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Oral History Program**

**Paul M. Ford**

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This interview was conducted with Paul M. Ford, Professor Emeritus of Educational Administration and Foundations and former Provost/Vice President for Academic Affairs. The interview was conducted at his home in Wenatchee, Washington on May 10, 2003. The interviewer is Tamara Belts.

Today is May 10, [2003], Saturday and we are over here with Dr. Paul Ford who is retired Professor Emeritus of Educational Administration and Foundations. He was also Provost and Vice President for Academic Affairs while he was at Western. He has just signed the Informed Consent agreement and we will now proceed with the oral history.

**PF:** Somebody once asked me, —Why did you come to Western?"

Well in 1969 I was a young, energetic, ever-hopeful, full professor at Washington State University, who came home for lunch one day and said to my wife, Mary Ann, —Et's go live where there are some trees— maybe western Washington. My major research interest is organizational theory and I can practice and teach that anywhere, and besides the steelhead fishing is a lot better over there than it is in a Palouse wheat field!"

So we went to Western. The Education Department head there was a friend of mine from WSU named Herb Hite. He and I had done a great deal of research at Washington State University. So when I arrived at the Western campus fall of 1970 we met and he said, —Well I guess we ought to keep doing what we've been doing, only let's do it a little bit better."

The thing that impressed me most about Western on the first day of classes in 1970 was walking in from the parking lots by the old Art/Tech Building and toward Miller Hall, there were masses of students. They were ebullient, they were frolicking, they were talking and laughing with professors they had known or would get to know. This was a situation of real ferment. This was a situation in which a small institution had grown almost overnight into a much larger institution -- more students, many more students, more faculty, many more faculty. I imagine the faculty doubled from something around 200 to over 400 in a very short period of time -- this certainly was where the action was.

As for me, I did many of the same things at Western, at least during my first four years there, that I had done at Washington State. First of all, we secured a large research grant. This was called Project Turn About and it was a different way to prepare teachers for the classroom, and it was also a different way to educate elementary school children from financially impoverished backgrounds. Literally, Western took over the Garfield Elementary School in Everett, Washington. At that time the Superintendent in Everett was Owen Forbes, Class of '49 at Western, and he said, —Go ahead, if you can do anything with these poor kids, do it."

One of the first things I noticed about the school was that it was covered with graffiti. By the time we got through there, there was no graffiti.

One major thrust of our program was to reduce student to teacher load in the building from twenty-five to one, to five to one. And we did that through using Western faculty; Western undergraduates who did their student teaching there and Western graduate students. Our theory was that different children learn different things and in different ways and at different rates of speed. We set theory to practice.

And guess what? The performance of those little children in that school improved immensely. One thing we learned though was that the turnover rate among those children was pretty great, so only about half of them stayed with us. But the graffiti all disappeared and pretty soon we had large-scale participation of those children's parents in the school -- that was a booming success! And for that program Owen Forbes and his school district and Western and the education program won the National Pacesetter Award from the United States Office of Education.

During that same period of time I was the principal consultant to Governor Evans Special Commission to Study Basic Education in the common schools of the State of Washington. Our objectives were to figure out what the curricula should be in the common schools, and how to equalize funding among public school districts—so that the kids from "Podunk" had the same amount of support as those in Mercer Island. I worked on that project with the Battelle Institute and with Touche Deloitte (National Accounting Firm) and the results of that work became what later was passed in the legislature as the Basic Education Law for the State of Washington. So that was the second major thing I was involved in during those years. And then of course as a new faculty member at Western I got to teach the 8:00 AM undergraduate classes and that was great fun too.

Meanwhile I fished for steelhead and my greatest discovery came through one of our secretary/program administrators whose name was Rotha Miles and she may still be working at Western, I don't know, or whether she's retired. But Rotha's husband, John Miles, would later be my appointment as Dean of Huxley College. Anyway, Rotha had taken up tying flies for steelhead and she provided me with two flies, black leech patterns that became the first two flies on which I caught steelhead in the North Fork of the Stillaguamish River. It took me two years before I finally caught one of those fish on a fly. Without Rotha, it could have been 22 years!

As I mentioned a minute ago, when I arrived on the Western campus it was a campus in ferment. It was a community in search of its identity; it was a community changing from what it had been, a marvelous teacher education institution, into a multi-purpose college.

I found at Western some genial, wise, older faculty and leaders. Among them were Ralph Thompson in Education, Jerry Flora who was an aquatic biologist, but also President and a leader. I found Bob Monahan who was Dean of this expanding universe. I met Alan Ross, a canny man, and Dean of the Graduate School. I found Dick Starbird, who had built a powerful program in educational leadership. All these people were working toward that goal of helping define what Western should become. They were seeking out a new definition of vision, and mission, and of course identity.

I noticed, too, that the organizational structure at Western just couldn't support the growth, the huge growth, the number of departments we had, the number of new faculty. Jerry Flora knew that and he began activities that led to what would become new administrative structures. When Jerry left the presidency, President Olscamp came along and he too knew that we would need new colleges, new ways to organize the multi-department structure that we had. I marveled at the time when I first got there, how folks like Jerry Flora and Bob Monahan could manage this great number of departments and people. So what the institution was looking toward as I got there and in my first four years was reorganization. We had a strong internal focus but we had two uncontrollable external variables that impinged on what we were doing. One of these variables was enrollment increase and enrollment decline, and the other was the unpredictability of state funding. These two things led to a calamity in 1972 which was RIF (Reduction in Force).

That RIF was felt not only in 1972-1973 but the specter of that RIF was still haunting the institution when I retired in 1993. Of course in 1972 I was an untenured, full professor and I really didn't pay much attention. The Department of Education was reduced from something like 60 positions to 50 positions, but most of

those were lectureships. But at least a couple of those were tenure track, assistant professorships and what happened harmed the Education Department emotionally in a profound way. More on those external forces and the whole RIF business later when I talk about the period in which I was Acting Vice President for Academic Affairs.

By 1973-74 the Department of Education which was a cumbersome, disorganized group of people, was looking for a department chair. They sought a person who had made no enemies, who had said very little, who had gone about his work with a smile, and seemed optimistic about the world, and that person turned out to be me. I guess I didn't have the savvy to say no, but I was still at the age when I was optimistic and believed that anything good could happen. When I took over the chairmanship I took over a department whose budgets had been cut, and which was divided into seven program areas-- areas of faculty expertise. The chair appointed each program area head who was given a slightly reduced teaching load for this extra unpaid responsibility.

My general approach to administration based on my education, training and background as a professor at WSU and my graduate training at Harvard was this -- find good people to head your administrative areas, give them responsibility and authority, agree on what's to be done and let them do their jobs, and this worked out well in most areas.

The major thrust of my work during this period was to establish off-campus programs for education in Seattle and Tacoma. For two purposes: one, to serve the needs of teachers and administrators in those areas who found it difficult to come to campus for their master's degrees in curriculum and instruction or reading or school administration, or whatever. That was one purpose. Another purpose was to increase our enrollment because contrary to the huge numbers of students we had had earlier, the number of students was dropping off on campus, a direct result of the economic problems in Seattle and that metropolitan area and Tacoma. Boeing went bust big time! You remember the sign on the freeway -- south toward Tacoma, --The last person leaving Seattle please turn out the lights."

So that was the thrust of our activities off-campus: to provide high quality programs taught by our faculty or similarly qualified faculty recruited from the school districts. And we did get the enrollment up big time, but there was a big problem -- that is, whether or not those enrollments would be counted toward what Olympia would give us for student support.

I thought nothing of it. I thought it was not a problem, since the courses were being taught by our instructors or equally qualified adjunct faculty the same way they were taught on campus. But no, I made the mistake of calling Old Main and talking to an underling in the Provost's Office over there, who said, --No, these student credit hours shouldn't be counted."

And I said, --Well what's your position on that? Defend it." And this person was not in a position to defend what he had said.

I said, --Do you mean to tell me you're turning down what would be the equivalent of three full-time faculty positions and you have no defense except \_Well, everybody knows that off-campus credits aren't equal to what we do on campus.'" And I said, --Okay that sounds bad to me."

I went home and I poured myself a big scotch! And I poured one for my wife, who at the same time had just finished a master's in school administration at Western and was a principal, and she allowed, --That man doesn't know what he's talking about! The off campus courses are just the same as those taught on campus. I've been there; done that."

I thought long and hard, and I was angry, very angry, and so it was in the spring of 1976, it must have been, that I sent my resignation across to the Provost and to my Dean and said, --No way, no more, find another chairman." So that was the end of that chairmanship. It was probably immature of me to leave the chair at that point, but I was one disgusted cowboy!

Shortly thereafter, it was decided by someone in Old Main that off campus credits generated by our faculty or approved adjunct faculty could be counted for state fund entitlement purposes.

I went back to teaching administration courses and at the same time, the Danforth Foundation asked me to run a program for Washington State principals that would take them to various places in the nation where they would learn new things about the principalship. That took us to Tucson, where I became an honorary citizen of Tucson, and it took us, the group of principals, to Las Vegas, where I became an honorary citizen of Las Vegas and some other places. But at any rate, my paw print in administrator preparation continued.

For the next few years, I became involved in campus activities, committees of one sort or another, but one most important committee during the middle and late seventies, the Academic Coordinating Commission, the famous ACC, before which came requests for new colleges.

Presidents Flora and Olscamp knew there was a need for new administrative structures. Especially during the days of President Olscamp, the requests came to ACC. And though this was a serious time, it was also a time when, occasionally, I laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks. First, there were serious questions -- would the College of Business and Economics, or what became the College of Business and Economics, be a school or a college? What were the differences between a school and a college? The debates in the ACC rang out through the old College Hall conference room where we gathered.

One professor said to another professor, --Professor \_Blank, ' let me explain to you what you are trying to say.'

And Professor --Blank'' replied in rage, --I know what I'm trying to say!''

I, in order to make peace among the groups, said, --Well, there's a very easy answer for all of this -- since we have Huxley College and Fairhaven College, why don't we name all of the other units colleges? Makes sense to me. Or, if you don't want to do that, we could follow a more prestigious example and name everything else that's new, a school, just like Harvard -- Harvard Business School, Harvard Law School, Harvard Medical School, Harvard Divinity School, and on *ad infinitum*.'' But I was looked down upon with scorn! The debates had to rage on.

The chair of the ACC at that time was the Acting Provost Loren Webb, who loved the University as much as I did, and as the tears would roll down my cheeks, he would look away and I would see him grinning, trying not to laugh.

But at any rate colleges were established: the College of Fine and Performing Arts and so forth, everything independent from the College of Arts and Sciences, except the School of Education. The School of Education faculty was not trusted to have a school of its own, it was attached to the College of Arts and Sciences, and a dean was employed, my old friend Dr. Arnold Gallegos, who came to us from Washington State University. Arnold was a scholar, a gentleman, but he would not put up with reporting to Dean Davis, despite the fact that Dean Jim Davis of the College of Arts and Sciences was a good person and a good scholar. But Arnold and the Ed faculty would not abide the situation, and so the debate came back to ACC.

There were almost fistfights involved among those carrying on arguments, and I mean that literally—fistfights! There finally came a vote on whether or not the School of Education would become a separate unit. The ACC vote was tied. Loren Webb broke the tie; he voted in favor of separating the School of Education. The School of Education became an independent unit, and so the chapter on establishing separate colleges and a separate school ended.

Shortly after that in 1979, President Olscamp convened a meeting of the general faculty to talk about the state of the college. But at that meeting of the faculty, he declared that he was appointing a special commission or committee, I've forgotten which, to study Fairhaven College, because Fairhaven's enrollment was down, and Fairhaven was performing out of whack, so to speak. And he named me chair of that committee or commission that would determine what Fairhaven was doing, why, and so forth.

I spent six months, or whatever time it was, with the committee, studying Fairhaven. I went to Fairhaven and I listened to arguments from faculty and students, but mostly what I did was to study student folders. What was the product of what faculty and students had done together? The work in general varied from superb to good, but certainly it was no different from what other students on the campus were doing, and certainly not much different from what I had seen undergraduates do at Washington State University or before that in my stint at Whitman College. By and large Fairhaven students were doing just fine.

We found some problems with Fairhaven policy and practice, but the problems did not appear insurmountable.

What was really important in this process that we went through was that Provost Jim Talbot had given me and the committee a charge, and I had spent some time with Talbot discussing the charge. In essence, what he said to me was, —Et the study take you where it will. And remember, if the findings so dictate, don't let Fairhaven off. Don't pull your punches.” But my point is, never during the four or five conversations I had with Talbot, did he ask me what we were finding; never did he interfere in the process. The only questions he asked me were about the process and whether it was going all right. In other words, he was checking to find out whether or not the investigation was taking place in a rational way. I shall never forget that, and I shall never forget what a gentleman he was, and how easy it was to get on with him. He showed himself as a good administrator, and we got to know each other a bit.

Well, the Fairhaven Report came out and it was not altogether complimentary. Indeed, we imposed a number of sanctions on Fairhaven, the most important of which was that its faculty would come to the main campus to teach and that in turn certain faculty, as appropriate, from the main campus would go to Fairhaven to teach. Secondly, that students, where appropriate from Fairhaven, would come to the main campus to take course work and vice versa. What we were trying to do was to build a linkage between Fairhaven and the main campus.

A problem turned out to be that we could not easily find a dean for Fairhaven. Finally, one of the members of the committee itself was called upon by Provost Talbot to be dean and this man's name was Phil Ager from the Department of Music, College of Fine and Performing Arts. Phil Ager I knew well. He was a master of working with and through people to get work done. Talbot couldn't have made a better choice. And equally important Fairhaven faculty liked him, they approved of him, they knew he could do the job, and so the Fairhaven chapter ends.

Next I think, came my greatest contribution to Western, if I ever made a contribution, and that contribution took place over a very short period of time, only six months. In May of 1982, President Olscamp took the presidency of another institution and so Executive Vice President and Provost Talbot became Acting President and a search committee was established to find an Acting Provost/Vice President for Academic Affairs. I was selected for that position by the committee and Jim Talbot accepted me. And so on July 16<sup>th</sup> of 1982, I became Acting Vice President for Academic Affairs/Provost while teaching full time in the Department of Education. And I thought, —Well, that's no problem, nothing ever happens at Western during the summer.”

What I learned immediately after accepting the appointment in July of '82 shocked me. First, I learned that the fall enrollment was down by one thousand students. The financial ramifications of that could be potentially horrendous. Second, I learned that the University's operating budget was due to the Board of Trustees in September, and that I was responsible for preparing that budget. Thirdly, I learned that the crafts and general labor union of the University had filed a complaint and then a grievance against me and the University, so all was not well. Fourth, the Staff Employees' Council was very unhappy about the University's failure to provide instructional programs so that staff could climb the career ladder.

I went for my first meeting with Jim Talbot and he greeted me, as he greeted only some of his friends with, —Well, good afternoon old chap! So nice that you could come aboard!”

And so we talked a bit, and Talbot gave me the lowdown on what his responsibility would be as President, and what my responsibility would be as Vice President. His responsibility would be to work the Board of Trustees, Olympia, and the Foundation. My responsibility would be to take over the entire internal operation of the university. He told me for a short time, he would be Chairman of the University Budget Committee, which was comprised of the three vice presidents, Academic Affairs, Business, and Student Affairs, and then after I got my feet wet, I would be Chairman of the Budget Committee, which meant that I was senior Vice President of the University, with of course the experienced Tom Quinlan, and the experienced Don Cole as my juniors, and I thought, "Oh great!"

He also told me, "You know old chap, things aren't going very well with the enrollment. It looks like we're going to have to reduce program, maybe faculty, so I'd like you to establish an Instructional Program Review Committee, to review the entire academic program of the University and to have that program review to you not later than the end of the fall quarter." And I just about dropped dead! I said, "You can't do this! This can't happen!" I begged for leniency, and I then begged for mercy!

And he just smiled that smile of his and said, "I'm sure old chap, you and the committee will get it done with no problem."

And I said, "Well okay, if you're going to do that to the instruction program, then we better have a committee for the administration program too, so we'll have an Administration Program Review Committee as well."

He said, "That'll be swell old chap!"

So I left his office, but with Jim Talbot you were never in doubt, you knew where he stood, you knew where you stood, you knew where the university stood, no problem. And I considered him a top-notch administrator and a top-notch person, and I went back to do my work.

Well, the first thing to do was to constitute the Instruction Program Review Committee and the Administrative Program Review Committee, and I got good people on those committees. They did their work, after I gave them their charge, of course, and I met with them only occasionally to review what processes they were using and I steered clear of any findings they might be developing. I had the right people, they had the resources they needed, which we'd provided, and I let them do their job, encouraged them to do their job.

Next problem--Someone, represented by the University's labor and crafts union, had filed a complaint in June and the University had not responded to it. So the complaint turned into a grievance against the University and specifically me. The documents had rested in my in-box for some time because I thought union and personnel matters were handled in the office of the Vice President for Business and Finance. What to do?

#### **END OF SIDE ONE OF TAPE ONE**

I invited the union leadership to my office and made sure there was plenty of coffee and that there were lots of donuts and in they came, and they gave me really hard looks. There were half a dozen of them, and I could see that they were angry, so I said, "I have this complaint that's been filed, and the grievance." I said, "I'm sorry, but I didn't know I was supposed to respond to the complaint since this was directed to personnel and the Vice President of Business Affairs. I thought it was their concern and I thought that this was only an information copy, at least nobody told me it was my problem, and I apologize. Now, if you'll go through it with me, I can promise you one thing, it will get solved and it will get solved quickly, and it will be over with."

So they told me again what their problem was, and I said, "God! It'll get taken care of. Do you have anything else you'd like to talk to me about?"

And so we reviewed a few other things. I said, “I think this is good! Since I’ve been told I’m the Senior Vice President of the University, I’d like you to come in once a month to talk to me and tell me what’s going on and I’ll foot the coffee and the donuts.”

And they thought that was a pretty good deal. So off they went. They got out of the office, I called the correct people in Business Affairs and I said, “I’d like you to come up and we need to talk.” So the correct people appeared and I said, “Why the hell didn’t you deal with this as you should have?”

[They said], “Well, it slipped through the cracks.”

And I said, “Well, we really don’t need things slipping through the cracks, let’s get this solved.”

So away they went, and a week later they called and said, “The problem is solved.”

I said, “Aren’t?”

So I assumed that the problem was solved. The problem was not solved! The leader of the local union called me and said, “We have to meet with you again.” And I said, “But a month hasn’t passed.”

He said, “Well, this is about the grievance.”

And I said, “Well, there can’t be a grievance if there is no complaint, the complaint has been resolved.”

And he said, “Well, our man from Olympia has come up to speak about the grievance.”

So I said, “Fine, we’ll schedule the meeting.”

So up came the man from Olympia and in came the others from the campus, and I greeted them all, and I said, “It’s go through all of this again so our man from Olympia, Mr. Jones, can see what we’ve done.”

This was one of those slick guys from Olympia, I could tell by the way he dressed, coat and tie. So we talked about the problem and I said, “Now we’re agreed the problem is solved.”

But he said, “The grievance is not solved, we want reparation. We want something in return for the administrators not having responded sooner to our complaint.”

So I said, “Fine! What do you want?”

He said, “We want a seat on the Instructional Program Review Committee.”

And I said immediately, “No! There’s nobody in your group who’s qualified to sit on that committee.”

And he looked at me and he said, “Oh.”

And I said, “Possibly on the Administrative Program Review Committee there would be a place,” but I said, “On the other committee, no, you’re not qualified.”

He said, “Well, I guess that’s that.”

I said, “Do you want a place on the other committee?”

And he looked at his group and he said, “I guess so.”

“So,” I said, “Is the grievance settled?”

He smiled at me, as a professional negotiator will, and said, “Maybe.”

The meeting was adjourned and everybody but the man from Olympia left, and he came over to me and he gave me a knowing smile and he said, “Well I know you had to do that, but we had to test you.” And off he went.

A couple of weeks later, I got a letter from Olympia and it said, “The grievance is settled.”

As time went on I had coffee with the union group, and then another different union from the college wanted to meet with me. They said, “Well, if you’re meeting with that other union, you ought to be meeting with us.”

I said, “Let’s all meet together.”

They said, “No, we won’t meet with that other group.”

I said, “All right, we’ll have separate meetings.” And so we did. The year passed, and I made friends among groups of people who probably I would never otherwise have met and they became and stayed friends even through my Vice Presidency in 1987, and that was good.

Another challenging matter that occurred during the summer of 1982 was the business with the University operating budget and that, too, turned out not to be a problem. The Provost’s Office was responsible for developing the entire university budget; one would think that that would be developed in Business Affairs, but at Western at that time, that was not the case. The Vice President for Academic Affairs/Provost was the person in charge and that budget was written by his office. Fortunately, my Vice Provost Jim Albers, was an all-star at this type of work and he led me through the process though he did most of the work. When I took the budget to the Board of Trustees for approval in September, it was approved without a problem—but knees shook as I made that presentation! The whole process was just slick. And it is interesting that it was the Vice President for Academic Affairs/Provost, not the President, who made the presentation to the Board of Trustees. Apparently that’s the way President Olscamp had operated, and that’s the way Acting President Talbot operated, and it wasn’t such a bad idea. Lines of authority and responsibility were very clear.

Also during the summer and fall of 1982, there were strong rumblings from the Staff Employees’ Council. Classified staff wanted means provided so that workers could move up the career ladder within the University—for example from secretary to program manager to whatever. The undertone of my first meetings with SEC leadership was distrust on their part. Why, I don’t know. But Maurice Bryan, who headed their group, developed a friendship based on mutual respect and trust. The rest is history. He and I developed a framework with University financial support for staff development training and that program still prospers. Mary Robinson, my Associate Provost for Administration, was given responsibility for carrying out the program with SEC and she did a first class job. The problem was solved and lots of people grew professionally over the years.

One other comment I must make about the Instructional Program Review process; there were a zillion community meetings, and I went to most of them, met a lot of interesting people who testified on the value of this and of that. Perhaps the most striking incident of all was when I entered a classroom for a meeting and saw a young woman sitting cross-legged on the instructor’s desk. And I thought, “Who could this person be?” Well, it turned out to be none other than Annie Dillard, and it was the first time I’d ever met the lady, who created *Tinker*, and it was a pleasure, and it’s too bad we couldn’t have kept her forever – what a surprise.

It is January 13, 1983. Curt Dalrymple, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, appears in my office. Curt was my friend as well as the Chair of the Board, but out of thin air he shows up on a black, rainy afternoon and says, “Bob Ross will be on campus tomorrow, and the day after, he’s to have a press conference. I want



you to have a briefing book ready for him by tomorrow so that he will have it when he meets with me and for the press conference.”

And I said, “Surely you are in jest! It’s two thirty in the afternoon, I’m out of energy, and I just want to go home!”

His response, “Oh, you can get it done.” And he laughed.

And when Curt spoke, I jumped, as I should. And so I gathered my forces together, mainly Jim Albers and Joyce Oiness. Joyce was a top-level administrative assistant in the office and an absolute gem when it came to problem-solving and management. I said, “Okay folks, help me. What does this fellow need so he can get through a press conference?”

We patched together the beginnings of a scrapbook, finished that night, and got it all put together the next morning. We were proud of our work! And so I appeared at Chairman Dalrymple’s office, which at that time was in the old Lakeway Holiday Inn; it’s probably called something different now, but at any rate, that’s where his office was.

I walked in there about one thirty, still raining and dark, typical Bellingham winter day, January the 14<sup>th</sup>. Sitting across from where I walked in was this great hulk of a man, G. Robert Ross, the anointed. Well G. Robert looked half asleep. He probably had a long trip I thought, probably had just come in on the airplane. I greeted him, and in what I learned later was the Ross mumble, he said, “[Mmph],” which meant “Hello.”

I said to President Ross, “I have a briefing book here for you that Chairman Dalrymple wanted you to have before your press conference tomorrow. Here it is, and I’m here to answer questions before you meet with the press tomorrow. I’ve also written a statement for you to give at the press conference.”

And President Ross said, “[Mmph],” which meant “Okay” I think.

He opened the book and thumbed through it and said, “Hm. Hmm.”

I said, “Well, do you have any questions?”

He said, “No, I don’t think so.”

And I said, “Are you sure?”

He said, “[Mmph]” and I assumed that meant “Yes, no questions.”

So we sat and looked at each other for five minutes, and it dragged on and I thought to myself, “Is Dalrymple doing this on purpose? To show that he’s the boss?” And, of course, as Chair of the Board of Trustees he would be the boss.

Well pretty soon he came out of his office and smiled and said, “You two have had a chance to get acquainted?” And [Ross] said “[Mmph].”

And I said, “Yes.”

And so Chairman Dalrymple said, “Well thank you Paul, we’ll see you tomorrow,” and so that was the end of the meeting.

The next day at the press conference, which was held in [the Board of Trustees Room], Ross got there with Dalrymple. Chairman Dalrymple made a statement introducing our new president who was to take up his duties immediately, and then President Ross gave his statement, and it didn’t have anything to do with

anything we'd done in the briefing book. I thought to myself, —Well, maybe that foreshadows the future, I don't know.” But the press conference went well. That was what was important.

Three weeks later, on February the 4th, it was my responsibility to report to the Board of Trustees my recommendations based upon my study of the reports from the [Instructional Program Review Committee] and the [Administrative Program Review Committee]. Very, very, serious period of time in the history of the University, I thought. Now remember, Ross had been on campus three weeks and had taken over as President from Talbot. I went in to discuss the results of the report with Ross. I had discussed them with Talbot, and Talbot's response to me, —Well, it's your responsibility old chap. I know what I'd do if I were you, but I'm not going to tell you.”

I went in the morning before the Trustees' meeting to talk to Bob Ross, who I'd gotten to like a lot in that first three weeks, and I said, —~~Here~~ are the recommendations, what do you think?”

He mumbled a bit in his non-committal way. Then he looked at me and said, —Well Paul, I've got just one bit of advice for you. Remember that it's a lot easier to destroy something than to create something.”

And I said, —Oh.”

And I thought about that overnight and I thought about the University's identity and its mission as a multi-purpose institution. Where are we going? Is our vision to become narrower or to become broader, what are we to be? And so I went to the Board of Trustees meeting, and I had my mind made up, what I was going to do. The Board of Trustees meeting was mobbed with people who were there to defend [their] turf. I still have the newspaper articles that describe that meeting.

So I spoke to the Trustees. The most important recommendations from the IPRC were these: eliminate Fairhaven College and re-assign faculty to academic departments, and those who can't be re-assigned or found a place for should be dismissed; reduce Huxley College to departmental status, and make it a part of Arts and Sciences, in other words, get rid of or drop Huxley College; eliminate business education. And there were many other recommendations, most of which I could go along with, but you've got the major ones.

My recommendations were, one: that Western is a multi-purpose university, needs a place like Fairhaven where different people who learn different things in different ways can go and work and learn together, that includes both faculty and students, that Fairhaven should not be eliminated, but that it should be held to specific strong standards. Secondly, I saw Huxley as making a huge interdisciplinary contribution to the institution as a whole and I saw its relationship to Shannon Point as being important, and so I said I could not accept the recommendation from the Committee. I made some comment about business education, and that being left up to whatever the Dean in the College there decided, and it was dropped within the next year and a half after a retirement.

The rest of the recommendations of the [Instructional Program Review Committee] were accepted, but none of them led to the dismissal of any tenure-track or tenured faculty position. There was no RIF and that was something that I had looked at long before, months before the Committee's recommendation came to me. I searched for every way we could to avoid a 1972 and I think that we did avoid the 1972 problem while at the same time maintaining the University's new identity -- that is to grow and change and to become.

And so that was probably the most important contribution I ever made to the University's wholeness, or at least I thought so at the time, and I still think so. The week after that Trustees meeting I went to see President Ross to resign as Vice President for Academic Affairs because my job was done. It was time for me to go back to the Department of Education. He had Executive Vice President Talbot there and to me it made sense for Talbot to go back to his old job and his old office and work. But Ross looked me in the eye and said, —No, we're not going to do that. You're going to stay.”

So I stayed until June, 1983. I was there for commencement that year and conferred degrees along with the President and Executive Vice President Talbot. President Ross asked me if I would stay on as Special Assistant to the President but I went back to the Department of Education. I would say that during the period from when President [Ross] appeared on the scene, from then until June of 1983 President Ross maintained a very positive profile on campus and in Olympia, though I would review with you one scene that happened during that period that will remain in my memory.

President Ross had been to Olympia in late March to discuss the University budget with somebody. And as I often did, late in the afternoon before going home I walked down to his office and sat down and said, "Well how did it go?" And he looked at me, and he just hung his head, and he looked very sad – great, big, hulking man, great, big bear. And he said to me, "Paul, those people just don't understand. They don't understand."

It struck me at the time how educational that had been for him and how very sad it was, and yet despite that situation Bob Ross always carried a kind of optimistic bent with him. But I knew he had been deeply impressed.

In 1983-84 Vice President Talbot went back to his position but decided that he would prefer to teach Geology, so he returned to the Geology Department to talk about tectonic plates and the like shortly thereafter. There was a nation wide search for a Vice President for Academic Affairs and as a consequence of that search one afternoon President [Ross] called me and said, "Would you come up to the house?" This was in June of 1984. I had just finished mowing the lawn and he said, "Come up to the house, I want to talk to you about something"

And I said to my wife Mary Ann, "Well this is either yes or no."

So I went up to his house and he said, "Well I think the first thing we should do is have a toast." So he poured a wee drink and he said, "Here's to the new Vice President of Western Washington University."

And that was very good I thought!

But what I did not realize was that President Ross would completely change the administrative organization which had been in place under President Olscamp and Acting President Talbot. In other words the Provost's position was there no more. President Ross was both President and Provost, though not in title, he was in terms of authority. So that made life very, very different for me, and it thoroughly confused the role of President and Vice President for Academic Affairs. For example, the VPAA was still responsible for preparing the University budget, setting agendas for Board of Trustees' meetings etc., but one could never be sure that the President would not change things in mid-course.

The responsibility for preparing the University budget still somehow rested with the Vice President for Academic Affairs; so in the summer of 1984 that was my responsibility. The budget was written in anticipation of the September Board meeting at which the Board of Trustees would consider it for approval. But late in August of 1984 President Ross decided that he wanted to change our carry-forward budget to carry-forward plus 22%.

And I said to the President, since he and I got along very well, "This is lunacy. The State doesn't have any money and we're coming in 22% above carry-forward and they're going to think we've been smoking something strange."

He just looked at me and he said, "Well you never know what's going to happen."

Jack Cooley from the Business Office and I got together and we made changes to that operating budget, which you understand is a 300 page document full of text and full of money and full of figures. And I was oh so tired—because Jim Albers had not been available to help put the budget together that summer. But Ross presented the budget to the Board of Trustees. It was approved and off it went to Olympia—where the Governor's staff and Legislature did a hatchet job on it.

My major objective for the year was to change a bit the way Academic Affairs decision-making took place. I gathered together the Deans and Directors and said to them, "It's my theory that the best decisions are made closest to where those decisions are applied. In other words, we are going to decentralize decision-making. We'll set institutional objectives here together as well as the parameters within which we will work. Then you work with and through your departments to identify and carry out your programs. You are to take authority and responsibility for your units. To wit: when you send me a recommendation for tenure and/or promotion, unless there is something in the record that sticks out like a sore thumb I am going to approve your recommendation. I do not intend to second guess you. By the same token I expect you to work with and through your departments and the people in the departments to get decisions made the same way. I look at you as the best people that we can find to get the job done. You have my trust. You have my trust until you earn my distrust."

And so that's the way we proceeded in Academic Affairs.

The funniest thing I had happen during this period was when one of the deans called me and we talked, and talked. He said Paul, "What do you want me to do?"

And I said, "Well Joe, I'll tell you what. I'll make the decision for you, but I'm also going to take that portion of your pay! What do you think of that?"

He said, "Well now Paul, you're not serious about that?"

And I said, "Joe, I'm dead serious!"

And he said, "OK, Paul. Good-bye."

Decentralization worked quite well. We all learned except for one small college dean who was too weak to hold his faculty to the same promotion standards that were practiced throughout the rest of the University. He was a flop as an administrator because he could not work with personnel issues. I think he wanted too much to be loved!

One of the problems with giving more authority to the deans was that I got into squabbles with the faculty governance structure--committees like the University Planning Council and the ACC. They didn't like the notion that deans would be autonomous or somewhat autonomous. The deans by the same token were getting pretty feisty and they would say, "Who the hell does so and so on some committee think he is? What does he know about my program? Why should that committee be making decisions about how my college uses its resources?"

And my general inclination was, "Yeah, why should they?"

Both Bob Ross and I were disappointed when the University Planning Council spent so much time on preparing for RIF. They had to rewrite the bloody RIF document each year. Well I had made a promise to myself and to that faculty that there would be no RIF on my watch! But some faculty leaders didn't believe me of course! And despite what happened in 1984, which was really serious -- to lose a 1000 students was really bad, bad news. But nevertheless they spent lots of time on RIF policies and procedures.

Another major goal in the Vice President's Office was to see to it that we had large scale development of off campus programs for people who couldn't come to the campus. I sat the deans down and said, "Now which one of you people wants responsibility to do this? I am not satisfied with what Continuing Studies is doing. They don't have the academic clout or follow through to get this done. Who's going to do it? The right guy, (and they were all men at that time), the right person can do a good job, and probably incidentally make a lot of money for his unit!"

Well Larry Marrs had come aboard and he was an entrepreneur and he said, "I can do it! We can do it!"

And everybody said, –Good MARRS, you do it!”

Shortly thereafter, Dean MARRS established the Center for Regional Services within the School of Education. That Center was a major success in serving off campus students and generating University revenue.

We sought at that time to recruit the best freshmen classes. Not just better students but the best! And I said to Richard Riehl and Cal Matthews in Admissions, both of whom were all-stars, I said, –Go and bring me the best!” I want a class that’s better than what the University of Washington can attract.” I goaded them, I think, to distraction at times!

Riehl looked at me one day and said, –~~A~~ you’re looking for is grade point average!” He was not happy with me.

And I responded –You know what I’m looking for, go and bring them to us!”

Of course eventually over time that happened in spades and today in 2003 Western is the institution of choice throughout the state, even here in eastern Washington. Riehl and Matthews were the best.

Shannon Point, with Dr. Steve Sulkin as Director, was special in terms of its teaching and research in my estimation and we were able to help it progress. Our China Program was excellent -- we had a marvelous program director. I went to China and worked with those people. Our cooperation with them was superb. Our contact person was my graduate assistant’s mother, Madame Chen MD, who was Director of Preventative Medicine for all of China -- and when Madame Chen spoke in China, people listened. And so our program with them was good.

One day Dr. Pete Elich, Dean of Arts and Sciences turned up in my office Elich with a computer scientist, Dr. Jerry Johnson—a brilliant young man. They had cobbled together a scheme to create an undergraduate computer science major—and, of course, a Computer Science Department. And I said, –Good deal! We’ll find the extra resources. It’s a done deal! We’re going to do it!” And as the guys left, I thought, –What a joy to have people like this around.”

But all was not rosy during 1984 through 1987. The first horrendous thing that happened was that an Executive Order came through on the fax from Governor Dixie Lee Ray.

#### **END OF SIDE TWO OF TAPE ONE**

Don Cole, VP for Business, called me. He had the only fax machine in Old Main at the time, and he sort of laughed and said, –I’ve got a present for you from the Governor.”

And I said, –I can hardly wait.”

It was the Executive Order from Dixie Lee Ray, and it said, –Reduce your operating budget by x%.”

And I said, –Oh no, not during the middle of a budget cycle!”

And so he brought that Executive Order up and I said, –OK.”

So we talked to the boss, President Ross, and he said, –Well, I’m sure you fellows can take care of this (laughter).”

The three vice presidents got together and figured out what needed to be done, how much money and what percentage from Academic Affairs and so forth. How we would do this without RIFing faculty or staff. And so I met with the deans and directors. –You’re to work with your faculty and staff to make the cuts, but

don't touch tenured or tenure track faculty." We achieved budget reduction without RIF. Nevertheless the University Planning Council was meeting to decide how RIF would be carried out.

We moved on into the next year and I suppose it was the 1985/87 budget cycle. And the expected call came from Don Cole's office, "Guess what I've got for you from Governor Spellman."

And I said, "Bet I can guess!"

It was an Executive Order that came early in the budget cycle -- reduce your operating budget by 1% -- or whatever it was. Of course everybody screamed in horror, but we got the job done again by asking the deans and directors where they could make the cuts and asking them to make the cuts. The cuts did not come from the Academic Affairs Vice President's Office. They came from people closest to the action, and the impact of that of course was that we would have to cut programs that were taught by lecturers and non-tenure track faculty. You lost your program and support flexibility, or much of your flexibility, but at least you kept your promise to people you had hired with the promise that they would stay if they proved their mettle. To me that was always an ethical matter and it was a matter on which I would not compromise.

A major problem in public university budgeting during that era was that we were not allowed to carry forward state appropriated operating budget funds from one biennium to the next biennium. School districts could and still do carry forward 3% to 5% of their operating budget so if they get in trouble they've got a bank account to draw on. But universities for some lunatic reason were not allowed to do that. I used to question the bureaucrats in Olympia about that but they would give a mysterious smile and say, "Well, that's just not how we do things."

That was a popular answer but it was surely not an answer that I could accept, but that's the way they operated.

Now let's talk just a bit about the relationship of the Vice President to the President during the 1984-1987 period, because the leadership style of President Talbot was completely different from that of President Ross. It seems to me, and this is one man's impression, that President Olscamp, President Talbot and I were pretty much the same in terms of administrative style. We believed in planning, delegation, clear communication and not intruding on one another's responsibilities. Role descriptions were spelled out, understood and accepted. If someone made a mistake, and I made plenty of them, they accepted responsibility and moved on. In working with Talbot I always had the sense that I understood his intent.

Bob Ross was different. He really did not like long range planning. Bob Ross would say, and in many respects he was right, "Things change, they change fast, and you've got to be ready."

He was an opportunistic kind of guy. He'd wait and wait to make a decision and then he would make a decision and all of us had to run like hell to keep up with him. He did well by the University in developing the Parks Hall project. He was responsible for getting that Technology Building built and eventually and sadly that was named for him. He was the guy behind what started off as the Science Building and I guess ended up as a Chemistry Building. So he did some really good things, but every once in awhile I'd find his chubby, fat fingers in my cookie jar and I was never afraid to call him on it. Some weird and magical things happened.

For example, one day Ross called me about 3 o'clock on a hot May afternoon and he said, "Well, Jim Waldo's here," Jim was chair of our Board of Trustees, "and he and I are going over to see the Technology people and I thought you'd better come along."

Four-thirty in the afternoon, I'm thirsty, I want to go home and have a glass of ice tea, or beer or something. Okay, so they come by my office and I'm looking at Waldo and he's looking at me and neither one of us knows what's going on. So we go over to Technology and Chairman Paul Rainey and his people are there in that old junky building and we walk in and Ross starts to talk. And he starts to mumble. And I

start to sort of fall asleep and I'm not paying any attention. I thought, "This is a typical Ross mumble." And I hear, "... so technology's going to be separate!"

And I woke up! And I thought -- *what!* And I looked over at Jim Waldo to see if he knew what was going on and he looked sort of surprised, although I cannot be sure now that I look back on it, that maybe he didn't know. Anyway the adrenaline starts pumping in me -- what does this mean? Technology is a department of Arts and Sciences. What does Bob mean?

Well, anyway he mumbled some more and he said, "Now that means you know, Technology is going to be different."

Paul Rainey is sitting there, sitting up tall like he's just won the lottery, and the rest of the people are sitting there smiling. One of them said to President Ross, "Well, does that mean our resources are going to be increased?"

Ross kind of smiled and looked at me and he said, "Well, you'll have to ask Vice President Ford about that?"

And I'm thinking -- *what!*

Anyway that ended; and Ross and Jim Waldo and I are walking back to Old Main and I said to Ross, "What the *hell* does that mean? What are we doing?"

And he, "... [Ross mumbled], it will be awright Paul, it will be awright."

And that was all that I got out of him. And I said, "What am I going to tell Pete?"

Pete Elich my friend for many years and colleague—the eminently able Dean of Arts and Sciences.

Ross said, "[Ross mumbled]"

He was famous for mumbling when he got caught (laughter). And so the next morning I called Pete Elich and I said, "Pete you better come upstairs."

So he came up. Pete was almost always good natured, and he came in and I said, "Close the door and sit down please."

And he started to look at me, he knew something was wrong, like I was going to rob him of some of his faculty, and transfer them over to business or something. And I said, "Well Pete, Bob Ross created a new Technology area."

You could see Pete start to get red. It started at the neck and it would work up and it was typical when he got really angry or upset. And he really wasn't talking very well. He started to mutter and he said, "What, what, what the *hell* does that mean? Does that mean resources are leaving Arts and Sciences?"

And I said to him, "Pete, I don't know what it means? The President didn't tell me. Our resource base hasn't changed. I don't know."

[Pete asked], "Well is he going to still report to me?"

I said, "I don't know who he is going to report to? I don't think so."

[Pete asked], "Well is his budget going to come out of Arts and Sciences?"

I said, "It's going to have to."

And he said, –Well I don't like this.”

And I said, –Well, I don't like it, and I don't understand it either.”

He said, –Well, I'm going to talk to Ross about this.”

And of course the deans knew they were not to talk to the President unless I went with them. I had the same rule for them in talking to Ross I had for their department chairman or faculty members talking to me. Somebody wanted to talk to me, good, anybody could talk to me, but I wanted the person that was responsible in the room too. The exception was personal matters—any faculty or staff member was welcome to visit or call about a personal situation. And they did—most usually about medical problems.

So I said, –Let's you and I go down and talk to Bob.”

And I just loved it! We'd corner Ross! So we went down there and Dr. Ross was not there, so Pete and I talked on the way back down the hallway to my office. Pete was not happy. And I said, –Well, you know, that's the way things go.”

Soon there's a knock on my door. Dr. Paul Rainey who was head of Technology shows up. Knock, knock, knock, and he comes in, [and I said], –Sit down, Paul.”

He says, –Well, so now we're a separate area. What does that mean?”

And I said, –Well, I don't know what it means?”

And he said, –Well, it must mean something.”

And I said, –I don't know what it means. The President must know.”

During the last year of my tenure as Vice President for Academic Affairs nobody ever did figure out what the separation meant except that Dr. Rainey's budget was transferred out of Arts and Sciences which was of no great importance and Dr. Rainey reported to me—which was a pain in the neck because I had too many people reporting to me. But whether it was a school of technology, a department of technology, a college of technology, a *what's it* of technology -- nobody knew. Alas, it was created by magic, in some mystical way, on a hot May afternoon by Dr. Ross, and that's the way that decision got made.

Other odd decision-making events occurred. Shortly after Dr. Saunie Taylor's appointment as Vice President for Student Affairs, she announced in a Board of Trustees meeting in Everett that she, with encouragement from President Ross, was going to create a new program, and I'm sitting at the BOT meeting half asleep because it's that kind of day, and things have been droning on.

And she said, –Of course the money is going to come out of x.“

Well x is my responsibility, that's my budget, that's my money! Not Ross's and not hers to spend. I am legally responsible for the ways in which that money can be used.

Anyway, Saunie makes her announcement and I pipe up, –You can't do that, that's illegal.”

Saunie looked at me and she said, –Gee, I guess I should have talked to you about this.”

And I said, –I guess you should have!” (Of course, Ross had told her to go ahead!)

So anyway, Ross said, –Oh yeah, we'll fix it, we'll fix it up.” (All this in front of the Board of Trustees.) But we never did –fix this up,” at least not with funds assigned to Academic Affairs.



Another day, we're coming out of a University budget committee meeting at Ross's house and VP Jeanene DeLille knocks on my car window.

She says, "Hey!"

I said, "Hey!"

She said, "Ross said you're going to give me \$56,000 to bail out such-and-such."

And I said, "What?"

She said, "Yeah, it's supposed to come out of the such-and-such budget."

I said, "No, he didn't ask me about that. He can't do that, I'm not going to do that."

She said, "Well, that's what Ross said."

I said, "Well, you tell Ross to find it in his own budget!"

So I went back to [Old Main] and marched into Ross' office, and said, "Jeanene just said..."

And he said, "[Ross mumbled]"

And I said, "By God, if she's in the hole, you find the money, because I'm not going to give it to her."

"[Ross mumbles]"

Pretty soon I got a call from downstairs from Jack Cooley, who is Don Cole's budget officer. And he said to me, "Hey Ross just called me about \$56,000. Have you got any money up there?"

And I said, "No, I don't have any money, and if I did I'm not giving it, I'm not contributing!" And then I said to my secretary, "Rose, please make a sign. It should say, 'This is not a bank.' And I'd like you to post it on my door. People in the know, knew that this was no joke.

You know, Bob's intentions as a decision maker were difficult to read; his specific plans for the University unspoken. He played his cards -- if he had any cards, which you didn't know -- close to his vest. He appeared to be an easygoing, really relaxed person, but in fact, that was not the case. He wanted to have control of the whole works, but I'm not sure he always wanted to have the responsibility for it. But he wanted to have his hands in everything. And so it was real hard, for me at least, to figure out what his goals were, what was next, where his responsibilities started and ended, where his authority started and ended, and where mine started and ended. Because he'd act like I wasn't Provost -- like he was -- but then he'd expect otherwise. But one thing is clear, and I should have understood it from the beginning, and everybody should have understood it, the title was "Vice President for Academic Affairs," not "Provost" -- that is the truth. So what he did was probably just fine the way he saw things.

In the spring of 1987 I submitted my resignation to be effective in September. "Nothing ever happens at Western during the summer," I once again thought. Not so. Two sexual harassment allegations were filed by two students against two tenured full professors. The situation was ugly with such shouting and screaming at one point in my office that a secretary opened my door to check on my health. I sought advice from our Assistant Attorney General. There was advice from the other vice presidents—one in particular who had a law degree. I didn't care for most of the advice because it involved opening the situations up in public and I could see all kinds of possibilities for lawsuits and counter-suits. So the matters were not exposed to public scrutiny. In the end, one professor was disciplined and accepted counseling assistance;

the other refused proposed remedies and left the University. “Nothing ever happens in the summer at Western!”

In the fall of 1987, I went back to Education, taught the same courses I always taught for a while, did the same things, mostly, that I’d always done; helped in the administration over there. And, I started writing a book that would be titled *Angler’s Hope, The River and the Cape*.

Then it crossed my mind that I was pretty young, and pretty vigorous, and still climbing the mountains outside of where we lived at Conway Hill -- I mean that physically, I could still do all those things. I thought -- I don’t want to do what I’m doing here at Western for the rest of my life. There is another world that I love, and that is the world of belles-lettres which was my background at Dartmouth. But I can’t do that, while I’m doing this.

What I want to do is write books and edit books, and I want to collect books. I want to travel the world—sport fly-fishing and write about it. So the minute I could retire from Western, I did. But I did not retire in fact. I’ve just taken up another kind of vocation.

Life has been a rush since I left Western. I’ve fly-fished giant tarpon in northern Yucatan bays and mangrove swamps; pursued bonefish and trevally on lovely Christmas Island coral flats; chased fish in secrets places I won’t tell you about; and met fascinating people from all walks of life and ethnic styles in these travels. And I have written and edited; and collected rare books—and I’ll continue along these paths for the rest of my life—a different vocation with an ever-patient Mary Ann. And that is the end of my story for now.

Except to say-- I have fond memories of Western and I’d like to tell you about some of them. I remember my undergraduate students and how very, very, little they wrote when they came to me in their first class in Education. So I required an essay a week from them, from each one of them, that I went over with a fine-toothed comb, because writing reflects thinking. If you write logically, then you’re thinking logically; if you write illogically, you’re probably not thinking logically, and I hoped to teach logical thinking. One of the dearest experiences in my life was when a junior woman was sitting in my office in May and we were discussing her essay. And she said, “Now I see, I see, and I can do it.” And she could do it.

And Tamara, that happened so many times with undergraduates and graduate students. I had a science teacher, a graduate student, who was National Science Teacher of the Year. Her first essays were pathetic and I told her so and what she needed to do to improve. She was angry with me and let me know in no uncertain terms how she felt. And I said to her, “You will write and I will read, and I will work with you until you get it right.”

And on the last class day of the quarter she said to me, “Got it right, didn’t I?”

And I said, “Yeah Annie, you got it right.”

So that’s one kind of thing I remember. I remember with great fondness, dog-tired teachers dragging themselves into an Everett high school room at about 5 o’clock in the afternoon on those rotten, rainy days. They were taking the off campus master’s program courses. They would come in, and they’d be -- you know how people turn sort of white and gray when they’re tired. They’d come in at 5 o’clock; some of them would put their heads down on the desks they were so tired. So I’d wake them up with a jolt of coffee. There was always a big urn of coffee and a lot of times cookies. We’d joke around for a little while and they would start to interact, and then they would start to learn, and they would go over the essays they wrote come hell or high water every week, on what we were reading. And good stuff would happen. The color would come back to their faces. About 8 o’clock, their faces would start to go gray again. You know, they just got tired and so class would be dismissed at eight rather than at nine. A four credit class was supposed to meet for four hours, but I thought, “To hell with the rules. These people have done their best and their best is good enough for me.”

I remember when I was a VP -- getting lost. Our home was in Edgemoor, which is only a mile from the campus. I can remember getting lost in a heavy snow storm. There's a round-about on the top of Edgemoor. I went around that thing about three times before I could figure out which road to take to get home. I thought, —O! God, I don't need this today.” And I wondered, —Is this experience intended to tell me something?”

And most of all, I remember hope. Al Froderberg and I would sit up in Ross' office or my office on dark winter afternoons after everyone else had gone home and we would hope that the Governor would hear us or the Legislature would listen, and I would hope that the new freshmen class would be the very best class we'd ever had, and at commencement, I would hope that all of our graduates would reach for the stars.

That's the end.

**TB:** Great.