



1-1-1988

## Innovations and Consequences, 1988-1991

Raymond Alumni

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# Fill in the blank...name this newsletter!

VOL 1

Fall 1988

## Board of Directors establishes goals for alumni association

By Peter Windrem

The Board of Director's recently adopted a statement of mission, objectives and goals for the association.

Our mission: To perpetuate the Raymond College experience.

Our objective: To endow the means to perpetuate the interdisciplinary values of Raymond College.

Our short term goals:

Fund a lectureship series at UOP.

Hold a Winter Solstice party.  
Sponsor a reunion in 1990.

Our long term goals:

Endow an interdisciplinary chair at UOP.



Create an active lifetime network among Raymond alumni and friends.

We are beginning a new chapter in a remarkable saga. What fun!

## From the Editor's desk...

This newsletter has been established to maintain contact with all of the alumni, professors and friends of Raymond. It will serve as a communication link between the Board of Directors and all alumni and friends. We plan to publish the newsletter quarterly.

We would welcome articles, gossip and letters to the editor, as well as your suggestion for the "Name the Newsletter" contest. We are also searching for old photographs to use and promise to return any you send. We need your input!

If you've ever published anything, please send your bibliographical items to Greg Finnegan. See the Aging Professor's Phoenix Findings for the specifics.

Tom Preece and Philip Thacher are the co-editors. Please send all articles, letters or suggestions to us at 5600 Treosti, Linde, CA 95236. Send all gossip to the Aging Professor at 1860 Euclid, Stockton, CA 95204. We appreciate your support and look forward to hearing from all of you.

Thanks again to the Aging Professor, John Williams, for all his effort and inspiration in getting the Raymond Alumni Association off the ground.

## The values of Raymond College should be promoted

By Jay Greenberg

Raymond College — the College of Consequence

- Integrated studies in the liberal arts
- Academic excellence
- Critical and independent thought
- The crucible of spirited debate
- The curiosity and confidence to drive a passion for lifelong learning and the tools to satisfy that passion.

These values influenced our selection of Raymond College, guided our heavy investments of academic energy at Raymond and, in many ways, formed foundations for our adult lives after Raymond. This core of shared values forged some of the strongest of bonds among Raymond's alumni.

When a group of people believe that a set of values has served them well, they

attempt to propagate those values to others. Normally, alumni depend on their alma mater to continue the work of propagating their shared values, and they provide continuing financial and personal support to the effort. But what happens to those values if the institution is closed? That is the problem faced by the Raymond Alumni Associates today.

Raymond College was closed, but the ideals for which it stood need not be relegated to mere memories. Raymond College was a non-traditional educational institution, so a non-traditional means of propagating our values would be completely in character. Please start thinking about the positive role you can play in such a valuable endeavor. Your Board will be approaching you soon with a proposal for your participation.

## Who's Who

### OFFICERS OF THE BOARD

- Peter Windrem, President .....(707) 279-4387  
 Kathy Gaskins, Vice President .....(916) 971-1631  
 Regina Peters, Secretary .....(209) 477-8257  
 Aimee St. Georges, Treasurer .....(209) 772-2098

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- Philip Thacher, Newsletter Editor .....(209) 772-2098  
 Jay Greenberg .....(408) 779-5347  
 Paula Neely, Development Director .....(209) 467-4093  
 Sandy Marshall .....(714) 786-4689  
 Karen Klaparda .....(213) 657-9139

### OTHER IMPORTANT PEOPLE

- Mark Hyjek, Legal Counsel .....(916) 965-0419  
 John Williams, Aging Professor .....(209) 465-7449  
 Tom Preece, Newsletter Editor .....(415) 632-7364  
 Iris Preece, Development Consultant .....(415) 632-7364  
 Steve Allen, Events Coordinator .....(408) 365-0189  
 Peter & Phyllis Morales, Newsletter Layout .....(503) 582-1707

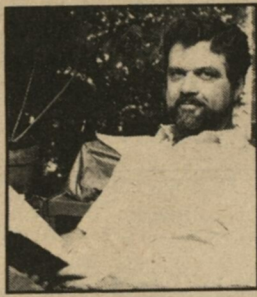
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 Stockton, California 95211

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 Boulder Creek, CA 95006

By John Williams

# Phoenix Findings...or should it be Eagle Droppings?



John Williams

You will no longer have to search in vain through *Tiger Tracks*, futilely hoping to find something about Raymond alumni. You now have your very own column of gossip and information, fiction and fact, from the word processor of the Aging Professor.

I've entitled this column *Phoenix Findings*. but there was some desire among your Board of Directors to call it *Eagle Droppings*. In the past month I have called 3 alumni from diverse parts of the world, and the vote stands unanimously for the latter. I realize this poll is scientifically subject to criticism, but if there is overwhelming sentiment in favor of *Eagle Droppings*, I shall accede to the preferences of the membership. The former choice, however, seems more sedate and proper considering the august company to whom this Newsletter is being addressed.

Carla Norton ('76) appeared on "Larry King Live," on 25 July, in connection with her recently published book, *Perfect Victim* which she co-authored with

Christine McGuire. The perfect victim was "The Girl in the Box," a young hitch hiker kidnapped in California in 1977 and held in sexual slavery for seven years. Ms. McGuire is the assistant D.A. who eventually prosecuted the culprit, Cameron Hooker. Carla currently resides in Aptos and is a Special Sections Writer for the *San Jose Mercury News*.

Dr. William MacInnes ('74) has recently moved from Fargo, ND, to Dallas, TX, where he is a clinical neuropsychologist in private practice at the Timberlawn Psychiatric Hospital.

Lynne Abels (mid 70s — help me out on the specifics, Lynne) currently resides in Mendocino, CA. Earlier this spring, *The 3000 Names of Pepsi*, a play she wrote in New York, received its premiere in Mendocino. My informant for this news, Paul Heller ('75) says of the play, "It deals with death, the afterlife and how adult children treat a dying parent. As anyone who knows Lynne intimately will tell you, the play was about a great deal more than that and filled with both humor and full-bellied lust for life." Lynne is currently in rehearsal as an actress in yet another production. "All this work is great," she reflects, "I have complete control of the artistic side my life, but it leaves so little time for me to pursue my studies as a dental hygienist, a field which has always secretly intrigued me."

Speaking of Paul Heller, Janet and I recently were his guests for dinner when he

paid us a late afternoon and evening visit. Paul has been teaching high school honors students and directing drama at Benicia, CA. He is taking a leave from teaching to attend the Creative Writing program at the University of Arizona in Tucson.

Joey Wauters ('74) is an associate professor of English at the University of Alaska, Southeast, residing in Juneau.

Charley Sprague ('73) and Goldee Gross-Sprague ('73) had a bouncing baby son, Little Charley, weighing in at 7 lbs. on April 21, '88. For what it is worth he was born with his face up rather than face down, according to his proud mommy, who is a gynecologist practicing in Oakland and Orinda. Apparently, babies are usually born face down, but not Little Charley. I failed to ask Goldee what position she was in when giving birth, which would, considering everything, make some difference. Goldee and Charley reside in Orinda, CA. Congratulations for the addition of the wee one!

Eve Beerman ('75) lives in Los Angeles and is a clinical social worker at U.C.L.A. in the pediatric intensive care unit.

A year or so ago Berndt Kolker, former Provost Par Excellence, had his two

business partners turn 70 and inform Berndt it was time to retire. Not so Berndt! Being far too young of spirit to retire at a mere 70 or so, he looked around and whom did he spy, but Deborah Nikkel ('74). A new partnership was born: Kolker & Nikkel, Management Counsel and Implementation. What an opportunity for Debby! But then what an opportunity for Berndt to learn anew from one of his students. Incidentally, Berndt celebrated his 72nd birthday this August in Scotland with Gale and Ken Gottlieb, his daughter and son-in-law, and his two grandchildren.

Wesley Triplett ('68) resides in NYC. He sounds like a busy man, being 1) Business Marketing Programs Director for the New York State Department of Economic Development and 2) Owner/President of Sheridan Square Tours, a tour packaging company in NYC.

Marilyn Carter ('74) resides in Chicago and is the Director of Programs and Assistant Director of Publications & Public Relations for the National Parents and Teacher Association.

Greg Finnegan ('67) spoke with me over a year ago about his desire to put

You are especially invited to the  
Annual Raymond Alumni Association

## Winter Solstice Celebration

Saturday, December 3, 1988

Raymond Common Room and Great Hall.

### Merry Making Schedule

- 10:00 a.m. Tree cutting expedition for early arrivals
- 2:00 p.m. Tree trimming, bring an ornament, please
- 3:00 p.m. Brief, but important, Board of Directors' Report
- 4:30 p.m. Pot luck dinner, Great Hall
- 5:30 p.m. Santa Claus, caroling and carrying on — Common Room  
Bring a small present (\$5 - \$10) for Santa to give to your child(ren).

RSVP by November 15, 1988 to:

Ms. Regina Riley Peters ('70)  
1926 McClellan Way  
Stockton, California 95207



Do you remember when?

## Eva Kolker is remembered fondly by Raymond faculty and students

1915 - 1988

Eva Kolker deeply loved Raymond College and never forgave those whom she held responsible for its demise. Her affection for the students and the faculty knew no bounds, and she felt comfortable and happy in their company.

Her feelings were reciprocated by many graduates and former faculty. Many wrote to Berndt reminiscing about Eva's relationship to them while others honored her by making donations to numerous causes in her memory. The sentiment of Raymond friends was that she had been a special person and had, in one way or another, filled a part in their lives.

Her family who miss her so much have found some solace in those reflections. If Eva could know how she is remembered as a loved friend, it would please her. She was proud of the role she was able to play at Raymond College, and the fact that she is remembered for it would make her proud. A number of alumni and friends of Raymond College have made contributions to our Association in Eva's name. Berndt and your Board would welcome similar gifts to our association in her name.

## Bay Area Raymond alumni meet

On Saturday, September 10, forty-five Bay Area members of the Raymond Alumni Association met at Berndt Kolker's home in San Francisco to party and kick-off our fund raising drive. Berndt generously opened his home and provided an excellent selection of food and drink. Peter Windrem, Paula Neely, and Jay Greenberg presented the board's thoughts about the association's mission, goals, objectives, values and fund raising drive.

To help those attending understand what was possible, Peter Windrem announced that the board and officers had

already pledged \$12,500. Then the meeting was opened for questions, comments and suggestions. An additional \$4,000 was pledged at the meeting.

Everyone enjoyed catching up with old friends and making new ones from different periods in Raymond's history. But most importantly, a contagious excitement spread over the group as they began to realize what our commitment could yield. A similar event will be held in Sacramento, hosted by Kathy Gaskins on Sunday, October 30. For more information call Kathy at 916-971-1631.



Eva Kolker in memoriam

## Phoenix Findings continued

together a bibliography consisting of two parts: 1) all that has been written by Raymond alumni and former faculty members and 2) all that has been written about Raymond College. Not having an easy way to solicit material and no ready place to publish it, and I'm sure, if my memory serves me correctly, being subject from Raymond days to some little procrastination, Greg did nothing about the matter. But with a Newsletter aborning, Greg wants to move ahead.

**Important Notice!** All who have published articles, books, poetry, etc. please send posthaste your bibliographical items under either category to: Dr. Gregory Finnegan, Rural Route #2, Box 126, Norwich, VT 05055. Greg is in Library Science at Dartmouth.

**Diane Van Zant** Mumford, former secretary, resides in Sacramento, CA. and is the Office Manager of a construction personnel service. She writes, "I subcontract labor to contractors and place clerical and management people in permanent positions."

**Ellen Bakan**, former Executive Secretary and counsellor to students and faculty alike, writes that she is currently managing the office of her husband, Lloyd, at Marina del Rey.

**Mark Merner** ('72) currently resides

in Tokyo, Japan, where he is a Senior Researcher for Kodak, Japan. where he specializes in advanced software and computer science research and development.

Nearly a year ago I received a letter from **Ken Fisher** ('73) that began: "Greetings from the Big Apple to Fat City." I would like to share his reflections about plans to establish some memorial of the Raymond spirit.

He observed: "I am not in favor of supporting UOP for the sake of UOP. If anything, I'd like our support to be subversive of the UOP status quo — in the Raymond tradition. I'd like to see a program — chair — lectureship — something that challenges their conventional thinking and keeps alive the Raymond philosophy of interdisciplinary futurism and intellectual turmoil. I don't want to encourage the trend to make UOP a lucrative trade school."

Your Board of Directors has to a great extent been guided by such thoughts in its deliberations. Ken, by the by, is an attorney practicing in NYC.

**Theo MacDonald**, former faculty member of the earlier years, continues his intrepid efforts to educate himself and to become a genuine Renaissance man. He recently completed an M.D. and is practicing his many talents while residing in London.

**Steve Kander** ('75) writes that he owns and operates a security patrol business in Kansas City and also buys and sells aircraft under the name of Kand-Air.

**Rich Thomas** ('65) and **Patricia Olympius Thomas** ('65) reside in Austin, TX. Patricia is the Executive Director of the Texas Health and Human Services Coordinating Council; Rich is the Director of State Affairs in the Office of the Governor of Texas.

**Important date to put on your calendar.** July 13, 14, 15, 1990. Why? These are the dates set for the 1990 Reunion. It should be the largest group of alumni to ever congregate. Plan to be there.

Thank you to everyone who returned his/her 3 X 5 information card from the last mailing. Much of the information I've included in this column was gleaned randomly from it. The cards continue to arrive. I have obviously only included a bit of the information on the what-and-whereabouts of various Raymond folks out there. I've also relocated about 25 folks from the Lost List, but the most recent mailing indicates we've lost about that many more.

I want to conclude this column with some recent additions to the Lost List, several of whom were at the '85 Reunion. Please help me find them! Every lead that anyone has sent me, I've followed through, frequently with success. Continue to help

me out.

Gary Van Dorst  
 Marci Onie  
 Mary Ferguson Maruyama  
 Richard Maes  
 Michelle Stevens  
 Amy Lisker  
 Sally Winslow  
 Lawrence Beaver  
 Walter Kersey  
 David Spencer  
 Douglas Van Houten  
 Jeffrey Ross  
 Kasha Krug Newberry  
 Jill Stassinis  
 Ken Marr  
 Mitchel Winick  
 Kia Leonard  
 Susan Jane Hoerchner  
 Charles McGee

**A Final Plea:** Perhaps the most frustrating task in this labor of love I've gotten myself involved in, is the attempt to keep track of you. Raymond folk do seem to move about. Please do what several of you have done recently: when you move or change your phone number, please drop me a line so that I can keep track of you. And also, please send me bit of information and gossip about what you are doing so that I can share information about you with the rest of the group.

## The freshman class in '75 takes on the College of Consequence



Freshman Class 1975: First Row, Mark Alcorn, Wayne Chin, Alex Cooke, John Gray, Diane Gresser, Gail Berman, Nancy Lavin, Jody Lidsky, Karrie Everett; second row: Roy Duftrain, Pat Cloney, Ocie Henderson, Kathy Beasley, Wayne Waite, Jennifer Morse, Steve Blazavic, Mike Barrie, Caren Leu, Sheryl Costantini; third row: Dean Faulkner, Rusty Rudy, David Spencer, Dave Snelling, Brian Crawford, Don Marcetti, Lori Kennedy, Susan Fowler, Lauralee Gehrke, Diane Miller, Margaret Newell, Bari Pasternak, Laura Rawlinson.

## Raymond alumni are supporting the new organization with donations

The following alumni have made contributions during 1987 and 1988. The donations have ranged from \$5 to \$500.

Each gift has been greatly appreciated. This newsletter is one result of your gifts.

Gregory Acciaioli  
Charles V. Alailima  
Marilyn Alcorn  
Leslie Anixter  
Lisa Gamel  
Eve Beerman  
David R. Bennett  
Roger & Carol Berry  
Gene E. Bigler  
George P. Blum  
Quincy Bragg  
Paula Neely  
Wendy Maxwell  
Lynda M. Burton  
Marilyn D. Carter  
Wendy Cohen  
Jerry Connors  
Tracy Richard  
Adrienne & John Cupples  
Rebecca Rose Barnebey  
Richard & Carole Evans  
Richard L. Faseler

Gregory A. Finnegan  
Kenneth K. Fisher  
Cathy Hirsh  
Jeffrey S. Franklin  
Gary Frush  
Janet G. Sherwood  
Steven M. Glazer  
Caren E. Glotfelty  
Walter Goez  
Stephanie Gordon  
Sandra de Alcuaz  
Jay Greenberg  
Ned Greenberg  
Goldee & Charles Sprague  
Mary Lou Mongan  
Mark C. Hill  
Raymond L. Hilliard  
Mark Hyjek  
Phyllis A. Johnson  
Russell & Kathy Rudy  
Steven Kancer  
Gary Katz  
Susan Kerr  
Andrew Key  
Ted Kingsley  
Karen Klaparda  
Laurel Koepernik  
Berndt L. Kolker  
Michael A. Lai

Gary E. Landson  
Karen Larson  
Sandra L. Marshall  
Nancy Lavin-Woodman  
Kathryn Marie Lee  
Patricia L. Loeffler  
Peter Lowenthal  
Henry J. Lynch, Jr.  
Warren Bryan Martin  
Paulette M. Carolin  
O. Boyd Mathias  
Lluana Charisse McCann  
Rosalie A. McCarthy  
Janet McCombs  
William & Patricia McKinnon  
Peter & Phyllis Morales  
Charles Mosher  
Kathern L. Gaskins  
Carole L. Nelson  
Margaret Newell  
Iris & Tom Preece  
Carla Norton  
Martin Overstreet  
Ron Phipps  
Gerald Pier  
Iris & Tom Preece  
James W. Ratcliff  
Rhonda Rawlinson  
William K. Reed

Robert Reich  
Regina Peters  
Candice L. Rogers  
Russell & Kathy Rudy  
Judith Gable  
Margaret A. Schliessmann  
Roger & Carol Berry  
Roy A. Sebbas  
Linda Sherrill  
Don & Rebecca Stadtner  
Philp & Aimee Thacher  
Jackie Uttke Frey  
Vibeke Von Der Hude  
Lonnie Valentine  
Marjorie Wadsworth  
Joan Wauters  
David Wellenbrock  
Richard G. West  
Judy Wilkinson  
John S. Williams  
Alice Specht  
Peter & Kathleen Windrem  
Mike Woodard  
Sydney T. Wright, Jr.  
Mark Jeffrey Young  
Joan Hyerle  
Robert Hyerle



# Innovations and Consequences

The Occasional Newsletter • Spring 1989

VOL 2

## The Formation of the Board of Directors

By the Aging Professor

Many of you have asked me in your letters to share the events that led up to the establishment of the Raymond Alumni Associates and its Board of Directors. I shall take this opportunity to share that information.

In the late summer 1984 a number of Raymond alumni and faculty gathered to discuss the possibility of a reunion in the following summer. We quickly agreed that it was important to have one, the result being the unusually successful gathering in June 1985.

A number of things quickly became apparent to those of us involved in the planning: 1) that the UOP Development and Alumni Offices' address list was quite inadequate; 2) that such a gathering was not exactly a high priority because it took nearly three months to produce and mail our first announcement letter working through those offices; 3) that with some effort on our part we could get a mailing out in as little as two weeks working directly with the UOP Duplicating Services; 4) that there was far more interest among Alumni than we had anticipated; and 5) that it began to seem feasible to establish our own Alumni group, associated with but separate from UOP. In short, thanks to necessity and the advent of the computer, we discovered that we could function pretty much on our own.

One indication of the interest was the amazing fact that from a list of around only 600 accurate addresses, 205 alumni attended the 1985 reunion. We had hoped to attract 200, including spouses and children, and we had 356 at the Saturday evening dinner. When fully one-third of those on our address list showed up, not only from all over California, but from across the country, England, Europe, and Australia, we knew that it was important to find ways to facilitate keeping this group in touch with one another.

After one of our early planning sessions for the reunion, Paula Britton Neely (75) and I chatted about how unfortunate it was that no real mechanism existed to preserve the spirit of Raymond College except in the minds and hearts of those who had participated

in a community to which we all continued to feel indebted in diverse ways. We agreed that it was no mean thing that the Raymond experience was alive and well, actively informing the lives, activities, values, and careers of those who had shared in that unique experience. Paula suggested that we needed to find some way to build upon our experience by establishing ways, not only to bring us together in various contexts, but to perpetuate more publicly what our common learning means so that others may share in the vision we saw and have attempted in numerous ways to embody in our individual lives.

The 1985 Reunion provided an opportunity to ask, however informally, if the alumni in attendance wanted us to proceed with the formation of a Raymond Alumni Association. Such an organization, it was proposed, would organize future gatherings and reunions, formulate goals, and enable the Raymond Phoenix to arise in some new form. Vague? Yes! Important? A unanimous Yes! But a reunion is hardly the place to organize as diverse and far flung group as the Raymond alumni. And so it remained for after the reunion to develop a process and create an organization.

Having no experience in such endeavors before, I asked nearly everyone I talked to at the reunion, how we should proceed. The conversations had an amazing similarity and went something as follows. Question: How should we proceed? Answer: Develop a working group to put it together. Question: What kind of a working group? Answer: A Board of Directors. Question: How do we select a Board of Directors? Answer: You appoint them. Question: You mean I should appoint them? Answer: Someone has to or it will never get done. Question: Suppose I should do that, how many members would we need? Answer: Either 5 or 7 so there can never be a tie vote.

However nervous that made me, when the reunion was over I did exactly what I had been advised to do — appoint a Board of Directors.

I decided on seven members, and because more women than men had graduated from Raymond, I decided to



Jay Greenberg, Cathy Gaskins and Regina Peters focus at recent board meeting.

appoint four women and three men. I furthermore attempted to appoint alumni from across the years of the College's existence in order to broaden representation, attempting to find alumni I knew well enough to be certain they would contribute with their time and money. I also appointed five of the seven from northern California and two from southern California so that at least a majority would be able to attend meetings. I apparently had an unconscious

criterion also. One of the directors pointed out at our first meeting that five of the seven had baby sat for our sons. With the exception of Peter Windrem of the first class who graduated just prior to my coming to Raymond and Karen Klapparda who graduated at the very end of The College when our sons were already into dating, such was the case. These, then, are an outline of the events and my actions that led to the first meeting of the Board of Directors in early spring 1988.

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## Board focuses on fundraising

By Jay Greenburg

The RAA board of directors and others met on March 5th at Martin Overstreet's home in Berkeley, California to plan and discuss newsletter production and the fund raising campaign leading up to our 1990 reunion.

John Saltnes, a welcome newcomer volunteered for responsibilities of editing and publishing this newsletter three times annually. Board members and a volunteer team will contribute articles on a regular basis, and special articles will be solicited from the RAA membership.

After lengthy discussions, it was agreed that more of the fund raising campaign work needed to be accomplished outside of regularly scheduled board meetings. The board decided to spawn several focused tasks to assure continued progress. Paula Britton Neely, Martin Overstreet, Tom and Iris

Preece volunteered to manage the campaign. Iris will complete data entry and then maintain our recently acquired computer fund raising data base and application system. Paula will find and recommend a part-time, paid administrator to provide support and continuity for the campaign efforts. The board gave preliminary approval for a \$200- to \$300-per-month expenditure to fund this administrative position. Jay Greenburg will draft a proposal for the use of campaign funds to be included in a solicitation letter.

To be successful, the campaign team will have to grow. Over the next several months, more volunteers will be needed to manage the campaign on a geographic and class-year basis.

If you are interested in helping, please contact Paul Britton Neely or Martin Overstreet at the addresses and phone numbers on the back page of this newsletter.

John Williams gives Bob Fitch tips on dressing for success.



### Editor's Note

## On the three E's

By John Saltnes

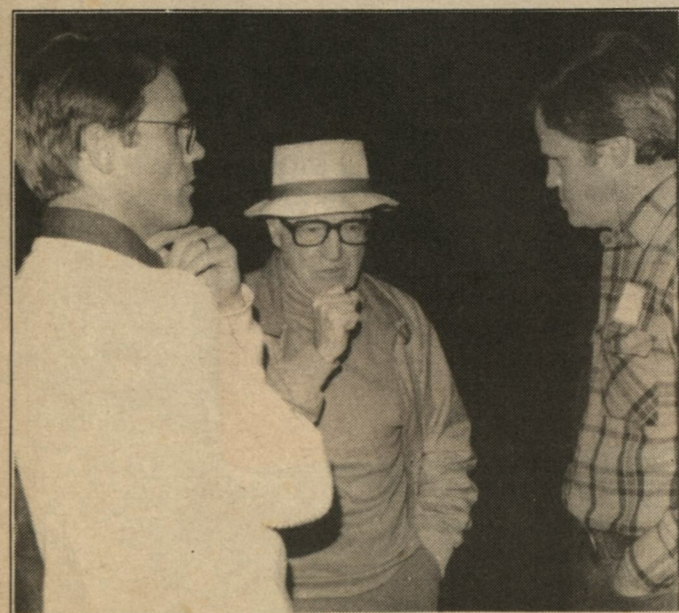
We read all the time about back to basics in education. The three R's and all. My experience at Raymond was a basic education in the three E's: Examination, Exploration, Explanation. We were encouraged to do what is the essence of education—Learn to Learn. The educational process is not static, it only begins once we obtain our degrees. I know, we all thought we had learned at Raymond. That's why you go to school. But look back at the years since you graduated and access all the knowledge that you have absorbed since that eventful day in the Quad. Our time at Raymond has empowered each of us to perceive and do more with what we are presented with.

The ability to examine traditional thought and methodology, explore new ideas and ways to do things and the ability to explain our thinking is Ray-

mond's gift . . . the gift we have given each other.

When I first became involved with this project I was concerned that there weren't many of us from the school's last years involved. I was concerned that I would have nothing in common with "Those Who Had Worn Blazers." I was wrong. The bond between us is the educational ideals we all still hold dear. I found a diverse group who all wish to retain what was lost since graduation. The fellowship, the exchange of very different viewpoints, and the attendant intellectual satisfaction, are very much present at our meetings. Get involved. We need you.

Putting together this newsletter was a real challenge and joy. I was able to meet new Ray-Folks and renew old acquaintances. And I thoroughly enjoyed getting to edit a former professor's work! Please contribute to our next effort and give us any feedback you have.



Do former students begin to look more like their professors, or does it work the other way?

## Solstice party remembered

By Kathy Gaskins

Well, aren't you sorry you weren't there? It was a marvelous time; full of old and new friends, catching up on the ten or twenty years, fine wine and generous food, laughing children and sentimental adults. All in all, it was just what an extended family holiday party ought to have been. On Saturday, 3 December, about 95 alumni, faculty, and families gathered in the Quadrangle for a day of reminiscing and about the regeneration of Raymond College.

The Common Room looked a little bare, but a large Christmas tree and lots of children's clutter filled it up before the day was over. The Great Hall was very pleasantly decorated by the creative members of the Party Committee. The collective effort dinner was full of variety and tasted especially fine as it was accompanied by wine from the vineyards in which Peter Windrem has an interest, and these incredible desserts! The woodwork is still terrific in there, by the way, and on that evening the room had a warm glow from the special combination of fine people. The Eagle reigned over all, unseeing but all knowing, as it always was.

"Why is it that Mike Wagner was old the first day we ever saw him, but hasn't aged a minute since then?"

"Why is it that Neil Lark never was old. And still isn't?"

"Where have you been?"

"What has happened to \_\_\_\_\_?"

"What was that stuff Hugh Wadman told us how to make that got us into such trouble?"

"Do you have the address or a phone number for \_\_\_\_\_?"

"What can we do to create something lasting that perpetuates the Raymond College experience?"

The answers are:

He wasn't, we were just awfully young.

He runs.

In Pakistan, for the last fifteen years, translating poetry.

He's a doctor, teaching at Stanford, and says he has the two most beautiful children in the world.

It was purple, and it didn't wash off, and the chemistry became irrelevant in the face of all the trouble it caused.

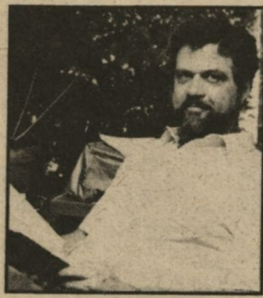
She lives in Brooklyn, and Pennsylvania, and Maine, and there's weekday, weekend, and summer telephone numbers - you can have all three!

We can establish a capital fund with the objective of financing an interdisciplinary lecture series, and someday, an academic chair designed to touch the minds and substantively affect the lives of a new generation of students.

After dinner, John, Paula, and Peter all had something to say to the group about getting together, the structure and objectives of the alumni associates corporation, what's been done to date and where we hope to be going. Some serious money was contributed to the cause. Some more serious and fun visiting took place, and finally, folks drifted away.

It was a fine way to start the holiday season. Why not mark your calendar now for the 1989 event, scheduled for Saturday, 2 December? We look forward to seeing you there!

## Phoenix Findings



by The Aging Professor

Phoenix Findings it shall be! Some of you preferred Eagle Droppings, but the majority who responded are not so mired in scatological humor and prefer a title with more decorum. So be it! Aging is one thing; being unseemly is quite another — being both would be unspeakable!

I have heard from many of you since the first Newsletter, and the Board of Directors and I are delighted with your responses. We are in the process of transforming an occasional production into a regular occurrence. Hopefully, it will appear quarterly, but it may only arrive three times a year.

Let us know what you think of the new title. Innovations and Consequences, we hope, will satisfy the most critical thinker among you.

David McKee (72) writes: "The good life continues in Madison, WI, far from the hustle-and-bustle of the coasts. I am now the Associate Director of the newly founded Mental Health Research Center at the U. of Wisconsin. We are studying the organization and financing of services for the seriously mental ill.

Alison Thompson McKee (73) is busy raising children and doing some tutoring of visually impaired children. Keep the Fire Burning."

Linda Lockett Eisele (70) has been living in Utah where her husband is completing his Ph.D. at Utah State University. She writes poetry, is raising their two children, and will soon be moving to Switzerland when he begins a new job.

Charlie Dyer (69) has recently moved to Woodland, CA, where he is in private law practice. He participated in the 1987 International City Manager's Association European Exchange. In recent years Charlie has published two articles, one on Community Based Organizations, the other on Organizational Development, plus three poems in the American Poetry Association Anthology.

The following is from a letter by Greg Cherniak (70), expressing his regrets that he could not attend the Winter Solstice Party this past December. It indicates what a number of you didn't

know, or still don't know, that Raymond College was phased out in 1979. Greg lives in France, and hence his "Proposal." "Would you be so kind as to ask Provost Berndt Kolker, students, or Raymond Alumni class of 1970 if they would be interested in a French Holiday. I am proposing French-English seminars for those wishing to combine a linguistic holiday together with tourism. The course presupposes no knowledge of French. Emphasis is on conversational French as the natives speak it. Vocabulary and pronunciation drills, and reading skills as required. One instructor is a native of France and the second is American. The course can be taught through body relaxation." Some of you may be interested in contacting Greg. His address is: Route de Saint-Vincent—Lacepede-Bourg—47360 Prayssas; Phone: (53) 95.05.82.

Warren Jones (71) wrote from Botswana, also expressing regrets about being unable to attend the Winter Solstice Party. Warren has been working at the Rural Industries Innovation Center in Botswana for the past five years as a technical advisor for the machine shop and the animal-drawn pump project. He designed the animal-drawn pump which provides a low-cost alternative to diesel engines for the small farmer of Botswana. Warren and his wife, Gail, have five children: three daughters — Kanane, age 13, and twins Simin and Davina, age 4; and two sons, Bevan and Danya, aged 11 and 6, respectively. He plans in a year or so to return to the States to obtain a doctorate in rural development in agriculture.

Mary Susan Hewitt, who many will remember fondly as a former assistant to Andy Key, has been named Director of Purchasing for PIP Printing. Mary Susan was named the Orange County Purchasing Management-Association Member of the Year for 1986-87. Although she received the award several years ago, it is news to most of us. Congratulations, Mary Susan! She also promised to attend the 1990 Reunion.

Vicki Adams (79) writes from Seattle that she still owes me an essay on *Moby Dick*. I had forgotten! She writes that after a number of years traveling, working, and living in Alaska, she received her M.A. in Geography in June 1986. In May 1988, she and her husband had their first child, a son named Andrew. She is currently attempting to balance the roles of professional, mom, and wife and to maintain her personhood.

Alice Wilson Specht (69) writes that she has recently been promoted to the Director of University Libraries at Hardin-Simmons University in Abilene,

Texas, that her husband Joe is Library Director at McMurry College, and their daughter Mary, a fourth-grader, is a minor thespian and gymnast.

In a recent letter Bambi Rideout Bovee (68) writes that she teaches in the Boulder Creek, California, schools and gives inservice training classes for other teachers while husband Stan (68) continues as an Administrator at a Middle School in Santa Cruz. Both their sons are in college. When my former students tell me about having children in college, I consider changing the "Aging" to "Ancient."

Quincy Bragg (70) writes: "I am: 1) Still living in Pacific Grove; 2) Manager of an industrial-commercial building construction company; 3) Father of another child who has looked the world in the eye and said, 'I'm okay!'"

Bob Reich (75) is leaving his position as Founder and Executive Producer of the Napa Valley Stage Company after 4 years to become the Director of Marketing and Public Relations at the Tacoma Actors Guild, a professional theatre company. He begins his new job the first of April.

On 4 March 89 Carla Norton (76) lectured about her book, *Perfect Victim* at the Mystery Writers Workshop that was held on the UOP campus. I had the great pleasure of introducing her at one of the sessions. The book is in its third printing in this country and is fifth on the best seller list in England.

Robert Hyerle (77) resides in Mountain View, California, and is employed by Pyramid Technology. He writes: "My position at Pyramid Technology is a real pleasure. I have the satisfaction of helping to get a system built and out the door, the challenge of designing our next generation machines, a great group of fellow engineers, and the competition of the computer business. The good pay just about compensates for the high cost of living in Silicon Valley, leaving enough left over to make those student loan payments.

Judy Webber Souther (71) is an Assistant Manager in a Finance Department at Hughes Aircraft, is married, and the mother of a three-year-old son.

Jerry Connors (78) is currently the Coordinator for Alternative Programs of the Fountain Square Campus of the Elgin Community College in Elgin, Illinois.

Gene Rice, Professor of Sociology, is currently residing in Princeton, NJ, as a Senior Research Fellow at the Carnegie

Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. His research focuses on the changing role of scholarship in a democratic society.

My final item is most of a letter I received this past November from Ralph Holcomb (73). I found it a moving letter, and I hope, Ralph, you will not think unkindly of me for sharing it because it captures many of the strengths and weaknesses of the Raymond experience.

"I received the Raymond Newsletter yesterday and was touched by the effort. I sifted through the pages like an anthropologist searching for clues to my past. When I woke up early this morning I realized I had started composing this note in my sleep, a sure sign it was time to renew connections.

"I find it easier to hold my Raymond memories when I eschew the impulse to endow the experience with too much Significance and Meaning. After all, there was nothing done at Raymond that was not being done at a hundred or more other campuses, to a greater or lesser extent. It is the provenance of our generation to attach special meaning to our activities, as if we were the first, the best, the only, instead of simply the biggest.

I am much more inclined to view the College as no more than the sum of the hopes and prejudices of its faculty and students; to anthropomorphize the place by saying it struggled as we did individually with developmental tensions, most notably with integration and differentiation. While making claims to jump intellectual boundaries, or tie major areas of knowledge together, we in fact separated ourselves (by definition, as a 'cluster college'), alienated surrounding institutions and individuals upon which we depended for survival, rarely mixed with people who were not like us. This was the hubris of Raymond, a very fallible human institution.

"At any rate, this is not the Raymond I hold especially dear. Rather, I remember the place and time as intensely personal, full of the jumble of joy and sorrow which only late adolescents and young adults can feel when freed from adult concerns. This experience could have happened in a number of settings, but it happened at Raymond, and so to that geography and to the people who touched my life I feel allegiance.

"As for me, I sit in an office making mental health policy for the state of Minnesota, Department of Human Service. My programmatic area is presently rural mental health—I am director of a federal demonstrations project struggling with how best to deliver human and social services to rural crisis/drought-stricken farmers and main

Continued on back page.



## Phoenix Findings continued

street business people. One idea is to train 'natural helpers,' the neighbors in the community who first came into contact with those in trouble. We're trying lots of other ideas.

"Before this I held a non-tenured faculty position for nine years at the U. of Minnesota College of Veterinary Medicine, where I taught and did research into human-animal bonding and attachment. In that position I also worked with students and clients of the hospital as the College's social worker. I am ABD for Ph.D. in social work.

"As I look around I find I have levitated imperceptibly over the last decade into the middle class. My wife and I just celebrated a decade of marriage, the issue of which is two great kids." Thanks, Ralph!

**A Repeat Notice:** Remember, those who have published articles, books, poetry, etc., please send your bibliographical items to: Dr. Gregory Finnegan, Rural Route #2, Box 126, Norwich, VT 05055.

It saddens me to inform you of the deaths of **Beth Asay (70)** and **Madison Wright (76)**. A poem of Madison's, written after the meeting of the Raymond Bay Area Alumni at Berndt Kolker's Home, is included in this issue of the Newsletter.

I want to express my personal gratitude to all who have dropped me a note or written a letter.

Not only do I appreciate hearing from you and finding out what you are up to, but I am dependent upon your news for *Phoenix Findings*.

Please let me hear from you, and I shall try to include as much information in the column as space permits.

Just in from Hollywood — **Jeff Franklin (76)** has had years of writer's cramp pay off. Jeff's latest project can be seen Friday nights on ABC TV at 8:30. Jeff is the writer for the new show *Full House*.

(Editor's Note: **John Saltnes (77)** lives in Sacramento and works in advertising for Tower Records.)



## Guinness Harp passes on

Guinness Harp loved Raymond College deeply and never forgave those whom he held responsible for its demise. His affection for the students and faculty knew no bounds, and felt comfortable and happy in their company.

More people knew Guinness than knew his official owner, Paula Britton Neely, Class of 75. (Meaning she paid his vet bills.) He traveled extensively across the eucalyptus curtain and fraternized freely with COP students. Laurel White, COP 77, even borrowed him for a year and took him to Florida where Guinness became an adept windsurfer. When Laurel made off for France, Guinness hitchhiked backed to Stockton with a couple going on to San Francisco.

The stories about Guinness have never been collected to reveal the many adventures he surely must have had. Paula

would miss him during spring break and even for entire summers. When the first gathering of Raymond students took place after these vacations, Guinness would appear, smiling and wagging. He was a dog with a gift for getting along with anybody, but retired finally with Paula to the end of his days. Remember him at the reunion?

He won't be with us in 1990. Guinness lived to be 17 years old. On January 10, 1988, he was buried on the Delta overlooking the channel, with a great view of family picnicking and boats on the water. There was a serious attempt to bury him in the Quad, but common sense prevailed.

For many of us, he will not only be a beloved memory, but a part of Raymond College, a partner in a great experiment, a contributor to the great experience.

For submissions and gossip write to I and C c/o John Williams, 1860 Euclid, People's Republic of Stockton, CA 95204

### ONCE AGAIN, AND MOVING THROUGH (for the Raymond College Alumni)

Rudimentary yearnings, calibrated and crafted  
Across terraced memories, salient and turning  
Years into hours into need into possibilities,  
Moving us once again beyond our culture's ability  
Only to restrain us, to constrain us to their  
Nameless limits, their determined and faceless control,  
Demanding in our currency that we allow these buds to bloom.

Clear to the core, to the heart of wandering  
Over roots reaching through the dry earth,  
Looking for answers and demanding questions,  
Living across boundaries as if we were most -  
Eagle's children dancing, still dreaming of song,  
Grasping lasting impressions of concurrence -  
Each child of history, each a student of the future.

by Ira Madison  
10 Sept, 1988

## Who's Who

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# INNOVATIONS & Consequences

The Occasional Newsletter

## THE COGNITIVE REVOLUTION COMES TO RAYMOND

Our 1990 reunion will feature a community preview of the up-coming Raymond Lectures. Our guest speaker will be Dr. Robert Bramson, author of The Art of Thinking, Coping with Difficult People, The Stressless Home, and Coping with the Fast track Blues (to be released in July, 1990).

Dr. Bramson received his Ph.D. in Organizational Behavior and Psychology of Small Groups from University of California at Berkeley. His background combines work experience - from blue collar to executive levels - with his training in psychology and organizational behavior. His work has been written up in several national periodicals - from TIME magazine and The Wall Street Journal to Reader's Digest. And he has appeared as a guest on national talk-shows, as well as being a well-known speaker in both the academic and business communities.

In our telephone interview about the Raymond speaker engagement, Dr. Bramson discussed his viewpoints at length. "Throughout the late 1960's and 70's, our emphasis was on emotionality and motivation. We encouraged people to get in touch with what they felt, with learning more about themselves as emotional beings. In the 1980's we transformed this emphasis on feeling into a need to win. During all this time, we lost sight of the one attribute that makes human beings unique - the ability to think."

In July, our intellectual focus will be on rediscovering the driving forces within our own minds. We shall explore new discoveries about cognitive thinking styles with Dr. Bramson, as well as learning his approach to "instant creativity." We shall also look among ourselves for current examples of the cognitive revolution in action. Join us in July as Raymond reenters the Cognitive Revolution.

## REUNION 1990 UPDATE

Our July 13-15 Reunion plans are progressing rapidly. Friday night will feature a community preview of the Raymond Lectures.

University faculty and community business leaders will be our guests at the speaker address on Friday night.

A special reception for alumni, University president Bill Atchley, and invited guests, will precede High Table dinner on Friday night. Because our Alumni group has grown, the speaker address will be held in the Faye Spanos Concert Hall (formerly the Conservatory Auditorium), rather than in the Great Hall.

A whole array of Raymond memorabilia will be available throughout the Reunion. We hope to have Raymond t-shirts and car decals available for you, as well as the soon-to-be traditional auction of an authentic Raymond chair.

A new twist on the traditional auction theme is also planned - auctioning off professors! On Saturday night, you will have the opportunity to bid on a breakfast with your favorite teacher - so come prepared!

A commercial photographer has been engaged to take formal class photographs on Saturday evening, so that we'll all have mementos of "the way we are," to go with our memories of "the way we were."

An additional comparison of "then and now" will be discovered through an optional tour of the new UOP - including the newly renovated library, the University Center and the School of Engineering.

Fill out your registration form (included in this newsletter) and mail it in today. Include your comments, questions and suggestions.



## RAYMOND REVOLUTIONARIES NEEDED

Group discussion leaders are needed for the Cognitive Revolution at the reunion this summer. Participants will lead alumni intellect-jamming sessions on Friday and Saturday, July 13 and 14.

Our Friday sessions will be led by alumni discussing the Cognitive Revolutions going on in their own fields. Leaders will present their information or challenges, and will then facilitate discussion among their colleagues attending the discussion group. As you know from your years at Raymond, this is your chance to take on some awe-inspiring intellects, as well as awaken some thought-provoking interactions.

Currently, we are requesting information on any alumni who would like to lead a session, or leads on any of your Raymond associates you think should be approached for this project. No formal "request for proposals" is needed. What we would like is a note or phone call indicating the name of the person you think might be a good session leader, and the general topic s/he might present.

We are asking all faculty members attending the Reunion to consider leading a session on the Cognitive Revolutions going on in your professions, and to let us share those insights in the traditional Raymond discussion-group format.

This will be our opportunity to revisit some of the scenes of our growth and maturation. (For some of us, "scene of the crime" might be more appropriate!) We will stretch our minds and our insights, learn anew from favorite professors of old, or explore new territory with those folks we never got to know.

### WHAT WE NEED FROM YOU!

Volunteer to lead panel discussions, or to lecture in your area of expertise at the Friday and Saturday sessions. (Applies to faculty and alumni alike.) If you can help with the Revolution, either by leading a discussion group yourself, or by giving us leads on who else to ask, write the Aging Professor, John Williams, or the Age-Less Reunion Coordinator, Wendi Burnette Maxwell, care of the Raymond Alumni Associates, P. O. Box 26, University of the Pacific, Stockton, CA 95211. Better

yet, call Wendi some evening at 209/948-5325, at work at 209/948-7450 or John at 209/465-7449.

## SUMMER READING LIST

Remember how we used to get those "suggested summer reading lists" in between years at Raymond? (I remember being awestruck as an incoming freshman thinking that I was supposed to get all that reading done before I even set foot in the college!) Well, here's the beginnings of our suggested summer reading list for the Cognitive Revolution at the Reunion. We welcome your comments, insights, and additions. There will be one more newsletter published before the Reunion.

Bramson, Robert  
The Art of Thinking  
Coping with Difficult People  
The Stressless Home  
Goleman, Daniel  
Vital Lies, Simple Truths  
Ehrlich, Paul  
The Population Explosion  
Ornstein and Ehrlich  
New World, New Mind  
Pynchon, Thomas  
Vineland

## RAYMOND ARTIST ALERT

Our Reunion already includes plans to stimulate our minds and bodies through discussion groups, socializing, and playing. Food for the soul is also needed.

We would like to hear from Raymond artists - what fields are you working in? What new and exploratory things have you done? What traditional styles have you mastered?

We believe that Raymond alumni are masters of creativity, and that Raymond artists would well be worth knowing. Our Reunion needs to reflect the artistic aspect of our lives.

What should it look like? Dramatic vignettes from former Raymond productions? Film-making in progress? An art show? All of us free-form dancing in the quad? Replicating the Atlantic Ocean floor in the gravel of the fountain? Musicians singing and playing in the sun?

## LOST LIST

We have had addresses for most of the following alumni, but they have moved or otherwise disappeared. A few we have not had contact with since we began to plan for the 1985 reunion. PLEASE help us locate anyone with whom you have had any contact by attempting to find them for us, and only then supplying us with as accurate information as you can discover. If possible, please include a telephone number. Mail or phone information to your Aging Professor: John S. Williams - 1860 W. Euclid - Stockton, CA 95204 - (209) 465-7449.

Gary Alcorn  
Beri Amir  
Pam Aquino  
Bob Arnold  
Joseph Botand-Blazek  
Don Bowman  
Rick Brew  
Jane Bryson  
Julia Burch  
Sally Burd  
Rebecca Burton  
John Byrd  
Tommy Chavies  
Peter Claudius  
Penelope Cole  
Connie Cushing  
Jeri Dahlen  
Frank Dixon  
Robin Dodson  
Janet Duncan  
Karl Durand  
Sandy Eggenberger  
Elsa Edder  
Allan Erickson  
David Farrell  
Mary Ferguson  
David Fessier  
Bob Fields  
Russell Fish  
Shelia Fitch  
Kim Foley  
Sue Fowler  
Jim Freer  
Marie Fuson  
Sheri Garcia  
Richard Gibbe  
Dan Gilham  
Ardie Gorden  
Charlie Graham  
(Continued on Page 4)

## Phoenix Findings

by  
The Aging Professor

One of the most gratifying aspects of writing this column is hearing from so many of you. Members of your Board of Directors suggest, however, the only reason I do it is to get something in my mail box besides bills and the usual junk mail. I guess my motives are more transparent than I want to believe.

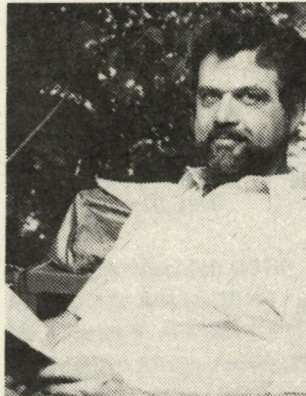
It is a bit more difficult for me to keep track of you than you might believe. Since the last mailing, 58 of you have changed residences, phone numbers, or otherwise moved about. Raymond folk seem to be a mobile lot.

Marty Dukler (I can't remember the class year—a result of aging brain cells) writes from Austin, Texas, where he resides with his wife Criselda, that he is president and co-owner of a company which develops electronic fund transfer software and sells services to retail stores and government agencies. Good to have located you again, Marty. Drop me a line with your class year and a phone number.

Bonnie LaCivita Alexander (79) sends word that on August 4, 1989, she delivered twin sons, Kevin Thomas and Kyle Randall. They were big boys for twins, weighing in at 7 lbs 6 oz & 6 lbs 14 oz respectively. The new twins have an older brother and sister to help their mother care for them. As a parent of twin sons, Bonnie, I can only say, "Good Luck!" Janet & I feel fortunate to have escaped both the looney bin and the poor house. Bonnie & her husband Fred live in Paso Robles, California.

The announcement of another wee one comes from Lonnie Valentine (70). He and his wife Jodie English had their second child, a son, Benjamin Darrow in May. The first is a daughter, Cady Gabriel, now 2 years. Lonnie has finished his Ph.D. in Theological Studies at Emory and began teaching this fall at the Earlham School of Religion in Richmond, Indiana. Congratulations, Lonnie, on the birth of your son, the completion of your degree, and the beginning of your teaching career with your new union card.

Bill Bargeman (69) sent me a long moving letter in response to the second issue of the Newsletter. He resides in Vancouver, B.C., teaches high school social studies and English. He writes that he is politically active



“at the foot soldier level, with union, civic, and provincial campaigns,” spending most of his “political energy in solidarity work with the teachers of El Salvador.” Bill, like many of

you, writes of how the Raymond experience lives daily for him: “While I never contemplated teaching as a career while I was at Raymond, the Raymond experience has largely shaped who I am in the classroom. It was, after all, a place where the art of teaching was celebrated. The love of inquiry, the joy of student-teacher discourse and the devotion to service guide my work today as they guided my studies twenty years ago.” Thanks Bill for sharing with us.

The middle of August Janet & I had the great pleasure of attending the 73rd birthday celebration of none other than Berndt Kolker, former Provost of Raymond College. Berndt's only complaint in life is that everyone around him seems to be getting old.

Joey Wauters (74) sends word from Alaska that she is the first place winner in Redbook magazine's Short Story Contest for 1989. Her story, “A Matter of Timing,” is part of her sabbatical work from last year when she was a visiting scholar at University of California, San Diego. The story was selected out of 6,500 submissions and will be published this coming spring. Joey receives \$2000.00 for being a winner.

Mike Hoffman (78) writes from Long Island where he is practicing law. He has a daughter age 2 and a son a 6 months.

Ellen Benton (70) wrote at Christmas time that in March 1989 she and her husband were blessed with a baby daughter. Ellen lives in England and is a librarian.

Linda Barney-Campbell (65) currently lives in Honolulu where she is involved in selling real estate with LOCATIONS, Inc. She advises us that if anyone has designs on Hawaiian real estate investing to get in touch as the market there does nothing but rise. She also invites any Raymond folk who are planning a trip to Hawaii to get in touch. Her

office phone number is: (808) 396-9199. Keep your promise about coming to the 1990 Reunion, Linda. We look forward to seeing you.

I was delighted to reestablish contact with Deena Perry (69) who resides in Sante Fe, New Mexico, where she owns and operates HABITAT, an interior design firm. Thanks Deena for helping me locate Raymond folk in your area. Make it to the reunion next summer.

Linda Lockett Eisele (70) writes that she and her husband are safely settled in Switzerland, living in a small farm village where she can hear cow bells as the cattle go to pasture mornings and evenings.

Paul Heller (75) is beginning his second year at the University of Arizona where he is working on his M.A. in creative writing in the English Department. He is also working on the editorial staff of one of the department's literary magazines. Paul has established contact there with my nephew who is employed as academic advisor to student athletes.

I received a letter from Jerry Connors (78) the middle of August, shortly after he received the last Newsletter. He was planning to have dinner the next week with Rod Dugliss, former political science professor at Raymond, who was there on business. Jerry has been working in the Chicago area with various college and church sponsored projects for the Homeless and other unfortunates in the inner-city. He plans soon to return full time to the parish ministry. Jerry, who is an ordained Episcopal priest, mentions, as others have, of the vital importance of his Raymond education in his day-to-day vocational experiences. In October Jerry was in Sacramento to visit his parents prior to moving to Newfoundland where he was moving to accept a parish. He strolled into one of my classes, only a few minutes late, just as he usually did when a student. We had lunch together and a good chat.

One Saturday afternoon during September, there was a knock on our door, and when I opened there stood Meredythe Crawford Medigovich (77?). She was in Stockton to settle some affairs of her mother's estate. She had in the back of her van two of the brown Raymond chairs like the one we raffled at the 1985 reunion. How did she come in possession of them you might ask? It seems that in the declining years of Raymond, and I shall put this delicately, Meredythe, shall we say, con-

scripted these chairs for safe keeping. Guilt being what it is, burrowing its way deep in Meredythe's psychic all these years, she decided to return them to yours truly. One is slightly in need of repair, which I shall do in my wood shop, and they will be restored to their former glory ready for auctioning at the 1990 reunion. And incidentally, Meredythe and her husband, who reside in Corte Madera, had left their little daughter in the good hands of their friend Leslie Anixter (76). Leslie is busy operating the Anixter & Oser Insurance Brokerage in San Francisco in the absence of her father who is in ill health.

Marge Bruce, former professor of English at Raymond and retired from the College of Pacific English department, is at home after having recovered from back surgery. She was operated on late in September and was home by the end of the week. Marge, who has no fondness for hospitals, was threatening her physician with calling a cab and going home early if he did not release her the following day. I was standing by her for moral support so I know this is no rumor. I chimed in, offering my car so she would not have to use a cab. Her physician willingly released her the following day! Marge is involved in teaching illiterate adults to read.

Early in September I received a wonderful letter from Lisa Gorlin-Burbick (76). I had just relocated her, partly through the efforts of Jack Lawson (76), who lives in Ripon, California, and works for Dean Witter here in Stockton. Lisa lives in Grants Pass, Oregon, is married to Chris Burbick, is a free-lance artist and periodic art instructor, and works in a CPA office part of the year. I am including Lisa address and phone number because she is interested in getting in touch with various friends from the mid-70s: 540 N.W. Mansanita Ave.; Apt # 1; Grants Pass, Oregon 97526; (503) 474-5532. She is especially interested in locating Marie Fuson, Jim Harrington, and Tom Critchfield, none of whom I have an address for. If anyone can help either of us, please send us the relevant information.

I close this edition of Phoenix Findings with something many of you from the mid-70s may well remember. It is the result of one of those spontaneous, Independent Studies that was completed one afternoon by a small group of serious students of Woody Allen. Lisa Gorlin-Burbick shared it with me and dedicates it to the memory of Madison Wright, who was a

part of that independent study. Its the original "Macho Honcho" list.

a macho honcho  
 a shoo-fly pie  
 clichaic spoonerisms  
 an ancient manacle  
 a watched pot  
 filamentous algae  
 a social animal  
 a coniferous shrub  
 an ivy league  
 an athlete's foot  
 Howard Cosell in drag  
 a freak accident  
 a narrow kimono  
 The Train to Glory  
 rubbernecking delays  
 a chopped hog  
 an Algerian Hiss  
 a Freudian slip  
 a gum arabic  
 a basket house  
 a split philodendron  
 a foam rubber ghost  
 tacit house arrest  
 social studies for underachievers  
 ten top psychics  
 a case of Clamato  
 facial foliage  
 airs above the ground  
 a low-risk offender  
 a speaking trumpet  
 a giant saurian  
 five miles of shoes  
 a soda jerk  
 a rubber room  
 Ardith Ebbit  
 the subterranean economy  
 the 1st generation British Invasion Band  
 a bruised coccyx  
 a baby spot  
 Doodles Weaver  
 a free-form cufflink  
 a delegation of speleologists  
 a free-lance rabbi  
 a 30 ft. high 1 bedroom apt.  
 a barnyard sound effects record  
 Amelia Erhart luggage  
 an executive pool  
 Celtic binoculars  
 a Hallelujah chorus  
 cheap essential scenery  
 highway hypnosis  
 a cha-cha dress  
 a stunt pigeon

Swoozie Kurtz  
 vanishing cream  
 a dirt road Romeo  
 the Singing Chickens doing "In The Mood"  
 the Flying Karamazov Brothers  
 Archimedes' bathtub  
 bicycle thighs  
 poodle socks  
 a sit-down strike of stand-up comics  
 low mileage vinyl  
 a Chinese fire drill  
 a 400 yard towel  
 galloping inflation  
 a beef-cake spin-off  
 a Groucho Marx tango party  
 a shoe box full of 20s  
 15 minutes of solid belly laughter

Cheers!!! Please keep the letters coming so I shall regularly receive some mail and continue to have news for "Phoenix Findings."

## Lost List

(Continued)

Lana Grey  
 Rosemarie Gruner  
 Lynne Halfhide  
 Michael Hart  
 Chris Henny  
 Sue Herman  
 Donna Hilliard  
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We would like to continue to thank all those individuals who have contributed toward THE RAYMOND LECTURES as of...February 10, 1990

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## EARTHQUAKE NEWS

by Tom and Iris (Nicholson) Preece

The most recent news in our lives is the earthquake. Like so many people in the disaster area, we had no damage. One picture fell off the wall. Once we got through the flurry of phone calls to assure family and friends that we were safe, there was the terrible time of watching the news about people who were hurt, who had lost their homes. Like most people in the Bay Area, we needed a way to help. We're fortunate because our jobs gave us the chance.

**TOM:** At the Veteran's Administration, I was on the small team that reopened the VA regional office in San Francisco. I helped mobilize the VA staff to all the disaster shelters and processing centers. VA staff were available to help people figure out what needed to be done to maintain benefits and VA home loans. More important, the VA sent its clinical experts in Post Traumatic Stress Disorder to work with the victims. This effort meant long days and working weekends for several weeks. But this seems like a minor inconvenience compared to the sense of community that emerged after the quake.

**IRIS:** At Vesper Society, my job assignment changed dramatically. Vesper joined with Catholic Charities and Mercy Retirement Center in Oakland to open a closed nursing home to earthquake victims. Downtown areas of Oakland were hard hit by the quake, resulting in the closure of most of the single occupancy hotels. This is where large numbers of low income, elderly, and disabled people had lived. Most of these folks are on Supplemental Security Income or General Assistance which means their monthly incomes are less than \$667. There is already a terrible shortage of affordable housing, and with the additional loss of low income housing, resettlement is going to be an uphill struggle.

Perhaps the saddest part of our experience has been one death close to us. Tom's boss at the VA lived in the Marina district—the area which collapsed and suffered severe fires. Walt had gone to the drug store to pick up pictures of his baby boy when the quake struck. When he returned, he found his wife and baby had been buried in the collapse of their build-

ing. Carol, his wife survived, but their baby boy died in her arms.

We have a deep, tangible experience that we are powerless in the face of such a disaster. In having to face our ultimate vulnerability and mortality, we have had the opportunity to recognize just how precious each day is.

Some insight came to us from an article in the recent Berkeley Wellness Letter. Research shows that people with strong family and social ties tend to be healthier than those who live in isolation, particularly those involved in community service. Researchers theorize "...that altruism, particularly when the helper observes the beneficial effects in others, might reduce feelings of helplessness and depression and thus enhance health."

Iris had a lot of direct experience with the Red Cross and the Federal Emergency Management Administration (FEMA) as 1989 came to a close. She'd like to compare notes with alumni from others parts of the country involved in disaster relief efforts. You can contact the Preece's at 27962 Farm Hill Road, Hayward, CA 94542.

RAYMOND ALUMNI ASSOCIATES PRESENTS  
 "THE COGNITIVE REVOLUTION"

JULY 13-15, 1990

RAYMOND QUAD, UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC

SCHEDULE

Friday, July 13, 1990

12:00 Noon Early Bird Registration Begins  
**Variations on the Theme by Raymond Alumni**  
 2:00-2:45 Session One, Wendell Philips Center  
 3:00-3:45 Session Two, WPC  
 5:00-6:00 Reception, Common Room  
 6:00-7:30 High Table Dinner, Great Hall  
**Special Community Preview Presentation of The Raymond Lectures**  
 8:00 Dr. Robert Bramson, "The Cognitive Revolution"  
*Faye Spanos Concert Hall, Formerly the Conservatory Auditorium*

Saturday, July 14, 1990

9:00-9:45 Breakfast/Late Registration, Great Hall  
 9:45 Welcoming Remarks/Reunion Logistics and Agenda  
**Illuminations on the Theme by Raymond Faculty**  
 10:00-11:00 Session One, WPC  
 11:15-12:15 Session Two, WPC  
**1:00-2:00 Lunch, Great Hall**  
**"The Raymond Vision: The State of the Association"**  
 2:00-5:00 Options, Quad and Campus  
 Tour of the New and Improved UOP Campus  
 Networking/Catching-Up/Beer in the Quad/Volley Ball/Poker  
 Bridge/Swimming/Tennis  
 5:00 Formal Class Photo Shoots, Quad  
 6:30 Dinner, Great Hall  
 Raymond Memorabilia Auction/Entertainment

Sunday, July 15, 1990

10:00 Brunch  
 12:00 Close up shop

**Motels Near  
 the University:**  
 Hilton 209/957-9090  
 La Qunita  
 209/952-7800 or 800/531-5900  
 Plum Tree Plaza Hotel  
 209/474-3301  
 Sixpence Inn 209/477-5576

Registration

Name (s) Adults attending @ \$85 per person,  
 includes all meals

\_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

\$ \_\_\_\_\_

Meals for children 6-10 @ \$30 ea. \_\_\_\_\_  
 No charge for children 5 and under \_\_\_\_\_  
 Accommodations in the dorms per adult,  
 \$34 for two nights, includes bedding \_\_\_\_\_

\$ \_\_\_\_\_

\$ \_\_\_\_\_

Child care @ \$25 per child, please list names  
 of children attending,  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

\$ \_\_\_\_\_

Total Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_

\$ \_\_\_\_\_



# CIRCULATE SOME DOLLARS FOR EXPANDED CONSCIOUSNESS

by Paula Neely  
Lectureship Campaign Coordinator

Raymond Alumni Associates was founded in 1987. In three short years, we have expanded an initial bank account of \$900 to \$13,000 in the bank and \$10,000 in pledges. Our goal is \$50,000 by July, 1990 so that we may begin planning THE RAYMOND LECTURES.

You will be receiving a letter in the next two weeks asking you to make a commitment or to extend your present commitment. During the last week of April, Raymond volunteers will be calling you. In our data base of some 700 records we have 450 phone numbers!!! We'll answer all your questions about our fundraising efforts and the up-coming Reunion. In the meantime...

## YOU, RAA AND THE IRS- THE BENEFITS OF OUR 501 (C) (3) STATUS

For those of you who missed this announcement...

Our Alumni Association is an official tax-exempt non-profit organization, designed to do two things:

1) To provide a communications base for the Raymond Alumni through special events such as the Solstice Party and the Reunions; a periodic newsletter and other mailings; and:



2) To provide interdisciplinary educational programs for the public that serve to maintain the philosophy and values of Raymond College.

Every contribution you make to RAA is tax-deductible. Please check with your tax advisor on the best way for you to maximize your contribution to RAA. While the most common practice is to send a check for a set amount, we can also accept stocks, bonds, real property and other assets. We are capable of setting up a Charitable Remainder Trust if you are facing Capital Gains Tax.

You may also purchase Life Insurance, making RAA the beneficiary of the policy. For a small annual premium, you can make a substantial gift upon your death without subtracting wealth from your current estate or infringing upon your heirs.

Don't be put off by the tone, but we are serious. Your gift is an investment that we don't take lightly. In planning for the future, we are applying professional fundraising strategies to ensure our success.

## YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD: THOUGHT CREATES ACTION

Most of us are hard at work, establishing and maintaining our careers and hemorrhaging money each pay period for mortgages, car payments, insurance, tuition, food, clothing, entertainment, ad infinitum...

AND, we already give tens of thousands of dollars to local non-profits serving our own communities. We process each and every solicitation according to our personal values..."Do I believe in this cause enough to make a personal investment?" So what about RAA?

Please evaluate your Raymond experience. What influence has it had on your life? Do you find the same spirit of intellectual inquiry in your work place, in your community? Is debate and personal opinion valued? Does the quest for continued personal growth exist in your circle of friends and associates?

Inquiry, debate and growth...that's the nexus of Raymond Alumni Associates. Please join us in expanding the thought processing and problem solving of our world. It's a tall order, but we know that thought creates change.

If you have not already pledged your financial support to Raymond Alumni Associates, please consider doing so today. A monthly pledge of \$25 or more will make a significant contribution to our success.

Please call me collect at (209) 465-6473, if you would like to discuss the objectives of the Association and your potential support.

Raymond Alumni Association  
Box 26  
University of the Pacific  
Stockton, California 95211

Address Correction Requested

Stanley & Bambi Bovee  
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# INNOVATIONS & Consequences

The Occasional Newsletter

## BERNDT L. KOLKER

1916-1990

"We are privileged to have known him." These direct and simple words, spoken by Bob Orpinela when informed of Berndt's death, express, I suspect, as well as any can how the Raymond Community feels about our former Provost and beloved friend.

Berndt Kolker died suddenly and unexpectedly on the morning of 7 November 90 at his home in San Francisco. He had celebrated his 74th birthday this past August in Hawaii with Gale, his daughter, and Ken, her husband, and his two grandchildren, Tamar and Michael. According to his son-in-law Ken Gottlieb, it had recently been discovered that Berndt suffered from aortic valve disease and was soon to have a valve replacement operation. Berndt was being treated for a mild diabetic condition to stabilize his blood sugar level and had planned to attend the Bar Mitzvah of his grandson prior to scheduling the operation. A Celebration of the Life of Berndt Kolker was held at the Sinai Memorial Chapel in San Francisco on 9 November.

Since leaving Raymond College Berndt served as President of Lone Mountain College prior to its being sold to the University of San Francisco, and more recently has been a founder and partner of the management consultant firm of Roth and Kolker. He recently retired from active business and had just been named the Executive Director of the United Jewish Community Centers. A few minutes prior to his death he had called Gale to meet her for breakfast and to pick up some of her paintings which he had planned to hang in his new offices.

Those of us who were privileged to have know Berndt during his years as Provost at Raymond College feel as Yvonne Allen ('69) does. She called me after hearing of Berndt's death, and said, "John, I feel like a light has gone out." She went on to say, "He taught me all that I know." I chided her mildly, "Surely some of the rest of us taught you something." "What I mean is," she exclaimed, "Berndt taught me how to use power—sparingly! When you are trying to change a situation, he said, look for the least obvious place to apply pressure. And never use the same tactic twice." The flame of Berndt's life has been extinguished but the reason we are privileged by having known him is that, as with Yvonne, Berndt Kolker lit a fire in each of our lives that burns on. The gift of himself, of his wisdom, his wit, his advise, his friendship, continues to enrich our



lives in ways that words are quite impossible to express. Each of us has a different story, or series of stories, we could share about him; each of us could relate how we learned from him.

When the reporter from the Stockton Record called for some information about Berndt Kolker, I was teaching an evening class and one of my twin sons, Marvin, answered the phone. The reporter asked if Marvin remembered Berndt. My wife overheard Marvin's reply: "I was a little boy when Berndt was here, but I remember him. When my dad would take me and my brothers to the office, Berndt would always come out of his office, shake our hands, and makes us feel special. Sometimes he would take us into his office where he had mazes and puzzles and he would tell us a story. He had a picture on his wall of a gorilla. Did you know he had raised one in his home when he was a boy?"

Berndt liked children! He genuinely liked people, all kinds of people. One of Berndt's most unique gifts was that he knew how to make people feel special, for each and every person he encountered was special to him. All of us have received that gift from Berndt at one time or another.

He was many things: a most complex, multidimensional human being. He loved horses nearly as much as he loved books and ideas. I was amazed to find out one time that he knew as much about the big cats of Africa as he did about the gorillas. We have all had the experience of mentioning a new book to Berndt that we had heard about only to discover that he had already read it. Where the man found the time to do all the things he did still astounds me.

One of the things I think many of us appreciated the most about Berndt was his wit, his wonderful sense of humor, that could, depending on his mood or the situation, be deliciously subtle or grossly obscene. He was an inveterate punster who was quite shameless about how low he would stoop to produce yet another pun. But his puns could also surprise with the dazzling complexity of their careful forethought. The Raymond faculty will remember the time President Burns was in India, looking for a possible site for the Callison overseas program and some minor crisis had occurred on the Stockton campus. Berndt had obviously planned his pun carefully, timing its presentation for just the appropriate moment. He uttered it with that impish, self-satisfied smile of his by saying, "While Burns roams, Pacific fiddles." Berndt, like all of us, saw a lot of fiddling around at Pacific during

the final years of The College. Hindsight tells us what some of us knew at the time: Berndt Kolker was a beacon of administrative wisdom and common sense in the sea of mediocrity that characterized the McCaffrey years.

My final conversation with Berndt was at the July 1990 Reunion, the last time some of us were privileged to be with him. I was crossing campus with him and noticed that he was walking with a slight limp. Having bum, arthritic knees myself, I thought perhaps Berndt might be aging also. I asked about his limp. He exclaimed that he had been riding horses with his grandchildren a lot lately and had a few days before been thrown. "What the hell, Berndt," I burst out, "don't you think at your age you ought to slow down a bit and stop riding wild horses?" He grinned, patted my shoulder, and chided me for interfering in one of his favorite pastimes. "John," he said, "I've been riding horses since I was a boy, and since I was 18 or 20 I've been thrown on the average of at least once a year. I have no intention of letting a little thing like that stop me now." I reminded myself that this vigorous man was a mere 73; he wouldn't even be 74 for another whole month.

Berndt loved challenges, particularly new challenges. Had he not, he would not have become the Provost of Raymond College and graced our lives with his presence. His zest for life, for others, for ideas, for challenges, kept him vital until his big heart finally gave out. My father once said to me that when we die we take with us only what we have given away. By that standard Berndt Kolker takes into his final resting place with his beloved wife Eva a very great deal indeed. We have received much from this big hearted man; this urbane, witty, and wise friend and mentor. We thank him for the gift of himself that he gave us collectively and individually. We are privileged to have known him.

Memorial gifts may be sent to the Town School for Boys, 2750 Jackson Street, San Francisco 94115 or the Raymond Alumni Associates, P.O. Box 26, Stockton 95211. Please also send us a brief reminiscence—no more than a paragraph or two—of how Berndt touched your life. We shall print a special edition of the Newsletter celebrating his life as a gift to Berndt's family and to one another. Deadline: 15 February 91.

*John S. Williams  
The Aging Professor*

## FROM THE NEW PREZ . . .

Let's start this letter by extending grateful thanks to outgoing board members Peter Windrem, Kathy Mumm Gaskins, and Jay Greenberg. They did the work of getting an alumni association started where none had previously existed. They worked through miles of red tape to get our tax-exempt status filed, dealt with money and taxes, and maintained a crystal vision of what Raymond could be even though it's not here anymore.

We're entering a new phase in our Raymond Alumni Association life now, and I'm honored to be trusted with being a part of it. I never really saw myself as one of those Raymond graduates who couldn't let go and just kept on hanging on. But here it is almost twenty years later, and I'm "still around."

Raymond College gave me a vision of how organizations should be run. The students and faculty became my friends and my family. I find myself recharged and "intellectualized" whenever I meet new friends, or get together with old ones. In short, I care deeply about our common bonds and new directions.

My goals for us are simple. I want to see Raymond alumni have easier access to each other. I want to see us reincarnated at UOP. I want to see some way of maintaining ongoing communication and dialogue among us even though we don't know each other all that well.

We've got a great new Board: Sherry Garcia Braak, Bill Burnside, Sandy Grcich DeAlcuaz, Robert Hyerle, Mary Cupples Pickford, and Anna Maria Winkler. Iris and Tom Preese, Aimee St. Georges, Paula Neely, and John Williams are all continuing to work with the board in their volunteer capacity. Philip Thacher and I continue as board members.

Year end is traditionally a time to reach out to people we care about. Let us hear from you. Tell us what you're doing now, what's important to you, where we should be going, who you want to get in touch with, and anything else that strikes your fancy.

Best wishes to each of you as we start a new year.

*Wendi Brunette Maxwell*

## IT HAS BEEN FIVE GOOD YEARS

Dear Friends:

After five years as charter members of the Board of Directors, Jay Greenberg, Kathy Mumm Gaskins and I decided we had served our terms and done our duty. It was time for new Board members to take over Raymond Alumni Associates. That occurred at our September meeting.

Now I can think back with satisfaction to RAA's accomplishments after the 1985 Raymond reunion: our vigorous debates to define our purpose; newsletters; Winter Solstice parties; fund raising; the successful 1990 reunion. Jay's pivotal ideas and Kathy's organizational talents helped greatly.

We are pleased with the enthusiasm and energy of the new Board. They have a great opportunity to leverage our \$30,000 in cash and pledges into significant improvement in the academic program at UOP with a Raymond-style program.

The spirit of Raymond College is alive and well, thanks to the extraordinary efforts of a few like Paula Britton Neely, Aimee St. Georges Thacher, Wendi Burnette Maxwell, Regina Riley Peters, Tom and Iris Preece and John Williams. The genial support of all the rest of us is their reward.

The Raymond drama continues with acts yet to be played. It has been fun to have a part.

*Sincerely,  
Pete Windrem, '65  
Ex-President*

## REUNION REPORT

First impressions carry a lot of weight for me and my first sight of the Quad in 21 years struck me with an almost physical blow. After the torrent of memories subsided to a manageable flow, I noticed how the Quad had shrunk under the shade of mature trees. This is how Raymond College was supposed to be physically ripen and mellow. That that was not allowed to happen edged a nostalgic weekend with a scale of anger and regret. Ironically, Raymond College would have been a hot item again in the 90's as students rediscover the value of general and integrated, rather than specialized education.

It's Raymond College people, however, that really made the week-end memorable. Rather than exchanging business cards and comparing incomes and other material status symbols, I found myself checking out what other Raymond grads were doing in their communities and how they viewed being socially relevant these days. Maybe that's the ultimate Raymond status symbol: What are you doing for the world?

To my delight I found a wide range of jobs and activities being described in the context of a common attitude of contribution. The reunion confirmed for me that we really were/are a group of people who believe our personal worth is tied to our contributions to our world, our communities and our families. Maybe that's due to the fact that those Raymond grads who joined the "Me Generation" chose not to attend. But even that tells me something about the affect of the College on us all.

I especially enjoyed meeting new people from previous and subsequent classes. It was fascinating to hear about the changes the College had undergone in the 1970's and I found it most instructive to hear how those who supported those changes still had a vision of a College with the same dedication to intellectual community, social purpose and institutional experimentation. I would particularly like to thank Gene Rice for organizing the discussion which brought these issues into the open.

The one negative note was the keynote speaker. I did not think Dr. Bramson's talk spoke even tangentially to the

values and goals of Raymond College. Cognitive theories, learning styles, conceptual frameworks are all the rage among educators and corporate "team builders", but are not the stuff with which we can make connections between the variety of experiences we have had since leaving Raymond and the common values I heard being articulated all weekend. I think we would have benefited a great deal more from hearing Berndt Kolker relate his years at Raymond to his current work, or Gene Rice discuss his hopes and fears about his new position, or Neil Lark compare the C.O.P. and Raymond communities, or . . . In short, we have an abundance of resources within our own community.

I suppose this also speaks to the direction of the proposed lecture series. I know the thankless task of guiding this idea has fallen on far too few shoulders, so what I offer is in the spirit constructive criticism and with the understanding that we all, including myself, need to take more responsibility for the direction of the series and the Association in general.

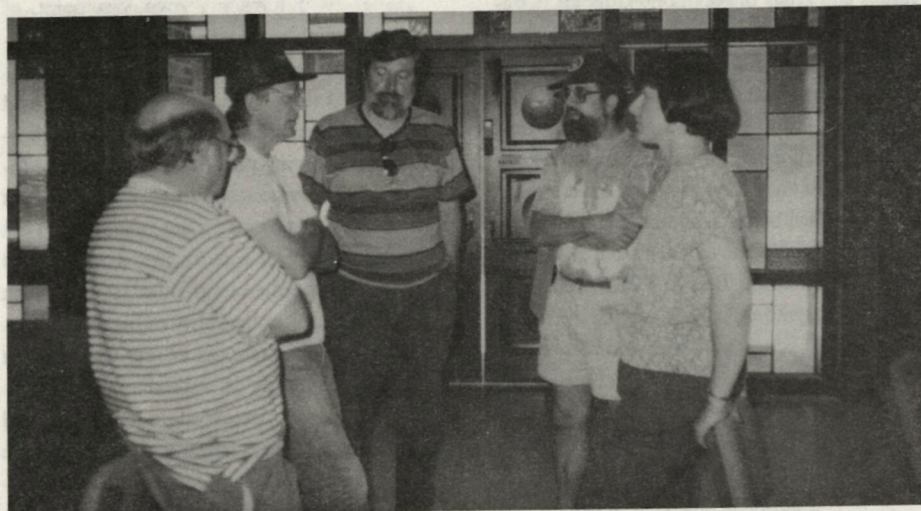
What are the values that drove Raymond College and that we are trying to keep alive through the lecture series? I'm not sure we have a consensus on this. Perhaps we should slow down a bit and devote some time to exchanging our ideas. I am sure we could all, with a bit of thought, describe what we most value from the Raymond experience.

I have my own viewpoint, of course, which emphasises social purpose, intellectual community, institutional experimentation and a creative and interdisciplinary approach to asking questions and solving problems. I would see future speakers who were involved in some sort of social change enterprises, people who are working to create a more just world around them; or people committed to education which relied on collegiality rather than hierarchy, working in schools or any organization where community is valued over competition; or people involved in organizational growth and experimentation, people who are taking risks in their own settings to drag organizations into the 21st Century; or people asking questions in a new and creative way, people with a new twist on an old problem. I would also see us using to a greater extent our own community of former faculty and students. We have a legitimate point of view and a pool of the skills to articulate it. So there's my contribution to what I hope will be a continuing discussion.

The reunion obviously worked for me. It reawakened my notion of the Raymond experience and allowed me to reflect how that experience has influenced my life. It also convinced me it is worth while trying to keep the values that drove that experience clearly in the public view.

*Bill Bargeman*





## ROBERT M. BRAMSON: THE COGNITIVE REVOLUTION

For the opening lecture in a series of public lectures sponsored by the Raymond Associates the reunion planners chose an excellent speaker with an exactly appropriate subject. One of the strongest statements regarding the intellectual heart of the Raymond experience was the crowd which gathered to hear Robert M. Bramson speak about the cognitive revolution. On a Friday night, one with the worrisome number thirteen (no deterrent to rationalists) and one of the hottest nights of a hot summer in the Big Valley, nearly two hundred people got together to think about the nature of thinking and to ask questions about this elusive subject of so much current research.

Not only did they gather on Friday night; they also met in discussion groups on Saturday morning to consider the nature of their own thinking. For me, one of those faculty members who came to Raymond College on an intellectual quest, the combination of the lecture and the discussions was a happily nervous and exciting return to one of the best parts of the Raymond venture.

Before the Friday lecture I asked several of my friends about the cognitive revolution. "What is it?" I asked. "I don't know," each responded. "We'll have to hear what he says." And we did. Bramson defines the cognitive revolution as a re-awakening to

the importance of thinking as a way in which we define ourselves, as a mode of psychotherapy, and as a way of understanding how persons who are in most ways quite capable sometimes make stupid decisions and lead their organizations into disaster.

One of the pleasures of Bramson's lecturing style is that he draws upon theoretical research and also presents plenty of case studies, so that his listeners get ample movement on the scale of abstraction. With other researchers in this field, Bramson has developed a means of identifying cognitive styles. His system is especially attractive to those who find satisfaction in classification analysis. As I listened to his descriptions of the five categories of thinking, I thought about my students and the different ways in which they work, about the many committee meetings which I have endured and sometimes chaired, about the varieties of teaching methods employed by my friends, and about the casual, spontaneous conversations that develop at dinner or over coffee. I also heeded Bramson's warning: know your greatest strength, and realize that it is also your greatest weakness. While I did not find much comfort in that warning, I did find it thought-provoking. I also found it interesting that this cognitive revolutionary, with his emphasis on self-knowledge, makes a major connection with the great tradition in literature and philosophy. Bramson and Shakespeare could have some useful conversations about Hamlet.

What are those five styles of thinking? First is the synthesist. This thinker has lots of words, loves contradictions, is at-

tracted to polarities, feels right at home in argument. Synthesists have branching minds. Next come the idealist, who has long-range goals, who determines reality by what can be agreed upon, who is especially concerned about values, and who often gets overwhelmed. But when the value crisis comes, the idealist will take a stand. The pragmatist — the third kind of thinker — does not get overwhelmed. This one is ready to go around, to compromise, to move, to get things done. The pragmatist takes short steps, successful steps. If you plan to get lost in the woods, says Bramson, better to get lost with a pragmatist than with an idealist. The analyst, however, simply doesn't get lost. This thinker has a grand strategy and uses models and data to find the one best way to realize that strategy. Last comes the realist. He is a zoomer, starting fast, taking chances, making some errors, but getting lots of work done.

On Saturday morning I asked the people in my discussion group how they would categorize themselves and their thinking styles. True to the Raymond tradition, they refused to be classified; instead they saw themselves combining the different kinds of thinking as they met different problems and situations.

*John Smith*

## A NIGHT AT THE AUCTION

The food was delicious. Waitresses came by carrying bottles of wine. One was placed on our table. I was surprised that nearly no one at our table was drinking wine. But I had a glass, and then another, and then a third as the dinner progressed. Wendi and I were laughing, and I could tell I was definitely getting tipsy. But why not? This was Raymond. Back after all these years, it seemed right that I should follow in my own footsteps; that it should be the way it had been. Hadn't we often gotten drunk on Saturday night and danced our hearts out? And there was a dance tonight, after dinner. I was having a wonderful time.

Wendi walked up to the podium and spoke to the audience. She told us about the auction, and encouraged us with firmness and conviction to take part courageously and generously for the sake of Raymond College.

Then Wendi introduced Peter Windrem, and Peter stepped up to the podium to conduct the auction. Jay Greenberg roamed the Great Hall balancing a tremendous roll of tickets on a finger. One ticket cost fifty cents and bought a chance at winning one of the last existing Raymond chairs. When Jay stopped at our table, I bought twenty tickets. It seemed appropriate that a Raymond chair end up in the family of the Raymond descendants. I'd give it a shot.

The auction began. Peter was the auctioneer. People raised their hands and shouted out prices. The bidding started low.

"Watch this," Jay whispered to me, "They'll get a hundred dollars for that pennant."

"I can't believe that," I responded.

"Just watch," Jay said.

"Fifteen," said a participant.

"Twenty," said another alumni.

I thought of offering twenty-five dollars, but I didn't really want to pay so much for a pennant. I needn't have been afraid. Jay was right.

"Sixty-five," the bidding continued. The pennant finally sold for \$105.

"You're right, Jay. I still can't believe it!" Jay grinned, nodding wisely.

"Just wait. It gets better."

In order to introduce the next items to be auctioned, Peter asked Wendi and Paula to walk around the tables and show everyone the cuff links and a tie clip.

"Linda," he said in front of everyone, "would you please show the ash tray?" I was delighted. Imagine, me. Good thing I had sat at his table at breakfast this morning and made his acquaintance. I smiled graciously, stood and walked up to the podium where he handed me the ash tray. Then I turned momentarily to the room and held it up for all to see like a Roman displaying a trophy. I descended the step and walked from table to table, posturing, and displaying the ashtray, pretending I was a model walking the ramp above an audience at a fashion show in Paris. It was loads of fun. The three glasses of wine didn't hurt either. I walked back to the podium and handed the ash tray back to Peter. Wendi and Paula handed back the tie clip and cuff links. Then the bidding began again. Now I knew I could easily make a bid to help knock the price up without

having to pay so much money for one of these trinkets.

"Sixty dollars," I said, bidding for the cuff links. As the price climbed, I stopped bidding. Hubert wouldn't understand if I ended up being the last bidder and had to pay a hundred dollars for a pair of old cuff links. But I needn't have worried. The price went up and up. At last the cuff links sold for \$210! A young looking man with glasses bid without fear, even when the price was very high.

"His family is a wealthy, land owning family in Lodi," Wendi whispered to me.

A bidding war broke out between the landowner son and woman who obviously desperately wanted one of the souvenirs. I sensed that the woman was financially over her head.

"She's had a few glasses of wine," Wendi whispered in my ear. I could understand that. I didn't know whether to hope she got the trophy she wanted so much, or to hope that, for the way she might feel tomorrow, she didn't.

"The chair will fetch a thousand dollars," Jay told me.

"I'm starting to believe that anything is possible," I answered, smiling, and enjoying the spirit of abandon of this auction. It caught you up and carried you away: the fun of the game. The trinkets gained a magical significance and seemed well worth the

price these people were paying for them. Still, Hubert would kill me. I joined the game, but only bidding while I knew the price was still too low.

Paula had offered a day on her house boat with all meals and drinks. I felt sorry when her fine offer went for only \$200. It was certainly worth much more than an ash tray. It was, however, something which would leave only a memory. The people wanted mementos of their college which would last forever. At last the chair was auctioned. Everyone was caught up in the spirit by now. I offered \$250, and was intoxicated enough by the pervading spirit that if I had got it for that price, I would have felt it was worth it. But of course, I wasn't even close. The chair went for \$1100.

Then Jay held the drawing for the second Raymond chair. I held my tickets, hoping against hope. I was feeling very lucky. Maybe I would win the chair after all. Jay spoke out the winning number. I looked at my tickets. No, it wasn't mine. From the back of the room, David Jennings came forth holding his arm high, with the ticket extended into the air. The chair was David's!

The dinner and auction were over. The dance would begin. People helped push the tables to the walls. The lights were dimmed and music was piped in over the loudspeakers.

*Linda Lockett Eisele*



## GENERAL EDUCATION

Consider a seminar focused on a select number of enduring human dilemmas; a seminar with lecture, reading, writing, discussion, and rapid yet detailed evaluation of students' writing assignments; a seminar that emphasizes the multi-disciplinary nature of such timeless questions.

Consider a core curriculum that covers a wide range of subject areas and the various modes of inquiry typical of these subject areas; a core curriculum with laboratory experience; a curriculum with both western and non-western source materials; a curriculum that is not a smorgasbord of classes selected from various departments; a curriculum that is a sequence of courses taught by a small faculty committed to that sequence over the years and the students who pass through it.

Seminars with better than 15 to 1 student/faculty ratios and a (more than occasionally achieved) cohesive sequence of inter-disciplinary courses were part of Raymond. Described above are components of a proposed and newly adopted general education program for COP. The Raymond Alumni Associates board (and friends) has been following these developments. There is promise here.

General Education at COP will be comprised of three parts: three seminars, a sequence of liberal education courses, and a set of skill development requirements. For skill development, read "meeting basic prerequisites for college work." The seminars would be shared by all students and would cover "Timeless Questions," "Today's Decisions," and "Ethical Applications of Knowledge." The sequence of liberal education courses could be much like the current general education requirement: choose a variety of courses distributed over various subject areas.

A more interesting alternative that would satisfy the liberal education sequence requirement "is for a student to participate in an experimental liberal education path. Teams of faculty will be encouraged to submit proposals for paths which contain six and nine course sequences."

Imagine that! Experimental liberal education.

Among the UOP faculty and increasingly among the UOP administration, there is an interest in general education — liberal education — that is so much more than breadth. With the simple exposure to different disciplines must come an inquiry into their underlying commonality and critical differences. Besides the ability to use various modes of inquiry must come the understanding of their limits of validity, of their context of use, of how they might be extended to other contexts.

The promise is that such a liberal education path might form and flourish; that faculty at UOP interested and committed to making such a path work will have institutional support.

There is also promise that the Raymond Alumni Association and/or its members can benefit from such a path. There was a certain giddiness as members of the board sat around and speculated on the possibilities:

"We could even attend some of the courses, sort of like shells in the audience."

"Maybe we could sponsor students, you know, buy books for path courses."

"I think we should read student papers, kind of like a second opinion."

There is promise that this is one of those "high leverage" ways that a small organization with limited means needs to find in order to further its goals. Our twin goals of keeping the Raymond community together and passing along the experience and value of Raymond College seem to be in concert with such a path.

As is appropriate, the faculty of COP are taking the first steps and institutional support appears to be following. The RAA board will be considering ways we can help such a path be organized, developed, and continued. We also ask for your ideas and concerns.

*Robert Hyerle*

## RAYMOND RE-VIEWED

I may as well confess up front: I didn't go to the Raymond reunion to have my consciousness raised. And I don't know anybody who did. Frankly, I was wishing the organizers of these reunions would give up trying to make them intellectually meaningful.

I went to see old friends — friends that, alas, are slipping away as the years (hell decades) gnaw on the past. In spite of the fact that I neither sought nor even wanted intellectual stimulation, I loved hearing what George Blum, Gene Rice and Neil Lark were up to in the their fields.

It is fittingly ironic, then, (I see Gene Wise's ghost smiling at the irony) that Phyllis and I passed the time on the way home on Interstate 5 talking about the importance of Raymond's size. I found myself sounding like a sociologist (for shame!).

Oddly enough, all of this came as a result of Gene Rice's discussion group that arranged Raymond alums in chronological order and explored how the Raymond experience had affected them.

Inevitably the discussion got around to the core curriculum. Like so many of the old guard, I saw the dismantling of the core curriculum as the gutting of the college. When the core curriculum went, I no longer felt I could encourage a prospective student to attend. The core curriculum, along with the seminar format, were the reasons I came to Raymond. (All right, the financial aid was another big reason.)

Even today, I feel that those colleges without a core curriculum (including Brown and Amherst) are guilty of nothing less than educational malpractice. I persuaded my son not to apply to those evil institutions.

Yet this Raymond reunion made me rethink the importance of the core curriculum. I sat amazed as post-core students described their experience and how it affected them. Even their intellectual experience was very similar to the one enjoyed by us who came before the fall. These later graduates should have been intellectually stunted, barely able to utter an intelligent or intelligible sentence. But "they" of the post-core sounded just like "us."

What distinguished our intellectual training? First, I think we learned to read carefully. I am constantly amazed at how much better Raymond students read; they see structure, intent, and nuance as well as "content." Second, Raymond students learned to express themselves with precision and verve (many of us never learned to stop). Third, Raymond students learned to cross academic disciplines.

Raymond's size, not its curriculum, did that. Raymond's intimacy and intensity were its defining characteristics. Before I go on, it needs to be said that familiarity too often bred contempt. The intimacy was often overwhelming, driving out some students. Even some of the graduates have such strong negative emotions about Raymond's intensity that they won't come back. For some Raymond is a scar that is still healing.

The reason dropping the core curriculum didn't produce dolts who could only whine about their feelings is that Raymond was so small that its curriculum was inseparable from its faculty.

American Studies wasn't American Studies; it was Gene Wise. Physics was Neil Lark. Math was Theo MacDonald. Sociology was Gene Rice. World Literature was John Williams. Economics was Mike Wagner. We didn't take just subjects; we took people. They were the core curriculum. As long as you took most of the faculty you took most of the core.

I simply must append a couple of reflections. Once again, Raymond people forced me to stop and think—Even when I didn't want to.

How can institutions (including the family) provide the benefits of intimacy without driving people crazy?

What is the optimum size for a college (or company or bureaucracy)? I think Raymond was too small. It needed a bit more space, a bit more diversity.

How can we balance the efficiencies of scale with the benefits of institutions that are built on a more human scale? Having lived in metropolitan areas, small cities, and small towns, I am convinced that large urban areas and big institutions are profoundly destructive and dehumanizing.

Our Raymond experiences do not provide the answers: but they raise good

questions. Maybe, with a little reflection, we can unearth the seeds of a couple of answers. *Peter Morales, '67*

## ON THE BUS AT LAST!

"Hit the road, Jack, and don't ya come back no more . . ." The Bus paraded out of San Jose to Ray Charles blasting out of the speakers, Pranksters on the roof with flutes and noisemakers, and one of the Kesey relatives manning the ever-present video camera.

Somewhere along the way there was mechanical trouble, so the trip to Stockton got delayed for 1990's style ratburgers and repairs.

Meanwhile, back in Stockton, a crowd of 150 community and university folks—their clothes ranging from banker-conservative to neo-psychedelic—swarmed around buying books and swapping reminiscences and day dreams waiting for Ken Kesey and his 1990 Pranksters to appear.

The Bus found its way up Stadium Drive—this time with Ray singing "America the Beautiful." Pranksters filmed photographers taking pictures, the flutes and whistles continued, and the Bus pulled up at UOP.

Ken Kesey has gotten bald on top: his wrestler's build still powerful and commanding, his white hair curling out on the sides of his beret. Ken Babbs, Mike Hagen, Lee Quarnstrum, Ed McClanahan, and Paul Krassner piled off the Bus followed by as-

sorted second generation Pranksters. Among them was Kit Kesey, the soon-to-be-legendary Neal Cassady replacement driver.

People everywhere posed around the Bus for their historical photographs. We tried to get on, but were firmly stared down and told to stay outside. Ken Kesey and Ken Babbs signed millions of autographs on books new and old.

Eventually the throngs died down. People would come back in the evening for Kesey's performance and wanted to get some dinner.

My six year old son Sam connived his way on the bus, succeeding with knock-knock jokes where the rest of us had failed. I stood outside talking to David Stanford, the Viking-Penguin publisher's rep, but eventually got invited on board myself.

The interior was red and blotchy, with old seats covered by serapes and animal furs. Sleeping bags filled one end. Head phones hung from holders above the seats. The interior lights had been covered with a soft red film.

Two drawings of Neal Cassady's head decorated the panel above the windshield while Bob Dylan's head is cleverly hidden under the glove box.

In typical Prankster fashion a discussion breaks out about the advisability of smoking a joint in the Bus. A second-generation Prankster is rolling one up and asks for advice. I hedge. Well, UOP has always been pretty conservative. On the other hand, I haven't seen any security cars cruising by and



**KEN KESSEY VISITS STOCKTON**

*Noted author and prankster Ken Kesey visited Stockton on his way to Washington D.C. to put the famous bus in the Smithsonian Museum. The Stockton Arts Commission sponsored Kesey's visit as part of the Marian Jacobs Poetry and Prose Symposium. Raymond Alumni Associates partially underwrote the event.*



the Bus is certainly pretty visible. Kit says no, the advisability is definitely out of the question, shouldn't do it, bad idea. Somebody else says oh I don't know; the would-be smoker lists who's for and against and eventually decides he'll go off the Bus for a while. A general disembarkation follows.

Sam and I tour the outside of the Bus. A Prankster hood ornament decorates the newly replaced chrome. A section with lizards—both painted and three-dimensional—trails over to Dorothy and friends off to see the Lizard of Oz. The Silver Surfer adorns one side replete with fish breathing mirrored bubbles. Pogo pops up here and there.

The Kens Kesey and Babbs come back out to board the bus for their trip to the Hilton and Kesey's nap prior to his evening performance. Video taping proceeds from the top of the Bus. Kesey asks Sam if he's written anything and Sam responds with a roses are red poem involving skunks. Kesey shouts, "I wrote that when I was ten! Don't you have another one that's original?" Sam responds with another involving hip-skunks. Kesey smiles and says he's going to be a writer, and invites us to get on the Bus for the trip. Sam's reputation in the movie is assured.

Maxwell and I climb inside and get handed earphones connecting us to various Pranksters including the driver and outside navigators Mike Hagen and Sam. Kesey handles the CD's, Kit drives the Bus like a Rolls, and Ken Babbs scats along on the earphones. We head out into the Stockton night.

Tom Wolfe has already written this scene: People stare and point and honk. Peace signs appear out of Chevrolets. Our arrival at the Hilton draws out white-haired business suits who smile and wave. The teen-aged bellhop inside thinks we're a rock band.

Our plans to grab a taxi back to UOP, send Sam home to bed and get some food were disrupted by the lack of taxi service. Sam announced he was going to the lecture too. We managed to get some crackers from the bar before heading back on the Bus: this time, on the top.

The world looks freer from up here. If we wave, people see us; if not, we remain invisible on the gaudiest vehicle ever driven down a Stockton street.

This time our arrival at UOP was announced by the Who doing "Magic Bus." I had just lived out a fantasy and stayed high as the top of the Bus even after heading inside to hear Kesey perform.

He started by wrapping a scarf around his head and portraying his 100 year old grandma, teller of stories and rapper of knuckles. He read Tricker the Squirrel, bringing Old Double the Bear to life with a roar that unseated everyone in the auditorium.

UOP's creative writing class sat on the stage. The auditorium was full: people lined the walls, sat in the aisles, and stood four deep in the doorways. Even the six year old boy sat fidget-less as Kesey wove his magic through the evening.

Stories of his group writing class followed Tricker. After a year of class meetings, one of the students uses their public forum to read his Rajneesh manifesto, a surprise to everyone. Someone else leaves a class—note goes around: Let's kill his character.

A story about teaching high school students to love literature prompts Yeat's Song of Wandering Angus: "Though I am old from wandering . . . I will pluck till time and times are done, the silver apples of the moon, the golden apples of the sun."

God beckons writers from across the street—I will give you the vision of Shakespeare, the power of Goethe, and all five muses stripped to the waist. Fuck you God! No one can get in the way of my responsibility to myself.

A magic trick follows with disappearing coins. The artist has to believe in magic and be willing to work magic. That Hemingway, he's not such a great writer, but then you get to the end and all the seeds that he's planted turn to tears starting in your mind and flowing out your eyes and down your cheeks.

The real threat to freedom abroad in our land is the war on drugs. Any time someone wants to control what you do in here—your mind—or if you're a woman, in here—your belly—there's a threat to your freedom. The light drugs are the ones I mean—LSD, grass, mushrooms—I've never approached that religion without a trembling and awe that I never felt in a church.

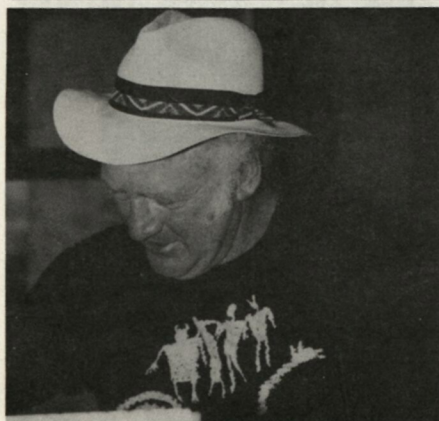
The performance ends. We sing the Ken Kesey National Anthem: "What a long, strange trip it's been . . ." Teary-eyed we clap and stomp and whistle.

The bus is gone. Midway through the performance, with sparklers and firecrackers, it slipped off into the night and left for L.A. The Prankster has been pranked. When we go outside there is a chalk outline on the road, and taped to the sidewalk a note saying, "Nothing Lasts."

Sam decides we have to get a bus and paint it and ride Paul Revere-like throughout the nation: "Kesey is coming, Kesey is coming!" I explain there's only one Bus, but the littlest Prankster counters. It's going to a museum. There needs to be another bus on the road.

How can you argue with that?

Wendi Burnette Maxwell



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# INNOVATIONS & Consequences

The Occasional Newsletter

## The New Shape of G.E. at Pacific

Those of you who receive The Pacific Review know that the General Education Program at the University of Pacific is undergoing a major revision. The current changes come about for two reasons: first, the faculty has come to realize that students can take nearly any lower division course to fulfill a requirement in one of the several categories of the current program; second, Robert Benedetti, who was hired a couple of years ago as the Dean of the College of the Pacific, was given the specific charge to launch a major overhaul of the General Education at UOP. Coming from New College in Florida, Bob was not only familiar with the cluster colleges at Pacific, but was aware of the richness and diversity of General Education as it has been practiced in higher education in the past several decades. He thus brought to Pacific a vision and a determination to change and strengthen General Education while keeping in mind the unique diversity that has characterized Pacific.

The first phase of the new General Education program is currently in the planning stages. A small committee has been working with the Dean this past spring. It has written the appropriate legislation and taken it through the appropriate University governance structures that will enable the development of various aspects of the new programs. The initial planning entails developing three new courses that will be required of all students at the University. Called Mentor Seminars, the first two will be required of freshmen while the third will be required of all seniors. The freshperson Mentor Seminars will involve the first attempts at writing across the curriculum at UOP.

Mentor Seminar I, taken fall semester, will focus on timeless questions--issues that have caused humans to ponder throughout history and across cultures. What is the relation of freedom and destiny, of choice and determinism? Are we socialized individual selves or individualized social selves? What is the relation of nature and nurture, of our uniquely evolving human biology and the particular shaping of culture? Are we inherently evil or basically good? Is there a god(s)? Mentor I will also be a common educational experience for the entire freshperson class, necessitating that the variety introduced by individual professors will be rather limited. A team made up largely of seasoned, experienced teachers is developing this first seminar which will be taught for the first time during Spring 1992 as an experimental pilot class.

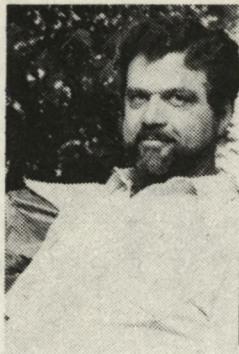
Mentor Seminar II, to be taken during spring semester, will concentrate on contemporary problems and possible solutions--problems dealing with environment, world population, the homeless, are possible topics for exploration. A small faculty planning committee, paralleling the one developing Mentor I, will be named early this fall to begin the development of Mentor II. It will be taught for the first time in Spring 1993.

Mentor III, to be taken during the senior year, will deal with the ethical issues that confront each of us in the various roles we play in an increasingly complex world. This class will be offered the first time during the 1994-95 academic year.

Various other aspects of General Education are being discussed, including the possible development of interdisciplinary paths that would include a series of six or so interconnected, linking courses that would hopefully provide more coherence than the current smorgasbord of courses that tends to constitute what passes for General Education at UOP.

The Raymond Board of Directors has been watching with particular care the development of the new General Education program at Pacific as it emerges. The Board tentatively plans to provide financial support, possibly in the form of Book Awards to outstanding students in the Mentor Seminars and/or the Paths, small awards to outstanding students in these classes who are financially needy, funding of faculty workshops for those who need summer training in areas beyond their expertise, etc.

To change General Education at any educational institution is not easy; to develop a more innovative program at a comprehensive university like Pacific is a real challenge. The Raymond alumni are in a unique position to know the value of General Education in their lives, and some of us at UOP think the effort to improve what we currently have is worth it. We shall keep you informed as the process continues to unfold.



## Phoenix Findings

by *The Aging Professor*

*My column this time will consist entirely of memories of Berndt Kolker that were shared with me by a variety of Raymond alumni.*

He was the only educator to have been enthusiastically appointed to the "in loco parentis" role by the students themselves, ever.

- *Jim Brown 75*

During my college years, and particularly at Raymond, I felt completely unfocused regarding my professional interests, abilities and overall direction. Berndt took the time to know me and extended himself personally to help me establish a professional direction and meet these goals. After Berndt arranged for me to participate in an exciting internship at The Fairmont Hotel, I was able to progressively build a strong career in the hospitality and service industries, which I still maintain today.

Berndt instilled a confidence which was critical to my success and drive. I will always admire and appreciate his intellect, love for people as individuals, and the gifts he shared with so many.

I have so often thought about how very lucky I've been to have known and loved Berndt. He touched my life in a unique and lasting way, for which I will be eternally grateful.

- *Amy Mysel*

The "gift" Berndt Kolker gave to me was to show me a career path I didn't know existed before, but which I have never since left. Like many others, I have benefited from Berndt's ability to see and hear the needs, desires, and talents of his students clearly and to capture or create words, experiences, or opportunities to fulfill them.

I don't remember why I was attracted to Berndt's seminar on regional economic planning and development. Probably it was his enthusiasm that compelled me to sign up for it. We studied the economy of Nevada and recommended ways the state could grow and develop. Berndt actually knew Nevada's governor at the time, and he arranged for his students in the seminar to meet personally with Governor Laxalt. Berndt shared our final papers with the governor, who actually took the time to comment on them! That experience drew me to the professional field of economic and environmental planning and made me eager to find a position in which I could affect government decision making.

Later, through a chance meeting on an airplane, Berndt arranged a job interview for me with a planning consultant. A master's degree and several jobs later, I am today a policy level official in the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Resources. I don't think Berndt Kolker would have been the least bit surprised.

- *Caren Glotfelty 69*

The news of Berndt Kolker's passing saddened me. For the brief time I knew him at Raymond, he proved an encouraging friend. I was reviewing different paths at the time--including a possible career in acting. With three leading roles demanding time, and with time involved in some of Theo MacDonald's community activities, academic attractions paled a bit. He encouraged the exploration and helped construct an avenue towards an academic respite while keeping the door open.

In addition, he facilitated my solo transition to off-campus housing when such arrangements were disallowed. By pointing out that lease commitment would be grounds for maintaining my apartment, he saved me from the lack of privacy dorm living involved upon re-entry to Raymond.

Recently, I RSVPed regrets per some Raymond alumni function, and he personally returned my call, thinking I was someone else. I welcomed the call regardless of the confusion involved--and had the rare opportunity to thank him for being part of the fond memories I carry about some of my Raymond experience. He did not remember me, but I didn't really care. Little did I know I would have no chance for any further contact with him.

He lived his life well and left memories about human potential by his example from which many of us can continue to draw. I'm glad to have known him.

- *Christine Saed, The Aging Drop Out*

While at Raymond, I spent many hours in Berndt's office shooting the breeze, plotting the demise of the Nazi organization in Tracy, and discussing cures for the human condition (whichever condition it happened to be that day). Upon graduating, I worked with Berndt at Lone Mountain College.

While he always treated me as an equal, he was clearly a mentor whose wisdom radiated out, not only when I asked for advice, but when I least expected it. The most memorable insight he gave me was this: "When you are facing change--trying to decide whether to take a risk or not--there is nothing you can do that cannot be undone except jumping out of an airplane without a parachute." Yes, I know that there are other examples, but the concept is one I have relied on and passed on repeatedly. A concept which encourages growth, adventure, and fulfillment. Berndt, you will be missed more than you could ever know.

- *Judy Saeks Gable 77*

I took the Raymond Newsletter and went outside to walk and read it and grieve alone. As I came around the corner of the house in the direction I proposed to walk, I saw a short rainbow hanging in the sky. "It is Berndt's rainbow," I thought to myself. The rainbow lasted the whole time I walked over a dirt road on the side of a hill with fields all around until I reached the curve where the road disappears behind the hill. Here there is a single tree. I stood at this point and read John Williams' eulogy to the end, glancing up from time to time to look at "Berndt's rainbow." It was always there, with me in my grief.

When John quoted Berndt about not giving up riding horses, I could hear Berndt's voice, just the way he would have said those words. "His voice," I thought to myself, "his beautiful voice."

When I finished reading and turned to walk back to my house at the edge of my village in Switzerland, I glanced over my shoulder. The rainbow was fading. I walked a little farther and looked again for the rainbow. It was gone. "Well . . . I don't know," I said aloud, filled with wonder that it "might" be . . . from him, and I started to cry again. I miss him! I think from now on, whenever I am fortunate to see a rainbow, the short stretch of it on the right side halfway down will belong, for me, to Berndt Kolker. I will remember Berndt in the rainbows. And his hair, his snow white hair, white the color of a cloud on a blue sky day.

- *Linda Lockett-Eisele 70*

## GETTING A JOB

I barely got to know Berndt over the first couple of years at Raymond. I attended the faculty meetings (and not just for the M&M cookies) and watched him manage the queue of who would speak next. He turned up quite often at the lunch table in the Great Hall. However, the punning at lunch didn't qualify as "getting to know" in my book.

I became interested in regional planning and "rational" land use policy: the Design With Nature bit. I also lived at Lake Tahoe in the off season. The Tahoe Regional Planning Agency was the perfect place for an internship. I knew a little about the organization, nothing about how to get an internship, and as I said, I didn't know Berndt that well.

Still, I made an appointment with him, walked into his office, and told him of my interest and my idea: get a semester's worth of credit for extending my summer at Tahoe into the fall at the TRPA.

His response was something like "We can do that. I'll arrange it." He didn't know anyone up there. He had heard of the organization, but had no knowledge of it. Yet, he spoke as if he were the decision maker of the agency.

My reaction was "Great Berndt! But, don't you think we should check with them first?" Berndt just brushed this off: "Consider it done. I'll call to arrange it later this week."

Of course, he did. I spent the next fall on the inside of an organization doing some of the most "interesting" regional planning and regulation in the country.

Thanks, Berndt!

- Robert H. Hyerle 77

I graduated from high school in 1973 and was looking forward to starting at Raymond in the fall. My summer vacation was going well, until the Fourth of July when I was rushed to the hospital with a broken back. "There go my college plans"--or so I thought. I didn't know there were people like Berndt Kolker in this world.

So as not to lose any education, Berndt arranged for me to do an independent study at my home in Sacramento. John Smith drove to my house weekly to discuss my progress in an intensive study of literature until I was able to come to the Stockton campus mid-semester.

That was the beginning of three wonderful years at Raymond College. It was tough at first academically. I came close to quitting more than once. Berndt's wisdom and insight turned my discouragement around, encouraged me to keep going, and showed me the rewards of my efforts. "You can do it!" he had said.

When I was ready to graduate and leave Raymond, I didn't want to go. I was worried about functioning successfully in the "real world." Once again, Berndt Kolker was there to express his confidence in my abilities and talents that Raymond had nurtured so well.

My life since Raymond has added many chapters. I've faced many challenges, some more than I thought I could handle. Then came that voice--was it Berndt's?--saying "You can do it!" that gave me the courage to try. Now I am in a position to pass that encouragement on to 30+ students every year, and I do so daily. Though Berndt is gone, his spirit lives on in the lives of those he touched and will continue to live as long as we continue to touch the lives of other people.

- Marie Fuson Hudson 76

Empowerment is one of those terms that has recently become popular and subsequently overused, especially by the bureaucrats. The term has become acceptable jargon especially in the arena of Native American affairs that I work in.

The concept and phenomena have always been around. Time after time I find myself telling Raymond stories that reveal Berndt Kolker's uncanny ability to empower the "downtrodden" student (it is relative!). At that first gathering where Berndt and Eva invited small groups of anxious students to their home, you wondered if they even knew your name. Berndt simply put it to me, "Now that you're back from Vietnam, the world must seem full of possibilities." He knew the burden yet empowered me by freeing me to delve into other subjects . . . say, anthropology and gorilla learning potential.

More incredible was Dr. Kolker, Provost, in the crisis of 1970 when a large contingent of students decided that the curriculum was turning their minds to "mush." Berndt simply (not really, but so we thought) shut down Raymond and told us all that we would rewrite and implement a curriculum that would fulfill our needs. Now that was empowerment of the first order. It was also a learning experience that I'll never forget.

Another lesson in empowerment that was less known about but almost surreal involved our barnstormer, Steve Kander. On a lark and a dare Steve went to Berndt and asked if there was a way to get an appointment to the famed Israeli Air Force. This crazy dream was all but forgotten until Berndt called Steve back in with a positive reply. As double--no triple--fate would have it, Steve didn't go. The story was being told the day before I heard of Berndt's loss, and look where we are in the Middle East. I have no doubt Berndt Kolker could offer a better solution.

- Steven Crouhamel 72

*I'll conclude with a short reminiscence about Berndt's short lived attempt to revitalize Lone Mountain College after he left Raymond:*

## LONE MOUNTAIN

The bittersweet graduation of 1977: Raymond was closing, I was graduating, it was a warm spring afternoon, Rod Dugliss was telling us the tale of "Rod-Boy Grows Up," and I would soon be off to San Francisco.

I had been recruited, been picked, been asked to join, been promoted from student to administrator. Administrator? Berndt was to be the new president of Lone Mountain College. Raymond was being absorbed back into the University, but a few of us were getting out. Berndt was bringing us along to a small liberal arts school on top of a hill.

Lone Mountain College was not in the best of shape. The academic program was disjointed; enrollment was a continuing and worsening problem. Perfect! The Raymond community had been working on a new academic program for the past year and we were no stranger to the enrollment problem. We had sympathy for the small liberal arts college. Now, instead of the big, bad McCaffrey; Berndt was going to be in charge.

The college had received a \$1.6 million grant to improve the administration of the college. That would pay my salary. Berndt wanted me involved in improving planning. I never had a chance to look for a job after graduation. Berndt had given me the ticket.

Well folks, it was not an uplifting experience. Berndt got a chance to use all of his political skills and all of his charm and all of his imagination. I wonder what kind of impression us "Raymond Folk" made sometimes: we were saviours for some, carpetbaggers to many, and mostly held under suspicion.

I was used to seeing Berndt and the faculty on the same side. Raymond faculty meetings made a big impression on me: the tribe members working on tough issues, speaking their piece, going through certain ritual arguments. At Lone Mountain, the faculty had unionized. We were management. It did not look good for transporting the Raymond enthusiasm and vision for liberal arts.

Then there was the money thing. The Kolker Administration arrived at the beginning of the summer of 1977. The enrollment for the fall was set. By the beginning of winter, the new financial vice-president had straightened out the books and seen the future: the College would not be able to make the payroll come spring.

Berndt and company had walked into a bear trap. We put the poor animal to sleep. We sold the campus to the University of San Francisco. They met the payroll and agreed to take on the Lone Mountain Students so that they could complete their degrees under LMC requirements. We all got severance pay.

The phoenix did not rise at Lone Mountain.

- Robert H. Hyerle 77

## THE PREZ SEZ...

### Get a Mailing List!

Ever fantasize about looking up old friends? Or wish you knew Raymond people someplace you were about to visit? I found myself in a "friendless" predicament this past June when I visited New York City for the first time. No one I knew lives in New York, my husband was going to be busy working, and I'd have too much time to myself. What to do, what to do....?

I dragged out my Raymond Alumni mailing list and wrote letters to everyone in the area. Some of them came back because people had moved; some got ignored; and I got a couple of wonderful replies. Ken Fisher, newly elected Councilman, called and volunteered his services. (We never connected though; my fault, not Councilman Ken's.) I also got a nice note from Peter Rosenfeld volunteering for some gallery-hopping. Now, mind you, I'd never heard of Peter in my life, but we got together and had a great time. I learned a lot about Art (big-city style) and found a new friend in the process.

**YOU TOO CAN GET A MAILING LIST!** You too can contact Raymond people you've never met before and make friends in far-off places. All you have to do is write and ask and enclose \$10.00 for copying, mailing, and handling. Please don't use it to sell stuff or to increase the mailing list for your business or sell it to someone else. The idea here is personal, not business networking. Find old friends, make new ones, get a pen-pal in someplace you want to visit, and generally follow the golden rule.

SEND YOUR \$10.00 (and your name, address, and a note on what all's happening in your life these days) to:

John S. Williams  
1860 W. Euclid  
Stockton, CA 95204

*Marge Bruce taught at Raymond College from 1967 until the closing of the college in 1979 when she became a member of the department of English in the College of the Pacific. She died after several weeks in the hospital on February 1, 1991. The follow remarks were made on February 6 by John Smith, currently Professor and department Chair of English, at the memorial service held in celebration of Marge's life.*

## Thinking about Marge Bruce

Marge Bruce was a great heart. She kept her spirit pretty well covered with salt and cynicism, but those of us who knew her knew her gentleness and love and caring. Someone should have played Boswell to Marge--not because she gathered a crowd of devotees in the way that Dr. Johnson did but because she so frequently turned a pithy one-liner and did it so quietly--most of the time--that only those in the immediate audience and those who were especially attentive benefitted from her observation. Fortunately, we do remember some of those pieces of wit and wisdom, but they deserve to be collected.

I met Marge when I came to Stockton for my interviews at Raymond College, where Marge had been teaching for three years. I was leaving the University of Wyoming because of the painful and much-publicized Black 14 incident, in which all the Black football players on the Wyoming team were removed from the team because they asked to take part in a civil rights protest. While all of my potential colleagues were interested in my credentials, no one was more interested than Marge in that incident and in the people and in my reasons for standing with the Black 14. That same interest and compassion led to Marge's study of Black literature and history--including a development leave at the University of Chicago--and to her offering the first course in Black Studies at the University of the Pacific. A similar concern for another group of second-class citizens--women--led to her study of women in literature and to women and the law, after she had done course work in law school as an add-on to her teaching load. And this concern for the people who need help moved her to become a volunteer in the adult literacy program in Stockton after she retired. One of my favorite images of Marge is a memory picture of her working with a man, teaching him to read, as they sat, isolated and concentrated in a corner of the city library. Looking for my book, I passed within three feet of them, but they were so closed off to the world and so focused on the good work of reading that I was invisible.

Marge could be misleading with her one-liners. When I took the job at the University and came out for a conference to plan our Introduction to Humanities course, Marge and I and other faculty teaching the course were discussing literature of the quest--our general focus. We talked about scientific quests, spiritual quests, geographical quests, psychological quests until we were nearly overdone with the Quest for the quest. Someone suggested that we select a work demonstrating the moral quest. "No," Marge said, with no hesitation, "let's not bring morality into it. That just complicates things." Yet later I realized that Marge had one of the strongest and most consistent systems of private ethics that I had known. A private system, for she did not want to go public with it. At another time, just a little later in her career at Raymond College, she began one of her term letters with this striking line: "Death-bed confes-

sions bore me stiff." She was impatient with balderdash, from students or from her colleagues, but she was deeply compassionate, just as she was strongly moral.

When Marge retired, not quite three years ago, she received the Order of the Pacific for her service to the University and her devotion to teaching. At the presentation ceremony in the Gold Room, Marge spoke for the 28,000 comma faults which she had noted and the slightly lower number of dangling participles which she had marked. She would not miss those, she said, but she would miss the students and the teaching. Then, in her retirement, she continued to explore new areas. She started playing the piano again and learned about computers and began taking classical guitar lessons from Terry Mills. When she was ill and occasionally had to cancel her lessons, she was apologetic. She wanted to stop, but Terry insisted that she keep the contract--and she did. Marge also continued to like having dinner with her friends, and if her people friends weren't around she liked having dinner with the cats and the dog who came to live with her. At a dinner party back in November, just a month or so before Marge's last trip to the hospital, the conversation turned to evolution and the speculations about the evolution of human intelligence. Various authorities came up, then Marge cut in: "I don't think it's evolved much at all. Looks to me like there are a whole lot more idiots out there than geniuses." The one-liners, the pith, and the salt were still present.

At St. Joseph's, even though Marge had a lot of pain and was sometimes groggy from the medicines, she still had that wonderful mix of saltiness and gentleness. She would examine the food on her dinner tray and speculate unfavorably about its nature and its origins; and she also made sure that the nurses, who were attentive and kind, took most of the See's chocolates which her friends brought her.

Marge Bruce had a great heart, and during the past couple of weeks when Marge couldn't respond to us, that great heart kept on going. Like others, I went to see Marge and I did not know quite what to do. But I wanted to be there. Sometimes I held her hand, sometimes I spoke to her, sometimes I prayed, sometimes I read a poem or two. The last time I went to see her I took my beat-up old copy of John Donne's poems, and I read her one of his best ones, for Marge should have the best.

Death be not Proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou are not soe.  
For, those, whom thou thinks't, thou dost overthrow,  
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.  
From rest and sleepe, which but they pictures bee,  
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,  
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,  
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.  
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And doest with poyson, warre, and sickness dwell,  
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,  
And better than thy stroke, why swell'st thou then?  
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

## *Aging Professor Discovers Three of Marge's Poems*

I was asked by those settling Marge Bruce's modest estate to sell her computer, printer, and diskettes. Upon examining the diskettes prior to formatting them, I discovered one labeled poetry. On it were three wonderful religious poems. Few who knew Marge, except for her closest friends, knew how devout she was; none of her friend or colleagues knew that she wrote poetry. Several of us decided to submit her three poems to The Christian Century, the result being that one of them, "Double Vision," will be published in a future issue. The student editors of this year's Calliope, the university student literary magazine, dedicated it to Marge and published two of her poems. I include all three as a way of sharing our memories of a dear friend, teacher, and colleague who left a quiet mark on all who knew her.

### *DOUBLE VISION*

I have shaped of you such a vision  
Which, if you were to meet,  
You would not recognize.

"This is a strange apparition,"  
You would say;  
"Surely this is not me,  
For he is all perfection  
And I--I am made of clay."

Let there be two of you then--  
I need you both.  
I'll take the clay for daily bread  
And the dream to fill the hollow hour  
When earth is not enough.  
- Marge Bruce

### *LUMEN CHRISTI*

Sharp-shafted light  
Like a struck match  
Illumines an instant  
The caverns of night.

But here are no green fires  
That gutter in the wind  
Shadowing doubt and indecision  
To distort and blind  
The clarity of vision.

A clarion of silence  
A torch of transcendence  
The burn spirit flares.  
- Marge Bruce

## *FRA ANGELICO'S ANNUNCIATION*

Earth scarcely feels the light  
Touch of spirit  
As the pink-robed angel,  
Wings half-spread from flight,  
Pauses within the colonnade.

She, dressed in a cloak of wood-violet blue  
Sits there quietly unafraid  
Her glance calm and intense  
As a candle-flame in a wind-free place.

"Hail, Mary, full of grace!"

She hovers eternally  
Between wonder and decision.

Did the agonizing vision  
Spin out before her  
In one overwhelming instant?  
Could she sense the echoing future  
Muffled like distant thunder  
The murmuring multitudes by the sea  
The plea  
Of the lame, the blind, and the deaf?

## *IMPORTANT NOTICE ABOUT KEEPING IN TOUCH*

There are two ways to send a change of address, a letter, information, a request for information, etc., to the Raymond Board of Directors or the Raymond Newsletter. You can address your mail to the box number in the University mail room, or you can write to the home address of the Aging Professor. In nearly all cases it is more convenient if you send all information to the Aging Professor.

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Stockton, CA 95211

John S. Williams  
1860 W. Euclid  
Stockton, CA 95204  
(209) 465-7449

You're a tough group to keep track of! Please stay in touch.

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The rustling of palms that strewed the road?  
Hosannas of joy?

The rumble of marching, the clash of swords  
The small thin words  
"What is Truth?"

The shrill howl of hate  
The scrape of cross over rock and stone  
The crushing of fiber and bone  
The slow life dropping red in the dust  
The drunken soldiers brawling in lust  
For a seamless robe?

The inconsolable grief  
Of Mary, Magdalen, and John  
The prayer of the penitent thief?

The last loud cry  
"Eli, Eli, lamma sabacthani?"

The storm swings still  
Spirit burns free, ascends  
Like incense from ashes of self  
As will unites to Will  
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord."  
- Marge Bruce