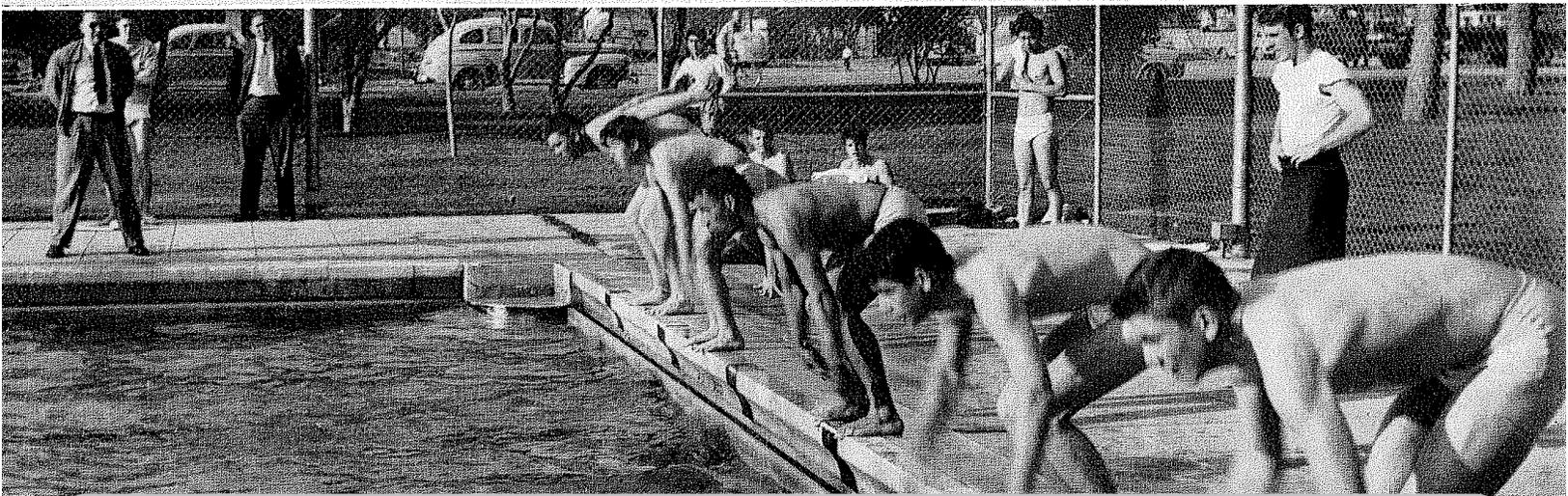
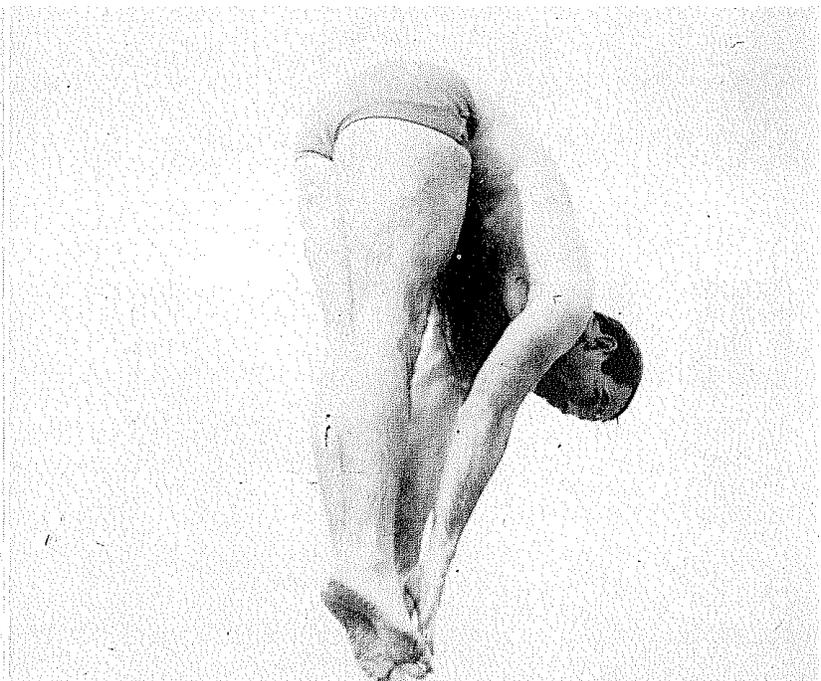
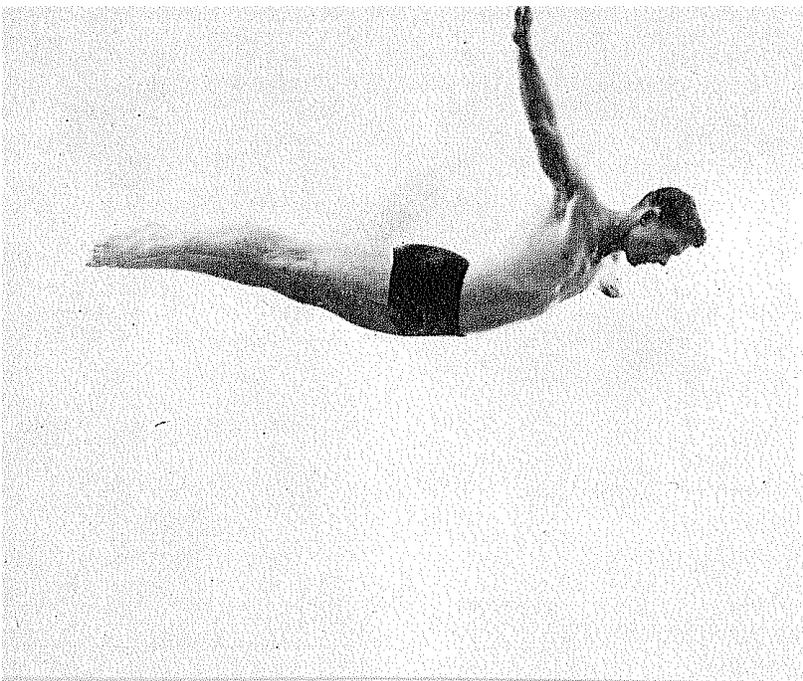




The Bakersfield College *Archives Newsletter*

Spring 2018

Volume 17, Issue 1



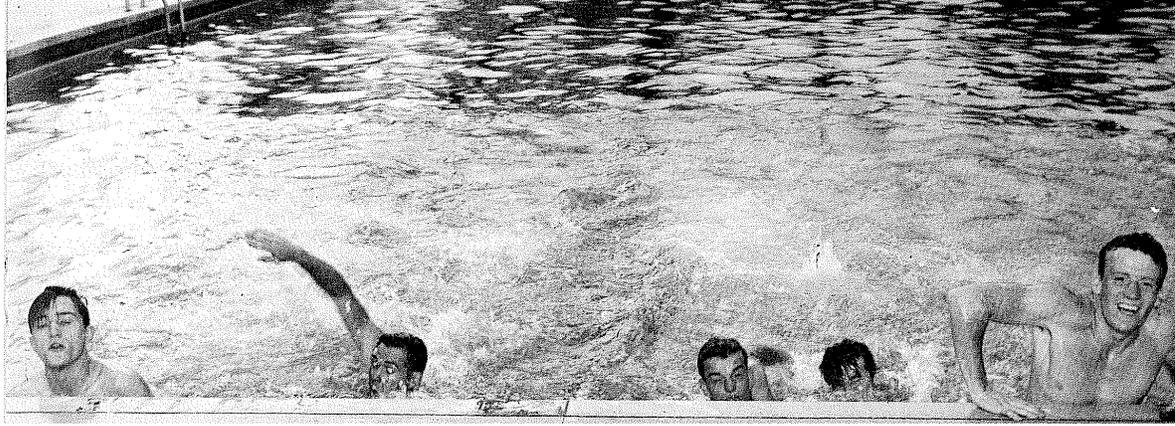
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BC Swim Coach Al Gruman



Emerging at the end of a training race are Hoge, 220 and 440 free stayer, and Jensen, Tomerlin, Distasio, and Russell, sprinters, who made up BC's Championship relay team.

The Early Fifties

BC SWIM PROGRAM

By George Russell

I doubt there's ever been a proper tribute to BC's swim coach, Al Gruman for his early years on the old campus, but truly he should be given a huge thanks for all he put up with. Especially with those who caused him to age early.

It's a must to point out that this was a time when practice facilities were quite marginal. Pools did not have "starting platforms," diving boards were fiber-matted, no such thing as electronic timers. As a matter of fact, pools such as Jefferson Park (40 yards) had no bulk-head and involved rope line finishes. Lane lines consisted of wooden blocks nailed to a cotton rope, and most turn maneuvers required a touch by hand regardless of stroke. Goggles were never considered a necessity, and a heated pool would have been a dream.

The school had a number of successful seasons under Coach Gruman. BC was often favored in Metropolitan Conference competition and participated in events throughout Southern California. Perhaps a major highlight was that of being invited to participate in the 1950 JC National Swim Meet held in Fullerton,

California. Such an opportunity came about under a rather unusual circumstance.

Originally the event was planned for Bay City, Michigan and travel was considered well out of the question. The Eastern bid suddenly fell through due to a faulty pool problem, and Fullerton JC stepped up offering their facility in the Los Angeles area. Coach Gruman responded to this unique opportunity and immediately arranged to have BC participate.

Accordingly a team of 10 swimmers and divers made the trip, including spring board divers Bill Finch and Bud Brown, swimmers Ed Rous, Hollis Shannon, Dave Tomerlin, George Russell, Charlie Jensen, Bill Beardsley, John Bresnahan and Dave Martin. That wonderful group arrived home carrying five medals, a third place in the four man 400 yard freestyle relay, and an individual 3rd place finish in the 50 yard freestyle.

The 50 free was quite unusual in that it had a mid-pool rope finish. As an 8th place qualifier Russell was assigned an outside lane, which most often goes undetected. [Russell had tied the winning time in a special race.] To complicate matters, a turn

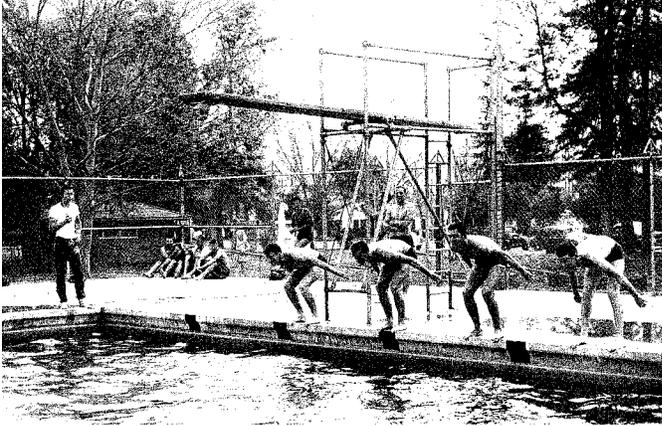
was involved, and the finish line consisted of a hand-held tape. But... with the help of a lot of splashing in the finals, two of the finish judges called Russell in 2nd place. A 3rd judge called him 4th and after a brief discussion the group awarded him a 3rd place medal making it possible to bring home an unforgettable memory.

The 400 yd freestyle relay was equally fortunate in bringing home 3rd place medals for Ed Rous, Hollis Shannon, George Russell, and Dave Tomerlin.

Though years have passed and swim conditions have greatly improved with amazing modifications, there still remains grand memories of how we did it years ago as the BC Swim Team of 1950/51.

As an aside, of the group, Bill Finch went on to join the faculty at BC. Hollis Shannon retired as Athletic Director, football and swim coach at East Bakersfield High. Bud Brown made a career of the USAF, flying U2's and bailing out of an SR-71 Blackbird. Bill Beardsley was a decorated pilot during the Korean War. Ed Rous spent years as one of Kern County's top administrators. Dave Tomerlin was a

All American JC Finch & Relay Team (1951)



Gruman, Russell, Tomerlin, Hoge, and Martin

JAYSEE DIVER ON "ALL" TEAM

Bill Finch, premier diver for the Bakersfield College swimming team, for the second straight year has been named to the all-America Junior College squad, according to word received here from the Helms Athletic Foundation.

Finch was rated by the Foundation as the nation's No. 2 JC diver.

Bakersfield's 400-yard spring freestyle relay team of George Russell, Dave Tomerlin, Hollis Shannon, and Eddie Rous has been rated fourth nationally. The rating was based on the quartet's time of 3:56.6 in the nationals.

However, the team was timed a full second under this mark in the Metropolitan conference meet and if considered by the Foundation, would give them a second-place national ranking, Coach Al Gruman said. Gruman indicated he would ask the Foundation to recheck.

Despite a mark of 24.3 in the 50-yard freestyle, George Russell was left off the national ratings, Gruman said. Russell's time, made during the recent national meet at Fullerton, would place him third in national ratings. A recheck also will be asked in this event.



financial consultant in Fresno, and George Russell retired as Interim Director of Personnel for Kern County.

Thanks for encouraging the memories!

~George Russell

Additional information from the

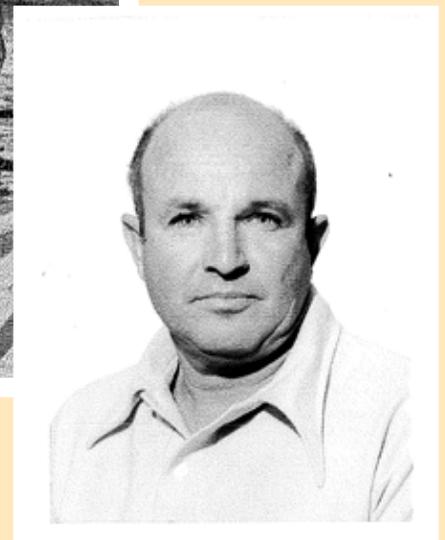
Archives: *If the event had been held in Michigan, there would have been no high diving board to enable BC's All-American champion diver Bill Finch to compete. Bakersfield also had no high board so Bill worked out in El Segundo. Meanwhile the swimmers practiced four nights a week in the Elks Club small indoor pool until the Beale Park outdoor pool opened in March 15. In April, Finch injured his arm, eliminating him from competition for most of the season. Hollis Shannon put in a "feat of endurance" by placing first in the 440-yard freestyle, second in the 220 yard freestyle, and second in the 100-yard free style in the Metropolitan Competition between Bakersfield, Santa Monica, and El Camino at El Segundo.*



Bill Finch as a student

"Bill Finch was the first All-American in Bakersfield College history."

~The Bakersfield Californian, June 14, 2014



Bill Finch as a coach



MEMORIES OF EARLY TEACHING

By Clarence Cullimore, Sr.

Reprinted from the NRTA Journal (National Retired Teachers Association), Jan/Feb/March 1963.

Clarence Cullimore joined the Kern County Union High School faculty in 1910, becoming an architect/instructor at the Junior College when it began in 1913. He is credited with designing more than 100 buildings and receiving the AIA's highest honor of a fellowship in 1950. He became an expert in California adobe structures, publishing research for which he received a master of architecture degree from USC. He served a stint as a partner in his own successful architecture firm but returned to teaching architectural drawing at Bakersfield Junior College until his retirement in 1956 as head of the drafting and architecture department where he had mentored several of Bakersfield's leading architects. He died in December 1963.

The treasurer's deputy stuck my warrant on a spike, opened the money-drawer and dealt into my expectant palm six shining twenty-dollar pieces and one fiver. "Thanks!" was all I could gulp as I thrust my first month's salary into the right side pocket of my peg-top trousers. This was fifty years ago, and I was mighty well pleased with myself for having selected this particular school in which to teach. It had not been work at all, actually fun, teaching freehand-drawing and mechanical-drawing at this County High School.

I was assigned to teach nine classes

daily. This necessitated my holding two classes at the same time – one downstairs and one upstairs. It was the climbing and unclimbing that put me in alpin fettle to spurt up Mount Whitney during the next summer's vacation.

I found myself a bit handicapped in teaching mechanical-drawing because my students had no desks or tables, each student resting his drawing-board on a rough plank extending the width of the room, with three wooden horses supporting it – seven students to each plank. When one of the seven erased something, the other six had to stop drawing straight lines and make wavy ones. I took this problem to the Principal and then to the County Superintendent of Schools.

"We are a serious, hard-working desert school district and tables do not grow on cactus bushes," he replied to my request. I recalled the clause in my contract that said either party might terminate the agreement on ten days' notice. Bursting with insubordination, I snarled that I had expected a County Superintendent to be more on his educational toes. With this I headed for the door, but the County Superintendent intervened. "You fail to recollect," he challenged, "that neither your Principal nor I had laid eyes on you

before we hired you. Don't you think it is barely possible that we might be as much disappointed with the agreement as you?"

I stiffened and bellowed, "This is it! My ten days' notice!"

The next afternoon in my mechanical-drawing room, while I was expounding the theory that a right angle need not necessarily point to the right, one of the boys upset his bottle of ink. Minutes later another fellow overturned his bottle of ink which splashed over the dress of the young lady next to him. I drew myself to full stature and delivered a tirade that stupefied my class. To capitalize on the full ardor of my displeasure, I turned in a sweeping arc full of authority, contacted another ink bottle, and splattered ink over another student.

At this precise instant there was a knock at my classroom door. I stalked the County Board of Education. In the pin-dropped silence, they eyed me ominously; and each of the five members nodded to another as if to say, "This fellow certainly has discipline in his classroom." Three minutes after they left, the Superintendent called me outside.

He placed a hand on my shoulder. "Whatever else you may be, you certainly have your class where you want it. I like that. Furthermore, we have decided to get

1st Lt. Cullimore's silver bars facilitated dating history and English teacher, Rosemary Thelin, at the Old School.



Pvt. Cullimore is shown on duty at Camp Lewis, Wash., in the winter of 1917.



Passport picture of Rosemary and Clarence Cullimore after retiring from the Old School to board a freighter and sail around the world.

you those drawing tables. We have found a cabinet-maker who will tackle the job if you will draw up a sketch for him to go by."

There was another factor cementing the friendship that developed between the County Superintendent and me. It was that his son was a member of my first class. He was a good student which helped clear my conscience for handing him a straight "A". Little did I suspect that twenty years later this son of my first boss would become a teacher of history in the Old School, and in that capacity return the compliment by dishing out an "A" to my own son.

At first I had qualms about teaching freehand-drawing. Abhorring a teacher who does a student's drawing for him, I almost never touched a pencil to a free-hand student's drawing. I later learned that it was suspected that I was not quite sure where the lines should go.

The freehand class was about to begin on that first day, when a boy, luckily not too large, and who is now a surgeon of high repute, pulled the chair out from behind a plumpish girl who was about to be seated. I grabbed the young man by the nape of his neck and the seat of his breeches, and with propelling force, slid him down the freshly-oiled corridor floor toward's the Principal's office. The next morning the embryo medico returned to my class with

his arm in a sling. My reputation was made. Discipline was never a problem in that class. This was before our State passed the law forbidding a teacher to lay a hand on a student.

We lost several mighty fine Principals in those early days. Tradition had it that after the commencement exercises in the Opera House, the school's most efficient bullies should egg the Principal as he left the foyer for the street. Eggs were especially ripened for this unholy event. At the end of my first year of teaching I suggested to the Principal that we leave through a seldom-used side door. This strategy worked and he returned for a second year.

It was during this second year that we held the famous tug-of-war between the nine male members of the faculty and a picked team of nine seniors. It was held on the two sides of an irrigation ditch. We fastened a red rag to a knot in the center of the rope and placed it over the middle of the muddy water. The Football Coach was the first on our string, the Principal next and the rest of us according to protocol. I think we would have dunked those seniors if it hadn't been for their girl-friends who scratched footholds in the ditch bank. It was then that the Principal lost his nerve and suggested to the deaf Coach that we let go. The principal turned to us and

gave the order. "Let go at the count of three. One - two - THREE!" All except the coach hadn't heard let go. He got a royal dousing topped with a coating of mud. The shame of this letting-down of our Coach still lingers.

And then came those stirring days of 1917. Martial music pushed patriotism high at the Old School. Our baseball pitcher was the first to enlist. The brain of the senior class, a straight "A" student, was next. A lovable sophomore, lying about his age, joined the Marines. On the train that bore me to camp was one of my students. When we got there my student was made Acting Corporal. His rank of Acting Corporal irked him no end. It hurt him to assign me to kitchen-police or to scrub the mess-hall floor. And when it came time to allot the shower facilities and telling me when to take a bath he actually broke out in a rash.

One day at mail-call I got a postcard stating that there was a package for me at the express office. I walked two miles to the express office and presented the card. The clerk asked, "Where is your truck?"

"I've got no truck," I replied, "I'm a Private in this man's army." It was then that he told me that there was a flock of boxes, crates and barrels, sufficient for

CONTINUED PAGE 6

MEMORIES OF EARLY TEACHING cont'

a Four-Star General, marked HANDLE WITH CARE and addressed to me. I was flabbergasted. He added that something must have broken in one of the containers and that a red substance resembling blood was leaking out. Then it dawned on me. I had noticed in our home-town paper that the good ladies, young and old, of the Womans' Club, Ladies Aid, Native Daughters, Relief Corps, D.O.C., P.E.O., Y.L.I. and D.A.R. and all of the rest of them had been boiling every conceivable fruit and berry into every known kind of jam, jelly and preserve; and that they were shipping it to the boys in camp for Thanksgiving. Its coming in my care was news to me.

I returned to the barracks empty-handed, approached the orderly room and knocked. When the Captain bellowed for me to enter, I marched in. Clicking my heels, I said, "Sir! The Private reporting has received two thousand three-hundred and fifty-six pounds of everything from candied mushrooms to pickled kumquats to be distributed to the several companies of our regiment, with the compliments of the good ladies of the aforementioned Private's hometown. May the Private have access to a truck and driver to transport the home-cooked sweets to the respective mess-halls?"

He gave me an order for two trucks and two drivers. By the end of the week I had been raised to the rank of Corporal.

The day came when we moved out. Everyone knew where we were going, but for fear that someone might have the shadow of a doubt, the Regimental Band played and we sang until our lungs were raw, "Over there – over there. We won't come home until it's over, over there."

The Old School baseball pitcher that I told you about was killed in action in France. That's why our American Legion Post took his name.

The sophomore, who lied about his age and joined the Marines, was mowed down with his buddies in one of the first engagements. The Veterans of Foreign Wars have taken his name as theirs.

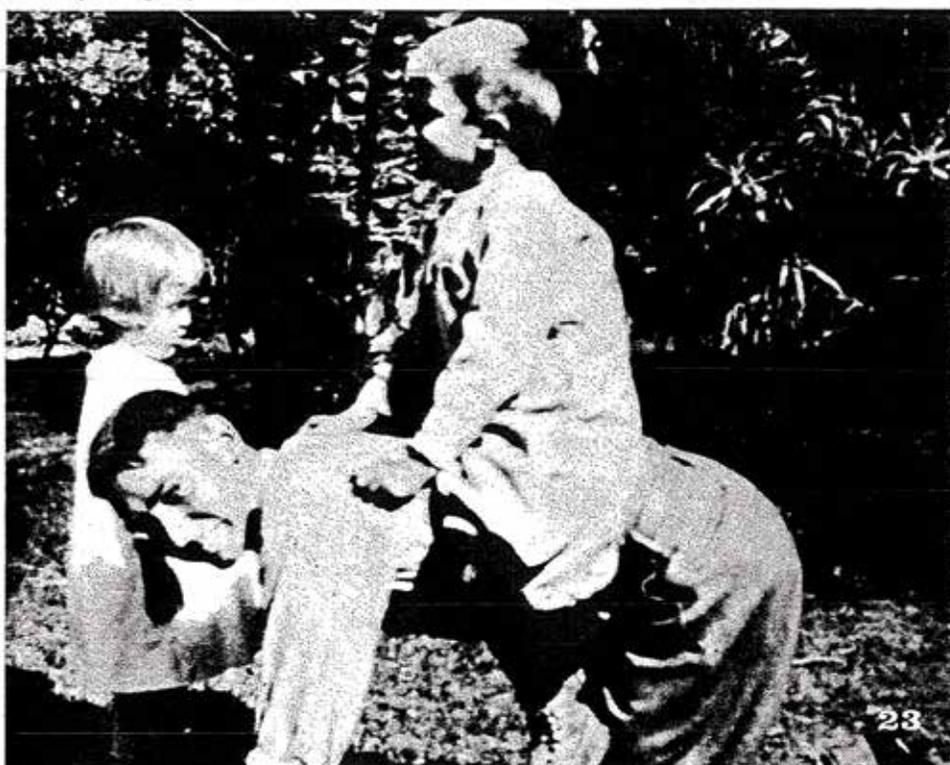
And there was the straight "A" student and brain of the senior class. We had long bull-sessions in the barracks, about the Old School, matters pertaining to the Universe and Eternity. He died in Flanders Field while the poppies were still red. "Exceptional bravery under fire" is how his posthumous medal read.

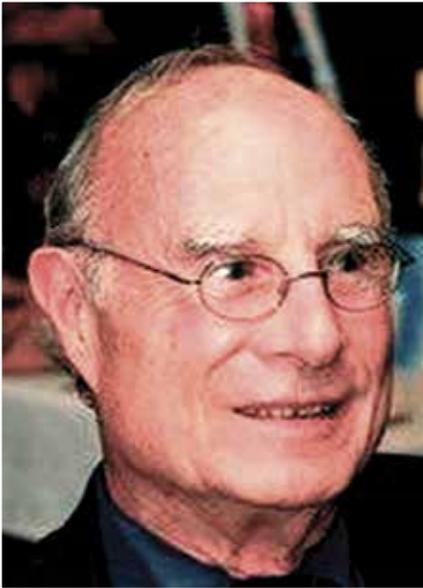
And so you see there are a lot of things that are not easily forgotten about the Old School and the Old Days – things that may help to reveal some of the reasons why teachers teach. ☺

The climb to Mt. Whitney's summit during the summer vacation of 1911.



Teaching combined with public relations as Cullimore entertained the young fry while his landlady attended the P.T.A. in 1910.





Philosophy & Me

Dr. Jack Hernandez

I've studied philosophy, argued philosophy, and taught philosophy. Yes, philosophy is an academic discipline with a history of issues and intricate, at times arcane, arguments about them. What is reality, what is knowledge, what are values? Yet in this time of my life that kind of philosophy is not as relevant. Philosophy that examines and teaches about living a meaningful life is. How to live: that's the philosophy of Socrates and Marcus Aurelius.

Philosophy is personal. As we go through life we change and adjust our philosophy accordingly. And as we age, we begin to think of it as, perhaps, our legacy. It would be lovely if when we talk to our children and grandchildren, we could, in addition to trusts and Dr. Seuss, share with them our ideas about how we view life.

So here it is: a brief summary of my philosophy of life in six phrases: be good, care for others, seek wisdom, appreciate beauty, be joyful, and create.

Be Good means to be morally good. It involves actions like telling the truth, not stealing, and being loyal. Morality also involves rules and virtues, and is at times not straightforward as when lying is necessary to protect others from harm. We constantly think about and refine our views of morality.

Care for Others, for me, means going beyond doing no harm. It means

recognizing others, including those different from and far from us, who, like us, prosper and suffer. It means having empathy for them and doing what we can to help them. It means, in short, loving our neighbor as ourselves.

Seek Wisdom is about constantly trying to understand ourselves as we grow and change, our world, and our relationship to our world. Today we value technology more than wisdom, which seems an odd, outdated, concept. Yet without wisdom, life is simply hustling and bustling, and looking at our phones.

Appreciate Beauty exhorts us to interrupt our doing and going to look around us. To see faces, smiles, nature, sunsets, sunrises. Beauty surrounds us. It is not found only in museums and concert halls. It is being in the moment, a cliché, yes, but one to be taken seriously lest we miss the beauty in our daily lives.

Be Joyful about even the small events in our lives, that great cup of coffee and close conversation with a friend in our favorite coffee house. That powerful passage in a book we are reading or melody that leaps into our heart. Most of all, we should be joyful about the good fortune and happiness of others, our family, friends, and, yes, even strangers.

Create is to cultivate what we love to make. It is not limited to writing and

the arts. It includes many aspects of life, woodworking and cooking, for example. All of us can create, and we must prize, nurture, and exercise our unique creativity.

So that is my philosophy, in a small nutshell, at this time in my life, when my past is long, my future short, when I try to answer the question, not what, but why? Not my resume, but my spirit. ☺

The Jack
Hernandez
Philosophy

Be Good

Care For Others

Seek Wisdom

Appreciate Beauty

Be Joyful

Create

FROM OUR READERS

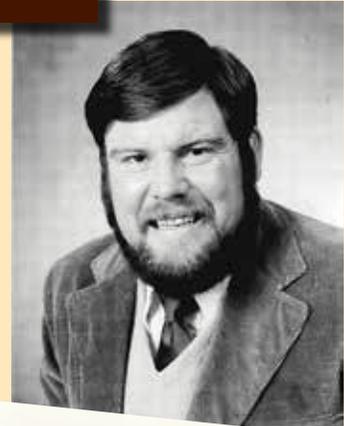
Hi Jerry,

Yesterday, I was talking with some Communication faculty outside my office and one of our new faculty members, Angela Bono, came racing up the hallway, excited to share. She handed me my Dad's BC business card (attached image). He worked here in the Fine Arts Building from 1976-1985. She found his business card in the bottom of one of the drawers of her desk. The desk has been in storage for years and was just brought back to the Fine Arts building this Fall.

When I looked at that card I remembered all the times I came in as a pre-teen to time practice rounds of debate and interpretation, all the times I did my homework while he was coaching here in this building that I've worked in for the last 23 years. I've spent 32 years of my life connected to the Fine Arts building at BC and I'm only 48!

Peace,
Helen Acosta
Communication Department Chair, Bakersfield College

(Ed note: Helen's father, Norm Fricker, had the same faculty position that Helen now holds in the Communication Department. Then it was known as Speech and Forensics.)



To: Dr. John Ackland

From: Leah Elliott,
*Assistant Professor –
Maternal Child Health,
Bakersfield College,
November 2017*



Dr. Ackland was the first Professor to truly challenge me. I was used to getting good grades and I did not earn the grade I wanted in his class.

The story I would like to share is not about his class. It is about the heart and actions of a true educator. I was a co-leader of one of my daughter's girl scout troops. We had made arrangements to come to the planetarium for a field trip. This is no easy task to accomplish with a large group of 6 six-year old's. When we arrived we found the planetarium locked and I was unable to get into contact with the director. As we were walking back out to the parking lot we happened to run into Dr. Ackland. He recognized me; saw the disappointed group of girls and stopped to ask what was going on. I explained the situation and without missing a beat, he turned to the girls and said, "There has been a change of plans, we are having an anatomy lesson today". He took us back to his lab and proceeded to have a lesson on human anatomy geared towards six-year-old girl scouts. He spent the time to take out the bones and other items in the lab and allowed the girls to ask questions. The lesson was so much fun, they talked about it for weeks. My daughter is also now a nurse as well. She clearly remembers this experience.

I knew the type of anatomy professor Dr Ackland was from my experience of being his student. I appreciated the challenge he presented me in his class. That day, I saw a different side of him. An educator of all.

Thank you Dr. Ackland for that day. Your kindness has never been forgotten. As I was leaving campus the other day, two of my students stopped me and wanted to discuss their exams. As much as I really wanted to go home at that time, I remembered this situation and turned around and took them back to my office.

Enjoy your retirement. You earned it.



Can anyone help us identify the people in this happy photo? It was taken by Al Noriega. Who are the people? Is it a nursing graduation or an award ceremony? When was it? Where was it?

PHOTO I.D.

Let us know at bcarchives@bakersfieldcollege.edu or 661-395-4949.

Can you identify the quartet of, we believe, faculty men? The tiles in back reveal that the cafeteria is the location. What is the event? Approximately when was it? Surely they must have had a name. What was their theme that prompted the hats? Were you there?



PEOPLE WE WILL MISS

IRENE HENCH started as a technician in the BC Library, earned a library credential at San Jose, ended up supervising the library at BC's Weill Institute and retired in 1985. A Tehachapi AAUW biography describes Irene as "a community activist, a bridge organizer, and a rescuer of dogs."

PATSY HUDSON passed away April 2 according to word from her daughter-in-law Linda Hudson. Patsy worked in the Child Development Center for 11.5 years between 1995 and 2009

BEV KEIPER started as an adjunct teacher at Bakersfield College and subsequently spent many years in the Academic Development department. Always with a cheerful spirit, Bev was a positive support for students in her writing classes and in the Student Success Lab.

JEANNE RICE earned her Associate Degree in Nursing at Bakersfield College during the time she was a substitute teacher in Bakersfield City School District. She later trained EMTs and Paramedics in the Bakersfield College program for many years while working as a nurse at Mercy Hospital.

MARTHA STRACENER graduated from Bakersfield in the class of 2013 (having graduated from Shafter High many years before in 1979). She was employed by Bakersfield College for sixteen years in the Business Services area.

WALTER JOHNSON left us on Christmas Eve, 2017. Joining the great athletic traditions at BC, Walt and Hazel came to Bakersfield College in 1967 where he spent more than 15 years as a coach (primarily baseball and football) and nearly a decade as athletic director. A gentleman and a man of faith, he was a positive influence on many young athletes and fellow coaches.

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 in Room 216 on the 2nd floor of the new Grace Van Dyke Bird Library, next to the newly dubbed "Bill Thomas Room," formerly known as the Trustees Room.

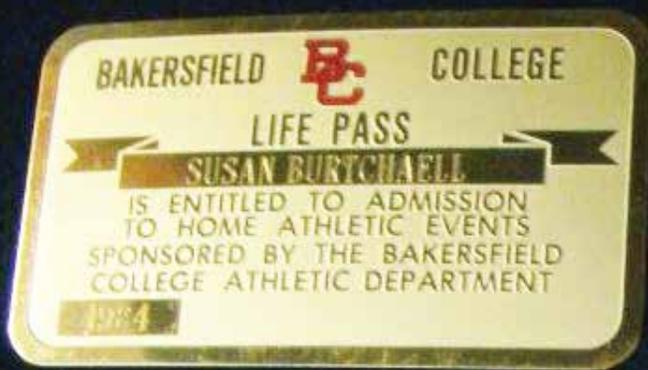
Our basic OFFICE HOURS are Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday from 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. with other hours available by appointment. During the summer, our hours are more erratic. Please call 395-4949 to see if we are in when you want to visit and deliver articles or papers related to Bakersfield College history. You may also email us at bcarchives@bakersfieldcollege.edu.



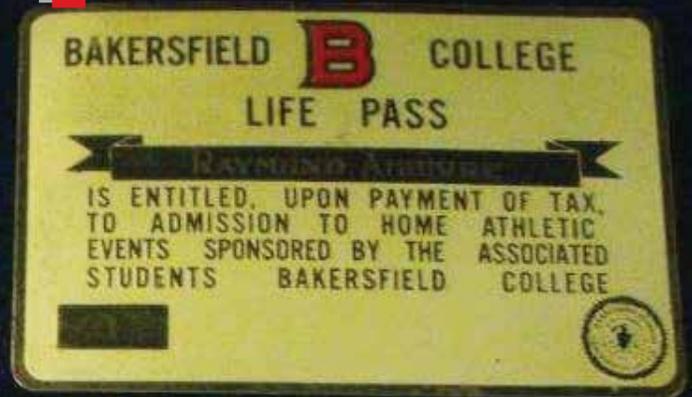
Newsletter Announcement:

If you are receiving the BC Archives Newsletter by U.S. Postal Service mail and would rather receive it digitally, please send an email to bcarchives@bakersfieldcollege.edu with the subject line: Please send My Archives Newsletter Digitally. If you do not want to receive the newsletter at all, please so indicate.

Acquisitions



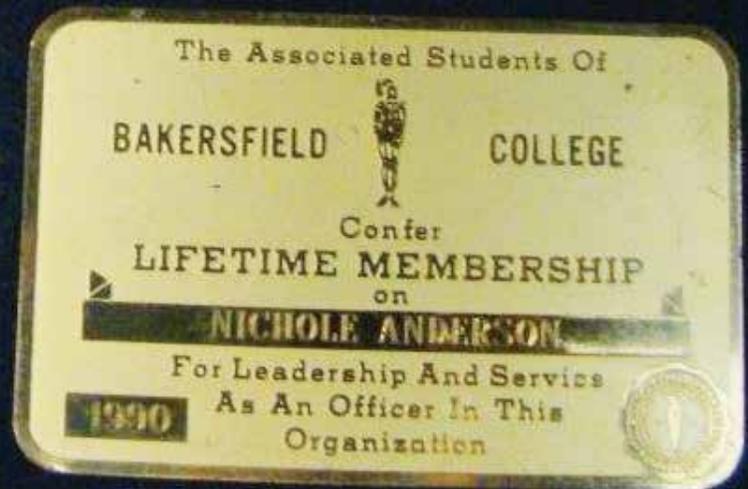
Life Pass: Susan Burtchaell, 1984



Life Pass #1, Raymond Aguirre, 1948



Life Pass #269, Robert James



Life Pass: Nicole Scanlon, 1990

Little did we know when we printed a photo of George Russell's #132 Life Pass in our Fall 2017 Newsletter that acquisitions would arrive which show four different styles of Life Passes. That is a fun revelation. The accompanying photo shows an example of each of the four.

Raymond Aguirre donated Life Pass #1 ! He received it in 1948 as he graduated. It is the same style as George Russell's #132 awarded in 1950. It reads: "Bakersfield College Life Pass (recipient) is entitled, upon payment of tax, to admission to home athletic events sponsored by the Associated Students Bakersfield College." Note: Although they did not have to buy a ticket, they did have

to pay the tax. Also, the ASBC, Associated Students of Bakersfield College, was the forerunner of today's SGA, Student Government Association.

By #215 when James Key received the Life Pass, they no longer had to pay the tax. Robert James submitted the #269 Life Pass of that style. We do not know yet when that form started or finished.

At some point the Athletic Department took over the awarding of the Life Pass, at which point they were designated by year awarded rather than by number. The 1984 pass awarded to Susan Burtchaell and the 1988 one awarded to Kacy Twist are that style. They still entitled the bearer to admission to home athletic events.

The fourth style is illustrated by Nichole Scanlon's 1990 card, which reads: "The Associated Students of Bakersfield College confer LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP on (recipient) for leadership and service as an officer in this organization." Sorry, no free athletic admission with this one.

We look forward to gathering more information about these awards from you our readers.

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