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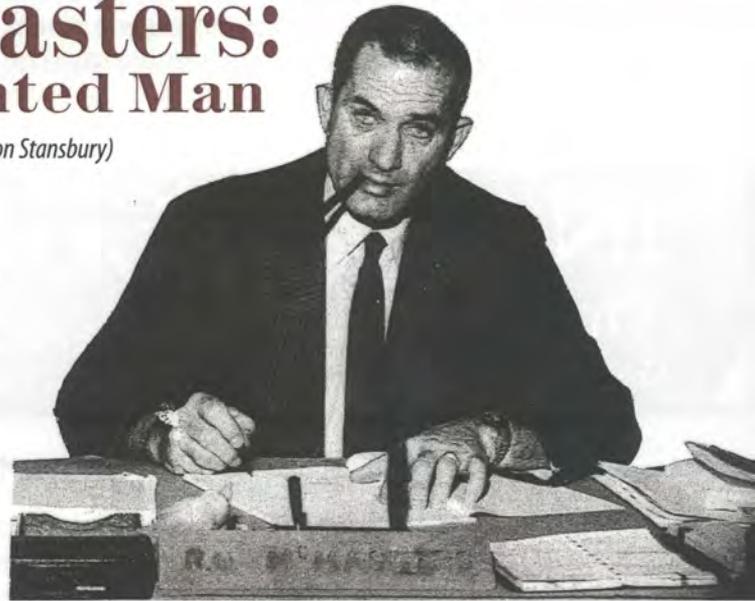
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# Ron McMasters: A Multi-Talented Man

By Bob Covey (Condensed from original by Don Stansbury)

Ron McMasters was not only well liked by everybody, he was a latter-day Renaissance man with many and varied talents. At Bakersfield College he taught Police Science courses to aspiring law enforcement officers, and as Dean of Student Activities and Dean of Students he presided over all student activities and budgets, including athletics, leading his students ably and responsibly. He had been a combat pilot in WWII and Korea, a California Highway Patrolman, and a wagon train cook in Montana.



A California boy, Ron grew up in Upland, California and graduated in 1942 from Chaffey High School, Ontario, California. He attended Chaffey Junior College for one year and then joined the navy in World War II, taking flight training in Florida, Minnesota, and Iowa where he was sent for Dive Bomber Operations. There he followed his instructor in as many as fifty dives a day from 10,000 feet to 1,000 feet at 70 degrees near vertical descent. As a result he suffered severe hearing loss. He was commissioned in March, 1946 and later rose to the rank of Lieutenant Commander.

In December, 1947, his service time was over and he was released. Returning to Upland, California, and with the help of the G.I. Bill, he attended the spring semester at Chaffey College. Within weeks the Berlin crisis brought him back into the Navy as the U.S. prepared for war with the Soviet Union. He was sent to Pensacola to instruct young pilots in flight training.

At the end of the Berlin crisis in March, 1947 Ron again was released from the Navy and returned to California where he remained in the Navy Reserves. In the summer of 1950 the Korean War began. He was recalled and ordered to report to San Diego and was ultimately sent to Korea where he flew fifty combat sorties off his carrier into North Korea. He later talked little about these missions.

When his duty was over, he returned to California but remained in the Navy Reserves. He applied for and was accepted into the California Highway Patrol Academy in Sacramento. In 1953, he graduated from the academy and was assigned to Norwalk but asked to be transferred to Fresno, where he was given a 4:00 P.M. to midnight shift. That was perfect for taking classes at Fresno State University where he completed his Bachelors degree in Criminology in 1955. He continued work toward a Masters degree at Fresno State, which he completed in 1959.

He came to BC in the spring of 1959, hired to develop and teach courses in Law Enforcement Education, starting in September. Later, BC's Dean of Students, John Collins, asked Ron to prepare a contingency plan to help control the BC rooters' section at home football games in the event of a riot or fight. With average home football game crowds at Memorial Stadium exceeding 15,000 spectators, 3,000 of whom were students, McMasters' plan was accepted but never had to be used. John Collins left in 1966 to become the first President at Moorpark College, but when he returned as BC's President in 1972, he asked McMasters to join him as Associate Dean of Students, He was charged with overseeing all student activities, mentoring hundreds of student leaders to take more active roles in student government.

See McMASTERS, page 2

## McMasters continued

Under McMasters, the students became a part of the college governance system and that included a responsibility in hiring new faculty.

McMasters remained as BC's Associate Dean of Students until 1982 when he was asked by President Richard Wright to become Dean of Students again. McMasters retired in 1983 and lived in a home he and his wife Jessie had built in Bear Valley. In 1988, Ron signed on with the Bar-T 5 Ranch in Montana and learned to cook using a Dutch oven. He cooked for three summers on a wagon train operated by the ranch. In June, 1997 the Kern County Track & Field Officials Association planned a barbecue in Memorial Stadium, and Ron did the cooking for over one-hundred-thirty officials and their families.

At the 1992 BC Track & Field Alumni Dinner and Hall of Fame Ron and Jessie McMasters were honored together by the Kern County Track & Field Officials Association as "Track Officials of the Year."

At BC his tenure as a teacher and administrator helped make the college a better educational institution as it grew from less than two-thousand students to where it is today with over eighteen-thousand students.

BC and Kern County was served well by many of Ron's generation and few did more for more people than this quiet and caring man. He was a man of character, honor, a positive leader, a servant, and seemingly happy just to be. Ron suffered from leukemia and passed away in December, 2010. ☹

# IN THE BEGINNINGS

## The Bakersfield College Learning Center

By Helen Heightsman Gordon, M.A., Ed. D.

The first time I entered the Bakersfield College Library Learning Center in June, 1974, I was stunned by its floor-to-ceiling west windows, offering a broad view of the grassy quad below, the administration building to my right, and the campus center to my left. The windows were draped softly in a rough-textured, gold-and-green striped fabric that filtered the light when closed, giving the high-ceilinged room a sunny, inviting appearance. I was aching to work there.

The Learning Center was part of an extension attached to the back of the library building, with the first floor housing the Counseling Department. The second floor accommodated the Learning Center classrooms and lab space (with movable walls and carrels). A third-floor balcony overlooked the huge lab area below. There were conference rooms and a carpeted Fine Books Room, which also doubled as a classroom. Although the old library maintained a comfortable temperature, the extension had problems with heating and cooling that seemed incurable.

I had come for an interview with the Assistant Librarian, Claire J. Larsen (later Dr. Larsen), who was studying new trends for dealing with non-traditional students. He had been given the responsibility for developing a Learning Center as an adjunct to the BC library, a task which he took on with admirable energy and dedication. At the interview I met with BC President Dr. John Collins, who observed that I had a pretty good job already as Chair of the Language Arts Department at Porterville College, also in Kern Community College District. I replied "I love my job, but I want to be closer to an airport." The Bakersfield airport simplified my spouse's commuting from Sacramento City College.

I was hired to develop basic skills and study skills courses, including arranged hours for using self-paced materials in the Learning Center Lab. I was given a desk in the center of a room which was originally intended for a classroom. Other desks were occupied by two math teachers, Billy Williams and "Pat" Johnson, and two English teachers, Marian Axford and Mary Elizabeth Graff, who taught reading courses in a traditional classroom setting.

The following year two more basic skills teachers were hired--Jerry Ludeke, wife of history teacher John Ludeke, and Muriel Willis, wife of Dr. Hulon Willis, chair of the English Department. Dr. Collins authorized a roofless enclosure near the large windows, where each of us had room for a desk and file cabinet. This office opened into the Learning Skills lab area, where we could take turns supervising and helping



# MYSTERY ? PHOTO

Can anyone identify this picture? We believe this photo was taken in 1959 in the Dean's office of the Administration building, Room 8. Margaret "Peg" Levinson, seated, was the Dean of Students and John Collins, next to her, was the Director of Student Activities. Can anyone identify the two students and, if possible, the occasion?



any students working there. We also had a full-time diagnostician, the inimitable, portly Jim Johnston, who had a talent for individual assessment and prescription, a gift for working with all kinds of handicapped students. We referred students to Jim for testing so we could help them manage their courses.

The math department had already developed self-paced courses from remedial math through algebra. The Learning Center Math instructors were still members of the Math Department but were linked to the library rather than the English Department. Our funding mechanism (based on positive attendance) required that students sign up for at least 1 unit of non-transfer credit. Some English teachers did not understand the sign-up necessity, expecting free tutoring to be available at all times. But eventually we came to an understanding and worked well with most of the English Department faculty.

For those of us breaking new ground in self-paced, individualized language arts courses, Dr. Larsen was an inspiring leader. In addition to supplying the lab with proven tools, such as the venerable SRA reading kits, he kept up with new technology. We had tape recorders, individual reading machines, and slide-show tutorials that we made for students who were entering a course already in progress. When computers began to arrive on the scene, Dr. Larsen devised ways to save money by connecting a group of machines in one row with a shared printer. He made cooperative arrangements with handicapped services, eventually making a high-tech center in the Learning Center with computers that could do miraculous things, such as being operated by chin movements, or translating spoken words into written ones.

Dr. Larsen was a genius at finding funds for workshops at BC and for sending our teachers to conferences where we could exchange ideas with other community college teachers. That networking gave us encouragement, motivation, and useful information. Sometimes, when enrollments fell below expectations, Dr. Larsen would split my assignment between the Learning Center and the English Department. I didn't mind; I

just liked to teach. I was traded off to the English Department for an English 60 composition course. That, and the often freezing temperatures in the Learning Center, motivated me to move into other activities, at one time as Women's Studies Coordinator, and once as an administrative intern, with the balance of my load in English classes.

Jerry Ludeke stayed in the Library Learning Center, coping with the cold by wearing long wool socks and sweaters when the heating system failed, as it was wont to do. Today BC has a beautiful new library building, with shining new computers in numerous state-of-the-art work stations. The old Library Learning Center has been renamed the Jerry Ludeke Learning Center, and nobody could be more deserving of that honor. The department has expanded to 8 or more teachers from the 3 we started with, and more students than ever need their help. The foresight of Dr. John Collins and the leadership of Dr. Claire Larsen have been affirmed.

Before I retired from the classroom in 1995, I had a nice letter from Claire Larsen, in which he admitted that sometimes my versatility had worked to my disadvantage in the teaching assignments I was given. But he said I'd be welcome back in the Learning Center because I had the greatest ability he had ever seen for translating learning theory into classroom practice. That praise made me proud, and thus, all was forgiven. I was saddened to learn of his death in September 2009. I'll always be grateful to him, my first immediate supervisor at BC, who stimulated my interest in developmental students and guided my career in new directions.

I'll always be grateful also for the opportunities afforded me by the warm support of President John Collins, who took a chance on hiring me at BC when I already had tenure in the District. (What if I'd been a flop? How would he have got rid of me? Perish the thought!) Although I worked for at least 10 years in private industry before I could afford college, and I've had some bosses who appreciated me and some who did not, I can truthfully say that Kern Community College District is the best employer I've ever had. ☺

# An Ugly Torch Collection

By Dale Gradek

In June 1977 I was just finishing my graduate degree at Humboldt State University in Arcata, California. I had transferred from a community college in Sonoma County to go to H.S.U. and stayed seven years while going to college and working in the welding industry. It was a glorious time to be in college in Humboldt County. In the early 70s, H.S.U. had become a Mecca for Southern California students in exodus from the metropolitan areas who were looking for something “green” during that era.

About a week after presenting my master’s thesis to my Major Professor and Graduate Committee, I was sitting on a beach with a friend at “College Cove,” a popular beach hangout for the local college students. I mentioned to my friend that I had seen a teaching position in welding advertised at Bakersfield College. He chuckled and said, “Don’t even think about applying. It’s a hot, smoggy valley town that is purgatory compared to the redwoods and ferns of the north coast.”

The next day I applied anyway to BC because I was ready to start my teaching career. Then in mid-July, Kathy Alvarado, who worked in Dr. Dabbs’ office, called me and invited me for an interview. At that time I had also applied for a teaching position at Edwards Air Force Base teaching ROP welding at their high school. I scheduled both interviews for the same day. At BC I was interviewed by Dr. Dabbs, Dr. Ken Fahsbender and Ron McMasters. I met the Department Chair, Ed Hageman, who quizzed me as well on the technical aspects of welding. My last stop was a chat with Dr. John Collins. On my way out the door I mentioned that I had another interview at Edwards AFB.

At Edwards the high school principal interviewed me. During the interview, the phone rang, and the principal answered. He said, “It’s for you Dale.” I couldn’t imagine who would be calling me here. It was Dr. Collins who said, “I just want you to know we are offering you a job here at BC.” I unbuttoned my coat and took off my necktie and relaxed. The high school offered me a job as well. Since BC had so much more to offer than Edwards, the decision was easy.

I spent 33 years teaching various classes in Industrial Technology at BC. I taught gas welding and cutting, beginning through advanced shielded metal arc welding on plate, gas metal arc welding, gas tungsten arc welding, and blueprint reading for welders and machinists. I also spent several years teaching classes at night in machine tool technology on the lathe and milling machines.

During those years at Bakersfield College, I became interested in the history and evolution of welding equipment. I became particularly fond of gas welding and cutting. While gas cutting is still economically viable, gas



Dale Gradek and “The Ugly Torch Collection.”

welding is sharing the same fate as the dinosaurs. So as I was planning to retire in June, 2010, I wanted to put something together as I left BC. I asked my students to bring in any antiquated oxy-acetylene (gas) equipment they could find, and I visited numerous garage sales and purchased old equipment as well. It took me about a month to put it all together.

My purpose was to display these old relics to remind us of the past. The display is meant to be a teaching aid for other professors and to relate a bit to the history of welding. I like to think of it as “The Ugly Torch Collection,” and I’m pleased that it preserves equipment from 70 years of welding history from the 1930s to the 1970s. ➤

# My Years Of Teaching At Bakersfield College 1965 -1967: A Retrospective

By David Covin *(Condensed from original by Don Stansbury)*

This narrative cannot be understood outside of the context from which it emerged, which is extraordinarily different from the one in which I now write in 2010. The President of the United States is, like me, a man of African descent. That prospect was unimaginable in 1965, the year I arrived in Bakersfield. Another aspect of that context, aside from the times, is that my presence in Bakersfield was a family affair. I arrived with my wife, Judy, who was pregnant with our first child, Wendy. Our cat, Ra, accompanied us. Our family became whole in Bakersfield as both of our daughters, Wendy and Holly, were born there. Judy is not of African descent. Her ancestors were European.

Judy and I were children of the Civil Rights Movement. By that I mean that we were deeply influenced by that movement. At Colorado University we were members of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), and I was co-chair of the chapter. I participated in voter registration efforts in Mississippi and Alabama, as well as the March on Montgomery in the Spring of 1965. We were active participants in the struggles for racial justice.

I interviewed with BC because a friend of mine, Ken Dahlberg, had taught at the college, loved his time there, and encouraged me to apply. I was hired and we drove from Boulder, Colorado to Bakersfield, stopping in a Utah campground where we were tormented by a crowd screaming racial epithets and hurling bottles at our tent. Upon driving into California we heard a member of the Bakersfield City Council on our car radio shouting at a press conference[following the Watts riot], "We shall fight on the beaches. . . We shall fight on the streets! We shall never surrender!" Welcome to Bakersfield.

In the midst of this firestorm of racial hatred and hostility, in this desert devoid of racial peace, Bakersfield College was an oasis. The college was my first teaching job. I could not have had a more welcoming, nurturing, and fulfilling introduction to teaching. There was a supportive administration, and a warm, receptive faculty. Most of the friendships we made in Bakersfield arose from the faculty and the Faculty Wives organization.

For us, the core of the congeniality was the office a group of us shared. The people I associate with it were Bill Thomas, Tom Davis, Greg Goodwin, Jim Inskip, Sasha Schmidt, and John Ludeke. We had deep, hilarious, sober, and mind-opening discussions. They began in the office and continued into a rich and vibrant social life, occupying almost every weekend. That life also included Cliff and Judy Garrett, Chloe and Duane Belcher, Peggy Goodwin, Angie and Jacques Thiroux, Clyde Verhine, Phyllis and Lowell Dabbs, Adele Schafer, A. B. and Joan Silver, Carol Ward, Pete McKay, Carol Schlichenmaier, Bob and Prudy Covey, Sam McCall, Jerry Ludeke, and Ray & Judy Gonzales.

We found friendships at BC that last to this day. My life as a teacher was firmly anchored in the deep foundation laid by the spectacular collection of teachers I met there. BC Students introduced me to the full range of minds and personalities one will find on a college campus, and prepared me very well.

The years 1965-1967 were years of social turmoil and disruption in this country. But, during them, at Bakersfield College, one young family found a haven which welcomed them, harbored them, nurtured them, and prepared them for a world they could not imagine. ☞

*David Covin, Ph.D., was born in Chicago and raised in Evanston, Illinois. He is Professor Emeritus of Government and Director of Pan African Studies at CSU Sacramento. Dr. Covin has written a novel The Brown Sky (1987), The United Black Movement in Brazil, 1978-2002(2006), and Black Politics After the Civil Rights Movement: Activity and Beliefs in Sacramento, 1970-2000 (2009).*

## ARCHIVE ITEMS WE NEED:

SURPRISE US! Sometimes we don't even know what we need until someone brings in an item and it is "just what we needed" but didn't know it. Kelly Chamberlain found a 1973 band uniform at a yard sale. Michael Budy bought a box of miscellaneous books at a similar sale, and when he unloaded it, he found a packet with the original 1913-15 grade cards and a record book for the junior college. Amber Chiang found a Bakersfield College Public Safety patch online. So, please keep your eyes open and your heart tuned in to Bakersfield College history. (And do remember, the college was on the BHS campus from 1913 to 1956.)

# After Pearl Harbor

By Mary Kinoshita Higashi

(The Archive received the following from a 1941 student of BC)

*I am enclosing my memoirs after Pearl Harbor. I wrote what I could remember of the events during and after the days of infamy in December 1941 while I was attending college at the time. I hope this will give some of the students, an insight as to what actually happened to a former student at that time.*

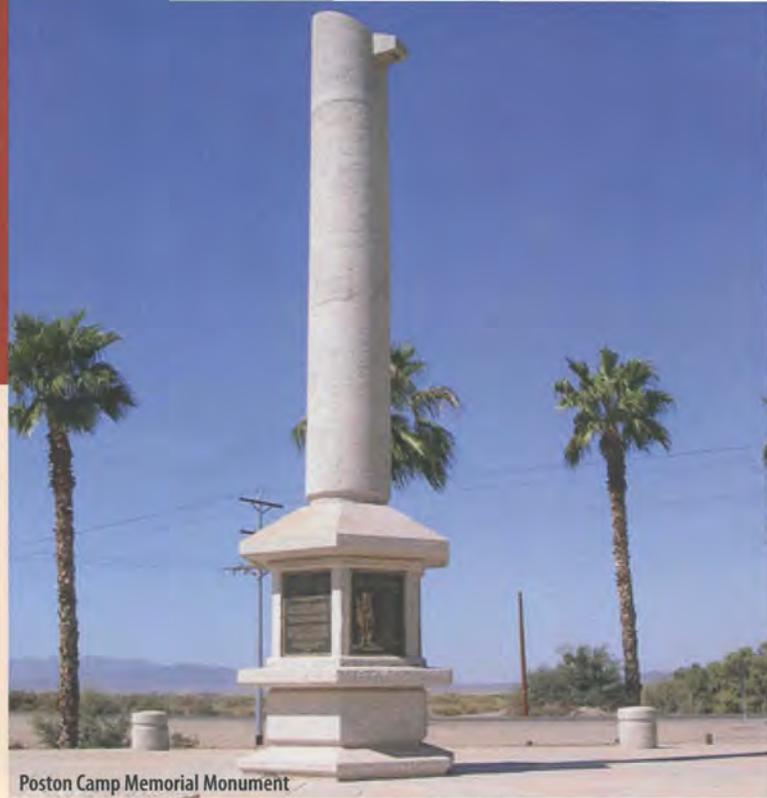
My life as a Japanese-American student was in turmoil after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in December of 1941. I was attending Bakersfield Junior College where I took classes in accounting, stenography, English, social problems, political science and archery. I did not participate in extra-curricular activities but attended all of the home J.C. football games to support the team. In addition to meeting high school friends, I made new Japanese-American, Korean-American and Caucasian friends from the Delano area.

On December 7th, 1941 Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, and my life changed completely because my parents were alien Japanese. Even though my father came to the United States in 1914, he was not allowed to become a citizen. My parents were shocked and in utter disbelief that Japan attacked the United States of America. They were upset and worried about their future in America. I was concerned because they were aliens and wondered if they would be deported and the family separated. I was humiliated to be of Japanese descent and did not want to attend classes anymore. My father emphatically insisted that we were to attend school because we were American citizens and did not start the war.

In early March 1942 the FBI arrested my father for being a dangerous and subversive alien. He was no more dangerous than I, but he was an active leader in the Japanese community and a correspondent for Japanese-American Newspapers in San Francisco and Los Angeles. At this time all of the community leaders were arrested by the FBI and taken away from their families. I didn't see my father again until fall 1943.

The WRA (War Relocation Authority) issued a directive to recruit volunteers to assist in preparing the camps for habitation. The WRA needed cooks, doctors, typists, secretaries, truck drivers, laborers, interpreters, etc. My mother encouraged me to apply, since we had no means of support. I was among the ten volunteers whose applications were accepted. We were given a departure date of May 9, 1942 and advised that we could only take what we could carry. We weren't given much notice, and we could only pack clothing. My mother had a difficult time packing because in addition to me she had a 6 month old baby and children, 3, 7, 13, 15, 17. Our personal property was being stored in the Japanese M.E. Church on 22nd Street.

Since I was to leave Bakersfield on May 9, 1942, I informed Ms Grace Bird in the Dean's Office that I had to quit junior college before the end of



Poston Camp Memorial Monument

the semester. I was devastated because I had looked forward to getting my Associate of Arts Degree and participating in the graduation ceremony. I would have been the first in my family to graduate from Bakersfield Junior College and we were all awaiting this event. What a disappointment it was for me.

The morning of May 9, our friends, neighbors and many of George's classmates were at the Santa Fe Depot to bid us farewell. I was an emotional wreck because I had no idea what was going to happen. We were not told where we were going, and I didn't know if I would ever see my father again or be able to return to Bakersfield. My poor mother was so sad and forlorn that I had to give her all the support I could. I had no idea what the future held for me as a Japanese-American. We were all in tears as we left dear old Bakersfield.

The month of May was already hot and since there was no air conditioning, it was hot and humid in the train. After many hours, the train started to slow down and finally came to a stop at a place in Arizona called Parker. There were Indians standing around, and a dust storm blew huge tumble weeds all around. The wind was howling and the dust was so thick I could barely see anything in front of me. The temperature that day must have been about 120 degrees, because we arrived in mid-afternoon. We saw a group of uncovered army trucks parked along the highway. Soldiers ordered us to get onto the backs of the trucks with our luggage. The truck slowly came to a stop, and we were told we were at the Colorado River War



Poston Relocation Camp

Relocation Camp. There was a barbed wire fence enclosing all of the barracks, and many military police were standing with their guns pointed at us as we got off the truck. What a welcome this was, having guns pointed at us. We were as afraid of them as they were of us because some of them were shaking. I wondered how I, a citizen of the United States, could be put into a concentration camp. I wouldn't have felt it was a concentration camp if the barbed wire was not there and the military police didn't have their guns pointed at us when we arrived.

We were taken to a barrack and the family was registered and assigned two apartments in Block 6 Apt. 4C & D. George was instructed to fill seven mattress covers with straw for our beds. An oil stove was in the corner and a window on each wall. There was absolutely nothing in the room, and all we brought were our clothes. We didn't even have sheets, blankets, or towels. This was my introduction to my new home.

During the first year, our camp existence was horrendous, as we were forced to adapt to the heat, the dust, the food, and conditions. There was no bathroom in the apartment, but there was a building with rows of toilets, a long basin to wash your face, and in an adjacent room, showers on two walls. We had no privacy when using the bathroom and shower room. The food was not very palatable. Despite these problems, I made up my mind that I was going to make the best of the situation and live one day at a time. A Christian church was established immediately and many of us got comfort in attending church services.

Camp life was very difficult that first year, since I was also concerned about my father and mother. I wrote endless letters to the U.S. Attorney General to request hearings. These requests were supported by affidavits from my father's former friends, bosses, and my G.I. cousins. My persistence paid off because my father was granted another hearing and released a year and a half later in October 1943 to join his family in camp. On May 23, 1945, I married Paul Higashi and relocated to Cleveland, Ohio. If we left camp, we could only relocate to the Midwest or Eastern states. We returned to California in 1946, and I presently live in San Pedro.

I will never forget the injustices done to my family and the internment in Poston. I believe my parents suffered much more being aliens, and because they were not allowed to become citizens until 1952. They were never the same after the war and became more dependent on their children after the internment. My father became an American citizen in 1952 scoring 100% on his citizenship examination. He was a proud American citizen.

Six of my seven brothers served in the military. One was deferred because he was in college majoring in pharmacy. George made the army his career and in 2008 was inducted posthumously into the U.S. Army Military Investigation Division Hall of Fame. This was indeed an honor for him, and made me realize what a wonderful country the USA is. I believe we have proven our love and loyalty for America.

In October 1990, I received \$20,000 restitution and a letter of apology signed by President George Bush for the serious injustices done during World War II. Restitution and words did not restore the lost years and painful memories. But national recognition of the injustices suffered by Japanese-Americans and their families has taught us that we cannot take our freedom for granted but must always be on the alert so this type of injustice does not occur again to anyone.

I am grateful to Bakersfield College for allowing me to participate in the graduation ceremony to receive my college diploma after 68 years. My graduation on May 14, 2010 was a memorable day for me and my family members. ☺



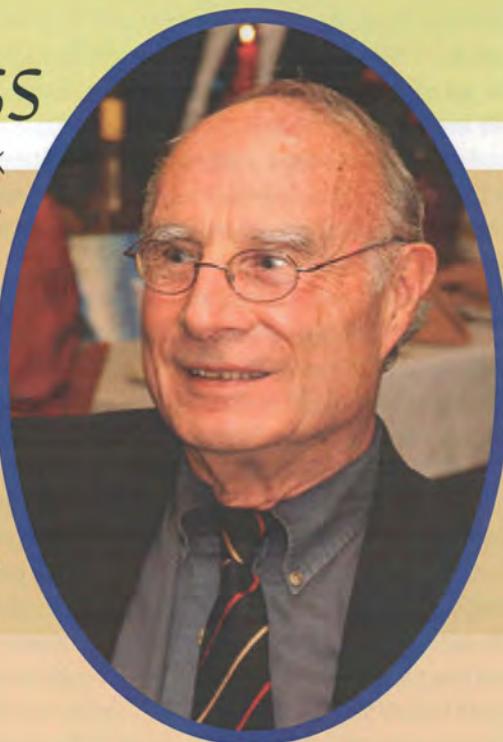
*"I am enclosing a picture taken in 1943 or 1944. After trees & shrubs had grown, G.I.s came to camp & took pictures for us to keep since evacuees couldn't have cameras in camp." ~Mary Kinoshita Higashi*

# People We Will Miss

By Dr. Jack

*People we will miss.* Short and straightforward, yet bears the weight of our BC community. *People we will miss.* When I arrived on campus, fresh from Michigan, fresh to teaching, I soon knew that I had joined a special community, one joined in caring for students and for one another. *People we will miss.* We are like a large, boisterous, contentious, gifted family with its currents of discord and love. Like birth, we gain new members; in death we lose members. Generations and generations. We welcome. We mourn. *People we will miss.*

In the late 70s a group of us played tennis every Friday afternoon at the Racquet Club: Greg Goodwin, Don Stansbury, Jim Whitehouse, and I. The tennis was fun, filled with errant balls, questionable line calls, and the occasional miraculous shot, but the real point was to be together as friends who had taught for years. After, at Jastro Park, we drank beer and talked about students, colleagues, frustrations, joys, and people we would miss. The poem Jastro Park is about one of those Fridays. About people we will miss.



## Jastro Park

To focus on a tennis ball  
completely  
requires the brain  
to stop frame the world  
halt the spin  
tilt and whirl,  
feeling only  
the mind's tight grip  
on silence the instant  
before the explosive  
release.

After three sets  
happy in our bodies  
and a good forehand or two,  
we drink beer  
from a cooler  
in Jastro Park  
ringed by joggers.

At first our talk  
is tennis, fellowships,  
and summer plans, then  
as imperceptively  
as the cooling down  
of our muscles, we  
mention Muriel's recent death  
and the world stops again,  
the joggers, the late afternoon  
yellow valley sun, all  
are frozen on a photograph  
of us centered in light  
and park shadows, a group  
that has played together  
for years, suddenly aware  
of life's rush to the edge  
and our need to hold  
moments motionless like  
a tennis ball stopped in flight.

## FUN FINDS

*In the Archives we regularly discover hidden gems in our collection.*

In 1950 Josephine Chase Lum wrote a letter to librarian Goldie Ingles regarding the history of BC which Goldie was writing. In 1915 Josephine Chase was one of the first two graduates of then Bakersfield Junior College. She went on to graduate from the University of California (Berkeley) and became an editorial writer in New York and an editorial assistant to Walter Lippman. The Archives has both Josephine's letter and Goldie's history.



# Counseling at Bakersfield College in the 60s

By Dr. Kenneth Fahsbender

Following the move of Bakersfield College to the current campus in 1956, the growth of Bakersfield and our surrounding communities was matched, if not exceeded, by the growth of our student body, the faculty and educational programs. Many students came seeking the first two years of a 4-year college program, while others came to spend two years or less in one of many occupational programs. Some discovered that they needed to repair basic skills before entering courses at the collegiate level.

Since fifty percent of our local high school graduates enrolled at BC in the 1960s, a well-trained staff assisted students as they made wise choices of the many courses available. Students were required to see experienced faculty who were student-oriented and professionally trained to serve as counselors for part of their contractual day.

Dr. Orral Luke was Director of Guidance and Testing during those early years on the new campus. As enrollment grew, Dr. Wes Sanderson joined the staff as a Clinical Psychologist to assist troubled students during the 60s. This author added counseling to my schedule as a teacher and followed Dr. Luke as leader of this important staff. Counselors of note during the 1960s included Pete Wilson, Leonard McKaig, Dr. Ruth Maguire, Paul Freed, Wayne Culver, Robb Walt, Rod Wessman, and Harriet Sheldon, who later became Director of Counseling and Guidance.

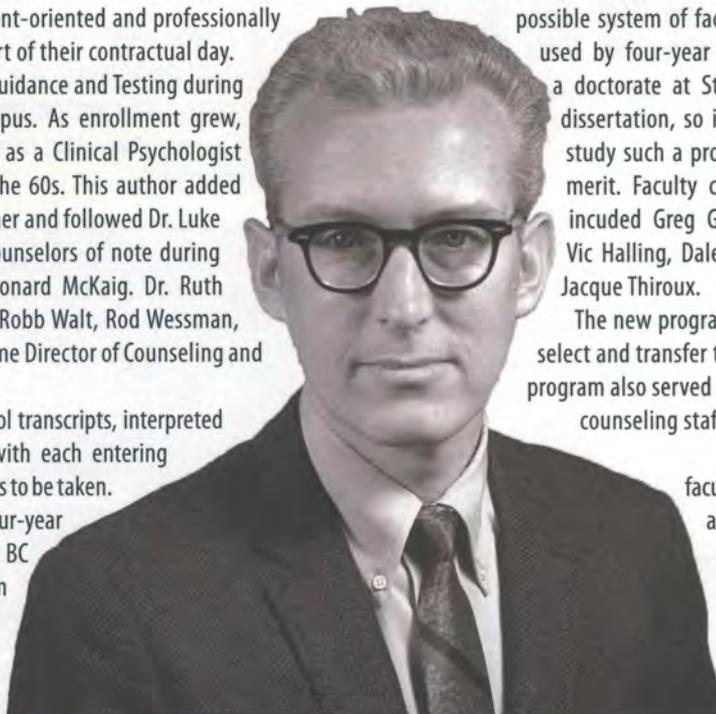
Counselors examined high school transcripts, interpreted scores on aptitude tests and met with each entering student to help them select the courses to be taken. Those who planned to transfer to a four-year college were assisted with courses at BC which would satisfy lower division requirements at their particular four-year college or university.

To judge if our efforts were succeeding, counselors would travel to four-year colleges and meet with former students. Positive feedback and occasional suggestions regarding issues related to transferability of courses helped improve our efforts. An interesting result of those visits with former students revealed that most former BC students believed that teachers at Bakersfield College were better instructors than those encountered in their upper division courses.

John Collins preceded me as leader of Student Personnel, which included counseling and guidance. Prior to his departure to become President of Moorpark College, John had spoken to me of a possible system of faculty advising, not unlike the system used by four-year colleges. I was currently pursuing a doctorate at Stanford and seeking a topic for my dissertation, so it seemed appropriate that we could study such a program and determine if the idea had merit. Faculty chosen to advise selected students included Greg Goodwin, Ed Hageman, Bill Nielsen, Vic Halling, Dalene Osterkamp, Barbara Thomas and Jacque Thiroux.

The new program was successful in helping students select and transfer to an appropriate 4-year college. The program also served to ease the heavy load of an excellent counseling staff.

As one reflects on the excellent faculty who served as counselors and academic advisors for thousands of students over the years, it becomes apparent why Bakersfield College has been a recognized leader among Community Colleges in California. ☞



### *From Jack Thomson, Class of '42*

I attended Bakersfield College from September, 1940 until June, 1942. During this time, I took CPT (Civilian Pilot Training) and had plans to join the Navy Pilot Training Program. The problem was that in order to join the Aviation Cadet Program (V-5) you had to have completed two years of college. However, I had turned 20 in April, 1942 and the draft was breathing down my neck. I talked to Dean Bird about the situation, and she wrote a letter stating that I had completed two years of college. I presented this letter to the flight selection Board in Los Angeles, along with the required letters of recommendation, and on May 4, 1942, was accepted into the Navy V-5 program. Graduation was in early June. I really appreciated Dean Bird for helping me.

# The Archives Needs VOL UN TEERS

We have MANY volunteer opportunities. These are just a few. Call us at 395-4949 or send us an email at [bcarchives@bakersfieldcollege.edu](mailto:bcarchives@bakersfieldcollege.edu). We will arrange for a time that is convenient for you and see that you get a parking permit

*Identify photos.* We have nine 4-inch thick binders with photos that need identification. They are in sheets which are easy to handle and are partly organized by interest area.

Conduct Oral interviews. We have a list of people we would like interviewed. It is great fun to talk over old BC days as you are recording them. (You can tape your own BC memories while you are at it.)

**Transcribe oral interviews.** This is a humongous job that only a few people are trained to do. We really want to get these interviews into the printed word.

Help organize and reorganize our files. Some of this is best done by those who have been around BC for many years and recognize names in print and faces in photos.

Input data into the computer. Arrangements can be made to work at the Archives any day or hour. (This is in preparation for putting the Archives schema on the developing website.)

**Make lists.** These are great fun to do if you like thumbing through old yearbooks and doing research. We want lists of outside speakers and performers on campus, alumni activities, faculty wives programs, active clubs through the years, BC history by events, Trustee members, etc. If you have a favorite topic, you can pursue that.

***A unique opportunity:*** If you would like to hang out in the Athletic Department and work on your own time schedule, consider tackling this job. The Athletic Department has offered the Archives its LARGE (in the hundreds) collection of 16 mm films of Bakersfield College football games. We know that there are some as far back as 1954. Our eventual goal is to find some angels to finance it and to have the films transferred to DVDs before the films disintegrate. Before that can be done, we need to know how many films there are and the date and occasion on every film canister so they can be organized in chronological arrangement for transferring. This is a good project for two people to work on together, one to handle the canisters and read off the information, and the other to record. It is a BIG job. We would love to have this whole project completed by the Centennial in 2013. To do that we need to get going now! If a number of you want to tackle it as a group project, we could get that set up and organized for you. With a lot of people, it wouldn't take long. We just need YOUR MAN (AND WOMAN) POWER.



# Interesting Acquisitions

We have received over 100 donations already this year and always welcome more.

Academic Senate sent binders from 1984 through 1994.

Negatives of sports, faculty, graduation, and campus shots in 1977-1978 were found by David Koeth in a storage area.

From Bob Day's old office, Bill Norris sent a Bakersfield College banner.

Paula Bray also found 2 shoebox size containers of negatives from 1969 showing faculty, students, classrooms, etc. These have all been scanned and digitized.

Joe Fontaine sent us his 1950s maroon and white Dink (required cap for freshmen). It is in fragile condition so we would still like another one.

Elaine Bierlein sent us a Math and Engineering Department "computer" of the 60s and 70s---a pocket size and a standard size slide rule used in class.

Bob Brandt donated his father, Louis' copy of "The Scrutinizer" for May 26, 1922.



Helen Harp is the Archives new database guru. She attended BC in 1962 before her long career with AT&T and retiring after 32 years. She began working in the IT Department at the Kern Community College District in 1995 and retired from there after 13 years in 2008. She joined the Archives staff in March.

## *Come See The Archives*

The BAKERSFIELD COLLEGE ARCHIVES has photos and memorabilia on display and a wealth of fascinating old documents on BC's history. We are located on the 2nd floor of the new Grace Van Dyke Bird Library.

**Director:** Jerry Ludeke

**Office Manager:** Rosalee Pogue

**Email:** [bcarchives@bakersfieldcollege.edu](mailto:bcarchives@bakersfieldcollege.edu)

**Phone:** 661-395-4949

### **HOURS FOR SPRING 2011**

Tues, Wed and Thurs  
8:30 A.M. – 12:30 P.M.

Other hours available by appointment





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## BC PEOPLE WE WILL MISS

**Lydia Langner**, associated with BC since 1993, was a valued and loved part of our Archives team for the last five years, developing our database in her quiet, creative, skilled way. Many foreign students benefited from Lydia's attention to detail when she directed the International Student Center.

**Walter Loughridge** was a beloved and dedicated member of the BC Alumni Association Board of Directors, and he and his wife, Barbara, were well known for their faithful attendance at all Renegade football games. Walter was inducted into the BC Alumni Hall of Fame in 1994.

**Ron McMasters** flew an attack bomber in the Korean War and received the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal from the Navy. At Bakersfield College and Moorpark College, he was a teacher of Police Science and Dean of Student and Community Services. Following his retirement from BC in 1984, Ron and his wife, Jessie, moved to Tehachapi where Ron helped build the Bear Valley Community Church.

**George Moore** came to Bakersfield College from Oregon where he had been a community college administrator. He served BC for 10 years as Dean of Instruction over vocational courses and retired in 1998.

**Billie Williams** helped open Foothill and Highland High Schools before coming to Bakersfield College in 1973. During his 21 years at BC, he taught Math, served as Director of Supportive Services, and was the Division Chair of Math and Computer Sciences at the time of his retirement in 1993.

**Maddie Turner** was the wife of Jim Turner who was BC's Swim Coach and a PE teacher for more than 30 years. Maddie was a long-time member of the Bakersfield College Faculty Wives as well as numerous other organizations that benefitted from her kind, loving, and generous personality.

**Dell Whetsler** started his teaching career in 1953 at Kern County Union High School (now Bakersfield High School). He later transferred to Bakersfield College where he became an administrator. After 30 years, he retired in 1983 as Associate Dean of Special Services and Audio Visual.

**Readers Please Note:** Send information about former BC people to Charlotte Cox at [ccox@bak.rr.com](mailto:ccox@bak.rr.com)