OLD SCHOOL: A college rises

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When BC came to greatness
by Allan Krauter

Throughout its many decades on Panorama Drive, Bakersfield College has built a legacy of great academic achievement, diverse cultural enrichment, and storied athletic success. It has been one of the nation’s great community colleges for generations, but it came to prominence long before the current campus was built.

From its initial struggle to escape the shadow of one of California’s great high schools through a rapid expansion of courses and enrollment to meet the challenges of the Depression and World War II, Bakersfield College was built by the vision of community leaders and trustees and by the inspired work of some legendary faculty and administrators.

BC’s patron saint must surely be the college’s first president, Grace Van Dyke Bird. She came here with degrees in French and architecture from the University of California in 1917, just four years after the Kern County High School District created Kern County Junior College, which would become Bakersfield Junior College in 1930. It was one of the first institutions in the state to provide two years of lower division college courses as well as vocational training at a time when California’s higher learning opportunities were limited chiefly to Berkeley, Stanford, USC and a number of state “normal schools” that prepared teachers.

Like all college faculty members then, Bird taught both JC and Kern County Union High School (now Bakersfield High School) students. She taught French and English literature and was activities adviser to a JC student body of 30. Bird took a genuine interest in all her students’ lives and they gave their best to the popular new teacher. Former student Phillip Wagy recalled, “She taught me French when I was a freshman and for about the first month, I didn’t know whether I was coming or going, but she was very patient. Before I got through that class I got an ‘A’. She was one of the best teachers I ever had.”

Bird was an ardent supporter of the arts in Bakersfield, helping to organize the Bakersfield Music Association to bring accomplished musicians to perform here, and she participated in community theater productions. She was also a big fan of Coach Theo “Spud” Harder’s Renegade football teams, often attending football practices as well as games.

In 1921, Bird was named academic dean of students – in today’s terms, college president. As she continued teaching, she began strengthening the college’s transfer courses to better prepare students for Berkeley and Stanford.

Bird also responded to community needs, broadening courses in business, accounting and secretarial training. KCJC began an evening nursing curriculum for students who lived in the Mercy Hospital dormitory and who worked part-time as nursing assistants and trainees in the hospital during the day.

In the 1920s the college also inaugurated courses in electrical theory and practice to meet a community shortage of electricians. They were taught by the chairman of industrial arts, a Cal-Tech graduate, Kenneth Rich. (Rich would become the first principal of East Bakersfield High School in 1937.)

Many on the high school campus viewed the junior college as an interloper. The high school was already widely known as an athletic powerhouse in California, and its large student body and array of activities dwarfed those of the college, which shared classrooms, athletic facilities and other resources with the high school, usually settling for leftovers. The KC Renegade, a forerunner of the Renegade Rip, crusaded for more classroom space as well as a new building to house the rapidly growing JC student body. Shortly after the Rip premiered in 1929, it took up the cry. “We are still held back by the interlocking of the high school and JC in classes, teachers, certain athletic activities, dramatics, executive board,
and our common source of finances,” the Rip declared.

Bird and other BC supporters lobbied Bakersfield’s social, financial and opinion leaders for a college physically separate from the high school. In 1931, with enrollment at 500, the district gave Bakersfield College its new home on the high school campus, a separate structure known as the Junior College building (later renamed in honor of Chief Justice Earl Warren).

1931 also marked the first edition of the Raconteur, BC’s own yearbook. Before then, the JC students and their activities had received a section at the back of the KCUHS Oracle. The BC Choir, which would quickly garner wide acclaim, also debuted in 1931. Renegade athletes dominated their competition in the early 1930s, winning numerous titles in football, basketball, and track.

Bird had a passion for hiring and nurturing the best teachers she could find. She drew many of her recruits from the high school faculty, but Bird also looked to top universities for new teachers. She was greatly aided in attracting outside talent by the top salaries that the oil- and ag-rich district was able to pay.

One of Bird’s early protégés, Margaret “Peg” Levinson, was an English teacher who came to BC in 1931 fresh from Mills College. Levinson began as Journalism instructor, advising both the Rip student newspaper and the Raconteur yearbook in its first year of publication. She advised many clubs on campus, and Bird quickly gave Levinson more administrative duties as she became Dean of Women, Dean of Students, then Dean of Instruction.

Levinson not only became Grace Bird’s trusted administrator but also a close friend and admirer. She told an interviewer of the “great, genuine, compassionate understanding that (Bird) had for members of her faculty. She knew something about their lives. She knew something about their problems. She knew something about their triumphs.” Bird wrote a thoughtful and personal Christmas note to every faculty member each year, Levinson recalled, adding that Bird often worked several hours after midnight on college projects.

“I don’t know where this vitality and drive came from,” Levinson said. “Some inner strength, some inner concern that made her spend herself lavishly.”

For Grace Bird, the admiration was mutual.

“She thinks with her heart as well as her mind,” Bird once said of Levinson. “She possesses a delicious sense of humor which is ever present. She maintained an endearing loyalty to persons and beliefs. Even without words she conveyed the spirit and ideals of our college.”

“Everyone who describes Peg Levinson mentions her warmth, her ease with people, -- her ability to listen and empathize,” former BC English professor Marci Lingo told a BC audience during Women’s History Month. “On campus, she knew everyone, from faculty to janitor, and treated them all as friends.”

Levinson would leave her own stamp on the college long after Bird departed. Former BC President John Collins called Levinson “the grand lady of Bakersfield College. She never became President, but she taught a number of Presidents how to do their job.”

(next: BC during the Depression and WWII)
Larry Press, sports editor and columnist for The Bakersfield Californian for 42 years who died earlier this year, was beloved by his newsroom colleagues and trusted by his readers. Press had two BC connections: his wife, Bona Dillon was a Journalism professor and Renegade Rip adviser, and he covered Renegade athletics for the Californian. The couple also established a scholarship for BC journalism students. In 2013, Press wrote this letter to the Archives:

Call me an interloper, if you will, but...the copies of the newsletter I read are addressed to my wife, the former Bona Dillon, a onetime journalism instructor and Renegade Rip adviser at BC.

Not being able to boast of a BC background, I nevertheless feel a closeness and deep interest in the institution, after having traipsed up the hill countless times to cover Renegade athletics for the Bakersfield Californian.

In the late and lamented halcyon days of daily newspaper journalism, when the Renegades were the talk of the town, it was a pleasurable duty to cover not only the Gades' football games, but even their daily practices. The job was made easier by the professionalism of coaches and administrators and, in retrospect, I realize even more so now how outstanding they were in their fields (no pun intended). BC teams usually excelled (and were expected to do so), so the “ink” was predominantly positive. Other times, grumblings might be heard but no grudges were held!

I find the Archives newsletter a good read, interesting, enjoyable and upbeat. Who knew that a couple of former BC athletic directors, Ed Simonsen and Gil Bishop, were music majors in college?! Ah, the memories...the climb up the stadium steps, typewriter in tow, became more laborsome, the never-ending tension of fast approaching deadlines...quite a montage for moments of reminiscence. Ah, to be young again, and watching staff of the Renegade Rip enjoy and embrace their own deadlines on Thursday nights.

The “old town” of my 40-plus newspapering years there has grown, beyond what any of us could have imagined at the time. But now, looking back, the memories of Bakersfield College, even from the view of a marginal participant, still loom large, warm and unforgettable.

Larry Press
Volunteer Caretaker of the Pacific Rim, Ventura
The Archives recently received the following memoir from Bow Porter, a 1950s mother whose training at BC equipped her for a career that began in the oilfields and ended in Hawaii with the U.S. Navy.

We moved to Bakersfield about the same time as Bakersfield College opened the new campus in the 1950s. My son, Ken, was in kindergarten.

At that time, I took a Petroleum Map Drafting class at BC at night that started me on a career in the geological and geophysical departments of oil companies. I had done only civil engineer drafting previously. Ken attended BC after graduating from Foothill High School, so the college has been an important part of our lives.

The Petroleum Map Drafting class that I took in the late ’50s or early ’60s was taught by Martin O’Keefe, who was the Chief Draftsman for Standard Oil, assisted by Bea Lyles. I was a civil engineering draftsman, but in this class I learned the skills that I needed to work in the oil patch, doing geological and geophysical drafting while also being the mother that I chose to be.

I loved working, but I also loved being at home when my children, Ken and Carol Klose, were home from school. They had activities, Ken with his ball games and Carol with her horse and golf. With the skills I had, I was able to “write my own ticket” and work the hours I desired as there was a shortage of capable drafters.

I had lifelong benefits from attending this class that added to my skills and confidence, as I worked for years in this field. In the early 60’s mapping was an artistic adventure. All lines were hand-drawn with pen and ink, as was all lettering. We applied the ink to mylar film from which we made paper copies using a blue print machine. This was before computers and copy machines.

I later moved back to San Diego, where I was hired as an Office Draftsman at the Naval Training Center. Following that job I moved to Hawaii, where I worked at Hickam AFB and then had the honor and privilege of being Supervisor of Graphics for Commander Third Fleet -- on an island within an island, Ford Island within Pearl Harbor. I was the only civilian female ever to hold this position.

The Third Fleet’s area of interest was from the West Coast to Guam waters. All naval exercises were planned and executed by this command. My job was to take the information given to me by staff members and make visuals which were used in scheduling and training of the Pacific Fleet. These visuals were also used to brief commands as high as the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, D.C.

I had the privilege of working with and knowing Vice Admiral Bill Lawrence, who had been a POW for seven years at the “Hanoi Hilton” in North Vietnam. He had been head of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and later became Chief of Naval Personnel.

Even in my retirement years, living on a remote barrier island in North Carolina, I was able to add to my income using my drafting skills, working part-time for a local land surveyor. It has been a GREAT lifetime journey that began at Bakersfield College.
The BC Archives staff are happy to report that the Fireside Room, the heart of campus life since it opened in 1956, will survive the extensive renovations and additions now underway at the Campus Center. We wrongly reported in a Spring 2019 newsletter article soliciting Fireside Room photos that BC’s beloved gathering place would soon be lost to the wrecking ball, and for that we apologize. Bill Potter, head of BC Maintenance and Operations, assures us that the Fireside Room will return following construction, adding that its iconic brick hearth and chimney will remain when the room reopens. The photos here show how central the Fireside Room has been to the academic, cultural and social life of Bakersfield College. As other campus areas begin to undergo makeovers or replacement under Measure J financing, the Archives will chronicle their origins and academic life in future issues.
Notable Fireside Room speakers

Maya Angelou
Poet, memoirist, actress, civil rights activist and Presidential Medal of Freedom recipient

Gwendolyn Brooks
Poet, first African-American Pulitzer Prize winner

Art Buchwald
Nationally syndicated columnist and humorist

Ossie Davis
Actor, civil rights activist

Sir Alec Douglas-Home
Former Prime Minister of Great Britain

Charles Evers
Civil rights activist

Althea Gibson
First African-American Wimbledon champion, winner of 11 Grand Slam titles

Dolores Huerta
United Farm Workers labor organizer and civil rights activist

Jackie Joyner-Kersee
Olympic gold medalist

Dr. Charles Everett Koop
Surgeon General of the United States

Steve Lopez
Los Angeles Times columnist

William M. Thomas
United States Congressman

Luis Alberto Urrea
Novelist and poet

Andrew Weir
Science fiction author
I was born in Breslau, Germany in 1933, the same year that Adolph Hitler came to power. I have no memories of Germany whatsoever, but my parents told me that we fled Germany in 1937 after my father was arrested. My family was Jewish, and by 1937 you could be thrown in jail for that. My mother went down to the police station and pleaded for my father's release, and for some reason they let him go – but only on the condition that we leave Germany within 24 hours, without an exit visa or a passport.

In 1938, we were in Genoa, Italy and boarded a ship to Shanghai, China. We were stateless – no valid visa or passport – and Shanghai was one of the few places where you didn't need a visa to live. There were maybe 200,000 to 300,000 Europeans living in Shanghai then, as well as some Russian families who had fled there in World War I.

It wasn’t long before the Japanese took control of Shanghai, so we lived there for several years under the Japanese occupation. I grew up in Shanghai and learned English there at a school where the teachers were from Great Britain, so I came to the U.S. with an English accent.

All Jewish people in Shanghai were required to live within a restricted area, although they could work outside the zone, so to me it wasn’t really a “ghetto” as people called it. My father got a job as a financial officer with a Swiss pharmaceutical company, and my mother worked as a seamstress.

We received virtually no news of how the war was going during that time. But one day in 1945, I was playing soccer with some other kids when American B-29s showed up in the sky, raining bombs down on Shanghai. Some of my friends were killed in that raid. Not long after that, we knew something big had happened. We lived in a building across the street from the Japanese garrison, and I could see the soldiers in the garrison yard from our second story window. One morning in 1945 I woke up and saw that the garrison was empty. My introduction to America was when the U.S. Navy came ashore and liberated Shanghai.

With the help of Jewish relief organizations, my family obtained entry visas and passage to America in 1947. We lived in San Francisco until the Jewish community in Bakersfield provided financial help for us to come here in 1948. The Leo Frank family sponsored us. He was employed by Davis Furniture and helped my dad to find a job in Bakersfield. My mother found work in the L.A. garment district and took the Greyhound bus down to Los Angeles every week, returning on the weekends. Then she opened a dress shop on Chester Avenue which she had for many years.

I entered East Bakersfield High School in February 1948 having missed the first semester, so I had to re-take several classes that I couldn’t prove I’d already passed as a 12- and 13-year-old. I went to summer school all four years to make up the work. I owe a lot to the teachers at East Bakersfield High School and Bakersfield College, who molded me into an American. I thought America was a great place when I came here, and I adopted the culture with vigor.

I graduated from high school in July of 1951 after summer school, and I went straight down to the naval recruiting station with the dream of someday becoming an admiral, but they rejected me because I wasn’t a U.S. citizen.

So instead I started classes at Bakersfield Junior College, as it was known then. The East Bakersfield kids had to take a bus that came in Niles Street and went down Chester Avenue.
as far as 19th Street. The walk from the bus stop to the BHS campus was how I met my wife.

There was a young lady on that bus whom I took a liking to. I found out her name was Vivianne Ruth Bevers, and I tried to see how far I could get with her. It turned out she had attended East High School and summer school, but I didn’t even know she existed until I met her on the bus.

Ruth took a couple of art history courses from Mrs. Lefevre and I would meet her after class, so I remember Mrs. Lefevre very well. (Editor’s note: Mr. Stenger has donated Ruth Bevers’ term papers for Art History 1A and 1B – extensively researched, exquisitely handwritten, richly illustrated, and each more than 200 pages – to the BC Archives.)

I was a political science major and I spent a lot of time with Dr. Parley Kilburn, Harland Boyd, and Jack Casey.

When I went back to my BC yearbook after reading about Mrs. Lefevre, it reminded me that there was another local Holocaust survivor going through high school and Bakersfield College alongside me. His name was Pete Loewenberg, and he had a huge IQ. He became a professor of psychology at UCLA, and when I saw him again at EBHS’ 60th high school reunion in 2011, he was the father of a two-year-old boy!

I graduated from BC on a Friday in June 1953, and the next day I went to work for Sears at 95 cents an hour. I also had an interview at JC Penney with none other than John Cash Penney himself, but I didn’t like him much, so I took the job at Sears on 19th and K streets.

Ruth and I got married on October 8, 1953. In the morning, I had an appointment with Judge Noriega in the East Bakersfield courthouse to swear me in as a U.S. citizen, and that afternoon, we got married at the courthouse downtown. I doubt that we had $10 between us, but we both had jobs, so we got married.

I always say that I earned my degree in retail during my first five years at Sears. It took me ten years at Sears before I was making $10,000 a year, and after than ten years, we finally had enough saved up for a down payment on a home. In fact, I owned a home before I acquired my first automobile in 1965.

By this time, Ruth and I had two young children, and I had been transferred twice, first to El Centro as a merchandise manager, then to Alhambra where I was promoted to become manager of women’s apparel for over 100 Sears stores on the West Coast from Mexico to the Canadian border.

We returned to Bakersfield in 1968 when Sears opened their Valley Plaza store and I became merchandise manager there. Until 1969, Sears was closed on Sundays. But we got permission to try a limited Sunday opening of five hours, for which I had secretly stockpiled merchandise from all over the West Coast. When we opened for five hours on that November Sunday in 1969, the Valley Plaza store set a West Coast sales record. After two more promotions to store manager and territorial manager, I left Sears in 1977.

My last job in retail was at Floyd’s where I spent 16 years and ended my career as supervisor of all five Floyd’s stores in Kern County. Floyd Burcham was one of the greatest individuals I have ever met. After Mr. Burcham sold the business, I retired in 1995.

I am very proud that Ruth went back to college at Cal State Bakersfield, earned a Bachelor of Science degree in biology, and taught at Bakersfield College for 24 years. Ruth retired from Bakersfield College shortly after I retired from Floyd’s, and we went on 39 cruises in 22 years. We had a lot of fun together before I lost Ruth to Alzheimer’s disease last year, and I really miss her.

I just want to say again what a great debt I owe to this country. People who were born here don’t realize how lucky they are. My folks came here with nothing, but they worked hard, and they did okay. And again, I can’t emphasize enough my gratitude to the teachers at EBHS and Bakersfield College who helped to educate me.
People we will miss

CAROL BENSTON taught at BC for 31 years starting in 1964. She was a very witty and creative person as well as a skilled writer. Carol was an award-winning gardener with a water lily pond. She created stained glass panels and shared many lovely craft items she produced.

HENRY CONTRERAS spent 30 years as a faithful, capable Groundsman at Bakersfield College and retired as Senior Groundsman. He took great pride and pleasure in his work keeping the grounds beautiful.

CAROLINE CORSER taught full time at BC from 1969 to 1993 focusing on Spanish, English, ESL and starting the Foreign Students programs. Hoolyse Davajian wrote: “Her ability to make things happen was amazing. I realized a program is only as good as the leader from watching how she created much needed programs. Students adored her. A powerful woman.” In retirement, she gave talks and wrote on the value and joy of humor and laughter.

RON DETHLEFSON succumbed to Alzheimer’s at age 82. For twenty seven years he taught speech and from 1972-1986 was the advisor to KBCC, the student radio station. Known for his outstanding radio voice and wry humor, Ron retired in 1996. He was an author and recognized authority on early records and phonographs and would entertain guests by playing early Amberol recordings.

CAROL ELIEFF was one of the most active and enthusiastic tutors in the Learning Center. She worked primarily with students dealing with learning disabilities and had great success with them. They loved her as much as she loved them. Hoolyse wrote: “She was one of a kind! The Learning Center’s closest thing to a movie star!!!”

MARY LOU FAHSBENDER was first hired in 1962 and served as a department assistant in Human Resources on campus for 32 years, retiring in 1994.

JOE JOHNSON, our much respected and loved Campus Policeman, is remembered fondly by many retirees and current faculty and staff members. Chris Counts, our current Director of Public Safety wrote: “Joe served with the department from 1985 – 2002. He was a Sr. Officer when I first started my career as a Cadet in 1988. He was one of the good ones.”

JOYCE LOCKFORD taught in the Bakersfield College English Department for 33 years. She was five foot tall with towering blonde hair and commanded a room when she entered. She was known to students as both an outstanding and demanding professor.

AL NASO retired in 2000 after thirty two years of service to BC where he was an art instructor and the Chair of the Art Department and the Fine Arts Division. In retirement Al was very generous with his knowledge and experience, teaching classes in drawing, travel adventures, and memoir writing for the Levan Institute for Lifelong Learning.

HARRIET SHELDON was a tall blond with a ready smile. A BC student in 1958, Harriet began teaching at BC when the new campus opened in 1956, first in physical education and then in counseling, eventually becoming the head of the counseling department and the Dean of Student Services for Counseling and Testing, retiring in 1982. A champion golfer and tennis player, she was inducted into the Bob Elias Hall of Fame as an athlete in 1995.

PERSIS WEBSTER, a Stanford graduate, came to BC in 1966 where she taught Spanish for 16 years. Retiring in Great Falls, Montana, in 2011 she was recognized for the 8,000 hours she had given as a volunteer at the Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center. Persis was an intelligent, active, involved, world traveler in addition to being an outstanding teacher and friend.

WANDA JOYCE WRIGHT was remembered at a memorial service in Tehachapi in November. Wanda had been employed in the Small Business Center at the Weill Institute so was best known to those in the District office and Downtown Center.

From the new Archives Director

by Mindy Wilmot

I remember my first visit to the Bakersfield College Archives shortly after I was hired as a reference librarian in 2014. Hanging on a hook right as you walked into the door was a new acquisition: a track and field judge’s jacket from the Games of the XXIII Olympiad held in Los Angeles in 1984. I oohed and aahed significantly because I had been in the Coliseum for one of the competition days watching, among other things, the inaugural women’s marathon. Looking at this jacket, I knew I was looking at history. I then heard the story of who had donated the jacket and its relationship to Bakersfield College. After that day, I made it a point to go into the Archives every once and a while to see what other treasures had been acquired. Little did I know then that I would shortly serve as director.

While I was born and raised in Kern County (born in Taft, raised in Arvin – Go Bears!), I am sad in saying that I did not attend Bakersfield College as a student (I did graduate from CSUB with a degree in English). But I remember rooting for the Renegades in the kids’ section during home football games, marching on the field during BC’s field competitions in high school, and coming to talks in the Fireside Room. I am honored to be entrusted with preserving the history of Bakersfield College. I can honestly say that I can NEVER replace Jerry Ludeke (who would try?!), but we all know what an excellent teacher she is. She is showing me all she knows. I look forward to seeing the stories that will unfold in the future.
Remembering Eva Lefevre

When I opened the Bakersfield College Archives Newsletter, the face of Eva Lefevre startled me. She was my art history teacher in 1949 and I loved her respect for culture and language. Just the gentle way she pronounced ‘column’ in describing a Greek temple was a kind of worship.

Until reading the article about Lefevre I didn’t know of her personal familiarity with Nazi forces, the loss of her heroic husband before the birth of their son, and her dramatic escape from Nazi domination in Europe. In 1949 I was a callow girl preoccupied with my appearance, boys, and adjusting to a new step-mother slightly older than myself. My sister had preceded me at B.C. in 1942-43, wonderfully influenced by Grace Bird, Peggy Levinson and Dorothy Albaugh to transfer to Cal and finish medical school there. But I hardly noticed the huge effects of World War II, except that sugar, butter and meat were no longer rationed, and my sister’s fiancé had gone down with his plane in the Pacific.

So, thank you for publishing Eva Lefevre’s story. It makes me wish I had been a better student and had known my teachers at Bakersfield College much better - Lefevre, Van Ewert, Gordon, Forker, Pananides - as well as the outstanding leaders Bird and Levinson. It makes me feel very lucky to have been part of it all, enabled to transfer to and graduate from Stanford.

Meantime I’ve been closely associated with Cabrillo College in Santa Cruz County, due to my husband’s teaching engineering there, and they are celebrating their 60th anniversary this year. I am gratefully aware of the gifts of the community colleges in California.

DeAnne Russell Harte

Junior Rose Bowl Memories

The current Bakersfield College Archives Newsletter is a treasure for those of us who were attending the college in 1959.

My husband and I were students that year. I lived in the Women’s Residence Hall and attended the National Championship game with several friends. I finished my BA degree at San Jose State College.

My husband, Dee LaMar Davis, was a tackle on the Renegade Football team in 1959. He later transferred to Ricks College to play football and finished his last year of eligibility at Brigham Young University.

Our family has one of the trophies the players were awarded for winning the National Championship. We would like to donate this trophy to the Bakersfield College Archives. Are there other trophies from that event already in the Archives collection?

Dee passed away in 2007 after 23 months dealing with the effects of Multiple Myeloma Cancer. We both had fond memories of attending BC and especially the exciting 1959 football season.

I was in the 50th Year Reunion group that returned to celebrate together. We appreciated the tour of the campus, luncheon and attending the football game that weekend.

Please let us know if donating the trophy would be appropriate and what address would be the most efficient way to send it from our home in Utah.

We appreciate all of the efforts the Archive Department has extended to BC’s former students.

Gratefully,
Carolyn Jones Davis

(Editor’s note: Readers will be happy to know that Davis’ items are now collected in the Archives.)

A Note to Jerry

Jerry –
I got the fall newsletter and it brought back fond memories. I remember the 1959 Rose Bowl game. I went to the game and then some of the football players came by my parents’ home in Sunland (nearby) for food before they headed home. I was surprised that there was no mention of Bill Musick becoming head coach at Fresno City College in both Football and Wrestling.

Judy Cooke

(Editor’s note: Our apologies for not including Bill Musick’s coaching accomplishments)
New Acquisitions

Former Renegade baseball player Paul Deason donated the ball he used to pitch a no-hit, no-run game, the first by a BC hurler, on April 17, 1957. The ‘Gades beat Santa Barbara City College 8-0. Deason generously included his BC letterman’s jacket in the donation.

Former Chicano Center director and retired dean Corny Rodriguez brought to the Archives a large poster of Cesar Chavez as well as a framed photo of the UFW leader, both of which are signed by Chavez.

Two exquisitely illustrated and extensively researched term papers authored by Ruth Bevers for art history courses taught by Eva Lefevre in 1952-53 were donated by Fred Stenger, whose memoir is featured in this Newsletter edition. Ruth and Fred met at BC and were married soon after they graduated. After raising their children, Ruth earned a Bachelor of Science degree in biology at California State University Bakersfield and taught biology at BC for 24 years. Her scholarship and artistic talent are evident in the term papers, which are each more than 200 pages.