



MEMORIES OF MY YEARS AT YAVAPAI COLLEGE

I was teaching at Redlands High School and attending Claremont Graduate School in Claremont, California. I completed my Masters degree at the end of 1969. I was accepted to teach in Riverside, California at California Baptist College (now a University). The pay was much less than I was receiving at the High School. I couldn't make the switch financially without another job to go along with it. I was not able to find a combination of jobs that could go along with the College. Meanwhile I was visiting my parents who had retired to Cottonwood, Arizona. My cousin Joe Harrison had written me that Prescott was in the process of starting a Community College. He was owner/operator of the Rasco store in Prescott. The Community College District was set up in 1966. The college president was hired in 1967 and the administration was hired in 1968. The administration was housed in the office building across from Joe Harrison's store and the administrators purchased office supplies from Rasco.

My cousin Joe was well acquainted with each of the administrators and set up an appointment for me to have an interview with Dr. Ray Cleveland, Dean of Instruction. I stopped in for the appointment while on my way to visit my parents in Cottonwood. We had a great visit. He told me that they were considering hiring a lady who was to graduate from Arizona State University. I figured it wasn't to be for me to come to Prescott. When I got home at Redlands I received a letter asking me if I was willing to relocate to Prescott. I thought this was a strange way to offer a job, but I wrote back that I would consider relocating to Prescott. Mr. Munz, principal of Redlands High School had taught in Prescott before taking the job in Redlands. He was very discouraging in that he said he moved away from Prescott because of suffering from allergies. I now get allergy shots.

I received a letter that I was to meet the president of the college, Dr. John Barnes for an interview. At that time no faculty member was hired without an interview with the president. I had the interview and when I got home I received a letter that I was hired dependent on sufficient funds. It was another strange letter for me to ponder. I took the leap of faith that there would be sufficient funds. The neat thing for me was that I was able to come to Yavapai College at the same salary I would receive at the High School (at the time \$10,000) and bring the six years I had at the high school with me as longevity credit.

Then my wife Verna and I got the shock of our lives as far as finding a home we could afford. At that time homes in our area of California were much cheaper than homes in Prescott. We sold our home for \$19,000 and had \$5,000 equity along with the California retirement that I

withdrew in order to get the payments down to where we could afford them. My cousin introduced me to a fellow by the name of Eggars who built a couple of homes with his sons in the HoKayGan area of Prescott. He sharpened his pencil since things were not selling. We were able to get our three bedrooms, two baths, and two-car garage home for \$26,300. This amount would have bought a larger home in Redlands with a family room. Of course this was sometime before homes went clear out of sight in California. It is interesting to note that ½ archers sold for \$2,000 and one-acre lots sold for \$3,000. Now in 2006 one archer lots are going for in the neighborhood of \$100,000.

The 1969/70 school year was another interesting time for me. The college was way behind on its scheduled construction completion date. The Prescott area had had a lot of rain and the work on the college had to be delayed.

I began my teaching as a one-man art department in the Boys Club. This building had been the high school before the high school was built where Prescott Junior High is now located. It then became a junior high and then was used as a school warehouse. The boys club was in the lower Gurley street level. (Currently the Yavapai County Jail complex is housed in a new brick building on the site). I shared the building with Lyn Merritt who taught Physical Education in the Gym. My classes were held in a shop room with saws etc used by the Boys Club. I taught Humanities across the street at the Congregational Church in their basement. I enjoyed this time because I could walk down to the Court House Square and have lunch on a bench in the Square. It was a very relaxing time.

One important thing to note is that Dick and Beth Jorgenson who owned Cobb Webb Hall art store and gallery would hold art classes in their facility. Different artists were invited to teach the classes. When I arrived to teach art, the entire group of students came over and became my instant art program. In time many of these older students taught art part time for the college. Clara Franks taught stitchery, Jeanie Gibbons taught weaving, Joanna Hensley later taught oil painting (still does at this writing). Many of these students continued to take classes all during the 30 years that I taught at YC. Not many young college students came to YC (the word was YC was a high school with ash trays). I didn't mind as many of the students that later came from high schools were very immature. I was able to bring several high school students from Redlands who wanted to follow me. The athletic department was allowed tuition weavers to bring in athletes and I was able to give "out of state" tuition weavers for art students. The students from Redlands High School that I still keep in touch with are Tim Beaver, Ralph Garcia, and Jay Richards. After the first semester the art program moved to Whipple VA Center. We took over the building that at one time was a hospital. It is the first building on the left as you enter the VA complex. I purchased Lockable kick wheels for ceramics, an electric kiln, painting easels, and a few others items to get started. Vince Kelly had moved from Tempe after

graduating from ASU. He took a class and then I was able to get him to teach part-time. My goal was to develop as many classes as possible. The exciting thing about being a founding faculty member is we all seemed to line up and they "shot the gun" and some of us took off running to see what we could do to develop our programs. Coming out of teaching in high school I didn't have a clue about things like teaching loads. So I taught painting, ceramics, design, drawing, crafts, art appreciation and sculpture. Looking back it was pretty crazy especially since the classes in crafts and sculpture didn't have any equipment. I sat on the floor with the crafts students and told them they were to remember their experience as the beginning of something great. Because of their willingness to put up with pretty primitive conditions they would be able to come back and see a well-developed art program at Yavapai College. Believe it or not, the students on the most part bought in to the idea. It seemed we could offer any course in art that we could find an instructor for and it would fill. The art department soon was bigger than any other department or division on campus. We had as many as 21 part time instructors. I was able to talk the college administration into hiring Vince Kelly full time and a lady I taught with in California by the name of Pat Clark told me I needed to go visit a fellow by the name of Dick Marcusen who was conducting a week long fine arts program at Orme School. The school would shut down and everyone, faculty and students would take art, music and drama workshops. Dick Marcusen was art supervisor for the Orange County School System. I thought there would be no way that I could convince him to consider Yavapai College. This was especially true considering that we didn't have a room or equipment for him to start with. I was able to talk the college into considering him for jewelry, wood, and sculpture. They bought the idea and Dick was happy to come to a smaller situation. He and Vince were amazing people in that they had to physically build everything from jewelry workstations, kilns, and you name it. I could not believe they would go to such a concerted effort to make their programs work. Without them the art program would not have advanced as much as it did. They were given two small rooms in building four (lower level), to use. They went to work putting their programs in these small quarters. I was moved to a long classroom above the library. It was designed to be the only art room for the art department. Can you believe, it didn't have a sink but had lots of storage cabinets? Sounds like an architect's idea of an art classroom. The original plan was to include an auditorium to the North of building Three within five years. Elaine Farrar moved to Prescott and took some classes and then began teaching part time for the art department. She began to teach extension classes in Bagdad. Eventually the college had a pilot fly her to Bagdad for classes. As it turned out the pilot began to teach Elaine to fly and she later got her pilot license. One of the board members was from Bagdad and since Bagdad mines contributed financially to the college, he had some clout. He had heard so much positive comments about Elaine that he convinced the college administration into hiring her full time. Eventually she was able to have all her classes on the Prescott campus. At a conference I met Glen Peterson and we talked about what he was doing at Navajo College on the reservation. I asked him to send me a detailed commercial art program and I would see if I could bring him on board. I really

liked his ideas and the college administration did too. I was amazed at the energy and competency of these fellow art teachers. Elaine developed a printmaking program; Vince developed a glass blowing program after a fellow from ASU started it as his doctoral program, using YC as his study campus. He left us his bench and tools and Vince dove right in to develop a very strong program. Mike Joplin (Janet Joplin's brother) became well known in the Tucson area in glass blowing after taking Vince's class. Another student Chuck Willoughby developed a glass studio in Prescott and then moved to Oregon to set up a studio there. My cousin Harold Lofton who lived near Chuck began to blow glass and now has his own studio and both sell in galleries in Oregon and Harold in Aspen, Colorado. Eventually Vince moved on to other challenges and the glass program gradually went away and was replaced by more ceramic space.

My own personal adventure at the college can be described by where my offices ended up and by Sabbatical leave programs. My first office was in the Boy's Club (it was a classroom desk). The second office was a nice spacious room at the old Whipple VA Center's hospital. It was probably the best office that I ever had. It actually was big enough to be an office/studio. I was able to do several oil paintings in this office/studio. Then I had an office that faced the quad on the Southeast side of building three. For a while commercial art, oil painting, portrait painting, were taught in building 6. I had an office next to the classroom. The next office was in building two above the pool adjacent to the music rooms. During this time I was Division Chairman. Later Rich Longfield took over the position. Mr. Kirdendale rented a building, which housed my office and classrooms for drawing and painting. It was located where the current Yavapai Smoke House (no longer there) is near the Bingo gaming room on the North side of highway 69. I had my office in what at one time was Kirkendale's motorcycle show room turned art gallery. Then I moved across Ruth Street to building 14. Printmaking, drawing, and watercolor were in the classroom through the hall from my office. Then when the new Performance Hall was built with art and music classrooms, my office along with Dr. Glen Peterson, another art office and the division chairs office were on the lower level. Drawing and watercolor were on the main floor with printmaking, graphic design, photography, and oil painting on the lower level. Ceramics, jewelry, wood, sculpture continued to be housed in building 5. Currently the Ceramics and sculpture have a new building next to the performance hall complex. Wood, jewelry and other crafts remain in building 5.

The art galleries had also been all over the place. It began in the K-4 Building by the Hassampa Hotel in downtown Prescott. This was due to Gene and Barbara Polk's interest in helping out. Then it was relocated to a classroom in Building Two, then to a small room in the Library, then to a small room in Building One by the book store, then to the motorcycle show room converted art gallery and then finally to its current place in the Performance Hall (art/music/auditorium building). For a time my office was in building fourteen on Rush Street. How all this came

about is an interesting story in itself. Dr Anderson who was Art Department Chairman at Northern Arizona University had talked the University and Yavapai College into housing the University's Sculpture and Weaving Programs. Because of this the College Foundation purchased the Kirdendale auto/motorcycle lot along with the building across from it on Rush Street. He sent all their weaving looms down and things were moving right along until he had a falling out with the University's president and got fired. That was the bad news; the good news was that we kept using the place for a gallery and building fourteen for art classes. The maintenance department used the remaining buildings. When the Performance Hall was completed and the art department was moved from building fourteen to the new space, I was able to move my office to a new space in the lower level. My drawing classroom was upstairs or on the main level with the music classrooms.

For a while the art classes leveled out. The economic situation was changing and the housewives that were the backbone to the art programs had to find employment to make ends meet. I began to consider options for keeping the programs alive. Mayer High School couldn't afford an art teacher, yet the state mandated they teach art. The college worked out a deal where the High School students could enroll in a college class and get high school credit and college credit at the same time. I volunteered to teach a beginning design class. I wanted to see if I still had it in me to survive the high school seen. I was able to do okay, but fortunately the on campus classes improved in enrollment and I was able to come back on campus full time. We had extension classes all over the place: Bagdad, Flagstaff, Cottonwood, Camp Verde, Page, to name a few. The required class size was around 12 students in order for the class to make. This of course wasn't happening in the outlying areas. A man by the name of Paul Newman was in charge of extension telecourses. I began to think that I might be able to participate in these classes in some way. He and I came up with the idea of teaching in these outlying areas at the same time as I taught my Prescott class. My dad had taken a correspondence class in drawing. He would do his assignments and mail them in. They would be graded and critiqued and sent back to him. I figured I could do at least this well. We set up mikes in front of each student on campus and in the distant delivery classroom. I made video demonstration of all the assignment and took slides of examples of students work assignment for students to view. So in each classroom we could talk to each other. The assignments were viewed by being demonstrated on video and then slide examples of how students had solved the assignments. It was a kick. Later the students would send a copy of their drawing assignment by campus courier and I would draw correction on tracing paper for them to see where they had missed foreshortening, proportion and design possibilities. The (what was called retirement college or noncredit) class was taught on a local channel television. In the beginning the students could call in and ask question while the program was be televised live. This didn't work out in the long run, but several folks took the class in the privacy of their home. This then gave several of them enough confidence to venture on campus to take art classes. I taught art appreciation by teleconference

simultaneous with the Prescott campus class. The classroom in Prescott could be viewed on a television monitor in the classroom on the Verde campus and the Prescott class could see students in the Verde. When a student asked a question the camera would pan to that student. It was fun. One time when I went to a conference in San Francisco, Mr. Newman set it up so I could call into the classroom while I was waiting for a flight out of LAX in Los Angeles, so I taught some of my class sitting on my suitcase at a pay phone. Mr. Newman was a lot of fun to work with, and I hated to see him move on to NAU. Pete Vanderbloom was another wonderful assent to my teaching experience. He and Tom Thomas videotaped all my demonstrations, video taped several local artists for students to view their work and hear them tell how they made it in the art world. I was able to do two videos of my sabbatical trip to Japan. One was called Japanese architecture, rural and city. The other was called Japanese ceramic centers. I was able to visit three of the six in Japan. During my first sabbatical I was able to develop a stronger drawing course with experiments that I was able to concentrate on. My second sabbatical I was able to concentrate on different drawing media and from that was able to develop courses in oil pastel, prisma-color pencils, and other experimental drawing techniques. My final sabbatical was a concentration on color. In spite of all the moving around and difficulties in getting programs properly outfitted with equipment and space, my years at Yavapai were very rewarding and never boring.

In the different art galleries I was able to get exhibits of the NAU faculty, Merrill Mahaffey, Dr. Harold Gregor (former San Diego State instructor of mine), Dick Van Leuven (friend from Redlands CA), Joe Bealer and Charlie Dye, and State Arizona Commission on the Arts and Humanities traveling exhibits.

When I taught at Redlands High School, my fellow art teacher Bernard Lowery was great at promoting art trips into the Los Angeles area to Huntington Museum and Botanical Gardens, Pasadena Art Museum, and the Los Angeles County Art Museum. I began taking students from YC on trips to the LA area art museums. We started with a station wagon, then commercial buses and finally the college bus. When we used the college bus we would stay in my former church's basement in Redlands Calif. This would save a lot of money for the students. We would leave in the late evening and spend the first night on the bus on the trip to LA. We would spend a day touring art museums, Farmer's Market, and a theater play or presentation. The theater presentation was the most difficult because a lot of the folks were worn down from a night on bus and a day sight seeing, and art museums. I was able to book hotels at a good price since our trips were in the month of March, which was an off-season for tourists. I was able to get rooms as low as \$5.00 a person at one time. This kept the cost down for students. We would then have two days to visit museums etc. The last night before coming back to Prescott was spent in a church basement on a Saturday night. Some times we would spend the night on the bus going to LA and the night on the bus coming home. This would save students a

lot of money to go on the trip. It was an excellent exposure of art and added to the student's knowledge of Art History. I would give talks at the LA County Art Museum on the Art being viewed. Later other art department members shared the work on booking the trips. Unfortunately the trips were discontinued except for Elaine Farrar taking Art Club members on trips to the LA area.

The Michigan Art Train. The Arizona Commission on the Arts and Humanities sponsored the Art Train to Prescott, since they saw Prescott and Yavapai College as a very rural community and college. This was fine for us as we were eager to get the traveling art museum to come to Prescott. The railroad was still open although Prescott didn't receive much rail business. The Depot had an individual in charge of all local rail operations and the railroad company was basically waiting for his retirement before closing down local operations. The trail was a big event for Prescott. The entire Art Department programs moved to the Depot and set up demonstrations for the public to view. We also conducted tours of the art museum housed in the different rail cars. They used mirrors to give the illusion of a much larger space since rail cars are not very large. We had a big hurrah opening with dignitaries from the city and county participating. Dick Marcuson and Vince Kelly worked very hard to set up the logistics and a local Lady Paula Carson was the person who kept the whole thing from falling apart with her executive secretarial skills. I remember APS gave us a four or five thousand-dollar bill to plug the train into the electrical needs it had. This would have shut us down, but eventually the APS wrote the bill off. As I recall we had Prescott Area Arts and Humanities organization with Betty Ruffner and other local folks helping out. Barbara Polk was a major player in organizing tours for the local school kids. It was a wonderful experience and was an exciting time for Prescott. Eventually due to major rain storms and railroad wash outs, the Railroad Company stopped all operations to Prescott. Local citizens tried without success to bring the train back to Prescott for tourist to travel on. The Arizona Arts and Humanities Council sponsored many traveling art exhibits that we were able to have in our various galleries. They sponsored a workshop over several days with R.C. Gorman. Bruce Horn came down from NAU to assist in a printmaking effort by R.C. Gorman. The College helped me bring many artists to campus for the college and art department to enjoy. Don Bendel from NAU, George Waddel for a sculpture exhibit of his bronzes, Don Ritz an internationally known ceramic artist, Rinheold Marzhousen from Nebraska, a famous Japanese ceramic artists, Yukio Yamamoto, Paulo Salari and many others. Don Ritz did a spectacular ceramic happening on stage with clay. Randy Powell helped in a great way making it happen on a stage that could have been ruined with all the water and clay that was being used. He really made it happen.

I believe the joy I had in being able to spend 30 years at Yavapai was because of all the wonderful people who were available to make things happen. Dick Marcuson, Glen Peterson, Elaine Farrar, Tom Schumacher of the Verde Campus, Vince Kelly, Pete Vanderbloom, Wayne

Newman, Tom Tomas, and administrators like Joe Russo, Mr. Bergman, and even the first president's wife who wanted Yavapai to become an outstanding art school.

Another event that was a lot of fun was the Art and Architecture program ran by Charles Clements. He had been a New York artist, but due to health problems moved to Tucson. He had conducted several art and architecture programs around the country. The Arizona Commission and the Arts and Humanities sponsored him for a low budget workshop. Charles was a fantastic man, artist, and organizer of student's efforts to create all kinds of artwork around campus. Kit Carson did one major piece, whose mother Paula Carson was the spark plug to keep the Michigan Art Train running with success. An interesting sidelight is that he was not allowed to come to Yavapai in the beginning because the college didn't allow long hair. In fact the college had a stricter dress code than the high school did at the time. But he created the large telephone sculptural piece in the quad area. It is no longer there after the new renovation of the campus. Students created a lot of interesting art pieces that were all over the campus and in the dorm.

Another group that had their beginnings at YC was the Prescott Affiliate of the Phoenix Art Museum Docents. This started with an exhibit in the (old) college library from the Phoenix Art Museum. Ann Linskey who was a Phoenix Art Museum Docent had moved to Prescott and was key in getting the group going in Prescott. Her husband Hershall Linskey designed the college logo and had talked the college president into creating a sculpture piece at the head of the quad. It was to be a fountain. The piece was controversial because of having a cowboy climbing a vine like Jack and the Beanstalk. It was taken down because of the controversy.

Jim Burns



I started here in the fall of 1969 and I retired in the spring of 1985. I was here a little over 15 years.

Can you tell us exactly what you did at Yavapai College?

I was a music teacher here. I was the only music teacher here for the first 3 years. So I taught everything. I taught choir which I'm trained to do, that's normally what I do. But, since I was the only music teacher, I taught music theory, music history. I arranged for the private piano lessons for students. I didn't do those myself, although I could have. I did all of our private voice students. I did private band instruments – trombone, trumpet, clarinet. I'm qualified to do all those things. So, that's what I did.

I was on several committees. I was on curriculum-type committees. Everything was new; everything had to be done from scratch. There were no books we could open, this is what we are going to do. We had to make plans then...

Was there a lot of support from the community?

There was support from the community. You see, this college represents all of Yavapai County. This is a community county community college not a city community college. We had to have it put to a vote before this college was built. Where was it going to be built? The people of Yavapai County could vote on that. Shall it be built in the Verde Valley or will it be built here in Prescott? Well, the vote was a very thin margin for it to be built here in Prescott—probably less than 50 votes. This college could have been in Sedona right now or maybe Camp Verde or maybe Cottonwood. The people in the Verde Valley, over the mountain, really wanted this college over there. This was the best place for it. Now they have a branch college over there. So that's what happened before this college even opened...

A lot of people have forgotten that when this College opened these buildings weren't ready. They weren't even habitable. We had had a very, very difficult winter, a lot of rain.

I can remember those big cement trucks buried clear to the frames out here but they bring in these big Caterpillar tractors to pull them out.

We had this College scattered all over Prescott. We had empty rooms that were available to us in the Veteran's Hospital in the outer buildings. All of the Liberal Arts, all of the English, and all of the History were in the big building on the left when you drive into Whipple. That's not part of the hospital; these are administrative buildings. We used almost all of that building for English, History, and Humanities...

How long did that last?

Until we opened. I had my first classes in the new music room above the swimming pool probably in April. At that time, if you go downtown, go down Gurley St. there's a big building where the jail is. Across the street is a church called the Congregational Church. The Congregational Church let us use their basement rooms. That big building, across the street where the jail is, is no longer there. It was torn down. It was an old, old brick building that originally was the High School in Prescott and then it became the Junior High School and then we built a new High School on Ruth St. That opened in 1966. When that opened they didn't have any more classes in that old building so it was standing there empty. They used it as a Boy's Club. Boys could go there and play and act ugly and whatever else it is to keep them off the streets.

I was given a classroom by the Public Schools, that building belonged to the Public Schools and the City of Prescott. They gave me a large classroom and they furnished it for me. All of the teachers in this College were envious of me. Because I had taught at the High School for 17 years in Public Schools, the School Superintendent said, "Go over to the warehouse and pick out what you want." There were desks, chairs; I had everything I needed...

What was the campus environment like?

Since it was very small, everyone knew everyone else. It was a wonderful place to be...

Transcribed excerpt from an oral history interview of Jim Burns with Brianna Paulino, College Honors Student, 2007/08

Ginny Chanda



I remember after I was here a couple of years somebody said to me, “How long did it take you to feel at home coming from Chicago and Philadelphia?” I was at home the minute I got here. It was one of those things I felt that this was the place, the kind of community I wanted to be in, the college. I remember telling Mary Anne [Bamrick] at one point that it’s almost like the college version of the one room schoolhouse. We were so small. You knew that if you were able to stay and make your career there you were going to see tremendous growth and development...

I have a couple of really proud accomplishments here. The one, to pat myself on the back, is to be named one of the first Emeritus Faculty from this campus. Emeritus is a status that is granted to long serving faculty who are seen to have contributed a lot beyond just what was required of them—community service, committee work, curriculum development, all of those things. When I retired a year ago in June, I was notified in Dec. (I was recommended for it by Paul Ewing and Connie Gilmore) that I had been granted Emeritus status. I am particularly tickled because I was the first one here—plenty of colleagues on the Prescott Campus.

My other accomplishment that I will always look back on with real joy is the work I did to get our first computer writing classroom. On this campus that was my project...

Transcribed excerpt from an oral history interview of Ginny Chanda with Alyssa Madrigal, College Honors Student 2007/08

Elaine Farrar

At the time that I came to teach at Yavapai College, I must admit that it was a very exciting time for me, as well as the city of Prescott. This dedication in 1968 came at a time when the many classes of the Visual Arts Department were being taught in various places around the town—the beautiful old High School building which was later torn down to give us the County Complex Building on Gurley Street. Other classes Mr. Branson and I taught in lovely old buildings on the Veteran's Administration property. Students would walk "over the hill", around the highway to the front entrance (then left), or through the old gates by the Veteran Hospital Doctor's homes and take a right to walk the road down to the art space.

Mr. Edward V. Branson was "The Art Department" in every sense of the word, the only full-time faculty and department chair who was so innovative in adding new programs. He next hired Dick Marcusen; coming from California, to take over the Jewelry and Sculpture, and then Vince Kelly to do the Ceramics, and to add the wonderful blown glass program. When I became Department Chair in 1973, Glen Peterson came to the department as a part time art instructor for Design and part time publicity designer for the college. He later developed the great Commercial Art department.

Vince Kelly and I graduated with our Masters from A.S.U. at the same time in 1969, though his degree was an MFA. He was hired, taking on the development of the Fine Ceramics and Glass Crafts on campus, and I took on the traveling programs, going to Black Canyon City, Bagdad, and Cottonwood each week for 6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. classes every week. I taught Studio Arts and other painting/drawing/design classes in the basement arts area at the old Clemenceau School in Cottonwood. Now we have a beautiful Y.C. Campus, Cottonwood! What a huge change in those first ten years.

Debra Ford came to us to develop the Photography Department along with other community faculty at that time, including Gary Lewellan. Deb was responsible for setting up the new lab facility when the Art Department expanded. She later went to Prescott College and is in charge of Photography there at the present time.

In 1969-71 when I was traveling so much, I took Ground School on Campus with Gladys Morrison, and flying lessons with Jim Gotch at Prescott Flying Service, Prescott Airport. As we flew each week to the Y.C. art classes in Bagdad (in good weather), it seemed a good idea to have a co-pilot. As I was the only instructor flying to Bagdad at that time, and the Flying Service pilot was my instructor, I often clocked flight hours on these flights to Bagdad. There was absolutely no danger, as he was still in the pilot seat! And it was

comforting to both of us that in some emergency, there was another trained pilot. However, after a year or so, other Divisions decided to send teachers, and so my time at the controls ended. I used to go out to the airfield on good days, before classes sometimes, and just fly around Big Chino and water tanks, etc. to start the day...until it got too expensive to rent the hours! It was such a lovely time for a while.

In bad weather, rain or snow, I drove the 76 miles to Bagdad, unless it was a forecast blizzard! I was often caught in a night storm, so that the Flying Service could not return for me at 10:00 p.m. and was graciously given a couch or some child's bed for the night in Bagdad! One night when I drove to the class, a 75 mile one-way trip, I returned to find the road at Skull Valley a white mass with no tire tracks where I was to take off for Prescott. I stopped at the phone booth by the Market Store and called the Highway Patrol to look for tracks coming INTO Prescott in the next hour, and if not there, to send someone after me! What a blessing it was that I drove one of those old squared VW busses with the rear engine. I would never have made it otherwise, and most the time it felt as if I was "floating" over what I hoped was the road. When I looked around on coming past Iron Springs and into Prescott, I realized I was not only on the wrong side of the road but up by the parking areas of the stores on the north side of it! What was most scary at those times was knowing I had left two children in bed at home, never thinking that I would not return to get them to school the next day!

I taught mainly for extension the first three years, with one class on campus. At that time, the library was in the lower level of the building at the west end of the quad, and the "ART" area was where the language arts now reside, over what was the library. It was truly not adequate space for visual arts, though there was a huge room with lots of storage drawers! This area was not actually finished for classes in 1968, but shortly after.

We were unique as a Community College to have dorms to house students from the Phoenix and Northern Arizona areas. We had small intimate classes, yet students could develop independence and self-directed living in the dorms, meals taken in the cafeteria area of the main building. There was just one main dorm at that time, and several have been added since. Also, the cafeteria area has been changed, a snack bar and study areas added. We had a great Baseball team at that time—championship!! Later more fields and tennis courts were added to that space. Also, we had a great Swimming Team. The only problem there was that the Music Department was housed above them and the chlorine was not good for the instruments. Now that space houses the Nursing Department, another great addition to the College.

In 1973 when Mr. Branson took over the Chairmanship of the Visual and Performing Arts Division from Jim Burns (of the Music Department), I became Art Department Chair. Programs continued to grow and we introduced Watercolor; also Printmaking (Relief and Intaglio classes) with the assistance of Mirta Hamilton, a Master's graduate for N.A.U. who designed the program as part of her graduate program. She remained as an instructor for Yavapai later, also instructor of Life Drawing for several years. She later moved to Phoenix and became Art Department Chairperson for Glendale Community College. (I traveled there later on Fridays to teach an all-day class in Monoprinting on Fridays.) I also introduced the Monoprint Classes to the Yavapai Campus course directory.

Pat Clark, from the University of Minnesota, also developed and taught classes in Printmaking. She did introduce Lithography, but our press had to be completely disassembled and reassembled for intaglio, so it was only one semester. Later, I took my classes to N.A.U. on a Saturday, and Bruce Horn taught them stone lithography from "scratch to finish" for a one-color edition of on that day...great experience! One very "frightening" experience for all to remember was catching a blizzard at Williams on our return. We could finally see no sides and no center line...and "silence" was heavy in our Y.C. van until a huge semi-truck came out of nowhere and I just stuck to his tail lights until we again saw the road!!

Pat Clarke opened an Atelier in Prescott for individuals to reserve time to develop and complete editions, but it was a bit too early to develop into what it might have been today! She went on to California, the University of Southern California, plus other University of California extensions along the coastal area. One of my doctoral graduation friends works with her in the arts in the San Diego area for the University of California. Many fine people have influenced the great programs at Yavapai College over these forty years. We had a wonderful Art in Architecture program (directed by architect from Tucson), and I am sure there are murals and sculptures from that program—I hope so!

Mr. Branson had introduced a very extensive program in Fabrics—Spinning and Carding, Dyeing, Knotting and Tying, and Weaving (both table and floor looms). I believe this great program has been reduced to Weaving at the present, though still excellent I am sure. For a short time, we introduced N.A.U. extension credits in Weaving, many of their floor looms transported to our campus, but there were problems with registration, and in the frustration of it all, the looms were returned and that program stopped. We did, however, have N.A.U. credit classes in Painting for several years, one evening a week.

The Art Department, as well as other Departments and Divisions, took trips to extension areas such as Tuba City, Page, and Flagstaff areas to discuss program progress with instructors. Before I retired, I saw that influence disappear. It was great to meet those people in outlying areas and answer questions and exchange ideas.

We had a very active Student Art Club, and I was the faculty sponsor for many years. It was great to introduce both the visual and performing arts students to L.A. County Art Museum, the Farmer's Market, Stage Plays and Theatrical Musicals, etc. as well as stroll along La Cienega to view art galleries there. I have been retired from Yavapai College since 1993, and I still get notes from previous students who mention the lasting impressions of those trips, how these trips influenced their lives and broadened their understanding of the visual and performing arts world. We also took Art Club trips locally to Sedona, Phoenix, Scottsdale, Tempe, and Tucson. Many connections were made with the galleries, learning of both hopes and problems of distribution of their works. It gave such a broad view for production and inspiration, especially to those students from the Indian Reservations—almost scary at times in the Los Angeles area!

When I retired from Yavapai College, I was proud to be given Faculty Emeritus. Y.C. was a very special part of my life, and I am proud to see how it has grown. When I took a Sabbatical in 1986, I completed my doctoral study courses at A.S.U. and lived in Tempe for that year. Anne Sullivan was my sabbatical replacement and a wonderful instructor.

I graduated Ph.D. in 1991 and retired from Y.C. in 1993; I went to Prescott College as a Graduate Advisor for their new Master of Arts Program. My last MFA student graduated in June of this past year (2007). I am definitely retired from all teaching now, though it does get in your "blood." My grandchildren and great grandchildren are my students forever!!! Cheers to all new growth for Yavapai College! May the next 40 years be ever so great!!

Dick Marcusen



When you came to Yavapai College and started the Art Department what was it like?

The Art Department was one classroom above the library which was in the building [Building 3] we're in now. It was drawing and painting that was experienced by Mr. Ed Branson and that was the size of it. When I came, Vince Kelley and I joined the faculty as full-time faculty and the first classes we taught were in Building 4 in what was the Homemaking room. We turned it into a Ceramics Studio and a classroom, which became an Auto Shop lecture/classroom, where I taught everything from woodworking to leather to metalsmithing. We taught there a year and then after that Building 5 was constructed. We started the Crafts Program in Building 5 and the Wood Program still uses that facility currently...

When I first started teaching here for the first decade, if not longer, I think it wasn't until the early '90s that the Coconino Community College District was established. Before that time, Yavapai College had jurisdiction over the entire northern part of Arizona from Black Canyon City clear to Page to Fredonia. Adjunct teachers taught classes offered in the Yavapai College course bank all over the state in elementary and High schools and from like I said, Page to Flagstaff, Winslow, Williams, all over. During that process when adjunct teachers taught these Yavapai College courses, it was our responsibility on this campus to coordinate those programs. So occasionally each of us would fly a couple times a semester to some outward location and help coordinate the program. We had some interesting times. I flew into Fredonia airport one time to meet an instructor from the local school who was teaching an art class. I was supposed to be picked up. No one ever showed up and I just sat there. I didn't have a cell phone, of course. The terminal was closed and there was no way to get anybody else. It was mighty cold in the middle of winter. I remember thinking what is going to happen to me. I sat there the whole time and finally the pilot came back to pick me up.

Another time we were flying into Bagdad and Tom Logan, a most excellent pilot had to buzz the runway to scare the cattle off so we could land without hitting one. Another time, Elaine Farrar, who was one of our Art teachers, the cargo door in the back of the twin engine plane opened and lost all of her supplies. It was kind of wild and wooly exciting times...

My one salvation is that from 1984 until now I've been involved as a volunteer with the Friends of Yavapai College Art. I've been involved intrinsically with the development of the Gallery and the Sculpture Garden here on campus. There isn't a week that goes by that I don't have something to do with helping the Sculpture Garden to grow. We're in the process now of acquiring 3 new pieces for the Sculpture Garden after a wonderful expansion of our infrastructure due to a lot of volunteerism. One thing that has kept me really grounded towards Yavapai College is that project and its progress.

Every time I visit the Sculpture Garden and sit in the benches we've sold and the sidewalks that we've raised money for I feel a certain smug satisfaction. It has in my view contributed a lot to the enjoyment of the community, has contributed to our art instruction program and has created a small 4 acre park out of an area that was used for dumping broken concrete and brush. In my view, as the population increases and things become more impersonal we need a quiet, contemplative space where we can be one with our own intellect and see some beautiful things that are 100% of the responsibility of this College and the community that supports it...

The community and some people like Jean Phillips and other members of this community pushed the development and founding of Yavapai College. It has remained true to that I think. It had always had a wide base of community support...

I have no regrets for making a career out of working at Yavapai College...

Transcribed excerpts from an oral history interview of Dick Marcusen with Rachel Morrison, College Honors Student, 2007/08

Lyle Minkler

We were told to wear a white shirt, tie, and a jacket or sports coat every day. I decided to wear a turtleneck sweater covered with a jacket and good pants. I was caught and told to go home and put a shirt and tie on. This is a part of the 1st year of the college...

There was a student dress code. That was equally repulsive both to the students and faculty. For the students, for obvious reasons and for the faculty we were told to report any student who wasn't in the dress code to the Dean. The faculty didn't want to do that. This caused quite a commotion between the faculty and students and administration. Eventually, a student brought suit against the College and the dress code was dropped. So the suit was dropped too...

Transcribed excerpt from an oral history interview of Lyle Minkler, Emeritus Faculty with Marisa Lester, College Honors Student 2007/08

Lynn Nugent



When I was hired it was 1979. There were several experienced [nursing] faculty members and I was the first person to be hired full-time whose initial preparation was in a community college program. I was a very strong supporter of community colleges. I went on from there and earned enough degrees to qualify to teach. The year that I hired it was a very busy time because in addition to all the regular teaching and other activities of a faculty member we were at that time preparing for an initial accreditation by the National League for Nursing, as it was then called. And so, there were reports to be written, a big document to write and revise and revise and revise and lots of extra meetings held in order to obtain this special, voluntary accreditation. So that was what was going on in the Nursing program.

For the College as a whole it was a much smaller school than it is now and I think much closer relationship among the administration, the faculty, the many, many people on the support staff. As now, all of the programs have expanded certainly I think we lost some of that closeness but gained a lot of things. But that was the atmosphere in 1979. The physical campus was rather different from what it is now and there's been a lot of improvements since that time too. It was a neat place to be...

How has nursing itself changed? I think our curriculum has gone from rote memory to being able to think about this is the situation, what are the options, what is the best one in this situation, and how can we deal with it and then evaluate the results—certainly critical thinking nursing process-wise. That's been the model over the years but continue to be refined...

In the mid 80's there was a little team of 2 faculty members; I was one and another who has since retired, and the Directors of Nursing (as they were then called) from the 2 hospitals here in Prescott. We were looking around as part of a funded project to enhance the "Preparation of Nursing", that was the title. In looking, we found a community college in California that had implemented a preceptorship experience in nursing.

In the 4 semester program, the students would compress their classroom work so as to be done a month before the program ended. And during the final month of the program, they would be paired individually with a working staff nurse with one of our agencies here and work pretty much the same shift as that nurse worked, same days and transitioned from the role of being a student to working as a staff nurse.

As we began to collect some data to assess the success of this program, whether it was successful, students were telling us it really the best part of the Nursing program and they did begin to get a sense of what it meant to really work as a nurse...

By working here at Yavapai College I also felt that I could give something back to this community. To me, it was important because as I said, it was home...

Transcribed excerpt from an oral history interview of Lynn Nugent with Zack Shuman, College Honors Student, 2007/08

Tom Schumacher



Back then [1977] how big was this [Verde Valley] campus?

This campus consisted of the four original buildings, A, B, C, and D. F came in 1987.

Where was your Ceramics Studio?

The Ceramics Studio was down in Building B in what people around here call the lower quad. The four original buildings were here way back then. They were supposed to be temporary buildings; they are 30+ years old. (2:15-2:59)

Is there a particular experience here at the College that has made you feel that you have accomplished a lot?

A lot of people ask me, when they realize how long I've actually worked here, a lot of people say, "How can you work here so long?" That's one of the interesting things about working here for me because there's been constant change, especially down there in B Building which is now storage for Facilities. For years that building housed our Nursing Program.

But every few years there were changes that came about. So, we were down there in that Building [B] and started the Ceramics Program; built kilns and what-not down there. Within a few years of that we moved the whole Art Department down to Clarkdale. We had what we called the Clarkdale Art Center which was a building down there that I was in charge of. So as far as the administrative part that was always a part of my teaching.

We had the whole building down there, a big 2-story building right on Main Street in the town of Clarkdale. We had business classes upstairs and art classes all throughout the building. We had a computer lab there; we had a theater, a stage. It was a pretty amazing place. We were there until the mid-late 1980's when they built the current Art Building. We moved into that about 1987.

Transcribed excerpt from an oral history interview with Diana Standish, a College Honors student, 2007/08.