-game home-and-home series. After we had beaten Clearfield Jobs Corps for the third time in three weeks, a night desk reporter at the "Journal" asked if we weren't getting tired of playing the same team so much. I blurted out, "Hey, our school's been losing since the last Ice Age. I would schedule a wheelchair team if I thought we could get a win!"

I can't talk about NNCC basketball without mentioning its grandest, most loyal supporter, Professor Paul Shelley Hanna. Shelley always wanted NNCC to be a "real" college campus and he supported all kinds of measures (some of them quixotic, to be sure) to give us an old-fashioned college identity. I think he chose not to see that NNCC and all the other Nevada college campuses were on the fringes of town, land filled with sand dunes or sagebrush.

To Shelley the idea of a sports team was dear to his heart. And that's what he always had, plenty of heart. He and Bill Berg and some of the students like Jeri Cobb would raise funds for the team in a fundraiser called "Day of the Knights." I remember sitting on the bench with him beside me watching our boys take a real drubbing. With the score about 112-47, the cheerleaders on both sides filing their

nails, and the crowd long since headed for the parking lot, I can still hear Hanna's thin but earnest imploring, "Go, Knights!"

Oh yes, we did have one real, old-fashioned athlete. Ron Marrujo out of Ely was a fine player who caught the eyes of several of the opposing coaches. A skinny 6'1", he could dunk with both hands and actually seemed to enjoy playing defense. After we took it on the chin at College of Eastern Utah, one of their assistants came up and handed me a note. It read simply, "Number 12 is fantastic!" That was Ron. He was an excellent student, too. He earned an A in my American literature class. He was very religious. He transferred to a Bible college in California. He was the kind of kid you dream about.

I loved Wade Wright, although he probably won't believe it to this day because I was often hard on him. He had played guard at Elko High. Maybe he was their first Black player. At NNCC he showed an uncanny ability beneath the basket. He often outmuscled and outmaneuvered bigger opponents. I called him "Elg," after the great NBA star, Elgin Baylor. Wade had style.

There are others I remember fondly, too. Andy Erickson, a gentle giant with a wry sense of humor. Bill Hassett and Rick Cornu, a couple of kids who worked hard and got a crack at college ball at NNCC. Matt Burner, one of the really gifted athletes, is one of the players people remembered after watching our team.

I don't want to leave the impression that basketball at NNCC was one big joke. We won 8 of 20 games in that last year and provided small but enthusiastic crowds at the old Junior High Gym with flashes of good and exciting basketball. And more than that, enduring memories were forged. In my present position, I advise a student newspaper. I often remark that it feels like my old coaching days--that sense of bond and purpose with students when you share in a common enterprise. Whatever is said about extra-curricular activities in college, one thing is certain. They provide important experiences that cannot be found in the classroom.

And whatever is to be said about the sometimes sorry moral state of big-time college sports today, I know what it feels like to bond, to play, and, yes, even to win. You win, you lose. There's no in-between.

What I feel most when I think back on those days is love--a deep love for those kids. I could see any one of them today or even ten years from now and we would share something deeper than I can share with any of my academic colleagues in my building right now."

Floyd Lamb, Alamo
MISTER FLAMBOYANT

As I drove into the Paharanagat Valley in October 1992, I became somewhat nervous about interviewing Floyd Lamb. The Lamb family and he especially had been very powerful in Nevada politics. In a way, the Lamb family was to Nevada what the Kennedy family was to Massachusetts. The Lambs, too, were emigrants, coming West to Zion via the Mormon handcart route, thence southwest through Mountain Meadows to the Alamo area. From there their influence spread to Las Vegas.

I had once testified for a community education bill before the Senate Finance committee, which Lamb chaired. He allowed but three minutes and was clearly agitated that I was proposing state funding for community education, even though it was only for a state office. I later learned he had just criticized CCCC for conducting some "far-out" community education courses.

In the mid-1970's I once sat next to him on a Scenic Airlines flight from Las Vegas to Elko, where he had a meeting of the directors of Nevada National Bank. It was Sunday. Elko had no taxis in those days. I offered to drive him to his motel. Reluctantly, he accepted. I was driving a state vehicle and I sensed that bothered him. As he left the car he said to me, "All you have at your little college is an LPN program."

Floyd Lamb's formative experience was growing up as Nevada's horse culture peaked. It began to fade as the state entered a period of mercurial growth with its glitzy resorts and the shift of political power away from the rurals to the urbs. He was once a very powerful politician. He told me that Grant Sawyer, governor in the 1960's, marveled at the speed with which he moved a bill through the Legislature to locate the Girls Training Center at Caliente.

Now he lived alone on the Buckhorn Ranch at Alamo. My visit, I think, moved him briefly into a reverie. I reported to him that the Laxalts--Paul and Bob--told me he was a "truly a good guy." "That is good to know," he said. He showed me rodeo awards he had won as a youth. And he showed me memorabilia of his political life, including photographs with John F. Kennedy and Paul Laxalt.

In his twenties, Lamb was elected to the Lincoln County Commission. In 1946 he was elected to the state senate and was among the first community college supporters in the Legislature.

He had been endowed with a great mane of wavy blond hair and his looks added to his charisma. He had been also stricken with hubris, which proved as painful to politicians in contemporary Nevada as heroes in ancient Greece. Hubris, the Greek sin of overreaching, was his downfall although some people believe he was the victim of entrapment in the Abscam (an FBI sting to catch persons taking bribes) affair. But he paid his debt to society by going to prison for nine months, and the people in Lincoln county elected him in 1992 to the office where his political life had begun half a century earlier--the county commission. But soon he was the object of a recall petition.

You say a lot of people in the community colleges think Marv Sedway is their champion? I wonder about that. Before Marv, people like Norman Glaser, Roy Young, Archie Pozzi, Jim Gibson, and Carl Dodge cleared the way for the colleges. I know. I was the chairman of Senate Finance. You got nowhere without those guys. Especially Gibson. He was what the rest of us ought to have been.

After the Watts riots in Los Angeles in 1968 and some civil disturbances in the black community on the Las Vegas Westside, I went to some of the leaders and asked them if there was any help I could give them. Long before the unrest I had talked to people about local problems. The discussions always turned to the question: How can we improve the opportunities for Black youth? Las Vegas's work and living environment was mostly segregated at the time. I was concerned with ways to improve the opportunities of the people on the Westside, and to do that in such a way as to be permanent. I hoped to find ways for people to do things for themselves rather than have government do it for them. We always came back to education as a solution.

I grew up on a ranch here at Alamo. Nobody gave you anything out there, except maybe the greatest gift of all.. . . you learned to bootstrap. People in ranching taught you to be physically competent. I rodeoed all over Nevada and the West. I got into a lot of scrapes too. I'm famous for fighting. I was always getting into scrapes, and I learned very early I had to do things for myself. Elko, Reno, Las Vegas, Arizona--I rodeoed everywhere. When I was really young, 11 or 12, I was in a rodeo. Some girls were looking on and giggling. I meant to show them how well I could ride. I wanted to impress the prettiest girl. I rode and I got throwed. She just giggled and walked off. I never forgot that.

I went to a rodeo in Tonopah with my father in 1938 when I was 18. He got killed in the rodeo. I covered him with canvas, put him in an old truck, and drove back to Alamo over 150 miles of cowtrails. I had 11 brothers and sisters. My mother had $32 to her name. It was bitter. That was in the Depression. But we made it. We made it on our own.

So I always had the philosophy that you had to start doing things for yourself. A community college sounded like something Nevada could afford. It sounded like the best place for young people to learn a craft. They could become electricians, mechanics, carpenters, or chefs. Then they could take pride in themselves. You know, some of these kids on the street really thought becoming a pimp was a career. And to me that was very sad. If they could get a real education and learn to work, then they would have something to make themselves proud.

We all agreed that Nevada Southern University was not a realistic solution to the problems of the poor people, neither the blacks nor the whites. First, the place was too formal and it took four years--much too long for the kids on the street. It didn't really address the problem of people needing jobs and needing them quickly.

"If I can get a community college here, will that help?" I asked. "The people in Elko have started one. They have opened the door. They had needs like Las Vegas has."

They thought community colleges would be the ticket to better conditions. The two-year college could also concentrate on occupational development for people already working. It would improve their chances of advancement. It would fast track students toward a career because they could study just those subjects essential to a job. Also, a community college would admit students without a diploma, and there were plenty of those in Las Vegas in the 1960's.

I remember calling a formal meeting after talking with the people on the Westside. I was then a director of the Nevada National Bank, and we had a conference room. About six people came. Woodrow Wilson, an assemblyman, was there. He was the first black elected to the Legislature. Dr. Kenny Guinn, Superintendent of Clark County schools, came. Otis Harris was there. And Jackie Timmons. And, of course, Nedra Joyce. She lobbied all over the state for it. All the people saw a college as a bridge to a better life and they really believed that community college classes were scheduled with working people in mind. They thought that people wouldn't be intimidated by a community college.

After we got the system started and Dr. Charles Donnelly was hired to be its president, we began to have advisory committee meetings to start CCCC. I recall participating in a meeting--at the Hilton, I believe. I think Fred Gibson attended and so did Otis Harris. A main issue was how the college could help black people. A site selection committee was appointed, with the voting strength weighed heavily toward the black community. Five of the seven-member committee were blacks. David Hoggard, Sr., Robert Archie, Tyrone Levy, Otis Harris, Woodrow Wilson. Jack Petitti was also on the committee. Dr. Donnelly served as chairman. Some people did not want the college in North Las Vegas, but out on East Charleston. But it made no sense to put the college in a place in Las Vegas where most houses had swimming pools.

Nedra Joyce was a journalist and a regent. She worked very hard behind the scenes to convince the community at large that the college was a worthy project. She worked for the "Las Vegas Review Journal." That's one of the reasons the college was located in the old RJ building on Main St. before they got a campus in North Las Vegas.

After the college got started, I had some problems with some of the things they were doing. Naturally as Senate Finance Chairman, I got wind of things. Some of the things I didn't like. When we heard that they were offering a community service course in "Witchcraft" at CCCC, the roof went off at Senate Finance. Here we were trying to help improve the lot of young people who needed to learn skills, and they were offering things like that. It made no sense. And they also offered knitting, I think, to matrons. Well, that sort of thing ought to be done by private means. I mean, letting some old matrons take up

space out at the college was not right. What they were doing was hard to defend to some of the committee members like Jim Slattery and John Fransway. To some of the people on Senate Finance, it looked like a carnival.

I criticized the college for doing those things. They smoothed things over by taking me on a tour and showing me that no public money was spent on old matrons. But I still insisted that community colleges were meant to train people for work.

Fred Gibson, Las Vegas
INDUSTRIALIST, FRIEND OF EDUCATION

He was a member of the original CCCC Advisory Board whose members included Boyd Bulloch, Robert Archie, Lyal Burkholder, Dr. Marvin Sedway, Otis Harris, V. Dale Hedges, William Dolan, Oscar Heinlein, and Dr. Kenny Guinn. He is the brother of the late Jim Gibson of Henderson--one of the greats of the Nevada State Senate, a person known for his statesmanship and his concern for education. Fred Gibson was once an adviser to the Mackay School of Mines, from which he graduated. He became CEO of American Pacific Corporation, whose subsidiaries include Ampac Development Co., Western Electrochemical Co., Pepcon Systems, and Public Engineering and Production Co. of Nevada. Pepcon, lately of Henderson, became famous when its plant blew up in 1989.

I decided to run for the Board of Regents in 1970. I talked about the possibility with Dr. Juanita White, who was a regent from Boulder City in the 1960s. Her main focus was community colleges. She was doing everything she could to encourage the Legislature to support the concept.

My campaign was very, very limited. I wasn't able to raise much money. And I was running countywide against Bill Morris and Helen Thompson. They were elected and I came in third. As a result of the campaign I was asked to be on the CCCC Advisory Board when Charles Donnelly created it in 1970. That was a year before the college actually opened.

If you looked at the CCCC board at that time, more than one of us had been a candidate for the Board of Regents and hadn't succeeded. Dr. Marvin Sedway, a friend of mine, had the same problem I had. He ran and lost and he was named to the CCCC board.

After the college opened in 1971, one of the first goals was to get it accredited. Once we were having a visitation meeting with the Northwest Association of Schools and Colleges. One of the visitors asked us why we were interested in community colleges. Sedway said, "It's because we failed to be regents of the university system." The CCCC board was my first interest in community colleges.

The biggest thing happening in Las Vegas in the late 1960's was the activities of Howard Hughes, who really gave the community college movement a shot in the arm with his big donation. His being here really changed the character of Las Vegas. His purchase of several casinos and properties was a tremendous infusion of capital into the state. He changed the character of the gaming industry. It was the beginning of the period of great expansion. Pretty soon there came the MGM and a bigger Hilton and everyone was adding space to hotels and casinos. Hughes brought credibility to the gaming industry. He gave gaming a push that hasn't stopped.

I was on the committee that studied college sites in the Las Vegas Valley. To speak very candidly, the recommendation that came from the Little
consultants was for the first campus site to be on East Charleston Boulevard. They looked at demographics. They made plenty of concentric circles on a map of Las Vegas. They projected about how far people would walk and how far they would drive to classes. They recommended East Las Vegas. I also thought CCCC should have a campus on East Charleston because people from southern Clark County had fairly easy access there. The city commission, for some reason, didn't want to make their land available, at least for free. Boyd Bulloch, who was on the CCCC Advisory Board, favored some property in North Las Vegas. The North Las Vegas City Council got into the act in some manner with Mr. Bulloch, who promoted his interests well. And the Board of Regents couldn't pass up something that cost nothing, or so they thought. I really never got over that criticism . . . that the site of the Cheyenne Campus was going to be on the fringe of town, out in the desert, not near the center of population. I think that was one reason why the college has had such a volatile history.

The system never approached site selection in an orderly way. They would have studies but politics won out. Take Henderson, for example. Fr. Caesar Caviglia made a college for Henderson the passion of his life. Caviglia took the political route. He and my brother Jim sometimes clashed because Jim was an engineer and preferred method over politics. Cavigilia would not settle for anything less than a college building in Henderson.

But it turned out very well anyway although there were casualties and turnoil. Some administrators spent their political capital during the bickering over sites. The growth of the Las Vegas valley eventually spread around all the sites--the Cheyenne campus in North Las Vegas, the Henderson facility, the West Charleston center.

I think Herman van Betten has made the Henderson Center work well, after it had a fall. The people really like him. He told me when he went down to Henderson that he was going to teach Latin. I was tempted to enroll, for I had studied Latin as a young man. I imagine that Herman, with his warm personality, would be a fine teacher.

As a member of the college board, I wasn't just interested in vocational education. I think some people on the board thought the college existed to assist only with career programs. But that was wrong. That's a weakness with community colleges. Advisory boards should also be involved in connecting liberal arts to the community. It makes no sense to have liberal arts confined just to the classroom. They teach courses in politics . . . why not relate that to the county commission, to the courts? One of the problems of the community college is that it has so little freedom to do its own thing in general education. I wonder if the regents ever considered the possibility that these colleges might be better suited to develop general education than the universities.

CCCC developed in Las Vegas as a natural evolution of the state movement. I don't recall that it was mainly a response to the black community. Maybe some people believed that because its first site was in North Las Vegas. Certainly the black population was underserved. It still is.

Dr. Steve Nicholson was the first campus executive, and a good one. He may well have been the best we have had. He had good support from the faculty. Of course, everybody was pulling together at first. They didn't have much of anything. Charles Donnelly, the president, was a great administrator. He got caught in a difficult situation. Marvin Sedway didn't help. He was chairman of the advisory board when the ruckus came up about the transfer of money in the college budget. The administration used some money for instructional equipment and some politicians said the money had been appropriated to hire teachers. Unfortunately, Sedway was the wrong personality to be leading the charge for CCCC. He so antagonized people that he actually hurt the college and Donnelly too. I think some people in Las Vegas thought that Donnelly was behind Sedway's outbursts. I had known Sedway so long that I could tell him to shut up. But he wouldn't. There was a donnybrook when Donnelly called a state- wide meeting of college advisory boards. Sedway kept arguing that the colleges ought to have their own regents. He kept saying that they were stepchildren in the university system and that the presidents after Donnelly were "yes men."

Judith Eaton, CCCC president from 1977 to 1984, could also be fairly divisive. But I really liked her. Fr. Caviglia and Judith were at loggerheads all the time. People in Henderson thought the Cheyenne campus was playing unfair . . . that it was skimming off funds that should be going to Henderson. Judith felt threatened by Henderson, and I think resisted Caviglia about supervision of the branch campus.

Bucky Buchanan, who was chairman of the regents during the time when Donnelly's office was abolished, was the only guy who ever lost an uncontested divorce case. That's his claim to fame. He was never able to calm things down. He kept talking about resigning when the newpaper reported that he didn't really live in Henderson, which he represented. He said he would resign because of his love for the university. But someone in the attorney general's office said he didn't have to resign, so he took

it all back. We always enjoyed talking with him. He always had a different girl-friend. Some of them who showed up with him were quite entertaining.

During the mid-1970's there were some desperate times with the budget. The Legislature cut back hard after the controversy over the transfer of funds from instruction to equipment at CCCC. That got into the newpapers. Eventually enrollment went into a tailspin. I interceded with my brother Jim, who was in the State Senate, on behalf of CCCC as I had done with the School of Mines. I also tried to get the college people to get their act together before going to the Legislature. Some of the college officials weren't going as a unit. Some were doing end runs. Some of the legislators were accusing President Donnelly of laying claim to things that were not true. For instance, they would take issue with his report on the number of students. Donnelly got surprised a couple of times by the Clark County legislators. And it just wasn't his personality to call up some of these divisive people in his system and read them the riot act.

I think Dr. Russ Bloyer, who came in as president after Nicholson, suffered the most of all the campus executives. He came in during the controversy over sites between West Charleston and Henderson. He walked right into a firestorm. Lilly Fong and some of the regents supported a facility on West Charleston Boulevard. Bucky Buchanan and Mike O'Callaghan wanted a campus in Henderson. So Bloyer was here only about a year. Then Dr. Paul Kreider inherited the job as interim administrator. A member of Senate Finance asked him to answer an impossible question. The CCCC proposed budget in 1977 asked for a library at Cheyenne and a building for Henderson. One legislator asked Kreider which of the two he would choose, if money was not available for both. He said the Henderson building was a higher priority. And then one of them asked him why books weren't important. So Paul left Las Vegas.

What President Donnelly's administration did in transferring budgeted funds was reasonable and understandable. They were trying to build a college. But they lost control of the situation. The university faculty senates were crying foul over the transfer of the money, and Sedway was raging about the regents and O'Callaghan's budget for the colleges. It became chaotic. The institution had a rough, choppy time for years after Nicholson and Donnelly left. Judith Eaton made people notice the college but she had to make some internal changes that were bound to hurt and leave some scars. I haven't been on the board in a long time. But I think they have gained some pride and they're doing a fine job now.

John Rosich, Las Vegas
EDUCATIONAL ENTREPRENEUR

In the diaper days of the CCD, he was dean of administration at CCCC. In 1975 we visited when he came to a UNS meeting held at NNCC. He asked if I had any insight about surviving in administration. "I have never had a course in personnel supervision. I just try to follow the Golden Rule," I said. But if I did, it didn't always work in academic society. That world could be a territory of imaginary enemies and a cauldron of political hysteria.

We talked about curriculum, about the nightmare of courses just popping up. We talked about how hard it was just to visit with the part-time faculty. They taught varied schedules in a dozen sites.

The CCD office had developed a master file of courses. It was created to standardize courses between the colleges and to help articulation with the universities. But as new faculty members came in, they seemed never contented with old course titles and content. Within a few years the master file had more pages than the Las Vegas phone book. The community colleges, looking for students, were eager to please. The "open door" admissions policy encouraged part-time students and the budget realities insured more part-time faculty. The system was always an expression of individuals. Students dropped in and out at their convenience, and the curriculum became known as "cafeteria style." But that was characteristic of many colleges in the 1970's. The idea that community colleges tried to be "all things to all people" was exploited by critics but and completely unfounded. Searching for numbers of students--which would draw funds-- college personnel rarely talked about what constituted general education. Essential education sometimes became simply what a part-time faculty member with a master's degree preferred to teach.

Dr. Rosich left administration for the business classroom soon after the departure of Dr. Nicholson, the CCCC executive, in 1976. Rosich continues at CCSN and he also operates private schools in Las Vegas, including a school to train casino dealers. During the interview, he talked about the expansion of Las Vegas, about how the new Circus-Circus "Pyramid" would boost the population by 30,000, counting the multiplier effect. Also the theme parks, when completed, would make the population soar even more. "This new wave of building will put us over a million people. Las Vegas is no longer a dinky town in the desert. We are a thriving metropolis." I asked him if that meant more community colleges for Las Vegas. "Maybe, but what we need most is another university. What choice do our transferring students have? UNLV. UNLV. UNLV."

I came to Las Vegas in November 1971, just after CCCC first started classes that fall. Before I accepted a position, I understood that Governor O'Callaghan had asked the Legislature in January to

support a new college in Las Vegas. The Board of Regents agreed that both Las Vegas and Western Nevada should have colleges.

The present Cheyenne Campus was nothing but desert then. The site was out in the boonies. We were located downtown on Main Street in those days, but people were talking about a campus. Dr. Steve Nicholson had been hired as the campus administrator. I had worked for Steve in Chicago. We came from what is now called William Daly Community College.

I liked the idea of starting a college from scratch. I had been an instructor at other community colleges, and I wondered why they did this and that. Dr. Charles Donnelly had just issued the "State Plan for Community Colleges in Nevada." It explained the mission and philosophy of the CCD. It was a positive document with liberal attitudes about education. Apparently some of its ideas had never been much discussed in Nevada. I think Nevada had been accustomed to punitive policies with regard to students in postsecondary programs. Donnelly's plan focussed on individual successes and not on "weeding out" students.

Growing with CCCC allowed me to understand the importance of developmental education. The college had hundreds of students in English grammar, basic math, reading, and English as a second language. Waves of Cubans had come to Las Vegas from Florida and people from Mexico had begun to come here. Val Garner really performed beautifully for this college as the director of Adult Basic Education (ABE). He just inspired literacy programs. After he came over from the school district, he didn't let any grass grow under his feet. I know he was sometimes frustrated by the constant shuffling. And he had reason to be. Every new administration changed his title and moved him around, but he always surfaced as the helper of the dispossessed. Nobody who came after him ever reached the level of success Val did in providing education for the drop-outs and illiterates. His division had huge enrollments and the federal funds he generated for adult education had a good impact for the uneducated people. He created and trained a cadre of literacy volunteers and they worked with the hard to teach. I think he always regretted not being able to get more black people involved in basic skills courses.

He also put his heart into the outreach program, working with Nellis Air Force Base and the prisons and the Tonopah Center. He carried the college right out into the communities. But he was always getting jerked around in the changes. You know, everybody got caught up in the restructuring, especially the one Judith Eaton was ordered to do. It seemed to me that with every change of governors we had administrative restructuring. We had many changes when O'Callaghan's term ended. Russ Bloyer and Paul Kreider were presidents briefly before Judith came. When Bob List was gone as governor, Judith Eaton was gone as president.

I think it was partly frustration that motivated Val to run for the Nevada Assembly. He believed that nobody in administration much cared about poorly educated adults. He had seen what his colleagues had done. Nick Horn, one of Val's friends, became a state senator and remained so until he died in 1992. Also Ray Rawson and Jack Regan made it to the Legislature. Rawson pushed for health sciences. Nick Horn was always trying to get funds for cultural programming in Nevada. So Val got elected and re-elected many times, and he improved funding for basic skills programs. Would you believe that so many people in the Legislature would come from this college? Where else but Nevada could that happen?

President Donnelly's state plan said that graduates from the colleges would be admitted to the universities as juniors. I always thought that the regents had accepted that item as policy when they accepted the state plan. But it was not followed. We had a tough time with university transfer courses, especially with the UNLV business department.

I think Steve Nicholson and the advisory board had already been looking for a campus site when I arrived. It was supposed to be donated land. Well, Howard Hughes' name came up. He was the sugar daddy who had helped get the whole state program rolling, so people naturally turned to him. I don't remember any involvement from Hughes, however, in the Cheyenne Campus. Boyd Bullock had a lot to do with land for the Cheyenne campus. You need to ask him how the campus really came about.

I can remember some of the faculty that first year. UNLV had some occupational programs that had to be turned over to CCCC. That's how Beverly Funk came to the college. She had the secretarial program at UNLV and that got moved into CCCC. She was not pleased at first. CCCC had a poor reputation then. Barbara Agonia was the first English instructor, and LaRene Watts, Don Starr, and Jim Keeton were full-timers. Dr. Thomas Brown started the same year I did. Phyllis Nelson and Laurean Brown also were faculty. A guy named George Nichols was the first academic dean, but he wasn't here very long.

That first semester we offered our first off-campus courses at Boulder City, and in a couple of years we became active in Henderson. Fr. Caesar Caviglia started pushing for a Henderson program and he was hard to ignore.

CCCC was a restive place for many years. There has been a lot of heartache and too many casualties. Nobody buries their dead faster than Nevada. I don't understand why the system is so deep into politics. I wish somebody would explain it to me. Maybe Val Garner can, now that he's been in the Legislature.

Val Garner, Las Vegas
ASSEMBLYMAN, LITERACY ADVOCATE

Few leaders of Nevada's colleges have stood strongly for the idea that the colleges should be centers of lifelong learning. Legislators, faced with money realities, have taken the traditional view that occupational education and academics were the funding priorities. Legislators have seemed ambivalent about funding college basic skills programs, probably because they believed basic skills was a K-12 function. Many times a bill with a token appropriation had been submitted to the Legislature, authored by Jerry Nielsen of the Nevada Department of Education, for the support of Adult Basic Education (ABE). Val Garner arrived in the State Assembly from District 14 in 1987. Soon, a small state appropriation supported ABE, a federal program for adults whose inability to read and write English kept them from participating fully in society. The last time I saw him, he was a lobbyist.

To Garner, ABE was the "open door" of the "open door" college. Through it, drop-outs, minorities, the disadvantaged, the non-English speaking peoples found opportunity.

It's very hard to be a good community college. A community college is basically a delivery system of services and instruction, not an ivy tower operation. It's easy to slip into being a junior college. When that happens, you serve as a university feeder and forget people whose lives have been shattered. I fear that the Nevada colleges are on the verge of doing that.

In the early 1970's I remember Ray Sturm, Gary Peterson, and Norm Christiansen talking about how the new CCCC might have an impact on adult education in Clark County. I knew that Kenny Guinn, the superintendent, and the school board were trying to find ways to do away with some parts of the program. Mr. Sturm became interested in CCCC as a way of making a more efficient operation of the Southern Nevada Vocational Technical Center. It wasn't being used as much as the planners had projected. Kenny Guinn called it a "white elephant."

There was some talk about making it into a community college. It was centrally located in Las Vegas Valley. Some of the people at the center no doubt had visions that it would become the new college or at least be in the middle of what would happen. The center had some good programs--airframe and power plant, refrigeration, culinary arts, and cosmetology. But the high school students weren't buying into them. Also the drop-outs could get jobs and make money in Las Vegas. Mostly the Center was serving adults. So if it could be made into a community college, two problems would be solved at once for the administration.

They talked about having the last two years of high school and the first two years of college under one administration. That idea had some appeal. I myself had been in a program like that at Dixie

College in St. George, Utah. That was good for high school kids. They had access to the finest instructors and they became interested in college at the same time.

I was busy with the ABE program then. Congress had started appropriating funds for it in the mid 1960's. I wasn't deeply involved in the discussions about CCCC. I had just replaced Dick Lundquest and I had my hands full organizing basic skills classes around the valley. I never thought much about whether ABE would be best if it were under CCCC or if it remained with the school district. I think the decision to move it under the college was made by Dr. Donnelly and Dr. Nicholson and Kenny Guinn. The district administrators had warned us not to go to Dr. Nicholson and make deals on our own. So we and out programs came to the college lock, stock, and barrel without being involved in the decision.

But I can't complain. I was treated very well. I received a significant increase in pay over what I was making at the school district. I think the CCCC administration was euphoric about the deal. Their enrollment more than doubled by bringing adult education under their wing. That would give them sstate funds to start building CCCC.

What did CCCC get? Well, there were no outreach programs to speak of outside Clark County. But we did have plenty of adult education around the valley. We had evening courses at most high schools. The school district didn't give up every adult program, and editorial writers criticized the school board for holding on to some choice programs. The district kept the adult diploma program. Legally they had to. There was real debate over giving ABE to the college because school people saw it as K-12 in subject matter. ABE catered to adults functioning at very low levels. I imagine one of the reasons it went to the college was that it carried its own funding. It was 100 per cent federal money. So there was no cost to the college. I was the administrator at the time and remained so for many years. Ray Sturm, Bob Whalen, Eva Baty and Marjorie Putt moved to CCCC when I did.

I haven't reflected much until now on the move. I'm concerned that the community colleges look upon ABE as just another federal program. It doesn't have much glow like physical therapy or interior decorating or environmental technology. Most of the money still comes from Washington and the college isn't accountable to Washington. The colleges really are not giving much attention to undereducated students. They advertise developmental education as part of their mission. But I think their commitment is lacking. They see developmental education as a tutorial to prepare students for "real" college. I don't think most administrators are in touch with the underclass. The administrators become directors of boards and see life at the top. They can't imagine a life that doesn't get a paycheck like clockwork from a computer. I continue to be very concerned about the neglect and I do all I can to get their attention. The colleges go out of their way to help those who really can help themselves. But the academically unprepared adults are the most disadvantaged people in the society. As long we ignore them and their needs, they're going to cost the taxpayers dearly.

The community college was really created for those students who need special help and another chance. The main goal was to make people employable. Who are these people? Some are veterans of Vietnam. Some are young people from Desert Storm. Some are jobless. This group has the lowest level of advocacy of any group in society. For one reason, they don't constitute an obvious threat to anyone. The only threat that occurs from the group is their involvement in crime, and the statistics reveal that many who are in prison lack basic skills and vocational competence. We've built a lot of prisons in this state, and they are costly to operate. So the functional illiterates really do pose a threat, but most people don't realize it. They don't know that at all. When I say that they are the lowest on the totem pole in terms of advocacy, I mean they don't have protest marches and don't have letter-writing campaigns. They're just a silent group out there who really impact our lives daily but nobody recognizes the fact. Some Nevada towns just love those prisons we've built. Why? A prison means jobs.

No, there is nothing in my background that propelled me to have a commitment to adult education. I just opened my eyes and saw what was happening. My early involvement in ABE revealed to me that the society had tremendous unmet needs. Something needed to be done to get these people prepared for work, so I committed myself to literacy programs for adults.

Schools don't like to deal with hard-to-serve people. Let's face it, illiterates are difficult. Teachers really do have to teach them. These people truly do need help. Mostly they've been haunted by the trauma of urban neglect. They don't know where the gas to get the car going is coming from or the milk to feed the baby or who will care for the baby while mom goes to class. If we're ever going to get them off welfare and keep them out of prison, then we're going to have to redirect the money in education. We're already spending it on prisons and welfare.

The community colleges have made great strides, but they have not made much of a dent with one of their major missions. So, in a way, they're not complete community colleges.

It wasn't until I was elected to the State Assembly that we were able to get money into the governor's budget for ABE. It's still mostly federally funded. Now we continue to get increases in that budget each time I've been in the Legislature. I hope that trend continues. If you were in the Legislature and looked at the funding you'd see that adult education gets only pennies compared to K-12 and the university system. I have pushed for a more equitable appropriation of the resources.

A separate board of trustees would insure that community colleges fulfill their mission. That mission will always be compromised with university governance. I've been in the Legislature several years and the issue of governance continues to surface. The late Marvin Sedway did everything in his power to get independent governance for the colleges. Others feel the same way he did. But I have to say that the status of the colleges has improved somewhat in recent years. The colleges are now put in the title of the system--University and Community College System of Nevada, they call it now. My feeling is that

the colleges would have a better shake from the Legislature if they had their own board. I continue to believe that UNR, UNLV, and DRI take most of the resources off the top and the leftovers go to the colleges. If we put all the community college facilities on the UNLV or UNR campus, they wouldn't make much of a dent, would they?

Charles Donnelly lost his job because he really wanted a community college board. I remember meeting him at an adult education conference in Elko. Charles Greenhaw was taking us to a restaurant in Lamoille and I rode in Donnelly's car. Well, the restaurant was closed when we got there. (So much for Charles' planning ability.) So I had a good talk with him on the way back to Elko. I enjoyed his fresh view of education, and later I went to his home in Reno a couple of times. His loss to the colleges was a major setback.

I think maybe one problem caused by his loss was the administrative turmoil at CCCC. When I came to CCCC, Dr. Steve Nicholson was the campus executive, and he left just before Dr. Donnelly did. Dr. Russ Bloyer succeeded Nicholson, but we hardly got to know him and he was gone. Then Dr. Paul Kreider was the interim president for a year. And along comes Judith Eaton for about four years. Dale Johnson was a fill-in president. And we had lots of second-in-command people. John Rosich, Larry Tomlinson, Paul Kreider, Jerry Young, Al Balboni and now Herb Peebles. Good people, all of them. We had a real parade of top administrators.

We had a difficult time in those years. We were changing presidents on an average of eighteen months. It started when the governor and Charles Donnelly went head to head. When Donnelly was pushed out, the turmoil began. But there were other reasons. Some personal problems crept into CCCC administration, but I don't want to talk about that. There has been more stability since Paul Meacham came.

I am about to retire now, and I've been thinking how much I've enjoyed the college experience. When I came to CCCC, my only responsibility was ABE. I went to Dr. Rosich, the dean, and said, "This isn't enough to keep me busy. I need more to do and I want more." He told me the sky was the limit. So I started pushing the community services program and I established the outreach centers. I went to Nye and Lincoln Counties. I worked with Rocky Johnson, the superintendent in Tonopah. With the help of people like Darlene Clause, CCCC organized many classes there. We had the district attorney teaching law, the dentists were teaching, the cops were teaching. You name it. I was fortunate to work with Eldon Matthews at Panaca High School . . . also at Pahrump. I initiated the academic program at Nellis Air Force Base. When I came to the college, there had been no courses at Nellis. Well, that program took off. We had basic skills and university parallel courses and the military loved it.

I also started some of the first programs in the prisons at Jean and at Indian Springs. I put my heart into outreach. I still remember people like Orgie Orsey and Wayne Tonoka.

I remember most the ABE people. Steve Shiebel left education because of the poor pay. He's been a success in the insurance field. And Bert Coon and Don Dallas who coordinated ABE at Yerington. And, of course, Jerry Nielsen, the state director. I have a high regard for Jerry. He put the whole thing together across the state.

One of the things I wanted to do was to have in Las Vegas a facility dedicated to adult education. Then we could really put basic skills into focus under one roof. Instructors would be totally devoted to the undereducated people like K-12 is to children and the universities are to the academically capable people. Something similar to that exists in the school district, but I would put it under CCSN. It would cater only to the people who need basic skills.

That is my vision. I'm still talking about it.

David Hoggard, Jr., Las Vegas
IMPRESSARIO OF OCCUPATIONAL EDUCATION

The Vocational Education Act of 1964 meant a surge of federal monies for community colleges. In 1968, $48,000,000 was distributed to the states. By 1974 the amount had jumped nearly to $1 billion. The U.S. Office of Education also supplemented money for special categories for programs that focused on disadvantaged and handicapped students. CCCC was a major player in occupational education because it had Nevada's leading spokesmen for it--the Hoggards--David Sr. and David Jr. David Hoggard, Sr. was an early member of the CCCC Advisory Board. As the universities began to focus on professional schools in the 1960's, the Hoggards recognized the opportunities in semiprofessional career training. Training programs were scattered. In Nevada, before the community colleges came into being, occupational education was offered by the school districts and the universities and other agencies.

David Jr. came to Las Vegas from New Jersey with his father in 1946. The elder Hoggard had been stationed at Las Vegas Air Force Base (later Nellis). After his military term, he decided to move to Las Vegas. In 1965 David Jr. took a position with the Clark County schools. In 1970, he became interested in the Manpower Development Training Act (MDTA), a federal program. The Southern Nevada Manpower training program was an outgrowth of the act. Funds from the act created an entity simply called the Skills Center.

Glen Owens, a friend of CCD President Charles Donnelly, was the supervisor of the Skills Center. Owens, who thought he might become the CCCC executive, made Hoggard aware that a community

college was a certainty for Las Vegas. H.P. Fisher, counselor at the Skills Center, became assistant director in 1970. Hoggard had counseling experience, and was hired to fill the vacant position. The Skills Center, funded through MDTA, was the origin of CCCC.

I had the good fortune to see Clark County Community College take shape. And I've seen it develop from several angles. I've had seventeen different titles since I moved to CCCC from the school district in 1971. I was once dean of student services, later dean of occupation education. I've had nearly every title except president. When Dr. Paul Meacham left in 1993, the regents made me acting president. No, I'm not a candidate for the job. I've been around.

The first thing that CCCC did was to take over the adult training under the Manpower Development Training Act from Clark County School District. That act had existed since 1962, long before CCCC came along. CCCC had its beginnings in the Skills Center when the college took over MDTA programs. CCCC got its foot in the door when it agreed to grant college credit to high school students completing courses at the Center. It was a tradeoff. The college then got to use the equipment and the facility for its own purposes.

Before there was a college, we just referred to it as the Skills Center. It was at 301 S. Highland Ave., where the Walker Furniture store is located. That was the first home of CCCC. That was before the opening of the Main Street Center in the RJ building in 1971.

The first floor was the administrative complex. Several rooms were converted into classrooms on the second floor for business English, typing and office machines. Business and clerical was the first program transferred from the school district. The original CCCC administrator was Bob Thiel. He moved in July from the school district into the facilities. But he didn't stay long. He took a job at the U.S. regional office in Seattle. Thiel and a guy named Dondero, who also went to the Office of Education, were the original directors of the Skills Center and of CCCC.

In those days vocational eudcation people moved around in a variety of administrative roles, and the counseling position became available in February of 1971. I was hired for that job. An office was designated for the president for the CCD, Dr. Donnelly. When he was at his office in Reno, George Nichols was in charge. He had been hired from UNLV. It was George Nichols' responsibility to develop class schedules and find locations. While this was going on there was a search for the first college executive--then called executive vice president. Interestingly, several local individuals felt that they were good candidates for that position. George Nichols wanted the job. But Dr. Steve Nicholson from Chicago was selected.

CCC's gains really started at the Skills Center. Automotive and electrical were added--along with small appliance repair, and boat repair. The college did not have a facility then for technical programs. Culinary arts was located on Wall Street. The facility at 700 Main Street was primarily administrative offices along with some classrooms for general education.

When the Manpower Act changed to CETA (Comprehensive Educational and Training Act) in 1973, a different approach was taken. CETA would be administered through the City of Las Vegas . The City decided to contract their programs. CCCC would be the major contractor. That was a boon. That meant that the college would eventually own all the equipment that would be purchased with a federal dollars for occupational programs. The Skills Center equipment became the basis for practically all the college training programs The problem then was for CCCC to develop an independent program. Training programs were spread out because the facility on Main Street was unsuitable for skills training. We had a variety of locations throughout Las Vegas.

We had been given an industrial complex at the corner Oakey and Industrial Road that was a former bus company garage. We put the electronics program there. We were servicing the buses. So we started many occupational programs. We were able to transfer many programs from around the Valley. Our biggest problem, I guess, was space. We didn't think about what was going to be inside that facility on Oakey Street when it was given to us. The facility didn't provide equipment, or furnishings and it created some nightmares for administrators. So they had to come up with money for equipment for vocational education. The gift of that building--well, it was good. But it was to become a kind of Trojan Horse. That's where all the trouble began over the transfer of funds from instruction to equipment.

Dr. Nicholson promoted individualized instruction. By using audio-visual teaching, larger numbers of students could be served by fewer faculty than in the traditional lecture classroom. Steve was able to take the funding that was allocated for faculty salaries and purchase furniture and equipment so that we could get in and use the building on Oakey Street. The college came under heavy criticism for doing that. The UNR Faculty Senate made a big issue of the budget transfer and it became both a political and media event. It took a long time for CCCC to regain its credibility with the state and the Legislature in terms of spending funds according to legislative intent. That problem resulted in an ongoing battle that quite frankly did not get resolved until the late 1980's. A dark cloud hung over this college for many, many years. We really didn't get back on track until the late 1980's.

But we did overcome. We now have three campuses of significant size. The Henderson program is growing. Henderson has a special titanium welding program and they have started an interior decorating degree. The West Charleston campus has the health sciences, which, incidentally, are offered cooperatively with the University of Nevada School of Medicine. And Cheyenne is probably

the largest campus in enrollment headcount in the state, including the universities. If you look back twenty something years ago, you'll find it amazing what has happened to this institution. It went from the ugly duck to superstar.

The health sciences program has really been a leader. Health sciences really goes back to the emergency medical services (ems) training when CCCC was just getting started. EMS was a very good program. We needed trained personnel for the growing emergency response needs of the valley. So we provided the training with the ambulance services and the fire department personnel. It grew as we added the paramedic program which had been hospital-based. We transferred it from the hospital to the CCCC. As Las Vegas Valley surged in population, health sciences flourished, and we were eventually able to put in registered nursing. RN has been one of the largest programs. There is no end to training nurses. It's a major need. The college has turned out eighty to 100 individuals annually. I suppose nursing programs probably get the institution the most attention. But the dental hygiene program has been a good one too. There was not a dental hygiene program in Nevada when we started it in 1987. Students had to go out of state for training.

I feel good about what has happened. We haven't done what should be done for rural people. They need to be served. But here in the Valley technical training is becoming more comprehensive. Technical programs at CCCC and the other community colleges are finally emerging with some glow.

C. J. Caviglia, Henderson
POLITICAL PRIEST

As I drove to Henderson in May 1992, I wondered if I would remember Fr. Caviglia. President Berg, who admired him, had invited the priest to be the NNCC commencement speaker a decade earlier. He had a reputation as a mover and a shaker. When we began talking, he said he was--as reported by the newpapers--a powerbroker. He was proud of his work in education, and he believed he had to exert power to get a college in Henderson.

He is the rector of St. Peter the Apostle Church and he is definitely a high-profile counselor of Hispanics and other parishioners. People of the church seek his counsel hourly, and community leaders want his support for projects. Among his parishioners: Charles Donnelly and Mike O'Callaghan. On the day the regents abolished the CCD, Charles Donnelly was staying at the church house in Henderson.

When we completed the interview, he invited me to go with him to the Henderson campus of CCSN. The college was having an ceremony for the opening its second facility. The regents would be present and so would the chancellors, and presidents, and deans of the system's insitutions.

I have been friends with Paul Laxalt since I lived in Carson City in 1955. His sister is a nun here at St. Peter's. Bob Laxalt used to say that she was Paul's secret weapon in elections because she could neutralize a lot of Democrats.

Paul was talking about community colleges when he became governor in 1966. He knew that kids in Ely and Elko had to leave town to get an education. I was at Paul's house often before and after he became governor. When I moved to Henderson he would visit me here.

Paul really felt that he had responsibility for education. After the Elko college got going and was absorbed into the system, CCCC became a natural outgrowth of the movement. I was Superintendent of Catholic Schools at the time. When my term ended, I asked to be rector at Henderson. Right away, Hal Smith, who had been a state senator, and I and a few others wanted to get a college. We had the old parochial school that could be used. We tied in with Dr. Steve Nicholson, the first campus executive of CCCC, and Dr. John Rosich, who was a dean then. They got me to teach a sociology class in 1971 at the old Review-Journal building in Las Vegas.

I wanted things done in Henderson. The town had a much higher unemployment rate than Las Vegas. I think it was about 14%. The mean level of education was less than 12 years. The people of Henderson seemed to be the last hired, the first fired. Henderson also had a real split between the Hispanics and the Anglos. There was friction and it was intensifying. Somethind had to be done.

We were fortunate to hire Betty Scott to teach English as a Second Language and also Spanish. People needed to be able to talk with each other. Hispanics were coming here in droves, and wanted to speak English. Doctors, attorneys, business people, and civic leaders attended those Spanish classes. I remember that Charlotte Crowley (Sam's Boyd's sister) started taking classes. Then we added other courses. Ralph Denton, a Las Vegas attorney who came here from Elko, taught courses in law, and Bob Taylor taught psychology. The ESL and the Spanish classes helped heal many social wounds.

I started rattling the regents' cage about 1974 for more attention. I knew all the regents. I knew Dr. Fred Anderson, Dr. Louis Lombardi, John Tom Ross, Bucky Buchanan, and Molly Knudtsen. Neil Humphrey, the chancellor, didn't appreciate my efforts. I am not your basic system-maintenance person. I learned quickly that most of the regents did not understand community colleges . . . that they had no sense of them at all. When I got no action, I went around the regents dead on to the Legislature. I knew the chancellor was a chancellor in name only. These regents weren't about to let anyone in that

position have any power. What they wanted was a high-paid accountant. They just called him chancellor because other universities had a chancellor.

So I went to the lawmakers. Paul Laxalt came down from Washington. I had a dinner with Paul, Jim Gibson, and Floyd Lamb to discuss a community college for Henderson. So we got a campaign underway for a campus.

Betty Scott hired ---------Moyer to help us with a needs assessment, and Bob Gordon developed the site plan. Las Vegas people who favored a campus on West Charleston--especially Lilly Fong--got mad at us. They said we were trying to undermine them. But we were serious about going for the first building away from the Cheyenne campus.

Steve Nicholson left in the summer of 1976. There was a big row about not spending appropriated money according to legislative intent. Dr. Russ Bloyer came as president. A lot of controversy had arisen between President Donnelly and some important people in Las Vegas. Governor O'Callaghan planned to cut Donnelly's central office staff, and there was a stir about the failure of the college to hire the full-time faculty it had been budgeted for. In those days you couldn't say anything in the state of Nevada without it getting back to O'Callaghan. Some people spread unfair stories about Charles Donnelly. Chuck was becoming powerful, and and some politicians were getting anxious. Marvin Sedway, who was on the CCCC Advisory Board, kept saying the community colleges were being gutted by the O'Callaghan budget and that the colleges ought to have their own board of trustees. That was unsettling. Sedway was a wildman.

Howard Barrett, the budget director, indicated that Donnelly hadn't supervised the colleges, and claimed that funds that had been appropriated for instruction had been used to cover administrative costs. So I saw trouble coming. I knew they were trying to get Donnelly.

So Russ Bloyer walked right into a difficult situation in 1977. He seemed always caught between Henderson and the regents. Some regents wanted a campus on West Charleston, some in Henderson, and some didn't want a campus at either place. I don't think Russ ever knew where he stood, and he was gone in less than a year.

After Bloyer left, there were some acting presidents. Then Dr. Judith Eaton was president. I was on the selection committee but I didn't vote for her. She quickly became very friendly with Governor Bob List. She set out to get attention for CCCC, and for her that meant the Cheyenne campus. In his 1979 State of the State address, List advocated a campus for Henderson. She was a flirt, and people were gossipping to me about her.

I got into difficulty with Judith while the new building was going up. The reasons? Well, Bucky Buchanan, chairman of the regents, was not to be trusted. He got caught in a media storm over where he lived. He really lived in Las Vegas but was elected by citizens of Henderson. I think he rented a

house in Henderson. You just couldn't depend upon him. Also, the architect didn't expend all the funds allocated for the Henderson building. Some revenues people believed were designated for Henderson were being pumped into the Cheyenne campus. Judith would not bridge any confrontation at all. She saw strength in Henderson. The people of the town were tied together. Many had worked hard for the college. They had given freely of their time. Pride went up in the town when the college became visible. A campus with a building became a symbol of town unity and progress.

In April 1981 I asked several people to attend an advisory board meeting in Henderson. Half the town showed up. That frightened Judith. In May, Betty Scott was set to get the keys to the new building that she had worked so hard for. Instead of getting the keys, she got a letter indicating she would be transferred to the Cheyenne campus in North Las Vegas. All of Henderson was smoking over that, for Betty was a town favorite. I had a rally and the people sent letters of protest to the regents.

Bob Cashell, who became chairman of the regents, betrayed me, too. I went up to Elko to give the commencement address at NNCC in May. The regents and presidents were having chicken dinner at Tom Gallagher's home. There I told Tom Ross, an old friend and a regent, that I thought something bad was going to happen to the Henderson campus.

"Let's call Cashell over," he said. "I'll get it straightened out."

I think she is threatened by Henderson," I said. "I think she's going to do us in."

"No, she won't" Cashell said, "I'll take care of it."

Well, he didn't. A few weeks later Betty was given a contract as assistant to the president on the Cheyenne campus. Betty was not to be executive dean of Henderson and she was left without any protection. She wouldn't take the new job. She went back to teaching until Judith left town in 1983. The first person sent to Henderson to be the administrator alienated the community entirely. Another woman followed her, and things didn't get any better. Betty had served as a Rotarian. Both women had tried to follow Betty by forcing themselves into Rotary. This was not received well in Henderson. So the college went downhill.

I did not make it a happy time for Judith Eaton. She was a crusading feminist, and a poor manager. Bucky Buchanan tried to placate me by giving me an honorary doctorate at commencement. I let him know I would work against him if he ran for re-election. He got really mad at me. Finally, Judith left, and Dr. Paul Meacham became president.

I foresaw what was happening to Donnelly. I just didn't know it would happen that night he was staying here at the church house. I didn't realize how really angry some of the regents and politicians were.

The regents were having a party at Bucky's place that evening just after they canned him. I don't think he even knew because they had held a secret personnel session. Someone said he learned that he'd been fired from a reporter.

Well, we were all having drinks at the party. You can imagine that Chuck Donnelly was drinking after he learned he'd been fired. I left about ll p.m. and I think Bloyer left a little later. The cops could have picked up any one of us who left that party, but they got Donnelly. I got a call about 2 a.m. from the jail to come and get him. When I got there, I saw one of my parishoners. He was a jailer. I just buried him here in Henderson last week.

I asked, "What happened?"

He said, "The police were alerted."

I got Donnelly back to the parish house about 3 a.m. About 4 a.m. I got a call from O'Callaghan.

Archie Pozzi, Carson City
GADFLY OF THE LEGISLATURE

He was the archetypical citizen-legislator. Once he operated the Ford Motors dealership in Carson City, and he was a backer of the ill-conceived Carson College. But not to be daunted. He eventually got a campus for Carson City with political skill and spitfire rhetoric. He proved to be a Nevada model of partitianship who could bend slightly to snatch a college for the hometown. He and Senator Floyd Lamb were early supporters of community colleges on the Senate Finance Committee, but Lamb favored a WNCC site in South Reno, not the capital City. So they developed a rivalry.

I was always interested in a college for Carson. Like Paul Laxalt, I supported Carson College. But it folded. It proved that in Nevada a college would need state help to survive. When Elko had raised about $45,000 for their college, they asked Laxalt if he would help them promote it. The governor invited several people, me included, to go to Oregon to visit a community college in 1968. Roy Young of Elko and Mahlon Brown of Las Vegas were part of the team. I became really interested when the people at the Oregon college said they had enrolled about 5,000 students their first year, 1965. And they just kept growing. That hit me pretty damned hard. So I went back to Carson gung-ho on the whole thing. So when Elko came in with their proposal to the Legislature in 1968, I supported them. You know, the people of Elko always put their money where their mouths are, and not many do that.

I was on Senate Finance in the special session of 1968. Norman Glaser and Roy Young had pushed the community college bill through the assembly. I supported it when it got to the senate. Fransway (Winnemucca), Titlow (Tonopah), Slattery (Storey), and "Brownie" (Mahlon Brown, Las Vegas) voted it down. I think Floyd Lamb, who was chairman of Senate Finance, voted "yea" as a courtesy to Norman Glaser, who chaired Ways and Means in the assembly.

That night after the vote we were down at a pub--the Melody Lane--with the people from Elko. The place is gone now because they wiped out about three blocks along Carson Boulevard for the new legislative building.

The Elko delegation thanked me. Afterwards, they called Laxalt. Well, did he help them! That was the period when Howard Hughes was operating in Nevada. He was buying up casinos and mines. He promised the Elko people money. He sent a check for $250,000, half of it meant for Elko. People started getting on the bandwagon. Elko got some state funding a year later.

Then I started working for a college in Carson. I located some state-owned land in the northwest part of town. I can't remember how many acres. I introduced a bill in the Senate in 1971 to transfer the land to the Board of Regents. Western Nevada Community College sits on that land today.

And that's how we got started in Carson. And that's when I got into another feud with Floyd Lamb. We clashed a lot because he always had to get his way. He didn't want a college in Carson. He wanted it in Reno. So I fought Floyd all the way down the pipe.

Gov. O'Callaghan got into the act. He came over to the Legislature. We were having a recess, and I was standing in a hallway and he said, "Hey, how's our college coming along?"

"It's not coming very well, Mike," I said.

"Why?" he asked.

"I've only got three votes--mine and two others," I said. I had Titlow's and Fransway's. I needed four votes. Len Harris (Reno), Jim Gibson (Henderson), and Mahlon Brown (Las Vegas) were against me. And so was Floyd.

O'Callaghan asked, "Who would be the easiest to talk to?"

I said, "Brown," I think.

"Let me go to work on him," Mike said.

That very day we sitting down for the 2 p.m. session. The sergeant-at-arms said to me, "The governor wants to see you in the hall."

Mike said, "I've got Brownie. But I've also got a little problem. I've got a fair housing bill. It's needed. It allows blacks to get into hotels and apartments. I've got to get that bill out of committee. I'm not asking for a swap . . . ."

I said, "Geez, Mike, that's a heavy one for me. I wouldn't even vote for that when Laxalt was governor. And Laxalt and I were raised three blocks from each other and he was my personal attorney."

But I didn't hesitate very long. I said, "Okay, you get Brownie. I'll go for fair housing." So that got the land. My bill was aimed at getting the land, for starters. Funding for the college would have to come along later. But that was incidental. I knew that Senate Finance wasn't going to buy land anyplace for a college. Nevada has too much federally controlled real estate for the Legislature to pay for it. It had to come free.

But I wasn't home free. Toward the end of the 1971 session, with only ten days to go in May, I went to Senate Finance for an 8:30 a.m. meeting. The room was packed with blacks.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"It's the fair housing bill coming up," Floyd Lamb said. "We want to get these folks back on the noon plane to Las Vegas."

We had only two bills left in committee. We had cleaned out everything except fair housing and my college land bill, which I had introduced in January.

Floyd convened the committee and dragged out the fair housing bill. I was sitting at one end of the committee. Gibson was next to me and Brown was next to Floyd. I reached around Gibson and tapped Brownie, "Hey, tell the chairman we're not voting on that bill until we vote on the college bill." I heard Brownie say to Floyd, "We don't have Archie until we vote on the college land bill."

Floyd was doing a slow burn. He was planning to bury that college bill. But he slipped it back on top, and said, "There will be no discussion on this bill. All in favor of Senate Bill 179, raise your hand."

This was a new twist. We always responded "yea" and "nay". We had not voted by hand during the entire session. He looked to his right. (I was on his left.) He said, "Titlow, you're not voting for this college bill, are you?"

Titlow said, "Yes, I am."

Floyd said, "Fransway, are you voting for Pozzi's bill?"

"Yes," Fransway said.

So he turned to his left and looked at Brown. Well, Brownie's hand was up . . . half-heartedly.

"Here's the fourth vote, Mr. Chairman," I said, raising my hand.

Then he asked for those opposed to raise hands. He and Harris and Gibson raised their hands. That was a Monday morning. Then we passed fair housing. Floyd put a "Do Pass" recommendation on it, but nothing on the college bill.

In the general session, the fair housing bill appeared on the agenda. But the college bill wasn't. It didn't show Tuesday. It didn't show Wednesday. It didn't show Thursday. Friday either.

And it didn't show on Monday. In the general session that day I was sitting next to Carl Dodge and Mahlon Brown in the front row. When the session adjourned for lunch, I walked over to Floyd and asked him, "Are you going to be here this afternoon?"

He said, "Sure. What's on your mind?"

"You see that cubicle up there with the big sign, "Press Only'?'" I pointed. "Well, under Order of Business # 14, Remarks from the Floor, I'm going to have some remarks this afternoon. I think you may be interested in what I'm going to do. That press box will be full of people. Senator, I'm going to blast your ass right out of here. I'm going to ask why that college bill, which passed committee before fair housing, hasn't come up."

At 2 p.m. that day SB 179 was on second reading. It passed easily. Then I started to work getting money into the budget for a building. Mike O'Callaghan has to be given credit for getting that key vote switched. He was a Democrat and I a Republican. People say that there are no friends in politics. But Mike and me were always friends. You have to thank O'Callaghan for creating the budgets for the community colleges in Nevada.

Jerry Nielsen, Carson City
ARCHITECT OF ADULT EDUCATION

I was working on a dissertation in the basement of the old Grammar # l, the home of ECC in the summer of l97l. Someone in Reno had told Jerry Nielsen that I had some promise as a proposal writer and program developer. One day in August he found me in the basement. He introduced me to Adult Basic Education (ABE). It hadn't occurred to me--being a Ph.D candidate in English--that there were many functional illiterates in the world, in truth, more than you would believe. Also, in many states, up to a third of the adult population had't completed high school.

ABE was a federal program geared to people who were unable to express their potential because they could not do simple arithmetic nor read and write. Non-English speakers also enrolled in what we called English as a Second Language (ESL). Nevada has always been a leading emigrant state. Many of the first students in the English classes were Basques, who had originally come to the West as sheepherders and who had settled in Elko when the sheep empire came to an end. Later came Mexicans, many of them rurals from Zacatecas. In the l980's waves of them came, flooding the off-campus facilities at Jackpot and Winnemucca.

The ABE programs provided the open door for "open door" colleges. ABE was a fruitful source of students for all the colleges in their early years. One year in the 1970's practically all the women admitted to the LPN program at NNCC had received basic skills instruction and a GED certificate in the Adult Learning Center.

More than any other person, Jerry Nielsen nurtured adult education in the state's community colleges in the 1970s and 1980s. He introduced the concept of learning centers for poorly prepared citizens. The centers popped up all over the state, often as joint adult high schools and college remedial programs. Very few members of the academic faculties had experience in community colleges or in teaching adults. ABE funds were also used for training teachers in adult education. Many faculty members worked their way into the college positions through ABE. Amy Emerson and Cyd McMullen at NNCC, Michon Mackedon at WNCC-Fallon, Val Garner at CCCC--were originally ABE personnel.

Adults who were reluctant to enter college found a home in the learning centers--some after circling in the parking lot for many evenings before finally building up courage to appear in person at an adult center. In the early 1970s that was an admission of a academic weakness that had long been hidden from the world. Phil Torera, Evie Ashcroft, Judy Cole, Ted Burner, Jackie Banghart, Edith McComb, Rae Edwards, and Jacque Grose all tutored and taught in these centers from Battle Mountain to Roy Martin School in Las Vegas.

I was one of the teachers at Carson College in 1966. The college was started by Pepper Sturm, Sr., and two guys who saw Nevada as a kind of last frontier. One was Walt Magnuson, a California millionaire. Another was Bob Wheeling, who had been a writer for Walt Disney.

In those days the university didn't have much presence outside Reno. Nevada had started to grow. So these guys had the notion that the state was going to have an Oxford of the West. They said so in a brochure. Students would learn by almost living with the professors. The college did have formal classes, and each student had a mentor. But the whole thing was mostly an idea--the self-directed, tutorial college. It never worked because the directors had no way of putting their ideas into action. They were rainbow chasers.

But the community backed them at first. Some of the same people backed the community college here a few years later. I've heard it said that Paul Laxalt, who was a contributor, vowed that Carson would then have a community college. Most of the business community was in favor of Carson College. But only one of the guys had real money and he wasn't willing to finance the whole operation.

The university fought Carson College from the beginning. The university people didn't want any competition, so they fought the licensing process. I don't know how, but Carson College did eventually

get licensed. There was no state postsecondary commission then (it was formed about 1972), so the State Board of Education had the responsibility.

Carson College had 87 students when it opened. The leaders filed for bankruptcy 13 months later. It started with no money and then accumulated debts of $300,000 within a year. It owed people rent money for leased buildings. The leaders leased a whole apartment building for professors. They bought desk and materials. I don't know if they ever paid anybody. They had no income and a lot of debt.

They hired 12 faculty. They set up a Faculty Senate which had the same power as the Board of Directors. That was the undoing of the idea because the faculty in the end scuttled the college by voting no confidence in the directors. Most faculty taught six or seven months. Nobody got paid.

Carson was hungry for a college. The business people wanted it. A local man was going to give a million, provided he got his name on a building. And the Carson Nugget was considering giving them their casino building and then leasing it from the college. That would have been a source of income. Even the government backed the idea. The BLM turned over 24 acres on a hill south of Carson for a campus. Some architectural planning was done to present to the community, and there were all kinds of schemes to get money from people. The directors were just inept. But they did prove that there was an interest in postsecondary education in Carson. The failure of Carson College must have given Carson City people the resolve to get a college before Reno.

I knew I had to get a real job, so I quit teaching biology and took a counseling position at the state prison. I had a minor in psychology and the state of Nevada didn't have very high standards for its personnel. So I qualified as counselor. After about 18 months, I got another teaching job. Afterwards, I got a position at the Nevada Department of Education. Burnell Larson hired me. I became the adult education director in 1969. It was just about the time the state decided to have community colleges.

The school districts organized adult education in those days. They had flourishing adult programs--especially Washoe and Clark counties. So there was a political decision, probably involving Dr. Donnelly, Dr. Tom Tucker of UNR, and the district superintendents. The colleges would take all programs that might be considered as postsecondary. The colleges also agreed to hire school district personnel who administered the adult programs. So that move instantly generated several hundred students for WNCC and CCCC. I think each full-time equated student meant about $1,200.

In Clark and Washoe some people who were school district employees one year became community college people the next. That included the directors and the secretaries. I think the agreement between the school districts and college was in writing. The school boards took action on the transfers of the programs. Strange as it may seem, they acted on written agreements.

In 1972 the Legislature funded the Adult Diploma Program. That put the districts back into adult education. They alone could offer adult high school for dropouts and would get reimbursed by the state.

That made the college people really nervous. They wanted to administer the adult high school courses. College people and school districts got into a verbal wrestling match, for a huge sum of money was at stake. Millions of dollars. The college people referred to the written agreements, and the school people claimed that they were responsible for secondary education. The districts won out.

Early on, however, we decided that the community colleges were the best places for ABE. ABE is a basic skills program and it fit nicely with the developmental programs of the colleges. ABE funds also gave the colleges real support and funds for English as a Second Language. All the non-English speakers were too poor to pay fees. The ABE grants generated a great deal of faculty development activity. I think ABE money made the early community college faculties sensitive to adult students. And that was really important because teaching adults is much different than teaching kids.

When I retired in 1990, the combined adult programs were serving 15,000 people statewide. We would have about 3,000 in ESL alone. We started out small in the 1960's. School districts weren't sure then that they ought to be teaching basic skills to adults. One Elko superintendent put it in words I'll never forget: "These adults had their chance along the way. We gave them the chance when they were kids. We shouldn't have to be teaching adults to read." And some school officials would also deny they had dropouts in the county.

I met with Charles Donnelly many times. He had a deep interest in adult education. He had grown up in the very home of community education--Flint, Michigan. The Mott Foundation in Flint supplied much of the money for adult education, not just in Flint but in many places, including Utah and Nevada. Charley Donnelly came from "the place" where community education was born. He understood what was happening in Nevada educationally.

It's too bad what happened to him here. He just didn't assess the political landscape and understand all the things that could happen to him. What he didn't understand was that everybody wants autonomy in this state. A central administrator can have no constituency in Nevada. Ever notice how fast chancellors come and go? The colleges in his division wanted to do their own thing. The only way a central administration could have endured in Nevada was with an ole' boy as president . . . an insider with political juice. An outsider like Donnelly was needed to jump start the system. But if Tom Tucker had taken the office, he could have stayed until he retired. It would have been like he inherited it. You probably couldn't come from outside the system--outside the brotherhood--and survive. To survive you had to be a part of the brotherhood because they couldn't turn on one of their own. In the brotherhood, you got in line and waited your turn to move up. When you see someone who's been in UNS administration many years, you know he's probably a one of the gang.

When you think about the colleges' beginnings, what do you see? There wasn't anything. No buildings. No programs. No money. Well, actually, there was a lot of federal money in vocational

education. And that was crucial to the colleges. If that money had been taken away, the colleges would have been much longer in developing. Without the federal money, they would not have been able to build their literacy programs and most of their vocational training.

There were some titanic invididual efforts and there was always political infighting. As soon as WNCC started, a rivalry sprung up between the Reno campus and the Carson campus. That was predictable because everybody wanted to be number one. So there was a power struggle. And there was a struggle inside, too. When the adult education administrators came to TMCC from the school district, they kept shifting upwards and hitting different spots. So there was turmoil in the administration. As the college grew, it was like any fledgling. It created its own problems. So it was stormy at first, and it was stormy later when all those administrators--so set in their ways--couldn't change as the state was changing. But, obviously, things worked out. The campuses are now parts of the Nevada landscape.

I don't think there is any doubt that the colleges would have fared better with govewrnance outside the university system. They would have been far better organized. Policies would have been more reasonable for them. Policies would have been thought out based on the goals of the colleges. Transfer of courses would not have been so troublesome. For a long time, the regents never debated community college issues. The colleges just seemed to be strays in an academic universe.

On the whole, I think the colleges have made peoples' lives better. If you compare Nevada with California, you would probably say that the little communities in California do not get the educational opportunities that the little places in Nevada do. That is not to say that the service is always good. But can you imagine many towns in California the size of Fallon having a community college? I can think of the College at Butte. On the basis of delivery of service you have to give Nevada an A. It just doesn't happen in other places.

Jack Davis, Ed. D., Carson City

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN

Anyone who was anyone in Nevada in the 1960s and 1970s knew Jack Davis, for he was a celebrity in Nevada's boxing world and on the education circuit. Some people admired him as "Captin' Jack." He was said to be one of the state's four giants in education, and only one of the others ever lined up against him. Most school superintendents admired him and assumed that one day he would be president of something special. He had powerful friends in Gov. Mike O'Callaghan and Dr. Thomas Tucker. He

worked with Vernon James Eardley, who was the executive dean of the North Campus of WNCC when Davis was its president. Of the other giants, Kenny Guinn remained at a distance in Clark County. Thomas Tucker might outmaneuver Davis, and Jim Eardley might spin a stronger spiderweb of conventional wisdom. But none was Davis's equal in tenacity, will, and force of personality.

He won his spurs in school administration. Despite their egalitarian pronouncements, for many educationists the community college movement became the home base of autocrats--administrators who had a primary connection with public schools but who had freed themselves somewhat of public restraints. With their political connections they could get things done. Backed by school officials across the state, they could carry juice directly to the Legislature and the governor. They also assumed a fatherly attitude toward faculties, staff, and students.

When I interviewed him in April 1992, Jack Davis was a volunteer for Friends in Service Helping. He helped cook meals for the homeless. He stands in the forefront of helping women in higher education. Dr. Patricia Miltenberger--one of his protogees--eventually arrived at her goal, Vice President of Student Services, UNR. Another--Marcia Bandera--who served as dean of WNCC and state deputy superintendent, said of him: "He was brilliant and opinionated. Some people believed he could leap tall buildings in a single bound."

I was completing a doctorate in school administration at Stanford in 1961. Dr. Tom Tucker called me from Reno and said that the Legislature had funded a position in the College of Education. Would I be interested in teaching superintendents and students pursuing a master's in school administration? I knew Nevada. After I got out of the Merchant Marines after WWII, I received a scholarship to play football at Nevada. I played linebacker on a couple of Wolfpack teams that went to bowl games.

I worked for Tom Tucker in the College of Education about five years and then became the director of the Research and Planning Center. It was the time when Governor Laxalt was working to get community colleges started. Tucker was an advisor to Laxalt. He provided basic, factual material that helped Laxalt understand how community colleges might help Nevada.

Laxalt put together a study committee on vocational education and community colleges just about the same time the college in Elko opened. Tom and I were members, and so were Jim Eardley, Burnell Larson, and Jerry Dondero. I can't remember all the people involved. The committee was to make recommendations before the Special Session of the Legislature in 1968.

The committee did its work and outlined the functions of the colleges--which are pretty much intact today. But it was the people in Elko who really made the difference. Community colleges would have come to Nevada eventually, but--without Elko--not at that early time. And there were people outside Elko who supported the idea. I recall that Louise Marvel in Battle Mountain gave a substantial sum to the Elko campaign.

I don't know how the selection was made, but Dr. Donnelly came in spring 1970 as president of the Community College Division. Tucker continued to be an advisor, now to Donnelly. Tucker was helpful with raw facts. He also knew which legislators might be favorable to the colleges. He knew all the superintendents and they could open classrooms. He helped the division to move quickly.

Carson City got the first campus after Elko. There were political reasons for this, for the logical place to start in Western Nevada was Reno. Governor O'Callaghan can speak to this. He made Carson go. Archie Pozzi worked hard for Carson, and Harold Jacobsen, who was a regent from Carson, helped grease the rails.

In 1971, Leon Van Doren became the acting director of the Carson program. The college operated out of the old Civic Auditorium on Carson Boulevard. Leon, a curriculum expert, was filling in until the chancellor's office could do a search for an executive vice president. Sherie Silva was the first classified person hired by Van Doren and was executive secretary until the mid-1980's. She did an excellent job.

Tucker talked to me about the position. "Jack, I think you can do the job well. You know administration. You know the state. You know people in the Legislature. I think you can get Carson going quickly, and it makes more sense than bringing someone in from out of state."

I did not know Dr. Donnelly at the time. But I know Tucker called him about me. I met with Donnelly and he offered me the job after outlining his expectations. I moved to Carson from Sparks in June 1972.

The city agreed to kick in money for three years with start-up costs. The figure $50,000 comes to mind. Now in 1972 that was significant, and with no strings. "Just get the college going," the city was saying, "We want it and we'll pay." The state had stepped in with funding.

Another boost for WNCC was the transfer of the Washoe adult education to WNCC. Jim Eardley, the director of that program, provided an instant boost with a large group of students who had been enrolling in the evening program in Reno. Boom! Boom! All at once come hordes of students. Jim brought some capable people with him, people like Bert Munson, George Travernia, Max Johnson, Ken Johnson, and John Caserta. Instantly, Reno had a college program. Our state funding was driven by numbers of student credit hours. So the adult program bankrolled us. It allowed us to hire more permanent faculty.

We had good relations with the school districts. I remember especially the encouragement of Todd Carlini in Lyon County, Gene Scarselli in Douglas, Arlo Funk in Mineral, and Marvin Picollo in Washoe. We had been given a service territory that covered Washoe, Pershing, Carson City, Mineral, Storey, Douglas, Churchill, and Lyon counties. We moved ahead rapidly because these people

welcomed us. And in the 1970's, the U.S. Office of Education had scads of vocational money for community colleges.

We had three big blessings. The City of Carson gave us start-up funds. Eardley brought an already organized program with hundreds of students into WNCC. And the school districts rolled out the welcome mat.

We moved into Churchill County quickly. Mr. Elliot Lima with the school district opened the doors for us. Carl Dodge and Vergil Getto really pushed in the Legislature. Eventually, they got a facility funded for Fallon. Lawrence Jacobsen and Gary Sheerin were state senators. They helped the Carson campus get a building in 1973. The day after Christmas that year we moved out of the Civic Center and started having classes on our own turf.

By and large the university was negative about WNCC. I understood the people at the university. I was a professor there for eleven years. I knew what made them tick. When students started going to WNCC for English and sociology courses and general education, university people figured they were losing studnets, which equals dollars. That meant they couldn't add to their staff. It didn't matter to them that one reason the community colleges had been started was to let students take lower division courses near their homes.

Several university departments hit us hard. Our courses weren't up to snuff, they said. But I can tell you that in many cases WNCC students were getting better courses in anthropology, sociology, math and English. At the very beginning we had put our focus on teaching. That's the trademark of a community college. We hired good people at WNCC. We hired people with experience, with good backgrounds, and, in some cases, we recruited real scholars. I had foreseen the criticism coming and I insisted we hire the best available. Ron Panik in biology, Jeanette Mellow and Sable Shaw in nursing, Michon Mackedon in English, to name but a very few--they were superb. We hired three women who were among the first women in higher education administration in Nevada. After serving as counselor, Michele Dondero became a fine administrator at Fallon, and Pat Miltenberger. . .nobody was better counseling students . . .is now an administrator at UNR. Marcia Bandera proved most capable in curriculum development and implementing programs as our academic dean.

We had a real fight with the universities about transferring our courses. UNR people would tattle to the regents about our "poorly prepared faculty." Well, UNR people never really examined themselves. Many of their lower division courses were being taught by teaching assistants. They were graduate students working on a master's or a doctorate. They were often people with little teaching experience and always people who would naturally put their own graduate coursework ahead of the teaching. I knew our students were getting first-cabin instruction.

On the matter of the universities rejecting our courses, I faulted Dr. Donnelly. He and Chancellor Humphrey should have seized the stage and forced the regents to listen, "This is the way it will be! These are our transferrable courses!" But we didn't win the battle, and it still hasn't been won. My hunch is that the regents even today don't think community colleges teach equivalent courses, and there is no leadership to call their hand.

In looking back, there was a chance to really do something in the 1979 Legislature. Donnelly had left and there was a vacuum. The community college budgets had been cut drastically in 1977. Many people in the Legislature were outraged. Many of the legislators were saying, "Let's get the community colleges out of the university system." They saw what was happening to students who couldn't transfer some courses. They knew the huge flunk-out rate at the universities. They also knew how important the colleges were going to be to the labor force. The split was ready to happen. The bill was drafted. And the colleges would have gotten immediate financial improvement. Now, I'm not mad about it--not letting it occur--but the university people laughed and chuckled about our not running with the ball that had been pitched to us. Some are still smiling about it. We community college presidents knew we had some deep problems but we still thought being in the university system was the right way to go. It just seemed best to have all postsecondary education under one roof. So the college presidents told the Legislature, "We are going to work together in one system." We told the regents that, too.

Dr. Don Baepler, the chancellor who came in after Neil Humphrey left in 1977, was a dutiful university man, especially oriented to UNLV. His mission was to support the university and he did it well. Once the community college presidents were going public with an issue of discrimination. We weren't getting a housing allowance. All over the country presidents were getting a housing allowance. We had the data to prove it. The university presidents were getting an allowance and so was the DRI president.

We had informed the regents about the problem. But in steps Baepler with a big speech against us. "No other states are doing this," he said. It was a flat-assed lie. We had the data. So Baepler didn't help us. They were walking right over us.

The start-up of WNCC was no cakewalk. During our second year, we received only 60 per cent FTE funding. All the other colleges got 100 per cent of their FTE money. We had an enrollment surge when Jim Eardley brought his adult education program into WNCC. But we hadn't been budgeted for those students. I asked Dr. Donnelly and Chancellor Humphrey to go to the Legislature's Interim Finance Committee and tell them that we had grown more than anyone could have anticipated. "Tell them WNCC is getting only 60 percent funding," I asked. But they were afraid to go because they thought the committee would cut funding from another college.

"Okay, we'll make-do this time. We'll get the job done, but we'll get our fair share in the next round of funding. I'm not going to whine and cry and run to the governor," I said. We made it on sixty per cent by using many part-time faculty. It was okay. Part-timers were as able as full-time faculty in some fields.

I remember another problem with the central office. Chancellor Humphrey called one day, saying he and Dr. Donnelly would like to talk. The Legislature was meeting at the time. We met at Enrico's on Carson Boulevard. They had good Italian food. Humphrey said that they had come because they thought I was causing a morale problem with the presidents of the universities and the other colleges. As I ordered my raviolis and sausage, I said to myself, "What is this all about?"

Donnelly said, "It is very serious and it may cost you your job. You have to stop this continuous calling of Governor O'Callaghan and telling him what your needs are and also reporting negative things about the rest of the system."

I was startled. "It's the other way around. O'Callaghan has called me a number of times asking, 'How in the Hell can these things be happening in the university system?' He's also called and asked, "What do you need? How can we improve these colleges?"

"I answered him," I said. "I suppose the solution is for me to tell him next time that Donnelly and Humphrey told me not to talk to you about the university system. I'll do that, if you want."

"No, don't do that," one of them said.

"Then what do you want?" I asked.

Well, I do get exercised over that episode. We had lousy leadership. We were getting trampled by the universities, and I was being told to clam up.

Not too long after that, in the spring of 1977, Dr. Donnelly started blaming O'Callaghan for gutting the colleges. He misread the governor, who was a real top supporter. I know of one instance at a WNCC commencement when Donnelly made a negative statement about the governor. I heard he did the same thing at Clark County's commencement. Then he couldn't understand why the regents told him he didn't have a job. If you want to lash out and you think you're right, okay. But you have to be prepared to say, "I don't want to work for O'Callaghan anymore." For some reason, Donnelly got a real thing in his throat about O'Callaghan. I think the regents were embarrassed by it all. Anyway, it was over for Donnelly.

Donnelly did a helluva great job starting from scratch with the colleges in Nevada. He was the right man at the right time. He knew what he was doing and he brought in the right components to get things moving. But the time came when the executive vice presidents felt they could move along and do their jobs on their own and there wasn't a need for a person to oversee all the colleges.

I am very pleased to have been selected to be affiliated with the start of the community college movement in Nevada. It is a positive entity for the state!

Donal "Mike" O'Callaghan, Henderson
THE LAST STRONG GOVERNOR

Lewis Rice Bradley, Nevada's second governor, surely had a role in placing the state's first university facility in the town that most Nevadans of the 1870s regarded as the wrong place--Elko, the governor's hometown. Paul Laxalt, the 22d governor, helped to get a community college placed in Elko and many Nevadans thought that, too, was a wrong move. Mike O'Callaghan, the 23d governor, had a role in creating college campuses in Henderson and Carson City--perhaps Fallon too. About these sites there was much controversy and perennial tension. No other governor has been more influential in Nevada education.

He communicates with unmistakable clarity, riveting his eyes on you as he spoke. He always knew the substance of an issue. He had an unsurpassed feel for politics.

Nevada's 23d governor is, like his friend Jack Davis, fond of boxing. He was wounded in the Korean War and he walks evenly with one real leg. Many Nevadans see him as the state's best governor, as fair, as a straight-shooter, a real person; as a man's man who set an example of statesmanship by avoiding the regionalism that was "Battle Born" in Nevada. He could shame greedy lobbyists and errant state employees. Once in Winnemucca, just after being elected, he came near fisticuffs with a state employee. He has a reputation for going directly to the source of problems and would personally make phone calls at any hour to reprimand state employees who, in his eyes, had brought discredit to state service. To this day he prefers that people call him directly about an issue.

He volunteers his services: making coffee at a shelter for the homeless in Las Vegas; working with the Israeli army repairing diesel engines.

I first met him when he came to the Elko Kiwanis Club's Buckaroo Breakfast in the Elko City Park at County Fair time in 1974. I cooked eggs for the fund-raiser. I met him again in 1989, when he wanted to see the NNCC diesel shop. He asked me if McMullen Hall still had a leaking roof. "You remember that?" I asked, astonished. He smiled. McMullen Hall had been built 16 years earlier.

When I entered his office at the "Las Vegas Sun" for an interview on a June day in 1992, he was studying pictures under the title of "Butcher of Bagdad, Saddam Hussein." I thought to myself, "Big Mike is still the governor in many ways." His column, "Where I Stand," carries weight.

Paul Laxalt tried to get a fair housing bill passed during his time as governor. But he was unable to do that. In 1971 I was within one vote of getting such a bill passed, and the key to it was a senior senator named Archie Pozzi from Carson City. He was not only a very effective senator but also a friend of mine. And I knew that he wanted a college in Carson, and I wanted it there too. But I had to use it as a bargaining chip. I finally told him that the next college wouldn't be going up in Carson. It would be going up in Reno because Senator Coe Swobe was going to vote for fair housing.

I remember Archie saying, "You live in Carson, and you can't turn us down for a college."

I said, "I'm the governor, and, yes, I live here. But I'm the governor of the whole state and the fair housing bill is a necessity out of fairness to the people of the state."

"I'm just not going to change," he said.

We visited again after he had time to think it over.

"You won't get the college unless I get fair housing," I told him.

I got fair housing.

And the guy who led the opposition to fair housing is also a friend--John Fransway--a really good man from Winnemucca. He had all the votes lined up against it. He went into Senate Finance that fateful day thinking he could kill my bill. He told me beforehand, "Look, I didn't vote for it for a fellow Republican, Paul Laxalt, and I'm not going to vote for it for you."

I said, "We'll see."

Even now, when we go fishing, he reminds me of what I did to him on that. And that's how WNCC came about. I'm proud of it and I think we did a nice job there. I mean we got both fair housing and a college.

When I came in as governor, only Elko had really started a college. There was no funding to go beyond Elko. Paul Laxalt did a good job in getting the colleges started. You have probably learned that I never criticize anybody who comes before me. And I'm not going to criticize Paul. I have to praise Paul because he really pushed the idea. I can't take credit for that. What I was going to point out is that I get a kick out of some people who are so quick to blame their predecessor when something goes wrong. The first four years in office, they blame any shortcomings on the person who came before them. Well, I never did that with Paul and Bob List never did it with me. That's a unique thing we have going in our state.

I read what John Caserta had to say in his 1977 study of community colleges. He misinterpreted what happened to Charles Donnelly. Cutting out the community college office wasn't the simple act that Caserta makes it. I liked Charles Donnelly. My problem with the CCD was in Las Vegas. They were not using the facilities they had built at CCCC. They had no classes on Fridays. Yet they were

asking for new buildings. That bothered me when they asked for more funds. No classes on Fridays and a lot of the rooms on the Cheyenne campus weren't being used. So I did get involved on that aspect of the problem. I was criticized for it, but I wasn't trying to run the college. I was trying to get as much bang for the buck for the state as possible.

While this was happening, Elko was running along fine. They never wasted money. They needed more money. But here we had in Las Vegas a college that wasn't developing. CCCC is doing very well now. But they had nobody much involved in 1976-77, say, compared with Elko. Elko started out with citizens involved, and the college kept them involved. You know, I still work for that college. Just last year, Jeannie Blach and Bonnie Bilbao came from Elko to see me about helping raise funds for a college-community center. I went to the Legislature for them. I wrote columns in the Sun about what Elko was doing. I was trying to get the community college people to understand. Nobody down here was raising money or being deeply involved. And the people in that small town were pulling together.

Things were much tougher down here for Charles Donnelly. I objected to the fact that the rooms at Cheyenne weren't being used and yet they wanted another building.

Later on I got involved when some people in the system wanted to extend the Cheyenne campus out to West Charleston. They wanted to do that before they started a campus at Henderson. I saw two problems with that. One problem, very simply, was that they wanted to have a Black campus and a White campus. The whites would go to West Charleston; the blacks would stay at Cheyenne. And I spotted that. That bothered me. Secondly, when the zip code numbers were scanned, students were already coming from the West Charleston area to Cheyenne, but they weren't coming from Henderson.

Now I came from Henderson. I taught high school in Henderson. So the "Review Journal" got all over my case because I supported Henderson. Well, thanks to Jim Gibson, Henderson did get a campus. It belonged at Henderson before West Charleston. Henderson could also serve Boulder City. And just take a look at Henderson in 1992. It is the third largest city in the state. It's getting close to 100,000 people. And people with foresight, like Jim Gibson and Caesar Caviglia and Herman van Betten, knew it was going to be. And now they have a very nice campus at Henderson and plenty of students.

There was no special political background for CCCC. Simply, there was a need in Las Vegas so a college was promoted. I'm the one who got the funding for it. And in time it grew and it's a large college today. They need a decent student union. They want to call it "La Casa." And I've recommended to them that they do what Jeannie Blach and Bonnie Bilbao up in Elko did. They need to get the community involved and raise some money to help the way the people in Elko have done.

I don't think the colleges have had a bad president. And that includes Charles Donnelly. He came out to the desert and carved a new college system. And he had problems. Las Vegas was not Elko. Elko had get-up and go. But the college in Las Vegas didn't have that kind of support. I guess I was one of the problems but only because they wanted money for a building when they weren't fully using what they had at the Cheyenne campus. I had to be "hands on" as governor. Somebody had to be responsible.

Another problem was Marvin Sedway. Now he was going to do this, and he was going to do that. I had to keep reminding Marvin that he was an advisor of CCCC and not a policymaker. I was fond of Marvin. But he wanted to turn the board into a policy-making group. And then he was going to split the community colleges from the university system.

A separate board might be a good idea in a different situation. It was my position that the colleges would have more power in the UNS. The regents would have more power with the colleges and so would the colleges. I'm not sure people would see the benefit of having two elections for governing boards for higher education. But I do think the presidents of the universities (and I've told Bob Maxson this) have short-changed the colleges by not recognizing some of their courses. Students can go to CCCC and take a business course and transfer it to USC, but not to UNLV. Now that is wrong. With that attitude, I can see why college supporters want to split off from the system. But the university people keep promising me that the problem is getting straightened out. Just the other day I asked Paul Meacham at CCCC if transfer problems had been ironed out and he said, "No." But he did say it's going to get better. The problems should never existed in the first place. Why should USC take a course that UNLV won't? I might say that USC is almost as good a university as UNLV.

I'm happy to have been the governor who brought the community colleges budgets into being. We had the largest growth in the university system during my two terms. We built all those buildings, not with bonds, but with surplus funds. Whatever was left at the end of a biennium, we used for buildings. Budget surpluses paid for those university and community college buildings.

At the same time, I had the medical school dropped on me. Howard Hughes gave big money for it, but medical schools don't come without megabucks bucks. In my third year, I had to make a decision about keeping the medical school. Other states had stopped taking our two-year medical school grads. Students would go for two years in Nevada and transfer to another state for completion. But the other states stopped this. Also, some influential attorneys started wanting a law school. They said the medical school was too expensive. The lobbyists and some lawyers went against the medical school. Dean Smith and Dr. Fred Anderson, a university regent, and I went over the medical school item by item. I went with the medical school. Then I worked out a deal with the Veterans Administration for some funding to help create a full medical school.

One of my own kids had to go out of state to law school. But I figured then that we needed more doctors in rural areas than we needed attorneys. That's the way I decided.

So it was a time when many decisions had to be made about education. I think I made the right decision about the medical school. And the community colleges are doing a lot of good. I have a son who spent six years as a sergeant in combat engineers. He and his wife are back home now. He drives 120 miles round-trip twice a week to attend community college. Another son is taking courses in Henderson. I have a daughter enrolled at UNLV but she started at CCCC.

The colleges make education accessible to people at different hours and different days and students can work and still attend classes and that's what the colleges are about. I think that Paul Laxalt did a helluva good job for the state.

Marcia Bandera
QUINTESSENTIAL ADMINISTRATRIX

She became the academic dean of WNCC during the Jack Davis era and, along with Pat Miltenberger, who became vice president for students at both TMCC and UNR, was among the first high-level women administrators in postsecondary education in Nevada. Unlike most college administrators who sought to move upward in the UNS pyramid, she looked outward to the public schools after leaving WNCC in 1984. There she found her niche, while her early associates--Eardley, Bonaudi, Remington, Miltenberger, Calabro--remained long with the UNS.

She became the deputy superintendent of public instruction in January 1986. She received good marks for her lobbying efforts. But the pay in dtate service the was notoriously low, compared to the school districts and the university system. Thus, she became the deputy superintendent of the Elko County School District in 1992 and its superintendent in 1995.

After all these years, I still get a catch in my throat when I reflect on my time at WNCC. First, there was the happy time at Stead when we were all working as one in a great enterprise. Then came the split of WNCC into two colleges and people who had been friends were suddenly on another team. Finally the CCD was abolished and the colleges took a major hit. That was a bombshell.

It is interesting the way I wound up at WNCC. Pat Miltenberger and I worked for Dr. Jack Davis in the Upward Bound program at UNR in the early 1970s. Dr. Jack was the director of the Research and

Planning Center at UNR. Pat was the director of Upward Bound and I was a tutor-counselor. I was also the nurse. Pat later went to WNCC as a counselor. She called me about a year later and asked if I would be interested in a position as coordinator of nursing and health occupations. I interviewed with Max Johnson and Jim Eardley at the Stead campus. Eardley was the administrator at Stead.

I decided I didn't want that position. Soon I got a call from Dr. Davis, who had now become the WNCC executive vice president. He asked me to drive to Carson and discuss a position. He offered me the job as director of occupations at Stead. I decided to take it.

An interesting part of those early years was the Stead facility itself. It was a mostly deserted Air Force base with temporary buildings. But it was exciting to me and to the other faculty too. The staff had been hired for their enthusiasm more than for a long list of degrees. Some of us were real novices and we'd tumble over each other and have conflicts. But the group really wanted to make things work. Jim Conkey and Bill Bonaudi and Pat and I would meet often and get really excited trying to figure out how to build a college.

The facilities were, at first blush, a hindrance. Nowadays, some of us in our middle years might look at Stead and its old hospital unit and say, "You can't run a program here!" But to young eyes set on building a college there is no poverty and no indifferent place. Somehow, we would have made our college work no matter what. In my office I had a choice of either heat vents or light. The temperature was between 48 and 52 degrees in that office that first winter. I wore woolen underwear and mittens.

I was trained as a nurse so I remember the allied health instructors well. Esther Chalmers (Washoe Medical Center), Marge Goff (St. Mary's), Nancy Gaskill (Carson Tahoe Hospital) taught licensed practical nursing. Bernice Martin, Mary Ann Kafchenski, Dolores Middlebrooks, Sable Shaw, and Jeanette Mellow taught registered nursing. Ernestine LeFevere was in the radiology program and Shirley Wolfe taught in the operating room technician program. The LPN program in Yerington had Eupha Harvey. At that time the LPN programs were being transferred from the school districts to the college. We had this "on again-off again" program in Fallon with Darlene Cunningham. Bernice Martin eventually became the Director of Nursing at TMCC.

I felt tension between the North Campus and the South Campus fairly early. Part of the tension arose because the administrative center was at Carson, which had a much smaller operation than Stead. The two leaders were vastly different. Dr. Jack was a higher education graduate. Jim Eardley, who was director of Stead, was devoted to adult education. Several people from Washoe adult education were hired en masse for administration. That troubled the academic faculty. Some people had a difficult time breaking down the geographic and philosophic barriers. And there were personal rivalries as well.

Dr. Davis had the attitude that if you have a service area that includes Reno, Sparks, Fallon, Carson, Hawthorne, Yerington, and Lovelock, you have to try to be even handed with your attention and resources. I don't think the people who came out of Washoe adult education shared that attitude. In Nevada we are always having the problem of the big place versus the little place, of neither understanding the other. Regional rivalries run very deep in the state, and if one place gets something, the other may feel as it has lost something.

In spite of the tensions, the work was fun. The faculty was a wonderful, happy group. In those days we didn't have much bureaucracy and we got a lot done. We settled squabbles and differences Friday afternoons at Shakey's. I doubt if people try to bridge problems that way anymore. They divide into camps. One camp in one building, one in another. And you're lucky if you have only a couple of camps. With all the protocols in place now, the things we did almost instantly then would take months now. Some things couldn't even happen at all.

I was reading the regents' minutes the other day and I became sad. The regents were discussing articulation. And I thought back to all those times we discussed course transfer in the 1970s and 1980s. Not just our nursing program, which Orvis always contended wasn't acceptable, but also the lower division courses. And I said to myself, "It hasn't changed a damned bit."

My darkest time at WNCC came when the decision was made to split the college into WNCC and TMCC. The staff had to make a choice about working at Carson or Reno. All of us had worked very hard and the tension of the split was pretty deep. I made the choice to work for Jack Davis in Carson. Pat Miltenberger chose Reno. We had been really close friends, but relations became sticky. Paranoia set in because we had to choose a camp. I felt a hurt for years.

I don't know if the decision to split was bad for students, but I do wish it had been made differently. I wish the decision-makers had discussed the consequences. But after each group had set up camp, and its members watched people on the other side they started comparing situations. "What are they getting for titles? How much equipment did they get? Are they making more than we are?" I believe there's a way that decisions can be made so that they don't come down like bombshells and cause so much pain. People who make decisions should know that the organizations they govern reflect their judgments. People affected need to be prepared for decisions that will have great impact on an institution.

Everyone weathered it, in one sense. But the rancor never went away. The college in Carson City got enough distance and finally got its own identity. Truckee Meadows became its own college. New staff came in and helped dilute the hard feelings. You can't talk about the same things forever.

For WNCC the struggle became Fallon versus Carson. Apparently that one hasn't been resolved. I used to go out to Fallon to visit with Elliot Lima, who really started the Fallon program, and

Michelle Dondero, the counselor. Elliot and I would take what we called "world tours" to all the county centers. We drove to Lovelock, Yerington, Hawthorne. Elliot felt very strongly that resources should be shared fairly. Establishing equity, of course, is difficult, and it is a constant source of contention in Nevada.

Dr. Davis loved rural Nevada. He had taught at Fallon High and in Battle Mountain. He was involved in ranching at Battle Mountain. He promoted Fallon, and I think that fact also was part of the tension within WNCC that led to the split. People in Reno and Sparks saw Fallon as another drain on resources.

It's too bad Elliot isn't still alive. He would have been a wonderful person to talk to. He wasn't given to small talk, but he really made sense when he did talk. But I'm not sure that even Elliot could have resolved the perceptions of inequity. Somehow the feeling seemed to intensify that Carson siphoned off resources from Fallon. Also Carson was seen as a center of authority always telling Fallon what to do. The people in Carson didn't appreciate the good job being done in Fallon, so the Fallon people thought.

After we got to be WNCC and TMCC I became dean of instruction. Bert Munson was the academic dean at TMCC. At Carson, I worked with wonderful people like Bob Peere and Ray Oster and Mary MacDonald. Also Mary Sue Farrell who started at Day One and organized the library with the LRC director, Larry Crandall. It was a good time. People worked very hard. In a way it was as if we were starting a college all over. I had great respect for those people. After we got an addition for Carson, Fallon got a campus with a building in _____.

The hardest time for me was the period before I left WNCC in 1984. When Dr. Davis retired, I had worked for him for eleven years. I always felt that I worked for him rather than Max Johnson or Jim Eardley, even before the split. When he left, the atmosphere changed. The new president came in with changes and it was hard to make those changes. After all, I had many years of doing things a certain way. I wasn't very old at the time, but for me the fire had gone out at WNCC. When you are the one left from the old regime in administration, you are made to feel that any thing that went wrong previosly was your fault.

I had, for the first time in my life, a feeling that I didn't belong. I can't say I was treated badly, for it took me nine months to get out. A lot of people left, and many of them were those who had started at the beginning or when we were starting anew after the separation. With Jack Davis gone, the exalted moments were gone.

I am a real fan of Dr. Jack. He built a foundation for both WNCC and TMCC, and he did that well. He worked very hard at finding the right people to develop the college, people who would commit their hearts and teach with enthusiasm. And those are the kind of people he hired. I think he

would have difficulty with the present bureaucracy. The timing--the 1970s-- was right for him. He was tight with Mike O'Callaghan, he was tight with a lot of people in the Legislature. Some of the regents and some of his peers didn't like it when he would privateer with the Legislature. He was impatient with barriers. He was never guilty of pussyfooting around. He could get things done. Some people didn't like that.

I should give Jim Eardley some credit, too. After the separation, he became president of TMCC and guided it well. He knew a different contingent of legislators. He had the power to get things done, and when you have power you've got to use it. Both Davis and Eardley used power for the good of their institutions.

Dr. Jack ran afoul of Charles Donnelly. Jack didn't see a need for a central office. Maybe the other vice presidents felt that way too. Jack was totally committed to WNCC and its service area. He and Charles Donnelly were so very different. It was like oil and water and you could see it. I think they both tried to deal with the team concept. Jack had trouble with that instantly. I feel really sad about what happened. The problem should have been foreseen and dealt with before the damage was done.

The demise of the CCD left the colleges with their heart cut out. They had long been at war with the universities trying to find acceptance. Trying to get courses to transfer . . . trying to get equitable salary schedules. To have an effort for a community of community colleges, a central voice, travel such a rocky road to end the way it did, in flames, was like giving the gun to the universities. And they already had the attitude that the colleges were little poltergeists just running around in the desert.

Pat Miltenberger, Ed.D., Reno
ACTIVIST FOR STUDENTS

Some critics have said that the "open door" of the community college is more like a revolving door. The colleges are very good at attracting students, but absenteeism is epidemic and dropping out common. Pat Miltenberger saw the student services office as the redeemer. To her, student services was a religion, and counseling as a poem in its liturgy.

Miltenberger, born in Churchill County, became the vice president for student services, UNR, in _____. Earlier, she advanced through the ranks of TMCC, and was for many people the

sentimental favorite to succeed her mentor, V. James Eardley, as president when he retired in _____. The regents chose Dr. James Gwaltney who served as president until 1994.

Before the golden age of community colleges, the office of student services was the president's arm for regulating the behavior of students. Eventually student personnel services emerged as the part of the institution that provided counseling, registration, record keeping, and student activities. Pat Miltenberger personifies the evolution of student personnel services from an era when it was a passive regulator to an activist support process for students. Since community colleges promoted themselves as "student-centered", student services became the pivotal agent, especially so since the colleges enrolled so many non-traditional students--dropouts, single parents, immigrants.

Pat Miltenberger became the torchbearer for processes that would make community colleges user friendly.

After I finished my master's at the University of Oregon, I worked a couple of summers for Upward Bound at UNR. Upward Bound employees reported to the Research and Planning Center, whose director was Dr. Jack Davis. One day in 1972 Jack asked me, "How would you like to work for the community college?"

I said, "What's that?" I had been to a few meetings at UNR and had heard people talking about the threat of community colleges. People in the Nevada Technical Institute at Stead were fearful of being merged with the talked-about college. And I would hear names like Leon van Doren and Dave Wilkins come up as community college people. But I wasn't paying much attention, until Jack talked to me about working in a community college.

I asked Jack what kind of work he had in mind.

He said, "I just want you to think about whether you would want to be associated with a community college. You've said you want to be a dean of students some day. This might be an opportunity for that to happen for you. I do not know if the university has that opportunity for you. The university has plenty of bureaucracy and the path to the dean's office might be a long one."

I had tutored at Lane Community College in Oregon, but the classroom was in a warehouse in Eugene, and not on the campus. So I really had no picture of a community college. I began to think about the possibility. One day I saw that Dr. Davis had been appointed Executive Vice President of WNCC. "So that's why he's asking me questions," I thought. "He's on his way to Carson City and he wants help."

I congratulated him that same day. I began to consider my future. I thought about Upward Bound and my commitment in counseling to minority and low income students. I talked to Jack about what kinds of students a community college would serve. He said there would be plenty of adult

students. Some of the students had been poorly prepared in high school or had dropped out. The more he talked, the more I became fascinated by the prospect of being a part of something brand new. I had really reached my limit at the university with what I felt was a lot of insensitivity about minority and low income students. It didn't seem like the university was genuinely open to the kinds of students I was working with. I felt a lot of obstacles. Some individuals supported Upward Bound goals, but on the whole I felt the system couldn't be penetrated. I sometimes felt guilty about bringing the Upward Bound students on campus every summer so they could get ready to go to the university, only to see them get hurt later. A community college sounded like a place where those kinds of kids might have a chance to survive.

Jack Davis was a wonderful motivational speaker. He could convince you to follow him--almost anywhere. He had a beautiful irony about him. He was an autocratic sort of guy, but he was deeply sensitive to educational issues. He had vision. He laid out what a community college could do for all the people. I liked that.

I said to him, "I think I would like to be in Carson City and become a part of WNCC." That July, I packed up my bags, drove 30 miles south on U.S. 395, and moved into the old Civic Auditorium where WNCC started. By then, Jack had moved into his office there. There weren't many people around. Larry Crandall was there, and a couple of faculty, and some classified staff. WNCC had taken the old Proscenium Players' Theater and converted it to classrooms. It was no campus, but it was a place to start.

I asked a staff member for a copy of the college catalog. She looked puzzled. I wanted to look at the curriculum. Guess what? No catalog. "How are we going to advise students?" I asked.

"We've been thinking that we ought to do a catalog," someone said.

My job title originally was counselor. My first client was a woman about 50. I was 23. I tried to advise her, but I was doing a terrible job. I didn't even have a catalog of courses to lean on.

About three minutes into our conversation she leaned over to me and said, "What can you possibly teach me? You are so young you don't know anything about life. There's nothing you can teach me." I had never worked with adult students. I mean, I'm right out of grad school, right? And my total counseling experience had been with 15- and 16-year-olds. I kinda looked at her and said to myself, "She's right."

I said to her, "You know, the best thing I can do for you is get out of your way." That was my first lesson with adult students. It served me well. I learned over the years how motivated adult students could be. I participated in the adult education workshops developed by Jerry Nielsen of the Nevada Department of Education. I learned that the classroom is not the higest priority for adults, as it is for kids. The adults really approached the bureaucracy differently.

I have always been grateful to that woman. I began to adopt a cadre of adult students to advise and counsel. As the fall semester came on, more and more students walked into the front door.

They would say: "What is this place?"

"We think we are a college," I would say. And we tried to act like one. Sometimes it was hysterical.

Before classes started, Joe Ayarbe from Stead, which we called the North Campus, drove down to visit me. He was upset. "We have this thing called financial aid," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I wrote a letter back to D.C. and they sent us some money. I have an award letter for $6,000, but I don't know what to do with it."

We looked at each other. I said: "I don't know either."

"We have to give it to students," he said.

"But there must be a lot of rules," I said.

We decided to visit the financial aid office at UNR. They had all kinds of forms. And they had reams of procedures. "There must be an easier way," Joe said, scratching his head. Within a couple of months I was made director of financial aid. I was in a mess, and Pat Butler and Tom Brown, from CCCC, were kinda in the same boat. Gary Kramer from NNCC was too. We'd come together to discuss our problems. Joe Ayarbe would always be entertaining for us in a meeting. "Somebody has got to learn what to do with this money.".

A stream of Vietnam vets started that year. It was the early 1970s. The vets were coming in bitter and angry. We were losing the war. They weren't feeling very good about the system or the Veteran's Administration. The VA was really rigorous in qualifying them for GI benefits. The VA caused a lot of pain. They wanted us checking attendance and progress. The vets felt they were being spied on and we felt we were being overrun with bureaucracy. Between the North Campus and the South Campus in Carson we had over 1,400 vets. A lot of them didn't have a sense of direction. Many of them just wanted the money because there was a recession. Every time we turned around we had a new form and a new rule. Joe hated bureaucracy. The whole scene nearly drove him crazy, and we were all running in circles.

Naturally, one of the first new positions created was vet coordinator. Joe and I both talked to this nice guy on the phone, Dave_____. Joe Ayarbe said, "Let's hire that guy on the other side of the phone."

Dave was a young Vietnam vet. He was a WNCC student. "I'd love to be your vet coordinator," he said.

Charles Donnelly entered the picture while we were in turmoil over the GI benefits. I remember sitting in our building and this herd of men came through and met with Jack Davis periodically. Leading the herd would be Donnelly, followed by Leon van Doren and Marvin Picollo. George Travernia, Bert Munson, and Frank Burnham--all would march behind Eardley into the meeting. I'd see all these guys come in, not a woman in the group. They'd meet with Jack. And Jack had a way of turning red and beating on the table when he wanted to make his next point. I got invited to the meetings sometimes. What was going on was the merger of the Washoe School District Adult Education with WNCC. They were negotiating all the deals. Larry Crandall and I would be periodically involved. That was my first discussion period with Charles Donnelly.

Initially the meetings bored me because Donnelly constantly repeated the five-fold mission of the colleges. Eventually that sank in and excited me. I'm sure he had to do that often in a state that had no understanding of this new kind of college. Naturally, I liked to hear him advocate counseling as a part of the mission. My frustration with the university was that it didn't value the student side. So I really liked Donnelly. He had a vision and a maturity that I didn't see in the others. They seemed focused on the political arena or some specific hobbyhorse. Donnelly had a nice grasp of what an institution should be. Every time I was in a meeting with him, I would come out all charged up, ready to save the world. I thought community colleges were the second coming and that Nevada was going to be an incredibly better place.

I survived that first year and watched those negotiations going on. The merger would be painful. Who to hire? Who would be boss? What would the salaries be? Jim Eardley was the adult director for Washoe. He and his bunch were making more money than the people already at WNCC. So there was controversy. Watching all this taking place, my whole feeling was that what Eardley was bringing in--hundreds of students--this was going to make us better. I was just a kid and the adult education people I saw . . . well, I thought of them as greyhairs. But they really had a good thing going. I once toured the night classes in Washoe. That was my first meeting with Eardley. Later I would spend fourteen years working with him and eventually become vice president of academic affairs at TMCC while he was president. At first, I wasn't too sure about him. I thought he and his group were the Ely Mafia.

He talked in circles. I mumbled to myself, "Who is this guy?"

But on the tour I had a great experience with him. We went over to Reno High where the adult program had offices and night classes. He was always lecturing about what a terrible waste of time counseling was. He said it was the most worthless thing God ever thought of. And Jim had a way of really endearing himself to you by pointing out to you that your own profession was without value. But

the guy had a real commitment to students that I would see surface regularly. I said to myself, "There's something to this guy. He's really an old sweetie."

One night I was touring classes and we were trying to decide how we were going to register the students for WNCC. Well, Frank Burnham and his crew wanted to do it the way they always had done it. Larry Crandall and the Carson people wanted to do it another way. There were verbal fights and wars. I was walking down the hall with Eardley and he told me a story. Later we called it the "Fat Lady in the Chair" story.

A class was going on. There was a very obese woman. The fat woman would never be able to sit in a Reno High student desk. While we were walking and talking, Eardley saw the problem coming on. He spotted a regular chair and put it in the classroom so the fat woman could sit. He saw all this out of his peripheral vision. As I was talking with him, I said to myself, "This is a man who knows students." Most people would not have seen that scenario. Probably not the teacher. Most people would probably have said, "She shouldn't be here."

The wonderful thing about Eardley is that you never ask him a direct question. He doesn't know why he does things. He just has a marvelous instinct. Jim would point at me a lot. I think he saw me as the kid who needed to be trained. "This place is about adults," he would say. "It's about what adults need, not kids." He would go on and on about being responsive to adults. He seemed to be saying to me, "You don't know anything about adults. You've got to understand the differences between how adults learn and how kids learn." And then he would use the "Fat Lady" story and say, "This is how insensitive schools are to adults." He preached about making flexible schedules and about classes on weekends and nights. "Who says you learn something in fifteen weeks?"

Every time I met with Jim I always thought he was arguing against turning his program into a community college. He was arguing for keeping the Washoe adult education arrangement. But he was going forth with the merger. I was always fascinated by the politics of his mind.

I knew early that conflict was going to start between the adult education administrators and the collegiate faculty. As soon as the merger occurred, there would be thousands of students enrolled there. And conflict would grow with Carson because it had but a few hundred students at first. The Fallon Center was bound to be rebellious. People at Fallon were going to put some energy into their place.

By the time I was 25 the politics were heating up. Of course, that would eventually lead to the division of WNCC into two colleges. I think the seed of separation was there from the start.

Jack made me associate dean of students. At first we had no deans. We couldn't have deans because the university didn't want us to. I traveled to Reno twice a week because the majority of students were going to be there. It was clear that the student services office would be located there. I told Jack that students services needed to be based in Reno. That was tough for him. I don't think he

agreed, although he seemed to. I think he already sensed conflict emerging between Reno and Carson. I wasn't at the time thinking about dividing the college. I was looking at where my workload was. It was in Reno. Eventually Jack agreed that I should move back to Reno and report to Eardley at Stead. I could commute to Carson once or twice a week to counself students.

Well, Eardley would talk sarcastically about counseling. I didn't know it at the time but he was really mentoring. I thought I was being picked on because I was a counselor. You could not have asked for a better mentor than Jim. He had a commitment to students, especially adults. He had that sort of "roll-up-your-sleeves-and-wallow-in-the-garbage-and-get-people-what-they-need-attitude." He wanted to have conditions for making each person important. Jim was very political, but I never had a sense of political decision-making from him. I always had a sense that students mattered.

Jim made it easy for student services. Even though he said he hated counseling, he really believed in supporting students. WNCC began building a student services division. We had eight counties of western Nevada. We went on the road in a station wagon--going to Lovelock, Hawthorne, Yerington. Frank Burnham would put a cash register in the back of it. We'd pack another station wagon with textbooks. Off we'd go in the afternoon. The first night we'd go to Lovelock and register students. Then we'd be in Fallon a couple of nights. Then we'd register Hawthorne. A couple of classified people would go to help. The next week we'd go back and do "adds" and "drops". Then another week we'd go for late registrations. We were like a traveling troup, a show. We'd have cashiers, counselors, and a mobile bookstore.

We showed up in Lovelock one night and no students came to register. It was our first venture in Lovelock and we were really excited. We sat all night and no one came. One night we were in Hawthorne and some good citizens were supporting us. Lots of people in the civil service were interested in courses. A woman of 80 came in. She had her daughter, who was in her 60's. The daughter was helping her mother to register. She was going to enroll in shorthand. She wanted to renew her skills.

In the early years going out to the small towns was the highlight. We didn't have on-site staff in the small towns. This was Nevada at its best. The rurals were excited to have us. People were grateful about education coming to their doorstep. Their appreciation and warmth was a special reward for us. On-campus students come to expect services but in the small towns they appreciated them. Those were great times.

It was a free-wheeling time. John Caserta started what he called "Night Owl College" for casino workers. John had pictured some of the occupational courses being popular. But it was psychology that became popular in "graveyard college." You could never predict what people were going to enroll in. So we had a shotgun approach to scheduling. But it had to be that way because we

scheduled what local part-time instructors wanted to teach. I don't think I ever saw rational curriculum development. I saw people trying to do it. I saw Charles Donnelly take swipes at it through statewide meetings. He would urge the colleges to develop programs. Every time someone got hired the curriculum grew and was based on whatever they knew. People literally created their own jobs.

Every college had individuals whose personality and background got manifested in the college itself. Every person brought a circle of energy which poured into the institutions. As I look back now I think about why each of the colleges is so different. They have their own personality, because strong people built them in their image. None of it was based on logic or planning.

It worked. But we missed some opportunities. There were some gaps in occupational education and in developmental education, some holes in the process. But never with malice. Everybody was filled with enthusiasm. The instructors, the administrators, and the people. Charles Donnelly called them people's colleges. And I really got attached to that term. I had the best job, trying to get the people in and then trying to keep them there until they satisfied a need. I got my payback in the hundreds of stories of changed lives.

I saw the splitting off of the Reno campus from WNCC from the beginning as philosophical. Jack Davis had his vision of a college. He also had a political base in Carson City and in the rural towns. He had been a school superintendent in Churchill County where I grew up. In fact he was superintendent when I was a kid in Fallon. Jack knew rural Nevada through the schools. Jim Eardley knew adult education. He understood the vocational legislation. Jack was proud of being a Stanford man. He was a facilities man. His teaching discipline was higher education. Jim was a baseball coach and drivers' education teacher. These two men came together and they were trying to run one institution, with eight counties and campuses in Carson City, Reno, and Fallon. Politically, the split seemed inevitable to me. Jim and Jack had a huge philosophical difference. Not only in terms of education and how it is delivered, but also in management style. Jack was executive vice president and Jim was executive dean.

Jack would drive up to Stead once every week to hold cabinet meetings. It was a strange dynamic. Jack would bring in Larry Crandall and Ron Remington. Jim would bring in this herd of adult education guys. It felt like a lot of management. There were seventeen administrators but maybe twelve instructors.

When Jack held meetings, I felt as if I were at military briefings. Donnelly and Tony Calabro and Ray LaGrandeur came from the central office. I was the only woman. I remember sitting in those meetings and saying to myself, "I aspired to this, huh? This is my future? This is what administration is? Well, it is not like the book."

I saw the strife begin in those meetings. And it felt natural in a way. There was simply no way out of it. Reno was going through urban growth after 1975. The focus of Reno was so different from Carson. Not only was there this huge inflow of adult students but also Reno inherited the occupational programs from Nevada Technical Institute. Carson was definitely rural then. It was allied with the rural centers. Carson and Reno faced two different worlds.

Student services and learning resources people had to live in both worlds. Larry Crandall and I would look at each other once in a while and feel that we were driving over the Golden Gate Bridge. We were going from one island to another. His interest was library and mine was student services. We tried to avoid the politics of the separation. But we all got dragged into it eventually. For me, the political heat began when resources started getting divided up. When staff started to be assigned to Fallon, and Reno would get no science instructor, Carson would get a full-time position and Reno wouldn't. That hurt. Reno people knew that the North Campus had the numbers and ought to get the resources. The faculty felt the college had no depth in curriculum. How can you run a transfer program with one full-time English instructor and one history teacher? You have got to have several full-timers to have respectable departments.

Two or three times, at really critical points, I saw Jack place staff in rural communities. Obviously, I had become a part of the North Campus which would become TMCC. We had a chance to really build a dynamite college. We had talent . . . maybe a little strange because nobody much had the right background to be there. Almost nobody came out of a community college. Most came from secondary education or adult education, some were finishing a master's degree at UNR. Me, I came out of nothing. I came out of childhood.

The strain between Carson and Reno increased. I sometimes found myself on both sides. I leaned to Reno philosophically but I had grown up in rural Nevada and I knew the antagonisms between the small and large places. During the meetings I watched Jack become more authoritarian and Jim more confrontational. At the same time the faculty started to demand a greater role in the decisions.

In the midst were all those adult educators who came with Jim from the Washoe evening program. I never saw them as individuals. I always thought of them as a group. They seemed to move as a group. We used to have a joke about them. "How many ex-adult educators does it take to turn off a light?" Not one of them ever went to a meeting alone. They traveled in packs. I watched the academic faculty start to demand of Max Johnson and Jim Eardley a part of the institution. So two battles were going on. The adult education people were used to a management model in which they told faculty what to do and the academic faculty was ready to go to war on that. And then I saw Carson and the rural centers' nagging and pulsating in constant battle. Stress gathered in all this.

During all the turmoil I tried to keep my eye on student services. Much of the energy people were spending was negative. I always thought they couldn't pull it off--the separation. I didn't think the state could afford two institutions. But the struggle became so intense that Carson and Reno couldn't work with each other. Eventually the faculty got into the fight. They started picking sides. One group wanted to be associated with Carson, another with Reno. Politically some joined Jack, some felt better with Jim. Some got asked to pick a side. We were able to keep student services together after the split for two years. But, in truth, what we did for Carson and the rural areas was never enough. There was no way we could split student services. We had only one financial aid person, and one registrar. But instructors could choose to follow Jack or Jim. As their political forces started to line up and get stronger, people took up a position for one and against the other. Some actions weren't by choice, but by forced choice. There were a lot of hard feelings. It was very hard for me because I admired both men. Jack had graciously walked into my office in 1972 and introduced me to community colleges. I think when I moved back to Reno that Jim saw me as someone Jack had sent to Reno to spy. It was a tough time. When you remember that Fallon had also established local pride in their center and was a part of the operation, you can imagine the stress and tension. Also, the college in Carson was at the Legislature's back door. Which college would the Legislature be most intimate with? Jack had the political reality of Carson as the capital and all those rural centers. As I look back I can see what he was doing. We spent endless hours talking about whether and how to split. Here was Charles Donnelly coming in from Michigan and trying to herd these mavericks. I doubt he had ever seen anything like them or the frontier mentalities of Elko and Fallon, which exerted a lot of pressure.

It was one of those deep, dark periods. I can't say enough about Jack Davis, and I can't say enough about Charles Donnelly. I don't know of anyone else who could have brought the vision Donnelly did. The university was fighting him. Some Nevadans were dead set against him. Then put into the picture a guy like Jim Eardley, whom I admire greatly. Every one of them walked away with a lot of pain. In this wonderful experience, each got bitten by it.

Interchapter II

When the Legislature met in the fateful year 1977, the CCD had grown from a struggling college at Elko to a division with budding campuses in Las Vegas, Carson City, and Reno. Enrollments were nearly identical with the projections of the 1970 state plan. In 1970, the student headcount was fewer than 1,000. By 1977 it had reached 16,000, with about 5,000 FTE. The rate of growth was alarming to some people. Senator Floyd Lamb, who had enlisted the help of soon-to-be-chancellor in his election campaign, worried about "the proliferation of community colleges." Expansion was not fast enough for people in Fallon and in Henderson. Both towns wanted a college. Regents were divided about whether Henderson should have a campus before West Charleston in Las Vegas. Some regents also wanted more money directed to the universities' sports programs. In 1977, Jerry Tarkanian was ready to make headlines with the Runnin' Rebels.

The O'Callaghan administration proposed a spartan budget for 1978-79. President Donnelly argued that colleges' operating costs had been kept way below national averages. One reason, he stated, was that seven campus sites--including potential facilities at Fallon, Henderson, and West Charleston--had cost the taxpapers nothing. That argument, seen against the vastness of Nevada's uninhabited public lands, probably didn't stir much sympathy. Donnelly also pointed to the prudent use of part-time faculty and economies of individualized instruction. He said that the state appropriation per FTE-student had increased from $1,000 in 1969 to $1,250 in 1976, or twenty-five per cent. The enrollment gain was 3,500 per cent.

Funds did not gush in. The regents requested $12,210,540 for the CCD for the 1977-79 biennium.. The governor and the Legislature whittled that to $8,883,526. Governor O'Callaghan's budget proposed an increase of only $66,117 for the biennium for the CCD, despite a projected fifteen per cent increase in students. That would not even pay the salary increases the governor's own budget required, Donnely protested.

The difference would be made up by cutting two places. CCCC, which had been so much criticized for being unsupervised and out of step with the wishes of the Legislature, would be cut nearly $200,000. The CCD office was to be gutted. The governor proposed for it $67,737, down from the $358,050 in the UNS proposal. That would leave the CCD office with money only for Donnelly and a secretary. It was being amputated.

"I'll never forget opening up the state budget and not being able to find our office in it," said Dave Wilkins, the CCD business officer, who became a mathematics instructor at TMCC after the fall of the division. "We leafed through the pages and we were gone. Donnelly's position was still funded and one secretary. But no Dave Wilkins, no Tony Calabro, no anybody else. Turn out the lights."

To fervent community college supporters things were going backward. In 1976, the colleges had received 16.8 per cent of the state appropriation for the UNS. Under the governor's proposal, that would go down to 15.5 per cent.

If the upstart colleges had become the butt of university criticism, they were gaining in popularity with working adults and human services agencies who wanted training for their disadvantaged clients. They were also popular with the residents of small towns like Battle Mountain, Hawthorne, and Lovelock. The citizens of thirty rural communities had come to expect the colleges' fall and spring schedules as regular occurrences.

University critics had long been seething about the "pitiful pay" and "excessive use" of part-time faculty. CCD administrators knew that the hiring of a single full-timer could easily be a million dollar investment over a tenured career. They knew also that some individuals in the community, willing to teach only a course, had special expertise that could be tapped for a pittance. And no off-campus program except WNCC's, with the example of Fallon, could staff rural centers with full-timers. The CCD could justify the use of part-timers in many ways.

In the 1970s, individualized instruction seemed to be one answer to quality assurance, flexible schedules, and tight funds. It was an age when many educators believed audio-visual instruction could be effective. Satellites beamed classes from the skies. Manufacturers introduced reading machines designed to improve speed and comprehension. Educational technology was rudimentary, but it was especially prized by personnel in adult education--a field where traditional faculty exerted little influence.

Many colleges experimented with learning laboratories equipped with audio- visual teaching machines. Sschedules in learning labs provided ultimate flexibility. The labs held promise of serving working adult students at their convenience. NNCC used an audio-visual-tutorial laboratory program for several courses in office administration in the 1970s. Study carrels with videos and synchronized audios provided instruction in typing, business machines, bookkeeping, and business mathematics. Students could develop their own schedules and proceed at their own rate. A laboratory assistant helped students with the multi-media materials, books, and tested them at intervals, maintained office machines, and kept exacting records of progress for the instructor of record.

The traditional lecture format was not an option for NNCC office administration courses in the 1970s. Smallish NNCC had difficulty enrolling twenty students even in traditionally scheduled warhorse or required courses, e.g., freshman composition, history, and psychology. The potential numbers of students was limited for specialized courses, even more so at off-campus sites at Ely and Winnemucca. No college could afford full-time faculty for a complete range of office administration courses (or any other program) in any place in rural Nevada. Few of the courses, traditionally

scheduled, would have had more than six students and many would have had none. In a learning laboratory, open for 60 hours a week, students could arrange personal schedules around work or other courses. As many as seventy students might enroll in the full complement of office administration courses at the Elko campus in 1974. No course need be cancelled for low enrollment. And the laboratory also served students Saturdays and in summers--i.e., when faculty were away from campus.

CCCC also used individualized instruction to assure an adequate range of courses. But it did not have NNCC's problem of small numbers of students. CCCC attempted to provide flexible schedules for large numbers of students with learning laboratory instruction. If the results were satisfactory, then salaries could be saved and the money transferred for other needs in an emerging college: Security, maintenance, grounds--these too needed funds. The Legislature had no line-item appropriations for such functions.

The practice of individualized instruction did not escape the espionage of university faculties. Some community college liberal arts faculty also thought that the practice was merely expediency. To them teaching was

lecturing, mostly. The person who controls the lecture controls the agenda. An instructional method that reduces direct contact with students or that requires more of the instructors' time will usually be resisted. The ad hoc lecture requires the least preparation time, especially for veteran instructors. It is the sacred cow of teaching. Innovation must be proved. The teaching profession has not matured to the point at which efficient conduct instruction can be defined and regulated in the face of individual deviation.

In 1974, Associate Dean Edgar Kleiner of the College of Arts and Sciences, UNR, expressed "faculty concerns" about CCD hiring practices that had been growing, he said, over two years. By spring 1975, he wanted to air "problems" before the UNS Articulation Board. He cited Richard Hendrix, a student enrolled in courses in the UNR Department of Sociology, to illustrate the shortcomings of WNCC. A sociology professor, not identified in the dean's report, learned that Richard Hendrix had no BA degree. Even so, he had been teaching a course in criminal law at WNCC in the fall 1974, and was scheduled again for spring 1975 semester. The complaining professor, alleged to be Dr. James Richardson, noted that Hendrix had an associate degree from UNLV and "some police experience." The professor wrote, "He is a slightly above average student but he is by no means qualified to teach a course in Criminology and Collective Behavior." The professor then summarized Hendrix' academic background: " . . . he appears to have taken various courses in criminology at various junior colleges. He took our courses in criminology and received a C. He also has taken one course in collective behavior . . . and received an A." Dean Kleiner also wrote that other part-time WNCC instructors had

told "the complaining professor" that WNCC had a policy "to water down the course to meet the needs of students rather than to force the students to rise to the requirements of the course."

The "complaining professor" admitted prejudice about community colleges because "they draw a great number of students away from our own courses . . . they are easier. . . it is the policy not to flunk any one . . they are cheaper. Students can take these courses at Stead and save money. The college (WNCC) . . . is directly competing with the University of Nevada."

The professors envisioned themselves as the standard setters. Probably the issue was less a concern for standards than a perceived threat to the professoriate. UNR faculty could envision a time when, because of the drain on their students, they would lose their teaching assistants- graduate students who who, in some university departments, taught as much as two thirds of lower division courses in some years.

One source of the problem was in the different missions and traditions of the institutions. The university was interested in refinement and that meant exclusion. The community college focussed on delivery and responsiveness: it enrolled students from "genius" to "barely there." University faculty and some regents too saw in Donnelly the equivocal presence of someone who had come in triumph to a domain that would have been purer if he had failed. The student--Mr. Hendrix--had been made a straw man. To the university faculty he had no credentials to teach. In the eyes of community college officials he had police experience and he was willing to teach in an occupational field for little pay. Community colleges everywhere used cops to teach cops. And where in Nevada could be found anyone so qualified except at the university? This was a classic case in which the degree-granting goal of the university and the practical training of WNCC clashed. And the solution, too, was classical--it would be political. The Kleiner report found its way to politicians.

Charles Donnelly, in a few years, had been besieged by complaints that his colleges compromised standards to gain FTE. And problems abounded. A president of the Elko college, eventually fired by Donnelly, had once taken UNR College of Agriculture upper division courses and reduced them to lower division. A dean of NNCC had three misspellings in a one sentence letter "congradulating" a student for "acedemic" excellence. Some people, who had marginal qualifications to teach, found their way to the lectern. A WNCC course roster once placed "Cake Decorating" under "Liberal Arts."

Donnelly had written responses, but the complaints rarely came directly to him. That curious organization known as Faculty Senate has never been notably concerned with civil graces. Donnelly had traveled a similar route in Michigan, and probably had little appetite for engaging ancient enemies in Nevada guise. In the case of Dean Kleiner's report, he wrote that he had, in his 28 years' experience, worked to solve articulation problems by going directly to the source of the problem. He had tried to

get people to negotiate, face to face. In all this time he had found no instances so "demeaning as those in Dean Kleiner's report. . . The whole report once again is full of academic snobbery and assumes that the ultimate in quality is to be found in UNR's courses." Donnelly suggested that the WNCC and UNR faculty cooperate to resolve transfer problems. The hiring of faculty was WNCC's prerogative; it was none of UNR's business. He suggested that the issue not be presented to the Articulation Board. That board was meant to establish policy, not be a referee. Donnelly knew that the board membership was weighted toward the universities.

Soon Donnelly would have to respond to the complaints of the UNR Faculty Senate, voiced by Dr. James Richardson, its chairman. Interestingly, he was a professor of sociology, the department where the complaints originated. Writing to regents' Chairman James Buchanan in January 1976, Richardson questioned why the CCD, which had 700 part-time faculty and had requested funds for 175 full-time faculty, had hired only 113. He wanted the regents to reject Donnelly's request to transfer $434,000 of "salary savings" money for CCCC to college operations. Richardson wrote that Donnelly had said he was pressed into hiring so many part-timers because of lack of money. "His current request (for budget transfer) flies in the face of his earlier statement. If he has no money to hire full-time faculty, then how can he request transfer for nearly a half million dollars in salary savings?'" Copies of Richardson's letter went to all regents, to faculty senates, the Nevada Faculty Alliance, to the Nevada State Education Association, and to some politicians. It was a common case of faculty politics. The real sore spot: the CCD could hire twenty-five part-timers for the cost of a single full-time instructor.

Donnelly responded: 60 per cent of the teaching load by full-timers was not low, by national comparison, and hardly "astonishingly low." He refuted the charge that the transfer of funds violated legislative intent. "We have tried to explain to them our audio-visual tutorial individualized instruction--that it is effective academically and also cost effective. We have invited the Legislature's committees to visit our colleges. Rather than chastise our administration . . . Dr. Nicholson (the CCCC campus executive) ought to be complimented for trying to save money . . .."

"It is unfair and wrong to accuse the Chancellor of acquiescence. He demanded a thorough explanation of other transfers and Don Jessup (the controller) had several discussions with us on it and it made sense to him," Donnelly wrote that Dr. Richardson would have received the same explanation, if he had merely asked.

The community colleges, and especially the CCD and CCCC, had taken a hit in 1977. The CCD would not survive it and CCCC would operate under a dark cloud for a decade. In the turf of the UNS, as in all territories, we as predators have the wish that some land animals be lower and weaker than we are--that we have errant subordinates who failed the academic cut, for they reassure our own heights.

Joe Ayarbe
CHAMPION OF STUDENTS

He remembers White Pine County somewhat as his forebearers knew it. It was the economic dynamo of Nevada, when copper was king and McGill, Ely and Ruth were vibrant towns. He was a classmate of Fr. C. J. Caviglia, rector of St. Peter the Apostle Church in Henderson and one of the strongest voices for the Henderson campus of CCSN. Ayarbe was a public school teacher and coach. In 1966, he became a member of the faculty at Nevada Technical Institute at Stead, and moved to WNCC in 1971 with the phase-in of NTI programs into the college. He retired from TMCC in 1983. He continued part-time for a few years as an advisor at the Old Town Mall on South Virginia Street, where TMCC conducts classes for the convenience of students in south Reno and for those who never liked driving up the moutainside to the TMCC campus on Dandini Bloulevard.

I know the powers-that-be in the state didn't want us to have basketball at WNCC in Reno. But some people don't want love and marriage either. Basketball was good for the kids and the rest of the college too. Basketball meant involvement--something WNCC didn't have. If a coach can improve poor kids with confidence, sports teams are one place where social class doesn't matter. Also, if people feel good about themselves in extracurriculars, they can do well in academics.

We played in an 11-team conference, mostly in California. From the College of the Redwoods all the way down to Los Angeles, people learned that there was a WNCC. Believe it or not, in Reno, Nevada. We got on television in the Bay Area, playing Consumnes College. People kept asking, "Where is this Western Nevada Community College, anyway?"

What did the team mean? Well, I can tell you that almost every kid from Carson and Reno who played on the team either graduated from the college or transferred to a university. We had a good graduation record. Sadly, it all ended in 1984.

I was raised on a ranch in northeastern White Pine County. Then I moved to Ely, where I finished high school. After I graduated from Utah State, I took a teaching position at Carlin High. Jimmy Eardley once coached at Carlin, too. Then I taught nine years at Elko High. After that, I taught at Wooster High in Reno for three years. From there I went to the Nevada Technical Institute at Stead. I was director of two-year postsecondary programs. In those days, the Institute was under UNR.

In the early 1970s the institute went belly up and WNCC came in and took over everything. I thought the institute was doing a good job. Harry Wolf was the overall director. We were told to hang tough against community colleges and to fight them. Dr. N. Edd Miller, UNR president, said, "Fight for your programs."

But the community colleges got their way in the Legislature. Those of us who were full time at the institute were offered jobs as WNCC. I was hired by Dr. Donnelly as a counselor. For seven years I was financial aid director, working with Pat Miltenberger. When I first went into that office, I didn't know whether I was on foot or horseback. I had an alcoholic accountant, and I was deep in papers, and the university controller was about to shut us down. I traveled all over the WNCC service area, helping set up schedules at Yerington, Fallon, and Lovelock. I had a great time doing that. I didn't know what I was doing, frankly. But I did it anyway. You know what I mean? I had tuition money in one pocket and book money in another pocket. We'd get home from Yerington at 2 a.m. and the next night we'd be up at Incline Village registering students. It was dizzy.

I would make recommendations on staffing to Leon van Doren, who assisted President Donnelly. Leon never got much credit for his work, but he actually put together the community colleges' curriculum. He was the first administrator of WNCC. He was the acting executive until Dr. Jack Davis came on board. He was the very first one. Between Leon and me, we travelled the western part of the state setting up programs, hiring staff, working late. Leon's office was in Carson City. I was at Carson for a little while and then he moved me to Stead, and I became a kind of director of Stead while things were getting going. It makes me feel bad to think that Leon died without getting any recognition for his work in Nevada. I think he got a raw deal here. A raw deal. Period. I don't know what happened, but he got a raw deal. It wasn't a square deal at all, and I don't care who knows I think this way.

When I first came into the college, I was working under Jimmy Eardley, who was the executive dean. I was a counselor but I also taught some classes. I taught the "polysci course." We didn't have much money so I had to teach. Jimmy Eardley had been the director of Washoe Adult Education and a deal was made to take that program and its staff into WNCC. That brought bunches of students instantly. With Jimmy Eardley came all kinds of administrators. All kinds. Lots of them. Some of them had been pals with Jimmy at Ely. Good guys. All friends of mine. I won't knock a one of them. I think the world of them. A deal was made to get FTE. The college needed the FTE. You know, the community college was a little tenuous at first. The Legislature wasn't all that kind at first.

A lot of people in the Legislature didn't know what a community college was. Some of us who worked at WNCC didn't even know. We just went out and worked hard, you know. I'd be telling you a

big fat lie if I told you I was well versed in community colleges in 1972. Because we worked hard, the students came pouring in those doors.

I felt this way about Charles Donnelly. He made a stand and the regents fired him. Finally he had to make a stand. And he had to make his stand before a new Board of Regents. I recall that he was criticizing the budget at a graduation speech at the Nugget in May 1977. I don't really remember what he said. I'm thinking back fifteen years, and I don't listen to everything that's said at graduation. I don't think I remember any graduation speech. Donnelly had to make a stand for a separate Board of Regents for community colleges. I agreed with him. What do I know, you know? I was trained under Dr. Donnelly and Leon van Doren. I don't know if I was mad or not when he was fired. But I was mad that the universities always had a much higher place in the regents' minds than WNCC. Let's face it, our students were second-class people. Until we started stealing their students, they didn't give two hoots in Hell for us. All of a sudden we start to steal their students. They're taking the college transfer courses cheaper at TMCC, with as good or better instruction. Our instructors had master's degree and were well-qualified. We had small classes. The students started hearing about this and started coming our way.

At first, our students didn't want to be identified as community college people. I had them come into my counseling office, and say, "I've got to come over here and get my grades up so I can get into the university. And as soon as I do, I'm leaving this place." Two years later, they graduate from WNCC with an AA degree. They would come back to my office and say, "I don't want to leave this place." That happened with bunches of them.

Not that I have anything against UNR. It's just a fact that our students were happy with us. Dr. Donnelly predicted that would happen. You know, he made some ten-year projections about enrollments in the state plan he and Leon van Doren wrote the state plan back in 1970. And the powers-that-be around me laughed at his predictions. Like, we are going to have 7,000 community college students in Nevada in five years. "Chuckle, chuckle," laughed the powers-that-be. Look what the enrollment is in 1993. I hear the colleges have over 40,000 students. It has surpassed the university enrollments. Donnelly's predictions were right on. He was right. Boom, boom, boom.

Who am I to criticize a man who is successful like Donnelly? I just went along and did what I was supposed to do. I was counseling, I was setting up programs, I was assistant dean of this and that. JoAnn Dain was a great lady who worked with me.

There was always strife between the North Campus in Reno and the South Campus in Carson City. It was a power struggle. That's what it was. When the split came, I mean when Reno became TMCC, we were in a nice new building in Carson. Dr. Davis, who had been president a few years, called about fourteen administrators to a meeting to explain what was going to happen.

After he explained that there would be two colleges, he asked, "Are there questions?

I raised my hand and asked, "Why?"

He explained the split in terms of rural needs and urban needs. I got the feeling that he was opposed to the idea. Someone after the meeting asked me why I was against the split. I said, "It's just not the right thing to do. It makes no sense and it will cost more money. I'm not a decision-maker but I can have my opinions. There will be competition instead of cooperation. Why spend money at two places, say, for auto mechanics training? That's just one example."

But maybe I was wrong. Obviously the two colleges have really grown. My thinking was, "Why not build up one college before you try to build another? It should have all been Western Nevada Community College. Carson really wanted a college early. The people wanted a college a long time. Reno didn't want a college until they saw that community colleges were successful. Period." That's the way I saw it.

What are my fondest memories? Maybe basketball coaching. I thought students needed some participation. They had nothing outside class. I was at a party one night in 1972 with Dr. Donnelly and he said, "See what you can do with basketball." He also said, "You can't use state funds for athletics in community colleges."

I went to the student association with the idea. They had some money. Some of the tuition money went to the student fund. The students agreed to have about thirty per cent of their revenues go to an athletic fund. I spent some of my own money on the team.

We had seven years of fun. We played all over. We beat NNCC every time. We always kept the trophy. The team was all local kids. No tuition waivers for them. They paid for everything. Except for trips. I paid for the gas.

Title IX killed us. In 1976-77 women's athletics became an issue. The women had to have equal amounts of money. We didn't even have enough money for the men's team. So I made a request for money from the state. Jimmy Eardley kept it in the college budget, and Jack Davis supported it.

Howard Barrett, the state budget director, threw it out. I told him I wouldn't stop trying because of him. I attended the Assembly Ways and Means Committee hearings. They gave me four minutes to get athletics back into the budget. I was very careful in my spiel.

"Don't you know that the Legislature passed a resolution that said there would be no state funds for athletics in the colleges?" a legislator from Vegas asked. "I know that," I said. I pointed my finger right at him. "How can you fund the grade schools, fund the high schools, fund the universities, and ignore the community colleges? We have all these students dropping out. Sports is one place where there is still some discipline. It's about the only place for some people to be a part of a team, and kids of single parents to have role models."

Don Mello, who was a legislator from Sparks, shot back: "That's enough. Get down from the podium." Chancellor Humphrey came up to me and said, "Nice going, Joe. That's the best argument I've heard since I came to Nevada."

I wanted men's basketball and women's basketball. We could have had something nice for the students if the Legislature had not stopped us. We weren't asking for a gymnasium. We just watched the Legislature build those big sports centers on the university campuses, and wondered if anyone cared about ordinary people. One of the things wrong with out society is that we turn sports over to the stars.

I never fought the women's team. I wouldn't deny anyone opportunity. As a matter of fact, I went out and bought them uniforms. They were cheapies, for my budget was meager. To tell the truth, I had to get some illegal players to make a women's team. When we played Lassen Community College, some of the girls weren't even enrolled in college. I dressed a couple of the Indian girls who went up to Lassen with us to watch the game.

But Title IX killed us. I was through after the episode with the Ways and Means Committee. But I wish I had continued. You know, I parked cars at the Reno Air Races to get money for the athletic program. I had my heart in the teams. I went to the powers-that-be and said, "Give me a dollar a park. That's all I want."

Some bureaucrat said, "No, it's federal land out here at Stead. We have to advertise free parking."

I said, "Just let me get money from the ones that want to help. Where else in the world do you go and get free parking? In Ely?" For a buck a car I could have bought the Elko college.

But it all ended in 1984.

Charles Donnelly, Phoenix, AZ

THE RINGMASTER

His circumstances as a leader were not unlike those of Moses. The CCD president wanted "community" emphasized in the colleges he led and he wanted them liberated. His followers--like those of Moses--were a quarrelsome lot, not easily lead. Like Moses, he got to see the Promised Land, with campuses emerging from the desert, but he did not get to complete the mission. He must have found starting colleges from scratch in Nevada a wrenching experience, an encounter with negative truth.

After the colleges became real, many politicians proclaimed themselves fathers of the movement. Within a few months, politicians who had opposed the idea now stepped forth as champions of it. In countless political ads of the 1970's, candidates identified themselves as populists by endorsing community colleges.

Always Donnelly found himself in the middle of Nevada's most powerful forces. He was constantly having to educate the people on the nature of community colleges. And the state always viewed the colleges more narrowly than he did. Few legislators had an understanding of developmental education. "We are already funding K-12. Why should we fund remedial programs in college?" Powerful people like Senator Floyd Lamb hammered away at colleges' community services function. Donnelly said that community services was to his colleges what research was to universities. Charles Donnelly saw the colleges as the last hope of the masses, as the hearts of vibrant communities, as problem solvers, as bringers of culture and training. But the liberal arts faculty viewed them as junior universities. Nevada politicians saw them mainly as places for occupational training, more as training stations doing things the universities didn't do. Donnelly was plagued by the unending criticism from the universities and by the wish of several towns to have colleges, all at once.

Like Moses, his talk was direct. Regent Fred Anderson said he was "plainspoken." But Nevadans were supposed to be plainspoken and straightforward. He did not have the instinct to do the popular thing so that people in the "palocracy" would like him, though most did. He was always a fighter who would not stop fighting. He left a mark on Nevada. When he departed, people knew what community colleges were. In the end he had no political constituency in the system, and many years would pass before a "community college assistant" appeared in the system office.

His achievement is not that his colleges made history, but that he expanded the state's vision of what colleges could be. His dogged persistence served a high purpose. But no man can change a state's history in seven years, and it crushes everyone in the long run. Surely Donnelly, who did so much for so little return, and at so great a sacrifice, had the instinct of selflessness. His struggle in adversity is what remains in our minds.

I always liked Elko and I would have gone there to teach English after the regents abolished my position in 1977. But Elko had an English teacher. And I never wouldn't work for a system that didn't want me. Someone asked my why I didn't stay in Nevada. "If they didn't want me in one position, why should I stay in another one?" I responded.

You ask me about beginnings. I think it is easier for humans to imagine beginnings than endings. I can remember with clarity when I became the president of the community colleges in Nevada. But I can only guess when my tenure in Nevada started to end. I can never cut through the

charges and ambiguities. I know exactly when I left Nevada and returned to Michigan, but I can't say when it really started.

All my experience has been with community colleges. I interviewed for a teaching position in English at Flint Community College in 1947, when two-year colleges were called junior colleges. They needed not only an English instructor but also a baseball coach. I was both for 14 years. In 1960 I was asked to be assistant dean. I had to give up coaching then, but I continued teaching. In 1962 I became dean and two years later I was acting president. I had learned a lot from Lew Fibel while he was president at Flint.

The college was still a part of K-12 in those days. The Flint school superintendent didn't support the college. He fell in disfavor with the Mott Foundation which, of course, is Michigan-based and strong for community education. They are the people who really started the community education movement during the Great Depression in Flint. Their money helped open public schools almost around the clock.

When Bill Early became school superintendent, we really campaigned hard for the separation of the college from K-12. And we pulled it off. After I left Nevada in 1977 and became president of Alpena Community College, I worked for separation of Alpena from K-12 there. It happened.

My position as president of the Nevada colleges got eliminated because the Board of Regents said I was trying to separate them from the UNS. Actually, a lot of people pushed for separation--Norman Glaser, Paul Sawyer, Marvin Sedway and many members fo advisory boards. I very much thought they should have separate governance. No question in my mind that they would do better on their own. The regents were oriented to the universities.

But I never really tried to bring about a separation. Board members accused me of trying. I did express my view. After all, I was the chief spokesman for the colleges. I ought to speak my mind. I did. But I never pushed for legislation nor politicked the board for separation. I think I am astute enough politically to know you don't try something like that unless you've got the votes. We never had the votes. Mike Marfisi on the Elko board and Marvin Sedway on the Clark County board were very vocal for separation. I tried to tell them we didn't have the votes. They wouldn't listen. It was full speed ahead for them.

I don't do things spontaneously. I think you have to plan. First, you get the votes and we were working toward that. But I never really pushed for it. The problem was that the bill for separation was put into the 1977 Legislature. Marvin Sedway was really the force behind that. Bucky Buchanan was chairman of the board. He wanted me to testify against the bill in the Legislature. That really created a problem for me. I tried to tell the regents that you don't just do things like that without studying the problem. I told them I thought the board should study the issue and not tell the Legislature

automatically they were against something. I said we ought to treat this as an educational rather than a political matter. But that didn't go well with the regents. They reminded me that I served at their pleasure and that they were ordering me to testify against separation. Probably my downfall started right there. I thought I testified against separation, but some of the regents didn't think so. Some said that I had uttered some things that would indicate I was for separation.

Coming to Nevada in 1970 was a strange experience. All we had was the Elko college and it was making do with very little. That first day I walked into my office in the Arlington Towers in Reno. All the division had was a desk. Right then, I was hit by the gravity of the problem I faced. I was hired to start a system of colleges and then I was told the only money available was the leftovers from the Howard Hughes donation of 1968.

Chancellor Humphrey said the Hughes grant had enough money to run Elko and the division office for a year. Both Humphrey and the Board of Regents told me that if the Legislature didn't fund community colleges by June, 1971, I was done. But Neil Humphrey was invaluable in setting up the system.

I thought to myself, "Boy, oh boy, can I convince people that Nevada ought to have community colleges?"

Paul Laxalt told me that the colleges should start under the university system so as to benefit from their knowledge. No doubt that would make things a bit easier in getting them up and running. Laxalt also said that once the colleges got on their feet, then they ought to have their own governing board. Then they could develop much faster.

Many university people helped at first. But after I had been in the system four or five years some people started putting up roadblocks. They stacked the Articulation Board with university people. They gave us problems with transferring courses. They were always complaining about the number of part-timers we used and how little we paid them. Some university people wanted to tell us what to teach and whom to hire. But when we asked the university department heads for a course syllabus, they usually didn't have one.

I came in 1970 and the Legislature didn't meet until early 1971, so I had plenty of time to prepare. My office was in the same building with Neil Humphrey, the chancellor. Don Jessup, Dave Wilkins, and Mark Dawson were three young guys in the Chancellor's Office. I always had really good support from Neil's people. Mark Dawson was the business person. He always wanted to work in the CCD. I had planned to hire him when we got enough money to have a business manager. I'll be damned if Jack Ward at the Desert Research Institute didn't talk him into working for him. Mark would have been the first business manager for the colleges. He went with DRI because he was not sure when the

CCD would get funding. He took a sure thing. It was Mark who recommended Dave Wilkins as business manager.

"But Dave doesn't have any experience in a business office," I said.

"He's smart. He can learn," Mark said. So Dave got the job and did well.

I think he was the second person hired for the CCD office. Leon van Doren was the first. It wasn't until 1973 or 1974 that Dr. Tony Calabro came to the CCD. I was happy to get Tony. He was very helpful.

We had Elko going and there was great support there. The Elko support was as good as I've ever seen from a community. It was always a pleasure for me to go there and work. The people were warm.

The universities didn't understand that they would prosper if the colleges prospered. They felt threatened. But community colleges were never a threat. They could actually help the universities by providing students who would never have gone directly to them, and by educating students who couldn't qualify for university admission.

Las Vegas provided good support, particularly the secondary schools. Tom Tucker, I think, encouraged that support. He convinced the superintendents that they needed the colleges. The universities had not done well in providing services to rural Nevada. Many people believed the colleges would be capable of developing outlying areas. So I had really good support from all superintendents. Burnell Larson and John Bunten from the Nevada Department of Education were always helping with counsel and occupational funds. In Las Vegas, we took the Skill Center and started a Manpower Development program with the Clark County School District. That was the origin of Clark County Community College. The (V? Gaughn) Building, next to the old Review-Journal place, was the original facility, as I recall. Harvey Thiel was the first administrator and then Harvey Moore followed. David Hoggard, Jr., was the third administrator. Eventually we fused that operation with CCCC.

In 1971, when the Legislature met, Neil Humphrey did all lobbying for the UNS. No presidents lobbied at that time. About the first of February he came back from Carson and said that Senate Finance had voted, 5-2, not to fund community colleges. He said to me: "You're all done."

"What do you mean? I'm all done?" I asked. "I just got here!"

Not many people remember that event. It was a low blow.

Neil said, "Well, go to the Legislature and see what you can do. I've done all I can do. I tried to convince them and couldn't."

I went to Carson. The first guy I talked to was Governor O'Callaghan. He said to me: "You work on these guys and I'll work on the others, and we'll get funding." Then I talked to Paul Laxalt and he told me he'd talk to Frenchy (Bob Laxalt). Frenchy would help me with John Fransway, senator from Humboldt County. I rode the plane from Las Vegas to Reno with Fransway. We talked about

community colleges for the whole flight. He was one of the guys who voted against an appropriation. He changed his mind and became a supporter. Jim Gibson and Archie Pozzi voted for funding, but Mahlon Brown and Floyd Lamb had voted "no." I never could understand why Lamb voted "no," because he was one of the first senators to support the colleges. And I tried to convince Mahlon, but that was not easy.

O'Callaghan persuaded Lamb and Gibson to change. So a 5-2 vote against funding in 1971 changed to a 6-1 favorable vote.

The appropriation gave us enough money to fund the division office and keep Elko going for two years. That appropriation also brought WNCC and CCCC into being. Not many know that the colleges had been voted out of existence by a senate committee in 1971. I believe the prevailing opinion was that once the Arthur Little study had been accepted by the regents, the colleges were home free. But it wasn't that easy. It was never easy. Never.

One of the fascinating things about the Board of Regents was their attitude about campus sites. They said they would support funding for the colleges but wouldn't spend money on land or buildings. They said they didn't have money for campuses. I thought that was strange. They reasoned that the colleges could use university facilities in the evenings and could rent other facilities. So the first thing we had to do was to try to find sites, if we were ever to get buildings. And of course we had to find facilities to rent, although the school districts in the Elko service area provided space without chrgeing.

It was wishful thinking that the universities would permit extensive use of their facilities. They would not. I do not recall a single time that UNR or UNLV would permit the colleges to use their facilities. Of course, that would have been a good relationship. It would have been like the proposal to have community colleges on university campuses. When I was president at Flint, the University of Michigan offered upper-division courses at the college.

I had been in Reno only a week when Dr. Dale Bohmont, Dean of the Agriculture College, called and told me that the university had a council that supervised community colleges. They held their meetings out at Stead.

"We'd like to meet with you," he said. "I've got a proposal about how you can operate."

I agreed to participate. At the meeting, Bohmont handed me a paper with rules for community college operation. He had been in Wyoming and said the colleges here were going to operate the way they did in Wyoming. UNR would run the colleges. Under Bohmont's proposal, I'd report to the university deans. They would tell me what to do. I would be a kind of messenger to college people in Reno, Elko, and Las Vegas.

"You don't have to give me an answer at this time," he said.
"But I need a detailed answer in a couple of weeks."

"I don't agree with a damned thing you are proposing," I said. Later, I wrote an answer to the group spelling out my objections.

The deans were Ed Cain, Jim Anderson, Bob Weems, and the dean of mining along with Bohmont, the agriculture dean. Eventually, I learned that Bohmont was the only person of the five who wanted the colleges to be subservient to the universities. He was not especially interested in the colleges, but I don't think he wanted to kill them.

Actually the universities put up plenty of barriers to the division. Clearly a major problem was articulation of courses. I was just looking at my 1970 desk calendar and one of the persons I talked to was Leslie Sheehan, who was very helpful. She was the head of a nursing program. Later she came to work for us at WNCC. We were always having problems with the transfer of nursing courses. Before the colleges came into being the vocational nursing was often hospital-based, though a school district might be involved along with a local hospital. The courses were geared to train nurses for work, and that practicality rarely coincided with the university objectives in nursing education. I had plenty of meetings about nursing courses. Someone told me the problem continues with UNR after all these years.

Neil Humphrey always scheduled a meeting of presidents and deans and Faculty Senate chairs before regents' meetings. Invariably issues would come up about course transfer that would scuttle the regular agenda. The Articulation Board grew out of the transfer issues that came up in those meetings. What really griped me was the policy adopted by the board that forced the colleges to use the same course outlines as the universities. That wasn't right. UNR didn't have consistent course outlines for the same course. Yet the regents insisted we follow UNR or UNLV. Often they didn't even have course outlines.

The group that Neil presided over also decided that community colleges couldn't offer correspondence courses. The group, with me dissenting, said that correspondence was a prerogative of universities. And yet the failure of the extension program in rural area was one of the reasons for starting the colleges in Nevada. So we were denied a major procedure for delivery of courses.

Dr. Fred Anderson, a physician and regent from Reno, supported me in every way, personally. Yet, he was a reluctant community college supporter because he had grown up with the university. It was "The University" to most people. Nevada had a very difficult time understanding that some other form of education might be worthwhile. But Tom Tucker helped me convince Fred to think about the role the colleges could play.

Tom Tucker, who brought Jack Davis into the College of Education, was unable to get the cooperation of Jack Davis. I think hiring Jack as president of WNCC was the biggest mistake I made in

all my years as a president. He scuttled the division all the way through. I think he is one of the primary reasons I was let go.

In 1976, when Governor O'Callaghan put out his budget for 1977-79, he planned to cut thirteen positions from my office. He also cut the colleges' budgets. That was the start of real problems. I wasn't about to take that sitting down. I criticized that action all over the state. I said it was an assault on community colleges--that it would hinder their development.

I wasn't the only person to complain about the budget. We had a meeting in Las Vegas with chairs of each college's local board to discuss the budget. The meeting was held with the vice-presidents of the three colleges. I always called a meeting with them before a regents meeting. Jack Davis came. Mel Lundberg came from Elko, Grant Anderson came from Carson, and Marv Sedway, who was on the Clark board, attended. They were angry. Maybe I contributed to it, but it didn't take much prompting before they knew the situation was bad. Before the regents' meeting, Bucky Buchanan, the chair of the regents, ordered me to stop talking about the budget. And he also told those three people to quit talking about it. Sedway just stormed out of the meeting. I was upset too. Here were people, very capable professional people, who had taken time from their work and who had paid their own expenses to come to Las Vegas to talk. And Bucky wouldn't even let them have their say. That didn't help my relationship with the chairman.

During that meeting Governor O'Callaghan was on the phone at least three times talking with Jack Davis. Davis was the governor's liaison at that meeting.

I have always felt privileged to be associated with community colleges. They are the salt of the earth. They opened the way to education to people who could never participate in higher education. They are pure American. I'm just happy to have been a part of their growing up, particularly in two states-Michigan and Nevada. I still call all six colleges--two in Michigan and four in Nevada--"my colleges." They're still mine. Seventeen administrators who worked for me have become presidents of colleges. I have seen community colleges in all fifty states. I have watched them grow from obscure operations to the point where they enroll more students than universities. To start a statewide system from a small, rural college, which was pretty much private until the year I came to Nevada--that was really something. I just marvel when I look back to things we did against so many odds and in such a short time.

When I got fired nearly every newspaper in the state editorialized in support of the CCD office. I think they were voting their confidence in the
colleges and not me personally. The good that happened far outweighed the bad.

I will always have a warm spot in my heart for Nevada because of the people. You know, I traveled the whole state. We started out with classes in every watering hole--Tonopah, Owyhee, Hawthorne,

Lovelock, McDermitt. I visited almost every site. That was an exalting experience, starting from scratch. When I get depressed about the bad experiences in Nevada, all I have to do is to think of the people who were very good to me there. The people gave land for the campuses. The carpenters union in Las Vegas remodeled the R-J building without compensation. The West Charleston property in Las Vegas didn't cost anything. We got it from BLM. Father Caviglia was helpful in every way in Henderson. And Count Alessandro Dandini got the site for Truckee Meadows from BLM. He was an engineer with vision. I liked him very much. I remember walking over that hillside above Reno with him, and hearing him talk about the vision he had for DRI to be there. BLM had some regulation that prevented the Desert Research Center from purchasing the property. As I recall, a college could purchase the property but there had to be students, Well, DRI had no students. Dandini did the paperwork for the division to get the property. Then we transferred part of the property to DRI since it was a part of the university system. So there was always somebody who came along to make things work. So many people gave so much of themselves.

Once we got property for campuses the question became, "How are we going to get buildings?" One way was through the famous slot machine tax rebate. In 1971 every slot was federally taxed $250 a year. For years, Nevada politicians had been trying to get the money back into the state. In December 1971, a delegation went to convince Congress to pass a bill that would give Nevada some of the slot tax. Neil Humphrey went. A guy from Hawthorne . . . he was the editor of the newspaper there (Name?) went. Bill Swackhamer was one of the group. Walter Baring was Nevada's lone congressman at the time. Wilbur Mills from Arkansas was chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. The bill got its start in that committee. The delegation presented the case to Mills.

"Baring, how come you didn't tell me about this before?" Mills said. "We could have gotten this bill through a long time ago. We have four Democrats on a committee of seven. We'll pass it."

Well, surprise. They voted the next day and it was defeated, 4-3. One of the Democrats bolted.

Neil Humphrey woke me up the next morning "Do you know Martha Griffith." he asked.

"Yeah, why?" I asked.

"She voted against the bill," he said. "Can you do anything to convince her to change?" Neil asked.

Martha was from Michigan. I knew her there. But I also knew that if I called her directly she would be stubborn. She voted against the bill because she believed that Nevada skimped on money for education. And I agreed with her. So how could I convince her?

I knew Soapy Williams well. I was an active Democrat when he was governor. When I got into administration I had to quit party politics. I called Soapy's office, but he wasn't in. His office suggested that I call Phil Hart, the Michigan senator. I did.

"I've got an idea," he said. "I've been trying for years to get this Sleeping Bean Dunes project up at Traverse City as a federal park." Alan Bible, U.S. Senator from Reno, was the chairman of the Interior Committee of the Senate. Bible wouldn't let Hart's bill out of committee. "If you can get Bible to get that bill out of his committee, I'll get Martha to change her vote on the slot tax." And he did.

The story would have been better if it ended there. But it didn't. The guy from Hawthorne was working on the Republicans and he got some votes changed. So when the vote was taken I believe it was five to two.

Norm Glaser had a bill written in the Nevada Legislature that if Nevada ever did get the monies the first $5 million would go to community colleges for construction. Norm got that through the Legislature. It was an innocuous bill because it was an iffy bill. Neither of the universities would help us get that bill through the Legislature. This wasn't a case of throwing up a roadblock. This was a case where they could have helped us but didn't. Eventually, they benefitted from the bill. I believe the state got back $200 of the $250 for each slot taxed. That's how we got the money for the second building (McMullen Hall) in Elko.

Jim Eardley, Sparks
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF EARDLEY

He is an unlikely candidate for "oral history" for his dialogue is as eccentric as Casey Stengel's. He knows the UNS more deeply than almost any other person. He was there at the beginning, a vacillating supporter of community colleges, the archetypal Nevadan. He has a senatorial mane, but his talk is his distinguishing feature. His utterances circle an issue like neutrons in an atomic field. Eardlyisms are a curious combination of keen insights embellished with colloquialisms.

He has spent most of his life in office: as director, dean, president, city councilman, regent, and chair of regents. If he went to kindergarden, surely he was president of the the five-year-olds.

He was born a politician, and when he talks he often seems to be having a personal dialogue with his thought processes. "He was using political rhetoric even in high school," said one of his McGill friends. "You cannot catch him when he's not running for office," said TMCC's JoAnne Dain. "And that's his charm." Surely few Nevadans of any age have been more delightful.

What does he show for all the years in public service? "Jim is Jim," said one supporter. "He has put a lot of people in high positions. He could have been high up in KMart if he hadn't come from White

Pine." Translated, this means that his foibles are forgiven bacause (1) he isn't an obstructionist, (2) he is delightful in serious meetings, (3) even after lunch he is still smarter than the people he has taken to lunch.

Once I boarded a Delta plane at Reno with him, and the pilot, recognizing him, immediately had us seated in first class instead of coach. He is an inimitable Nevadan and a poster child of Reno. After two years in the Navy, he attended Utah State on a baseball scholarship. UNR didn't have varsity baseball then, and Utah State was recruiting Nevada students.

He once played semipro baseball for the Commerical Hotel in Elko. Later he worked for the gaming commission, and there he started getting mired deeply in Nevada's soul.

Most people understood what went on in building a community college. They knew there was little advanced education for a large number of Nevadans. The university was not geared to the interests of ordinary citizens. The people realized what a community college was. It was something for them, something more approachable than the university. No matter what the name--whether is was Western or Truckee Meadows--there was something there for them. Had the colleges not developed there still would have been a public school adult program. It would have continued at Washoe High (Reno High School). But it did not have university transfer courses and could not grant associate degrees. The State Board of Education couldn't issue those. So what you had were certificates--one-year training programs. The school districts offered short-term training for adults. Adult education served a purpose in the 1960's. But it didn't satisfy the mass of people who wanted higher education.

The idea of community colleges developed around a study that Jim Sharp prepared in 1968. In the 1960's everybody felt that they should have the opportunity to attend UNR. The university in Las Vegas was developing then. Sharp's study showed that the majority of freshmen should have gone to a community college for developmental reasons. In those days we used to say, "It's better to be a two-year graduate than a university dropout."

So the community college idea caught on. The Manpower Development Training Act (MDTA) was in vogue in the early 1970's and it was a boost for WNCC. The training was for only six weeks, but the adults could continue in a college program. I was in charge of the first MDTA training in the Reno in 1962. Later, MDTA became the Comprehensive Education and Training Act (CETA), then the Job Training and Partnership Act (JTPA). All of these programs helped adult education obtain equipment. The federal government paid for the equipment but the colleges wound up with it. Typewriters, business machines, welders, audio-visuals. Much of that equipment came into the colleges when they were getting started. We were lucky because the state would have taken years to equip technical programs.

Jerry Dondero was Washoe adult education director in 1966 when Paul Laxalt won the governor's race. He and I did a study on community colleges. We were going for the master's degree at UNR. We studied with Dr. Tom Tucker. Jerry thought that we could develop adult education into a college. Jerry talked to me about that. We started talking to Dr. Tom Tucker about it. We were doing our work with him as graduate students and Tucker allowed us to do some research on community colleges. So we did some papers.

After Paul got elected governor, Tucker kept him briefed on education. Dondero knew Laxalt. We worked for Paul's campaign, so we got connected politically with the college movement. But it was the people of Elko who really pulled it off. They pushed their movement with the citizens. The citizens of Reno or Las Vegas were never involved in the movement. Only people like Tucker, Dondero, myself and Laxalt were involved. But, Elko had Paul Sawyer and his friends who marched right out and pulled it off.

After Laxalt became governor, Dondero went to work in his administration. Then I became Washoe adult education director. At that time I became kind of leery about community colleges. I didn't think the Board of Regents would have much sympathy for them. Indirectly I was pushing for the State Department of Education to administer them until I found out that arrangement would be unconstitutional.

I think having the colleges as part of the UNS was the best thing that ever happened to them. I totally disagree with people who say the colleges have not been treated fairly. There's been a major emphasis by the recent boards to be fair. Now, I'm not saying earlier boards were fair. But a community college was really new to them. The regents just didn't understand. Nowadays the colleges get plenty of attention and respect.

In 1971 Chuck Donnelly, Jack Davis, Jerry Dondero, and I got together and agreed, "Okay, we'll move adult education over to the college from Reno High." That would mean a headcount of several hundred students instantly, and that would mean operating bucks for WNCC. In 1972, Jack Davis moved to Carson from the university and became WNCC president. I moved from Reno High to the North Campus and I set up everything under adult education at Stead. In time I was named Executive Dean. I moved it all over to Stead (North Campus of WNCC) except the adult high school completion. Jack Davis started developing programs in Carson City.

In 19--the first Tadlock study was done. The first was on campus sites, and the second one, done in 1977, was on organization of the colleges. There were a lot of questions about how the colleges would be organized. The idea of a main campus in Carson with Reno as a satellite never worked very well. That was a mistake at the beginning.

The Tadlock study indicated that there should be one college for western Nevada, and Reno would be the headquarters. It would be centrall located in south Reno. We tried to get a campus in south Reno, but couldn't get free property there. In the meantime, Senator Pozzi got busy and made deals with Gov. O'Callaghan. He got a campus for Carson City. So the regents decided that the only place to put a Reno campus was on free land (BLM) on the hills north of town. Stead was the day operation for the North Campus of WNCC for several years before the building went up on Dandini Drive in the hills north of Reno.

What the state's politicians did to Chuck Donnelly was totally wrong, though some would disagree. Chuck had been picking on Governor O'Callaghan's budget for the CCD, criticizing everybody connected tiwh the budget, and got himself in hot water. Looking back now, I think it was probably the right thing to have a president on each campus. Had they created presidents and called Donnelly a vice chancellor for community colleges, that could have worked because he knew his business. He would have been a good spokesmen for all of the colleges. It would have made sense to have a chancellor for community colleges to go alongside those university-oriented chancellors. I'm not sure we understood that in the early days. All of us, me and Jack Davis and the deans, had been connected with UNR and Tom Tucker. We were conditioned to UNR and Tucker being the source.

After the fall of the CCD, I always felt that the colleges needed to have some advocate in the chancellor's office. It would be much easier for the chancellor himself to be fair if he had someone to talk to about the colleges. Presidents have a tendency to guide the chancellor to the issues of their own institutions, not to the broad picture. Dr. Doug Burris has been in the Chancellor's Office as a kind of consultant since 1991. He's helped straighten out a lot of problems between the colleges. He understands the situation. He knows exactly what's going on because he's been president of three different colleges over in California. He was really needed. Not putting anything against the chancellors, but they have a small staff. Until they did a couple of studies showing problems in the colleges, there wasn't a major emphasis put on them.

As president of TMCC, I remember getting a heavy memo from one of the chancellors before Mark Dawson. Maybe it was Baepler or Bersi. It just came down, university style. Well, there's a distance there. I didn't have much time to be keeping the chancellor informed of everything, particularly in the developing stage of TMCC. You've got all these other things going on in your college. Buildings going up. New faculty. Government regs. I didn't like to leave the campus and spend a lot of time at regents' meetings because you might get back-doored when you're away. So, when we got into budgets and faculty-student ratios and rural funding factors, I knew we needed a strong third party in the Chancellor's Office to really help push for the colleges. The chancellor's office needed a spokesman show that a campus president who was proposing a budget was saying the right

things. He's not just agreeing . . . he's giving it all. When any kind of disagreement occurs between the universities and colleges or within the colleges themselves, you need a third party. A community college advocate. Now that Doug Burris involved as the assistant for community colleges things have opened up for the chancellor.

For a long time the colleges missed having that type of individual in the chancellor's office, and I advocate that right now as a board member. It opened things up for Mark Dawson, the former chancellor. Hell, his wife even goes to a community college. I was one of the advocates that everybody's children should go to community colleges whether they are good, bad or indifferent. My daughter got two associate degrees. I couldn't get her to go to the university. I felt that the community college environment really helped young people. I found a number of people around Reno had never been involved in community colleges. Townspeople who talked to me told me they would have their kids go to a university. On many occasions I've had many of those people call to talk about what to do when the kids are not doing well down here at the university.

They kind of eighty-sixed me at TMCC in 19---. So I got elected a regent. I've got a perspective of the whole system and I know how regents think. They really respect these community colleges. They see a great need for them.

The old thing, the colleges versus the universities, is gone now. It took a little while to teach people not to compete with the university. The colleges, particularly the city ones, make the two universities better universities. Because there's the option to go to another institution. I think that being in the UNS gives the colleges a little prestige. Some people would disagree with that. I think that if the colleges were not under the Board of Regents and under a separate board they would have pretty messy battles over relationships. Being under one roof with the universities is a protective device. If they were under a separate board, I think they would get the shaft. But I'm not positive.

Tom Tucker was probably the real political motivator of community colleges in northern Nevada. He had lots of guts to go out and do what he did, being a UNR employee. He wrote articles supporting the idea. He lobbied Laxalt. He was the guy that did all of the screening for the first executive vice-presidents. Everything went through Tom's office. Neil Humphrey, the chancellor then, allowed him to do that because he had been so involved with the idea. So Tom would call a few of us up to look at applications and check people out and stuff like that. So it was kind of a focal point for us. You'd never think a university professor would be that involved, but he was. He was really a good spokesmen for us. For the community college concept. I think that he wasn't given much credit where credit was due; and particularly from these professors. I think they wanted him to go away. I don't think they wanted him to get in their trough. Most of those guys are gone now. A lot of those deans were fighting him and it wasn't an easy job for Tom Tucker on the UNR campus. I wasn't looking

for a presidency when TMCC split off from WNCC. I think I lost a friendship over the split. Some people thought I carried the thing off to spite Jack Davis. Actually, we had many discussions about whether he should move back to Reno as president. We talked about how to reorganize to make things work. Both of us were getting close to retirement and both of us were getting pretty independent. It was tough for both of us because the faculty was feeling the split, too. Donnelly and Jack probably felt it more than me. They both negotiated hard to make things work. I can't tell you to this day whether Jack wanted separation or not.

The regents were pressured by the faculty from the North Campus to separate it from the South Campus of WNCC. That meant there would be another president. They got down into the last part there where I knew I was running for the office. I decided that I might as well take the title of president. Had they not given me the title, that would have been fine. I didn't have to prove the title. A person has to prove himself. I knew it and I had talked to Bill Berg at NNCC about it. I think also, in the practical sense, they knew I brought all the adult programs over from the school district. I guess that must have been the respectful thing to do--give me the title.

What are the high moments? I think my retirement. You know I am independent now. I do have some obligations being on the board, but I think the coming to the end of my career after thirty-four years was a high time. I felt it was time to go in _____, and I had kind of planned it. Really I planned to retire just a little bit earlier. One of things that really got to me was that I hadn't been president for very long. I think if I had retired when I wanted to, I would have only been president for a couple of years. So I stayed on a while longer. Knowing when to get out is hard. Buildings are going up, plans are being made. You hate to walk out of responsibility when you've had so much of it.

On the board I don't think the regents have looked at me as a community college regent. I think they still saw me as a president. On many occasions they felt I should have been saying more to them, because I knew all the presidents. They even had a little meeting over it, and I told them much of what we talk about as presidents doesn't pertain to the regents. My talk with presidents is just friendship. I am not going to pass on conversations with a friend. I told them that if they wanted to get to know the colleges or the presidents' council and what they did I would talk about that any time. On a number of occasions, I heard through the grapevine, "Jim will support those presidents on that vote. Jim will do that." How would they know that? I wasn't on the board for the presidents. I was elected by the voters. Some regents still call me president.

Our relationships on the board vary. We vary back and forth on issues. On many occasions I will discuss the issue that I think we should be talking about. I think we should be discussing how to improve policies affecting students. We're not getting into them. We're talking about a lot of these

dinky things, like cockroaches in the dorms at UNLV, or some UNLV basketball players living it up in a gambler's spa. We don't seem to be able to discuss education at all.

The influx of people in the state has taken a lot of our attention. We had fairly small enrollments in our institutions until we had this huge influx of people. At first, TMCC was relatively new to everybody and people were excited about building and growing. Then it got political. Negative articles started hitting the paper. You had to say, "That's a new political approach. We've got something else to talk about instead of Joe Conforte out there at the Mustang Ranch. We've got some school problems."

The news people were saying, "We have another group to talk about. They lumped community colleges all together. It is still kind of UNR and UNLV and "the community colleges." They wouldn't specify what their names were. That still goes.

I think the students built the college. I think that is a pure fact. If they had not come like they did you'd still be doing the same thing as you'd done then. But they saw a great need to go the college. I think TMCC has over 10,000 students now. The first day I went up there on the hill (the TMCC campus) I heard that they were going to drill into the ground. I went up and talked to the drill guy, I said, "What are you doing?" He said, "I am drilling to see how the soil is to hold a building." I kept looking at the sage brush and I kept looking at no road up there and I said to myself, "Oh, my gawd, why are we going to have community college way up here on this barren mountain? It's a rotten deal."

The longer I stayed up there the view got better. You could see all of the Truckee Meadows from the Nugget to Boomtown. But, the hill did affect the students. The youngest, they liked it up there. It was the older students--they would not drive that mountain at night. But, I still think they have a problem with that. They are still struggling with that. When they first built that building we thought it was weird. No one understood. It looked funny. I suppose we expected it to look a little like UNR. But, we thought, "It's great, it's ours!" It wasn't like Western, which was set off in the boonies and looked like a sewer plant from a distance. The TMCC building was hard to describe. I was surprised when it won national architectural awards.

We moved out of Stead as fast as we could. We saw visions of the campus on the hill developing. In talking to the staff as we went on, and even after they had left a lot of us sometimes talk about how we had that great feeling, "A building! A building!" and students, and getting this and getting that. They say they've lost some of that feeling. It's now a college its really departmental. Everybody went together at first. Our problems were more visible. We had to have space. Now their problems are more internal than what we had. They want status and more money.

You have to give Chuck Donnelly credit for what he did for the state. Teaching everybody in the different cities about what a community college was. I think they have to give him tremendous

credit for that. But then you can make a list of many people who contributed. It took a lot work to build it--it took a lot of people. You just can't pin down one person because so many were involved. You've got to give your faculty tremendous credit for taking on some bad assignments. A lot of part-timers were teaching for hardly anything to make this thing go.

Besides all of the faculty and all of that, you've got to give your students a lot of the credit to enroll in something they didn't know for sure what it was. Taking a risk on something that had not been proven.

Neil Humphrey, Reno
FOUNDING CHANCELLOR, UNS

He came to Nevada in 1955 as the executive director of the Nevada Taxpayers Association. When one of his Elko acquaintances--Grant Sawyer--became governor, he asked Humphrey to become State Budget Director. Two years later university president Charles Armstrong hired him as the university's business officer.

In 1968 UNLV gained autonomy, and the UNS was born. Humphrey became its first chancellor. When he realized that community colleges were coming to Nevada and that university faculty were considering unionizing, he pursued a doctorate at BYU. His studies concentrated on community college curriculum and collective barganing in education.

He witnessed the birth and demise of the CCD. Mary Lou Moser, regents' secretary, said of him: "Neil believes in being neat and exacting and, above all, fair. He promoted the old-fashioned values you don't see much today. He saw beyond the moment. He tried to envision how units fit together in the whole shooting match."

He finished his career as president of Youngstown State University in Ohio. He and his wife Mary returned to Reno in 1992 because "it was more home than any place else." He is retired but continues as a director of Commercial Intertech Corp., a multi-national manufacturing company headquartered in Youngstown.

"The time has come for Nevada to rethink governance of higher education," he believes. "Possibly it would be appropriate to change the Board of Regents into a coordinating board and have a board of trustees for each of the community colleges, UNR, and UNLV. It may be that real study would reveal that the concept of a central governing board such as the Board of Regents has served its purpose and now should evolve into something else, maybe a statewide coordinating board."

I'm not sure anyone could have had it better than I did. I participated in the establishment of the UNS and I had the joy of being a part of the creation of community colleges. Those things are definitely the highlight of my career. At the same time we were able to continue the advancement of UNR and bring UNLV along. I hope I was helpful in all of this. I doubt that everyone would agree that I was. We had painful money problems, and as we would try to bring one college along another unit would fall a step back. It was always a juggling act. Nevada was in recession some of the time and we never had enough money.

My recollection of the effort to start community colleges goes back to the early 1960s. I was vice-president for finance at the university. A group in Elko wanted to create what they were then calling a junior college. Governor Grant Sawyer called President Charley Armstrong and asked him to give them every help. Dr. Armstrong turned to Executive Vice President Kenneth Young to work on this project. Ken Young did what any academician would do; he reviewed the literature since he did not have experience with community colleges. Dr. Young and I made a trip to Elko and talked to several people who were interested. Then we reported to Dr. Armstrong that there was considerable enthusiasm in Elko. However, based upon everything that Armstrong determined from Dr. Young's review, Elko was just too small to support a college.

Eventually people in Elko decided that they would go on their own and try a private school. There were movers and shakers whose names stay in my mind from that early effort--Mark Chilton and Fred Harris because they were so deeply involved; Mel Lundberg also, and the three legislators--Roy Young, Norm Glaser, and Snowy Monroe; Hugh McMullen, Mike Marfisi, Bill Waunderlich, Paul Sawyer, Bob Burns, Dr. Hugh Collett, Dr. Les Moren, and Carl Shuck were also leaders. They were hard-driving men with a vision.

The university did not give help because the Elko college was a private school. It was not part of the UNS. People made overtures to the university but it was really not receptive. UNR was trying to gain academic respect, and at the same time we were trying to develop Nevada Southern. So there was an attitude that UNR was protecting turf. But its people were doing what they were hired to do, which was to develop UNR.

The breakthrough came when the attorney general decided that the state constitution meant that a single Board of Regents for public higher education was a meaningful restraint. If the Elko people were going to have a public institution, they had then to work with the regents. Governor Laxalt discussed the matter with the regents and me. At that point I was acting president. Charles Armstrong had left Nevada.

Laxalt's lead person on the whole thing was Jerry Dondero. He was a former adult educator for Washoe County. He sympathized with the the Elko people. He was politically astute. He knew that there was need in other communities.

The UNS became official in 1968. It consisted of UNR, UNLV, and the Desert Research Institute (DRI). We were having desperate times getting finances to meet the growth that was coming, also to resolve the geographical differences. Any time Reno wanted something Las Vegas was suspicious, and vice-versa. DRI was drawing strength from that fight.

Dondero advised that we contact Jim Eardley. He became the adult education director of Washoe County after Dondero went to Laxalt's administration. I contacted Eardley and gained a considerable benefit from talking with him about what our problems would be if we tried to develop colleges. We had the Nevada Technical institute at Stead. It was hobbling. NTI had been put together to provide some service but also with the idea that the UNS needed to claim Stead as a vocational center. It was having problems.

When it became clear that the UNS would develop community colleges, I by then had become the founding chancellor. The system was really developed by Dr. N. Edd Miller, Dr. Don Moyer, and me. Miller was challed chancellor of UNR and Moyer was chancellor of UNLV. When the UNS was formed, they, along with the head of DRI, were called presidents.

I grappled with the problem of developing one or more community colleges. I asked Eardley if he would leave the public school system and take over that responsibility. He thought about it for a few days and came back and said, "No." He felt he didn't have sufficient experience, and he was a little fearful of leaving the security of Washoe County schools.

So we decided to recruit nationally for a president of the CCD. There was a great deal of argument at that point. Why have a president for the division? Why not have a president of each of the colleges that we had visualized in Elko, in western Nevada, and Las Vegas?

The two universities took exception. They foresaw a dilution of their authority within the system with three additional presidents reporting to the chancellor. So they lobbied very hard for the CCD to be established with a central executive. We used a faculty—staff screening committee. I don't remember everybody on that committee. Dr. Tom Tucker was a member, probably the chairman. Tom was professor of educational administration. He had written a position paper on community colleges, and he was politically powerful. Tom's strength came from the fact that many of the school superintendents and principals had studied under him. He followed their careers, assisted them, and a great deal of political power came from that.

We came up with three excellent candidates in the search. One was president of YMCA Community College in Chicago. Another man was a president of a college in a Chicago suburb. Dr.

Charles Donnelly was president of Flint Community Junior College. I went to all three college campuses and interviewed them. And they came to Reno to be interviewed. After the normal review, Donnally was selected. His experience was extremely significant. He was a leader nationally in community colleges.

He was an excellent choice. Donnelly did a very fine job during his time in Nevada. The problems focused immediately when he started to set up the CCD. The first problem was the articulation of courses with UNR and UNLV. That problem was severe. The problem occurs in every state. My recent experience has been president of Youngstown State. I think Ohio has made tremendous strides just in the last three years in solving their course transfer problems. A governor and a legislature insisted that solutions be found. The people holding the purse strings demanded that a solution be found., and it was.

A part of the problem in the early days is one that all community colleges have. It's in the colleges' mission as seen by universities. Is it a junior college? Is it to offer the lower-division baccalaureate courses so that one can transfer into a university? Is it a vocational-technical school? Is it to offer public service courses to interest the public? I guess the really successful community colleges can be all these, but many can't. So the community college can be an ambiguous institution.

The problem arises in the of allocation of resources for these different functions, and the plan in Nevada called for a great effort in vocational programs. That was a signal that the collegiate function wasn't to be very strong.

One of the ways that Elko established their college was by involving so many people in courses. They really made something appear to be happening which wasn't in fact happening. The people were so enthusiastic that they signed up for courses that you wouldn't get people to do in any other place. That formed a picture in the legislators' minds that regardless of why those people were enrolled, they were there wanting services.

Norman Glaser keeps coming back into my mind as a savior. When most people had become discouraged and had given up, Norm would come up with new ways of pushing in the Legislature. He was extremely effective. Roy Young tended to follow Norm's lead, but he also was helpful. Hugh McMullen wasn't as involved but, as a respected ex-legislator, he offered his counsel. And of course there was Paul Laxalt. Without his interest, the colleges would have been delayed significantly, or maybe not have happened at all. Governor Laxalt handled the Howard Hughes donation deftly. A less diplomatic person might have frightened Hughes off. As the colleges developed, Jim Eardley came back into the picture to be a leader of the effort in Reno and made a significant contribution.

Jack Davis was employed by Chuck Donnelly to be WNCC's executive officer in Carson City. One of Jack's strengths was the fact that he was very close to Governor O'Callaghan. They were friends

and that was both a blessing and a problem because the universities were complaining about Jack's having the governor's ear to their disadvantage. So there was constant objection to him by university administrators. At the same time, no one believed that you could tell him that he should stop talking to the governor. I tried and Donnelly tried to encourage Jack to utilize appropriate access without negative implications for the rest of the system.

The colleges gathered strength and students. Chuck Donnelly made an heroic effort. Part of Chuck's problem was that everybody wanted everything--today. They wanted it right now. Regardless of what the funding was, it was a very difficult thing for him. He got a great deal of criticism from the Fallon area. They were critical that he wouldn't establish a college out there. It didn't matter to them that Fallon had not been proposed as a central campus in the state plan. Fallon was intolerant of the plan. Also people in Henderson, led by Father Caviglia, wanted a campus and were intolerant of delay. About that time Fred Gibson from Henderson got involved. His brother Jim was a powerful legislator. Fred was a very helpful man, very balanced and well-educated. He was not only helpful in counseling Donnelly and the rest of us, but he was helpful in presenting the case to Jim Gibson in the Senate. Jim had been somewhat cool towards the whole idea of community colleges because he worried about funding the operation.

Marvin Sedway was also a problem for Donnelly although his intentions were good. He kept calling for a separate board, which could only come about by amending the state's constitution. That would take at least five years. Meanwhile the regents would have to discharge their responsibility for the colleges while thinking that they might leave the UNS. All these problems came to a head for Dr. Donnelly and for me in May 1977. There was a regents' meeting at UNLV. It was the time of the year when contracts for the presidents of the four divisions and for the chancellor were decided upon for the coming year. We all worked on one-year contracts.

The presidents were excused from the board meeting. I as chancellor remained. There was lengthy discussion concerning the various complaints that different people had concerning Dr. Donnelly. These mainly centered around his perceived unwillingness to establish a campus in Fallon immediately. The regents discussed dissatisfaction that Governor O'Callaghan had with Dr. Donnelly. The board was concerned about responding to O'Callaghan. They believed that if they didn't respond to him that he would in some way act negatively toward the UNS. When I realized they were talking about dismissing Dr. Donnelly, I took strong exception. He obviously hadn't done a perfect job, but he had done a good job and should be retained. The board did not agree and my memory is that by a five-to-four vote the decision was made not to offer him a new contract. I tried to locate him and tell him what had happened, but I wasn't able to reach him in Las Vegas. By the Monday following in Reno, he had learned his fate.

At that same meeting the discussion then went on to President Max Milam of UNR and there was a motion made to dismiss him. I believe that motion failed, five to four, and so he was retained. There was discussion about me. I was asked to leave the room. They were debating whether my contract should be renewed. When I came back one of the regents got me aside and told me that I would be renewed but that the vote was five to four. So both Dr. Milam and I were offered new contracts. It was obvious to both of us that we had a serious problem with at least four regents.

I had long expressed my view that any time two or three regents wanted me leave, I would, and I set about finding other employment. Max Milam was able to weather the storm and stayed a little longer.

With Donnelly gone, the board decided to go back to the original concept. Each college would have a president responsible to the chancellor. They would try that concept and see how well it worked. I can't comment on that because I left in 1977.

One more important person is Howard Barrett, the state budget director. Many of us knew him as "Gene." He had the difficult job of trying to advise the governor on the allocation of the state's resources. Gene was always extremely even-handed with the UNS. He did his best to meet the system needs and he was interested in the community colleges. He wasn't any more knowledgeable than the rest of us when we started out, but he made it his business to understand. I think you'd have to put a golden star by Howard Barrett's name.

There were no villains in this drama. There were people who had different responsibilities and different perspectives about what they were trying to do. Heroes are people who do what they can. They were all heroes. I don't mean to be to pollyanish about this, but it's a huge state with a small population with many demands upon its fragile fiscal resources. What was true of the state was true of the university system.

If you want to think about heroes, the early faculty of the community colleges certainly qualify. The staff too. Many people did really outstanding work. One that sticks in my mind is Betsy Sturm, who really built two of the colleges' learning resources centers. Every year we--Betsy and I--applied to the Fleischman Foundation for money. Every year they distributed a total of about $5 million. It was understood that the UNS would typically get about a million if worthwhile projects were advanced. Every year we tried to find the right projects that would appeal to the Fleischmann board. The learning resource centers were naturals and the Fleischmann board devoted millions to libraries in the UNS.

Interchapter III

The breakup of the Community College Division was a defining event for higher education in Nevada. The message was sent that no official in the system pyramid would lead the colleges. They would have local presidents, who sat at the head table at regents' meetings, mingled with them at their parties, and reported to the chancellor, more or less. The surviving officials relearned an old lesson: be wary and do nothing that might anger the gods. What the system wanted for presidents, said Dr. Marvin Sedway, was ass-kicking waterboys.

The colleges were freed to become competitors. More than one cynic was heard to say, "The community college presidents get paid a lot of money to be quiet and not make decisions." Perhaps it was this context that led Dr. John Caserta to write in his 1979 dissertation, "A History of Community College Movement in Nevada, 1967-1977," that the colleges' continuation was not assured.

The people in the CCD were not the only casualties. Shortly the regents would attack the presidents of UNLV and UNR and Chancellor Humphrey. From that time onward the system would tolerate no outlaws. The canning of Donnelly was a political act. The instability that was to follow would breed discontent and wounds would fester for more than a decade. People of the gutted CCD thought of themselves as the Salvation Army of American community colleges.

Mel Steninger, publisher of the "Elko Daily Free Press", wrote: "We are not privy to all the behind-the-scenes politics involved . . . but there is a strong aroma that suggests the public reason given by the officials involved in the hatchet job are specious."

The Legislature and UNS quickly forgot the state plan of 1971. Campus sites were selected for political reasons, not for advantages of service or economies. With the attempt to build several campuses at once, individual colleges had not been funded to develop fully. NNCC, for example, was twenty years old before it could hire a counselor. And "counseling" was a feature of the college's mission.

The charges against Donnelly were mostly scapegoating. Some officials said that abolishing the CCD would save the state money. That idea clashes with the proposal, made by the same people, to build the huge athletic arenas--the Thomas and Mack Center at UNLV and the Lawlor Center at UNR. Regent John Tom Ross, Carson City, charged that Donnelly did not give proper attention to the rurals. But Donnelly had spent much time in Elko, even teaching a course on the nature of community colleges there. Donnelly was not opposed to a Fallon facility, but he did not want to dilute funds for colleges already started. But so were some of the regents opposed, except for Ross, whose district included Fallon. When the first building was completed in Fallon in 1980 (?), some regents talked openly about rejecting the facility which the Legislature had funded. The regents would have to find money to hire staff, equip and maintain it.

No one wanted to tell the truth about why Donnelly was fired. Governor O'Callaghan said simply, "Elko was not Las Vegas," meaning apparently that politicians from southern Nevada were not pleased with the man. Regent Molly Knudtsen wrote to NNCC Advisory Board Chairman Bill Wunderlich, who had protested the firing: "It was never the intention of the regents to harm the community college system when we discontinued the position of the president for lack of funding by the Legislature to enable it to function effectively." Regent Knudtsen had a strong connection with the university, and its College of Agriculture developed an experiment station on her Grass Valley Ranch. Other regents also blamed the Legislature. State Sen. James Kosinski, then a legislator from Washoe County, wrote to Donnelly: "I want to express my disappointment at the recent action taken by the Board of Regents, in abolishing your office, and to express my appreciation for your tremendous efforts and accomplishments in creating an excellent community college system in the State of Nevada. It is disappointing to see an attempt by some members of the Board of Regents to place the responsibility on the Legislature. The least that residents of our state can request from their elected representatives is the 'guts' to take responsibility for their own actions." Regents' chairman "Bucky" Buchanan, writing to Don Mello, chairman of the Legislative Commission, offered more reasons. He said that "Some (regents) believed that he (Donnelly) had not worked effectively to keep the community colleges together as part of the UNS, but had allowed, perhaps even encouraged, actions by individual members of college advisory boards which were divisive and contrary to the best interests of the UNS." No doubt the statewide meetings of the college advisory boards had been threatening, especially so when Dr. Marvin Sedway, one of the group, continued to advocate separation of the colleges from the system.

Buchanan also wrote that some regents had become distressed because Donnelly had criticized the governor and the Legislature at college commencements in May 1977. In the same letter, he wrote: ". . . we intended to control the University in such a manner that no official of the University would believe that he was encouraged to criticize and dispute the Governor, an individual Legislator, nor the Legislature itself."

Donnelly knew one of the favorite mottos of universities--that one about knowing the truth that is supposed to make you free. He had told the governor and the regents--in not so polite a way--to go straight to Hell.

With Donnelly gone and the Legislature, which had been favorable to community colleges, out of session for a year and a half, the regents could reconnoiter and regroup. They could simply point to a leaderless division if a new Legislature wanted to put money into it.

Donnelly received editorial support, and advisory boards protested. But his CCD personnel moved on, two of them--Dave Wilkins, the business manager, and Tony Calabro, the curriculum assistant, to the North Campus of WNCC, which would soon be TMCC.

There were legislative commissions to study the colleges. Senator Glaser once more urged that there be separate trustees for the universities and the colleges. He proposed that the regents be appointed. As a means of damage control, the regents themselves called once more upon the Tadlock Associates to study organization and governance of the UNS. And when Tadlock presented them with recommendations they did not like, they asked that Tadlock alter the recommendations.

Who can measure the cost of what had happened? Dr. Donald Baepler, the UNLV president, was soon the chancellor. With the support of the UNLV faculty, he had worked for the re-election of Senator Floyd Lamb. Perhaps the job of chancellor was his reward. Some observers believed he had been dispatched to get a sports pavilion (the Thomas and Mack Center) for UNLV. An ornithologist, he must have seemed the enemy incarnate to community college people. Although he proclaimed the goal "to beef up the colleges," not many in the ranks believed he would or could. The faculty at the colleges, already perceiving inequities, became restive. They complained that they had little time on the regents' agenda. The period became known to many faculty members as a "cold war" era. Some college programs, coming up for approval, were derided in regents' meetings. Community colleges were forced to go through tedious processes to get programs reviewed, even when all the courses had been approved. The faculties, however, rarely joined the small chorus for a separate governing board. They turned once more, as they always do in a presidential or governance crisis, to threats of collective bargaining as a device to bring them justice and equity.

The colleges had had their chance to break away from the UNS. Leaders of the Legislature were mostly behind them and, as always, ready to go to war with the regents. But the college personnel preferred both the status and the safety of the UNS. The pay check was for certain. Being a community college in a university system meant being in a marginal zone. The colleges were orphans, adopted in self-defense by a status minded university which sought to gain acclaim through research, publications, and athletics. A supporter like Regent Fred Anderson said in his 1984 memoirs: "I did not consider a community college . . . to be the equivalent of a university granting advanced degrees . . . ." The universities had many levels--a "bonehead" level, freshman and sophomore, upper division, and graduate levels. And these were ever on the tongues of the university supporters. They had a hierarchy: lecturer, instructor, assistant professor, professor, and distinguished professor, doctor, and honorary doctor, distinguished professor, and visiting professor. At regents meetings the oft-expressed "community college level" made the college personnel aware of their lower status. In the marginal zone it was easy to be deluded, and delusion was promoted.

Faun Dixon, Reno and Carson City

HEALER AND HUMORIST

She is a teacher's teacher, completely devoted to the well-being of the profession, a redoubtable veteran of the first community college experiences in western Nevada. She resisted the influences that assured conformity of thought. Perhaps there is comfort in a homogenized postsecondary system, but there is a special sense of individual worth, even perversely, in rejecting it. In that sense she was perverse and that brought her widespread admiration. She fought the good battles and travelled rural roads to teach in the outback. She lived through the split up of a college and experienced the loneliness of being an academic administrator. She recognizes the extreme diversity of humanity and welcomes artists, mechanics, writers, musicians aboard the community college ship. Her friend Don Carlson said of her, "She understood both the hope and the limitation of the community college movement in Nevada. Like the rest of us, Faun understood that our history is best remembered not in what we were but in what we thought we were, and know now we'll never be."

I think we in the faculty probably weren't nice to Tony Calabro when he became president of WNCC in _____, after Dr. Davis retired in 198--. I think he tried to establish good relations with the faculty. He was a people person, but we had some antagonisms between WNCC and TMCC. He came in as a TMCC man, even though he had once had an office here at the Carson campus. Some people looked upon the move and thought the regents were punishing us once more.

Tony became president during the time when the theory was to practice administration by just walking around. You know, the "Thirty Second Manager"--pop management. So he would walk around and hang in your doorway. He'd say, "Hello." And we'd say, "Hello." And nothing would happen. When I think back, it must have been horrible for him.

After that he would go into his office and not speak to us--for a variety of reasons. He was very shy. He got laryngitis often when he wanted to talk. He got so scared that he would literally be unable to talk. And you know how faculty are. Like politicians, we see a vulnerability in an administrator and we're ready to criticize. We faculty sometimes think of ourselves as God's chosen clever people.

I remember the first year he was president at graduation. I don't know if it was Tony's shape or his choice of pants, but his pants would always hang loose to the floor. So he's there at graduation and his robe is too long and his pants are hitting the floor. The guy next to him had pants like high-water pants and that made Tony all the more extreme. The faculty is sitting there being our usual catty selves, watching the performance. Tony lost his money out of his pocket. He tried to get under his

commencement robe to stop it from falling. He was wiggling around on the stage. Nickles and dimes were rolling around under the regents, the speaker, and the other platform guests. The choir was signing Battle Hymn of the Republic. Warren Fox, the vice chancellor for academic affairs, and Regent Joan Sheerin cringed. I tried to get the money off the floor. Don Carlson, our political science instructor, was snickering. Michon Mackedon, from the Fallon campus, turned around and shushed us. The best thing to do would have been to do nothing. We thought it hysterical that she was going to try to make us be quiet.

I sorta came to WNCC with the furniture. I started teaching mathematics at WNCC at Stead in 1971, the first year the college opened. When they started hiring full-timers, Leon van Doren interviewed me. And here I am. Twentysomething years later, I'm still here. At the moment, I'm assistant dean of instruction at WNCC. I know middle management at WNCC does not have a history of long-term tenure.

The WNCC operation at Stead was bizarre in the early days. It was like the chaos in "Catch 22." But it also had an innocent collegiality about it. Everybody was dissolved in an enterprise bigger than themselves, and that's an experience few people ever have in academia. The place had real classrooms and blackboards, and it was like a real school. But it was still an old military facility, put up as temporary and far from everywhere, fifteen miles north of Reno.

So it was inevitable that Reno have a campus. I think there was some thought at first about having the campus in south Reno so that Carson City students and Reno students could be served at one place, but politics killed that idea. Reno was fated to have a campus on the hillside north of Reno-Sparks, and the Carson campus would be in the northwest, right under the Sierra, right where it is now.

You can get an idea about how screwy things were from a few stories. I was the chairman of the committee that hired Don Carlson to teach social sciences. He was one of the first persons hired by committee. Jim Eardley was the executive dean when we were at Stead. He sorted the applications and had Dorothy Caserta, his secretary, give them to us. (Dorothy, of course, was the wife of John Caserta who also came over to the college with Eardley's adult education contingent.)

Not all the applications got to us. So I asked Dorothy, "Where are the rest of the applications?"

"Jim knew how busy you were, so he sorted them for you," Dorothy said.

"That's not how a selection committee works. Please give me the rest of the applications," I said.

Don Carlson's was in the stack being held back. I know why Eardley had put it there. Don had worked for a prominent political consulting firm in Denver. Jim Eardley didn't want someone with with political savvy in his establishment. Soon after the regents split the colleges, Don saw his position advertised in Reno one day when he went up there from Carson City to teach a class.

Poor Don, we brought him out for an interview. And he got his first taste of Nevada. Don had dignified manners and the informality of Nevada must have stunned him. Certainly some of our eccentricities did. George Travernia, who was on the selection committee, had this wonderful personality. He was true Ely. Did you know there was an Ely Connection at WNCC? Travernia, Joe Ayarbe, Eardley, Bert Munson, Orf Holderman--they all came from Ely.

George was a wonderful introduction to Nevada for Don. When Don moved to WNCC, we all went out on Sunday to Stead to set up his office. We were always doing that sort of thing to get the place going. We did that for everyone.

At Stead, you could never tell who reported to whom. The organizational chart had straight lines and dotted lines and lines that crossed each other. Bert Munson eventually brought some sanity to the system. Before he came the administration changed almost weekly. We had all these administrators from Washoe County Adult Education program. They were looking for people to boss and there weren't many people to boss then. Some of the academic people wanted to be bosses, too. The adult education people were school district types and they didn't always have the graces maybe that people like Don expected of college faculty.

Jack Davis would hold retreats up at Squaw Valley for the faculty and staff. One of Jack's friends from the U.S. Office of Education would come out and speak to us about a hot topic in education. Which reminds me of a story. Have you heard the story of the "dead wood?" We had this guy come in from back East to give a speech. It was about cultural diversity. Max Johnson, one of the people who came to WNCC from the school district, introduced him with some jokes which did emphasize cultural diversity. They would definitely not be politically correct today. In his introduction, he told a sexist joke, a racist joke, an Catholic and a Jewish joke. The esteemed black scholar got introduced that way.

Marvin Picollo was the Washoe County superintendent. He was also a part of the Ely Connection. At the same meeting he got up and thanked Jack Davis for taking all the "dead wood" off his hands. He was talking about all those adult education people. All those guys--several of them from Ely--were sitting in the same room at the time. Ray Embry, one of the first English teachers, and Bob Hill, the first art instructor, later went out and got a piece of driftwood from Lake Tahoe. They chained it to Eardley's desk. Dead wood. Maybe it was embarrassing, but also funny. Those were happy times. People could joke then. Not everything had been reduced to communication.

I don't know that there was a groundswell for splitting WNCC into two colleges. You know the people at Fallon think they never get their fair share of resources. They believe that Carson keeps too much. That's pretty much the way Carson felt about Reno, after the North Campus started getting big enrollments. Some people felt they had to drive to Reno to get special courses. And some of the Reno students complained that they had to drive to Carson to enroll in what they needed. Everybody knows

that if you live in Reno, then Carson City is very far away. Miles and miles farther than the other way. If you live in Carson, Reno is closer. That's pretty much the attitude.

Before the split we could never have Faculty Senate meetings. We couldn't get a quorum because not enough faculty would show up from the three campuses. The representational senate eventually developed at Carson. Maybe that was one reason the split occurred. But I think it had as much to do with Eardley's and Davis's separate power bases and their personalities as it did with any logic.

Davis was in Carson and Eardley was in Reno where most of the people were. And structurally, even if they had been able to get along, to make it work as one college, the president would have had to live where most of the students were--Reno. Eardley had been in Reno a long time. He was Republican and a Laxalt man. Davis and O'Callaghan, a democrat, were arm and toes together in Nevada boxing circles. So you know that it was political.

Charles Donnelly helped the split some himself. He came in from Michigan and seems to have thought Nevada ran the same way. Nevada was an anarchy compared to Michigan. A banana republic. Donnelly stepped on toes. There are these invisible people in Carson who make it their business to attend most meetings. Secretaries listen to what goes on also at lunches and then report back to the Governor's Office. Donnelly and a lot of people didn't know that. I don't think he understood how small, how interconnected the state was politically.

Gary Carpenter, Charles Donnelly, and I were having lunch just before he was fired. Donnelly said something about the budget situation, referring, as I remember, to Howard Barrett, the budget director. Well, there was a secretary there from Barrett's office. In a few days Donnelly was headed out. And I think that he believed he worked for the Board of Regents. In Michigan he would have. In Nevada, he worked for O'Callaghan. Anyone who ever got into a power struggle with O'Callaghan lost. He told people what to do, and they did it.

Any time there was ever an issue in the Legislature affecting community colleges we knew for a fact that O'Callaghan would call Jack Davis and ask what he thought.

I think there was some trading by Jack Davis to get a college campus for Fallon. Joe Dini, the legislator from Yerington, wanted an LPN program there for his hometown. Fallon people wanted a building. We always thought Carl Dodge somehow got the LPN program for Yerington and then Dini helped Dodge get a building for Fallon in some kind of deal.

Don Carlson and I talked a lot about the collective bargaining issue. But we also thought about the political nature of Nevada. The state has an inbred anti-intellectualism. That attitude has a lot of origins. Education is actually a detriment to being employed in most casinos. The casinos would turn those card-dealing jobs over to robots if they could. They like the minimum-wage employee. And

Nevada is a "Right-to-Work" state. Strikes are outlawed. Collective bargaining didn't seem to us to be a really wise position to take in Nevada. All these new faculty coming in to Clark County and Reno from California, which had collective bargaining, could not seem to understand that it was not a good idea. The first faculty vote on the issue on the Carson campus was unanimously against the idea, but it lost by only one vote at CCCC.

Through legislation we eventually got the regents to pass the current policy, which has been upheld in court. That policy holds that the system must be considered one unit in collective bargaining. What had been proposed was that the universities would be one unit, and all the community colleges would be one unit. In essence, this was the Nevada Faculty Alliance proposal. The union's reasoning was that Clark and Truckee would be able to vote union and draw Northern and Western in. It's not that I'm against unions or that people shouldn't have the right to bargain. It's just that we have enough trouble with the Legislature already without antagonizing them. I do think that the administrators would be happy with collective bargaining rather than the so-called shared governance policy that the regents espouse. Collective bargaining would make their jobs easier. They would just follow the agreements.

The Nevada Faculty Alliance has some clout, but they are not treated with the same respect that Jim Joyce and the gaming lobbyists are. So we at WNCC felt that a union was not in our interests. Why give the universities still another reason to say to the Legislature: "Give us more money and give them less." Legislators are always looking for excuses to reduce budgets.

I don't believe the idea of a separate governing board was ever much of an issue for us. Of course, articulating courses was for a long time a major issue and people might have thought we would fare better outside the university system. But after a very long time articulation of courses did improve. I think the development of the core curriculum in the late 1980's at UNR helped. That pulled things together. Before that, even the colleges at UNR articulated courses between each other, and sometimes students changing a major might lose credits. I don't think that was ever really understood by community college people. Sometimes they thought they were being singled out to be punished. The problem of transfer also existed inside UNR. Although articulation is better, I think they still have the view that they are superior to us, and I guess that's only natural considering the hierarchies of a university.

The most famous story about articulation involves a Nevada Highway Patrol guy who flunked out of UNR and then taught criminal justice courses at the North Campus. I don't know if he was apocryphal or really existed. When there was an academic meeting with the UNR people we would hear that story. They always centered on the qualifications of the person who taught, not the course outline. It was as if UNR never hired an unqualified instructor, knowing all the while that teaching

assistants were carrying a lot of the load. The director of admissions at UNR--Jack Shirley--had his famous oration: "The University of Nevada, Reno is the grandfather, and UNLV is the father, and the community colleges are the children in this family." Who knows who the mother was?

For a long time, there was simply no process in place to deal with articulation. As a UNR graduate, I simply talked directly with a chairman to get things resolved. I knew the ropes. But if you taught chemistry like Mike _____ and came from California, you didn't know anybody. So you were out of luck. The system was based on personalities. Transfer problems hurt students. I think at first UNR thought we would go away. For them, it was bad enough that they had to deal with another university in the state for the first time--UNLV. They discovered that our demise wasn't a choice for them, so they made life just as difficult as they could. Jack Shirley, the UNR registrar, had been unmovable in his decrees at UNR for ages. And articulation of courses didn't start to change until he retired.

Don Carlson, Carson City
TEACHER AND DOER

He is an instructor of sociology and coordinator of institutional research. He is a student of public opinion. He conducts polls for politicians, political consultants, advertising firms, governmental agencies, special interest groups as well as marketing research for business. He has also managed several campaigns.

He grew up in Iowa and came to Nevada from Illinois, where he first taught. Before he went to graduate school at the University of Detroit, he worked four years in political public relations, in many states and for many campaigns.

He was elected twice as the WNCC Faculty Senate president, served on numerous senate, college, and system committees and chaired the 1990 steering committee for accreditation. In 1991 he was named Outstanding Faculty member by his peers.

He has served 10 years on the Carson City Charter Review Committee and was elected chairman his last term. He is vice president of the Truman-Orr Foundation.

I doubt that politics in the UNS is much different than the politics in other higher education systems. Education is innately political because there are so few crumbs. That leads to a lot of turf wars and to some subterfuge.

I moved to Carson City to teach. I also thought Nevada was a marketable business opportunity. And I'm proud of my business, which is measuring public opinion. I don't mean to be arrogant when I say that teachers ought to practice their disciplines. I believe I'm a better teacher because I practice my discipline, and I think I am better at my discipline because I teach. And, yes, I'm in business to make a profit.

I cannot imagine why I would want to become a college administrator because the world of teaching while practicing your discipline is, to me, the ideal world. I wonder if some people who don't practice their discipline are driven to gain status by trying to move up in the UCCSN pyramid. And that underlines the politics--too few slots in the pyramid and too
many people with ambition. If you've ever been to a regents' meeting, you've been in a room full of ambition.

I began teaching at WNCC in 1974. My first classes were at Stead. When the first building on the Carson campus was completed in 1975, I taught at Stead and in Carson. When the "Great Split"--TMCC breaking off from WNCC--came about, I chose the Carson campus. My wife and I decided when we first came to Nevada that we preferred a small town.

For Ursula and me, the West was really a magnet. I had never heard of WNCC (it was one year old), but I had previously visited Lake Tahoe. I made Tahoe and Carson my regional favorite. It's just odd that I got to teach at a young institution. And in the place we wanted to be.

I went through the interview process that WNCC had developed. I learned later that I was the first experiment the personnel committeereview/selection process. Until then, I think Dr. Davis had pretty much done all the hiring himself. Faun Dixon, Dale Donathan, Max Johnson, and George Travernia were members of the selection committee. Also Ron Remington, who drove me to the interview at Stead. I met Jim Eardley on the first visit, but I didn't see Jack Davis until a pre-semester retreat at Squaw Valley.

The early period, when WNCC was the only community college in Western Nevada, was one of those once-in-a-lifetime electric experiences. It was chaotic too, for we conducted courses all over the area--in junior highs, churches, community centers. You name it. The faculty was young--eager to bring light and change the world. I remember especially Faun Dixon, Jeannie Pontrelli, Ray Embry. Many of us came to WNCC after being in the military. I came from a poor home but I had the GI Bill. I started at a community college and had very strong feelings about how that college changed my life. It was a tiny college--Burlington College in Iowa--started in 1902.

I have had something like 18 deans during my tenure at WNCC. At times I had three or four deans at once. There was a supervisor for one part of the action and a supervisor for another part. I have watched them come and go. Some have become dean from the inside, others from the outside. Many faculty members are uneasy when a new dean takes office. But once the dean settles in the atmosphere is positive for a while. I think there is an unofficial game called "Get the Dean." At some point, we start to have problems. Maybe it's when too many people try to move up the ladder--higher in the pyramid. The context in which a dean has to work is very messy. They aren't bad people. The job eats them up and it's very, very sad. I never knew a happy dean.

I think partly this negative context is created because people hired for administration are so often institutional babies. They have been in education forever. Too many of them graduate, only to go right back into it. I would prefer to see deans, and faculty, as people who honestly did understand undergraduate study. And people who have worked in private enterprise or, at least, some non-school non-profit organization. I'm talking about several years' work outside a college.

I had a great opportunity as an undergraduate at Drake University. The chairman of the department of political science--Professor Willis--was a pioneer in statistical political science. He was truly fascinating, a different kind of thinker about observing, explaining, and predicting political behavior. I'll never forget one series of lectures in 1966-67. He developed a thesis that the Republicans would capture the White House for the rest of the twentieth century with momentary interruptions. Originally he taught at Purdue but practiced his discipline working for Adlai Stevenson during his tenure as governor of Illinois, as well as through the 1952 and 1956 presidential campaigns. During my first course with Willis I was assigned a state senate campaign. It was a fine experience--having read books and discussed ideas and then do real work in the field. I had to put the campaign together on paper and then implement the activities.

Several years ago Roberta Trease, chairman of the WNCC business department, and one of those beautiful human beings God puts on this earth, said to me, "Don, we have a problem in the business department. We have a marketing course and only part-time instructors for it. It has a lot of demand and needs more development. I know you do public opinion research and marketing research. I want to try an experiment."

"What kind? I asked.

"I want to go to my dean and I'll go to your dean--if my dean lets me go to your dean--and ask if you can teach the marketing course," she said.

I weighed the idea in my mind for a couple of weeks. Then I told Roberta, "What the Hell. I'll try it." And all the powers-that-be agreed, after much deliberation.

The syllabus was on file. A dean handed it to me. Frankly, I didn't like the approach. I went to Roberta and told her, "I want to teach marketing next semester, and I want to approach it differently."

"Go to it, tiger," she said.

The course was an introduction to the subject. I asked students to develop marketing plans. The student effort required would be similar to that of a research paper in freshman composition. The class members included owners of businesses and employees referred by the owners. Some people in the class were planning a business and some were simply business majors. The range of skills levels was as wide as individual needs. Conducting that course taught me to refocus. I tried to have a relatively scientific experiment. I put one group of students to work on Project A, another on Project B, and others on Project C and required them to work as a team. The arrangement had some ups and downs.

"I'm going to try another way," I said at the next meeting. "I'm going to take this diverse group and create a common assignment. The assignment will be something you can relate to." I asked the students to write a paper discussing WNCC--their college--from a student perspective. What's right about it. What's wrong with it. I got some delightful papers. And then they developed marketing plans.

Having the Assembly money committee hold hearings at the college was a blessing from heaven. Bob Thomas, Ways and Means Sub-Committee on Higher Education chairman, asked me in 1985 what could be done to help WNCC. I told him that having hearings where faculty and students could testify on a campus would be good both for the Legislature and the citizens. Very few, if any, ever went to the Legislatire to testify, listen, and observe. So Ways and Means started to hold budget hearings at Nevada's community colleges.

Charles Greenhaw, of Elko, tells me that he believes that was a big help in getting funding for the NNCC Technical Arts Building. Las Vegas Democrat Marvin Sedway, Way and Means Committee chairman, conducted a hearing at NNCC and Senate Finance met there a little later. Pretty soon they were advocating the NNCC Technical Arts Center.

In 1989 Sedway was conducting a hearing at WNCC. Well, he found the place absolutely offensive to students because they had no place but classrooms to sit, except for a loungs. Students really didn't converse much except in the classroom, and Sedway knew that some good learning goes on in after-class discussion. WNCC had no snack bar where students could have a sandwich, and the college was out in the sagebrush a mile from a cafe. Sedway thought it was silly for the state to spend so much money on faculty and facilities and not have a place where students and faculty could continue after-class talk.

He was absolutely determined to put $250,000 in the state budget for a place for students to have a coke and talk. "This college is going to have an area for students to eat and to have after-class exchange, and maybe even get to be friends," he said at the budget hearing.

An individual from WNCC stood up and thanked him for the faculty. Sedway shot back, "Rest assured this area is not for staff and faculty. It must be for students. Now, understand that."

After the hearings I asked students, in 1990, to prepare a marketing plan on the cafe that Mr. Sedway wanted. They did some primary research. They drew up a sample and then went out and interviewed their peers. What kinds of food? What would be the hours? After the interviews, they wrote plans. About three students emphasized the name of our cafe. They knew also what Mr. Sedway wanted. One student wrote that the cafe should be called "Seddy's." Two others named it the Sedway Cafe. Sedway knew nothing of this, for he had become very ill.

I passed on the two best plans to the administration. Weeks and months passed and no response came. I was frustrated and angry. Sedway was lapsing into his final illness. Marvin and I were friends, even though we had some real differences. He was a man who really fought for what he believed, and I respect that. He especially fought for all community colleges. I had spent time working with Marvin, and I wanted him to see the result of his concern for WNCC students.

The last time I saw him was at a regents' meeting at CCSN in Las Vegas. It was the swearing-in of Regent Berkley. I wanted to tell him about the cafe, for he was failing. I wanted to say, "This damned cafe is being named after you." I couldn't, because I had no confidence I could keep my word to a dying man.

Finally I went to President Tony Calabro. He had not heard about the students' plans. It took Tony about a month. He proposed it to the regents, and they applauded it. An item of interest in this context--some people want to name the new legislative building the Sedway Office Building. Of course, the acronym for that would be SOB. The Legislative Commission originally decided against that. Now, however, there is a legislative building named after Sedway. The offshoot of it all was that my students had upstaged the Legislature. The regents had a great ceremony during the legislative session in 1991 for the Sedway Cafe. For me, it was a real reward because the naming validated my teaching. It's exciting. I mean, these students learn when they are actively engaged. I'm infamous for being demanding. I have a reputation for expecting results. They learn. And their self-image improves.

Mrs. Kim Sedway came to the ceremony. I picked her up at the airport and drove her to Carson City. And finally I could tell a Sedway about the origins of the cafe. Roger Sedway, his son, lives in Carson. I had the great honor of taking him to Sedway Cafe for a Sedway Combo. Mrs. Sedway asked me if I had told Marvin before he died. I wish I could have said yes.

Bus Sharmann, Fallon

THE DISCIPLE OF COMMUNITY EDUCATION

I met Bus Sharmann in a Nevada Community Education Association Conference in Tonopah in the mid-1970's. He had been well-schooled in community education processes and along with Dick Horyua, Duffy Bride, Carol Burrell, and Jerry Nielsen, was in the vanguard of the Nevada movement.

I had much in common with Bus. We were rurals. In Nevada, there was a period before the cities became tarnished a false dichotomy in which the rurals were portrayed as "the cows" from the "cow counties," noble savages maybe, but certainly uncivilized. Some urbanities looked upon us much as the California emigrants looked upon the Diggers: as people who could not survive in the sophisticated city. We scheduled classes in dusty little towns in well over half the state's landmass. Some of our urban colleagues thought that delivering education to obscure and distant places like Mina, Duckwater, and Round Mountain was a costly waste of time.

We rural community college coordinators sometimes thought we were victims of colonial repression. I wondered if the big boys in the UNS ever took us seriously. Having to represent so many functions at once, we must have seemed like misguided yokels. We hailed from a land beyond the Philistnes. Horseshit was on our boots. To our city colleagues, we came from chicken-fried colleges.

Ben Martin from Charles Donnelly's office interviewed me. He was a true believer in community education. But he was out of his element in Nevada. The idea in those days was that community education was a neighborhood process involving cooperating agencies. Community agencies would have a joint schedule, they would share facilities, and resources. It was very idealistic. That would have been novel in Nevada. Ben didn't last long. I think some of the campuses didn't want someone from the central office butting in to their turf. Also, Ben was not noted for his diplomacy.

He called me when I got back to Manteca, CA in April 1974. "We want you to serve a communitty education internship in Hawthorne," he said. I had never heard of the place. I got a map and noticed it was directly across the Sierra from Manteca. I said to Lana, my wife, "If anything goes wrong, we're only a tank of gas from home."

To prepare for Hawthorne, I spent three months in training at BYU. BYU had grant money from the Mott Foundation and was the regional community education center. In September 1974 I reported to work at Hawthorne. WNCC had a counselor, Ada Cook, who served both Hawthorne and Yerington. But she was moving to the Stead cmapus. So I became the WNCC counselor and was able to complete the objectives for my master's degree while working in Mineral County.

WNCC was really taking off in 1974. People in the small towns really valued the college. Vietnam vets would enroll in anything we offered. They got GI benefits. The Hawthorne center was

pulling about 40 FTE--pretty good for a town of 4,500 people. WNCC got to count those students without much expense--using almost exclusively part-time instructors who were paid only $150 per credit.

The off-campus centers are still valued, but in a different way nowadays. In the early days, full-time instructors from the campus in Carson had to travel to small places to get enough classes to complete their official teaching load. Now it's different. The enrollments in Carson and Fallon are so good that instructors don't have to travel. We are lucky because some still choose to teach in the small centers.

In the early days, instructors like Don Carlson, Faun Dixon, George Fry, Mike Sady, and Ron Remington would jump in their cars and drive maybe 130 miles miles to teach. They put students first. Carlson drove pretty fast and he and others periodically got tickets and Governor O'Callaghan would call them up and chew on people for getting tickets while driving a state vehicle. Mike didn't write you a letter. He reprimanded you on the phone.

Wally Peterson was the coordinator and I was counselor at Hawthorne. After a year I became a full-timer. Half my pay came from the school district and half from WNCC. With that, the positions of counselor and coordinator merged into one.

I met some characters in Hawthorne. One night a student became angry. I heard him arguing with the instructor, Faun Dixon. I knew he had a short fuse because I played basketball with him. He'd take a swing at anybody. When I came up his fist was clenched. He had missed a number of classes and Faun had given him an F on a paper. They were just nose to nose, little Faun and this vet. I knew he was going to punch her, so I stepped in. That's just the way life was for him. Cross him and he'd punch. But he didn't hit her or me this time.

I came to Hawthorne thinking I'd have a few days to get to know the place and the procedures. But the first day I walked in Wally handed me the WNCC catalog. He said, "I'm going to Oregon. My mother is ill. You take care of things." He walked out as I walked in. WNCC registration was to start in three hours.

We had support from Joe Ayarbe, Pat Miltenberger, Burt Munson, Dave Woods, L.D. Lovett, and others from Reno in those days. So people would come to enroll and lines would form outside the building. The people got really excited about registration. Nothing like this had ever happened in Hawthorne and it became a part of the town's ritual.

I kept busy developing community education. Classes like wild game butchering, sewing, and early morning exercise were really popular. People in the small towns were hungry for classes. In Hawthorne, the only thing for people to do was to go to the El Cap, a casino. If you didn't go to El Cap, you stayed home. The people were really primed for community education when I arrived.

Wally Peterson, the director of special services for the school district, supported me from the start. "The schools are yours when we're not having classes. Here are your keys." Wally even went with me to community agencies to raise money for the program. And the school board was receptive as long as I didn't ask for money. But when my internship was over they put their money where their mouth was and I got on full time. They wanted their schools to be community centers. That is the way scommunity education is supposed to work.

Hawthorne was great for me. I was 23. I'll never forget the experience. There, reality tempered my idealism about community education. I got a liberal dose of common sense. I learned the guiding principle of the common people: "What is best for the greatest number is fair democratic policy." I moved to the Fallon center in 1977, where I had soft money positions for a few years. There was no campus then but a movement had started to get one.

Elliott Lima was the person who built the Fallon center. He transformed the school district's adult education into a community college. He and I became friends. Elliott had an interesting relationship with Dr. Jack Davis, the WNCC president. Both were WWII veterans. Jack was an officer, a commander. Eliott was enlisted. That relationship held up in civilian life. Jack came over to Fallon from Carson as the superior officer. But Elliott seemed to like it that way. Jack would just take us over to the spudnut shop, which was a kind of ole' boy hangout. There I got to know the basic people of Fallon, people like Carl Dodge and Virgil Getto. Both were in the Legislature. Just their presence would temper Jack Davis. Jack worked well with these people. There was a mutual respect because one of his first administrative jobs in education was superintendent of schools in Churchill County. When Elliot retired, Ron Martin, who eventually went to Carson as dean, took his place.

For a long time I felt like an outsider in the wider circles of WNCC. Jack Davis invited me to meetings at Stead. But I didn't see the Reno people very much and no one knew who the heck I was. They didn't know how to relate to me nor I to them. I worked for WNCC for several years and people would ask me who I was. I just did my job. Not many questions as long as the enrollment looked good. In fact, I don't even think that mattered much. The college was fulfilling its mission--post-secondary education--in rural Nevada. That's what really mattered. In the late 1970s Reno was having explosive growth and for them the world ended at the city limits. Jack Davis related well to the people in the centers. He would come out and visit once a month.

Our fortunes at Fallon improved when we moved into our first building in 1980. But we had to scream out here to get any attention from Carson. We got very active in WNCC Faculty Senate. We wanted to see that our interests were heard. For a long time all the WNCC full-time faculty made up the Senate. In the late 1970s it became a representative group. That happened because eight faculty from Fallon would show up and only three from Carson. We were out-voting them on everything, right in

their own building. So they wanted the senate to be a representative body. We didn't mind because we would still be heard. We've always been the Loud Ones. You ought to hear Bonnie York and Doris Dwyer. They--and all our faculty--have been strong-willed and independent and able to say what was on their minds.

In recent years, I think we have toned down our aggressiveness in favor of a team mood. We think of WNCC as a whole most of the time. But we were the loud stepchildren for a long time. A part of our unrest was the unrest of WNCC and the collective bargaining issue. Also, there were disturbances in the university system. Naturally, we were concerned about the split between the North Campus in Reno and the South Campus in Carson. What would happen to us? The North Campus was a question mark. We always thought it strange that the administrative office and the president were in Carson, the smaller place. We wondered who would take in the Loud Ones from Fallon after the split. We were led to believe that Dr. Davis wanted us because we were rural and Carson City people identified with us. Jim Eardley, who was going to become president of the new TMCC, never seemed interested in rural programs. I believe he felt responsible for Reno and Sparks. We Loud Ones never got into that fight. Both Davis and Eardley were right. Carson was oriented to the small towns. Eardley had plenty to do in Reno and Sparks. He didn't need our problems, too.

Being rural, we felt a kinship with NNCC in Elko. We had good relationships like Bonnie York and Carl Diekhans working together for rural computing classes. NNCC seemed to be the system renegade. They would experiment with activities the other colleges couldn't get away with. They videotaped classes and used them off-campus. They had the Cowboy Poetry Gathering. They had whole mathematics sequences on video all over their area. Nobody else did that sort of thing. So we had a gleam in our eyes, wanting to emulate NNCC.

After Ron Martin went to Carson and Michelle Dondero became dean of the Fallon Campus, we became more aggressive. We experimented. If we got caught in a mistake, we just claimed ignorance and asked for forgiveness. We'd try anything that would be new and exciting for students. We tried a slot machine mechanics program, and it had Jack Davis' blessing. It was run on federal funds, a CETA grant, so it wasn't going to last long even if it got started. After all, three or four slot mechanics could handle Fallon.

It was my first chance to direct a program. I kept the pavement hot recruiting students and got the training going. It was doing okay, and had a great teacher. Then CETA people decided to move it to Carson. I felt really bad. I mean, it was my baby, and they took it away. I got a call from the Fallon newspaper about it. I was pissed off and I was still only 28. The reporter came and asked me questions. I spoke my mind, which was exactly the opposite of what the CETA director said to the reporter. They

printed our comments side-by-side the next day. "Oh, boy, what have I done?" I asked myself. I took the paper to Ron Martin.

"Jack Davis already knows," he said.

"It's been nice working with you," I thought to myself.

When the word got to Dr. Davis, all he really wanted to know was if I learned from the experience. When Ron indicated that I had, Jack was satisfied. I never heard a word about the incident again.

I respected Jack because he gave you space. He didn't keep his thumb on you. He let you make mistakes. After that I was given more responsibility. I became the assistant dean in 1981.

Maybe my belief that I've been looked down on is false. But I think Carson City people looked upon me as unequal. I always felt I had to talk louder and do more. Of course, I had to attend more meetings. For a long time, none of the college meetings were held in Fallon. In a small operation you have all the tasks of the larger college, but not as many workers. I had to wear so many hats and got involved in so many things that I must have looked crazy sometimes. One day I'd be at a meeting of student services people in Reno. The next day I'd be in a meeting with the academic people and Warren Fox, the academic affairs chancellor. In a small operation like Fallon I was supposed to know it all, do it all, and it was tough sometimes. Nowadays, we are more specialized. "Bus, you do this, and let somebody else do that." Hell, at times there's nobody else to do it. Sometimes, even today, if we take the specialist approach, we aren't serving students properly. I find being a generalist in my work is still the best approach. From my first day in Hawthorne I was taught that the one thing we didn't want was unhappy students. We have to be user friendly.

When I first came into the system I started comparing the little centers with a community college I attended in California--San Joaquin Delta College. It had 7,700 students. Well, if we could have signed up half of the adults in the towns of Lovelock, Fallon, Yerington, and Hawthorne, we couldn't get that many students. I thought it was just wonderful that Nevada had such faith in postsecondary education that the state would provide education in the little towns. Then I understood why the colleges got started in the first place. They were meant for unserved people. The urban areas had universities. People out in the tundra had next to nothing.

When Tadlock Associates was doing its study in 1978 on college organization we were hoping they would support us. Fallon had started pushing for a building. But Tadlock didn't help us. Some of us went to the regents' meeting in Reno to hear the report. Tadlock said that Fallon was just too small for a campus, with only 3,900 people. Mike McGinnis stood up and said, "You're wrong. That's the elevation of the town." I guess Tadlock missed a sign.

I always felt that we weren't regarded very highly by the university. Elliott Lima had a great idea one day. He would have State Sen. Carl Dodge teach "Introduction to the Political Process." Carl was one of the strong people in the Legislature. We were told the university wouldn't transfer the course because Carl didn't have a master's degree. So we had designate the course as non-transferrable, even if the teacher was a kingpin in state politics.

Being with WNCC has been a good trip. It is true, the bureaucracy is bothersome at times. But it's still a great place to work. Acceptance of your work by your peers and superiors is important. And yes I care what my president thinks about my work, but I have no regrets. I've always done the job the way I saw the need. I'd like to think I've made a difference in the "Cow Counties." I feel good about what I've done.

James Conkey, Reno

BLOWIN' WITH THE WIND

He is a science professor at TMCC. In the Cold War he served with the U.S. Navy as a Seal, an underwater demolitions technician. Before joining TMCC, he taught science for nine years for the Washoe County School District. He was also prominent developing environmental education at the former Foresta Institute for Ocean and Mountain Studies located in Washoe Valley. Conkey taught at Sierra Nevada College and at Tahoe Paradise College before it closed. When TMCC was getting involved in emergency medical services, he designed and implemented the initial curriculum. When the AIDS/HIV epidemic began receiving attention in 1983, Conkey developed TMCC's nationallly acclaimed AIDS Education Project, the the first such education in the state.

I was brought into WNCC by Dr. Jack Davis in fall 1973. I had an extensive background with the National Science Foundation. I wrote proposals for science grants for environmental education for summer science education for high-ability high schoolers and teachers. Jack Davis wanted me to develop a science program at Stead. While I was at Stead Bill Bonaudi, also a science instructor, and I developed courses in biology and anatomy and physiology. Before that time, there were really no full lab courses to go with traditional biology. The courses were geared to health care students--RNs, LPNs, X-Ray techs, and radiology techs.

That was an exciting time because we were dealing with raw material. Not only were we molding a science group that would become a department, but we were expanding on what we thought a science department should be. We moved very, very fast and also developed chemistry courses to support allied health students.

At the end of 1973 I was asked to take over coordination of the Carson City campus. It had been going two years. Jack Davis' primary office was in the old Civic Auditorium on Carson Blvd. The new building was scheduled to open on the campus in the northwest part of town in the fall 1974. I was asked to remove myself from the science group at Stead to become the coordinator at Carson, which included working with the Public Works Board in developing our first building, and also help in hiring and creating curriculum. The job sounded exciting so I took it. I suspected that being a full-time administrator could be very deadly. I knew that I had to keep my sanity by teaching at least one course. I chose to teach environmental planning.

My boss was Bert Munson, and his office was at Stead. I also worked with Larry Crandall, Bet Sturm, and, indirectly, John Caserta. Roberta Trease taught business courses. We had no full-time faculty in science then. Actually, we had only about four full-timers and a host of part-timers, about 20.

Things went very, very well at first. We were under the gun to move into the new building by late 1974 because we had to vacate the Civic Auditorium. We had lots of problems getting into the facility--some legal, some physical. A lot of furniture had to be moved. The building was on a hillside, and we had to get an easement to get the facility off Winnie Lane. This became a difficult political and legal problem for me. The Public Works Board had slipped up. The director hadn't realized that easements were needed. No one had a handle on the problem, but a lawyer sought me out. A week before we moved into the building we learned that we did not have access. And a gas line still had to be completed and permission obtained from the owner of the adjacent property. He lived lived in Chicago. We had movers coming. Winter was coming on and it was getting very cold for the move and occupancy. It was an eleventh-hour trauma. I was the manager--trying to pull things together and trying to keep the WNCC family together.

I was able to pull it off. The easement took place. We moved into the building, but the air-conditioning system was installed backwards. So, instead of heat, we got cold air. It was December. Secretaries could work only half-day because of the cold, even though we brought in space heaters. Everything was going to Hell. Sheri Smith--Jack Davis' secretary--told me he was out of the country. So it was Jim Conkey's problem. Jim Eardley was out of the picture, and so was Bert Munson. It was my show, and, now, thinking back, I prevailed. Finally, we got heating.

By the time WNCC moved into the facility, the faculty had increased to 12 and we had 25 part-time instructors. We used Carson High, the junior high, and our own new building for classes. We had

a great increase in enrollment in 1975. We were pleased. It was like launching and commanding your first ship. It was extremely stressful but rewarding to have done so much in so short a time. No rewards were sought, nor acknowledgement for good work. I just did things for the fun of it.

We had a series of problems, one particularly scandalous. Governor O'Callaghan apparently had the feeling that we ought to be providing education at the state prison in Carson. President Davis wanted to cooperate with the governor, so a system was set up to provide classes out at the prison. The inmates would get credit in classes that were taught by other inmates and some WNCC faculty from the outside. Up front, this looked very good. Jack Davis told me he was protective of this program because it was worth a million dollars in the biennial budget recommended by the governor and passed by the Legislature. The trouble came when I learned that some inmates were getting credit even though they had not attended classes. The inmates paid other inmates to attend and the ones who paid picked up the credits. Well, this came close to being a full-blown scandal, especially when some of the classes were taught by prisoners. The thing was completely out of hand. When I reported the problem to Davis and Max Johnson, I was really threatened. "Leave it alone--it's none of your business," I was told. Even though I was coordinator of the campus, I was simply to stay away from inmate education. It had a lot to do with politics.

We developed a series of wonderful courses. Our nursing program proceeded beautifully. Academically and administratively we were doing well. But there were always problems on the horizon that had to do with politics. I don't have a clue about them in relation to the big picture. But times became very, very uncomfortable. Governor O'Callaghan was getting ready to present his budget to the Legislature in 1975. Carson City at the time was going through a severe recession. People were out of work. I wanted to develop courses to train unemployed people for work. This meant that I would have to float courses that would cost money. The governor wanted to cut $3 million from the CCD budget. I was asked to speak to a series of service clubs in Carson about the development of the college. I started talking about the need to develop courses to train the unemployed people. I did attack the governor's proposal to cut the budget. I think the Legislature really whacked the CCCC budget, and Chuck Donnelly, the community colleged' president, was complaining, too. I said the college desperately needed the money. We could help put people back to work. The third time I gave a talk a stringer showed up from the Carson City newspaper. My words were in the paper the next day.

Then Jack Davis was in my office and was extremely threatening and upset. He said the governor was on his case and very mad at what I had done. I had better be thinking about leaving Carson City. A few hours later he came back and said, "Well, Senator Raggio feels that you did exactly the right thing and you are standing very tall in relation to what you did say." Two days later Jack came

into my office and said he desperately needed me as a science teacher back at Stead and that I had a week to prepare to go back to Stead.

"Am I going back as chair of the science department?" I asked.

"No, you are a teacher and you're going back there to teach."

I wasn't sure what I did wrong. I felt very, very badly that I had made a mistake. I was out of there in four days, and I went back to Stead to teach the spring semester. I went back trying to figure out what the Hell went wrong. I never did understand. No one said I did a bad job--not Jim Eardley, nor Bert Munson. No one said I did a good job. I only knew that it was political and I had to get out of Carson. My self-confidence really bottomed. I was the strong, assertive type and now I was deflated. It took me about five weeks to get up again. But I did get back up. Some consulting jobs came up in California involving environmental impact studies. I did a series of studies for some water districts in the South Sierra. I got involved with things besides my teaching.

So it all worked out. But I've always wondered if people ever really knew what happened to me in Carson. Does it matter anyway? It really doesn't matter in the long haul.

I think I should address the phenomenon of Tom Tucker, who was a powere figure in the UNR College of Education. Tucker took great pride in influencing a large number of the public school administrators in Nevada. They were his former students. He thought he controlled every school district and the State Department of Education. He had tremendous power with the Legislature. He was Jack Davis' mentor and they had been officemates at UNR in the College of Education. Jack Davis was his lackey, you might say. Jack got the WNCC presidency because of Tucker. Tucker was always in the background of the community college political situation. He definitely had a lot to do with what happened to Charles Donnelly.

I was sitting in Davis' office one day. It was when I was asked to take the Carson campus coordinator job. The Legislature was in session [1973?]. Tucker came in. He and Jack started going on about lobbying the Legislature. Apparently they had decided to show off in front of me. They took turns talking to each other about how inept Donnelly was with the Legislature. Then they would laugh. They said they were going to pull the rug out from under Donnelly. I was wide-eyed. My mouth was open. I was somewhat close to Tom Tucker. When I was teaching in public school, I had his daughter in an 8th grade class and she was flunking. I was given a silver dollar key chain by way of her from Tom. She passed on her own, of course, and is now herself a teacher. I also took a series of graduate courses from Tom, and he liked me an awful lot, probably because I was poor at the time and had eight kids. He was probably behind my going to the community college to develop the science program early on. He was extremely Machiavellian. I think he was more of the--what should I say--Svengali to Jack

Davis and everyone else. Jim Eardley and Bert Munson and many of those adult education types who came to TMCC early on were disciples of Tom Tucker. Tom Tucker called a lot of political shots.

After we moved from Stead to Dandini Boulevard in the new building in 1977, the faculty increased substantially. The college became much more formal, but nothing like it is in 1993. It was extremely academically oriented at Stead, and now it is more or less a business rather than an educational institution. I'd say we went from a very student-oriented academic program to one in which academics is secondary and the business of the college is the main business. We are heavy with administration.

When TMCC split from WNCC and became its own college, I didn't care. When I realized what had happened to me in administration, my whole world was the classroom and my consulting work. I became involved in emergency medical training. So I didn't have any feeling about the split. But what was interesting to me was losing President Donnelly. I thought, God, there is another Conkey. He was buried politically, but on a larger scale. And then to see Jack Davis lose favor and end up running "my" campus in Carson City--that was fascinating. Then Jim Eardley, the second in command and his friend for all those years, became owner and manager, you might say, of the new campus.

Betsy Sturm, California
LIBRARY MEGABUILDER

If you could win a black belt for building libraries, Betsy Sturm would have at least one and probably two. She was the first employee of Elko Community College I met when I moved to town in June 1970. Before I was officially on duty, I worked with Betsy in selecting books for the library. She allowed me to concentrate on an American Indian collection, and I was able to get the Basque Studies program to donate books for a Basque collection. The books came from Libraria Monterola in Bilbao, Spain. Dr. Richard Lane, who was completing a dissertation for Yale on sheep ecology, told me that I romanticized Basques. I believed the Basques would want to read about Old World Basques. But the Basque population in Elko was never showed interest in the books. But many of them did enroll in English as a second language.

Betsy Sturm established two community college libraries and helped with a third in Nevada. She created from scratch the NNCC learning resources center and she developed a similar program at TMCC. She also worked in the WNCC library in Carson City.

Betsy, her husband Pepper Sr., and her son Pepper, Jr., were early participants in Elko Community College. She had no degree in information science. But Chancellor Neil Humphrey told her that her 35 years' experience was an adequate substitute for a degree. Her achievements proved Humphrey was right.

She and Pepper, Sr., live exceedingly modestly in Mariposa, CA., near the entrance to Yosemite National Park. She volunteers for the local library. He continues to write westerns he does not wish to publish. Of Betsy a friend has said: "In the world of libraries, she was the greatest Roman of them all."

When I came to Elko in 1969, someone had set aside a basement room (it was once used by first graders) for a library in Elko Grammar # 1. It had about fifty donated books when I arrived. My job was to set up a working college library. Pepper, Sr., and I moved our personal collection into the room and some faculty members loaned their books. Then Chancellor Humphrey helped us obtain a Fleischmann grant of $100,000, and we were on our way. We--Eva Parrish and I--got a list of basic books for a community college from the Department of Education. We ordered books from that list mainly. The Baker and Taylor people--book vendors--also gave us many books. They were good about helping developing libraries.

By the end of the second year we had a respectable library. Chancellor Humphrey suggested that we hold back some of the money so that incoming faculty could make recommendations. A community college library exists to support classes.

In the beginning the college had a very poor budget. I worked without pay for eight months. The budget for books improved with the Fleischmann grant. Starting a library from scratch was a special challenge. I enjoyed those years in Elko. Charles Greenhaw, who taught English, and Bernard Sadowski, the science instructor, insisted that students use the library. And students like Paul and Bruce Bilbray, students from Battle Mountain, always lit up the day with their boyishness and cheerfulness. April McCloud, an Indian girl, was a dear heart. I still picture the first art teachers, Lowell Swenseid at the potter's wheel and Hub Stenoish painting with oils.

There was a family spirit between the faculty and students. They did things together--played ping pong, had pie-eating contests, held a yearly fishing derby. Faculty played students in softball. The student association rented a pizza parlor and everyone--students, faculty, staff--went for beer and pizza. Dr. William Berg came to NNCC just as we were moving to the new campus on the old golf course. The campus had to wait a couple of years for landscaping. Dr. Berg got right out there and marked

places for cars to park and pulled weeds just like the rest of us. By the time I left for Reno in 1975, the college was beginning to get landscaping.

The new library in McMullen Hall was an adventurous place. It had an elevator to the upper stacks. It was a lovely, spacious place. And it wasn't just a library. It was the largest meeting place on campus. It was never a library where you would go "shhhhsh!" Students held dances there on weekends, the regents met there when they came to Elko, faculty orientation occurred there. We had barbecues in the library and art exhibitions. We also had theater, using a portable stage Dick Culver built. Dr. Ron Wilson, who taught physics and electronics, started the annual paper airplane contest there. Students would sail their planes from the upper stacks out across the great reading room.

UNR really helped me when I was building the library. Of course, the UNR faculty was not so generous. They wanted to approve personally the college courses. About course transfer there was plenty of warfare. But with libraries the cooperation was total. I have nothing but praise for Dean Hap Morehouse and the librarian of UNLV, Mary Dale Deacon. Both retired recently.

When we moved from Elko to Reno, Pepper, Sr., began teaching part-time for UNR, and I was fortunate to be taken on at WNCC as a secretary to Larry Crandall, the learning resources director. I drove to Carson to work until I got transferred to the North Campus in Reno. There I was secretary to Frank Burnham until they decided to start a library in 1977. So now I would get to repeat what I had done in Elko. We received a Fleishchmann grant of $100,000, just as the South Campus had. Since I was in Reno, I was actually able to visit Baker and Taylor and pick books off the shelves. They had grocery carts, and so I went through the stacks of wonderful books and filled the carts like a kid in a candy shop.

There came a time when the South Campus was no longer able to help us with books or materials. Larry Crandall and Dale Pugsley would come up from Carson to deliver materials and service equipment, but this proved to be unsatisfactory. If you needed an overhead projector, it would be somewhere in the boonies, maybe at Hawthorne or Yerington. We just couldn't coordinate services. You know, ibraries really are service organizations.

I worked directly with Frank Burnham, the business manager. Jim Eardley was then the executive dean of the north campus, but became president when TMCC emerged from WNCC. He knew very little about libraries, but he said "yes" to some requests. We built up the library and the audio-visuals. I knew Jim Conkey when I was at the South Campus and he had moved back up to Reno to teach. Bert Munson, the academic dean, cooperated a hundred per cent with the faculty and the library. He made things go very smoothly. He was wonderful in every way and we were all struck down to despair when he died so suddenly. Pat Miltenberger was a class-act also. TMCC was never the same again after she left. Pat had a personal oath to help students. She always worked for them. Pat

wanted to be president when Eardley retired. I believe that she didn't get the job because she was outspoken about some policies that people with more authority supported. They knew that she wouldn't be a yes-man in any way. Also, she was female. I think the people in the brotherhood would have not accepted a woman who did her own thinking.

We moved into the new building on campus on Dandini Blvd. in December 1977. The college was on a hillside and you could look down at all of Reno. When we first saw the building taking shape, we were ambivalent about tit, for it was unlike any college anyone had ever seen. During the Christmas holidays that year everyone pitched in to help move desks and equipment from Stead. That Christmas we looked down on all the lights of the Truckee Meadows and decided that at least we had a brilliant view. We were still a mostly happy, family, but each semester we got more students. In every way we were growing larger. New faculty came in and they were surprised at the things we didn't have. Some pushed for a faculty union. So the family attachments of of our beginning years was coming to an end.

In an obvious way it ended with the split from WNCC. Carson City would go its way and so would Reno. Some of the people at the North Campus believed that Dr. Davis wasn't giving enough attention to Reno. But how could he? He had plenty of problems with the Carson operation and the centers at Yerington, Fallon, Hawthorne, Lovelock. There was a lot of administrative and faculty bickering about the larger North Campus being under Carson administratively. Dr. Davis had to tend to the Legislature. Politics was his business. He just didn't have time to come to Reno every day. I think Dr. Davis did a great job, but he was an absentee landlord.

The separation of the colleges was a wise move. The two colleges served different clients. Carson faculty could understand rural needs better than Reno faculty. During the late 1970's Reno was having explosive growth. New hotels--the MGM, the Hilton, Circus-Circus--were going up. Reno was becoming urban--at least in Nevada terms, and the college was having difficulty responding just to Reno needs.

I think TMCC was located on Dandini Boulevard because the land was free. Many of us opposed the site. The only way to get to it was to drive. The hill was dangerous in winter when ice covered the street. There were many, many accidents. Older people were afraid of the hill. Finally, we got bus service.

Now they are trying to spread out the college to compensate for the hill. But you can't spread a library all over the city. They have begun having classes in the Old Town Mall in south Reno, and I've heard the results are excellent.

JoAnne Dain, Reno

COMING OF AGE AT SHAKEY'S AND AT A REGENTS' PARTY

Many community college faculty in northern Nevada graduated from UNR. But that never created much of a complaint as it might have in some states. Instead there was a special effort made to hire UNR graduates because some believed members of the UNS family could nullify charges of unqualified faculty and also grease the rails for course transfer. Old Nevada had too hard a time attracting faculty to pay much attention to nepotism and "in-breeding." JoAnne Dain completed an MBA at UNR in the early 1960's. Women were not always accepted in the business community then. She learned that if she were to use her education in anything but secretarial work, probably the field would be education. She became an office administration teacher at Sparks High School.

At TMCC in the early days she was business department chair and division director. She also served as Faculty Senate chair from 1975-6. She was a member of the CCD by-laws committee. The committee spent many weekends and holidays completing the by-laws. When their work was finished, they presented the by-laws to the regents about the time the CCD was abolished.

She worked for understanding among the makes, and she gave females the idea that if she could do it, they could, too—that women didn't have to be subservient. "A woman ought to be free, as a man is, to earn a living, to improve the mind, to be dean or president."

As Faculty Senate chair, she was once invited to a party given by regents' chairman Bucky Buchanan in Las Vegas in 1975. Other regents, some presidents, and their deans came. So did political figures like ex-governor Grant Sawyer. "I was horrified to find that the regents' chairman had invited his legal clients--the ladies of the evening--to join the party. I felt badly for those women. I tried to convince three of them to enroll at the community college and find a way out of that kind of life."

I was looking through Joe Doser's wonderful collection of organizational charts for WNCC/TMCC the other day. They brought back memories of the growth of the college in Reno. They also recalled some of the chaos. The early years were wonderful years but they were definitely chaotic. It was often hard to know who was in charge. Under WNCC, Carson City was headquarters, but there were deans at Stead and also roving administrators. But I think our needs took our minds off confusion. We needed to start programs. We needed space. We needed equipment and furniture. We needed publicity. In that time of chaos there was nobody to tell us we couldn't do things. We just forged ahead and got things done.

Before coming to the college, I taught at Sparks High and also in the evening adult education program. So I worked for Jim Eardley and Bert Munson at old Reno High School, where they had their offices. In the late 1960's there was a lot of excitement about starting a community college. Jim knew about the movement and I asked him if he would come over and talk to the high school students at Sparks. The college would be another avenue to them as opposed to UNR and Reno Business College, the only games in town. As he talked, I became really excited about the prospect. Jim made it sound like a certain thing. I wrote him a "thank you" and I also wrote, "If you have full-time openings for a business instructor, I'd like to apply." Within a week I got a call, and he and Dr. Jack Davis interviewed me before I sent in my application. I was hired, and that started it all.

At first I taught everything in business. I also helped put together a curriculum for fall 1971. I purchased equipment. I taught shorthand, typing, accounting, business. Whatever was needed in the business schedule, I taught. It was a wonderful change from high school. There I had been teaching typing and shorthand over and over. Now I had variety.

When I first went to the Stead facility, Joe Ayarbe and Linda Church greeted me. Bert Munson and all the guys from the Washoe adult education program had come over to WNCC as administrators. Faculty were called instructors. Ron Remington and Dee Stroub were in psychology, Jim Conkey, Bill Bonaudi and Betty Elliott in science, and Bob Rose in math, Ed Hancock, Ray Embry, and Jeanny Portrelli in English, and Dale Donathan in history. It was a wonderful faculty. We really grew a bond.

When I first went to work for WNCC at Reno High, I noticed that about 3:30 p.m. on Fridays all the administrators would disappear. Someone would come around and gather them up and they would go off someplace. They didn't invite me. When we moved to Stead, I learned that Bob Rose and the male instructors were included in the TGIF thing at Shakey's. I was excluded from the network. Some of the liberal arts faculty--Bill Bonaudi--kidded me about it. I had two negatives--I had taught high school and I taught secretarial. I wasn't considered equal. One day I just took off for Shakey's, got myself a mug of beer, and became one of the boys.

I just gravitated into administration. As the only full-timer I had to do some administration. I was the business specialist, the coordinator, the department chair--you name it. There was a lot of politics, of course. There were many administrators over me, some of them not easy to work with. Eventually, I got to be business division director.

That meant system politics. We had problems transferring courses from the beginning. I think I was hired partly because I had a UNR MBA. I could work with Dean Weems and the College of Business. But when I made a move to articulate programs they quoted me the rules from the American Assembly of Collegiate Schools of Business that pointed out that the business courses we wanted them to transfer had to be taught as upper division. They would lose their accreditation if they accepted our

courses as fulfilling upper division requirements. It didn't matter if we used the same textbook, had the same syllabus, and even the same instructor.

That stumbling block to program development kept coming back over the years. In the late 1970's, I got really angry, especially after UNR moved freshman and sophomore business courses to junior and senior numbers. I did a survey of colleges throughout the West, including Stanford to see whether they would accept our courses in business. Most of them were far more liberal about accepting our courses than the College of Business at UNR.

I sent a copy of the results of my survey to the system articulation board and the community college presidents. The articulation board called a meeting of CCD, UNR, and UNLV business faculty and administrators and told us to work out our articulation problems. Well, that resulted in a few courses being accepted out of a dozen we thought should transfer. Actually, we didn't gain much for there was a catch. UNR would transfer the courses but not apply them toward degrees. They could only be used as electives. In essence, UNR would not transfer TMCC business courses.

Looking back, I think they had two reasons. One, they didn't think we were a quality college. Jim Richardson, a UNR sociology professor, was very active in politics. He was upset that community colleges used so many part-timers. He wrote articles and made speeches about that. I think he was the UNR Faculty Senate
chair when the faculty there raised the fuss over the transfer of money for faculty to teaching equipment at CCSN in 1976. Of course we used many part-timers. Most of them were working in the business world and we believed they brought special expertise to the classroom. The UNR people thought they didn't have sound academic preparation so they challenged us on that. In some instances, they were probably right.

Over the years we were able to reduce the numbers of part-time faculty, and slowly we recruited part-timers with better qualifications. I don't think their concern with our quality is so great now. They were concerned also that we had a "No F" grading policy. They had grown used to equating quality with flunking students. Of course, Charles Donnelly started us out with the "No F" policy. I really liked that because it was a signal to students that we wanted them to succeed---that we weren't interested in punishing them. The policy said to them, "Okay, you didn't do well this time, but try again." Or it said, "You may want to try another field." But the university faculty couldn't see it that way. They viewed us as inferior because we looked at students differently.

Charles Donnelly had this wonderful philosophy that anybody could get an "A" if the person had time . . . if a person were allowed to develop mastery at a personal pace. The university faculty was semester bound. Their students either had it or they didn't. They were so content-oriented that they never had time to think about development.

Of course the FTE business has caused trouble for articulation. The state pays each institution based on the number of full-time equivalent (FTE) students they estimate will enroll. The community colleges have now grown to the point that they are generating more FTE than the universities. It's a money matter. We have more FTE, we get more money.

We made much progress because of Bert Munson, who was academic dean until he died in 1985. He was one of the finest people I ever worked for . . . he was the best, actually. He had a strength that gave focus to the college. We all knew we were working for the good of students. Bert bonded us. It was a tragedy . . . something went out of the college when Bert died. Something went out of President Eardley then also. He just didn't have the heart for the college he once had. More and more he turned things over to Pat Miltenberger, and got more into the community and more out of the college.

Beginning in 1985, the Legislature required us to award merit pay or return the money set aside for merit to the state. The division directors had to rank the faculty. We had a limited amount of money, so those on the bottom of the Totem Pole didn't get as much merit pay. That just tore my division apart. Some of them have never forgiven me. For so long I had joy in the division. That took it out of me. I really didn't want to be director anymore.

When it became clear that Jim Eardley was going to retire, Pat Miltenberger, who was dean, decided to be a candidate for president. She and I had built up respect for one another over the years. She asked me if I would spend a year being an intern in her office because she had a mountain of work. So I became Pat's intern and got a look at upper level administration and some of the unattractive duties. We had meeting after meeting. There was so much infighting. People were choosing sides . . . for and against Pat. If Pat had been chosen as president I would probably have remained in administration. When Jim retired and Pat wasn't chosen, I went back to the classroom. I was disheartened that Pat wasn't chosen. I think the feminist movement hurt her chances. I recalled my own situation when I felt second class when I came to the college. And as TMCC grew, waves of women came into the faculty. We started women's lunches and women's groups. I think she didn't get the job because some faculty reacted to the feminist movement. We were trailblazers, and we made the way easier for women who came along after us. We hoped they wouldn't have the anxieties and barriers because we had chosen to fight.

I think also that Judith Eaton, president of CCSN, may have indirectly hurt Pat's chances. She was a difficult woman and made a lot of enemies. It was unfortunate. I felt Jim Eardley hadn't told me that Dorothy Gallagher supported Pat, but some of the board weren't about to listen to him.

That whole period from 1985 to 1987 was the lowest point ever. Bert had died. Jim had lost heart. Pat didn't get to be president. The faculty had squared off against each other during the search for a new

president. I applied for dean of instruction and didn't get it. I became frustrated. But I'm not sure my personal setbacks weren't for the best over the long term.

Of course, there were political problems from the beginning. For example, when TMCC split off from WNCC, I favored the split and, as senate chair, politicked the regents for it during my 1975-6 term. It was clear to me that the rural people had different needs from the people in Washoe County. Carson and Fallon had a rural focus and they needed different policies. The way you lead an institution with ten full-timers has to be different from one with 100 full-time faculty. Before we became TMCC, WNCC insisted that the rules be the same from one center to the next.

So tension developed between Jack Davis and Jim Eardley. People in Reno got the feeling that Jack didn't perceive their needs. Some thought he put the Carson campus first. We wanted to run our own college. The two campuses had developed their own senates and they couldn't get together. So we had two senates from the same college going before the regents.

I have very strong feelings about the Faculty Senate and shared governance. I think presidents are paid to listen, to heed senate recommendations. But, the buck should stop with the president. But the presidents often have to go to the chancellor. One issue actually went to the legislature. That was the tenure matter in 1977. The regents wanted community college people to have a three-year continuing contract, renewable every year. Our political arm, the Nevada Faculty Alliance, took it to the Legislature, and the legislature told the regents that we would have tenure. In fact, one legislator, Al Wittenberg, told the regents that the Legislature would dot the "I's" and cross the "T's" on the tenure policy. That did not make the regents happy.

A strong Faculty Senate is important. Top administrators come and go. The strength of an institution lies with the full-time faculty. The faculty should be organized to affect policy . . . to create controls on curriculum and the qualifications of instructors. President John Gwaltney supports faculty involvement. Under Gwaltney, TMCC has become a very open institution. Openness has healed a lot of old wounds, but created new problems.

I think maybe he recognized that we were looked upon as second class citizens in the system. Even the senates used to look at us that way. We were new at the senate business and probably looked awkward alongside the university and DRI people. Delia Martinez, who worked in the Chancellors' Office, took me under her arm and helped me. So much of the business of the regents concerned the universities. I would go to regents' meetings for two days and just listen. I ran into Jim Eardley a year ago and asked him about being a regent. He said about 90 percent of the time the regents focused on the universities. For a long time, of course, they were bigger, and maybe that was part of the reason. The community colleges should have had their own board of trustees. How could the Board of Regents help

us in the Legislature. They didn't even understand us. Many of our concerns never saw the light of day in the Legislature.

The regents didn't want us to do anything but be "team players." They used that a lot. "Don't be a loose cannon on the deck," Dorothy Gallagher would say. The community colleges should have been able to take their budgets to the Legislature directly, Instead they went up through the system to compete with DRI and the universities. The colleges would have developed a lot faster if they could have told their story to the Legislature. We were never able to tell them about technical education--that it costs more than general education. It has never been funded well in Nevada. Take the automotive program, for example. It may not survive in community colleges because there are so few students. But the reason there are so few students is that the programs never get money to update curriculum and equipment.

I'm one of the luckiest people in the world to have been in on the beginning of TMCC. I was able to make a difference. I kept growing, changing from office administration to computer information systems. I had 19 mostly good years. I got to learn new things and visit other colleges. I came back and created new curriculum. I was able to do things to help. When I retired I thought back to my high school teaching and the hall duty and chaperoning dances and parent conferences and disinterested kids. The college students were serious. Many of them were women, most of them worked. They didn't come here for social life.

I think the colleges will be okay as long as they remember that the classroom is what they are about, that faculty are there for students, and that administration is there to help make the whole think work!

Joe Doser, Reno

He is a retired U.S. Marine Corps colonel and an emeritus professor of accounting and business, TMCC. He began teaching at TMCC in 1974 and retired in 1990. Elsie, his wife, is the director of occupations at TMCC.

The place of occupational-technical education has been ambiguous in the UNS. The original state plan called for 60 percent of the colleges' efforts be directed to occupational education. But the realities of the educational system relativized that figure immediately. State funds were produced by FTE and the bigger numbers were in lower division collegiate programs. The ealy staff was dominated by academicians, by persons who had an unhidden disdain for "vo-tech." And the UNS had little

experience with and no desire in accommodating community college occupational courses, even when there was some kinship--as in business, criminal justice, nursing--to university departments.

The regional accreditation association also had a system and maintenance outlook. General education was its dominant concern. "I visited the Elko college on three Northwest Accreditation visits," says Ed Haynes. "They got their house in order quickly--the arts, humanities, and sciences. But they were very slow in developing tech programs. They were in self-defeating system which put the money where the most students were, not in program needs. Great amounts of money when to libraries and academic students could use the books for free. A welding student had to pay a big laboratory fee for materials."

I started teaching at WNCC in spring 1974 as a part-time faculty member in accounting. In the summer I was offered a full-time position, which I took, and remained as a full-time instructor--actually I ended up as a professor--for l6 and a half years. I was discharged from the Marine Corps in Barstow, CA, in August l973, and I remember telling everybody--well, not everybody, but my friends--that I was going to teach accounting at WNCC. Of course, there was no position when I arrived. I came to Reno because I had seen the most brilliant blue sky ever over the Truckee Meadows. It was pure "Nevada blue," no sky quite so clear anywhere else. I felt just like Brigham Young saying, "This is the place!" I was determined to come.

I talked to Dr. Davis about a position. I also talked to Dr. Ron Remington many times. And I think that Remington (I am just speculating) told Gene Hillygus, who was in charge of occupational education, to hire this guy so he won't be pestering us so much.

When I was hired, Max Johnson, dean of instruction, called me to tell me. I was the second full-time person in the business division. Jo Ann Dain was the first. Later I checked the personnel records and found that I was the 28th person hired at the college. It was a small, small faculty. I think the 28 included everyone at both Carson and Stead. I remember that Max Johnson did the work of a dozen people. I don't know how he did it. I remember that one semester he was being consumed with a final exam schedule. We had students who were also taking courses at UNR, and invariably there would be schedule conflicts. Max tried to reconcile things. I don't know how much help he got from Carson where the college administration was, but he was up to his nose in trying to keep the college afloat. And so was Jo Ann Dain. She was the business division. She was truly a one-woman division, and it was, even then, a good one.

I've been looking through the l973-74 college catalog, and I see Ray Embry's name. We were thinking of having a mascot for our basketball team. Someone said, "We're not going to call them the

Lizzards. They will be Wildcats." So the team became the Wildcats. But we never forgot the Lizzards. There was a lizzard lamp at registration, and it would light up when some really pretty girl was going down the line. And we had college T-shirts with lizzards.

But the Legislature didn't want us having basketball. During the period when we had a team, it was funded entirely from student fees. But at least we didn't have to go through a problem like the Tarkanian fiasco with our little team. One time the student elections had so few voting that the entire basketball team was elected to student government office.

Betty Elliott's name is in the catalog I'm reading. She had a bagna calda party for the faculty and cooked up this dish with lots of garlic. It was good. It smelled to high heaven. I don't know if she's Basque, but the meal was Basque. Orville Holderman's name is in the catalog. He retired in _____. Bernice Martin retired in 1991. She got elected to the Reno City Council. Bert Munson and Chauncey Oakley have passed away. Chauncey was the guy who won the Supreme Court case against the Board of Regents that said he didn't have to retire at 70. Ron Remington, who was administrative assistant at the Carson campus and later dean of instruction, now is president of NNCC in Elko. Gene Hillygus is retired. Well, maybe not completely. He just left us and is out selling lightbulbs someplace--by the trainload. And maybe he is still raising horses. I think Jack Davis is also raising horses--Apaloosas or Arabians--or so I heard.

You know, we had 29 people together, and we're trying to keep a college afloat. And nobody had ever done that before. So we were stumbling around. But it just worked out great. We certainly served the community. I don't think people in the community had an inkling about what was going on behind the scenes. People would just show up expecting a class to be taught by someone competent. People don't know what's involved in scheduling rooms, ordering textbooks, and hiring instructors. Students just expect a college to offer courses. I saw in the TMCC newsletter that they are proofreading the spring schedule now, and I'm not involved in that anymore. I'm not going through that damned catalog and do all those updates we had to do.

Jo Ann Dain and I were the only instructors in the business division when we did the first self-study for accreditation in _____. The state plan for community colleges said that 60% of our effort should be in occupational programs. By the time we did the second self-study--the time was 19----the 60% had disappeared. The figure just got omitted and hasn't appeared since. I don't know how it got deleted, but I think if you learn who was in charge of the self-study, you can figure it out. That has been a bone of contention with me. I have gone to every graduation since 1975, and 50 to 60 students graduate with an Associate of Arts. All this effort--the buildings, the staff, the faculty--all these resources devoted to the college transfer side of the house for 60 people. I would like TMCC to be mostly technical and occupational. That was what it was meant to be. We have no business being UNR

Jr. I mentioned that to President Gwaltney once. One of the roles of the college is liberal arts, but it seems to me that the house is tilted to the transfer students. That probably comes from being in the university system.

Brad Tretten and I were the only instructors in accounting for a long time. And we were the absolute cash cow of TMCC. We must have generated a million and a half dollars in FTE (in a year?), and Brad and I and all the part-time faculty only cost TMCC about $100,000. I have often wondered what happened to the rest of the money. It never resulted in any more vocational instructors. So that has been one of my concerns. I still wonder why we have so many liberal arts instructors for so few graduates. TMCC has 10,000 students. Fewer than 1% graduate each year. Obviously, the college doesn't exist to grant degrees. It should exist to train people.

Brad and I and 35 part-timers would offer about 65 classes. It was a chore to handle that many part-timers, but I hired most of them. Once in a while I would get a student complaint. Most of part-time faculty didn't require much attention. They were self-starters. One chairperson could handle 35 part-timers if they were the right kind of people. They never got paid enough. They didn't teach for money. Without them there would be no community college.

Where were the classes? They weren't all on campus by a long shot. People went to TMCC classes in middle schools and high schools. UNR had all those vacant rooms in the evening, but we couldn't use them. Someday there will be enough buildings on the hill at 7000 Dandini Blvd. and students will go to college at a college instead of a middle school. But, in truth, we would have been lost without the support of the Washoe County School District. We could never have conducted our program without their schoolrooms.

It was always a thrill to see your classes fill up at registration. You had to have a certain number of students or you classes would be canceled. In the good old days faculty could get overload pay. Many times I had enough students to get overload. I would teach a sixth class. FTE was something that always concerned us. The college had to crack that FTE nut to get the budgeted amount from the state.

I once went down to Carson City to testify before the Legislature. The chairman of the UNR Faculty Senate was also testifying. The chairman of the committee asked him if he taught any classes. He said, "No." He was busy being Faculty Senate chair. I said to myself, "How dumb to say that to Don Mello!" (What did Mello do? How much load reduction for senate chair?)

We always taught our load, which was 15 semester credits. I had a sign on my door: "We Never Close." In the division office we had an "In-Out" board to sign. After my name I put some Marine Corps stuff: "Always on Duty. Ever at His Post." I was used to putting in 40 hours. That was full time. Now I'm told it is 21 hours on campus. That's not right.

When I first came on board, even as a part-timer, I was welcomed by the full-timers. I was impressed. I had attended graduations at the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, and there were all these people with doctorates from all over the world. They were parading in the beautiful weather in their caps and gowns in vivid colors. Academia thrilled me. So I didn't feel out of place at Stead. I remember the people who welcomed me--Ray Embry, Betty Elliott, Jo Ann Dain, Dale Donothan, Bob Rose, Chauncey Oakey, Bill Bonaudi, Dee Stroub, Jeanny Pontrelli, Ed Hancock--the founding faculty, really. It was such a tiny place at Stead in the old barracks. Later, when we were planning to move to the campus to Dandini Boulevard Jo Ann Dain and I worked with the architect on designing classrooms and labs. I had never done that sort of thing before. It was exciting, a once-in-a-lifetime thing--building a college.

At Stead we organized the Faculty Senate, and I served as its chair for six months. I'm not sure the function of the senate has ever been set forth. I've always thought the senate should make recommendations to the administration rather than make decisions. When I started at TMCC, some faculty began talking about starting a union. We had the Nevada Society of Professors, which is now the Nevada Faculty Ailiance. I never could understand, and to this day I don't know, what the benefits of unionization would be. I always wondered who wants a union more than the faculty. Is there anybody who wants to be unionized more than faculty? Is there a hidden agenda? What is the benefit of this? I keep thinking, "Follow the money." If we have the NFA, we are talking about $75,000 a year in dues flowing into coffers somewhere. I got a thing in the emeritus mail the other day, a little check-off list of things that should be subject to arbitration and things that shouldn't be a part of the contract. And I thought, well now, maybe TMCC is going union. I think that would be detrimental. But maybe I should be more of an advocate of experiential learning. Try it and find out. See if it really is a benefit.

There was a time here when the faculty had to make a decision when Truckee Meadows split off from Western. Some people I was really fond of left Reno for WNCC. One was Don Carlson, who was my officemate at Stead. Also Faun Dixon. I really appreciated the comradeship of those two. And Roberta Trease--I am beholden to her. She was a neat friend--still is. Jack Davis was president of WNCC and he used to come to Stead often. He always brought donuts. We could always plan to have donuts when Dr. Davis came. Not everybody appreciated his administration, and when some complained I would say, "But he always brings donuts!" I was beholden to him because he selected me for a position.

UNR wanted to have representation on the TMCC selection committee when we were hiring liberal arts faculty. I never could figure out the "butinskis"--you know, they didn't serve on selection committees for the thousands of community colleges around America which might have students transferring to UNR. Brad Tratten did research and found out that it was easier to transfer courses to

UNR from any other college than from TMCC. For some reason they always had problems transferring TMCC courses. For a long time that was really galling--but I'm told it's getting better. I had no idea what articulation meant until I came to TMCC--that it had something to do with transferring courses.

My happiest times at TMCC were my association with all those students. I had 16 years of good times--32 semesters. Over 40 semesters counting summer school. I'm talking about hundreds of students. I still see them around town and they say "hello" to me. I took my daughter down to Hallman's. It's now Champion Chevrolet. And one of the salesmen was one of my accounting students in 1976. He said he remembered my reading from "The Prophet" and I remembered doing that. Maybe he didn't remember any accounting, but he remembered "The Prophet," which may have been better for him after all.

Judith Eaton, Ed.D.

CELEBRITY OF COMMUNITY COLLEGES

She was an unforgettable presence in Las Vegas, more striking than most of the stars of the Strip. She had style. She had verve. She became president of CCCC in 1979, during one of the several periods of turbulence for the college. She was the first woman to be president in postsecondary education in Nevada. When she left in 1983, she had raised the consciousness of Las Vegans and other Nevadans about CCCC. She was not merely a celebrity who made cameramen go wild, but a legend. In Las Vegas people liked to get their picture taken beside her because is was likely to have a media blast. The men of the education establishment shook their heads.

I met her first in the Jot Travis Student Union at UNR. It was during the recess of a regents' meeting. Unlike most community college presidents I had known, she pushed for academic achievement. She advocated an honors program at CCCC for liberal arts students, a move that generated male gossip among the men of the UNS Academic Affairs Council. In Jot Travis that day, she complained that many students were transfixed by the several television screens They were, after all in a multi-million dollar set-aside for learning, and they should be studying.

I think perhaps her identity was lost in celebrity. She was a goddess among mere mortals of the establishment.

"There are two immediate reactions that I have when asked to characterize Clark County Community college and my years as its president. First, that CCCC was, in many ways, an emerging

institution, still defining its educational role. Second, at CCCC, as with the rest of Nevada, everything was political.

When I say that CCCC was an emerging institution, I mean that it was young, growing, and still feeling its way toward establishing its educational role in burgeoning southern Nevada. CCCC's mission was that of the comprehensive community college. It sought to provide liberal arts/transfer, occupational, developmental and remedial educational offerings and to sustain student services and community services. Its liberal arts offerings were mainly in the traditional disciplines. Its occupational offerings reflected the community it served--gaming and the hospitality industry and the financial community. CCCC's interpretation of its mission was very much within the mainstream of the national community college enterprise.

The community saw the college as a site of educational experimentation, a place for occupational training, an alternative to the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. It saw the college as one response to minority education. It tended not to view the college as a serious academic institution. Much of the community conversation about CCCC suggested that the institution was not viewed as part of higher education, but something in between high school and the University of Nevada System.

The college housed competent academic professionals with a great deal of pride and dedication. They saw themselves as collegiate faculty genuinely concerned with building educational opportunity. They were anxious to serve--not only in traditional campus-based ways but also through extensive outreach programs throughout southern Nevada and through important training programs through the American Institute of Banking, apprenticeship training with the construction trades, and the old Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA). The intersection of institutional self-perception and community expectation was a busy crossroads at which, over time, CCCC would assert its place in the community. But, in the early 1980s, there was more to be explored than had been answered.

As its president, I frequently found myself in the position of urging support for the college in terms with which the community would identify but that only partially described the direction in which the college itself sought to move. For example, within the institution, interest in the humanities did not need to be justified in terms of its relationship to occupational programs. In the community, however, humanities education needed to be seen as an adjunct to career education--rather than as worthy in its own right. Even some of my colleagues within the University of Nevada System thought that I was being "high falutin'" about the community college.

Developmental and remedial education was viewed within the college as an indication of the serious commitment to educational opportunity. When speaking to legislators, however, I had to justify developmental education as ensuring effectiveness. If I attempted to justify it in opportunity terms, I

was curtly told that the state already had invested in elementary and secondary education and should not be paying--yet again--for this kind of education through taxpayers' support of the community college.

Everything was political. Money was political--and a chronic problem for CCCC. Indeed, when compared with support per full-time-equivalent students at other community colleges around the country, CCCC was very poorly funded. Full-time staffing was a serious issue. Legislative action kept the complement of full-time faculty and staff much lower than national community college norms and limited the scope of our service. The Legislature, during my tenure, provided more than 85 per cent of the college's support, and wanted only a small investment in this kind of education.

Establishing the degree program in gaming was political. Private schools specializing in dealer training attempted to discourage an associate degree. CCCC eventually prevailed, but not without great discussion.

Closing down the aircraft maintenance program was political. I remember answering my telephone one afternoon with Senator Howard Cannon on the other end. He identified himself and asked why we were not going to provide this service.

Building a second campus was political. The Henderson site where the second campus was constructed was challenged by those who lived in West Charleston. They argued that there was greater need in their area. Some of the North Las Vegas community around the Cheyenne campus were uncomfortable with investing resources in either Henderson or West Charleston rather than North Las Vegas.

Reducing administrative staffing--a mandate laid down by the Legislature prior to my arrival--was political. I chose to use this as an opportunity to reorganize the college. Some of those affected by the reorganization made their unhappiness known to various office-holders. I recall meeting with Senator Paul Laxalt in his Washington office about several matters--one of them was whether he had any concerns about the reorganization. Thankfully, he did not.

Staffing the new Henderson campus was political. I made a major staffing change at that site and recall a member of the Board of Regents, seeing me enter a party immediately after a board meeting, raise his voice and call out, "Hey, Judith, you *#-*+#@. I want to talk to you." He was unhappy with my decision about staffing the Henderson operation.

Talking was political. I remember one of my first regents' meetings when I talked about the college and "Ne-vaa-da."

My good friend, Joe Crowley, UNR president, leaned over to me and handed me a piece of paper on which he had written "Ne-vae-duh."

"That's how we pronounce it here," he said.

I loved almost every minute of it.

Herman van Betten, Ph.D., Henderson
THE ADMINISTRATOR AS SUPERMAN

He is the executive director of the Henderson campus of CCSN. An ex-English professor at UNLV, he became director of the division of communications and art at CCCC in 1982. A tireless supporter of the Democratic Party, he has beaten the pavement for many candidates and issues. Once in the early 1970s he and his wife _____were in the forefront of a March of the Welfare Mothers" up the Strip. That activity strained his relations with Mike O'Callaghan, then the state's governor. He once served as an elected member of the Clark County School Board. I met him first as a member of the Nevada Humanities Committee in 1972. Once he told me that any newcomer interested in politics had no better oppportunity than Nevada. Just move to Las Vegas, make a few frineds in cells of power, and you are elected.

I visited with him again when he became a candidate for NNCC president when Bill Berg retired. I knew he would not get the job because he would be perceived in conservative Elko as a liberal and he was from Las Vegas.

Elko, despite its vaunted independence, has always been politically an extension of Reno.

I finished my formal education at the University of Southern California, but I still had to complete a dissertation. It seemed that Nevada Southern University was the place to go in the mid-1960's. I would be only 45 minutes by plane from my dissertation committee. So I took a position in the English Department at NSU, which was about to become UNLV. By the time I finished my dissertation, the market had dropped for English teachers around the country and there were no jobs anywhere else. I had planned to be in Las Vegas for a couple of years, and then go to a "real" city and not stay in this tinsel town in the desert. Las Vegas was really small in 1967. In those days, the faculty would go over to the Strip for lunch and be greeted by name by waitresses.

So I was stuck in Las Vegas. Patricia, my wife, never bought furniture because she saw so many transient people that she thought nobody wanted to live in Las Vegas. She didn't exactly have fear and loathing, but she did want to go back to the East Coast where civilized people lived.

The longer we stayed the more we actually began to like the place. We liked the political atmosphere, and we got involved. I was elected to the Clark County School Board in the late 1960s.

Then I became president of the Nevada School Board Association. I traveled around the state and got acquainted with Nevada. I will always remember Warren Scott from Winnemucca, who was a school board member. He always pushed for a community college in Winnemucca, just like Father Caviglia did in Henderson. He was exceedingly conservative, and I must have come across to him as a Pinko. But we became friends. I suspect my friend, Mike O'Callaghan, has the same feeling for I once made the TV news marching with the welfare moms on The Strip.

I received tenure in the English Department after Nevada Southern became UNLV. I moved through the academic ranks to associate professor during the 1970s. In 1979 Judith Eaton became president of CCCC. She was a very exciting personality. She became extremely popular and galvanized the community. As a matter of fact, when she left in 1983 the Chamber of Commerce had a huge dinner for her--something they had never done for any college president.

I got to know Judith on the social circuit. She came at a time when the CCCC did not have a good name. In fact, the place was a joke to many people. People thought that CCCC had poor standards. In the mid-1970s the college schedule was riddled with errors. The schedule even had grammar spelled "grammer" a dozen times (I DON'T REMEMBER SAYING THIS, BUT IF YOU HAVE INDEPENDENT CONFIRMATION, I'LL GLADLY SAY IT). People in the community saw some of the early presidents experimenting with education. One president had emphasized individualized instruction and put a lot of emphasis on audio-visual teaching.

People at UNLV looked down on the community college. But some of them were fearful of it. They imagined it stealing some students away from UNLV, which wasn't growing all that much in the early 1970s. Faculty at UNLV needed freshmen students so they could justify teaching assistants for introductory courses.

CCCC started in 1971. Suddenly some of the UNLV courses I had been teaching jumped from the freshman and sophomore level to junior and senior courses. I was teaching classical mythology, a basic course, that instantly became a senior-level course. And for no reason. I mean many students who enrolled didn't even know where Greece was, let alone the hierarchy of Greek gods and heroes. I think the same thing happened with other courses. It was protectionism. Friction commenced between UNLV and CCCC, especially among the business faculty. The dean of the business college at UNLV looked upon CCCC as a kind of varlet.

After I had moved from UNLV to CCCC in 1980, Judith Eaton announced my appointment at a Board of Regents' meeting. The business college dean, a friend, turned pale when I saw him. "Herman, tell me it isn't true!" In his mind, I had become a member of an unsavory underclass.

The college gained respect gradually because of Judith's promotional activities in the city. But not much was changing internally. She was dynamic and flashy and the flashbulbs went off around her. There was really no time for substance then. People began to see the CCCC as something more than Tumbleweed Tech on the northern fringes of North Las Vegas. The reality of a good college would come later as standards gradually improved. Today, I think the community believes that the college has very high standards and has a vital place in town.

In 1982 there was an opening for Director of the Division of Communications and Art at CCCC. The division was an odd conglomeration as so often happens in colleges when departments are thrown together because of personalities rather than any philosophical underpinning for them to be together. The division included printing and graphic arts, computing, English, fine arts, drafting . . . you name it . . . anything that could vaguely be deal with communication or art. After a couple of national searches, no one was hired. One of my former students, Harvey Allen, a doctoral student at UNLV, actually asked me to apply for the job. Normally, I would not have listened. After all, I was associate professor of English and director of Freshman English and I had tenure at UNLV. Only an airhead would think about moving to a community college with a poor reputation. But Harvey convinced me to apply. He told me that I wasn't exactly the stereotypical English professor who had to lock himself up in the library and write articles for PMLA.

"You're a people person, Herman. And community colleges are people's colleges."

I had been deeply involved in the community and especially in democratic politics. So I applied. But there was an irony. Jean Ford, who had been in the state senate, came to me and said she was not going to be a candidate again.

"We'll have to get busy and find someone progressive like you to be a candidate," I said.

"The Democrats have had a meeting to brainstorm for a good candidate," she said.

"Wonderful," I replied.

"They've decided that person is you, Herman. They want you to run in District 7," she said.

Of course, I agreed. I had been a loyal party worker. I had supported the cause. Now it was my turn, and I was pleased.

But when I was selected for the CCCC position, I began to realize that state senators were paid only $6,000, and that I would probably be in Carson City half a year. With four children to raise and bills to pay, I couldn't afford to be a senator. This happened as I was being offered the CCCC job. I remember Judith Eaton saying to me, "I wonder whether I should offer you the job, or have you run for the senate where you could be of so much more value to us." I explained my financial problem to Judith, and went to work at CCCC.

I had four secretaries; Celta Hanning, Rita Bedford, Doris Rallo, and Bill Schmidt. The division had been administered part-time by people from other parts of CCCC, and it was pretty much chaos. No records existed to back up decisions that had been made. On my first day the head secretary was negotiating with one of the part-time instructors who wanted a raise. After some fiery words, she finally decided to allow a $1.50 per hour raise. Later, I had to tell Celta that it was my job to discuss pay with instructors. Then I realized that no pay scale existed. The place was a mess. Thereafter, I worked six-day weeks and 10- to 12-hour days trying to bring some order to recordkeeping and part-time pay. Naturally, some people in the division took exception to changes. They believed they were getting screwed, and I was unpopular with some people at first. But after two years, the division had policies and order, and most people believed I had been fair.

The Henderson position--executive dean--opened in 1984. Mary Burnett had been the administrator of the Henderson campus since it opened in 1981. Before her Betty Scott had been the coordinator. Actually Betty was the person who put the Henderson program together. She and Fr. Caviglia had nursed the college while it was based in St. Peter's Church. Betty eventually became full-time and had a real sense of ownership for the program. She and Fr. Caviglia complemented each other well. They did the political groundwork. She, I think, built excellent community relations, and he helped get the first building and the land. And then he helped design the building and opened the campus. Jim Gibson pushed the legislation through to get $1.2 million for the building. Land was donated by the City of Henderson. Bucky Buchanan was chairman of the Board of Regents and faced a tough re-election campaign. Henderson was part of his district and he pushed for a Henderson Campus.

At the grand opening ceremony in 1981, the people of Henderson were in for a surprise. They had watched the college grow with Betty. She was one of the most beloved people in the whole town. They loved her dearly. Well, Judith Eaton hired Mary Burnett for the job and, to put it mildly, that caused consternation and disbelief in Henderson. The people became extremely angry that Judith had hired a stranger when the program was going so well. Judith reasoned that the Henderson administrator had to have a doctorate and that ruled Betty out. She received a letter in the mail when she returned from vacation.

Both newspapers editorialized extensively about the decision. "The college is a political football," one writer wrote.

Mary Burnett was a good administrator but she walked into turmoil. People in Henderson wrote letters to the editor attacking the college. She was unable to build bridges in Henderson. She did not enjoy socializing, and that aggravated the situation. The college actually started to lose a few students, and it really couldn't afford to do that. It was a sleepy little one-building campus and not much was happening.

In 1984 Mary Burnett left for Washington. I applied for the job of director and was selected. There were editorials about the position. The town-and-gown battle was continuing. The Review-Journal had an editorial about promises made by Paul Meacham, who became president after Judith Eaton left in 1983. According to the editorial, Paul had said that the new director would have free time to work out in the community. The college had once been the heart of Henderson. Now the college must again become a part of the community. Naturally, when I set up shop I joined everything possible. I became a Rotarian. Mary Malley was my assistant at the time. Officially she was Evening Coordinator. Mary was a tireless worker who would come in on Saturdays to plan strategy. We set up tables with CCCC banners in supermarkets. We stopped people pushing grocery carts to tell them about the Henderson campus. We stuffed CCCC fliers in grocery bags at Safeway. We made posters about college programs and put them in 7-11's and laundromats. I wrote a column about the college for the weekly paper "Henderson Home News."

It was a lot of puff, but the attitude had become so negative that I was pulling out all stops. I made believe we were a full-fledged college, even though we were still having course transfer problems with the universities.

To back up my public relations blitz, I started immediately to work on getting a second building for the campus. I saw great potential in Henderson. The town was growing, like the whole area, and the place really needed the services of a college. To promote the idea, I made courtesy visits to Senator Jim Gibson, to the mayor, to anybody who would let me talk. And I repeated my story about the wonderful Henderson program 10,000 times.

One of my visits took me to the hospital administrator who had taught a course in management in 1981. "Would you like to teach at the college again?" I asked her.

"Not on your life. I want no part of that place. It's the worst-managed establishment I've ever seen!"

"We are trying to change," I said. "I hope you will reconsider and bring your expertise to the people and to us. Give me a year." She left town before I could ask her again.

In my rounds in the community I went to see Selma Bartlett, the director of First Interstate Bank. I think if you polled Henderson, Selma and Fr. Caviglia would be ranked at the top of three most important people in town. You'd take your pick for the third. She was a dynamic lady and it was easy for me to believe that she engineered the entire development of Henderson through the bank.

I sought her opinion on college goals.

"What should the college be doing for Henderson?" I asked.

She was hostile. "Get out of town immediately," she said (I DON'T RECALL THIS).

She believed that the Henderson campus was an abandoned orphan and that the Cheyenne campus held back funds and stymied growth. She said, "I asked President Eaton about the budget, and she told me that the budget was none of my business."

If you knew Selma, you would know the true meaning of fury after such an exchange.

So there were obstacles for CCCC at Henderson. Not only was Henderson upset, but the usual organizational problems cropped up. I went there as director, later I was titled executive director, then Dean of the Henderson Campus. But Henderson had been made a sort of appendage to Cheyenne. The position became less executive and more like that of a caretaker. Few academic decisions could be made independently of the Cheyenne Campus. The courses had to be approved by Cheyenne, and the instructors had to be approved by Cheyenne.

When I arrived I had the opportunity to shore up the college by improving the qualifications of the part-time instructors. We had a part-time typing teacher who couldn't type. Somebody was teaching data processing who was computer illiterate. I did manage to make some changes for the better. We were able to get a top-notch lawyer to teach criminal justice, a general counsel vice-president to a major bank to teach real estate and a bank president to teach finance. And every time I did something right I went to my computer and reported it to Henderson in my column. We didn't have much--a smallish building on the edge of town with only 14 classrooms. But people in Henderson came to believe we were a genuine college.

My time at Henderson has been sheer delight. I rather liked the campaigning required to develop the campus. Someone has said that the UNS colleges exhibited a frontier mentality. No doubt about it. The frontier spirit is behind our overwhelming growth. That mentality is crucial to our building empires or a campus. Adding buildings and programs makes us think we are changing for the better. It's a response to dissatisfaction with the status quo. That's what Southern Nevada is all about.

I think we have respect now. I believe our old critics at the university, who have had to look inward because of the problems with their basketball program and Mr. Tarkanian, may now be saying, "Hey, these people quietly have been doing a helluva good job." And it's wonderful to have had the inspiration of people like Betty Scott and Fr. Caviglia and it's wonderful to be a part of the community again.

Interchapt e IV

In the early years, community college personnel willingly endured less than desirable conditions because they were reaching for transpersonal goals. The faculty and staff had minimal rules. Driven by their lofty mission, they traveled the same road as culture-bringing heroes. For the extraverted people of action, there were buildings to be raised, territories to expand, a public to entreat. For the introverted heroes, there were values of academe to be upheld and civilizing graces to be taught. Most early faculty members were too caught up with building to dwell on tangible rewards of money and benefits.

Eventually an institution gets to be about itself. Then transpersonal values erode. That was happening in 1977 when Jewell Hanna (NNCC), JoAnn Dain (TMCC), Don Carlson (WNCC), and Barbara Agonia (CCCC) completed the CCD Faculty Senate by-laws, after much haggling with their campus senates. The document was created was still-born, for the CCD itself was dissolved about the time it was completed. The regents had voted to abolish a central administration.

So there would be no lofty leader. In the loss of transpersonal values, another plane of reality is disclosed. It yields its secret to those who, battered around like the world itself, experience the age of origins, which is also their own. In the transpersonal era the system and its personnel are not fragmentary personages contending with each other. They are unified. The sun rises in the soul of the participants, and the transpersonal idea of college is you yourself.

In time, the participants see personal benefits as lacking and uneven within the system and within a college. Faculty members plead for equity, at first internally. A salary schedule is needed with strict details to be followed for placement and promotion. Having made the rules for being equal within a college, they want equity with faculty of the other colleges. They also demand merit pay and professorial rank and see no contradiction between being equal and being meritorious. The formal organization to share grievances had surfaced early. Later it concocts strict procedures to interpret rules. Division between faculty members comes with departments. Division between administration and faculty becomes sharper, and the old Edenic collegiality gives way to formality. And as the transpersonal archetype of "college' burned in creators, so its loss amounts to their crucifixion. Many, perhaps most, of the early builders were smitten by their creation.

A college sometimes seems to be a large lifeboat. The frictions, gossip, and intense social espionage that characterize the lives of the inhabitants are grandly magnified at times. Whereas the founding faculty found its identity in the world of transpersonal and community goals, now it must be found in turf. The entity called the department or division now must satisfy the need for identity and become the device for communication. But it is a purely nominal entity and can not bind the group into wholeness and unity.

Life is imploded upon college personnel from below and above--by students, administrators, citizens and by regents. Enmeshed together, faculty become one another. Friend and foe dwell under the same skin. "When I was an administrator at TMCC, I testified against her in court. After I became president of NNCC, she dropped in to compliment me," Ron Remington said to me one day.

After the demise of the CCD, Senator Norman Glaser, who had been an enabler of the colleges, asked his old friend Thomas Tucker, another enabler, what to do about governance after the collapse of the CCD. Tucker, nearing the end of his life, responded with a letter in August 1977, the month Charles Donnelly returned to Michigan. Tucker reiterated what had been said so often. The colleges had arrived at a point at which they needed independent governance, especially since they had nearly as many students as the universities.

"I am much pleased at the tremendous acceptance of the Community College programs in our State . . .," he wrote. " Even though you and I and a handful of other people were on the ground floor in the development--we should have had the governance different at that time, but it was the best we could do under the circumstances--and I am not sure that it was a bad decision even initially . . . we do need to take--in view of President Donnelly's demise--and Chancellor Humphrey's moving to Alaska--immediate steps to insure the CCD remains on sound footing."

He said that legal action should be taken to appoint a "Chancellor of the University of Nevada, Division of Community Colleges." He added also that the governor should appoint a nine-member statewide governing board, but that terms should be arranged in such a way as to prevent the governor's control of the members. Several senators, with Glaser as the spokesman, reacted by proposing a constitutional amendment to make the university regents appointive and a bill to create a separate governing board.

The regents bristled and complained. They believed that it might be easier to move Gibraltar than amend the document, but they also knew clever legal minds could end-run the constitution. They argued heatedly against a separate board. Regent Lily Fong said a separate board would be justified when the colleges' enrollment increased from the 1979 total of 20,000 to 200,000 students. Chancellor Donald Baepler echoed Fong. The colleges were not big enough, he said.

The regents had been well schooled in the issue. When the Donnelly controversy erupted they hired the Tadlock consulting firm to come back to Nevada and study their organization. When Tadlock made its report, the regents refused to accept its recommendation that governance should be separate. They asked that the recommendation be reconsidered. Tadlock returned in August 1978 with a revised report. It said the colleges' interest were being subordinated to the universities. A temporary remedy would be input in decision-making from citizens' advisory boards. For the time being, governance ought to remain under a central office but with some changes. These would include the establishment

of district boards of trustees for the colleges, and appointment of a regents' committee with responsibility for the colleges. Also "a full-time staff officer reporting to the Chancellor with specific responsibility for coordinating community college matters" should be appointed. The recommendations, Tadlock said, should be regarded as temporary only. Eventually the colleges must have their own governing board if they were to fulfill their mission.

The regents' move coincided with the recommendation of a legislative commission, chaired by Sen. Thomas Hickey. It called simply for a reinstatement of the CCD with a president. Members of the commission criticized the idea of a "community college coordinator" as a weak compromise. Senator Glaser and Dr. Sedway argued for autonomy. But the college administrators preached, though not loudly, the meticulous performance of the regents' code.

In the trenches college personnel dwelled on their hurts, and these multiplied. By the mid-1980's their list of complaints had crystallized: the colleges were not equal partners in the UNS; communications were poor; articulation of courses with the universities remained a problem; community college personnel did not understand or participate in the budgeting process; no salary schedule had been developed.

Some complainers noted that the Chancellor's Office still had no community college spokesman, more than a decade after the demise of the CCD. Few community college issues appeared on the regents' agendas. By 1989 a Faculty Relations Committee, composed of regents, college presidents, and faculty members began to listen to the complaints. These I have presented in the composite:

Composite Complaint, CCCC

"The Regents should support a young, proud, growing spirit at CCCC. But they are focussed on the universities. Their attitude is reflected in our collective name--University of Nevada System. Some regents' decisions seem to based on the idea that the faculty are enemies. The UNS Code assumes a business model for decision-making, but faculty assume a collegial model as peers. Look at what the merit pay process did. We faculty used to work together . . . until the merit pay system was introduced. Then we started working against each other.

"President Meacham listens to diverse ideas, but he has an administration that zaps the energy of the faculty and increases the workload of able administrators. Some administrators don't practice the concept of shared governance. The idea of shared governance may be the center of the problem, because, the way it is practiced, nobody is responsible for anything. The buck never stops anywhere.

Maybe shared governance is just a high-sounding term for buck-passing. Some of these administrators don't throw crumbs to the faculty, they throw rocks.

"Community colleges are treated as a group, rather than four colleges with their own identity. At system meetings you hear the phrase UNR, UNLV, DRI and "the community colleges." Everyone seems unhappy. They are joining the Nevada Faculty Alliance. One of our newer faculty came to CCCC from an institution with 7,000 students and far more administrators at every level than CCCC. He thinks our problem is not incompetent people but administrators stretched over too many activities. If you compare apples to apples, an institution with 10,000 students has 277 administrators and CCCC has 41 for 15,000 students. Give us 277. Give us 100. Give us 50. We've been at the bottom of the system for the six years that I've been here. Make sure they are competent."

Composite Complaint, NNCC

"We are different because every faculty member wears so many hats, being small and having to cover nearly half of Nevada. You can't imagine what that means until you try to make a college work in the territory, where towns are sometimes more than a hundred miles apart. Some faculty members have five different course preparations each semester. We don't even have an off-campus coordinator but a third of our enrollment is at off-campus sites. The 60/40 ratio of full-time to part-time faculty doesn't exist for us. NNCC has 30 full-time faculty and 150 part-time faculty. Part-time faculty aren't supervised. They are scattered over five counties. There are no department chairs. Offering part-time faculty $600 to teach a 3-credit course is not enough. NNCC can't afford to pay people to supervise, to have department chairs. Faculty have to assume roles as administrators and that diminishes teaching.

"We do not have pay equity with the other colleges. We earn up to $5,000 less than the WNCC faculty. We've been asking for help on this matter for years but nobody seems to know what to do. People in upper administration blame each other and pass the buck. Once we heard that we should accept less because it costs less to live in a rural area. That's a crock ... We don't understand how the budget is prepared. The non-teaching administrators are not evaluated. Equipment and departmental operating budgets have been the same for the last five years. Our labs are not up to par with the other colleges.

"It is easier for a student to transfer to Idaho than to UNR. UNR did not seek input from us about their core curriculum."

Composite Complaint, TMCC

"We have no salary schedule. So new hires are brought in at salaries higher than those who have been serving the college over the years. That is not good for morale. There is a disparity between part-time salaries at UNR and TMCC, and that shouldn't be if we are equal partners in the UNS. We are a caste system, not a system of partners.

"We hope the Legislature will allow merit pay to continue to be distributed equally because determining who is "excellent" becomes divisive. Discontent spreads. Having some people judged "excellent" destroys the faculty closeness. We don't have the cooperative atmosphere we used to have here.

"Faculty are never involved in the budget-building process. The 25.2:1 faculty-student ratio at TMCC and CCCC is too high compared to the 22:1 level at the universities and rural colleges like NNCC. The comma people (a reference to UNR) established a core curriculum that no one understands. When TMCC tried to establish ranks and titles beyond 'instructor', it was rumored that the attempt was shot down by the regents and that UNR didn't want TMCC faculty to hold titles such as professor.

"A community college advocate or coordinator may be needed in the Chancellor's office. Ever since the CCD was dissolved we've gone our separate ways . . . We believe the community college concerns never get discussed by the regents.

"Not everyone here believes that a governance system appropriate for universities is good for community colleges. Nearly all of our students are employed full-time and attend class at night, but the whole operation is geared to the daytime. We're modeled on the university, but we aren't a university. The TMCC Faculty Senate feels left out of decision making. When Frankie Sue Del Papa was regent, she adopted us and visited us. We need a regent to adopt us."

Composite Complaint, WNCC

"The regents definitely give most of their attention to the universities. They allow the universities to exclude us when they make decisions that will have an impact on us. Where does shared governance begin and end? Does it just mean that people can come to regents' meetings and listen.

There's a feeling that we're left out. Certainly rural students are the last to get any consideration. The urban colleges get better funding.

"Community colleges are supposed to focus on technical education. But there is little straightforward funding for it, and everybody knows it costs more than traditional programs. The FTE-driven funding is a cop out. Who has ever seen an FTE in a classroom? It's hard to serve 3,000 when we're funded for 1,000.

"The pay for part-timers is pitiful. It's half that of the universities. We just can't compete with them for part-time instructors. So we have a built-in deficiency "

June Whitley, Las Vegas

NEVER TOO BUSY TO HELP

She became a member of the Board of Regents since 1979, when she was appointed by Governor Robert List to complete the term of Brenda Mason, who moved from the state. She was twice elected to the board and served as its chairman. She attended a junior college in California after high school. She describes herself as a people person. When she moved to Las Vegas, she became active in political campaigns. She worked politically in the black community for Robert List, who became governor following the O'Callaghan era. List was hesitant about appointing her a regent because she had not finished a degree. But her supporters convinced List she was not only capable but indeed the best person to appoint.

For many people she embodied hope in the establishment. She was champion of the neglected and the dispossessed in a system with few bridges to them.

I enrolled for classes at CCCC before I became a regent in 1978. I worked for Centel and wanted to improve my business skills. When I was appointed to the board I knew nothing about the universities. Early in my term, I spent much of my time trying to learn about the university life. In retrospect, I probably spent too much time on that and not enough on the community colleges. But I spent plenty of time in the frantic world of CCCC.

When I first became a regent, CCCC was under a dark, black cloud. God, Almighty! I had to spend a lot of time at CCCC. There was always some turmoil. People would call me and report that they were having a rift with a dean or director. Or that Judith Eaton was having problems. So I would drop what I was doing and run out there. It's not too far from my home. I saw faculty members in a shouting match. I would attend Faculty Senate meetings. They resembled the "Crossfire" program on CNN. I would go to any kind of forum or meeting. I would go just to help keep a lid on things. I was a regent but I began to think of myself as a family therapist. The place was volatile. It was a terrible, terrible place. Some faculty resented my being there and said, "You don't work here, you know." But someone had to try to keep the peace. It was truly awful.

When I came on the board in 1979, CCCC had had five campus executives and countless deans in barely eight years. The administrators must have seemed like people just passing through town. Two years earlier, the central presidency was abolished. On top of that, the university wouldn't transfer many of the college's courses. Some departments at UNLV wouldn't accept any courses from CCCC. The college had no continuity. So the faculty expected presidents to just come and leave quickly. They believed that the college was being run as a kind of break-in institution for administrators. They didn't pay any attention to the president, whoever the president was. It didn't make them any difference because in their minds the president wasn't going to be around very long. So what the heck, who cares who sits in that office? Some felt that Judith Eaton was self-serving but they knew she was politically astute. She brought the spotlight on CCCC.

I struggled through that period of upheaval at CCCC pretty much alone. I should have gone to other people for help, but it's my nature to be independent. It was awful. Marvin Sedway would threaten us with the idea that he was going to get a separate governing board for the community colleges. That would upset board members. The board itself was certainly much more interested in university matters.

In reality, however, that pro-university attitude has changed slightly in the last few years. The community college faculties began to stand up and demand that they be equal partners in the system. The committee on faculty relations that Jill Derby chaired really did its homework. All the frustrations came to a head in that committee beginning in 1989. The faculties were threatening to unionize if their concerns weren't dealt with.

Most of the regents' time had been concentrated on university matters. It was like the community colleges were byproducts. The faculty came forth with their grievances. I think Chancellor Mark Dawson did a great deal to resolve the problems. Mark is a man who stands for fairness and he knew that the community colleges weren't getting a fair shake.

Paul Meacham has made a big difference at CCCC. He is not flamboyant person. Sometimes it seems as if he is in the background doing nothing. And all the while he is accomplishing more than people will ever know. The CCCC campus now has the highest enrollment of any institution in the system. Quietly, Paul has led the college out from under the cloud.

I have seen the whole battle and I've been in the middle of it. I think the community colleges may be arriving. They are in a position to come into their own. My concern now is that the legislators aren't putting funds where they are needed. The universities aren't able to admit all the students who want to attend. So students are getting into one or two university courses when they can, and then they're going to community colleges to complete a full schedule. So what's happening is that the community colleges are beginning to look like liberal arts colleges. And it's because of a lack of funds for the universities.

The community colleges were created for people who weren't planning to go to a university. Only 20 percent of their effort was meant to be in liberal arts. It is much more than that. So the community college mission is compromised.

Candace Kant, Ph.D, Las Vegas

She came to CCCC as an instructor in the fall 1976. She was hired to teach U.S. history and Nevada history. Her dissertation on Zane Gray's Arizona has gone through two hard printings and a soft cover under the title of _____.

In 1985 she became director the of the social sciences division. Three years later she returned to teaching, her first love, but became coordinator of the social sciences and the following year the department chair of_____.

When I was first hired Ernie F._____ made it a point to come and talk with me. He made me feel like my contribution to CCCC was worthwhile. He was one of the early hires. He took to young faculty and was a father figure. He was a political figure and a behind the scenes maneuverer. The picture wouldn't be complete without him. He was our first senate chair. I think he organized the senate. Ernie's teaching economics part time. He's one of the great ones. He's 80 years old and just a wonderful teacher.

I recently completed a short history of CCSN. Dr. Meacham wanted it for the twentieth anniversary in 1991. It had to be very objective. I based the narrative on newspaper accounts of the

college. I found that there was a pattern in the development of CCSN. The pattern sort of fell into four major categories--the early struggling years, then a real period of instability, then a period I called the Eaton era because nobody can describe it--it was a time of high style. Then came this last period, which coincides with Dr. Meacham's presidency. It has been a period of stability, maturity and growth.

It's really amazing how closely this pattern ties in with who was serving as the CEO. The period of instability occurred after Steve Nicholson's departure in 1976. There wasn't predictable leadership at the top. The college had a lot of changes and people at the top were merely "acting presidents". Because they were looked upon as interim leaders, they could not really give a direction. The presidency is crucial for an institution. It has to set tone and direction. It conveys purpose.

So the metaphor here might be that of an individual being born and going through stages of development in an insecure family until adolescence. That's what I saw when I was researching CCSN's history in 1991. From 1971 until 1976, the college struggled. It was fighting for survival against plenty of hardships. After the fall of the CCD, there was a succession of brief presidencies and acting presidencies, an unsettled time. Then came Judith Eaton like a whirlwind. There was a style there, just the word style. She had style. You know a term that is often used to describe Judith is "ruthless." When she made a decision that decision held forever. Whatever she had decided was going to occur, that happened regardless of the costs. She would die on principle.

We've seen Paul Meacham change since he came here in 1984. When he first arrived I think he was a little uncertain about his place in the pecking order, and I think he was reluctant to exert his personality in a leadership role. But in the last few years he has just changed completely and he really is on the leading edge--sometimes fighting for this institution. One of the things that I learned about Paul as I was doing research was that when he came to this institution in 1984 he saw that we had a terrible internal problem. We did not respect ourselves. We were a relatively new institution playing on the same playground as UNLV. We often were our own worst enemies. We regarded ourselves negatively, second best, of some inferior quality. Paul realized this and in a very quiet way he set out to improve our self-respect and our morale. The way we look at ourselves has changed. Now we take great pride in ourselves. I really think that a lot of that is because Paul saw the problem and he quietly worked to solve it. He did it without making a big splash, without saying, "Now we're excellent." We just worked towards excellence and we kept acknowledging the things that we did that were good. In that way we built a sense of camaraderie, a sense of pride in CCSN.

Some of the heated controversies came to a head in the Eaton era. I was teaching faculty then and not close to the decision making, but I do remember the controversy over the Henderson and West Charleston sites. Which would get a campus first? I believe that there was one study that indicated that the West Charleston site might be superior but it might have certain social ramifications. Some people

thought that Cheyenne would become a black campus and whites would go to West Charleston. Then we backed off on that. Henderson got the campus first.

Judith Eaton was, I think, the first woman college president in Nevada history. I don't think being a woman was a negative at all. I think Eaton flew into town and took over the place right from the start. I remember her inauguration. Actually, you could call it her coronation. It was a joint ceremony with UNLV. The regents had not done this before. UNLV had a new president--Leonard Goodall. We had a new president. So there was a ceremony for the two of them. All the faculty dressed up and many community leaders came. It was done very nicely. Judith upstaged everyone in that setting. First of all, she was a very attractive person, and she carried herself very nicely. Thirdly, she was such a dynamic speaker. She was just like a shining star sparkling on stage and, frankly, the men kind of faded into the background. This is a frontier state and one of the legacies of the frontier is chivalry towards women. I mean there's a negative side to that, but I think that the men in the state perhaps gave to us advantages of some edge that they thought made them more manly. I think she was able to take advantage of that politically, but doubt that she fit very well in the UNS.

Dr. Meacham is the first black CEO in the Nevada system. We sort of look at that and think that we're on the edge of cutting change. We're pioneers. When he was first selected, there was some flak within the community and also internally with the faculty. I was not really a part of that flak. I do not think that the reaction was because he was black. It was really a protest because there was a favorite son, Dale Johnson. Everybody thought highly of him and was hoping he would get to be the president, and he didn't. There was some reaction to that, but I have never run across anybody who said or intimated the reaction was because the selection favored a black man.

Sure, a few rednecks in Las Vegas reacted to a black being president. There were some hate letters to the editor . . . that sort of thing. Paul was aware of it, but being the sort of man that he is he made the decision before he arrived that he was not going to react. He was going to rise above it and be a bigger person, and he's done it.

For a long time CCSN wasn't growing. In the early 1980's it was stagnant. The enrollment wasn't increasing. So we couldn't hire faculty to expand offerings. The 1981-82 time period was a period of recession. That really was reflected in the growth of this campus. It took us forever to recover from that. The newspapers made a big display of our drop in enrollment. I truly think that the fundamental growth of CCSN has occurred between 1989 and now. The last few years have been dynamic. At a pace that I can hardly keep up with. I've seen more change in the past three or four years than in all the time I've been here.

Externally, I am trying to look back to think about the prime movers. Claude Howard has been one of the college's main benefactors. He gave money for the West Charleston facility (how much?).

He has been really oriented to UNLV, and I think continues to be. But later he gave money for an expansion of the health sciences center.

CCSN has some standout faculty and programs. _____ He runs our theater program. He came to the campus in 1977 and built one of the best theater programs in this valley. (Give specific example) Steve Liu, who's at West Charleston now, was one of the first hired at the college. I wrote a paper on him last year for the third conference for Nevada history. I never saw him for 16 years and when I sat down to do it, I had no idea that he was in the national limelight. He's a poet. You've got to read his "Monologue from the Chicken Ranch."

I have been blessed with some excellent students. All I wanted to be was a teacher. To me, that was one of the highest callings. There are days when the classroom can be very tedious, especially when you're dealing with the same material that you've dealt with over and over again. It's not new to you anymore even though it might be new students. But, the students themselves and their reactions to instruction--that's what makes my day worthwhile. The times that I am in the classroom are real up times for me. They are the good times. It's when I come out and have to do the paperwork . . . that's when I question my career. I never question the teaching. We seem to have ever more loads of paperwork.

In my area we have about 40 part-timers. We have 10 full-time faculty in _____. We have good part-time people. They are dedicated and they really enjoy teaching, not because of pay, but because they enjoy the teaching. We really should have more full time faculty--people who have committed themselves to teaching. The situation is better now than it used to be. It's improving--the ratio has changed. The part-time to full-time funding ratio has improved and I would say the actual ratio has improved slightly in our area. We've been able to do some full-time hiring, but the real improvement on the part-time ratio has been in other divisions of the college. I think it's been in the technical fields and health science.

The administrators think that it's easier to find somebody in history or English to teach part-time. And it probably is, but I think they are overlooking the all-round quality of offerings. Part-time instructors aren't here when students need to talk to them.

There have been some missed steps at this institution, especially during the early days. I think of one faculty member in particular--Rick T., who was here is now in UNLV. He was at odds with the administration and I am not sure of all the details but he was off on vacation and lost his job while he was away. I got to know Rick after this had happened. His experience around here was not a good one. But I think the system as well as the institution tends to be a little bit more careful now. I think we're growing up.

Alan Balboni, Ph.D, Las Vegas

HOLY ADAPTABILITY!

He is a large man with an intimitable voice of powerful imagery which contrasts with his gentle nature. People place their confidence in him because, as one colleague said, "He has no quavering tones. He does not come off as seeking alms but as a thunderous leader demanding the rights to which free people are entitled." He has been director of the division of communications, dean of instruction, faculty senate chairman and professor of political science at CCSN. As a member of the UNS Academic Affairs Council, he was a vigorous advocate of students who tried, sometimes without success, to transfer business courses to the universities. After leaving the dean's office for the classroom, he became a faculty leader who tried as Faculty Senate chair to improve relations within the UNS.

I think he took on tough issues that the other leaders wouldn't touch. Whether as dean or faculty spokesman, he was among the first to show that a single, informed voice can produce change.

He is a scholar who has spent several years researching the Italian-American influence in southern Nevada. He has published refereed articles on the topic and is writing a book on the subject for the University of Nevada Press.

I met him first when he became a member of the UNS Academic Affairs Council. I saw him last when he gave a public lecture on Italian-Americans at NNCC in 1992.

After being the chair of the CCSN Faculty Senate in _____, I passed the gavel to Dr. Candace Kant. I became again a teaching regular. I have be able to see a community college from the perspective of division director, academic dean, Faculty Alliance president, and community college professor. But the best perspective of all was being on sabbatical in 1990-91. I was able to do some writing about Italian Americans in southern Nevada. That kept me out of trouble I had encountered in faculty politics over nearly four years. But I'll be back. I'll probably run again for senate chair in a few months because I like that sorta thing. Gets in your blood. A college is rich and raw in politics.

Why would a Bostonian come to Las Vegas? I had been teaching at Boston State when it was merged with the University of Massachusetts in January 1982. It was a difficult merger, as those things often are. People who have grown up in Boston don't usually leave. But the merger caused conflict and

bad feelings. Academicians don't like change, and the merger was disruptive. But even with several thousand faculty, administrators, and staff affected, only two of us left Boston.

I came out for an interview at CCCC in December 1981. The dry, warm desert air made me feel good. I had visited Las Vegas once before, and even then I thought it would be a great place to live. So different from Boston, so completely different. I remember at the airport that well-known entertainers like Toti Fields and Liberace talked on the public address system, telling people to stand to the side and let the fast-steppers pass on the moving walkway. They joked people into being courteous. I liked that kind of creativity and spirit. I liked Las Vegas.

I had lived half my life by the time I decided I wanted to live in Las Vegas. My wife thought I was crazy, as she often does. When I was selected as a finalist for director of the division of Liberal Arts and Social Science, she said, "Just go out there and interview and have a good time, but don't take the job seriously." My heart swelled with excitement.

I talked first with Tom Brown, the personnel director. He picked me up at the Union Plaza Hotel and I talked with him a few minutes before the interview. He was refreshingly honest. He talked openly about the politics of the UNS and the politics of Las Vegas. He was far more forthright than his counterparts in New England would have been. He had class. The people of the interview committee were genuinely friendly.

I had prepared myself as best I could by reading many of the books about community colleges. I had some understanding of their mission, but I had never been on a community college campus. I had taken some post-Ph.D courses on community colleges. And I had worked with community college people when I was the director of the criminal justice program at Boston State. Most of the students in the program came from community colleges.

I must have done a good job in the interview, for afterwards I was introduced to Judith Eaton, the president. After meeting her, I said to myself, "This place is different." She walked into the conference room wearing a flaming red, form-fitting dress. I could not imagine any college administrator in New England dressing in bright red. "A female president," I said to myself. "This is truly a different college . . . I do believe."

My thoughts were broken by her assertion, "It's very nice . . . all those compliments you gave to Las Vegas and your enthusiasm for CCCC, but I can't believe you would leave a tenured position to come out here to a developing college." I tried to assure that I wanted the job, but I was distracted by her looks. She seemed a celebrity right off the cover of "Glamour Magazine."

After meeting Judith I visited with Dr. Jerry Young who has since gone on to be president of a couple of colleges. I told Jerry, who was academic dean, that I really was serious about moving to CCCC.

Back home in Boston I told my wife that I didn't expect them to offer me the job. She said, "I prayed that they wouldn't offer it to you."

I decided to write Judith Eaton a note stating that I would come as quickly as possible if I got an offer. When I got the job, my wife (_____) didn't complain, even though she had to give up her job with the Massachusetts Public Welfare Department.

We-- [NAMES]my wife and my 13-month-old daughter--drove to Nevada by way of Arizona. At Kingman, the weather warmed. "Ah, this is the place to be. I'm so glad we left Massachusetts." On my return to the Cheyenne campus, the people were just as friendly as I remembered. And forthright, too. I liked that, for it was my style also to go directly to people and be a straight arrow.

My division included programs called resort management and criminal justice. I had plenty of experience with that. I had developed a legal assistant program in Boston. I felt really good about that. And I also enjoyed talking to the instructors in the casino-hotel courses, especially Ray Eden and Russ Anderson, who has passed away. In my spare time I began reading Nevada history. Candace Kant, who was completing a Ph.D in Southwest history, had plenty of insight into the state and its eccentricities.

Jo Ann Zahn, that super person who is now secretary in Dr. Herb Peebles' office, set a relaxed tone for the division office. "This is too good to be true," I said to myself, as if I was foreshadowing the future. While I was enjoying the job, division faculty would congratulate me on how hard I was working. I told them I really appreciated the relaxed atmosphere, which was so different from New England. I came to work at 8 a.m. and stayed until 8 p.m. And people would say, "You'll kill yourself doing that." Little did they know that with the Boston area traffic, I spent many hours coming and going.

The fun was not to last. A dispute broke out between Judith
Eaton and Jerry Young. God only knows the origin of it. I've heard the story from both sides. But I knew that it was tragic. I enjoyed working with both of them. Over a few weeks the conflict became more severe. Jerry began to talk about going back to the classroom. His discipline was psychology. He asked me to put some classes in the schedule for him but to delay putting his name beside them. "I have some long shots at being president at a few places," he said. Soon he got to be president of a college in Oregon. Shortly, Judith announced that she would become president of Community College of Philadelphia.

Jerry's leaving opened the academic dean's position. There would be an internal search. I applied and so did a couple of others. My colleague Dale Johnson got the job. He was one of those really good people to work with and life was great again after the tempest. Las Vegas continued to be exciting. My wife had learned to love it too. "I never want to leave Las Vegas," she said to me after a few months.

When Judith left, Dale Johnson became the interim president while a nationwide search was being conducted. Dale was very popular. Many people in the institution really loved him--both faculty and administrators. He was not universally loved, but who is? He was decent and hard working. Most people believed that he should get the presidency. As I recall, Regent June Whitley, however, was not an admirer of Dale's, and she had other ideas about who should be president. So the college was surprised throughout when the regents announced that Dr. Paul Meacham, who had been an assistant dean at Austin Community college, got the job. I think no one was more shocked than Dale.
There was great concern and tumult in the institution. Dale began looking feverishly for another job, and so did another dean--Richard Berents-- who had been a candidate.

When Paul came aboard my initial impression was that the presidency was somewhat vague to him. He was noticeably trying to learn quickly the "ins and outs" of being president. The job was different from being dean of a multi-campus college. Both Johnson and Berents got jobs rather quickly. So the academic dean position opened again. I had tried once for it and failed. Now I would try again.

Allison McPherson, my counterpart in the division of health sciences, was a primary candidate. She was a very hard working, ambitious, and controversial woman. I was motivated to seek the position for the usual reasons. I believed I had some good ideas about improving instruction. What else can I say?

I psyched myself into high spirits for the interview. Some people coached me. I projected much enthusiasm for the job. I was chosen. I was happy. I knew, of course, that I would be entering a difficult situation. I had many supporters but so did Dr. McPherson. There was bitterness in her camp, naturally. I found the dean's work to be as demanding as I had imagined it to be. It was tiring and emotionally draining. I was surprised at the depth of anger of Dr. McPherson.

At Dr. Meacham's suggestion, I discussed whether or not to terminate her based on what I thought was unprofessional conduct. Later we evaluated the options and concluded that we had to do it for the sake of the institution. But, in the end, I thought she ought to be given more time to come around. There was no question about her ability and her contributions had been enormous. For several months she would refuse to look at me when we needed to discuss academic matters in my office. Occasionally, I commented that the view out my window must really be interesting. In a few months she grew out of her hurt and she would talk with both me and Dr. Meacham.

I spent nearly three years as dean. I can't think of anything that was truly novel about the experience. The job is a tough one. I spent much time trying to articulate courses with UNLV, especially business courses. It's a human-eating job. The faculty, in all earnestness, are always in dispute with each other. I found them to be in dispute more with each other than with the administration. And the academic administrators seemed always at war with administrators in college

services. In administration, you have problems that no one else can see. The tension between faculty and administration often became disheartening.

I became dean during the time when John Unrue was Vice President for Academic Affairs at UNLV. He had just moved up from dean of Arts and Letters, I believe. John was one university person who actually had some understanding of community colleges. He was open to new ideas. His counterpart at UNR was more doggedly tied to the academic world. Even so, we managed to cooperate on a cooperative health sciences program. I found people in both UNLV and UNR less likely to stand on ceremony and precedent than their counterparts in New England. I actually enjoyed coming to meetings with my counterparts from the other colleges and the universities. I think I was able to make a contribution in my work on the transfer of community college courses. We made some real progress on that. And we initiated faculty exchange. I had the good fortune to work with Dr. Jean Thomas Simms, who became Dean of College Services. Her style was different from mine, but we complemented each other. We improved the advising and counseling effort for students.

Naturally, I have ruminated many times on leaving the dean's position. There was a parting of the ways between me and Paul Meacham. I can say that I took too seriously the problems that inevitably develop between the president of a college and an academic dean. I think we always had some differences in viewpoints as to how fast to proceed on goals. Probably I wanted to move faster on certain goals than Paul thought was prudent. That caused me frustration. He saw no need to move as quickly as I wanted to. In retrospect, I used poor judgment. I tried to push Paul at a time when he had a handful of other problems.

Our conflict arose when the Legislature was in session. Naturally, Paul had to be concerned about the good will of all the important people in the Legislature. Certainly I, being educated in political science, should have been more aware of the cost of my pushing for certain objectives. But, for a variety of reasons internal to the college, I pushed my issues hard. I pushed beyond the breaking point. Paul Meacham was characteristically generous and kind. He suggested that I stay in the dean's office until I could find another similar job at another college. "Maybe you will understand that while your goals are important, the timeliness was not correct," he said.

"Dammit," I said. I had run the Rubicon. I would do my own thing. Going back to teaching from administration for most people would be unthinkable. But I had never actually stopped teaching. Even in Massachusetts I continued to teach a couple of courses when I was a director of a division. When I came to CCCC, I continued to teach and I enjoyed it. I especially enjoyed teaching community college students. I think they have always been under-rated.

Once an instructor said to me, "If you ever return to teaching from administration, you will be in shock. The students won't be like those in Boston." And, truly, they weren't. The Nevada students were

better. I still have to repeat that to faculty, and some are unbelieving. My teaching experiences made it much easier for me to give up administration. Not that I don't look for job opportunities. I'll have to admit that I applied for over 100 jobs during the two years after I left the dean's office. I'm quite embarrassed about my lack of success. I have talked with some other people in academia who have obtained high positions after applying to only six colleges. And I've also known others who have applied for 300 jobs. While I was back at teaching full-time, I had the feeling that even if I received an offer I might not take a new job. In all honesty, I really felt bad that I didn't get many interviews. But I don't know if I would have even gone to interview. In a couple of instances I was invited, but the jobs were at places in desperate straights. I didn't feel like moving my family to a college with a history of firing deans. I learned from all this that I was dead in university circles. Being affiliated with a community college meant that my resume was among the first to be trashed by a university search committee. I felt bitter about that. But that's life.

Eventually I got drafted by the faculty for work with the Nevada Faculty Alliance. At the time, Barbara Nelson was the guiding force behind the group. She had enough insight, I guess, to suggest to me that I could satisfy what some people thought was my constant need for power. I could work with the NFA. I did. I became a candidate for president of the local chapter. I think I was unopposed. I served two years. That kept me in faculty politics. I loved Nevada politics. So often frustrating, but always interesting. At the time there was a move toward collective bargaining. Jim Richardson from UNR and Bob Rose from TMCC were deep into NFA and pushed hard for a union.

I could have done without that stint. If I learned anything from it, it was that faculty, in general, are not strong-willed people. I found that a lot of people wanted me to play a major role in making collective bargaining more attainable, but they would not back me or Barbara when the heat was on. Several faculty had promised to speak out and when the time came. But they backed down. They feared retribution from the Board of Regents if they spoke out. I won't name them. They know who they are. They are fairly typical faculty members. In many cases they are fine people, good faculty members, and excellent teachers. I sometimes think that many people choose to be faculty because they don't have the internal strength to be a part of the world outside academia. Academia is a very territorial world. It's a place set off for certain types of people to function.

We actually got about half the pie in the collective bargaining issue. Then my term ended without great regret. Maybe I would do it again but I would not want to go through the collective bargaining struggle.

But I continued in faculty politics as Faculty Senate chair. I was elected in 1990. Marian Littlepage opposed me. He actually campaigned and some of his supporters worked hard in his behalf. When I became a candidate I thought the thing would be a breeze. It turned out to be very time-

consuming. I had to make plenty of phone calls and visit the Henderson and West Charleston campuses. I felt as if I were actually running for a political office. Actually that was fun. I enjoyed it. It got into my blood. Naturally I enjoyed winning, for that's the name of the game. I became faculty chair-elect while Norma Shoogy(?) was the chair. When I became chair, I was once again working with Paul Meacham and Jean Simms, and also Herb Peebles, who replaced me as the academic officer. Because I was the Faculty Senate chair, I was a member of the President's Cabinet.

I missed administration a little. Actually, I missed it often during the first year, I ruminated a lot about what I had done. I still missed the job some the third year out, but virtually never after that. I find I have a rather different outlook now. I think it would be very difficult for me to go back to an administrative role for any length of time. I would not like being immersed in the great amount of detail or putting forth energy required to solve problems. I stay away from the arguments about what color to paint classrooms. Those kinds of discussions bored me greatly and I didn't think I had any business representing the faculty on that. Still, I think I made a contribution on the President's Cabinet. I defended faculty rights, and I believe very well. I sometimes had to put my personal interest aside in order to stand by them. I think I benefitted from my relation with the vice presidents, Jean Simms Is it one "m"?) and Herb Peebles and, of course, with President Meacham. Paul had matured in the job. He even seemed to be comfortable as president. He was playing a more active role in the UNS. Paul was the first Black president in the UNS and was now a senior president. He spoke out more than I remembered when I was academic dean. I was really pleased that he was more confident, more relaxed, and, in a positive sense, more confrontational. He didn't worry much now about being in a conflict. He took a very pro-faculty stance on governance issues and pay. He had become a real force in developing a community college pay scale. I spoke of my delight to the faculty. I mentioned his positive efforts formally in memoranda. Some faculty were unbelieving, of course, and suggested that I had been bought out. People throw the term "collegiality" around, but there is continuous warfare between leaders and the led. Faculty couldn't imagine that we had a president who knew the faculty had needs.

I liked to report to the faculty the good things that do happen. I have to say that I enjoy being in a leadership position. But I also like it to be part time so I can teach too. That way I don't have to be all symbol and fudge. So I'm rather pleased with the trip so far.

I wouldn't urge others who have been in high levels of administration to return to teaching in the same institution. I think, for most people, that move would prove extremely difficult. I'll never be an administrator here again . . . probably. But, then, Dorothy Gallagher is never going to write a book about Italian Americans.

Bob Rose, Reno

DOING IT THE NEVADA WAY

He has been teaching mathematics at TMCC from the college's first day (is this correct?). He and U.S. Senator Richard Bryan were classmates in Las Vegas High School when it was really the only public secondary school in the city. He once taught at Reno High. He has always been a watchdog for faculty welfare and a force behind the Nevada Faculty Alliance. He was president of the State Board of Education when he came to TMCC in 1971.

He was a member of the regents' ad hoc Community College Faculty Relations Committee of the late 1980's The committee's mission was to identify and resolve grievances of the community college faculties. Some individuals believe that the work of that committee not only thwarted the collective bargaining movement but also helped to raise the status of the colleges in the UNS.

Collective bargaining has been an issue in Nevada's community colleges ever since the National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers lobbied for successful legislation allowing public employees to negotiate contracts. In the 1980s nearly two in three community college full-time instructors nationally worked under contracts bargained collectively.

In a "Right-to-Work" state like Nevada, talk of collective bargaining caused both administrators and citizen supporters to shudder or bristle. And when things don't go their way, faculty, now and then, make the threat to unionize. Egalitarianism held that all faculty across the system have equal rights and are also equal in ability and deserve equal outcomes in the UNS. This was a passionately held belief based on faith. The fundamental irony: The bell-shaped curve might apply to student grades but not to faculty.

When you look over the history of the community colleges, you can see why the Faculty Relations Committee's work of the 1980's was important. Until a few years ago, the colleges weren't equal partners in the system. For a long time, when money came into the UNS, it trickled down to the colleges. We were victims of double standards. Probably we entered the system as unequals. Right away it surfaced when the universities made it hard on some students trying to transfer credits. My students didn't have any problem, but I was one of UNR's grads. I'd just call the mathematics department and get things cleared up if one my students had a transfer problem. But I may have been the exception. Instructors in the business department and in nursing really had difficulties.

The discrimination seemed obvious to me with the Steve Nicholson flap when he was the leader at CCCC. When I came into the community college--and I was one of the first ones in Reno--we were

funded just like the universities, at least in terms of faculty. There was none of the ratio stuff we have had to live with since the flap at CCCC. Now funding is so much for full-time faculty and so much for part-time faculty. At first we were funded as if all faculty were full time, the way the universities are. But when Nicholson was the head man at CCCC, he decided that hiring part-time instructors would allow him to save money for other things. Maybe it was a half million he saved. It was used, not to hire full-time faculty, but to buy equipment. So the Legislature said, "Wait a minute. If you're going to staff your college with part-timers, then that's the way we'll fund you." So we ended up with a funding ratio. I think at one time it was something like 55% full-time and 45% for part-time. That was started back in 1976. Lately, the ratio has improved, but only a little. Maybe it's 70-30 now. We're still living that matter down. But the universities have never had to contend with that. The name of the game in the UNS is money. We were coming up a bad second.

Another early grievance was lack of tenure. The university faculty was eligible for tenure. In most of the Donnelly era, we had three-year rolling contracts. Which meant that in the spring of each year you would be notified whether or not your contract was going to be renewed for three more years. If not, you'd have two years to find another job. The faculties wanted tenure. President Donnelly favored the three-year contract. Finally we went directly to the Legislature with our issue. Here we were testifying against our employer, the Board of Regents. That was in about 1977. And the Legislature was sympathetic. So the Legislature forced the regents' hand. The regents had to develop a tenure policy. It was the only way to get it done. Actually we wound up with a bit more protection than the university faculty because the bill does mention that community college faculty are to have "due process." That's a term with some power. Also, because the legislation wasn't specific, community college faculty could have a short probationary period. I think it's seven years at the universities, but much less with the colleges.

Another issue was a salary schedule. The community college faculty didn't have one. The problem developed because our real employer is the Board of Regents. I am an employee of the Board of Regents, not TMCC. Therefore I should be treated the same way regardless of my geographic location. If I teach mathematics in Elko or Clark County, the terms of my employment should be the same. Well, they weren't. Some of the colleges were paying several thousand dollars less in some places for the same work.

So a lot of grievances were built into the system. Then community college people noticed that they had almost no time on the regents' agenda. The colleges came off as a nuisance. Regents devoted almost all of their time to university matters. Some faculty at TMCC were upset about titles. Community college faculty could only have the title of instructor, but the universities had ranks and titles. It wasn't a major issue with me. I consider myself a teacher and I try to be a good one. But with

some people a title is a big deal. My reward is my paycheck. So overall, faculty felt the community colleges weren't getting fair play.

Then there was the Donnelly affair. After he and Neil Humphrey left, the colleges had no one in the UNS to speak for them. The new chancellor, Donald Baepler, was definitely not neutral. He was pure university. The colleges were sometimes treated as a division and sometimes as individual units. The talk in regents' meetings showed that. Regents would say, "UNLV and UNR and the community colleges." So the system could have it both ways. When it came to policy, we were a division. When it came to salary and working conditions, we were TMCC or WNCC or CCCC. It was divide and conquer. One of the recommendations that came from the Faculty Relations Committee was that a vice-chancellor for community colleges position should be in the Chancellor's Office. The colleges needed someone to pull things together so there would be some consistency. After they axed Donnelly there was no one to do that. The loss of a central coordinator made the colleges competitors, not cooperators. Well, there was a lot of foot-dragging on this. It went on for many years. The individual campus presidents didn't want any part of a community college administrator in the Chancellor's Office. They saw a vice chancellor as a threat to their political authority.

The work of the faculty relations committee in 1988-89 was crucial. I have to thank regent Jill Derby for bringing some changes. It was not easy for her. I suspect she had some problems from other regents. I think she may have had problems also with the administration. Some people in the system office didn't want to hear the faculty grievances. Some of the campus presidents probably were mostly hostile to the hearings. She probably got pressure from three sides--from the UNS academic affairs office, from administrators, and from several regents. I think she did an excellent job. I think it has paid off. Most of the regents are happy with the way things turned out. We are partners now. There is an assistant for community college affairs in the Chancellor's Office. And a salary schedule.

Things have changed for the better. Now we're much more structured than when the regents ignored us. Injury eventually becomes system, Time makes the the dubious condition of our past into the rule of the present. The colleges have more students than the universities, in headcount at least. So we spend more time with regulations.

The Legislature has really treated us very well. They realized rather early that good community colleges were important. Many persons have called themselves fathers of the colleges. I don't know who the father was, but I do know that the Legislature certainly ranks high as the nursemaid. But even though they have been good to us, the money is going to be much tighter. We used to have a stronger tax base. It will be interesting from here.

We're getting along toward 25 years, and it's been a good trip. But the colleges need to review the original state plan. We don't want to be wandering away from it. This place is about students,

classrooms, and instructors teaching. Period. That's the way you generate the FTE which translates into the goodies that come with the budget. We need to be constantly aware that we're focusing on students.

I like what I'm doing. I walk into the classroom with excitement. I go in there with as much energy and enthusiasm as I did when I first started teaching in 1960. Teaching is important to me, and I'm concerned about the overall operation of TMCC. So I'm never reticent about giving out my opinion. I am much more of a political activist than most faculty. There has been much talk in the past about a separate board for the colleges. I'm concerned about that because of the money situation. Right now, anyway, I think it's good for us to be together with the universities. That way, we're in the same structure when we build a budget. The universities have learned some give and take. I think it is very important that the system be a single voice at the Legislature. It would be tragic for the colleges to get into a fight down in Carson.

Muriel Breland, Reno

TRANSITION IN THE HOUSE OF EARDLEY

Muriel Breland, who became the academic affairs secretary at TMCC, was a business student before she became a pivotal employee. She started phoning the college when she was forty-two. She wanted to enroll, but she felt might be too old. She also believed she had shortcomings in education and did not want to risk failure. Pat Miltenberger, then a counselor, listened to her.

"She had many reasons why she couldn't enroll," said Pat.

"You know, there is a bus out to Stead," I said. "I want you to catch that bus. You'll do just fine."

"That's what I needed to hear," Muriel recalls. Pat helped me develop a schedule, and I began my classwork. Later, with the help of JoAnne Dain, she got a job as as secretary. Later she completed a AA degree. Through Muriel WNCC sent a message to adults: "We're informal. Don't sweat it." The real and imagined barriers around the university made it easier for the community colleges to attract older students.

For many years she managed the office for deans--Ken Johnson, Bert Munson, and Ron Remington. When she retired in 1990, many people believed
that Muriel was the heart of the college.

Right after I was hired as a secretary, President Jack Davis took all the WNCC faculty to Squaw Valley for a retreat. There I met the people I would be working with for many years--Bert Munson, Ron Remington, Pat Miltenberger (list a few more, if you can).

The North Campus of WNCC was at Stead in 1974. Ron Remington's office was just behind mine. I can tell you some interesting things about that period. Dr. Remington was very young looking. Not only was he young, but he looked younger than his age. I think of him as the Dick Clark of education. Some women found him very interesting. They would find all kinds of excuses to come and visit with him. He would tell me, "Don't you close my door!"

Once he saw a female coming and he said, "Don't let my door get closed. She scares me." Another time, a lady came in to talk about a music program. Music wasn't much of a priority in a college that didn't even have its own campus and full-time instructors for some departments. She went in to talk with Dr. Remington, with the door open, of course. After a half hour, I told him he had an appointment. He didn't. He should have thanked me for storying.

It's always fun when you are starting something new. How many people have ever had the opportunity be in on the start-up of a college? The people so wanted to make the college work. We didn't have much of anything--no money, no equipment, no microscopes, no library. But we did it. We made the students want to learn.

I think we moved to the new facility on the hill north of Reno in_____. We were still WNCC then. The college was divided between the north and south. Dr. Remington once moved down to the South Campus. He was _____. Bert Munson became the dean of liberal arts. Bert already was the administrator for community services and some off-campus programs. I was his secretary and my responsibilities continued to spread.

In my fifteen years at TMCC I worked for two deans--Bert and Ron. I grew with the college and with my bosses. Bert brought a great deal to the college. He always kept students in mind in his decisions. He believed that keeping faculty keen and up to date was one of the best ways to help students. He was a working boss and was always in the middle of what was happening. He had the confidence of the faculty because he was dedicated to helping them improve. He treated the classified staff as equals.

I knew he was ill. He was born with one kidney. He went through the military that way. He was really concerned about his health but that never interfered with his work. He never missed a day. I really never accepted the idea that he killed himself. The report said his death was accidental and I went with that. But there was much speculation.

After his death, we could function because he had trained us well. He never tried to control everything. But we missed his emotional support. His door was open to anyone, and he would listen. Nearly everybody believed his advice came from wisdom. ????? just felt so much for Bert because he never really knew his father. He left home before Chelsea (who?) knew much about him. Chelsea's father was a renowned professor or ????? and author. He was internationally known. Chelsea spelled

his name just as his father spelled his name. It was many years before he knew his father at all. (Help me clear this up, Muriel?)

After Bert's death, Pat Miltenberger became the dean of instruction for a short time. And then Dr. Remington came back to Reno from Carson and became the dean of instruction.

When we became TMCC in ????, Jim Eardley became president. The college was really growing. Jim was warm to people. He had an open door to anyone. The faculty really cared for him. He would walk the campus and give people an opportunity to chat. That made the students happy with him. He wasn't president very long. When he said he was retiring, tension developed on campus. People became insecure. And it seemed to go on forever. Dr. Miltenberger was vice president then and she took over a lot of functions, many of the things Jiom had been doing. Everybody was concerned about the changing of the guard. Hearts and minds were unsettled and there was intrigue in the palace. It was strange because we had all been working together, and that mood of togetherness ended. Jim Eardley had chosen Pat to be his successor. He gave her a lot of rope. She made changes and he supported her. He trained her for his job.

She had brought many people along with her, and they had great expectations. Many people were hurt when Pat didn't get to be president. Some people thought the men in the UNS administration didn't want a woman. Some people said the collrge needed new blood.

But troubles came on. Even before Jim retired, the regents tried to revise the code to get themselves more power over the faculty. So that kept the college unsettled for a long time. Then there was merit pay, which the regents wanted. That became divisive because people got ranked with a score. Here were people who had been working together. Sometimes, in building up the college, they would usually bend to get along, but they never broke.

I think we were recovering from the separation from WNCC when bad things started to happen. Some regents said they were going to abolish tenure, which they couldn't. Then came merit pay. And then there was a change in presidents. When President Gwaltney came in 1986, he brought new ideas. Some really worked well, like having classes in the Old Town Mall. TMCC practically had another campus and it was good for students and faculty. Now some of the people who didn't like to drive up the hill on Dandini Boulevard in winter could go to college in south Reno. President Gwaltney was always thinking about improving things, in creating access for students.

But the faculty members were unhappy about a lot of things. They were sure they were second-class in the university system. They believed the regents didn't much care what happened to them. The faculty wanted to have titles. They wanted to have titles like university faculty . . . . So they forced President Gwaltney to carry that issue to the regents. Eventually they got to be "Community College Professors." They also talked a lot about being unionized.

President Gwaltney and Dr. Miltenberger never saw eye to eye. I know they met behind closed doors and argued. I don't know if he asked her to move on. But she had her own ideas about operations, and I doubt she would have been able to develop them at TMCC. It seemed to me that she was born to administrate. I think one day she will show up as president, because she has a wealth of experience and she's energetic.

Dr. Remington adjusted somewhat to the new president at first. But I think he got tired of not being able to develop his ideas about helping students. So there was some conflict. I liked Dr. Remington because he was so forgiving. When people mistreated him, he never tried to get even. He never felt he had to put other people down. I worked for him about thirteen years.

I sometimes feel sick at heart that I didn't take time to be a better friend to Bert Munson. I was--we all were--so caught up in building a college that the years just slipped away. Bert opened up and talked to me sometimes. He would talk about his disillusionments, about his disappointments with the petty activities of some of the faculty. I don't think he wanted to have a big title. He thought first of students, and when faculty were being political he would get upset.

My lowest point came when Dr. Remington became president of NNCC and left for Elko in 1989. I read once that silence is the true strength. Ron was definitely a silent person. I stayed on an extra year after he left. It wasn't the same any more. The faculty seemed angry about the system. I realized the old way had been going faster than I realized.

It isn't easy to know when to give up something. Dr. John Scally, the new vice president, asked me to stay on. I kept thinking about how we had all worked to build a college and had done it. Now it wasn't even ours. Dr. Scally had his own ideas, new ideas. TMCC was different or I--my insides--did not see it the way I had seen it for so long. Jim Eardley was gone. Bert Munson was gone. I had no control over what time had done to us. Only my quitting TMCC was within my control. I had to decide when to say goodbye and that was a delicate risk. Say it too soon and things don't end with the glow that they should. But I wish I had said goodbye two months earlier. TMCC would have been what I wanted it to be in my memory.

Ron Sparks, Reno

Many of the problems between the colleges and the universities began with the funding of facilities. Originally, the community college supporters indicated they could carry out their programs in

existing buildings and with part-time instructors from the communities. That idea lasted as long as it took two politicians to get together.

The universities were trying to continue their development, and when the colleges started getting money for buildings in 1971, the universities had to share. People who say the universities always got everything they needed just don't know what they're talking about.

The system was trying to start a medical school when the community college movement got underway. The medical school was costly, although at first it was mostly funded by federal grants. State funds available couldn't meet the real needs of two developing universities. So you put a medical school and community colleges in the running and you have conflict. Many of the buildings on the UNR campus were old. They were costly to maintain and the different colleges had outgrown them. Fortunately, the Fleischmann Foundation spent many millions on UNR facilities.

Big changes were going on in the 1960's. Nevada Southern decided they were going to be UNLV. An awful lot of money went to developing structures at UNLV. UNR and the colleges found themselves competing with UNLV, which was relatively young. People at UNR were wondering why they were coming up on the short end. Almost at once we had a growing community college division and UNLV. It took a truckload of money to develop one of these institutions and they were popping up all over.

Between 1971 and 1991, $99.7 million was appropriated by the Legislature for constructing community college facilities. It's just under a hundred million dollars. Of that, $29 million came right out the state's general fund. The citizens paid this in taxes. Another $37 million came from general obligation bonds. Payment on those bonds also came from the general fund. The combination of those two things paid for the most of the construction of six campuses. That's what UNR and UNLV have had to compete with. So there has been some conflict.

The balance of the money came from revenue bonds and student fees. We had one other major funding source, and that's the higher education capital construction fund. This is the slot machine tax money rebated by the federal government. Bill Swackhammer, an Assemblyman from Battle Mountain, was a leader in getting that money along with Hal Smith from Henderson. What they did was convince Congress to rebate or return to the state of Nevada 80% of the federal tax, or $200 per slot machine. When they were successful in doing that, the Legislature passed a law that said that the first $5 million of that rebate would go into what was called the Higher Education Capital Improvement Fund. It would be dedicated to construction projects within the UNS. That was a real godsend.

The only reason the federal government was collecting that money in the first place was that it gave them a foot in the door to monitor the gaming industry. That was so little money to Uncle Sam. We convinced them the state could better use that money for higher education. Any remaining amount

of this 80% rebate went into the state distributive school fund. That turned out to be much more than the first $5 million.

Later, Nevada convinced Congress to do away with that slot tax altogether. We continue to dedicate that money for higher education to construction projects including Fallon, Henderson, Winnemucca, and Ely. That turns out today to be worth about another $8 million a year. It was these funds that were used to construct many campus facilities, along with the state general fund money and state general obligation bonds. A small amount of the money to construct the buildings came from revenue bonds funded by student fees.

The universities saw the $100 million spent for community college facilities, at several campuses being constructed at once, as funds being re-directed away from them. That caused a lot of friction. That money was just the capital part of the process. When you look at the need to hire several hundred faculty to develop community college programs, the universities longingly looked at those dollars that might have gone towards enhancing their campuses. But they had begun to realize they had to share those funds with the growing colleges. I can speak from having worked eight years with the Legislature as a budget official. Most community colleges programs were favored by the Legislature and I really believe the Legislature felt strongly about the development of the colleges.

I know that some of the early community college presidents felt that they really weren't receiving the kind of funding that they were entitled to. But they had the ear of the Legislature. They were respected because legislators could see where they were helping people directly. Some people in the Legislature have a difficult time understanding research in the universities. But you can't have a university without research. The Legislature gave special attention to the colleges. They liked funding programs that were aimed at training people to work.

The Elko college came under UNS with four state-funded faculty in 1969. Now that was twenty-four years ago. If you look at the 1991 Legislature's capital projects, $19 million went to community colleges. When you compare that with UNR's construction program, which was approved for $9 million, that gives you an idea of the priority for the allocation of construction funds. The Legislature has respected the colleges. So the regents have been caught between, and it was never easy for them.

I was Howard Barrett's deputy budget director when the colleges got started. Howard Barrett was the budget director under Governor O'Callaghan. That system grew up when he was a budget director. He was a very close friend of Neil Humphery and I know Neil was a strong supporter of the community college system.

It was hard to convince the legislators at first that the community colleges had been successful. The colleges did some things that seemed whacky. Northern and Western had basketball teams. These

never cost the state anything, but there was fear they would. I can still hear Senator Lamb telling community college people, "Don't come back to the Legislature with any damned athletic programs."

I believe once the colleges got their act together they earned the respect of the Legislature and the administration.

I loved what the 1991 Legislature did for the entire system. The biggest increase though, went to the community colleges, and yet I still hear college people complaining that they are not treated equally, that they are treated as stepchildren. I really believe that they're treated very well. If we had all the money in the world we could use it and we'd spend it. It's just the nature of institutions to expand. There's a lot of things that these presidents would like to do on their campuses. I've listened to the president of TMCC and he would like to provide facilities for performing arts. Well that would be nice, but you know the state only has so many dollars.

If we were starting a community college system with today's funding problems and revenue sources, I don't think the state could afford it. I am not sure Nevada can afford it now, but there they are. The system and the state provided for them. We do have these institutions scattered throughout the state, and frankly I think their doing a tremendous job.

Mostly as a result of Senator Carl Dodge, Fallon was able to get a facility years ago. I remember bunches of people from Fallon coming into the Senate Finance hearing and pushing hard for funding for their facility. They came in like a hurricane, and there was no denying them. And they kept coming back, following the funding. Ely people had done the same thing for a prison.Ely people really showed up in force at the Legislature. I've never seen such a vocal group of people. It wasn't one or two . . . they had crowds. That's what sold the Legislature. There's a moral in those two episodes.

We also had some strong opposition in the Legislature against using state funds for community services education. I think that developed because the colleges were funded by state taxes and some legislators couldn't understand the idea. They issued a directive on that.. No state funds for community services. We're still living with that, and I am not sure the directive is appropriate.

I think the community college people sometimes don't realize how lucky they are, compared to some states in which they get funds from local taxes. They have to get the voters to approve the budget. Most Nevada college funds have come from the state's general fund. You don't see any local government funding. So our colleges differ from others in funding sources. The majority of the money comes from the state. That makes Nevada colleges different from others. The state can call the shots because it pays the bill. It can forbid athletics and community services. Still, that fact is a good argument for one system like the UNS.

Jill Talbot Derby, Ph.D, Gardnerville

A LOOSE CANNON SHOOTING STRAIGHT

When she became a regent, she found herself on the outside when major committee assignments were handed out. She became a kind of roving committee of one, but was intrigued by organizational relations. She studied faculty concerns until she knew more about faculty members than their Faculty Senate Chairs.

The ideal of "shared governance" has long been a stated goal of higher education in Nevada. Apparently "shared governance" meant different things to people in the hierarchy. A regents' meeting attracted not only the campus administrators, but also Faculty Senate chairs and student association presidents. All had appointed places in the round of a regents' meeting, except for personnel sessions, which the regents kept for themselves. So there was shared governance with respect to physical infrastructure.

The civic infrastructure apparently did not evolve as the colleges grew. Organizations, like people, develop sclerosis. Some observers believed that had been happening to the UNS since 1977 when the community colleges had been left mostly leaderless. Some of the problems may be laid to the inherent inefficiency of small, developing organizations, as the early colleges were.

Along came Jill Derby, from Gardnerville. She was elected a regent in 1988. She had completed a Ph.D. in anthropology. M.D.'s often become regents, but it's a rarity for a regent to have earned an academic doctoral degree. She had specific reasons for becoming a regent: " I could use my social science background towards policy. I thought the higher education system would be a progressive environment. I thought that it would be a place open to change and open to the free exchange of ideas. I couldn't have been more mistaken."

She developed an "I'm one of you" approach to faculty. Now soneone in the hierarchy was listening. Not only that, she was accessible. She didn't mind interrupting administrators when questions weren't addressed.

"I sit there (in a regents' meeting) as a anthropologist watching the social dynamics. I try to analyze it. I watch system people forming coalitions . . . becoming a team, getting drawn into a camp. They do that when it comes to hiring. A national search might be conducted even when a vice-chancellor was already picked. Then I recall that Dorothy Gallagher would call me "a loose cannon" if I resisted conformity. There is a real difference in a team and a political camp. Maybe I've caused enormous waves for a system that can't stand a wave."

When I ran for the board in 1988 I learned about the discontent of community college faculty. The Nevada Faculty Alliance called me and talked about endorsing me. We met for an interview. I learned a great deal. Many faculty had grievances about many issues. They were talking about collective bargaining, and their biggest concern was that all faculty in the UNS had been lumped together as one and had been defined as one bargaining unit.

They (colleges/each college?) thought they should be a separate unit. I told them that I would have to think more about it. But I would listen. What good is a college if its faculty is upset? I was interested in their grievances. I thought there needed to be some way of addressing their concerns. The faculty group decided to endorse me. I still didn't know very much about the issues.

When I came on the board in January 1989, the issue came forward to have separate bargaining units--one for the universities and a unit for the colleges. At least the colleges should be sectioned off. I realized that there was real tension over the issue. I also knew that I didn't know very much about it. It seemed inherently fair that those two units should be separated, just by definition.

The proposal to create two units came to a vote on the board and was defeated. At the same time Regent Lonnie Hammagren wanted to establish a committee to look into community college grievances. June Whitley was chair of the board. It was my second meeting as a regent, and I expressed interest in the issue to June. She appointed me chair. I was overwhelmed because I knew very little. I remember whispering to Dan Klaich, "How do you chair a committee?" He said, "Follow your instincts."

June appointed a committee of four regents, four community college presidents, four faculty members, one from each college. I sensed from the first minute that there was great apprehension on the part of the presidents. From a perspective now, I see why. I didn't understand that then. There was opposition to the committee by top-level administration in the Chancellor's Office. But faculty were very supportive.

Several people told me that I was appointed because I was so new. I wouldn't know what to do, and the committee would probably fail. I wouldn't be surprised if that was true given the resistance I ran into. As a new regent I had a fresh-enough mind to bring into all of this. I didn't have a lot of baggage or understand why there should be enormous tensions. I decided it was a clean-cut task and we would go forward. We needed to do an assessment to find out from the faculty what their grievances were, and then look at what we could address and improve for them. To me it was classical management problem. We had unhappy employees. We needed to find out what they were unhappy about. Then we would see what we could do to make conditions better. I thought that was pretty straightforward.

I didn't know that there hadn't been a committee like this on the Board of Regents before. Apparently the idea of asking the faculty what their problems were was viewed by some administrators and system officers as heresy. I said right from our first meeting, "We'll do a couple of assessment processes, a four-college survey, and then we'll have hearings on each campus." Well. I won't go into detail on this, but there was not only resistance, but also sabotage. The intensity of it absolutely shocked me--coming into public service for the first time. I had no idea that there would be attempts to undermine--in the most devious way--the process that I thought was very reasonable. I didn't understand what administration was so upset about. I kept saying, "Look, if you have a problem, what's wrong with trying to find out what the problem is, and try to craft a solution to it?" I see now, some years later, I was just barging in. I didn't have that constitutional mind that seems to develop within an institution and looks more to its internal preservation and tries to maintain the status quo. That kind of mind is set on maintaining the system and not toward making things better. People have built their kingdoms on a old model and don't want somebody like me coming along saying, "I'll invite you into the world of process." I must have sounded enormously naive. But I recognized the resistance and became even more determined to develop recommendations for improving faculty relations. I have a stubborn streak in me. When I saw that there were attempts to undermine and sabotage the committee, the more determined I got that we were going to get to the bottom of the problem.

I believed that if we let the faculty know we wanted to understand their concerns and showed an honest effort to address them, that would change their mood about collective bargaining.

Well, we went through the most incredible time period with the assessment. The survey process was the most contentious. It was contentious on both sides. Just simply putting together the survey. The presidents didn't want us to ask certain questions. The faculty wanted us to ask all the questions they came up with, pages of them. The faculty were very leery and suspicious about the process. Would it be fair? Would they be protected against reprisal? Many times I personally had to assure them that I would make sure the process was fair, and that we would make sure that they were protected.

I think faculty became convinced of fairness in the campus hearings. Still, some faculty said to me that they wouldn't consider coming forward to testify. They thought that if the president wasn't there himself he would have people present who would report faculty comments. Now there was tremendous resistance to a detailed survey. The logic given was that if you make it anonymous and allowed open-ended answers, they can tell you anything. I said, "What's wrong with that? Aren't we really interested in what their concerns are?" Again, this must have sounded naive. So we struggled over this and finally devised a process. We had tension on the committee between the regents, the administrators and the faculty contingent.

Eventually we developed a process that they felt good about. We had a double-envelope kind of procedure that protected them. I made sure the tabulation was fair. Still, faculty worried that if they could be recognized they would be in jeopardy. I was surprised at the enormous fears. These were people who held tenure and espoused academic freedom. Their fear really upset me. I wondered about the atmosphere in our colleges with such a degree of fear. Many faculty told me afterwards that they didn't participate in either of those processes because they just couldn't trust it.

Efforts were made to sabotage the process. That really just astonished me. I wasn't prepared for that but I got tough quickly. I felt my future on the Board of Regents was at stake. My own credibility, whether or not I could keep my word to faculty that we would have an honest process and would learn their concerns and put them on the table. All that was at stake for me as a regent.

Finally we had hearings. I told the faculty we'd make the hearings as friendly as possible so they would feel they could come forward and express themselves. I wasn't able to attend the second hearing. It was videotaped, of all things. At that point I realized I should have been there. When I found out about the videos, I was furious. I couldn't imagine that. It turned out that without my being consulted there had been a check with the Chancellor's Office that videotaping was okay. Later, when I discovered what happened, I called the office and said, "What on earth!" I could see that everybody was ducking. "Oh, we thought that was what you wanted." It was this kind of thing the faculty were furious about. I realized that I had to be at every hearing. When we completed the surveys, we had trouble doing the tabulation of grievances. There was a lot of funny business on the committee. Several members insisted that we also survey the administrators about the views of faculty grievances. So we did that. I demanded that those results be kept separate because to mix the administrators' responses with the faculty concerns would not lead to an honest result. So, somehow they got mixed. The results got presented in a mixed form. There was sabotage. I was told that there had been a "misunderstanding." I learned about oversights and misunderstandings, how often they're not just inadvertent. This was deliberate.

We came up with our two assessment tools. Pamela Galloway from the Chancellor's Office, worked with me on this. Another thing that was discouraging to me was that no staff had been assigned to help me. In this way, too, the Chancellor's Office resisted the process. Later that was confirmed to me. I guess I thought there just weren't staff available. It ended up on my shoulders to do and I did an awful lot of work on this whole effort which I never should have had to do. Fortunately, Pamela Galloway was very willing to help me. She believes that open information is healthy. I probably couldn't have done it without Pamela. Together we collated the results, the hearings, and the surveys, and put it together in a report. It took hours and hours. We had testimony from the hearings. We had

hundreds of surveys. But we came out with a summary of the issues that had been raised. Then the committee had to sit down to talk about it. What do we recommend?

There were clearly two kinds of issues. One had to do with shared governance. The faculty did not believe they had been involved in decision-making. That issue flowed right into the other. Community college faculty believed that they had secondary status in the system. We realized we had to address the whole package. Now there was less commitment on the part of the committee--particularly the presidents and some of the regents to address the faculty issues. I guaranteed the faculty issues because that's where we had begun and that's how we conceived of our mission, to look at the faculty issues, because we're trying to diffuse the interest in collective bargaining. The presidents were interested mostly in the issue of the secondary status of the colleges. So there was on-going tension. As chair I was able to make sure that faculty issues stayed right in the middle of the table. But that involved a struggle.

Out of that process came recognition that the position of community colleges in the system wasn't good. Actually, terrible. So a lot of our recommendations addressed that part of the problem and of course that was part of the faculty concerns as well. Their specific concern had to do with shared governance. They believed they had no participation in decisions. For me personally the faculty relations committee was an introduction of the Board of Regents, and it was a quick orientation to the colleges. I became a committed advocate of the colleges. It was wonderful spending time with faculty on the campuses. I became committed.

I read plenty of community college literature. I requested the background material to help the committee read and work so we could establish our mission. Being from an academic background, I knew the importance of delving into a topic and really knowing it. The more I read the more I became committed to the colleges.

I became convinced that they were critical to the nation, to our long range health and socioeconomic well-being. I came to see how important their work was particularly at a time in our history when we seemed to be getting away from our commitment to higher education for everybody and starting to develop an underclass.

At one point the job had seemed impossible. I called a couple regents on the committee and said I was thinking about resigning because of the resistance and sabotage that I was faced with. I said that I didn't think I could finish. But if I did resign, I was going to do so in a public way. I would make public what I had encountered. It wasn't going to look nice and sound good but it might move people to act. Dan Klaich and Carolyn Sparks started helping me fight through the obstructions. They became committed to the concept of "process." The project took a year and when our report came out the last meeting of 1989 everybody was cheering--even most of the people who had tried to derail the

effort. We had twelve recommendations that were very clear and concise. Everybody now recognized how they were needed.

I learned how people are so fearful of change until they start seeing it as positive. In an institutional environment there is just this inherent fear of change. Change will affect the equation and some people will lose their power. So they are nervous about somebody coming in from the outside and saying, "Hey, we need to change things." But the presidents finally saw that we were not only going to raise the issues but that they shared them with the faculty. In fact, they began to see the whole issue of the place of the community colleges was a larger system issue, as part of the whole. I think they eventually thought some good could come after all.

We've had nothing but accolades. The idea of improving the place of the colleges in the system, of having a spokesman in the chancellor's office, of recognizing community college achievements and problems. We asked that our recommendations be reviewed every six months to a year. Now we hear about the enormous change that this process has made in the enhancement of the colleges. I listen to that, and I have to tell you it is with a great deal of satisfaction.

I've always found there's a point at which something breaks for you and the story comes together. But at one point I was really near my rope's end in frustration. I finally went public with it and at a board meeting read a three-page statement about what I had encountered. I can't say committee because the committee was part of the problem. I had asked another regent, "How can I do this with all the sabotage. I can't be there in the system office 24 hours a day making sure everything is going well." Memos were sent out over my name that I hadn't approve and said things that I wouldn't have said. So I put together a statement which made me very unpopular. I talked about the resistance. I talked about the resistance in the system Academic Affairs office. I reaffirmed the positive goal. I said we shouldn't be ashamed to say, "We have a problem. We are looking into the problem. We're going to try to make things better."

Some of my colleagues started saying, "You are not a team player." Now I wear that as a badge of honor, "I am not a team player." I am learning finally to be comfortable with it. I am feeling better and better about it. Sometimes you get bruises and it makes your life harder, but that's what I see my role as being. Some people think the role of regent is a buffer between the public and the system. "You're just a buffer and not a channel," I've been told. So I am not seen as a team player.

I will never understand why some people don't want to negotiate. They just bristle. They see change as negative. One of the things I came on the board feeling strongly about is the concept of process. One of the reasons I was sympathetic with the faculty is that I am a believer in consensus-building as a process of decision-making and management. I don't care for the old model of dictating from the top down. I mean the Japanese have at least shown us that top-down model doesn't work so well. What I

came into was a system that believed in this rigid top-down approach to management. I was saying, "No. No, let's do things together. Let's consult with the people who are involved. Let's build consensus." That way, you don't stifle the creativity of people at all levels. You've got to give people space, and give them a stake in decision-making.

Valediction

On a fading mid-December day in 1991, as I was leaving TMCC, Ray Embry, TMCC Professor of English, walked to the parking lot with me. I had quit NNCC in the summer. I had started to record some of the memories for these pages. I did not know how to do oral history. After 70 interviews, the main thing I can tell you is that people want history to be those moments they have singled out, from the fragments of life, to pull up and organize and frame as if they were reality.

That day at TMCC had been especially disastrous for my project. I had tried to interview both Ray Embry and Dave Wilkins at the same time. Dual interviews may work for Studs Terkel, but they left me in chaos. Wilkins' phone was always ringing, students were coming in to check on their grades, and the three of us wound up interjecting personal reveries and speculations about our colleges' history. When I left TMCC that day, I asked myself what I was doing there. Was I a modern Don Quixote, trying, even after letting go my position, to order some odd world that was still vibrating for everyone but me?

Down the hillside was the University of Nevada where Ray and I had known each other in graduate school in the 1960s. It was much bigger now. It had at least seventy facilities and acres of parking. It was a city within a city, and it was a place of intense specialization and conformity. In just twenty years its police force had increased manyfold. Now it even had an extension program in Japan and London. Lawlor Center, a domed stadium like the Thomas and Mack Center at UNLV, was a sign that the modern university was a diversified megabusiness of the state.

The university now seemed to be more able to go outside its walls. The medical school had telecourses transmitted to community college students in Las Vegas. The business college offered an MBA program at Elko, and Ely citizens could also enroll in a master's program in education. At Elko, the Cooperative Extension Service, for so long hostile to the college, had moved its office to the NNCC campus.

From the parking lot Embry looked back at the ever-expanding brownstone structure that was TMCC. We were at the site where Charles Donnelly and Alessandro Dandini had dreamed dreams of

colleges and research parks a score of years earlier. "It's a going thing," Embry said. "It's hard to believe it's grown so much in so few years. TMCC is a good place. It is one thing government has done right." He had been at the college since it was the North Campus of WNCC. He had known the humble years at Stead. He was one of the beginners. He had lived through the splitoff from WNCC. He was still in the "growth is good" mode I myself had been caught up in for so long. In that mode questions of progress were settled by the numbers of students, and these were now great indeed. TMCC claimed a headcount of _____; CCCC_____; WNCC_____; NNCC_____.

Glowing in the success of which he had been a real part, I wondered if Embry had thought about what kind of fight his love and pride might, when he grew old, put up against time and change. Institutions, like nature, have no respect for individuals and discrimination against the elders is real. I know because I was older and had been down that road and departed with ambivalence, just as Muriel Breland had from TMCC. I was informed in numerous, mostly indirect ways that my college wanted younger people. No one could understand how I felt about those places where I had worked as a child goes about clumsily trying to bring harmony. The new people would not know the experience that had created the devotion Ray Embry had for TMCC. It is impossible for the new generation to know the old as they really are. But it was not just my colleagues who were signalling to me my time had come to withdraw. Some informants had issued from within me and I kept rejecting them. But they echoed, "Let go. Let go. It is time now to let go."

"Letting go is a courageous act," Chancellor Dawson said to me. I did not understand that at first. For I had been, in my eyes, a culture bringer in the wilderness, and had fought the good wars in the pyramid. Some colleagues said I was a "quitter.

You have to withdraw into solitude, and leave community, to come near to understanding. In solitude you can forget the intrigues and fights your ego got you into when you were being heroic in the community. In solitude you are terribly mortal and you must wait for for a call to return to community with a new project or program or wait for death to take you back to your source.

In community I had moved about among thousands of people. At places like Winnemucca, McDermitt, Owyhee, Round Mountain, Battle Mountain, Wells, Wendover I had spent hundreds of hours working with others to create "People's Colleges." I believe that the flashing, momentary joy that we find in working relatively rightly with others is a kind of foretaste of what is possible for an individual to achieve in his own inner organization. But in the system hierarchy I was just another face in an anthill. I sometimes had private moments with a few persons, but try as I did, I found it difficult to overcome the loneliness which always seemed to linger behind a committee meeting or transactions between deans. Frustrated by a furtive glance from a colleague, I learned that to attempt a meaningful communion with him became an impossible task, beset with astonishing difficulties. Once I led the

drive to have the first state-wide telecourse. Persons at every level, from faculty to deans to regents, seemed gravely threatened. I also observed, that, among faculty, being sad or mad about not having what someone else has, was becoming chronic and dangerous.

My friend Cydnee McMullen, a truly great instructor of writing, often criticized me for "being all things to all people." In truth, my roles were constantly shifting, constantly changing from one character to another in rapid succession. In my time I was English instructor and sometimes history teacher, also an administrator. I acted as dean but since we were rural and small and since some univerity people didn't think a college in Elko should have a dean, I never had a public appointment. In 1970-71, I drove to Owyhee once a week 52 times to teach English to Indians. Once the president went along to observe and he told me that I should not try to teach college English on an Indian Reservation because I used "big words." President Kuntz was right. But I could not have said that in 1970, for I was then an aspiring Ph.D. When I had finshed my day in classroom teaching, some afternoons I tutored newly arrived Basques in English, and I would go home weary from the work and flop on the bed. I also taught speech and the U.S. Constitution. I produced plays. Like Val Garner of CCSN, I was ABE director. Also like Garner, I was the outreach director. Like him, I was a pitiful general without an army. I wrote a multitude of grant proposals, and my appeals for the poor rurals usually paid off with grant awards. Thus I also became a project director many times. "You need to learn to delegate," the president told me more than once. But he did not suggest any names. In the mid-1970's, when our enrollments seemed stagnant, the publisher of the "Elko Daily Free Press" told me he was going to set fires under me with editorials if the college didn't start growing. Many years later, when I was hunting money to develop mechanical technology training, the local regent told me that if I would conduct myself like a businessman the money would flow in.

I also wrote and edited the college catalogs for many years. An English teacher was always complaining about my prose. I offered him the job, but he was too busy. Once after midnight, I compiled a schedule of classes in the Owl Club cafe in Battle Mountain where, earlier, I had interviewed prospective teachers. Then I slipped the hand-written advertisement under the door of the "Bugle." Earlier that day a part-time instructor with three-inch fingernails and frightfully long, turbulent hair had witched me because I wouldn't fire an instructor with whom the witch had a rivalry for "belly-dancing" students. Once I gave an adult diploma graduation speech in the Four-Way Casino in Wells, my back rubbing noisy slot machines. I also made appeals for scholarships in the casino bar of the Winner's Inn in Winnemucca, one time just after the Humboldt Hotel burned, the other the same day the Star Broiler went up in smoke.

I once hired an English-as-a-second language teacher, a fundamentalist preacher, in Jackpot. He was also, said the Nevada Supreme Court in a 3-2 decision, a molester of little girls. One morning a

woman came into my office and told me that one of NNCC's teachers had raped her daughter and that she was going to call Governor O'Callaghan. Afterwards I learned that the woman almost daily tried to call the governor about someone raping her daughter. The NNCC biology teacher once got so angry that he started throwing books at me while students egged him on. A part-time teacher had used his lab without his permission. I once had a young blond student who left me notes: "I just adore older men." A fired president of NNCC came by my home crying in disbelief and could I do something? I sat gloomily with Charles Donnelly in a bar at North Star a few days after he had been fired. I was mugged twice in Las Vegas. Once at commencement, I saw a chancellor have a temper tantrum when his doctoral regalia was lost. I knew a regent who was so drunk in meetings that he slumped his head on the conference table. I knew another regent who, embroiled in misconduct, resigned "out of love for the university." When the state's attorney general told him the controversy had no legal sanctions, he revoked his resignation. When he finally lost an election, the regents named a swimming pool after him. I knew a regents' chairman who flew his jet from Las Vegas to Elko to hook up with an alluring art teacheress. A parolled felon enrolled in one of my English usage classes; he had served time in prison because he had set fire to a house in Ely and went on the mountainside to shoot at the firemen. In class, he could never distinguish which letter to cross to make a "t." A part-time instructor in aeronautics crashed his plane in Colorado, killin his two children; the burns made his face a phantom but he still asked to teach. I knew four students who committeed suicide, one who murdered his wife, and I once had a student who owned a whorehouse.

Readers who have followed this book this far know that I have trouble being consistent about the UNS, and especially NNCC. A community college is not just a junior university, it is a place where the commitatus has communion. I am ambivalent about the college and the university--yet I understand why they came to be the way they are. A community cannot be a community until it can support the institutions it wants. Most Nevada places cannot do that and so community has always been undercut. Nevada is a fragile and volatile state economically and that ignites furious regional rivalries and odd jealousies and brotherhoods. It was that way in 1874 when the university started in Elko. It's that way now. The thousands of Nevada newcomers think that native Nevadans, whom they tag "Nevada Basics," live in Jurassic Park. These attitudes are reflected in Nevada's institutions, like the Board of Regents, and thus in the faculties.

Clearly I am attracted to the Nevada past. I became more critical of the present partly because of these "oral histories." Certainly, the unshackling of faculty from narrow codes of the past--this brought one sort of liberation to those who teach. But it did not get beyond adolescent rebellion to a mature evaluation of the truth. The tenure system, which was originally meant to protect the new Galilleos, became a marriage of pals.

Even with all the faults, I think most long-time Nevadans in the 1990s could look at the colleges with a good deal of satisfaction. Things had greatly changed. The enrollments had grown from barely 1,000 in 1971 to nearly 50,000 in 1993. At NNCC, the budget for administration in 1993 was far greater than the entire collge budget of 1973. The facilities had grown spectacularly. Some citizens might even rank the colleges among the state's highest achievements. Over the quarter century, their progress seemed mostly constant. The colleges had declines in enrollments in some years, but these were rare. Mostly the trend was like that of a successful mutual fund. Indeed the colleges' supporters sometimes portrayed them more as growth industries than as centers of learning. CCSN and TMCC long ago surpassed the 5,000 student limit prescribed by the 1971 state plan. CCSN, with three campuses in the Las Vegas Valley, had itself become something of a system.

The colleges were born in an enobling era. At the beginning of the period, Americans looked outward to the moon and went there, outward to human and civil rights and tried to make citizens freer, outward to colleges for the common man and created them feverishly. At the end of the era, many citizens had turned inward to net worth, diets, video poker, and wellness and worried that their own government had turned against them. Americans became less connected with each other. By the 1990's, the colleges had lost much of the "personal touch" they once bragged about in brochures. The barriers they had encountered in the unviersities they now could put up themselves. They had become thoroughly departmentalized. Nevada had become a quasi-urban state. Huge emigrations had made foreigners of the few natives. Most Nevadans of the 1990s--four of five--were newcomers. Some of these were surprised by the spartan nature of the colleges, for they had seen community colleges fully matured in the states they had left. Few of the neo-Nevadans knew what a struggle had been made to bring them to birth, or that Howard Hughes had once saved the college movement, or even that Hughes once lived in Las Vegas.

Nevada was now 300 years of Virginia compressed into a couple of generations. People would hardly settle down before they were designated as the old guard by more newcomers, who themselves would be ancient in a few months. If the urban neo-Nevadans had heard of Elko, they knew it from the TV weatherperson as a place that often reported the coldest temperatures, somewhere in the far northeast of Nevada. Not many would have cared that it was, as Paul Sawyer claimed, "the cradle of education in Nevada." Even the new Nevadans in Elko, which had become a large mining center just when it seemed about to become a city, would not know that. They thought of it as a great place to get a good-paying job, but, like sometime Nevadans of all the eras, no place to learn history or forego permanent residences in Montana, Wyoming or Idaho. The old-timers had an uneasy sense that Nevada had lost its distinctiveness.

Over the quarter century the colleges had become much more specialized in their offerings. Much of their activity had been undergirded by technology and microchips. Their sophisticated health sciences programs were faintly like the humble LPN programs of the 1960's. The colleges extended coursework to prisons statewide. College buildings had become a reality even for Winnemucca and Ely. Most Nevadans could commute to centers offering predictable coursework, if not complete programs. Colleges that had opened in the 1970's on the fringe of a city were now circled by housing and commercial developments.

The colleges had sometimes been awkward and tacky. When they were bad, they were awful. They spent years overcoming embarrassments that grew out their zeal to deliver. Some early instructors at CCCC bragged that they would offer a degree in developmental education. NNCC, born in the waning of the cattle kingdom, tried vainly to build an agriculture program, one that had a "practical experience farm." But the ranch kids already had plenty of practical experience, and, besides, they might want to go to law school. NNCC grudgingly abandoned the program. TMCC invited artists to display their work in a college gallery. When one student complained that she was offended by explicit art, college officials covered the paintings with butcher paper. They were doubly chagrined that the episode made front page news. CCCC tried to run an associate of arts degree program at Nellis AFB using telecourses commercially produced; Air Force students were charged double the tuition of campus students who had live instructors. At one time, when a social security benefit was being phased out for students, all the colleges, to beat a deadline, hastily created abbreviated courses to capitalize on a federal windfall. Pursuing FTE so vigorously sometimes put more emphasis on processing students than educating them. Too often, accountability meant an accountability only to rules.

A visitor to the colleges in mid-1990's is not likely to think of them as academical villages. They have the look of Walmarting modernity. Personnel refer to the colleges with the term campus, but none has a campus in the Latin sense of the word. The college grounds at Henderson have a xeric character with a thoughtful use of joshua trees, rocks, and cactus. A large solarium in the most recent of two buildings is a gathering place for students to chat and discuss matters arising in the classroom. The Cheyenne campus of CCSN seems to change annually. It sprawls and rises just north of the glitziest streets on earth. The facility on West Charleston is a business-like complex of academics and health sciences, surely a rising star. NNCC, which arose on a vacated golf course, is most nearly a campus. It has a circle of buildings, one a college-community center, built with private donations. Another is a technical arts facility that should validate the faith of the NNCC founders, although its parade of vocational students in welding, millwrighting, industrial electricity, automotive and diesel--not even those students would be good reason to end the longing of the Elko founders for governance outside the UNS. WNCC at Carson City is two buildings near that area where the Great Basin desert gives way to

the Ponderosa forest of the eastern Sierra Nevada, just a few miles below Lake Tahoe. The Fallon Center is a cluster of small, functional facilities squeezed into a couple of city blocks.

Since I have dwelled on the founding folk, I want to conclude with them. The early administrators were predominantly graduates of education colleges. The full-time faculty mostly were individuals in their thirties or forties, most of them with master's degrees made easier by benefits of the GI Bill. The collegiate faculty, those who taught academic transfer courses, quickly siezed political reins in most settings. A look at the faculty rosters will show that liberal arts and administration dominates the full-time hiring. No generalization can be made about the part-time faculty except to say that there were thousands of them, that they were paid but poorly, and that they felt a need to share their knowledge and perhaps to become full timers. For a handful it happened. It took Maggie Bome nearly 20 years of part-time teaching to become an English instructor at TMCC.

Charles Donnelly's ghost haunted the system for many years, perhaps as a reminder that the colleges really did need a central figure of some calling. Tony Calabro, one of the first to be hired, became a kind of community college bellweather after Donnelly left. Many early part-time contributors showed great tenacity: the late Elliott Lima at Fallon, Jim Blattman at Owyhee and Winnemucca; Eldon Mathews at Pioche. There are also women to be remembered. Lois Craver, the first coordinator at Winnemucca was already a retired librarian when she took up a decade-long task of development of that NNCC Center in 1970. The women who followed her--Rae Edwards, Marian Howard, and Barbara Tenney--were tenacious workers in that town. Margaret Pizarro, at WNCC's Fallon Center, helped push the political campaign to get facilities there. Michelle Dondero clearly has been a force in the Fallon Center, for what town that size can boast so vigorous a college?

Some administrators seemed unusually able, and many of them left Nevada to prove it. Charles Donnelly recalls that 17 of his proteges, at last count, had become presidents. Administrators who served at CCSN in its troubled years spread out, most of them, into the national and international arenas. Jerry Young became president of Chaffey College. Paul Kreider, also became a president and a national spokesman for community colleges through his writings. Steve Nicholson served as a president in Arabia. Dale Johnson_____ .

A part of the early group may be designated as members of the House of Eardley. The members of that House were "stickers" in Nevada. We have already followed the ex-White Piners under Eardley's tutelage at Washoe adult education. Many of them followed him to WNCC and Stead, then to TMCC, and from there they spread out into the system. He mentored prospective administrators while he was an executive dean and TMCC president. Undoubtedly he influenced regents' personnel decisions on behalf of others after he was elected to the board. Pat Miltenberger, whom he apparently designated as his heir at TMCC, eventually became the Vice President for Student Services at UNR under Joe

Crowley, an Eardley associate, if not a member of his ruling class. Tony Calabro stayed in the system after the massacre of the CCD, becoming an administrator for Eardley at TMCC. When Jack Davis retired from WNCC, the regents installed Calabro as president. As for some other members, Ron Remington of TMCC became the sixth president of NNCC. Bill Bonaudi left TMCC to become the academic dean of NNCC in 1992.

Special attention should be given to several enablers. Thomas Tucker, that renowned powerbroker of the education circuit, came too early to death, a hero to the surviving members of the House of Eardley. Early death came also to Leon van Doren, who had done so much to shape the colleges' goals from the CCD. Charles Donnelly left Nevada to return to Michigan where he finished his illustrious career at Alpena College. He had planned to retire in Boulder City, NV but that town, perhaps, was too near sites of psychic wounds. So he chose Arizona. His name is affixed to a courtyard at Alpena College, where he ended his career, and also to building at the Flint college where he began. Neil Humphrey, the UNS' founding chancellor, returned to Nevada after his retirement as president of Youngstown State University. The regents commemorated Betsy Sturm, that founder of college libraries, by placing her name on the library at TMCC. Not far away is the James Eardley auditorium at TMCC. And we all know that the name of Marvin Sedway survives the volatile legislator in the Sedway Cafe at WNCC. Bill Berg, that man of strong self-discipline, still lives half the year not far from Berg Hall at NNCC.

The names of the primary founders have yet to be memorialized. Fred Harris is the name on a small aspen grove at NNCC. But for Paul Laxalt, Norman Glaser, Mike O'Callaghan, Bill Wunderlich, Archie Pozzi, Jack Davis, and Paul Sawyer there is no remembrance in mortar.

No individual dominates the story. Yet we may pay a brief tribute to Mark Dawson. When he was chancellor, Dawson usually insisted that the colleges be treated fairly in the system that, for a long time, nearly everybody believed was meant only for universities. He had a tendency to understate problems. He could hardly be called fervid in his defense of anything. He had never been a teacher and he was uncomfortable with scholars and academics. He once walked out of a lecture by philosopher Mortimer Adler. He sometimes seemed to exist merely to say to the press, "I don't think anybody has done anything wrong."

But he was judicious and fair with people, a chancellor who reigned by the heart and always with one hand tied behind his back, in a system driven by sectional interests.

This is where my knowledge of this story ends: with these memories and those people, participants in and witnesses to the building of People's Colleges. There are hundreds of stories left untold. Colleges abound in stories like the desert abounds with tumbleweeds. The images herein are nevertheless vibrant: Carl Shuck and Paul Sawyer, in a motel room with a bottle of Jim Beam, making a donor list from the Elko phone book; mysterious Howard Hughes sending a $250,000 check to a

college about to close its doors; a tearful crowd in the Commercial Hotel hearing the good news from Hughes through Governor Laxalt; Carpenters' Union volunteers remodeling the old RJ building in Las Vegas for classrooms; the legend of the chief campus officer of CCCC leaving Las Vegas so quickly that he never changed his Arizona license plates; a brigade of male adult educators marching behind Jim Eardley into the Carson City Civic Center, early home of WNCC, with a female, aspiring to management, curiously observing; an 80-year old woman wanting to enroll to renew her shorthand; a Black railroader from Carlin finally learning to read at NNCC just before dying at 65; a mother and father coming to graduation of their son on the night he killed himself; President Jack Davis telling the WNCC faculty that the college would be split in two and that they could choose the Eardley-led Reno program or choose to teach for him in Carson City; an instructor teaching computing in a room over the Say-When Casino in McDermitt; Jo Anne Dain of TMCC bursting the gender barrier on a Friday afernoon at Shakey's; a distinguished history teacher, wounded with shrapnel in the Good War and wounded also with a stroke, refusing to give up the lecture room that had for so long been his.

Those images and those people, as it happens, all came from a Nevada that has passed. Similar pictures might be harder to ferret out in today's more sedate colleges. Still it would not be impossible to find in today's experience, stories that are eloquent, that focus on the fraternity within human communities, on the separation of a person from his creation, on loss, and on the return to and the building of community.

Milestones

1954--The Board of Regents says it will develop a "full junior college program" at Las Vegas.

1962--University President Charles Armstrong recommends against a college for Elko after Mark Chilton and Fred Harris offer land for a campus.

Apr. 1966--The Board of Regents establishes Nevada Technical Institute at St
Aug. 1966--The Clark County School District opens Souther Nevada Vocational Technical Center.

Oct. 1966--Harold Jacobsen, campaigning for regent in Elko, says he will work for a junior college system as a part of the university and its college "could very well be located in Elko."

Spring 1967--Dr. John Homer, assemblyman from Carson City, proposes an unsuccessful bill to create Kit Carson Community College.

Mar. 1967--University President Armstrong tells the Nevada Legislature that a junior college at Elko may be feasible in eight to ten years.

Apr.-May 1967--A small group of Elko citizens rallies the town into raising money to operate Nevada Community College.

Jul. 1967--Dr. Gene Voris, ex-president of Treasure Valley Community College, becomes president of the Elko college.

Sept. 1967--Nevada Community College opens for classes with an enrollment headcount of 330 taking 25 courses.

Jan. 1968--A Nevada assistant attorney general rules that tax-supported postsecondary programs must be governed by the Board of Regents.

Feb. 1968--The Senate Finance Committee votes down an assembly bill for a pilot project for a community college in Elko.

Feb. 1968--State Sen. Norman Glaser re-introduces a bill, without an appropriation, for an Elko college and the Legislature says it must be called Elko Community College, not Nevada Community College.

May 1968--Governor Paul Laxalt says Howard Hughes will donate $125,000 to save Elko's college and an equal amount to study a statewide system.

Jul. 1968--The Arthur D. Little firm is hired to perform the statewide feasibility study.

Sept. 1968--Richard Lynch becomes ECC's second president and makes $18,000 annually.

Nov. 1968--The Little consulting firm recommends colleges in east Las Vegas, Elko, and south Reno; and says independent trustees, not university regents, should provide governance.

Dec. 1968--The Little firm says that Governor Laxalt's idea of local funding will not work and indicates that a system of colleges will "impose a substantial strain on the present budget of the state."

Dec. 1968--The Legislature's Higher Education Advisory Committee recommends a study to determine the feasibility of community colleges on the university campuses in Reno and Las Vegas.

Jan. 1969--Governor Laxalt recommends ECC funding at a rate of $1,000 per full-time student, up to $250,000 annually.

Feb. 1969--Chancellor Neil Humphrey begins to implement Governor Laxalt's suggestion that the Community College Division (CCD) be the fourth division of UNS.

Jul. 1969--The Community College Division of the University of Nevada System is born.

Aug. 1969--UNR President N. Edd Miller and UNLV President David Zorn give ECC a "B" transfer status. Students transfeering from ECC can validate their courses after completing 15 university credits in residency with an average of "C."

Mar. 1970--Dr. Charles Donnelly becomes president of the CCD, with duties beginning in June.

Jun. 1970--State Sen. Chic Hecht says there is strong sentiment for building a community college in North Las Vegas.

Jul. 1970--Governor Laxalt and state officials tour community colleges in the Portland, Oregon area; Laxalt says that "Nevada needs a first-class system in a first-class plant."

Aug. 1970--Dr. Elmer Kuntz is selected as the third chief campus administrator of the Elko college with the title of executive vice president.

Oct. 1970--State Planning Board Director William Hancock says that the board favors community colleges but may not be able to build them because the UNS has high internal priorities for physical education facilities.

Jan. 1971--Governor O'Callaghan cuts the CCD budget but says, "We'll get CCCC off the ground."

Jan. 1971--State Sen. Archie Pozzi says Carson City is within an hour's drive of nearly everyone in western Nevada and should be the site of WNCC.

Feb. 1971--State Sen. William Swackhammer introduces legislation to create a higher education facilities fund with slot machine taxes rebated to the state by the federal government; the Legislature authorizes facilities for colleges in Las Vegas and Carson City.

Apr. 1971--State Sen. Floyd Lamb asks the Nevada State Senate to pump more money into the colleges' budgets than the governor has recommended because "it will settle things down among the minority groups."

Apr. 1971--Governor O'Callaghan signs a bill appropriating $375,000 for an ECC facility.

May 1971--The regents designate Carson City as the headquarters of WNCC.

Jul. 1971--CCCC becomes operational with Dr. Steven Nicholson serving as the executive vice president.

Jul. 1971--The regents transfer the occupational programs of the Nevada Technical Institute (Stead) to WNCC.

Jan. 1972--An 80-acre site at Cheyenne Avenue and Pecos Boulevard in North Las Vegas is chosen as the first campus of CCCC. Dr. Jack Davis becomes the executive vice president of WNCC and V. James Eardley becomes the director of WNCC's North Campus in Reno.

Spring 1973--ECC moves to its campus at 901 Elm Street and changes its name to Northern Nevada Community College.

Jul. 1973--Dr. William J. Berg is appointed executive vice president of NNCC.

Feb. 1975--Chancellor Humphrey composes collective bargaining rules for the UNS. Faculty senates refuse to bargain away rights to contact the Legislature directly. Faculties decide to abandon collective bargaining discussions and to strengthen the senates.

Spring 1975--Some legislators--especially Senator Floyd Lamb--are angered about community service courses.

Spring 1976--UNR Faculty Senate Chair James Richardson complains to the regents about the extensive use of part-time faculty by the CCD. He asks the regents to reject President Donnelly's request for a budget transfer of $434,000 from "salary savings" to CCCC operations. CCCC President Nicholson resigns.

Apr. 1976--The Board of Regents decides that a college facility for Henderson should be built as the next priority after a facility for West Charleston.

May 1976--The regents vote to lower the priority for Henderson after regent Lily Fong says the board has received a petition with 1,000 signatures of people who want a West Charleston facility.

Jun. 1976--The regents assign "Priority 2" to a WNCC facility in Fallon.

Oct. 1976--Dr. Russell Bloyer becomes the executive vice president of CCCC.

Apr. 1976--After hearing testimony from the WNCC North Campus faculty, the regents favor a proposed reorganization that will result in two colleges in Western Nevada.

May 1976--President Donnelly calls a state meeting of representatives of the citizens' advisory boards. Dr. Marvin Sedway, a CCCC board member, proclaims that a separate governing board should be created for the colleges.

Fall 1976--Governor O'Callaghan says the UNS biennial budget request is "out of line." The UNLV Faculty Senate votes unanimously to back the right of President Donald Baepler to be involved in State Sen. Floyd Lamb's re-election bid.

Dec. 1977--Governor O'Callaghan indicates his support for a college facility in Henderson and Fallon.

Jan. 1977--Governor O'Callaghan recommends the elimination of the CCD office.

Jan. 1977--The City of Henderson donates 80 acres for a campus.

Feb. 1977--Chancellor Humphrey and President Donnelly appeal to the Legislature to restore the budget cuts proposed by the O'Callaghan administration.

Mar. 1977--Dr. Marvin Sedway, chairman of the CCCC Advisory Board, criticizes Governor O'Callaghan's proposed 1977-79 budget for community colleges as "punitive." Senator Floyd Lamb says, "You can't have a college in every little town,"

May 1977--Regents' Chairman "Bucky" Buchanan wants the Tadlock report, which is unfavorable to the regents, to be kept confidential. Regent John Buchanan (no relation to "Bucky" Buchanan) releases it to the "Las Vegas Review-Journal." Tadlock's major recommendation was that the colleges have their own governing board. The regents ask the Tadlock group to reconsider the report. The revised report does not call for complete separation but indicates that a separate board should be created when the state can afford it.

Jun. 1977--The regents abolish the CCD.

Sept. 1977--Chancellor Neil Humphrey resigns. UNLV President Donald Baepler, active supporter of Sen. Floyud Lamb's re-election, is acting chancellor.

Spring 1978--Another collective bargaining movement emerges among the community college faculties.

When did Eardley become president of TMCC?

Mar. 1978--The regents appoint UNLV President Donald Baepler as permanent UNS chancellor.

Apr. 1978--Senator Norman Glaser accuses the regents of "hanky-panky" for wanting to keep the Tadlock Associates report confidential.

May 1978--State Sen. Carl Dodge says he has been talking to UNS officials about 160 acres of rural land south of Fallon for a college.

May 1978--The "North Las Vegas Valley Times" editorializes that the Board of Regents discriminates against community colleges. The writer says that James Buchanan has "no business being on the board, much less chairman. He is more suited to be dogcatcher in Searchlight."

May 1978--The revised Tadlock report does not recommend a communty college board, nor a campus for Fallon. The report says Carson City should be an adjunct of the Recno campus of WNCC, and that NNCC should develop student housing.

Jul. 1978--Regents vote to fund a "top administrator" for community colleges, but do not specify duties and wait thirteen years to hire the "administrator."

Nov. 1978--The "Mason Valley News" editorializes that the regents "have held the community college system under their thumbs, since its inception."

Sept. 1979--The regents make each community college an independent unit with a campus president who reports to the chancellor.

Jan. 1979--Assemblyman John Marvel introduces a bill for $500,000 for a community college in Winnemucca.

Winter 1979--Governor Bob List recommends an instructional building for the Henderson Center.

Feb. 1979--Thirty-five Fallon citizens appear before the Ways and Means Committee hearing to show support for a bill which would appropriate $851,000 for a college facility in Fallon.

Feb. 1979--Chancellor Baepler, knowing the Legislature had recommended the hiring of a president for community colleges, testifies before the Ways and Means Committee that a community college coordinator is needed to blend activities within the UNS.

Jul. 1979--Dr. Judith Eaton, self-described as an "activist, take-charge" individual, assumes the presidency of CCCC.

Oct. 1979--The National Labor Relations Board conducts an election on each college campus to determine if the faculties want collective bargaining. They reject the idea, 87-68, but it is narrowly defeated at CCCC, 32-31.

Mar. 1979--Senator Glaser, pushing legislation for community college trustees, says the colleges receive "practically no cooperation" from the UNS. Chancellor Baepler, supported by the community college presidents, testifies that articulation problems have been solved and there is no need for an independent board. Dr. Marvin Sedway says that the college presidents are afraid to speak their minds about a separate board.

Feb. 1979--Several state senators support a resolution proposing constitutional amendments providing for an appointed board of university regents and community college trustees.

Sept. 1979--The regents make each college a separate unit for collective bargaining purposes.

Early 1981-Dr. Robert M. Bersi becomes UNS chancellor.

Sept. 1981--CCCC opens its first building in Henderson.

Winter 1982--Collective bargaining fever rises as a state budget shortfall results in a freeze on hiring and pay raises. The period is sometimes referred to as the Great Code Wars, as UNS Regents revise the System Code to provide for elimination of programs and reduction of faculty. Instructors criticize provisions for physical and psychological evaluations of faculty.

When did Calabro become president of WNCC?

Spring 1983--Dr. Marvin Sedway, a freshman lawmaker, again proposes a separate governing board for the state's community colleges.

Fall 1983--Dr. Paul Meacham is selected CCCC president.

Jun. 1986--Dr. John Gwaltney is hired as president of TMCC.

Jul. 1988--The CCCC Health Sciences Center, donated by retired contractor and philanthropist Claude Howard, opens on West Charleston Boulevard.

Jun. 1989--Dr. Ronald Remington become the fifth president of NNCC.

Fall 1991--Dr. Doug Burris, retired head of California's community college system, receives the first of several one-year appoints as Director of Community College Affairs.