ITS WARMTH AND OPTIMISM SHINE STRAIGHT INTO YOUR HEART

It’s not every day that one has the vision to start a college “from scratch,” but that’s exactly what Lucile Bogue, founder and first president of Yampa Valley College (now the Alpine Campus of Colorado Mountain College) did in the early 1960s—against incredible odds, including the pronouncement of elders in the college field that “you just don’t start a college.”

The story of the college’s birth and early history is fraught with troubles, packed with suspense, and padded generously with loving reminiscences of the people who were involved along the way. It’ll inspire anyone who has ever accepted the challenge of their own big idea to take just one more step toward making it reality.

IT CAN BE DONE, IF YOU KEEP FAITH IN YOUR IDEA AND GREASE IT WITH PLENTY OF PERSISTENCE.

In prose that’s as honest as a Colorado autumn day and seems to pull you under its spell as easily, you’ll share the fire of the original vision: A four-year liberal arts college specializing in international relations—something unheard of at the time—and hosting students from around the world at its Steamboat Springs campus. You’ll cheer the project and its plucky founder through all obstacles, from community apathy to boulders crashing through windows to a birthday party for a Syrian student at which hot dogs almost caused an international crisis.

Published with Yampa Valley Foundation, Inc.
MIRACLE ON A MOUNTAIN
Other books by Lucile Bogue

*Typhoon! Typhoon!*
(poetry)

*Eye of the Condor/Ojo del Condor*
(poetry)

*Bloodstones/Lines from a Marriage*
(poetry)

*Windbells on the Bay*
(poetry)

*Salt Lake*
(historical novel)

*Dancers On Horseback: The Perry-Mansfield Story*
(dance-theatre biography)
I want to express my special gratitude to the many people who cooperated to make this book a reality, most of them the same people who made the original miracle come to pass twenty-five years ago. My heartfelt thanks go to: Gary Hertzog, Minnie Hertzog, and Ryoji Fujitsuka for sending early publications of the College and photographs; Gerald Rudolph for his voluntary chapters; Glenn Poulter, George Tolles, Bill Hill, and George Bagwell, who brought the story of the miracle up to date with their chapters; Marian Tolles for her clippings on Der Steinkeller; Kathleen Coghill, Taylor Brown, Chikashi Nakayama, Emma Selch, Ruby Rorex, Scott Abbott, Van Card, Harriet Cook, Gary Holway, Ray Bennett, Jean Barnard, John Wither, Gertrude Fetcher, Roberto Munoz, and Charlie Swinehart for tapping their memories and helping me jog mine.

I am especially grateful to Steve Allen for allowing me to quote at length from his book, Beloved Son (Bobbs-Merrill, 1982); to the Steamboat Pilot for permitting liberal quotations; to the staff of the Buddy Werner Library for their assistance in sifting through the files; to The New Leader for permission to quote from their article “The USIU Landrush”; to McGraw-Hill Book Company for permission to quote from You Can Always Tell A Harvard Man; to Bonnie Bogue for her invaluable editing assistance; and to Denise Roach for her assistance in typing.

As with the creation of the College, the creation of this book has been a miracle of cooperation. I thank you all, the Board of Trustees, the faculty, the whole wonderful community of Steamboat Springs, and all those friends who believed.
When George Bagwell called me in June 1986 to come up to the college on the hill while I was in Steamboat Springs, I acquiesced, with more than a little curiosity. I was in town only two days, but in that time he convinced me to attempt to write the history of this college, which I had founded twenty-four years earlier.

And I choose the word “attempt” carefully, for how could anyone write the history with any degree of accuracy, since the records had been either lost or destroyed by the whirling succession of administrations since my departure? It seemed quite impossible until I found my diaries, sketchy as they were.

I wrote to my friends, both former students and faculty now scattered around the globe, asking them to send anything they might have relating to the early days of the College. The response was unbelievable.

Information came in bits and pieces: a College newspaper from spring, 1964; a College catalogue from a former student in Japan; a detailed account of how a student from Chile discovered the College in 1962. The packages kept coming, and I worked with excitement, putting together the pieces of the puzzle. I remembered vividly all of it happening, but for a time, the names and dates had seemed elusive. Now they didn’t, with these wonderful people coming through, as they always had in those early days when I asked them to do something impossible.

The last package to arrive was from Gerry Rudolph, who had come to teach history in 1964 and had entered into the College’s development with such enthusiasm. It was all handwritten...the lists of students, of faculty, of dates, all meticulously arranged. Then there was what I had never known, a detailed account of all that had taken place after I left the College. It fascinated me. I decided to incorporate it separately.

Finally I came to the section Gerry titled “Introduction.” I must admit I was touched to the point of tears as I read it. I had not realized until that moment how “together” we all were in our daring project.

So at the risk of seeming immodest, I begin now with Gerry’s spontaneous offering, the introduction for this history.

Lucile Bogue
El Cerrito, CA
August, 1987
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DEDICATION

Dedicated to Dorothy Wither (1903-1987), as a symbol of the pioneering spirit and courage that motivated the hundreds of others who sacrificed so much to create this miracle on a mountain. Her words, uttered six years to the day before her death, were the ultimate turning point in the fate of the College. We dedicate this story to Dorothy with great love and gratitude for her unflagging enthusiasm, vision, and encouragement from the very beginning.
INTRODUCTION

By Gerald Rudolph

A four-year international college in a small remote mountain cow town? Crazy! Impractical! Impossible! And yet a private, four-year, non-denominational, co-ed, liberal arts college did come into existence in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, with classes starting in the fall of 1962.

Started by a middle-aged woman not in the best of health? Improbable! But this woman, Lucile Bogue, was a visionary, a dreamer who combined her far-seeing ideas with a driving energy and determination that let little slow her down, let alone stop her.

But doesn’t it take money to start a college? Where would it come from? Much of it came, believe it or not, from small donations and loans of $2,000 to $5,000 from the people of the community and from ranchers in the surrounding area.

Major emphasis? International relations and Eastern civilization/culture combined with business. An unusual idea, to say the least.

From the very beginning students from many countries, as well as from different sections of the United States, enrolled. Students with widely varying ethnic and religious backgrounds were attracted to and sought out by the College. The enrollment eventually grew to include representatives from the local community, from Colorado, from twenty-five other states, and from sixteen countries.

A pre-session orientation for faculty and administration in the Colorado wilderness at Steamboat Rock, a remote area near Dinosaur National Monument? Also unlikely, but it happened in the fall of 1968 and was very successful. Plans were even made for a student/faculty administration orientation in a similar location for the next year.

Investigation and planning for a campus abroad? Charles Ryan actually went to Quito, Ecuador, to check out a site, met with a number of people, and was making considerable progress when he became seriously ill with Hodgkin’s disease and had to return to the United States.

Planned acquisition of a large area south of Steamboat Springs for science field trips, recreation, retreats and so on? Yes, but thwarted by events along the way.

Summer study abroad? Oh yes, indeed. In 1967, the College sent a group of students with their teacher sponsors to study German in the mountain village of Mayrhofen, Austria, to hike in the Alps, and to travel through eight European countries. Perhaps these plans came about because of earlier ideas Lucy Bogue had about a friendship tours program.
Interdisciplinary course offerings such as philosophy/literature/history planned and successfully implemented? Certainly. And this innovative idea was later adopted by major universities.

Unbound by tradition, we felt free to explore, to innovate, to try new ideas in many areas. It was all started by the efforts of a far-reaching, energetic, talented, determined woman, and eventually involved the entire community. But no one ever matched the vision, energy, and creative talents of its founder, Lucy Bogue.
CHAPTER ONE

MIRACLE ON A MOUNTAIN

This is the story of a twentieth-century miracle that happened in a beautiful green valley high in the Colorado Rockies. It is a personal story, as most miracles are. It is a story of a dream that came to fruition, like the story of the loaves and fishes, because of the faith of two thousand people. (Yes, I know the Bible says five thousand, but in Steamboat Springs there were only two thousand in the ’50s and ’60s.)

First, though, you must accept the premise that one of the prerequisites for a miracle is more than a touch of madness. To have a truly first-rate miracle, one should be endowed with two slightly mad grandfathers, as I was.

My maternal grandfather walked from Clarinda, Iowa, to Leadville, Colorado, in 1880 to look over the job of superintendent of schools to see if it was as challenging as had been promised. It was. He sent for his wife and two babies and kept school with a six-foot stove poker at his elbow. He explained to me that he didn’t really use it, but that it had a calming effect on some of the tough young fellows who, after failing to find anything very exciting about a miner’s pick and gold pan, tried their luck at running a succession of new “professors” out of town. They had had some startling successes before Grandpa arrived. He stayed.

My other grandfather carried his wife and five children west from Prince Edward Island in Nova Scotia to a hunk of desert along the Colorado River at a place now known as Rifle, Colorado. Ten days after the family arrived by covered wagon (which had to be dismantled en route and carried across the cliffs on the backs of their horses), my father was born, the first white child born in that Ute Indian territory.

As for my own training for insanity, my husband Art, bless his heart, had done a good job. He taught me that nothing is impossible. But he did it by declaring everything I suggested was impossible. He used this strange technique for everything from frying an egg on a hot rock to raising strawberries in our back yard, from putting a linen closet in the bathroom to spending the summer in Europe. Happily I learned that nothing is impossible if you believe in your project and work at it hard enough.

This particular miracle concerns the creation of a four-year college from absolutely nothing but a dream, the rarified mountain air, and plenty of blood, sweat, and tears.
The idea came in 1951, at a time when the press began to carry statistics on the overwhelming hordes of six-year-olds who were about to enter first grades across the land. Banner headlines screamed, "Public Schools About To Be Swamped!" This mob of tiny ones causing such panic were the same children who had so delighted the diaper-makers a few years earlier. Now their presence didn't appear so delightful.

The articles discussed only elementary and high schools. But by the 1960s these youngsters, as sure as sex and taxes, would be attempting to enter colleges which were already overcrowded. "What will happen then?" I mused.
CHAPTER TWO

LIKE FIRE FALLING

It started like any other golden September day. The sun climbed above the rim of mountains, melting the early frost in that greenest of green valleys cradling the little town of Steamboat Springs. How was I to know that that day would change my life forever? And indeed, the lives of hundreds of others.

Portia Mansfield, bursting with innovative ideas and soaring visions as always, had assembled what she called the First Annual Symposium of the Arts. It met in Strawberry Park at her Perry-Mansfield School of Theatre and Dance, with the purpose of exploring ways to bring the arts to towns and hamlets all across America.

To this momentous gathering she had invited leaders in the arts from New York to Seattle, from Chicago to Santa Fe. She had invited her long-time friend, Richard Pleasant, founder of American Ballet Theatre, and Isadore Bennett, his business associate. Cecil Effinger, the noted Colorado composer, found it impossible to attend but sent instead a full recording of his finest symphony. The assembly was chaired by Gordon Johnston, dean of the law school of the University of Denver, himself an ardent supporter of the arts.

There we sat in the garden of the Cabeen, home of Portia Mansfield and Charlotte Perry, directors of the Perry-Mansfield school. We were silent and breathless as the music of the symphony swept over us. Golden aspen leaves drifted down around us like flakes of flame in the crisp air. Joy surged up in me. I glanced at the people around me. Were they as touched as I was?

Suddenly it struck me. Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing to have a college right here in this remote mountain community? I had heard some exclaiming earlier, "Oh, why can't we stay? Why can't we do our work right here? This is pure paradise."

Why not? Why not a college in Steamboat? As the music swelled to a climax, so did my vision. There was no college between Denver, two hundred miles and two mountain passes to the east, and Salt Lake City, three hundred fifty miles to the west. Most of our high school graduates were going to the University of Wyoming at Laramie, more than a hundred and fifty miles north.

We would have a college in Steamboat. I was sure of it. When the music was over and people began moving around, I jumped up and approached Gordon Johnston. Surely the dean of DU's law school would know the answer.

"How can we start a college?" I asked eagerly.

He stared at me as though I were a green creature from outer space.
"You don't," he answered in disdain. "They're already started." He walked away.

It didn't stop there. The impossible dream began to grow. It would not leave me alone. It haunted me day and night. Steamboat was a perfect setting for a small college. And it *would* be a small college. Never more than five hundred students. A small cooperative community of scholars. Students from all over the world, where they would learn as much of the world's history and culture from living and studying together as they would from the professors' lectures.

And it would be different from any of the colleges I knew. It would teach of the *whole* world, not just the western hemisphere. Most liberal arts schools required a course in Western civilization, but ignored the Eastern world completely. And that was where most of the world's people lived. I had long felt that this was a distorted view of a liberal education. Ours would be a world college.

The college gripped me like the jaws of a pit bull. I couldn't shake it. I could think of little else. It wasn't that I was at a loss for things to occupy my time. I was a very busy mother with two daughters in elementary school, where I also taught full time. My husband, manager of the Federal Land Bank, and I had a busy and happy social life in the community. I sang in the Methodist choir and worked in the Sunday school.

But this college became an obsession. I talked to Art about it. I decided to do a bit of research. I went to the president of the University of Colorado in Boulder and talked with him.

"Is there any possibility," I asked, "that the University of Colorado could form an extension in Steamboat Springs, like the branches of the University of California?"

He raised a dignified eyebrow. "I'm afraid not. All the education that Colorado needs can be done right here on campus. Besides, why do you want an extension?"

"Several reasons," I replied. "First, we live in an area without higher education facilities for two hundred miles in any direction. We live in a cultural and educational desert of over five hundred miles between Denver and Salt Lake City. It is preposterous that such a situation should exist in this day of mass education. Teachers who want to upgrade their degrees must leave their jobs and families to travel long distances to Denver, Greeley, Ft. Collins, or Boulder. And many of our students are going to the University of Wyoming in Laramie."

My logic didn't touch him. He listened politely, then stood up to dismiss me.

"There is only one reason why anyone wants a college in his community," he said. "The desire for prestige."
I went to the State Department of Education in Denver. They seemed appalled.

"Start a college? Why, no one has started a college in Colorado for years. We aren’t concerned with that sort of thing. If it’s a four-year college you want, you’ll have to do it on your own." The man paused and looked at me quizzically. "Now, if you’ll settle for a junior college, we may listen. But first, whatever gave you the idea of a college?"

"We need a college." And I went through the same reasons I’d used before.

"What about Mesa College? That’s on the Western Slope."

"But Grand Junction is on the southern route. And it’s farther away than Denver."

"But why Steamboat? It’s nothing more than a wide spot on the road. How many people live there?"

"Two thousand," I answered defensively. "But that’s not the point. Steamboat is a perfect setting for a small college. And it will be a small college...never more than five hundred students. A small cooperative community of scholars. Students from all over the world will come to learn of the world’s history and cultures."

"But what makes you think people will come from all over the world?" He was unmoved by my passion.

"It will be different from any college I know. It would teach about the whole world, not just the western hemisphere, as most colleges do now. They slice the world in half and teach only Western civilization! Ours would be a world college."

"But why Steamboat?"

"It’s a perfect place for a college. Peaceful and quiet. And with everything kids love...skiing, swimming, riding, camping, the whole beautiful Colorado wilderness."

"Forget it, my dear." He smiled as though he were patting me on the head. "We’re not interested in educating the world. Our only concern is Colorado."

"But Colorado students would be going there, too. That’s the whole idea."

"Now, as I said...If you’re interested in starting a junior college...In our long-range planning, we’re hoping to have every area of the state covered by a junior college district. But that’s years in the future, I’m afraid."

"How could we get a junior college in Steamboat?"

"It wouldn’t be easy. There are all kinds of legal requirements. Steamboat wouldn’t make it."

"Like what?"

"There is a minimum requirement for student census. A minimum tax base. A population center with a pool of educable students. A popular demand. And then, if the district fulfills all that, you must pass it by vote. And that’s
where the rub lies. Sure, people want a college. But that's until they have to pay for it. Their first question—'How much will it cost me?' When they hear the mill levy required, it's thumbs down, usually. Unless someone gets out there to do a helluva job of selling."

"I'll do it! Do you have a list of requirements?"

I went home armed with a sheaf of state laws and regulations.

For the next six years, with the loyal help of my husband, Art, and Ray Bennett, a young father of three who worked for the U.S. Forest Service, I heckled, coaxed, pleaded, cajoled, and spoke to hundreds of people in northwestern Colorado, individually and in groups. If one were to take the neat cartographical rectangle of Colorado and divide it in quarters, ours had no college of any kind. The other three were each supplied with several. We drew maps, wrote brochures, gave speeches, and invited the leaders of six counties (Moffat, Rio Blanco, Routt, Jackson, Grand, and Summit) to regular monthly meetings, where we discussed the advantages and possibilities of a northwestern Colorado college. At first, people were distrustful, the ranchers, lumbermen, and storekeepers.

"Why do we need a college? There are plenty of colleges over on the Eastern Slope. Besides, you'd never get a faculty up here. Or students either, as far as that goes."

It was a challenge to boggle the mind. But we were fired up. For the next six years Art, Ray, and I became traveling salespeople—salespeople selling the idea of a Northwest Colorado Junior College, as we temporarily dubbed it. It wasn't easy. I set up meetings in every little town in that vast area, and the three of us would set off with my roll of charts and pounds of leaflets—through blizzards and sub-zero weather—to give our spiel. We "sold" only during the winters, for that's the only time one can get a group of mountaineers together.

Our pattern was the same everywhere. Art would invite the community leaders, for he knew everyone. In his work, he traveled all of northwest Colorado, and people trusted and liked him.

I would give the speech, using my charts to answer questions. Then we would break up, and Art and Ray would move among the ranchers, miners, townspeople to answer more questions. Often a cowman was more at ease talking with another man than with a woman.

It worked. Slowly, but wonderfully. The town that was immediately fired with excitement was Rangley, in the remote western corner of Moffat County. Stewart McLaughlin had been toying with the idea of a college there for some time. Thanks to the vast wealth of Rangely oil fields, he had a fortune in public tax to work with. But his disadvantage: No people. It was an extremely isolated oil camp. Stewart caught our proposal with a passion. A highly educated engineer, he became a great asset to us.

Carl Breeze, president of the bank in Kremmling, was also touched by our sparks. And Leila Ault, a teacher in Yampa. And Mary Lee Frichtel, who
taught in Hayden. Jim Pughe, a lawyer in Craig. Ferry Carpenter, a rancher-lawyer in Hayden. And Charlie Stoddard, editor of the newspaper in Craig.

The response in Steamboat was encouraging. I was invited to give my presentation to both the Lions Club and the Kiwanis Club. Del Scott, president of Routt County National Bank, was one of our most enthusiastic supporters. So was Dorothy Wither. And Everett Bristol. And Don Kinney. And Jim Golden. And George Sauer, superintendent of schools. And Elspeth Coghill, a rancher’s wife. And Bill Allen. Our list of converts grew.

One of the most dedicated members of our team was Claude Leukens, lovingly called “Mr. Steamboat,” because of his consuming devotion to the town’s betterment. Long-time mayor of Steamboat Springs, he continued to bend all his energies to that end. When he spoke up for the proposed college, people listened, not because he was much of a speaker, but because his brief, quiet words made sense.

By the summer of 1957, we felt that a sufficient fire had been lighted to ensure a victorious election. We called a final assembly at a noon meeting at the Hayden high school. Leaders from all six counties were there.

The month before, we had given the group a bus tour of our proposed site, which we considered a brilliant move. It was a sweep of sagebrush flat above the swimming pool, with a magnificent view of Yampa Valley. It would be a spectacular setting. We had already made a tentative bid on it.

But that afternoon in Hayden, the fat was in the fire. Every community had its chance to speak out.

“Yes, we want the college,” was the universal theme. “Yes, our people will vote for it. But only if it is in our town.”

Six years before most of these people didn’t even know what a community college was. Now they all wanted one of their own. We had over-educated them!

I showed them on my map that Steamboat was the geographical center of the area, proving that a college here would serve everyone better than one in a peripheral community. Figures showed Steamboat was also the population center, more than twice as large as any other town. It had the added lure of skiing and swimming, which brought young people there anyway. It was a natural as a college town.

But they were adamant.

We decided to invite a specialist to come from Washington, D.C. to make the decision on location. He came and breezed through the area, and we were confident he would name Steamboat Springs the only legal and logical site.

We called a meeting to hear his verdict, and everyone sat breathless, waiting. The man from Washington stood to speak. Delegates from Craig, Meeker, Hayden, Rangely, Steamboat Springs, Hot Sulphur Springs, Oak Creek, Yampa, Kremmling, Walden, Breckenridge...we sat in tense silence.
“The college shall be located halfway between Hayden and Steamboat Springs!”

A stunned stillness followed. Then one of the ranchers burst into a loud guffaw.

“Hell!” snorted another. “A college set out in the snow fields fifteen miles from the nearest town would be about as popular as a case of mumps at a Fourth of July picnic!”

We let the project drop.
CHAPTER THREE

IMPOSSIBLE OBSESSION

Four years went by, and still I was obsessed by the dream of a college. I was very busy with a growing family, community and church work, and my teaching. But the idea of a college would not let me rest. I decided it was something that was bound to be.

A fresh concept of the college began to emerge. The more I pondered it, the better it seemed. Steamboat Springs could have its own private college. We would not have to drag along the entire northwestern quarter of a large state to do it. With the wholehearted enthusiasm I had encountered in the original proposal, I felt we could pull it off. And we could forget about the red tape of bureaucracy.

I thought a great deal about my own philosophy of higher education. In the first place, it must widen the students' concept of the world and give them a thorough knowledge of it. When I attended college in the '30s, Eastern civilization was not even mentioned. Yet that was where most of the world's people lived.

It hadn't changed by 1956 when our older daughter Sharon entered college after poring over catalogues from across the country. In most of those colleges, the Orient was practically unknown. Or was mentioned as an exotic sideline, at best.

My dream college, therefore, had to emphasize world affairs. And there must be an open door to students from abroad, for in small, intimate classes, our local students would learn from them about the world "out there."

By getting a thorough understanding of world affairs, our American students would become instruments for world peace. (When I dream, I dream big! What's to stop me?) "Peace" was not a favorite bandwagon topic in the '50s; black civil rights had center stage. And General Dwight Eisenhower, the Commander–in–Chief of the Allied forces in World War II, had just been elected President of the United States. Yet I cherished the quotation from one of his speeches:

"Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies, in the final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed. This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children....This is not a way of life at all in any true
sense. Under the cloud of threatening war, it is humanity hanging from a cross of iron."

Of course, our college must offer a basic field that would educate students for something "practical," some marketable profession. World Business. A degree in business, with a thorough grounding in world trade. All this would come at a later time. A dream too big for local consumption yet.

To begin with, we would just have a four-year, liberal arts, co-educational college, which would always be small enough to remain flexible. We would listen to each student's needs, and custom-fit his or her curriculum to those needs. A liberal arts education.

It would be a cooperative affair. We would have weekly faculty meetings, everyone offering his own creative ideas. And frequent student meetings, where long-range goals of the college would be discussed. Oh, it was a grand dream, dreamed while I was washing dishes or walking to school or doing the laundry.

I told Art about it. Whenever I approached him with one of my frequent brain-children, the dialogue was always the same.

"I have an idea."

"Oh, no," he would moan. "Not another one!"

But this time was different. His face brightened.

"Why not try it out on the Lions Club? I'll ask for a speaking date for you. And the Kiwanis Club is sure to give you a date. It's certainly worth a try."

I was off. The Lions listened with interest. Was there anyone in the group who would volunteer to work on a committee to get the project started? Art spoke for it with conviction, volunteering his own efforts. George Sauer, longtime superintendent of schools, and one of the most stable members of the community, raised his hand.

"Count me in."

Claude Leukens stood up.

"I won't volunteer for any committee," he said, grinning. "I'm on too darned many committees already. But count me in. You have my backing all the way. Just call on me when you want some help." The applause was hearty.

One of the things that appealed to them, I think, was my emphasis on the benefits to the community. Steamboat Springs had long been feeling an economic squeeze, and reiterating ad nauseam their favorite complaint, "What we need in this town is a small clean industry!"

Now it was possible, I pointed out. It would be in a pleasant ratio to the size of the town. And it would not introduce factory smoke or industrial hubbub. Think of the incomes derived from the influx of faculty and students, I said. And the cultural events during the long winters. Everyone was familiar with the delightful advent of dancers and theatre people each summer at Perry-Mansfield. This would give summer richness to the long lean winters. Their enthusiasm was expressed in long, loud applause. I was encouraged.
Kiwanians were a younger, livelier group, and just as dedicated to the betterment of the community. Three volunteers came forward.

Everett Bristol was a quiet young man who worked with the Yampa Valley Electric Company and had four adopted children. I knew him through his work with the Methodist Church. I was delighted. There was Don Kinney, who had been the pharmacist for some time at Law Drug, where I got all my prescriptions, so I knew him well. He had just purchased the drugstore, and was an up-and-coming young businessman. And Chuck Cranston, who had recently set up a law office in town. A college appealed to him.

"If you're going to organize a college," he laughed, "you may have some legal problems. Nothing like having your own lawyer on board."

One afternoon as I walked down Lincoln Avenue past the Hotel Harbor, a new inspiration struck me. The Harbor had been closed for a year because of financial difficulties.

"Why not have a college in the hotel?"

I hurried to the bank, where Del Scott put me in touch with the insurance company on the east coast that carried the delinquent loan. I went to the town board. I talked with the city attorney.

"Sorry," he said. "The town is legally too small to own a college."

I was still working on the plan when a buyer came in and bought the hotel.

I found another unoccupied building. It had been designed as a small hospital, had served as doctor's offices, and then as U.S. Forest Service offices. It had just been vacated. We were getting the wheels rolling to purchase it when the American Legion bought it.

However, in January of 1962, we incorporated a college, with two members each from the Chamber of Commerce, the Kiwanis Club, and the Lions Club. Things began to happen. The bank loaned the corporation $200. We were in business.

Soon afterward, I went to Denver for a doctor's appointment. While there we had dinner with Bob and Jodi Shaw; they had become good friends when we taught together at the Whiteman School. Bob was without a doubt the most exuberant person I have ever known, as well as an ardent anthropologist. Jodi, a registered nurse, was now busy raising their little girls. Bob worked for a pharmaceutical firm.

As I bubbled on about the college, sparks seemed to ignite the gunpowder that was the basic element of Bob's makeup. He was immediately afire with the possibilities. Born and raised in Steamboat Springs, he felt it was the perfect place for practically anything...especially a college.

Art and Jodi found it difficult to get in a word edgewise, as Bob and I spun out one pipe dream after another. Bob's ideas sparked others in me, and vice versa. It was a long and exciting evening. He was with me all the way.

The following week, he appeared at our front door in Steamboat Springs. He had given up his job with the pharmaceutical company and was
here to join in the building of the new college. Jodi and the children would move up from Denver as soon as he could find a house. We offered him board and room until his family could join him. His urgency was as strong as mine.

Another fortuitous event occurred. George Sauer announced that he was assigning a student teacher from Western State College to take over most of my English classes for the remainder of the year. Once I got the young teacher started, I was not to enter the classroom again while he was in charge. This gift of time was all I needed.

Bob and I went into high gear, full steam ahead, with the corporation's approval. We printed 10,000 brochures describing our proposed college and mailed them to all the private prep schools listed in Porter Sargent's Handbook. We mailed them to all the colleges listed in my Webster's Dictionary. We mailed them to all the high schools in Colorado. When I put out a call for volunteers, dozens of women turned out to help in this gigantic task. The seeds of the miracle had started to sprout.
CHAPTER FOUR

A BETTER MOUSETRAP

*If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he builds his house in the woods the world will make a beaten path to his door.* —Ralph Waldo Emerson

From the outset that was what we intended to do. Our college must be unique, and of a quality that would make it one of the best small schools in America. That would be the only way we could grow, or even survive. Our tuition and fees must of necessity be as high as those of other small private colleges. That meant high, compared to the community college we had been promoting. An entire reversal, unfortunately.

Excellence would be the key to our success. Proud parents, well-educated, prosperous alumni, and convinced foundations are the staff of life for all independent schools. We *had* to be good.

Bob Shaw and I pored over piles of catalogues from other colleges while formulating plans. We bounced ideas off each other, and studied, and evaluated, and debated. We agreed on developing the school into an international college immediately. We had so many things to do simultaneously. Where would the college be? How should we start? Who would be the teachers?

As a private college, we had to seek most of our enrollment from private prep schools. First, those were the students who were accustomed to high tuitions. They would be accustomed to the small classes that we planned. Moreover, I knew where to find them.

The *Porter Sargent Handbook of Private Schools*, which I had borrowed from Lowell Whiteman, headmaster of the Whiteman School where I had worked, became my Bible. It listed every private prep school in the United States, most of which I eventually visited.

One night in mid-January the college’s board met in my English room at the high school, “board” meaning those who had volunteered from the service clubs. Chuck Cranston worked out the articles of incorporation with these signatures: Arthur Bogue, Everett Bristol, George Sauer, Robert Shaw, and Lucile Bogue.

After considerable debate, they selected a name for the institution, Yampa Valley College. I felt it was too localized, too limiting for an international college, too “up the crick.”
But the majority prevailed.

We had many board meetings in the English room that winter. I wanted the board to be with us every inch of the way. As I look back on it now, I realize it may have been better not to ask them to be in on all the decisions. I think I wearied them with too much "cooperation."

We elected officers: Everett Bristol, president; George Sauer, secretary; Art Bogue, treasurer (although Art dropped out later, to be replaced by Don Kinney, because we didn’t think it proper for a family member to be handling the purse strings). By this time we had been joined by another enthusiast, a strikingly beautiful rancher’s wife, Carol Gossard, elected vice-president.

When Portia and Charlotte returned from their winter home in California that spring, they gave me all the moral backing I sometimes wished for. They had been through almost fifty years of building a dream in their now highly successful school. Their advice and encouragement was invaluable.

We decided to open the College for classes in September if we had as many as three students. We had to start sometime.

I went to the North Central Accrediting Association in Chicago, where they told me to forget it.

“It is impossible. You couldn’t begin to start a college without five million dollars at the outset.”

I went to the president of Colorado College, who greeted me, as one of his more ancient alums, with warmth and enthusiasm. I told him about North Central’s appraisal and asked for his.

“Five million dollars wouldn’t be a drop in the bucket,” he said. He was so right.

I went hopefully to the Division of Higher Education of the Congregational Church headquarters in New York City.

“I can only tell you what I told the directors of New College in Sarasota, Florida. ‘Raise five million dollars,’ I told them ‘and then come back and perhaps we can help you.’ The people of Sarasota have done it. Now see what you can do.” the director added kindly, patting me on the back.

Five million dollars! He might as well have asked me to hand him the amount of the national debt in dimes.

“I don’t know anyone with five million dollars,” I told him, “I don’t even know anyone with five thousand dollars.”

Not everyone was with us. The postmaster was difficult. He individually weighed each flier as I stood at the window. Although they had been printed next door at the Pilot and were identical, he found a shadow of difference in weight, and made me pay more for some than for others. Although they were open and he could examine them, he preferred to weigh them all, one by one. But he was in the minority.

By this time the board had decided I would have more clout with outsiders if I were president of the board.
Bob and I worked out a calendar for the school year 1962–3. We had a schedule of courses for this first freshman year: Anthropology, art, biology, chemistry, English, history, mathematics, modern language, physical education (archery, ballroom dancing, fencing, riflery, skiing, swimming, tennis), physics, political science, and sociology. Not a bad offering for a freshman, the only class we would admit that first year.

And we had instructors to cover each course. All of them were local, well–educated people who volunteered their services to get the school off to a flying start. It is impossible to describe the excitement and spirit of cooperation that fired the community. "What can we do to help?" was the question I met everywhere.

The cover of our brochure told the story:

Introducing
Yampa Valley College
Steamboat Springs, Colorado

Dear Prospective Student,

We are proud to present to you the brochure of the newest college in the United States, Yampa Valley College, an exciting four–year liberal arts institution set high among the snowy slopes of the Colorado Rockies.

Its first year of operation begins in September, 1962, for the freshman class, with the sophomore class to be added the following year, and so on until the full four–year status is acquired. We are happy to have you meet the highly qualified faculty listed on the following pages, who are ready to welcome you into your first year of college life, and into the friendly little mountain town of Steamboat Springs.

The objectives of this new institution are to present a liberal arts education of the highest academic caliber; to maintain a warm and wholesome social atmosphere for the students; to promote the development of the high ideals and ethical standards which so many of America’s young people are seeking today; and to couple education with the daily stimulation of some of the Rocky Mountains’ best ski slopes, just five minutes walk from the campus. If you are the type of student who is interested in such a happy combination of goals, let us know.

As a private community college, we shall begin a long–range building program as the college grows. However, arrangements have been made to lease comfortable and adequate classroom facilities in a local building and in a hotel. No student will be allowed his own car, as no one needs one, for everything is within five minutes’ walk of the college buildings.

Inside the modest little leaflet was a statement of our greater and more idealistic goals, the very essence of Yampa Valley College:

However, the greatest emphasis in Yampa Valley College is in the field of international relations. The motif of its entire educational structure is based on the belief that no individual or institution is too small to make
itself felt in the world of international relations. We believe that we are educating young people, not only for a full and happy life as Americans, but for a far greater and more challenging job, that of world citizenship.

Therefore, some of the prerequisites for receiving a degree from Yampa Valley College are modern language, international relations, and world economics.

To strengthen the bond of foreign relations and world friendship, scholarships are awarded each year to outstanding students from other countries. This serves two functions: 1. To help foreign countries to understand America. 2. To bring American students a closer understanding of foreign people and the problems of their countries.

Now that we had displayed our soul to the world, we had to get down to the nitty-gritty of reality. Just where would the College be?

We secured a lease on the building the American Legion had just purchased (today the main offices of the Steamboat Pilot). The rent they asked made it almost a gift. There were seven rooms, ideal for classrooms and offices, with wide hallways which later housed much of our library.

The U.S. Forest Service made one of their handsome stained wooden signs for us proclaiming the name of the College and planted it in front of our building at the corner of Lincoln and 11th.

The Methodist, Episcopalian, and Catholic churches also allowed us to use their empty rooms during the week, a happy arrangement for both college and churches, as we paid them a small monthly fee.

While I was talking with Father Funk about this, he quietly asked if we could use a philosophy teacher. He would give us his time free. He also offered a home to any student on scholarship who could not afford board and room. He became one of the College’s most loyal backers.

Where would our dormitories be? Harriet Cook, who owned the Western Lodge across the street, offered to rent her handsome rooms to the girls and to be their housemother.

In 1962 there was no such thing as a winter tourist season, and the motels stood empty until summer. We arranged for the boys to live in Anchor Lodge, at the bridge crossing to the ski hill. “The ski hill” at that time meant Howelsen Hill, for the ski development at Mt. Werner was still a dream. It was merely Storm Mountain, which stretched up and up above the hay meadows of the Yampa Valley.

Where would the students eat? Where could we find a student union? Phil Collins at the Harbor Hotel gave us the answer. He set aside a special area in the hotel dining room where students could take their meals. And he contributed the activity room in the hotel basement for study and recreation.

It wasn’t perfect, but to us who were so eager to get the project under way, it seemed so. And so far, we had accomplished it without any outlay of cash. We planned never to go deeply into debt. Far better to start small, and build up our facilities as we could afford them. Slow and steady was our aim. What we had arranged for would be paid for out of student tuitions, we all
agreed. The community was more than cooperative, with an enthusiasm that matched our own.

It was a hectic summer. Sharon, our elder daughter, was getting married in June and our family went to Iowa for the wedding. But even on that trip, I worked for the College. I went to Evanston, Illinois, to met Joe Jefferson, head of the College Admissions Center, a splendid organization that matched up students and colleges. I found a wonderful friend in Jefferson, who was instantly fired by our brochure and sent us many excellent students in the years to come.

When I returned, the work waiting was monumental. These plans of ours had not yet been accomplished. They had only been stabbed at. What about the foreign students, who we had said would make up a quarter of our student body? What about a library? What about a complete faculty? It boggled the mind. And would we have students?

Then answers to our brochure began coming in. Strangely enough, 99% of them were from faculty from all over the United States, who almost begged to become a part of this new venture. The correspondence piled up. I simply couldn't handle it alone.

Our younger daughter, Bonnie, who was a history major at the University of Colorado, was spending the summer at home. Another fortuitous circumstance, for she was a crack typist, and more than that, a highly intelligent girl who didn't need to be given dictation. She took a trip to Boulder to learn how to set up the library. The Bogues donated almost our entire personal library to the college, including a new set of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Bonnie made a library card for every book.

And the students began to apply. We were going to have a college. Not hordes of students, but better than the three we had set as our minimum.

In order to have foreign students, I learned, we had to be an accredited college. And that was patently impossible. Colleges do not attain accreditation for many years; indeed, as the State Department of Education told me, not for a minimum of ten years, and that only after they had been severely examined by the North Central Accrediting Association in Chicago. It looked hopeless.

But I was not one to give up. In a brief letter to the U.S. Department of Justice, I laid out our problem and enclosed our brochure. I told the Attorney General that we were not even in existence yet, had never had a class, but that we intended to be an international college from our inception. How could we obtain permission to become what we proposed.

In a surprisingly short time the response came. The Justice Department would waive the usual ruling on accreditation in our particular case. We could accept foreign students immediately.

Shortly thereafter, as though brought by a guardian angel, we received four applications from students in Chile, Japan, Argentina, and Kenya. Three came that year, and the fourth joined us the following year.
MIRACLE ON A MOUNTAIN

Roberto Munoz Labrador came to us through a pen pal, a Mrs. Mary Plaisted of Grand Junction, who had read his letter in Americas (a magazine published by the Organization of American States) concerning his desire to come to United States to study. She had read in Colorado newspapers of our college's plan to become an international school. Through a lengthy three-cornered correspondence between Los Andes, Chile, Grand Junction, and me, arrangements were made. Mrs. Plaisted paid his fare to the United States, the College agreed to give him a tuition scholarship, and Art and I would give him a home as long as he chose to stay.

Miguel Angel Romero applied from Cordoba, Argentina. His application came to us through Justin Brierly, our loyal board member from the Denver public schools. Miguel, too, needed a scholarship and a job and a place to live, for he was not allowed to bring money out of his country. I arranged to have him live with Father Funk, have a tuition scholarship, and work at the College as janitor.

Jennifer Karanja wrote from Meru, Kenya. She had applied at the Whiteman School, whose name and address she had found in a Porter Sargent handbook. But as Lowell was not interested in accepting foreign students, he handed me Jennifer's letter. She wrote in precise British English that sounded delightful. She was accepted on scholarship. The Bogues would give her a home.

The board was more than a little troubled by granting three scholarships, when we had no income. But I pointed out that having three more students sitting in class would not cost us another dollar. The classes would not be overcrowded. And these students from abroad would be educating our own students in ways more valuable than any found in textbooks.

To allay the board's fears, we had enough U.S. applicants coming in to open with flying colors. We had students enrolled from Florida, California, Delaware, as well as three foreign students.
Faculty and staff now loomed as one of our most urgent problems. At first I had volunteered my services to teach English, as it had been my major. But as events developed, we realized there had to be a president.

Here was an issue I had not thought of, feeling we could run the College as a cooperative venture until we could hire a president of the stature we wanted. I was totally without administrative skills, and shuddered at the very thought of commanding an organization. But we came to the consensus that I must fill the post for the time being. Fortuitously, an English teacher came knocking at our door, a charming young man from Denver, Robert Garland. So I switched hats and hired him. He had excellent credentials. What a find!

Our next need was a business manager, for student tuitions were coming in fast, and we also didn’t want to have to run to the board with every deposit or check. We also had to have someone to teach our business classes, since they were the core of our program. Again that angel was sitting on my shoulder.

Taylor Brown, our neighbor, walked into my office one day. He worked as the desk manager at the Hotel Harbor.

“I hear you’re looking for a business manager,” he grinned.

“Heavens, yes. Don’t tell me you...?” I couldn’t believe my ears.

“I’m your man,” he chuckled. Then he grew serious. “But I can’t volunteer my services, as the rest of the town is. I’ll need a small salary.”

“I understand.” He was a widower, with a little girl and a ninety–year–old father to support. “What are your credentials? Can you teach our business courses?”

“Nothing I’d like better.” I liked his enthusiasm. “I have a masters degree in business administration from the University of Denver.”

How lucky could I get!

“When can you start? Bonnie is leaving to go back to the University next week and I’m swamped.”

He joined us the day Bonnie left. He was a treasure: Conscientious, able, and willing to take on any assignment. As the year progressed, he became dean of students as well as business manager. His unflagging cheerfulness and pleasant personality soon endeared him to students and faculty alike.

We needed a science teacher, for science was a necessity in a liberal arts education. At the suggestion of my dear friend, Gertrude Fetcher, I called her
former husband, Stan Fetcher, a rancher up on the Elk River. To my surprise, she told me he had been a college science teacher. We agreed to meet in George Sauer’s office at the high school.

But when we met, he was accompanied by his older brother, John Fetcher, an old friend of mine from the Whiteman School, of which he was a board member. He had played his fiddle for the original musical, *Freedom Trail!*, which I had written and which the school had produced. I was happy to see him. By the time the meeting was concluded, we had a new non-salaried mathematics teacher in the person of John Fetcher. But no science teacher. Stan had decided to go back to the University in Minnesota.

It wasn’t until later in the summer that we found a science teacher. And not one, but two. They were both so good and so eager to join us, even for a peanuts salary, that I hired them. Good solid building blocks for the future. Mary Ann Gillen had been teaching at the University of New York but yearned to come west. Her field was chemistry, and she would help in the physical education department as well, as she was an expert in archery and tennis.

Gary Holway was also a New Yorker, who had an M.S. in botany from Colorado State University, and had just earned his Ph.D. in ecology from the same institution. Dr. Holway was another blessing in disguise because of his enthusiasm, cooperative spirit, and willingness to take on fresh tasks.

At a staff meeting I told them Lowell Whiteman’s favorite “private school story.”

It seems a young man was hired to teach math at a certain small school. Casually, the headmaster added, “And you will also teach organ.”

“My God!” exclaimed the new teacher. “I’ve never touched an organ in my life!”

“That’s all right,” soothed the headmaster. “In a small school, we have to do a little of everything.”

The faculty laughed, all but Mary Ann Gillen, who remained aloof. Before the year was over, Gary had taken over as dean of men students and instructor of foreign-student English, and eventually finished out the year giving ski instruction. His salary of six thousand dollars was far higher than anyone else’s, because of that Ph.D. But he was worth every cent of it.

Gertrude Fetcher suggested another friend as a foreign language teacher, a rancher’s wife from up on the Snake River. Elizabeth St Louis had been an Olympic fencing champion in Italy at the beginning of World War II, and had a Ph.D. from the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence. To get her out of the bombing, her family had sent her to a dude ranch on the Upper Snake River. She fell in love with one of the cowboy owners, married him, and became an American citizen.

Now, twenty years later, having raised two dazzlingly beautiful daughters, she was more than fed up with the isolated rancher’s life on the Wyoming border. She leaped into our arms. Another treasure, for in addition to being an artist and a champion fencer, she was also fluent in Italian,
Spanish, French, and English, speaking each without a trace of accent. Here was our art and foreign language teacher (with a bit of fencing on the side).

We had more volunteers for free faculty than we had slots to fill. On our list was the Rev. John Cox of the Methodist church, Rev. Goodrich of the Congregational church, and Rev. Hal Lycett of the Episcopal church, all of whom offered to teach philosophy. George Fick and Ruby Rorex offered to teach square dancing for the physical education program.

The frosting on the cake was when Skeeter Werner, our own famous Olympic skier, made arrangements to bring us Heinz Windbrechtinger from Austria to teach skiing. Heinz was a handsome blond chap with whom Skeeter had become friends while skiing in Europe. A graduate of Staatliche Sportlebrerausbildung an der Bundesanstalt in Vienna, he was a certified ski instructor in the Austrian Alps and worked in the summer recreation program in Vienna and Bregenz. He was so eager to come teach in America that he would accept a negligible salary. More international relations.

But our foreign student enrollment suffered a cruel blow when I received a heartbroken letter from Jennifer, our Kenyan student. Yampa Valley College was not listed in the government list of accredited institutions, and the Kenyan officials would not issue her a permit to come.

Classes were to open in a week. What could I do? I was determined not to give up. An inspiration occurred to me. The only Kenyan official I had ever heard of was Tom Mboya, who was in the news frequently because of the Mau Mau rebellions. To be honest, I didn’t even know what role he played in the government, if any. I had been far too busy to read anything but headlines. But I sent him a cablegram, explaining that we were a new international college, unlisted, but with Justice Department permission to accept foreign students. Please let her come!

On Saturday Jennifer called us from Denver. She was arriving on the afternoon bus. All of us turned out to greet her.
CHAPTER SIX

DAY ONE

September 23, 1962, dawned crisp and clear, with the bright sun setting fire to
the aspens on the mountains surrounding Steamboat Springs, just as it had that
September morning eleven years ago at the Cabeen when this dream started.
Today was the convocation service at the Methodist church, officially opening
Yampa Valley College. Like sparks of fire, the leaves were again falling from
the aspens. And the town was blazing with excitement. The church was filled to
capacity.

Eleven students, our first, filled the front pew. Behind them sat the
faculty. And then those who would take part in the service. Three full pews.
And the Board of Trustees filled up two more rows.

The community felt very warm and close that afternoon. Like a big
family that had pulled off some kind of miracle. All of us fast friends.

Anabell Chesney played Autumn on the organ. Then Everett Bristol,
president of the Board of Trustees, gave the opening message, followed by
Geraldine Elkins singing “I Love Life.” Dr. George Orell from the American
Legion gave his official welcome as the mayor of Steamboat Springs. But the
truly official greeting, perhaps the most moving of all, was given by Mr.
Steamboat Springs himself, Claude Leukens, who had never been to college a
day in his life. Then George Sauer, superintendent of schools and a member of
the Board of Trustees, gave a short talk.

But one of the most powerful elements of that inspiring Sunday
afternoon was our convocation speaker. He was Bonnie’s professor of
education at the University of Colorado; she had urged me to invite him. Let
me quote from the YVC Newsletter:

Dr. Homer P. Rainey...had the honor of opening the first session of
Yampa Valley College, the first four-year college to be started in Colorado
since Adams State opened in 1921....Dr. Rainey is famous as one of the
outstanding educators of the country, having been the president of four
colleges and universities: Franklin College of Indiana, Bucknell
University, University of Texas, and Stephens College. He stirred the
nation during his presidency of the University of Texas when he battled
with the regents over the academic freedom of his faculty. To bring the
matter to public attention he brought the fight into the open by running for
governor of Texas. After several years of retirement he was recalled to
active duty by the University of Colorado where he is now sharing his
wisdom and experience with young people who are going into the field of education.

Dr. Rainey gave us great courage, likening us to the courageous pioneers who came west under untold difficulties to build the United States we know today. He told us it wouldn’t be easy. Pioneering never is, he reminded us. But we must persevere. Our determination must be unshakable. We must not let obstacles stop us in our climb to make YVC a splendid institution.

Then I introduced our faculty and students. Those precious students who had miraculously come to us before we were even in existence. I loved every one of them.

There was Nancy Britton, Emma Selch’s niece from Denver, who had been attending Colorado State University. She was an extremely bright girl, but was rapidly going blind. She was eager to give YVC a try and do the best she could here. (She later earned a B.A. in special education and has been teaching handicapped children in Idaho and California.)

Mike Burton came from Delray Beach, Florida, through the School and College Advisory Center in New York, which I had visited in June on the advice of Portia Mansfield. John Carpenter of Delaware City, Delaware, came through the same source. John was a friendly, good—natured youngster, and extremely modest. No one would have guessed that he was of the famous DuPont clan. And handsome Jim White of Littleton (whom the girls secretly nicknamed Cuddles—wishful thinking!) was sent to us by Justin Brierly, our reliable Denver “tie-line.”

Bob Potter wasn’t in the first day lineup, but came to us later in the year from Winnetka, Illinois, through dear Joe Jefferson in Evanston. Bob was a wonderful chap who had flunked out of his previous college, not because of lack of ability, but out of sheer boredom. His parents, both well—known physicians in Chicago, had sent him to an unknown college as a last resort, although they wouldn’t admit it to their friends. He soon became one of the finest and most enthusiastic students we ever had.

Local students were perhaps the most enthusiastic of all, for this was “their” college, the one they had seen growing out of nothing for the past few years. Dick Jensen, who lived in the same block as the Bogues and had been Bonnie’s playmate before they entered first grade, was the first student to enroll. We called in the Steamboat Pilot photographer to record this historic occasion, as Dick handed his fifteen dollar application check to Art Bogue, treasurer of the board.

Kathleen Coghill was next. We had known her since Art used to take her and Bonnie into Denver for their appointments with the orthodontist. Over several years, we became very good friends. She also attended Whiteman School the two years I was there. Her mother, Elspeth Coghill, was a devoted member of the board, and Katsie a loyal student.
Joan Miller was a Steamboat girl who had been in my English classes for two years in the public high school. I was delighted to see her, for her attractive smile and quiet sincerity had always appealed to me.

One stormy Sunday the previous spring I had opened our door to a shy young caller with a mop of blond curls, revealed when he whipped off his cowboy hat.

"Can I have a word or two with you?" His manner was diffident but determined. "I'm Gary Hertzog from down Maybell way."

"Oh, Gary," I cried. "Come in, come in. Your grandmother is one of my dearest friends."

Minnie Hertzog, who had taught with me for more than twenty years, was a brilliant woman, a classical scholar, a master teacher... and a rancher’s wife. She was adored by students and teachers alike for her rapier wit. I have never known anyone with such skill for a deft retort, quick as a bear trap.

We sat at the kitchen table and discussed the embryo college. Gary had a mind like his grandma’s. I was enchanted. He handed me his application fee, a check signed by Minnie, who was going to finance his education at YVC.

As he stood to go, he ducked his head bashfully and said, "I understand you’re a poet."

"Not very many people know that," I laughed. "I don’t let the news out much. Most people in Steamboat think you’re a freak if you read poetry, let alone write it."

He ducked his head again.

"I’m some’at of a poet, too," he admitted with some embarrassment. Later, when I taught a course in creative writing, I was to discover he was more than that. He was a natural storyteller, as well as a gifted poet. An extremely talented writer. And he talked like John Wayne.

To introduce the foreign students, I quote from the YVC Newsletter:

Jennifer Muthoni Karanja lived in Meru, a city on the equator in Kenya, East Africa. On a hot day in mid-September Jennifer looked toward the mission school and cried. Her visa had not come through. The disappointment was too great to bear.

Two days later she was getting off the bus at Yampa Valley College. Only twenty years old, she had been teaching for two years, but she realized that she needed to know more if she were to help her struggling young country to be independent.

Jennifer is one of three foreign students who came to YVC this first year on a scholarship. Roberto Munoz Labrador of Los Andes, Chile, is another dedicated student who has come a long way to begin his education here. Sr. Munoz assists with the Spanish program both at YVC and the Whiteman School.

Miguel Angel Romero is another student on scholarship to YVC. The son of a civil engineer and grandson of the former governor of Cordoba, Argentina, he finds life at the College very different from that to which he has been accustomed. Because of the political situation in his country, he is
unable to bring out money for his education, and so it is necessary for him to work at the College in order to support himself while he studies here.

Miguel was hilariously funny, a good match for Gary Hertzog. He spent a good deal of time leaning on a dustmop at the College, visiting with faculty members. He was delightful.

Jennifer slept at Grandma Paddock’s house, half a block from ours, but she lived at “Bogue International House,” and helped with the housework. Truly, she was my daughter, despite her beautiful, silken, mahogany skin. Although she was terribly shy, she soon became popular over all of northwestern Colorado as a public speaker. Everyone, it seemed, wanted to hear about Africa.

Her embarrassment from shyness gave her the habit of bursting into hilarious giggles when asked a question, throwing her hands over her face, and whisking her back to us, kicking up one heel as she did so. One night I was driving her to Oak Creek to speak at the Women’s Club. She looked beautiful, for Dorothy Wither had given her a gorgeous white and gold brocade dress from the Dorothy Shop, and her hair was coiffed in the latest fashion. A black family in Hayden had straightened and set her short crisp hair.

“Jennifer,” I said in the comfort of the darkened car, “you look elegant tonight. Like a queen. Can you act like one?”

“Like a queen!” She was astonished. “I don’t know. How can I?”

“Just don’t giggle and hide your face. Look at people when you speak to them. Stand tall and proud. Then you will be a queen. A real African queen.”

From that moment on she was. Her dignity and beauty were very impressive. In the next two years she was asked to speak at practically every organization in the area.

Often Miguel and Roberto were asked to share the podium with her. These were students of whom we were justifiably proud. If the College had existed only for this one year, we would have accomplished something in the way of world understanding.
CHAPTER SEVEN

CAMPUS?
THE WHOLE TOWN

The students organized a planning group, with Dick Jensen as president, Jim White as vice-president, Joan Miller as secretary-treasurer, and Bob Shaw as faculty sponsor. Their first meeting was for the Halloween dance. Everyone in the school was on one of the committees. It was a happy crew.

Our fame was spreading. I had a call from a Mrs. Wilson from the College Placement Bureau in Lincoln, Massachusetts. Could we have lunch together? She had heard about the College.

"Where is the campus?" was her first question. "I'd like to have a tour of it."

"The campus is the whole town," I laughed, and explained our makeshift facilities that were working out so beautifully.

In the College building itself, we found Emma Selch and her volunteers cataloguing a huge pile of donated books and, in another room, Dr. Holway teaching a botany class. I took her to the girls' dorms, the attractive and immaculate Western Lodge, and introduced her to Harriet Cook.

"Come on in," Harriet said. "I'll take you to Nancy Britton's room...it's the only one I'm sure of. Some of the girls have a tendency to throw their clothes in every direction."

"Typical college dorm," Mrs. Wilson said, chuckling.

In the Sunday school room of the Episcopal church, we found Bob Shaw teaching a spirited class in Oriental history. He invited us to sit and audit. Mrs. Wilson was fascinated. I had to draw her away.

"I want you to meet another teacher," I whispered, pointing to my watch. Back at the College, Elizabeth St. Louis was just launching into her Spanish class. Mrs. Wilson was charmed by this aristocratic, silver-haired young Italian beauty who spoke English and Spanish interchangeably.

"One more stop," I said, as we walked up the length of Lincoln Avenue to the Hotel Harbor. "I want to see how the decorations for the Halloween dance are coming along."

"I've never smelled anything like this marvelous air," Mrs. Wilson breathed deep in the bright October day. "And I can touch those mountains."
In the Harbor’s basement, I introduced her to Miguel, Jennifer, Roberto, and Gary, who were tacking up orange and black streamers for the dance. Everyone she met seemed exuberant.

When Mrs. Wilson climbed into the bus to return to Denver, she called back, “I’ll be sending you some students.”

I hadn’t shown her the science labs at the high school that we used at night, or the shooting gallery in the old stone fish hatchery down by the river, or the community hall where we had square dancing, or the ski slopes on Howelson Hill, or John Fetcher’s math class. John had a B.S., an M.S. and a nearly completed Ph.D. from Harvard, which would have impressed a woman from Massachusetts. But there just hadn’t been time.

It didn’t matter. She sent us students anyway.

Another stranger came to my office one gloomy Saturday afternoon in November. Snow was on the way. I was working on lists of foundations in Denver to visit. Our immediate need was for financial help and more students. So I was working out a blitz tour of Colorado high schools, in conjunction with the foundation visits. I resented the stranger’s interruption, but I was the only one there.

He introduced himself as Charles D. Tandy, and handed me his card. Tandy Leather Company, Ft. Worth, Texas.

“What can I do for you?” I asked. What was he selling, I wondered.

“I’d like to look around a little. I hear you have some pretty big plans for this place. I like people with big ideas.”

I livened up immediately and gave him a royal tour, as well as our informational folders. He looked them over with business-like briskness.

“You’re too new for me to invest in just yet,” he said. “But I’ll be back. Tandy Leather is soon going to be one of the richest corporations in the USA. And we’ve set up a foundation to help some of the finest schools in the country. But you’re not there yet. Just hang in there, ma’am. Keep your sights set high. I like what you’re doing.”

I chuckled to myself when he left. Another big talker from Texas. If he was so fired impressed, why didn’t he help us now, when we needed it most? Too bad things turned out as they did. Tandy Leather became Radio Shack, a multi-billion-dollar chain with stores all over the country. What a friend he would have been!

The College hosted another event, an autograph party for John Rolfe Burroughs, a Steamboat Springs native whose new book, Where The Old West Stayed Young, was receiving an enthusiastic reception among book reviewers across the country. The newly formed women's auxiliary of YVC served punch and homemade cookies, and proudly showed the guests around “their” college.

Every Thursday morning we had a faculty meeting. These were for exchange of ideas; the College was not to be developed by dictum, but by democratic principles and friendly cooperation. None of us had ever started a
college or even worked in one, so I wanted everyone's input. We had to work by trial and error, as there was no *Manual for Starting a College*.

I think some would have preferred the other approach, but I believed in building the College as a team. Bob Garland, the charming young English teacher, didn't object. He simply didn't come to any of the meetings. But I felt we needed him. He was a very bright fellow.

I tried to catch him on the way to or from his classes. After several tries, I discovered he never came to the College to meet with his students. Was he teaching *any* classes? I sent him a note by one of the students, asking to see him.

“What's going on, Bob?” I asked when he finally wandered in late one afternoon. “You haven't been showing up for your scheduled classes!”

“Oh yes I am,” he objected. “Of course we have classes.”

“Where? Not here. Taylor Brown hasn't seen you for a month, and his desk is right in front of the door.”

“At the Pioneer Bar. The kids are more relaxed and receptive over a glass of red wine.” He grinned at me innocently.

I was speechless. We had advised the students at the beginning of the term that the Pioneer was off limits, the only place in town that was. It was a hangout for transients and drunken miners. The police were always being called in to break up a bloody brawl. I could just see the face of George Sauer if he saw an English class emerging from it.

“Not any more, Bob,” I managed to say. “Your classes will meet here, as scheduled. And by the way,” I added, “we've missed you at faculty meetings.”

“I know,” his smile would melt the heart of F.M. Light's plastic horse. “I hate meetings.”

“I do, too.” I couldn't help smiling back. “Hate 'em like poison. But I've never started a college before and I need everyone's help. I'll see you Thursday.”

But he didn't turn up, and neither did his classes. This couldn't go on. I called an emergency meeting of the board and laid the matter out. They agreed. He had to go. We had him waiting in the lobby of the Yampa Valley Electric Co., where Ev Bristol suggested we meet.

“You're right, Lucy,” George Sauer laughed. “You hire 'em, we fire 'em!”

But where could we find an English teacher? My guardian angel stepped in again, in the person of Father Funk, who came to my office the next day. “Miguel tells me you need an English teacher.”

“Don't tell me you heard my prayers. Do you have one?”

“I am one,” he laughed. “I have a master's in English from the University of Illinois, and course work toward a Ph.D. I used to teach English before I entered the priesthood. I'd enjoy getting back into it. When do I start?”
A few minutes after he left, Bob Shaw came in, looking as grim as a thundercloud over Storm Mountain.

"Lucy, the students are having a meeting about your firing Bob Garland. They’re pretty upset. They want to talk to you." He sounded ominous.

My ire was instantly up, and my face was blazing. Such impudence! Bob and I stormed through the long halls to the lecture room. The students were sitting quietly in their seats. In a few choice, blunt words, I laid the whole story before them. When I had run out of breath, I stopped.

Dick Jensen raised a timid hand.

"But, Mrs. Bogue," he said, "all we wanted to tell you is that we’re proud of what you did. We’re behind you."

My anger deflated like a pricked balloon. I flushed and apologized. They applauded, and we all laughed together. Bob, I suspect, had stage-managed it all a bit, for he loved the dramatic.

As I was leaving the room, another student spoke up.

"Want to know why Mr. Garland doesn’t come to your meetings? He’s too hung-over in the morning to make them."

The great need now was money. We had the students, we had the faculty...and we had a budget which showed we needed thirty thousand dollars to carry us through the year. The board had been meeting every week for three months, trying to decide how to go about raising the money. It was an immense amount.

Finally I talked to Ferry Carpenter, a local cattleman who had graduated from Princeton some fifty years earlier, and had a law degree from Harvard to boot. In addition to being an A-1 cowman, he was a brilliant lawyer, a wizard with words, and a wonderful friend. We gave a dinner for everyone in town. Ferry, in his dry, inimitable fashion, told them that this college was an exciting thing for Routt County and that he, for one, would throw in his two bits’ worth to see what would happen.

Victory! We raised the whole amount in a town where everyone had been saying we couldn’t raise a hundred. We were in the black for the rest of the year.

With the money handled, things settled down to an even hum; I left the College in Taylor Brown’s able hands and went on the road. During the next two and a half months, I visited every private school in Colorado, as well as a dozen public schools. And when I wasn’t talking with counselors or students about our college and its goals, I was knocking on the doors of foundations in Denver. There were dozens of them. I knew we weren’t old enough to win a grant, but they had to know about us some time, and I felt the sooner, the better.

Every time I came home, I found Art happy with our new family. He was especially fond of Roberto, who soon became the son he had always
wanted. And at the College, Taylor always greeted me with a cheerful grin. Everything was going on schedule. A–O–K.
CHAPTER EIGHT

A CONSUMING PASSION

Christmas provided a happy vacation from the hectic pace of developing a believable college. Everyone went home but the international students, and they congregated at the Bogues’ home. Their ranks were swelled by the arrival of a Kenyan friend of Jennifer’s, an extremely tall, handsome black man who was working on his Ph.D. at Columbia. The College dining room at the Harbor closed for the holidays, so I served meals to a mini–United Nations three times a day, a lively international fiesta of young people who were full of laughter.

On Christmas Sunday we took them to the special services at the Methodist church. We filled an entire row. Later, Marian Whiteman mentioned it.

“It was like the United Nations walking into church. Beautiful. I couldn’t keep the tears back.”

Christmas dinner beside the lighted tree, with a fire in the grate and the snowbanks window–high outside, made a warm and cozy haven for those from troubled lands: Kenya with its Mau Mau rebellions, Argentina with its Peronistas, and Chile with its cruel and ugly repressions.

Crosby Perry-Smith, who had called the Bogue house “home” since the days when he was a young Olympic skier living with us, came with his wife and two little girls, as they did every Christmas. It was a time of lights and laughter and abundant food and love. For a while the students could forget. And I could forget about creating money and students out of thin mountain air.

Suddenly I thought, “Is it selfish of us to have the joy and rare privilege of having these wonderful young people live with us? Should we be sharing them with the rest of the town?”

Immediately I put a notice in the Steamboat Pilot. “Anyone wanting to give homes to foreign college students, please call Lucile Bogue.”

I got one response. The janitor at the elementary school, who had a grudge against the world in general and young people in particular, called. I was astonished.

“How much do you pay?” he asked bluntly.

When he found out it was to be a gift without payment, he instantly lost interest. So we kept our international family with no regrets.

New Year’s Day, 1963, dawned bright and crisp. What would the year hold for the College? Crosby had given me an appointment calendar for
Christmas, on the fly leaf of which he had written, “Only those who see the invisible can do the impossible.” It gave me courage through many of the dark days ahead.

As far as the students were concerned, the College was “going great.” Throughout the fall they had enjoyed trail rides with Clare Wheeler, who had been teaching horsemanship for Perry-Mansfield for several years, and her horses. And now that the snow buried the mountains, the ski slopes consumed their minds.

Classes in the various churches were going well. We had added choral music to the curriculum. Charles Ryan, fondly known as Chaz, had recently come to town as the bridegroom of Linda Sprengle, a Steamboat native who played the organ at the Methodist church. Chaz volunteered to teach chorus in the evenings in the high school music room. This young couple became a most valuable part of the College circle.

One evening on the way to chorus, Nancy Britton had the misfortune to meet a skunk in the narrow path through the snow. Almost blind, she hadn’t seen her fragrant friend until it was too late. He informed her of his presence in a most effective way. Nancy, always conscientious, went on to chorus.

As soon as she took her seat, everyone let out a whoop. Chaz gently suggested she go home, take a bath in tomato juice, and burn her clothes.

Gary Hertzog was part of another amusing event that first year. One weekend he took Roberto and Miguel to a country dance in Maybell. It was wild. Miguel fell to drinking a bit and started yelling, “Viva Hitler!” You can imagine how that went over in Maybell, Colorado, in 1962.

John Fetcher discovered early on that his enthusiasm for the College could not stand up to the reality of a long daily commute to math classes, back and forth up the Elk River, through mud and blizzards. But where could we find another quality math instructor? The angel appeared on my shoulder again.

A dignified couple appeared in my office one afternoon, strangers in town.

“I’m Eran Burgert,” the old gentleman smiled. “And this is my wife, Fern. We drove up from Colorado Springs when we heard about your college. Wanted to have a look around. We’ve always been fond of the mountains, and especially of Steamboat Springs. A delightful place. Delightful. Do you happen to need a math instructor?”

God bless that angel! It turned out that Mr. Burgert was a retired math teacher who was finding retirement boring. Mrs. Burgert was working part-time as a bookkeeper for a hospital, and if they could arrange their classes to meet on three days of the week, she would like to teach business. And both of them for free. Their gift to the College.

Things were beginning to look good for the coming year. We had many letters of inquiry, and a few paid applications. But money was still our great
problem, as it is for most colleges. There was never enough to meet the salaries, even as low as they were. But every month, unexpected donations from members of the community would arrive—one hundred dollars, five hundred dollars, several gifts of a thousand. They were magnificent, the people of Steamboat. But it was still not enough.

Then Katsie Coghill left us. It wasn’t that we weren’t expecting it. She had applied to several airlines for work, for her lifelong ambition was to be a stewardess. Her father had been a pilot, and she longed to take to the skies. When she got her call from Western Airlines, we cheered for her, all of us. But with a group as intimate as ours, her leaving left a great hollow.

But the lively and delightful Bob Potter came to us from Winnetka, Illinois, to fill the gap. He loved the skiing, he loved the mountains, he loved his classes, he loved the novelty of living in a friendly little Western cow town, he loved his escape from a large city.

The College was going exactly as I had hoped. Happy students and a superior faculty. Everyone was inspired. Students. Faculty. Community. The sparks were spreading. We were flooded with applications from excited teachers wanting to join us. Now. I kept writing polite letters, asking them to wait until we were large enough to add faculty. But many of them insisted, and came for personal interviews. We were flattered, but wished those applicants were paying students. I guess we all wanted an instant college.

One of those impatient to be on our staff was Robert Frost, a doctoral candidate at the University of Denver. He and his family came up from Denver frequently, soon taking a proprietary interest in the College, often giving community-wide lectures in international affairs. Our Newsletter kept students up on what was happening with this persistent young man:

ROBERT FROST TO DO RESEARCH IN LEBANON...Robert Frost, guest lecturer at Yampa Valley College, is making plans to move to Lebanon at the first of the year for a 9-month term of study and research, relevant to his doctorate, which he plans to complete in September, 1964. This study is on a fellowship with the Social Science Foundation at the University of Denver where he is working on his dissertation in International Relations. He had already spent some time in the Middle East on a fellowship in 1959. This time he plans to study Arabic in addition to his research.

Mr. Frost will be accompanied to Lebanon by his Danish wife, Svea, and his 2-year-old daughter, Karin. Svea speaks Danish, English, German, French, and Swedish.

Mr. Frost plans to assume the post of instructor in the Department of International Relations at YVC in September, 1964."

Another Newsletter item revealed our spirited faculty:

ITALIAN NIGHT...Mrs. Elizabeth St. Louis, a native of Italy and foreign language instructor at YVC, entertained April 18 at the Harbor Hotel with an Italian spaghetti dinner, followed by folk songs sung by her Italian language class, and some motion pictures filmed in Italy, one of the native
arts and crafts of the country, and the other filmed in the beautiful Dolomite area of the Alps. A large group enjoyed 'Italian Night.'

We prepared a handsome new catalogue for the coming year, and I spent the next months visiting high schools and handing out College ammunition on my second sweep through Colorado. When I wasn't talking to counselors or prospective students, I was visiting foundations and large corporations in Denver.

I had one outfit I wore on every trip, partly because I thought it looked proper for the occasion, partly because it was all I could afford. It became my "uniform," and when the students saw me in my royal blue tailored suit, white pill-box hat, and white gloves, they knew I was off for more students and money. They knew what we faculty were sacrificing to get the College rolling. I was off campus most of the time, cultivating the field for the future. Through sleet, through snow, through dark of night, my little red Karmann-Ghia plowed its way over the curving mountain roads and across Rabbit Ears and Berthoud passes. With snow tires I could go through anything, and often did.

Our spring Newsletter spoke of our pioneering spirit:

PIONEERING A TRADITION AT YVC...Taylor Brown, Business Manager and Registrar at YVC, was surprised recently to discover a full window display honoring his grandfather at Bosworth Sullivan & Company, investment brokers in Denver. The display featured a realistic model of Colorado's first schoolhouse, complete with students and teacher. The first school was built and taught by Abner R. Brown in Boulder in 1860. His grandson is now carrying on the family tradition, active in creating the new College.

Also carrying on the tradition of pioneer education is Mrs. Lucile Bogue, whose grandfather, W.R. Callicotte, was one of Colorado's first superintendents of schools, serving both in Leadville and in Aspen during the booming gold rush days of the '80s.

On the front page of the same issue was featured a photo of Roberto, Miguel, and Jennifer poring over a map. The headline read "INTERNATIONAL YOUTH PANEL," and beneath was the following:

The foreign students...have been extremely busy responding to requests for speeches about their countries. Jennifer Karanja of Kenya, Miguel Romero of Argentina, and Roberto Munoz of Chile, assisted by Tony Dietz of Germany (who attends the Whiteman School), appeared on an International Youth Panel on two different occasions, moderated by another YVC student, Bob Potter of Chicago. They have also given their talks before various organizations: Business and Professional Women, Kiwanis Club, Congregational Church Teen-Group, Congregational Church Culture Club, Methodists Youth Fellowship, Girl Scouts, Beta Sigma Phi, Women's Club, Knights of Columbus, Steamboat Springs High School, Soroco High School, Camera Club, Oak Creek Women's Club, Yampa Women's Club, Newman Club of Grand Junction.
The panel missed one appointment when a severe blizzard closed the mountain pass on the road to Kremmling where they were to speak before a joint PTA meeting. They had struggled 25 miles through the storm before the highway patrol turned them back. Kenya, Argentina, and Chile will hear about this night.

The rest of that winter I spent “in uniform,” speaking before high school assemblies across the state, and telling them about the international business degree we were offering. This story in the Newsletter illustrates the gist of my talks:

Although Yampa Valley College is a four-year liberal arts school offering a wide range of fields in which a student can major, International Business is the unusual field which is our area of special emphasis.

This joint feature of International Relations and Business is felt to be a growing need in today’s world where so many Americans are being sent abroad. Often they are well trained in business, but lack a basic understanding of the intricate international world in which they find themselves. For this reason, YVC is developing the double field to train young people for interesting careers in the new era of our rapidly shrinking world, where the population is moving with greater ease and frequency across the globe.

Although many ramifications of the field will be developed as time goes on, the present International Business field falls into two areas, Business Administration and Office Administration. The latter offers training for those interested in secretarial and office positions, either in this country or abroad, involving foreign relations. Diplomatic training is also projected in future blueprints of the department.

A freighter study cruise during the junior and senior summers will be offered to those seeking the International Business degree. This will be a 10- to 12-week summer cruise with regularly scheduled classes aboard ship, based on the history, culture, economics, and politics of the countries visited. A full quarter’s credit will be given for the course designed to strengthen the candidate’s international understanding, help to erase the image of the “Ugly American,” and develop the type of employee that is currently in international demand. The first cruise will probably circle South America, with a different area offered each summer, in order to give interested candidates a greater opportunity to broaden their experience.
CHAPTER NINE

SOWING THE SEEDS

By the end of February, I had visited every high school west of Colorado’s Great American Desert, and peppered their counselors and students with word of the College. My itinerary was breathtaking. I studied maps and wrote letters, scheduling as many as four schools in a day, sometimes in as many different cities.

My visit to Durango was last, and typical of the speed with which I traveled. I flew from Denver and was met at the airport by a dear friend of thirty years (I certainly depended on friends in those days). My plane was late.

“Oh, Lettie,” I said as I hopped into her car, hardly bothering to say hello. “I’m late for the appointment. Can you drive me straight to the high school? Fast?” She laughed.

“Now if Jim were driving, you’d arrive ahead of time. But I’m not much of a speeder, you know. Tell you what I’ll do, though. I’ll let you drop me off at home and then you can have the car. O.K.?”

After this maneuver, I couldn’t find a parking place at the high school. I drove around a good while, fuming. At last I found a spot and dashed into the building, briefcase flying. Most of the students had already left, but I gave an impassioned speech to the remaining few. I did an eloquent job. They seemed impressed. I departed, feeling pretty good.

As I left the building, it suddenly dawned on me that I had left the keys in the car. Oh, my God! Was the car still there? But where? I had no idea where I had parked it. I wandered frantically, looking for something familiar. I began to really panic. Jim French was a member of the state legislature, and might need that car before I could locate it.

Should I call the police? Then I realized I did not know the license number. Or the color. Or even the make of the car.

At last I found it. It was the only one in the lot with the keys in it. It was a black Cadillac. Jim, usually ready for a laugh, didn’t think it was funny.

By March I was ready to take on California. If I could do all of Colorado in two months, and that in the dead of winter, California in the spring should be a cinch.

Again, with the aid of a map and my old Porter Sargent handbook, I planned out the whole campaign and wrote for appointments. I tried to schedule realistically, but I admit I did have a tendency to pack the
appointments in pretty tight. Art and I didn’t have the money to allow for spare time on the road. So I drove fast.

California, and especially the San Francisco area, had a superabundance of private schools; they were the ones I went for. My routine was two to five schools a day. I rented a car and combed the coast, from Jenner, fifty miles north of San Francisco, south to San Diego. Over five hundred miles as the crow flies, but crows don’t take into account the snarls of city traffic, the wandering trails of seeking strange addresses in strange cities, and the incomprehensible madhouse of strange freeways. What an initiation for a country girl!

In the Bay Area I stayed with my daughter Bonnie and her husband in their two–room student apartment with one bed, which pulled down out of the wall. They generously slept on the floor in the kitchenette. But the trip would be a lark, I thought, a sun–filled adventure after driving through the endless blizzards of the Colorado mountains. I didn’t know what lay ahead.

When I arrived at the private girls’ school in Berkeley, Anna Head, I heard suppressed giggles coming from behind the ivy–covered wall of the famous old school. Suddenly a white slip of paper fluttered to my feet. I picked it up.

“Help!” it said. “We are being held hostage! Get us out of here!” It was a boarding school.

Several years later when I became dean of Anna Head, I often chuckled, remembering.

At the Thacher School in Ojai, I had dinner with my dear friend, author David Lavender, and his wife, Mildred.

“Some day I’ll be inviting you to teach on the faculty at Yampa Valley College,” I told him.

His face brightened. I knew he adored the Colorado mountains, for there was his gold mine of books on the West.

“Yes that a promise?” he asked.

It was. I kept it twenty years later when I invited him to teach at the first annual writers conference held at the College.

A torrential storm struck Southern California as I entered Los Angeles. I battled blinding sheets of rain, hunting for unknown schools in a strange city, striving to keep my schedule. Living on a loaf of bread and a jar of peanut butter in a rented car, my blood pressure reached the boiling point with each new appointment. I kept the car radio on, which warned of hazardous driving conditions and announced streets that were flooded or closed by downed power lines. In the midst of it all, I noticed the diamond had fallen out of my engagement ring. I never found it.

For a mountaineer, the freeway madness of Los Angeles was pretty terrifying. One night I took the wrong exit off a freeway and was lost for two hours, wandering helplessly through the empty streets lined with darkened
warehouses, trying to find my way back onto the highway that roared just overhead.

I finally found a lighted filling station.

"How can I get back on the freeway?" I asked the swarthy man who approached the car.

He did not speak English. I was afraid to get out of the car to call the police for help. I kept repeating, and pointing, "Freeway. How can I get on the freeway?"

"Oh, freeway," he grinned, a sinister grin, I thought. Here was a word he knew. "Freeway," he repeated with pride.

He pointed to the freeway above us. But that was as far as we got. Somehow, much later, I found access to the freeway and my motel. It was nearly midnight.


The nearer I got to it, the narrower and curvier the road grew. I was climbing into mountains. Then a few flakes of snow began to fall. Snow? Near Palm Springs? In no time at all, my rented car was wallowing through deep drifts that were getting deeper by the moment. This looked too much like home. Only difference, I didn't have snow tires. In another moment I was stuck, slipped off the road.

I walked on to the school, seemingly miles away, knee-deep in snow without snow boots. I got home from that trip bruised, beaten, and weary. But I had prospects for some students in the years ahead. Everyone looked at me and remarked, cheerfully, but full of envy, "How was your vacation?"

I had been gone only a month, but it seemed like ten years. Vacation? But recruitment-wise, it was the most successful trip I ever made. California held a treasury of students for us.

In April I went to Dallas. Arlene Jones, one of our staunchest board members, recommended I go there to talk to her dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Lawrence. They were extremely wealthy, had children in St. Marks School, and might become as enamored of YVC as she was.

It was a fruitless week. Texans were appalled at the thought that anyone should ever want to leave Texas. Especially to attend college. They had the best colleges in the country right there in Texas, didn't they? And after all, Texas was known to be the center of the universe, wasn't it?

On sudden impulse I left the lush, manicured opulence of St. Marks, Hockaday, and Greenhill schools, and drove to a nearby public school "for colored students." We had wanted to enroll some American blacks and had decided to offer scholarships if they should apply.

The contrast was shocking. I arrived during lunch hour, and the playground was filled with shouting, running children. The school was a huge, unpainted building, looking more like a gray, tumbledown barn than a school.
It sat in the midst of a raw, uncultivated, hardpan field with hills and gullies that had never been smoothed to give even the semblance of a playground. Children of all ages played there, from some so tiny they looked as though they should be home napping, up to towering young fellows who would have been the dreams of basketball coaches.

I stopped a boy. "Can you tell me where to find the principal’s office?"
He went into a lengthy set of directions that sounded like instructions for reaching the backside of Mt. Kilimanjaro. I know I looked baffled.
"You want that I should carry you there?" he offered.
I never would have found the way without a guide. We threaded our way through the lunchroom, in and out of other rooms, and down narrow crooked halls that seemed to have no exit. "My God," I thought. "What if they had a fire while school was in session?"

The principal, a gentle kindly man, was deeply touched when I told him we would offer a scholarship to one of his outstanding students.
"You’re the first person ever to come here to see us." There were tears in his eyes. "But none of our young people ever goes to college, ma’am."
There were tears in my eyes, too. "We’d like to help one of them."
He rose and took my pale hand in his heavy brown one.
"Thank you for coming, ma’am. But I’m afraid you don’t know what it’s like down here. You come from a different land."
I left, disheartened. International relations here in the heart of Texas.
CHAPTER TEN

THE GODFATHER

Back at the College, things couldn't have been better. Everyone greeted me with smiles of welcome.

"Get anybody from Texas?" they asked, knowing I had gone "fishing."

I shook my head. "No, I think most of our new crop will be coming from California. They really liked us out there. But time will tell. I'm going back East as soon as possible. And to the Midwest. I think I can interest them there, too."

So I went to my office, a little back-room cubbyhole, and resumed my sixteen-hour days answering queries from prospective students, parents, and faculty and mapping out a quick trip East. My time at the College was as pressured as when I was on the road. There was so much to do, and so little time. I longed for a secretary, but that was a luxury we couldn't afford.

I always planned my trips to cover more than one area of endeavor, including meetings of college associations. It was important for us to become known in the national college network. We had to establish Yampa Valley College as an entity, and one of significance.

And so in my blue-and-white "uniform", I sallied forth to impress the world. Perhaps it was my brashness, the force of my enthusiasm and conviction, or the uniqueness of the whole idea. But people listened.

Whenever I walked into an office, be it that of the president of the Ford Foundation or the headmistress of a girls’ school in Virginia, my initial approach was somewhat as follows: I would hand them my card, which said, "Lucile Bogue, President, Yampa Valley College." At first I was a bit embarrassed by the colloquialism of it. Until I learned the routine.

"Yampa Valley College?" they would say, looking bewildered. "I never heard of it. Where is it?"

"Steamboat Springs, Colorado," I would say, my eyes twinkling, for I knew that would throw them, too.

"Steamboat! In Colorado?" It was always the same, for in the early '60s, no one had heard of Steamboat. It had not yet won its fame as a ski resort. "Where in the world is that?"

"At the foot of Rabbit Ears Pass," I would say, laughing. And they would laugh with me. The ice was broken. And then I was ready to launch forth into talking about our concept, a college that would educate by creating a microcosm of the United Nations in an environment where the individual
THE GODFATHER

counted, was listened to, was shared. It was a fresh and intriguing idea. People liked it.

On April 20 I flew to Kansas City for a meeting of college admissions counselors. Then on to New York, where I visited all the college placement agencies, as well as the African-American Institute. Then up to Boston to get acquainted with the School and College Advisory Center, with a quick lunch with my friend, Ted Weeks, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. “Write a book about this college of yours,” he said. “But wait a few years until we see how it develops.” Writing a book was the last thing on my mind then. I needed students, funding, recognition.

The ultimate achievement for that year occurred with my visit to Washington, D.C. to see Al Hill. Al seemed to be a legendary figure, held in the highest esteem by everyone who knew him. Joe Jefferson in Evanston had urged me to get in touch with Al and had given me a scribbled address. “He’s the director of something called CASC,” Joe had said. “A great man. He’ll help you put your college on the map. He’s the godfather of small colleges.”

So I had written to this fantasy character, asking about CASC and what it could do for a new, very small college. Many weeks later, I received a delightful reply expressing his amusement and astonishment that my letter had reached him, for the address had not been used for five years. He sent me a brochure and invited me to come see him on my next trip East.

Alfred T. Hill, Ph.D., was all Joe said and more. He was the executive director of the Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges, better known as CASC. This was an association of seventy-seven small, private colleges of arts and sciences in thirty states from Maine to California.

Their brochure said,

CASC was founded in April 1956...to achieve goals which the schools could not realize individually. These goals include regional accreditation, expansion of enrollment, raising of academic standards, improvement of faculty qualifications and salaries, strengthening of financial resources, development of physical plant, and improvement of public relations.

The average enrollment at these colleges is 500...

Here was the answer to all my prayers, all under the aegis of one white-haired, exuberant gentleman in Washington, D. C. He greeted me with the warmth and enthusiasm of an uncle welcoming his favorite niece. I had sent him all our catalogues and newsletters, so he knew what we were about.

He took me to lunch, and over our salad and omelette, it would be hard to say who talked more, or faster, or with more excitement. We shared a wild and daring ardor for our respective dream children. Before lunch was over, each of us was sold on the other’s project.

“When can we join CASC?” I asked eagerly.

He patted my hand kindly.

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"Not for a while, lady. You can attend any of our meetings, but it isn’t easy to be accepted to membership. You’ll have to be in operation for a few years, so we can evaluate your progress and achievements."

My heart sank. "You sound like all the foundations."

He laughed. "Don’t worry. You’ll make it with flying colors. But not your first year."

I’m afraid I was near tears. Here was the answer to all our problems...and we did not qualify.

I left for home with mixed emotions: Elation and bitter disappointment.

I stopped off in Chicago to visit Joe Jefferson. He had students for us, which bolstered my sagging spirits. That night I spent in Winnetka with Bob’s parents, the two Doctors Potter. They were charming people, and it was easy to see where Bob got his wit and intelligence.

After her husband had left for his office in Chicago, Mrs. Potter and I had a cozy visit about Bob. She would take me to the airport before going to her office.

"I can’t tell you what you’ve done for Bob," she said. "He’s the happiest he’s ever been in his life. We were beginning to think he was a pretty impossible kid. But you’ve turned his life around completely. We don’t know what magic it is you have out there in the mountains, but it sure works."

Then she handed me a check. "This is Bob’s application fee for next year," she said, "plus his full year’s tuition. I have a feeling you might need it in advance. Although I know it isn’t due until September."

I was speechless. Then she handed me another check, this for a thousand dollars.

"And here is a small token of our gratitude to the College for all it’s done for Bob."

This time I was able to blurt a choked "Thank-you." I said, "Maybe Bob will be our first graduate."

"Oh, Mrs. Bogue," she burst out. "We can’t let him graduate there!"

"Why not? He loves it, and he’s doing so beautifully."

"But Mrs. Bogue," she said with some embarrassment. "We can’t tell our friends he graduated from Yampa Valley College. What would they say?"

I hadn’t known the power of snob appeal until that moment. I had plenty to say, but fortunately I did not say it. And so Bob was with us for another glorious year.

But it wasn’t all roses. Miguel wasn’t coming back. He loved the classes, he loved Father Funk, he loved the students, and he loved living in the mountains. But working as a janitor wasn’t his idea of getting an education. Having lived in a wealthy family all his life, he was not prepared for physical labor, although he had done it cheerfully enough.

Now that he was leaving, I regretted the fact these foreign students would have lived the entire school year here in the narrow valley of the Yampa, surrounded by the high walls of the Rockies, and would know nothing
else of America. Art and I decided to take Miguel and Roberto on a quick weekend trip to Yellowstone National Park in Art’s little Hillman convertible.

It was a delightful excursion, with both boys goggle-eyed all the way. They thrilled to the wild animals in the park. Miguel wanted to see a bear more than anything else. Everywhere were signs indicating their presence—“Warning...do not feed the bears!”, “Danger...keep away from the bears!”, “Remember bears can be dangerous...don’t feed them!” Which only whetted his desire the more.

Suddenly we rounded a grove of pines and saw several bears pawing through a garbage can beside the road. We stopped. Roberto rolled down the window, but before we could stop him, Miguel was out of the car and walking toward the animals, shaking an open bag of potato chips invitingly.

“Miguel, get back in the car!” Art yelled.

Joyously oblivious, Miguel shook his bag of chips with abandon.

“Come, bear,” he coaxed. “Come, bear!”

Without warning, the largest of the animals rose to his full height and started for Miguel. The speed of such a massive animal was astonishing. But so was Miguel’s. He whirled, his face white with terror, and was back in the convertible in a flash, crouching on the floor, his head between his knees.

“Go, Mr. Bogue, go!” he screamed. “Go, Mr. Bogue, go! For the love of God, GO!”

But before Art could get the car in gear, the huge bear was on us, clawing at the window. We had hurriedly rolled it up, but not quite enough. The bear’s immense claws found the crack at the top, and came over the edge into the car.

“Go, Mr. Bogue!” Miguel continued to wail, still huddled on the floor in the back.

Art had trouble with the gear shift, understandable in the midst of the excitement.

“Hurry,” I cried, adding to the confusion. “Hurry, before he rips open the canvas top!”

Art finally jammed the car into gear, and we made our escape.

After that we saw several more bears, but Miguel refused to look, or to share our delight. He’d had enough. He’d seen America.
When classes were over and the students departed, we held a post mortem. We concluded it had been a great year, considering everything. Applications from several new students had come in. It had worked. We had a real college. But the board was bitterly discouraged.

The heavy cloud on the horizon was financial. It seemed to be a vicious cycle. Foundations and corporations with money wanted to see us succeed before they bet on us. But we had to have money before we could succeed. Taylor and I pored over our budget, and then I pored over it again with the board. The ultimatum was that we had to tighten our belts. But where? Faculty?

True, we were overloaded with science, but Mary Ann Gillen left of her own accord. Cut one salary there. I asked Dr. Gary Holway if he would accept a cut in his six thousand dollar salary to forty-eight hundred. We simply couldn’t pay him what he earned and deserved. He was a superior instructor, and tremendously cooperative and excited about the entire project.

He thought it over and discussed it with his wife. It was a hard decision for him, but with three little girls and a wife to support, they decided it was an impossibility. I agreed, but it was a deep disappointment for all of us. How we would fill the science slot, I didn’t know, but I was confident that some miracle would occur. We had more teachers clamoring to get into the College than we had students.

The miracle came in the form of Pearl Stehley, an old friend and the pharmacist at Lyons Drug. Her husband managed the J.C. Penney store and her daughter was a classmate of my girls. She had been around forever. But what I didn’t know was that she was an experienced science teacher, with a masters degree from the University of Colorado. She volunteered to teach for pennies an hour.

I started looking for a likely prospect for president. I felt inadequate to be the head of a growing institution. I was eager to work like a fiend and use all my ingenuity in developing it, but I didn’t want to be president. I was only filling in until we could find someone with enough leadership, imagination, and enthusiasm to take over.

I drove to Hayden with a tremendous idea. Ferry Carpenter. He had been one of our warmest supporters, even in the earliest days of the community college idea. He had everything needed to make an outstanding president.
Intelligence, leadership, education, imagination, charisma, and a dynamic personality. To hear him talk, one would think that he was just what he was, a Western cattleman, one with the ingenuity and business sense to develop a new, beefier breed of cattle that had made him world famous. But Ferry was far more than that. A Princeton graduate with a law degree from Harvard, he was a witty and spellbinding speaker with a brilliant mind. He knew all the right people in Denver, and indeed, far beyond the borders of Colorado was a well-known crusader. He was a man of rare vision, who happened to love the Yampa Valley more than anywhere else on earth. What a president he would make!

"Hello, madame president," he cried with delight as he greeted me. "I hear as how you're doing great things with that little international college of yours. Congratulations!"

When his gracious wife Rosamund had brought us some tea and gone off to take her nap, I got down to the point of my visit. My eagerness was apparent.

"Ferry, I want to invite you to be the president of the College. You are perfect for the job. We can't offer you much of a salary for awhile, but maybe enough for postage to write to your children to announce your new career."

He howled with laughter. "Heavens to Betsy, Lucy! Do you know how old I am?"

"No, but you're old enough to have the experience and prestige that a president should have."

"That's not the point, darlin'. I've reached 'that certain age,' as the ladies say. I'm seventy-seven years old."

"What difference does that make?" I countered. "I must admit, your age has never entered my mind. As Portia always says, 'Age is irrelevant to anything you're doing.'" He loved Portia Mansfield as I did, and smiled fondly.

"You know what we do with bulls when they reach my stage of 'maturity'?" he asked. "We turn 'em out to pasture...or we butcher 'em."

That was his answer. He was out to pasture and intended to stay that way. And at seventy-seven, he had earned the right. I was stuck with the job.

It was a summer of bitterness and bickering. If I hadn't kept my eye on the stars with sheer determination, we would have been lost in a mass of flailing heels and elbows.

In July the board decided to close the school. August 1 marked the absolute low of my faith. My health was in a serious state, and the doctor ordered me to quit work. Everyone in town agreed. It had been a crazy idea in the first place. What made anyone think it would work?

I handed in my formal resignation and left town for three weeks on the stern advice of my physician. The time was not lost, however. I attended the annual workshop of CASC, on the Westmont College campus in Santa Barbara, California. There I talked with other college presidents and spent a
week studying the problems of college administration. I discovered I wasn't alone in this monumental struggle.

I drove home across the Nevada desert with my little Volkswagen almost flying in my impatience to return. I had a plan. We would test the miracle of faith. We would operate the College as a faculty cooperative.

The faculty, God bless 'em, voted to accept my plan to continue the College without a board of trustees. Three decided to start the second year on a cooperative salary, with each receiving perhaps three thousand a year, depending upon enrollment. Six of our original eleven students decided to return, and we had more student applications coming in. I found people in the community who would teach on a part–time basis for five dollars a week. The board decided to rejoin this stubborn effort.

We were accepting only freshmen and sophomores, but Martin Ringel of New York would not be put off. He had only one year until graduation, and he was so excited about the concept of YVC that he refused to take no for an answer. All he really needed for his degree was a year's student teaching. After much correspondence and making arrangements for him to teach locally in Ruth Trogler's fourth grade, he was accepted.

We had to find a new girls' dorm. By a stroke of providence the Ski Vue Motel, uptown, turned over to us their entire facility. The students' room charges would comfortably cover the rent. And the boys would again be housed in Anchor Lodge.

Emma Selch was busy in the library in the foreign language room. As it grew, books lined the whole wide, U–shaped hall that circled the building. Art Bogue built sturdy shelves to hold the volumes that flooded Emma and her volunteers.

Our Newsletter told the story:

LIBRARY FUND NEEDS HELP. The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad opened the YVC library fund this year with a contribution of $100. Mrs. Jean Heckel contributed $10 in memory of her husband and Taylor Brown contributed $5. Many other individuals have given gifts of books, from whole sets of books to single boxed volumes of considerable value, from a set of Encyclopaedia Britannica to dozens of Broadway plays. The library now has over 900 volumes. However, many thousands are needed for accreditation.

Mrs. Emma Selch and her assistants have put in hundreds of volunteer hours setting up the library, cataloging, cross filing, and establishing an efficient Dewey decimal system.

Cash contributions are still greatly needed to fill out crucial vacancies in certain departments, as well as for binding many complete sets of magazines to be used in research. Gifts may be sent to Yampa Valley College Library Fund.

The Newsletter carried another story that revealed the remarkable enthusiasm of the community:
WOMEN'S AUXILIARY FORMED. Under the guidance of Mrs. Benita Bristol and of Mary Beth Graham, a group of women have organized the Women's Auxiliary of Yampa Valley College. In the past few months they have put in thousands of hours of voluntary work in the Library, in hospitality work, in clerical work, and in public relations work for the College. They served refreshments at a reception after the Convocation Service, entertained the students at a “Pizza Party,” honored John Burroughs with a “Pickle Barrel” autograph party, served refreshments at YVC Midwinter Open House, entertained foreign students during Thanksgiving and Christmas vacations, designed and sold original YVC note paper, and sponsored an Oriental evening with a Chinese dinner and program.

Officers for this very active year have been Mary Beth Graham, President; Mrs. Benita Bristol, Vice-President; Mrs. Janet Vail, Secretary; Mrs. Kerstin Elkins, Treasurer; Dorothy Wither, Foreign Student Hospitality; Mrs. Jean Deurloo, Volunteer Service; Mrs. Kathleen Smith, Faculty and Student Hospitality; Ellen Winchell, Public Relations; Mrs. Ruth Carver, Scrapbook.

Taylor Brown and I toiled frantically over the budget for the coming year, right up to the day we had to present it at the annual Board meeting. We tried to figure cuts in expenditures and expansions in income so that the budget would be balanced, but it was hopeless. Finally I voiced the only solution I could think of.

“If you would take a twenty percent cut in salary, we could do it. What do you think?”

Taylor hit the ceiling. Taylor, who had always been a treasure of tranquility. His anger was monumental. I gasped, scarcely able to believe my ears.

“That settles it!” he shouted. “I give up. I can’t even live on my current salary, let alone take a cut.”

He charged out the door, while I dissolved in tears. With Taylor gone, how could the College survive? I depended upon him for everything, for keeping the accounts and records to perfection, for greeting visitors, for answering the floods of questions daily, for handling everything and everyone when I was away or otherwise occupied.

I locked the door of the College, went home to bed, and wept into my pillow. It was the first time I had cried in twenty-five years. But the hour of the annual board meeting, including the expanded Board of Advisors as well as the working officers, was almost here. The College had to go on.

Then a thought occurred to me. Harold Greear, a former superintendent of schools, a fine, dignified old gentleman, long since retired. Would he consider becoming our dean and business manager? He certainly had all the experience necessary. He and his wife had operated Lake Trail Guest Ranch in Strawberry Park very profitably for many years. He would not require much salary.
I got up, washed my tear-blotched face in cold water, and called him. His immediate response was an unequivocal yes. Salary? Anything I suggested. He didn’t need the money. The deal was clinched in less than two minutes.

That night at the board meeting, Everett Bristol was elected president; John Fetcher, vice-president; George Sauer, secretary; and Don Kinney, treasurer. Then I announced, as calmly as I could, that Taylor had resigned for financial reasons, but that I had gotten Harold Greear to replace him, at a savings in salary that very nearly balanced the budget. I watched a look of utter disbelief shatter the calm of Taylor’s face. It wasn’t until later that he told me he hadn’t resigned. He had only been refusing the cut in salary. I came near to breaking down in tears again. I would have given anything to undo my error, but it was too late. I could have bitten off my tongue for my stupidity.

Again I was convinced of my inadequacies as an administrator. This time the solution to my talent search came to our doorstep, eagerly applying for the position of president. He was Craig Davidson, western Colorado administrator for the Bureau of Class Instruction of the extension service of the University of Colorado. This voluble, enthusiastic man was quite beside himself with exhilaration over everything about the College. He wanted to start immediately, but we couldn’t afford him yet, and he still had a commitment to the University in Boulder.

A native of Texas, Mr. Davidson had degrees in education from the University of Miami and had done doctoral work at Claremont College and the University of Colorado. He had majors in English, psychology, guidance and counseling, philosophy, sociology, and history of education, with minors in history, school administration, and higher education. He had a wide background of experience, having taught in secondary classrooms, been a school superintendent and district superintendent in Canada, and college instructor in education and guidance at the University of Colorado, Highlands University, Adams State College, and the University of Alaska.

Best of all was his fascination with the international aspect of YVC, an interest engendered by ten years of military service around the world beginning in World War II. In addition, he liked small colleges. His son, Craig Jr., was attending Mesa Junior College in Grand Junction.

I was to continue at the college as vice-president, director of development, and admissions director, traveling much of the time as I was now doing. I estimated by the end of 1963 that I would have traveled one hundred thousand miles and visited approximately three hundred schools. I thought it would be nice not to have to worry about the progress of the College while I was on recruitment trips anymore. But as it turned out, by June 1964, Mr. Davidson had gone off on another tangent. His interests were fleeting and widely scattered.
One day Claude Leukens came into my office, his face wreathed in smiles.

"I have a proposition to make, Lucy," he grinned. "The town owns seventy acres up on Woodchuck Hill that I got in a deal with old Bill McCausland years ago. I've been hanging onto it till I found something worthwhile to use it for, something that would have some valuable impact on the town. And now I figure I've found the right thing. The campus for your little college. And you can have it for a song, providing it's in the contract that it will never be used for anything else besides the College. What do you say?"

My answer was an instant "Yes!" I called a special meeting of the officers of the Board, and the deal was made. They also authorized me to employ the architectural firm of Hombein and White in Denver, which had been highly recommended to us by our board member from Denver, Justin Brierly. Justin had also recommended us to the architects, so they arrived Johnny-on-the-spot, completely captivated by the prospect of building a whole college from scratch.

My vision of the campus had long been a group of alpine-style buildings in wood, stone, and white plaster, buildings of the earth and mountains, that would look as though they had been there for two hundred years. Vic Hombein and Ed White were immediately infected with my dream and began sketches, exactly what I had in mind.

I took them up to the top of Woodchuck Hill, where we could look out over the world stretched below, with the Yampa River shining silver in its green, green valley, and the distant hills stretching out blue and misty till they met the sky.

"Here," I told them, "you will build the World Center, a great building to which people from all over the earth will come for conferences to discuss peace, and culture, and interaction between nations." I couldn't have said that to everyone, but Hombein and White understood, and they thrilled to my wild dream. They had just built the lovely new Permelia Curtis Porter Library at Colorado Woman's College in Denver.

And they understood the financing of college building, which would be a distinct advantage to us in carrying out our plans. The campus was purchased with gifts from Harold Greear, our new dean, and Craig Davidson, president-elect. It was an inspiring time.
 CHAPTER TWELVE

YEAR TWO

September 21, 1963, dawned as clear as a crystal ball in the valley of the Yampa. And all was going according to plan, except that we were ahead of schedule. This year we had planned for twenty-two students: Freshmen and sophomores. Instead, we started the year with twenty-six, more than a one hundred percent increase. But best of all, sixty adults in the community had registered for classes. Truly a community college. They were making the miracle.

When Ferry Carpenter stood to speak before our second annual convocation, it was to an overflowing crowd in the auditorium of the Yampa Valley Electric Company building. I made a mental note to find a larger place the next year, as I watched people crowding in the door, and dozens inside, standing.

Ferry spoke of the encroaching demands of federal tax in everyone’s life, and commended private institutions such as YVC, starting among the grass roots and developing by the initiative of the local community, not established by some dictum handed down by a bureaucracy. He likened YVC to the Mayflower, setting out across uncharted seas with its group of pioneers on a dedicated and difficult journey.

Afterward, the YVC auxiliary served at an autumn reception, with Mrs. Ferry Carpenter and Mrs. Ev Bristol pouring. The guests greeted students from Japan, Kenya, Chile, Bermuda, New York, Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, California, and New Mexico, as well as Colorado.

The year was off to a fine start. Mr. Greear, our new dean, was working out beautifully. His natural charm and good-natured dignity were perfect for the job. And his long years of successful administration as superintendent of schools stood him in good stead. He was everything we could have hoped for. And as an extra dividend, he brought along his grown son, Marty, as custodian.

Marty was my pet, a big, shaggy Newfoundland puppy of a fellow, who had been born highly intelligent but had fallen from a playground slide at the age of three and had not developed far beyond that mental level. He was my devoted follower and would have done anything in the world I asked of him. He became as important a part of the College as his father was. He drove a car, ran errands, cleaned the College, shoveled snow, and drove “taxi” for us.
whenever the need arose...anything I needed, Marty was there, waiting to be helpful.

With things running smoothly on the home front, I spent more time in Denver, talking with corporations and foundations about our burgeoning college in the Rockies. I visited Dr. Bob Sterns, who had retired as president of the University of Colorado and was then with the Boettcher Foundation. I got well acquainted with Charles “Chuck” Davlin, of the Phipps Foundation, and with Steve Aydelott, president of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad (who sent his son to YVC the following year). I talked with Mr. Gordon at the Shell Oil Company, John Metzger at the Trianon Foundation, and Helen Bonfils, heir to the Denver Post fortune. The lists and my visits were endless. And they began to pay off, in small gifts at first: Twenty-five hundred dollars from the Phipps Foundation, fifteen hundred dollars from the Denver & Rio Grande, a few dollars here, another gift there. And it all added up, both financially and morale-wise. People believed in us.

When I returned home, Art complained that Jennifer, Ryoji, and Roberto, had suddenly gone on a sit-down strike on helping with household chores. They merely sat around and waited to be waited on. I was troubled and more than a little puzzled. What could it mean? Our whole family, our own children, had always cooperated in housework without a question. We thought of no other way. When I left, all had been operating as smoothly as silk. What had happened?

A new student from Taos had begun hanging around, dropping into our kitchen at breakfast time and making himself a part of the family. He seemed belligerent and unfriendly, so I wondered why he came, but one more young person didn’t make too much difference. Jennifer’s ironing (her own clothes, incidentally) began to pile up until it fell off the basket. Ryoji and Roberto ignored the snowbound paths to the house and the overflowing garbage. It all began to fit together. I confronted Steve, the blond youngster from Taos.

“What’s going on, Steve? Our family has ceased to be a family since you entered it. The love and caring and cooperation seems to have disappeared. Tell me about it.”

He remained surly and silent, staring at his feet.

“Come on, Steve. What have you done to the others?”

After a time, the silence got to him. He burst out in sudden anger. “You have made slaves of them! They are nothing but slave labor, and I told them so! That’s why you have them here. Slaves!”

I couldn’t have been more astonished. I tried to explain how families operated, how everyone helped and shared in the food and love and fellowship, as well as in the household duties. But apparently he did not come from such a family, or he was too angry to listen. Our neophyte young labor organizer stalked out, still the rebel.
Then, one by one, I talked with our children from Kenya, Japan, and Chile.

"See here," I said softly. "In our family, everyone does his own share. Mr. Bogue and I buy the food and prepare the meals and pay for the heat and light and taxes so that you can have a comfortable home. You get all this free, while the other students have to pay a high price for theirs. You get free tuition at the College, which the others pay a high price for. Mr. Bogue and I work very hard to provide all this for you. If you prefer not to carry a little of the responsibility, that is your free choice. You can return to your homeland at any time. What do you want to do?"

The labor crisis was settled, with shy smiles and embarrassed cooperation. It never arose again.

On November 13, Victor Hornbein came up from Denver to present his preliminary sketches at the board meeting. We were all extremely excited by his beautiful plans for the campus, and the stunning concept of his "Swiss chalet" buildings.

The next day I left for Ft Collins for an exhilarating meeting of the National Association of Foreign Student Advisors. From there, I flew to Portland, Maine, on a recruitment campaign of the private schools of New England. Within the next five weeks, I called upon seventy-seven private schools and colleges, as well as several placement agencies and foundations in New York City. I was warmly received at all, except for one school in New Hampshire, where I was a half-hour late for my appointment because I had slipped off the road in the fresh snow. How I had been on time for all those other appointments I had made weeks before, I'll never know. I had never been over this territory before. I drove blindly on and on, happily convinced that my guardian angel was perched on my shoulder, giving me directions.

Steamboat Springs looked beautiful when I returned on December 20, just in time to make a warm and happy Christmas celebration for the family. Daughter Bonnie and her husband Frank were coming home for the holidays, as well as Crosby and Winona Perry-Smith and their two little girls, so it was to be a merry time, with Art's parents, the Paddocks, joining us for Christmas dinner. Early in the day, Kenny St. Louis, one of my students from high school days, joined the family circle. He had just come home from college.

After a prolonged, festive dinner we drank hot cider and sang around the piano until our voices gave out. Someone noted that there was a full moon, and someone else suggested we change into ski togs and go ski-joring (being towed on ropes behind cars, much like water-skiing) in Strawberry Park. Those who couldn't ski could ride on our girls' big Flexible Flier sleds, equipment from one of our favorite winter sports.

Everyone else had gone on ahead, while I was busy getting Jennifer rigged out in some of the girls' old ski clothes. There was much giggling and merriment, for Jennifer had never worn ski duds before. It struck us both as hilarious, an African from the equator climbing into heavy padded Arctic
garments. As we pinned up the clothes to fit her slender little frame, the phone rang.

It was a cablegram from Kenya, saying that Jennifer’s father had been assassinated in the rebellion there. As I held her in my arms, her body wracked by sobs, I realized more than ever the need for peace among races. How far away her own world was.

“It’s because he was trying to make peace between the whites and the blacks,” she sobbed. “All he ever wanted was peace. Each side thought he was the enemy, and so they killed him.”
CHAPTER THIRTEEN

BOOKS...BOOKS...BOOKS

Before I left for New England in November, the Board of Trustees had given the first annual Founders Day dinner at the Hotel Harbor, in recognition of those who had donated so generously to the College. The banquet, attended by almost one hundred people, was given by an anonymous donor. We had many of them in those days. Nobody wanted to be caught betting on a dead horse. They wanted to be sure the critter was alive and kicking vigorously before they dared to commit themselves publicly.

The Honorable Ed Johnson, former U.S. Senator and Governor of Colorado, gave the keynote address, a thoughtful and thought–provoking talk. Long known for his intelligent appraisals of subjects, and for his non–partisan statesmanship in his lifelong efforts to better the nation as a whole, he spoke his mind.

“The most realistic education we can plan,” boomed Big Ed, “is to teach people to think their way out of the very difficult situations into which our nation has plunged, and to learn to convert near–disaster into national and world advantage.

“This is a superior type of college where excellence and quality are the hallmarks. This college does not want to become large. Its ambition is to become excellent. Its students will be hand–picked, not for their social standing but for their potential. Since it is a community–supported college, it will have greater leeway in selecting its curriculum and its students. It is my prediction that educators will watch this college and check it frequently as a very interesting and fascinating college guinea pig.”

And by January, Big Ed’s prediction seemed to be showing signs of life. Yampa Valley College was becoming nationally known as an anomaly, an interesting oddity that bore watching. We were mentioned in Time magazine and in the Christian Science Monitor. Bob Palmer of KOA–TV, Denver, came up with his cameraman and interviewed us, taking pictures of the campus and the students.

YVC was now offering extension courses, with joint credit from the University of Colorado and Western State College, enabling YVC students to earn credit from certified teacher–training institutions. These courses, in education, English, and mathematics, were taught by Craig Davidson, the Rev. Kenneth Funk, and E.O. Burgert. This gave our one senior student,
Martin Ringel of Monticello, New York, the opportunity to earn more teacher–training credits. However, students transferring from YVC to other state colleges and universities had already received full credit for work taken at the College, without being asked to take validating examinations. We had come a long way in one brief year.

Our greatest need was to expand and upgrade our library. Emma Selch, the librarian, announced that although it was only a year old, it already contained more than two thousand volumes, catalogued and cross-filed. With the assistance of the YVC auxiliary and of student librarian Penny Seely, she had organized the flood of incoming volumes in two rooms of the administration building. We needed more space.

The Colorado Federation of Women's Clubs joined in the project. Mrs. Anita Preiss, the president, assisted with her front–page article, “Operation Good Books,” in the December, 1963, issue of the Colorado Club Woman.

Among notable gifts to the library were a thirteenth edition of Encyclopaedia Britannica, a forty–volume set of Encyclopaedia Americana, a brand new set of Encyclopaedia Britannica, complete sets of Zola and Balzac, and many volumes in German, French, Spanish, and Japanese. Our fifty volumes of contemporary drama were a popular collection, as there was some thought of the College putting on a play for the community.

One morning in late January, the library received a bolt from the blue in the form of a visit from Jim Pughe, our board member from Craig.

“Hi, Lucy!” he grinned, sticking his head into my office. “Need any good books for your library?” he asked.

“Of course! More than anything else in the world right now,” I laughed. “Have you any in your pocket?”

Jim was an outstanding lawyer in Moffat County and had been one of our staunchest supporters since we had worked on the junior college district together in the early '50s.

“No, but my brother has,” he countered. “He's the Librarian of the Library of Congress. If you ever go to Washington, D.C., drop in and see him. George Pughe. I've heard they give the second copies of all their books to educational institutions, so it might be worth looking into. Tell George I sent you.” And he was gone.

As a matter of fact, I was leaving for an educational conference in Baltimore February ninth and planned to confer with Al Hill, of CASC, in Washington before starting on a swing through the schools of the southeastern states. It would be perfect.

When I woke up in my hotel in Washington, the silence was terrifying. What had happened? Had I gone suddenly deaf? Or had the rest of the world been wiped out during the night? I rushed to the window and found the city buried under a deep blanket of snow. Not a car was moving. And I had an appointment at the Library of Congress at eight o'clock with George Pughe.
After great difficulty I found a taxi driver to pick me up, most reluctantly. But we got bogged down in the heavy, wet snow before we were halfway up Capitol Hill, and I had to plow the rest of the way on foot, sans snow boots. After all, I had thought I was coming to the sunny South. The snow reached almost to my knees, and it was not the fluffy white stuff I was accustomed to. It was an icy slush.

Surprisingly enough, George Pughe was in his office. I wondered if he’d had as much difficulty getting there as I had, but we talked about the College and books. Then he took me down to the catacombs under the Library and turned me loose in the most amazing treasury of books I could have dreamed of.

“Choose anything you want. Just put it on one of these big carts, with the name and address of your college on this form. See if you can get one of your congressmen to ship them to Yampa Valley College on his frank, free of charge. Happy browsing! And good luck to that college! Jim has told me about it.”

He left me in heaven. I wandered about, choosing books here and there that would fit into our international relations and business programs. I could have stayed there forever, browsing, for I am an addicted bookaholic. But I had an appointment with Mrs. Katherine Green, director of admissions at Howard University, so my time was limited. And I had to get hold of Senator Gordon Allott from Colorado to see if he would ship the books. I knew he would, for hadn’t he already sent us a beautiful American flag to fly over the College? He thought it was a great idea.

Getting to Howard University proved to be as great an ordeal as getting to the Library of Congress. The angry taxi driver let me out even before we started up the hill at the University, declaring it insane to even be out on this kind of day. I agreed. I’d never been so achingly cold and wet in my life.

But Mrs. Green’s graciousness soon warmed my heart, and her excitement about the college soon set my “enthusiasm juices” flowing again. She was from Utah and knew Steamboat well. And yes, she had a student for me.

She called in Abdul Haykal. He was an extremely handsome, black-browed, angry-looking young Syrian. He had come to Howard University on a scholarship, not knowing that it was a school almost exclusively for black students. And he felt highly insulted. I told him about YVC. Would he like to come, perhaps next year?

“No. I will come now. Today!”

A quick call to the College prepared the way, and our new international student arrived in Steamboat two weeks ahead of me. He was to be quite an adventure for us.

I spent several days in Washington exploring ways to finance a library. I went everywhere for advice: to Dr. Hill of CASC, and different offices in the
Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. I was getting lots of advice and an education. But it all seemed so slow. We needed it now.

Back in Steamboat, Abdul’s arrogance was breathtaking. After a short time in the men’s dorm, he declared it too noisy. He demanded something quieter. We got him a room in Nite’s Rest. But he soon returned, complaining that it was too expensive. The Bogues’ beds were full, so I was in a quandary. Then we remembered that Daisy Leonard, the black cook from the Whiteman School, was going to Puerto Rico with the school for two months and wanted someone to housesit, to keep her fires going and to water her plants. Perfect. It wouldn’t cost Abdul a cent.

That was fine until two days after Daisy left. One morning he stormed into our home while we were still at breakfast. A thundercloud personified.

“I’m living at the Harbor now,” he announced in fury.

“But what about Daisy’s water pipes? And plants? They’ll be frozen.”

We were aghast.

“That’s not my affair. I’m not going to sit up all night to keep her fires burning. And besides, I don’t like living in the country. You’ll have to find me something else.”

It was Art’s turn to be furious. “When did you let the fires go out?”

“Yesterday.”

“Oh my God! The pipes! Come with me, young man. You and I have a big cleanup job ahead of us.”

They spent most of the day heating water, melting the ice off the floor, mopping up the flooded house, and draining the pipes. The plants were hopeless.

I don’t recall where Abdul spent the rest of the winter. He kept pretty much out of my way. But on June sixth I gave a surprise birthday party in our backyard for Jennifer, Roberto, and Abdul, whose birthdays fell in a cluster. It was a hot dog barbecue, with potato salad, birthday cake, and ice cream for the entire student body, over thirty young people. Everyone seemed to have a great time, with laughter echoing clear to the rim of mountains.

But next morning, Abdul came into my office. His anger was something to behold.

“Do you know what you did to me last night?” he said without preamble.

“Well, I thought I gave you a birthday party.”

“You tried to feed me pork! And you know I don’t eat pork!”

“Oh, Abdul, I’m sorry.” I tried to feel as crushed as he wanted me to feel, but I couldn’t keep from smiling. “I didn’t know. Forgive me, please.”

“Do you know what I did? I made Eddie take me to the Harbor and buy me a steak dinner!” And he huffed out, looking all-powerful. Poor Eddie Dismuke was the girl whom I enlisted to inveigle Abdul to the surprise party.

A few days later he was back in my office, a beautiful gleaming white smile on his face.
“Mrs. Bogue, I have another Syrian student for you next year.”
I groaned. “Not another one,” I laughed. “I’ve had all the Syrians I think I can handle.”

He seemed not to mind my frankness.
“But this one’s different. He’s from my home town, Tartous, but he’s lots nicer than I am. Try him, please!”

Abdul was right. Saed Tayyara was one of the finest students who ever graced the College. He lived with us for some years and became a real son to us. He married a minister’s daughter, bought a restaurant, became the mayor of Craig, and is today one of Steamboat’s leading businessmen, owning three restaurants there.
Events accelerated during the spring of 1964. Applications began coming in. Joyous things were happening on campus. We had two magnificent art teachers, Merritt Esmiol of Kremmling, who was a wizard at bringing out talent in people, and Dorothy Richardson, whose husband was a minister in Yampa and who had loaned us an astonishing array of paintings for display in the administration building. Our art classes were bulging out of our classrooms, which provided a welcome income, and a rare opportunity for adults in the community.

The College sponsored the first Northwest Colorado Art Show in Steamboat Springs, July first through fifth. More than one hundred entries in oils and watercolors made a dazzling display, and plans were soon underway to repeat the art festival in 1965. "Valley of Arches," by Freda Estes, received first place, and "Eulogy in Sepia," by Helen Rehder, took second. The show drew large crowds every day, a new experience for the community. The paintings were for the most part the work of Esmiol’s and Richardson’s students.

Another unusual event that drew a large crowd was Oriental Night, with an Oriental dinner at the Hotel Harbor, followed by a program which was designed to carry out YVC’s philosophy of cultivating understanding between the peoples of the world. Ryoji Fujitsuka, our Japanese student, told of some of the customs of his country and displayed some Japanese classics that he had brought as a gift for the YVC library. The main speaker of the evening was a classmate of mine from college days, Mrs. Elizabeth Hubbard of Morrison, Colorado, who had been born of missionary parents in Korea, grew up in China, and traveled extensively in the Orient. She had a foster child in Hong Kong and showed slides of her travels there.

A fortunate result of that evening was the enrollment of her eldest son, Phil, the valedictorian of his graduating class and a dropout from Oberlin College. That lad was a genius and soon became worth the king’s ransom to the College.

In April I attended another CASC meeting in Chicago. Each of these meetings was an education in itself. Afterward, I rented a car and buzzed out
to see Joe Jefferson of the Evanston Placement Bureau, then on to visit private schools in Wisconsin and Minnesota, almost two dozen of them. As usual, the results more than paid the cost of my travel.

On June 1, Al Hill of CASC arrived from Washington, D.C. to give our first commencement address, an event which received wide notice in the Colorado press and was featured in a *New York Times* article under the headline, “One Graduate, One Speech.” Mention was also made in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Martin Ringel was awarded YVC’s first bachelor’s degree, thus making history.

Dr. Hill came a couple of days early so that he could spend some time with the faculty and students and really see what we were doing. He was delighted with all he saw. One day he went to a ranch auction with me, where I was going to pick up some used furniture for our dorms. He declared he’d never had so much fun in his life.

His commencement address was a spellbinder, and this time we had it in the community hall, where there were seats for several hundred people. They were all full. Later he had the speech printed as a booklet entitled, “An Affirmation of Individualism,” which CASC mailed all across the country. Wonderful PR!

I quote briefly:

Let’s consider for a moment the oldest, wealthiest, and most distinguished university in the country—Harvard. No one could deny that Harvard is distinguished today. However, 328 years ago, when it was first starting, it was not distinguished; but it was unique.

“...Harvard started off with nine students, taught in a rickety old farmhouse. The Master, as he was called, indulged in that old and popular traditional English pastime known as flogging, or beating up the students. His wife contributed to the homey atmosphere by feeding the lads, so they complained, a substandard diet, including such delicacies as ‘ungutted mackerel and hasty pudding with goats’ dung in it.’ In fact, it is reported that the good madame ‘often served bread fabricated of “heated, sour meal” and that there had occurred periods of drought when the collegians went without beer “betwixt brewings,” a week or a half a week together.’ She even confessed in court that ‘she had never set beef in front of the students.’” (From *You Can Always Tell A Harvard Man*, by Richard Bissell, McGraw–Hill, 1962.)

In case you think you have financial problems at Yampa Valley, you should hear about the early struggles at Harvard and consider yourselves lucky. Instead of paying real hard cash money, the students paid their way by contributing “sheep, cattle, turkeys, chickens, meal, eggs, malt, corn, wheat, oats,” and a variety of other miscellaneous items. In fact in 1644, the United Colonies of New England agreed that every family should contribute “the fourth part of a bushel of com” to the college. This became known as the “college corn”....
At the time of its founding, this tiny, weak institution was trying to drive its puny roots down into what was described as "one of the most inhospitable and wearesome hunks of real estate on the continent...."

By comparison with Harvard in its infancy, Yampa Valley has a thousand times better prospect of success. It was chartered two years ago in the midst of the biggest boon in the history of American Higher Education. Instead of starting out with "college com," it can draw upon the organized financial resources of the richest country on earth. It is situated in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, in a well-known winter sports resort, on the top of the Continental Divide, with spectacularly beautiful scenery in every direction. In addition to all this, it emphasizes a program in international studies "based on the belief that no individual or institution is too small to make itself felt in the world of international relations...."

Congratulations on a good start. Congratulations on the courage, brains, imagination, and hard work which have brought you into being. And congratulations on the exciting opportunities immediately ahead of you...

Little did Dr. Hill know just how exciting the days ahead were to be. Highs and lows of considerable magnitude were looming.

Perhaps the most important, and certainly the summer's event of longest–lasting influence on the College was the arrival of George and Marian Tolles from Cali, Colombia. It was the dream that Bob Shaw and I had held since we began working on the College in 1962—the hope that someday George Tolles would join our faculty to teach international relations and world affairs. And now he was here.

We had known George and Marian since we had all worked at the Whiteman School in the '50s. He was a brilliant teacher of outstanding integrity and imagination, and a man with the most comprehensive grasp of world affairs of anyone I had ever known. Our College was made for him, and he for the College. After leaving Whiteman he had entered the diplomatic service, then spent two years in Rotterdam (where we had visited him) and two more in South America. I had kept up a lively correspondence, with frequent reports on the progress of YVC, hoping he would succumb. He did. Our future looked brighter than ever with this landmark addition to our faculty.

At the rate the applications came rolling in, it was becoming obvious that our two little motels could not handle all the students. And besides, things had not worked out too well without student supervision. I wanted something that could be more closely monitored, as well as something more homelike and attractive than a sterile motel.

Suddenly my private angel went to work. Real estate agents were practically unknown in Steamboat Springs. People didn't buy or sell homes. They came, or were born here, and stayed forever. But now a real estate boom seemed to be occurring. Four homeowners came into my office, offering their homes for sale. And just in the nick of time, for we were already dickering to buy the run–down, gloomy old Acacia Hotel on Lincoln Avenue. It was a sad
sight: Faded, peeling wallpaper from the turn of the century, twelve-foot-high ceilings with ancient water stains, and dark, uncomfortable rooms off a narrow hall. But we were desperate, and the Acacia was all that was available.

All at once we were offered two attractive, sunny homes across the street from each other at the corner of 5th and Pine. They were modestly priced, with easy terms that could readily be met by the income from the students’ room fees. We snapped them up. Now the girls had real homes to live in.

Then we were offered the Graham complex, a beautiful group of buildings at the corner of 8th and Pine. Its large beige sandstone home was lovely, gracious, and inviting. I had been impressed as a guest in the past. But best of all were the cottages surrounding it, seven in all, counting storage and garage buildings, which we could remodel into student quarters. Here was the Men’s Village, almost ready-made. Monetarily, it was a giveaway.

The fourth offer came after we had already purchased all we needed. It broke my heart not to be able to buy this treasure for the College, a three-story stone house on Crawford Hill, surrounded by an immense lawn and flower beds. Perfect for the College. Owned by the Bashes, who were moving to California, it had been built at the turn of the century by Jim Norvell, a pioneer cattleman. It was a dream of a home, with a black marble fireplace, wall-to-wall carpeting, copper mirrors, and numerous bedrooms on the two upper floors.

Art and I bought it, for our little house on the corner of 6th and Oak was jam-packed with indigent students, and we had others to try to find homes for. Many of our foreign students were not allowed to take money out of their own countries. Here was the answer. It suited us to a "T".

The only problem was moving. I loathed moving, and tearing up roots from the home where we had lived and raised a family for twenty years was not easy. The ones most deeply shaken, I think, were our dearly loved Roberto and Ryoji. Roberto walked about the big yard, gazing on each peony bush and fruit tree as though looking upon a relative for the last time, his face a study in sorrow.

"How can you do this?" he kept muttering, shaking his head in disbelief. "How can you do this?"

This was the only home he knew in this strange land, and he could not bear to give it up. Ryoji was silent about the change, but he felt it even more deeply. I did not realize how deeply, until he began asking for frequent private conferences with me. He complained of voices talking about him, and insisted that I should hear them too, as they were right there in the room. Dr. Richards diagnosed it as a nervous breakdown, which required hospitalization either in Colorado or in Japan. So we sent him home, with tears and heartaches on both sides. He didn’t want to go, and telling him good-bye took almost more strength than I had. He sobbed in my arms.
During the upheaval of moving, my teenage niece in Glenwood Springs called one evening to say that her father was not expected to live through the night. He was dying of cancer, and my sister was in a hospital in Denver, so the two teenagers were there alone. I drove at top speed through the night, praying I would arrive in time. I was stopped by the highway patrol near Meeker. When the patrolman heard my story, he patted my shoulder kindly and warned me to be careful of deer on the road. My brother-in-law lived two more days and died with his hand in mine. It was a week before I could return. And I was due at a CASC meeting in Santa Barbara in a few days. The personal strain was beginning to get to me. I needed help at the college. Badly.
CHAPTER FIFTEEN

BEGGAR’S BANQUET

Challenges continued to pile up before me. Mr. Greear, who was doing such a super job as dean, was beginning to slow down. He had earned it; he was in his late seventies. I noticed that he had taken to walking with a cane, and although he always spoke with his special smile, I could see the pain in his face. One day he came into my office.

"Lucy, I hate to tell you this," he said. "But I’m going to have to resign. I have to have hip surgery, and the doctor tells me I can’t do a sitting job any longer. I hate to leave you, for this has been the most rewarding job I’ve ever tackled. I’d like to go on, but the surgery is scheduled for the first of August. Hope you can find somebody. I know you’re more than swamped."

We were besieged by applications for the job, but there was no time before my Santa Barbara trip to arrange anything. Thank God, Greear was staying until my return.

I drove my Karmann-Ghia to California to save plane fare, grateful that Nevada had no speed limit. There I could make up time. I had to make my appearance, for CASC was soon due to vote in new members and I wanted to be one of them, if possible. Then we could start working on accreditation, our ultimate goal.

They didn’t vote, it turned out. On the return trip, the little red Karmann practically sprouted wings and flew. I’d had an inspiration. I could hardly wait to get home. From Winnemucca to Steamboat Springs and up the Elk River I drove in one long day, not even stopping to eat, almost a thousand miles across the Great American Desert. I prayed the plan would work.

"John," I said as I crawled out of the dusty car at the Fetcher Ranch, "I want you to be president. I can’t handle the job any longer."

"Lucy, what’s the matter?" He stared at my disheveled appearance. "You look beat."

"I am. I’ve driven all the way from Winnemucca today, just to ask you this. Please?"

"Oh, Lucy," he chuckled. "You flatter the socks off me, but I’m a rancher, not a college president. Now go home and get a good rest. Things will look better in the morning. You’re doing fine."

It sounded easier than it was, naturally. There was the task of sorting through the stacks of faculty applications and evaluating them. Secondly, I had to hire a secretary, although the board felt that was a luxury we could not
afford. And then there was the problem of remodeling the garages at the Men's Village, buying and installing furnishings and furniture in all the dorms, and solving the dining room situation. Our booming enrollment precluded the use of the little side room at the Hotel Harbor any longer. We had indeed outgrown our britches!

Phil Hubbard, whose mother had entertained us with her talk on the Orient the winter before, was now living with us and eager to go to work. Highly intelligent, he proved to be as skilled with hammer, saw, and paintbrush as he was with mental gymnastics. I set him to work making dorm rooms at the Graham complex. Each morning I would stop by the job, and we would talk over his plans and progress. I soon put others to work under him, and found his ability to organize and carry through phenomenal. The Men's Village was a stunning accomplishment.

The cafeteria was another triumph for our student builder. We leased an empty store building on Lincoln Avenue, a shabby, run-down wreck occupying the site of today's Ben Franklin store. Phil's crew cleared out debris and divided the immense, long room into a kitchen and a dining room, with a wide serving counter between. He painted the interior a light, sunny yellow, which camouflaged a jungle of water pipes overhead. He laid outdoor carpeting in the dining room and cheap linoleum in the kitchen. He installed plumbing and built work counters. All I had to do each morning was to suggest that such-and-such an arrangement would be handy for the cooks, and voila! The next morning it was fait accompli. He was marvelous.

Mrs. Katherine Belton was another gift from heaven. She was a rancher's wife from the Elk River and had cooked at the Whiteman School, was a fine cook and a gentle, sweet, smiling little lady. I knew her ability to manage a kitchen, to cook good wholesome food that kids liked, and to get along with everyone. When she accepted the job of setting up a cafeteria and cooking for it, I knew we were on top of the world on that score.

She accompanied me to Denver to buy our cafeteria furnishings from the Army surplus store. I'd been told it had everything, which could be purchased by schools for no more than a song. Mrs. Belton and I were as excited about the complete stock of equipment we found as children in Santa's storeroom. The prices were unbelievable. And the equipment was in A-I condition. We went wild, ordering everything we needed: Tables, chairs, dishes, kettles, stainless steel sinks, a big restaurant stove, ovens—absolutely everything, and had it shipped to Steamboat. It was late afternoon when we started home.

Berthoud Pass road was under construction (destruction, would be a more accurate term), and the going was slow. As we crept along a detour, with a bulldozer roaring along the mountainside above us, we were shocked by a terrifying crash. The windshield flew into a million pieces as a great rock smashed through it and landed square between our two bucket seats.
There was that angel again, saving Mrs. Belton and me for some bigger and brighter day. But with a yawning hole in the windshield and the remaining glass shattered past visibility, we could only turn around and go back to Empire for the night. We would not be able to get a new windshield before morning. And who was keeping store back at the College?

That night, in our quaint little Empire hotel, I indoctrinated Mrs. Belton with a valuable lesson I had learned at our CASC meetings: A college cafeteria, if serving excellent meals and if operated economically, could be a valuable money-making arm of any institution. Many small colleges had reported that their cafeterias had kept them in the black. Mrs. Belton learned that lesson. Our cafeteria proved to be a financial and social success in the coming months.

The students began arriving, many of them early, eager to see just what YVC was really like. Two of them were foreign students who needed financial help. By the greatest stroke of good fortune I decided to put them to work in the cafeteria. Both proved to be priceless.

One was Saed Tayyara, Abdul’s Syrian friend. On sheer impulse, I put him in over all charge of the cafeteria, coordinating kitchen and diningroom activities, leaving Mrs. Belton free to plan the meals, shop, and cook. Saed was in charge of student helpers on work scholarships, freeing Mrs. Belton from all administrative responsibilities. In him I immediately sensed a dedication and responsibility unusual in most students. And his ready smile and friendly manner were delightful. This turned out to be the beginning of his lifetime profession, restaurateur par excellence.

The other student selected by good fortune (and perhaps by a nudge from my angel), was Britt Malmfors, a stunning brunette from Uppsala, Sweden. Beautiful and utterly charming, she was assigned as dining room hostess. She became such as attraction (along with Mrs. Belton’s home-cooked cuisine), that the cafeteria soon drew board, auxiliary, and faculty members, and just about everyone who could think up a good excuse for being a part of the College. And that included almost everyone in town, sooner or later.

Britt, under her original name of Bissana Malmfors, later would use that talent and experience in her career as airline hostess with SAS, Varig, and Thai Airlines. Today she is as gracious and ravishing as ever. By eerie coincidence, while writing this I received a note from Bissana, saying she was to be married November 10, 1986, in Nairobi to the grandson of the illustrious author of Out of Africa, Isak Dinesen.

Under our able staff, the cafeteria became most profitable.
CHAPTER SIXTEEN

BOOM TIMES

We had done it. Headlines on the front page of the Steamboat Pilot for August 20, 1964, said:

YV COLLEGE VOTED INTO COUNCIL OF SMALL COLLEGES. Mrs. Lucile Bogue, President of YVC, has announced that the Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges, a national organization with headquarters in Washington, D.C., has voted Colorado’s newest four-year liberal arts college into its ranks.

The valued appointment occurred last week at the group’s annual meeting, which convened this year at Princeton, N.J., with seventy colleges, including YVC, attending.

The academic milestone was passed in part through the familiarity of CASC officials with the local college’s growth and solid achievements in its two years of existence.

Founded in 1962 by Mrs. Bogue, the College started with eleven full-time students, grew to twenty-six full-time enrollees the second year, and anticipates tripling its enrollment this fall. Eight new instructors and administrators have been added, and students have been enrolled from all areas of the United States, as well as from ten foreign countries....

The new faculty and administrators looked good for our future. The board had voted for seven new additions to the staff besides George Tolles. Of primary importance was Melvin Brower of Denver, with graduate degrees from Denver University in guidance and mathematics. He had been with the Denver public schools for many years. He was hired as dean of students, with Mrs. Brower his secretary and receptionist.

As academic dean we hired Robert Heyen, dean of Junior College in Boone, Iowa. Mrs. Beatrice Heyen was hired to assist in admissions, and to teach typing and social studies. She had worked for some time as a psychologist in midwestern mental hospitals. The Heyens were extremely eager to come to Steamboat Springs, had been applying repeatedly almost since our first announcement, and had camped in Steamboat the summer before, insisting they were just what we needed. This summer they had come again, and we hired them. Art and I rented them our old house for their family of three children. He was to schedule classes for the coming year, among other duties, a tremendous job off my shoulders.
Robert Wright, founder and headmaster of the Stowe Preparatory School in Vermont, had resigned his position to direct our admissions program, to aid in fund raising, and to assist in internal organization. He had developed his own school to an enrollment of ninety, and when I visited him in Stowe the year before, his enthusiasm for YVC was contagious. He was a mad ski enthusiast and had been a member of the USFIS ski team in 1950. His selection seemed fortuitous.

Glynn Cress, one of the famed skiing Cresses of Granby, Colorado, and a nuclear physicist and mathematician, was hired to teach math and physics, and to develop the athletics program, as well as field soccer and ski teams. While at Denver University he was an outstanding skier and was one of the University’s perennial national collegiate champions. Glynn proved to be one of the best choices we ever made, a rock of Gibraltar.

Joe Rapp, a former teacher and securities salesman from Denver, was to come in October to direct our big capital funds drive which would kick off the development of permanent buildings on our seventy-five-acre campus on Woodchuck Hill. We had just received an anonymous gift of ten thousand dollars to start our campaign. And other gifts were coming in, five thousand dollars here, twenty-five hundred there. Joe seemed the man to spearhead this big job. He was most enthusiastic.

The most valuable addition to me, personally, was my secretary, Betty Eubanks, wife of the new football coach at the local high school. Not since my daughter Bonnie had helped get the College organized that first summer had I had the consistently efficient and intelligent office help that was so necessary. Like Bonnie, she seemed to sense my needs before I voiced them. She was a super--typist and a loyal and charming friend of the highest moral fiber. She did much to help during the next troubled weeks.

Steamboat Pilot headlines for September 17, 1964, announced:

YVC RARING TO START THIRD YEAR. STUDENTS SET FOR BUSY SCHEDULE OF EVENTS. YVC's third year will open with a full weekend of activities September 17–20.

All freshmen are required to register on Thursday, September 17th at the Administration Building before assignment to their various houses. The first meal to be served at the College Cafeteria will be supper at 6 pm that day.

On Friday, September 18, college freshmen will take placement tests while upperclassmen register. At 6:30 pm Friday, the College will sponsor a picnic and ‘splash party’ at the community swimming pool, with the able help of Mrs. Jan Vail and the Auxiliary Volunteers.

Saturday, September 19, involves freshmen registration. Following the evening meal, slides and films of the Steamboat Springs area will be shown to the student body at 7 pm at the Cafeteria.

On Sunday, President Bogue will entertain both faculty and students at her home at a 4 pm 'Patio Party.' Following this picnic, it is planned to introduce some local people, and to have a group sing. Academic program

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will begin on Monday, September 21. The third annual Fall Convocation will take place that evening.

Another front-page story for September 17 read:

JEFF ROYAL, WORLD TRAVELER, TO SPEAK AT YVC CONVOCATION. Jeff Royal, London-born humorist, will be the featured speaker at the YVC Convocation being held at the High School Auditorium [We had now moved into the largest space in town.] next Monday evening, September 21, at 8 pm.

Mr. Royal begins and ends each of his talks with these provocative words, 'There is nothing so magnificent as an idea whose time has come. Great ideas come into the world as gently as doves. Perhaps if we listen attentively, we may hear above the uproar of empires and nations, the faint flutter of wings as new ideas approach for a landing. It is well that we keep the windows of our minds and hearts open.'

Jeff Royal was born in London, educated in England, Canada, and the United States. He is now an American citizen. He has traveled in ten countries and lived in four, spent a decade in the Far East and speaks fluent Chinese.

To a subtle brand of Churchillian humor, add an articulate English accent, and you have a combination guaranteed to hold your interest next Monday evening.

The whole week sounded so perfect on paper!
CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE DAY THAT SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN

It was the best of days, it was the worst of days. It was Friday, September 18, 1964. It dawned clear and blue, after gloomy skies and heavy rains of the day before. The students were eager and cheerful, not sensing our in-house trauma, knowing only that class registration appeared to be more than a little chaotic. It was a madhouse.

They didn’t know the beautiful, scheduled plans for registration had fallen through because of the strange behavior of two new faculty members. Robert Heyen and Bob Wright, the two experienced administrators in whom I had placed great confidence and hope, failed to appear at the administration building at the appointed hour. With their previous backgrounds, both certainly knew what was involved when I turned over to them the scheduling of classes and registration of students.

I asked Betty Eubanks to call Heyen at his home. She returned to my office with a look of absolute horror.

“He said...” she coughed, finding it difficult to go on and finally whispering, “he said, ‘Tell Mrs. Bogue to go to hell!'”

Looking back, I saw that I had begun to have serious suspicions about him earlier. I had asked several times to see his class schedule, but he had stalled and remained in his office with his door closed, reading books. Something else had troubled me, although I had given him the benefit of doubt and did not mention it to anyone. I had gone to Iowa to inquire about him, although his written credentials were impeccable. There in Boone, I had met with very strange and unusual evasions, with people refusing to answer my questions. At last one of the administrators spoke openly, and with considerable bitterness.

“That man is a hazard to education!” she declared.

But he was already hired, and I put her remarks down to midwestern prudery. After all, he had a devoted wife and three children. She must be mistaken. And it wouldn’t matter anyway, if he did his job.

Now, with Betty standing stricken before me, I remembered that one of Heyen’s former students had entered YVC. It turned out that the two of them
were having a tete-a-tete at home, while his wife was trying to cover for him at the College. I asked Betty to call Wright.

He, it appeared, had gone on a camping trip. I called an emergency meeting of the Board. Without further ado, they voted unanimously to release the two from their contracts, effective immediately.

Somehow, with the magnificent assistance of Bob Shaw and George Tolles, we got a class schedule worked out and the students registered. Later, in Heyen's office we found the muddled beginnings of a schedule of classes. Apparently he had found it too much for him.

But we had one hundred and nine handsome, eager young people, raring to go, a tenfold increase in two years. We were especially gratified by the substantial increase in foreign-student enrollment. In addition to Saed from Syria, and Britt from Sweden, we had Jens Evensen from Oslo, Norway; Stanley Githunguri from Kenya; Pedro Lopez from Colombia (his grandfather was the president of the country); Peter Quigley from Brazil; Ricardo Rojas from Bolivia; Juan and Cristobal Rosas from Peru; Gesina Loose from Germany; and Yvon Huck from France.

We were exhilarated by the masses of beautiful, clean-cut youngsters milling in and out of the administration building. Our roster was spiced with the well-known: Brian Allen, Steve Allen's son; Steve Aydelott, son of the president of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad; John Coe, son of John Coe, Broadway director of "A Thousand Clowns"; Rick Crane, of the bathroom-fixture fortune; Carla Biggs, of the Colorado hardware chain, Biggs-Kurtz Hardware; and Missy Murchison, of the Texas millions. It was an exciting mix, leavened as it was with some of our hometown kids.

Steve Allen later wrote of Brian's experience with YVC in his book *Beloved Son: A Story of the Jesus Cults* (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc. 1982). He has graciously allowed me to quote from the book as an example of how many of our students felt about YVC:

We had known for some time that Brian, like many other young people of the 1960s generation, was having trouble finding his proper niche in life. He had worked for a while in the construction trade but seemed to have no precise professional or personal goal. He was certainly bright enough, successful in school when he wanted to be, and—most notably—an artist of considerable gifts.

His most remarkable artistic creation... was a life-sized human figure in three dimensions, constructed entirely of matchsticks set into the form of small squares. Into each of these squares were glued papers of various colors, chiefly reds and blues. It was a dazzling object which, since it was rendered in a seated position, could be displayed on any chair....

But Brian's art did not, apparently, satisfy or nourish him....

Brian decided to come to YVC, in large part because of its small size and the individual attention it promised students. His younger brother, David, followed in his footsteps later on. Mr. Allen continued,
Brian wrote us enthusiastic letters during his freshman year, describing his classes, the mountains, the snow, and the active outdoor student life. He particularly liked his roommate, an African student from Kenya named Munga Githunguri, dubbed "Stanley" by European missionaries. Stanley, said Brian, was considerate, funny, smart—"the perfect roommate."

After two years in Steamboat Springs, Brian, still restless, decided to leave Yampa Valley. In the summer of 1967 he moved to Hayward in the San Francisco–Oakland area of California. He... decided to attend a local college, and in a letter to us said, "I don't look forward to registering. Competing with six thousand other students who already know the system for classes is going to be a frustrating drag."

But at YVC in 1964, Brian and the rest of our students were snug in their homey dorms, which had been furnished by many donations from our small, loyal community. And the storefront cafeteria proved to be a sunny, pleasant gathering spot. It would be a good year, despite such minor difficulties as recalcitrant faculty and the fact that one eighteen-year-old had arrived in a dazzling red '64 Corvette Stingray, a forbidden luxury, a matter which would be taken care of later.

The phone rang a few minutes after ten on Friday night. It was the voice of a student.

"Get to the emergency room of the hospital! There's been a terrible accident!"

I was waiting inside the emergency entrance when the ambulance arrived. The girl on the stretcher was gasping for her final breaths as they brought her in. I recognized the lovely, tumbled mass of dark hair. Abigail Driscoll, of Faribault, Minnesota. I remembered interviewing her the spring before. A beautiful, serene child.

"The other two are dead," said "Bones" Vanatta, the driver of the ambulance. "Killed instantly."

He opened the front door of the vehicle.

"Come on, get out," he commanded impatiently.

A girl climbed out stiffly, her long blonde hair falling about her face. She started walking up the ramp.

"Pick her up, Bones!" I cried. "Carry her in."

"Why?" he asked carelessly. "There's nothing wrong with her."

"You don't know that for sure. Pick her up!"

Reluctantly, he carried her into the operating room and laid her on the table.

All the doctors and nurses were concerned with the dying girl at the other end of the hall, so I was left alone with Madeline Hutton, the poised, gracious youngster lying before me. She smiled, a tortured, crooked little smile.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Bogue," she whispered.

"So am I, dear," I murmured, pressing her hand. "Terribly sorry."
“But I mean...I’m sorry...We’ve ruined your college.”
“Nothing of the kind. Forget the College. Just think of getting well.”
But she murmured repeatedly, “I’m so sorry, Mrs. Bogue.”

In a quiet and lucid manner, she described the wreck. A large group of students had gone to the bowling alley east of town to celebrate completing their placement tests. The alley closed at ten, so they were all heading back to town. Abigail and Madeline had accepted rides with Tom Shepherd in his little two-seated sports car. Carl Owen was sitting in the second seat, with the girls squeezed in behind the boys’ heads.

“We knew the car was against the rules, and Tom was afraid you’d take it away from him when you found out he had it. He was driving terribly fast when we hit the bank. The boys are both dead. I wonder how Abigail is? Poor Abbie!”

The speedometer had stopped at seventy when the red Stingray was plastered against the hill above the swimming pool, upside down. Madeline’s jaw was split, and she held it up with her hand to keep it from sagging against her chest. Both of her legs were broken.

The following week the Pilot carried a story in “Letters to the Editor”:

The tragic accident which took the lives of three Yampa Valley College students recently, also snuffed out a lifetime of dreams for the future, as attested by the three letters furnished to the Pilot by Mrs. Betty Eubanks, secretary to the President of the College. These letters accompanied the applications for admission to Yampa Valley College by the three students who were killed in the accident.

Beaver Falls, NY
July 29, 1964

Dear Sir:

After an extensive tour of Europe this summer, I have definitely decided on my future. It is in foreign service. At first I thought in the line of business, as that was what my father was, but I feel that I must come to a closer contact with a variety of nationalities. To me, “people” are the most inspiring and truly the most fascinating. Of course, I will not understand all the intricate sides of people, but I will sacrifice myself to my profession. I will be sincere and faithful to myself and to the ones I work with.

I will with all my strength stop the Ugly American abroad, which I have seen for myself. The misconception of this country through false communication is shocking. That’s why, after four years at Yampa Valley College, I will go into the Peace Corps. I think that this organization is the greatest asset that America has. The world every year is getting smaller and smaller. Thus we MUST band together in brotherhood...

Since Yampa Valley College is exactly in the line I am thinking of (foreign relations), YV will help me greatly in organizing my thoughts in the right direction. My English has room for improving and since YV is small, I will find it of benefit to me.
MIRACLE ON A MOUNTAIN

My real interest and love lies in snow skiing. There is so much of life to see, that’s another reason why I’m coming out there. Even though I don’t play an instrument, music to me has much beauty.

I believe deeply that the greatest strength in the world is “will power.” This has given me the initiative to want more and to be stronger spiritually.

Sincerely yours,
Carl Owen

Hanover Penn.
August 31, 1964...

Dear Sir:

I am interested in attending Yampa Valley College this winter because I wish to increase the magnitude of my knowledge.

I am interested in sports, such as wrestling, water skiing, bowling, hunting, fishing, swimming and sports car driving. I have earned two Varsity letters in wrestling. I fish and hunt constantly when seasons permit. Swimming is taught here by the Red Cross, of which I am an instructor.

I have two ambitions. One is to become a prosperous business man and provide a good home for a wife and my children. The other is that after I finish college, I may go on to medical school and become a pediatrician.

It was pleasing to learn I had been accepted at Yampa Valley College. Although I was not an excellent high school student, I hope that I may be a better than average college student. Since Yampa Valley College is small, I hope to become more familiar with my professors and in this way be helped if I run into difficulties. I am looking forward to meeting you and to attend Yampa Valley College.

Very sincerely yours,
Tom Shepherd

Faribault, Minn.
May 7, 1964...

Dear Madam:

College is something to which I have looked forward for a long time. Since the age of 14, I have wanted to go into French. That was before I heard of International Business. Having worked in a small corporation, I have become interested enough in business to go on, but in a much broader sense I consider world relations quite vital, and I consider myself capable of really doing something in that field. This is my first goal.

My second objective is to learn to write well enough to make money at it. Creative writing, especially of poetry, began as a form of relaxation for me, but I have been told that I have the talent to do more with it. During college I hope to discover the actual extent of my talent in this field.

As a third and vital desire, I have selected academic excellence. During high school I have kept my standards high enough to be elected to
Cum Laude. My great drive for excellence stems from the apathy of the students around me, who don't know or care where they are going. I don't want to waste any of my God-given talents by never discovering them at all.

I hope I have given you some idea of what I hope to accomplish at Yampa Valley College, and that my aims are in accord with those of your school. Thank you very much.

Sincerely,
Abigail Driscoll

Calling the parents of these beautiful young people was almost more than humanly possible. I loved those kids. And I had held their lives in my hands. Those were tragic days...and nights. Carl Owen must have been loved and admired back in Beaver Falls, for checks began to come in as a memorial to him. Later, when his widowed mother could regain her equilibrium, she sent a large check, with the wish that it go into a scholarship fund. A Steamboat Pilot story ran:

SCHOLARSHIP FUND SET FOR YAMPA VALLEY COLLEGE. Also of interest to the community is the announcement of a Carl Owen Memorial Scholarship Fund at YVC. This fund was started by the family and friends of Carl Owen.

The College has received gifts ranging from $5 to $100 each.

Mrs. Bogue, President of Yampa Valley College, announced that this scholarship will be awarded to some future student with the same honest and dedicated philosophy that Carl Owen possessed.

And the paper for the week of October 15, 1964, carried this account:

PLUCKY MADELINE HUTTON BACK AT YVC. Madeline Hutton, Yampa Valley College freshman, is back in classes at the College following her recent release from St. Luke's Hospital in Denver. Madeline was seriously injured in an automobile accident which took the lives of three other college students. She suffered two broken ankles, a broken jaw and lacerations.

Madeline, an avid ski enthusiast, is attending classes in a wheel chair but is making rapid recovery from her injuries. She is living in the college women's dorm. She comes from Michigan City, Indiana, where her father is associated with the Joy Manufacturing Co. Madeline is preparing herself for a career in anthropology.

Her jaws were wired shut, and her legs were in heavy casts, but she retained a cheerful serenity which was an inspiration to all of us.

Another sad letter was published in the Pilot, that of Ryoji Fujitsuka.
Oiso, Japan

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Bogue:

As an old saying tells us that time flies like an arrow, time wouldn't wait for me. A score of days have passed since I left your beloved country. Your beautiful town, peaceful and friendly, is printed on my mind. Your kindness, wide as the Pacific and as warm as a fur coat, is carved on my heart. It won't be perished forever. I had so nice a time while I was there. Everybody in town was so kind to me. I am now remembering the very days I lived happily over there.

I regret that I couldn't continue to stay over there to go to school. It's very hot here, but cool at night. But it's cold and dark and foggy today. It may be rainy day this afternoon, and I am longing for it...

It must be nice weather now over there. The leaves of grass and trees must be now gold. I wish I were there...
Alpine Campus of Colorado Mountain College, the thriving community college as it appears today on Woodchuck Hill above Steamboat Springs, Colorado.
WHY A JUNIOR COLLEGE?

1. Permits student to attend college near home.
2. Less expensive.
3. No tuition.
4. Education for those otherwise unable to attend.
5. Offers terminal technical training.
6. First 2 years of a 4-year course.
7. Credits acceptable in any state college.
8. Enables 2-year graduates to hold better jobs.
11. Less failure and drop-out.
12. Relieves pressure in state colleges.

Some of the “talk sheets” used by Lucile and Art Bogue and Ray Bennett in “selling” the junior college.
WHAT
Is a College Education Worth To Your Child?

$100,000.00

Some of the "talk sheets" used by Lucile and Art Bogue and Ray Bennett in "selling" the junior college.

Young People,
Our Most Precious Resource

Colorado's Colleges

Other States' Colleges
The first class at the College, 1962. Left to right: Jennifer Karanja, Mike Burton, Kathleen Coghill, Dick Jensen, Nancy Britton, John Carpenter, Miguel Romero, Jim White, Roberto Munoz, and Gary Hertzog.

Jennifer Karanja at home with Lucile and Art Bogue. Lucy is in her recruitment "uniform," ready to travel.
Three living-learning centers built on campus in 1966 and 1967.
1966 College administration, clockwise from top, right: Emma Selch, librarian; Robert Pietrowski, president; Richard Beacom, business manager; Glynn Cress, dean of students; Charles Ryan, director of admissions.
First president of YVC, Lucile Bogue.

Second president of YVC, Robert Pietrowski.
Gerald Rudolph, history instructor.

Elizabeth St. Louis, foreign language instructor.
Co-founder of YVC, and instructor of anthropology, Robert Shaw.

George Tolles, instructor of international relations, and indefatigable supporter of the College.
Bill Hill, the “Miracle Man” who spearheaded the revival of “The College Too Tough To Die” and, with the enthusiastic cooperation of the Yampa Valley Foundation, Inc., brought it back from the grave.

An evening with Steve Allen and his son, Brian.
CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

CAMPAIGN FOR A CAMPUS

The town was swarming with students, running over with them, lively, good-looking youngsters who needed a place to call their own, a gathering place where they could get together to relax and talk and play. The dorms segregated the sexes, and the cafeteria was not sufficient, or even appropriate. With over a hundred students, a campus was essential.

The board had begun seriously considering starting the campus on the hill. I had been to several financial offices in Denver, talking with specialists about ways and means. Everyone agreed that we should go into a high-powered capital-funds drive by selling debentures and soliciting large grants and gifts from corporations and foundations. The need was urgent.

Classes were going beautifully, scattered about town in various churches. But they were overcrowded. One of the most exciting and popular was George Tolles' world affairs class. George had lived and traveled all over the world and saw the earth in its totality, in its tangled web of political and social problems, better than anyone I have ever known.

For this class he concocted what he called "war games," in which each student was assigned a nation that he was to represent in a heated "world conference" on war and peace. And deliberately he assigned them to countries they would never have chosen. Saed Tayyara, our Syrian, was made an Israeli citizen, for example. He resisted emotionally, but under Tolles' enthusiastic tutelage, he took the part, did a splendid job of research, and played out a fiery role as an Israeliite.

Tolles was abetted in this exhilarating program by Bob Shaw. The students went wild over it, and during the heat of the conference they neglected sleep, meals, and I'm afraid, study for their other classes.

When the conference was over, this lively pair, joined by an equally spirited Elizabeth St. Louis, came to me with a new plan. They wanted to buy the Green Building, an empty storefront across the street from our cafeteria, and in the basement create a German beer garden, reminiscent of the European student centers so important to all Old World universities. Here would be the warmth and freedom that our students craved.

I gave them my delighted blessing. They began immediately on plans to use the rear of the building as an entrance to a basement rathskeller, creating a Bavarian beer garden atmosphere where customers could order a hamburger,
chili, or a steak. They applied for a 3.2 beer license, so they could dispense beer.

When this story hit the front page of the Steamboat Pilot, the war was on. Not simulated war games, but the real thing, right there in Steamboat Springs. When the town council met to consider the beer license, the hearing was jam-packed with irate citizens. The natives were loaded for bear—beer in this case.

We had already been through a similar tumultuous session with the College board. I tried to convince them of the need for Der Steinkeller, as it was called. And I pledged my life on the integrity of the three in charge: Tolles, Shaw, and St. Louis. It would be an asset to the College, as well as to the community. It would be an attractive haven of delight in good taste, I told them.

The board had not been convinced. College faculty running a beer joint? In my mind I had seen them shuddering, their eyes glazed over by visions of the sleazy Pioneer Bar. They felt this was a sure downhill slide to perdition for the College. But I stood firmly behind the "unholy three." I even pointed out that the illustrious University of Wisconsin at Madison had its own bar in the student union, dispensing beer freely in a warm, happy atmosphere. I had by chance visited there recently. My argument didn't help much. But in the end I managed to soothe them sufficiently so they would not fight it. Openly, at least.

Now in the town hall the battle was being fought all over again. After the tumult died down and everyone had his say against this proposed den of iniquity that would blot our fair city, George Tolles stood. His calm self-assurance, his quiet conviction, and his twinkling wit acted like a soothing balm being poured over the heads of the multitude. Der Steinkeller got its beer license.

After the formal opening, the Pilot ran a story, with photographs:

Der Steinkeller, Steamboat Springs' newest night spot, was ready and waiting for the guests who came to the party Saturday night. As the name implies, this is a basement room reached by stairs from the main entrance lounge. The rock walls and heavy beams combined with a self-contained fireplace in a corner of the room makes the visitor welcome. Baronial type tables with benches, all of light wood, give a party of two or ten plenty of room to eat, drink, or chat. Decorated shields reminiscent of days when knighthood was in flower cover wall lights, while wrought iron fixtures in the ceiling add to the well lighted room. Lighted candles are placed in unexpected niches around the room, and on the tables. Der Steinkeller opened this week on Tuesday with hours from five to midnight.

Never had Steamboat seen the like. The students and I hailed it with joy. On the main floor of the building, opening on the street, the innovative trio had set up a charming gift shop...Steamboat's first. The Pilot story went on:
Gifts, all occasion notes and cards, and unusual candles are featured prominently in the Steinkeller gift shop. Imports from Italy, Austria and other foreign countries lend an old world atmosphere to this quiet room where one can browse away the hours. Distinctively lovely contact paper in rolls is featured with a simulated stained glass window showing how the paper can be used to good effect as shown here. Other art objects in brass, pewter, and pottery add to the room.

The management expects to install a coffee bar where coffee and pastries will be served. The gift shop was opened to the public this week...

With this innovation, even the community was beginning to take on a truly international aspect, in spite of its more conservative citizens. One day after Der Steinkeller began to serve lunches, I convinced George and Opal Sauer to accept my invitation to lunch there. The food was delicious, graciously served, and the atmosphere was soothing. Even they had to admit it wasn’t as bad as they had anticipated.

At this point I think that I had won the battle but lost the war.

An amusing microcosm of world unrest occurred one day in the cafeteria. Under the firm hand of Saed Tayyara, it was a quiet, orderly place, and with its excellent food and Britt’s charm, a happy one. But even here, with our mix of races and loyalties, world politics began to creep in.

One day Steve Shevick, a rather arrogant Jewish lad from New York, stalked into the kitchen and demanded a steak instead of the regular menu. Saed asked him quietly to leave the kitchen. Israeli–Syrian relations began to smoulder. As Steve went back to the dining room, he was heard muttering something into his chin about “a filthy Arab.”

Suddenly the even tenor of conversational banter was interrupted by a nerve-shattering crash. To test the “Arab question” Steve lifted his side of the large round dining table, loaded with food and circled by his classmates, and tipped it over. In the astonished hush, everyone turned toward Saed, who was rapidly approaching. Without a word, Syria seized Israel by the collar and marched him, double step, to the door. On the sidewalk, he gave the New Yorker a final shake and hissed:

“Come back only when you are ready to apologize! And behave like a man!”

So much for international relations, YVC style. At the next meeting of faculty, I proposed that we expel Steve for undesirable conduct. But the faculty outvoted me. And they were right. He remained at the College and became quite a credit to it.

The only other student problem that fall occurred when I got an urgent call from the Post Office next door.

“You’ve got a real problem here,” the Postmaster told me. “One of your students has been receiving shipments of marijuana from Aspen through the U.S. mail. That’s a federal offense, you know.”

That’s all we needed now to completely alienate the board and the community. A drug peddler in our midst! I called a faculty session and they
voted to oust the student without further ado. The Postmaster had given me the evidence, in case there was any question. There never was, and that was the end of the drug problem at YVC as far as we knew.

We hadn’t heard the last of the Heyen–Wright crisis. Bob Wright and his family left immediately without rebuttal. We never heard from him again. But Robert Heyen was a different matter. And to further complicate matters, he was renting Art’s and my former home. He stayed. And sued the College for five thousand dollars in damages! I felt very sorry for Mrs. Heyen and the children, but his total disregard for honor and cooperation placed him beyond the pale of my sympathies. The hearing was brief, and he left town without the money. However, the stress took its toll in another way which we were to discover later.

The rest of the faculty was superb. Loyal, dedicated, inventive, they were all we could wish for. Emma Selch in the library, Glynn Cress in math and physical education, Bill Mason in humanities and creative writing and English, Carroll Multz in biology (he was a young lawyer in town, who later became the district attorney), Donald Reed in French and economics (a courageous young blind teacher, much admired by the students), as well as the others who continued to give their wholehearted support toward making the College the best in the country.

We went into high gear on the building campaign. Joe Rapp arrived from Denver to take over selling debentures and winning grants and gifts. His charm and lively enthusiasm went far toward convincing us he was just the man we needed. And he had had experience selling securities before he came to us.

Our first step lay in putting out an elegant, expensive, descriptive brochure that would tell the full story of the College. It must be illustrated, attractive, and with testimonial letters from illustrious people. I got a splendid letter from Governor Edwin Johnson, who had given one of our convocation addresses and knew us well. I got another from Dr. Hill of CASC. Both of them sent fine photographs.

I set Joe the task of getting photos and writing the copy. He also arranged for a top-notch printer in Denver. He and I set off one evening for Denver in mid–October to talk it over with the printer.

En route I asked him if I could see the copy. He pointed to a packet between us on the seat.

“Sure,” he said cheerfully. “But I didn’t really write much. I’ve chosen pages from several other college catalogues that we’re going to copy.”

I was aghast! I had believed his sales pitch on himself. I had trusted him.

“Joe, you can’t do that,” I cried. “In the first place, they call that plagiarism. It’s against the law. And more important, we don’t have the same philosophy or goals or history or program that any other college has. We’re unique…and that’s what makes us important. We’re not just a copy of another college.”
“Don’t get so excited,” he laughed easily. “No one will ever know the
difference. They all sound alike.”

I could see it was hopeless, despite his weeks of conferences and
indoctrination on campus. I said nothing, but when we arrived in Denver, I
spent the rest of the night writing our brochure. So much for Joe Rapp. And we
had rented him the house vacated by the Heyen family.

Next morning we sat in the lobby of the printer, awaiting our
appointment. The copy for our brochure was in my hands. A strange thing
began to happen. The world started turning black.

“Joe,” I said, “I think I’m sick.”

That was the last thing I knew.

When I awoke some time later, I lay on the floor staring stupidly at the
ceiling. Someone was wrapping a cold, wet towel around my neck. And I was
in the middle of a circle of armed, blue-uniformed policemen. Very big, very
stern policemen, glaring down on me.

“What happened?” I was completely bewildered.

“You passed out. A hell of a long time ago,” Joe was big-eyed. “We
thought you’d died.” He laughed in relief.

“What are you doing here?” I asked the policemen.

“We have an ambulance to take you to the hospital.”

“Oh, no you’re not!” I sat up. “What hospital?”

“Denver General.”

“I don’t have time. I have to get back to the College!”

“Lie down, lady! You’re going to the hospital,” the fiercest one said.

“But I’m not!” I insisted. “I’ll go to the hospital back in Steamboat.”

The policeman reached in his pocket for a pen. For a moment I thought
he was going for a gun.

“If you refuse to go to the hospital, you’ll have to sign this release.”

I signed.

“But you can give me a ride to the bus station,” I suggested. “Joe, you
stay here and choose an elegant quality paper.”

In the Pilot for October 22, 1964, there was a small note in the “Whistle
Stops”:

RECOVERING NICELY. Mrs. Lucile Bogue, who collapsed in Denver
last week and was brought home to the hospital here, suffering from
exhaustion, was released to her home Monday.
CHAPTER NINETEEN

THE ROLLING BALL

Even with me commuting between hospital and college, the ball kept rolling. We had a loyal staff that kept the College forging ahead. And our capital funds campaign continued to move forward. From the October 22 Pilot:

COLLEGE GROUP ADDRESSES DENVER BUSINESS MEN. On Tuesday, Melvin Brower of Yampa Valley College took three students to Denver to speak at a luncheon the College was giving to interest Denver financial, educational, and social leaders in Yampa Valley College.

The luncheon was held in the Fireside Room of the Argonaut Hotel. Ferry Carpenter gave a brief keynote address.

Several members of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of the College attended. The students attending were Britt Malmfors of Sweden, John Leslie of New Jersey, and Yvon Huck of Paris, France.

And from the following week’s Pilot:

YVC SECOND ANNUAL FOUNDERS DAY DINNER, OCTOBER 31. Yampa Valley College is having its second annual Founders Day Dinner Saturday night at 7:00 in the College Cafeteria on Lincoln Avenue. All those who have contributed $100 or more for the establishment of the College have been mailed invitations.

If there is anyone whose name has been inadvertently omitted or who is vitally interested in hearing an up-to-date report of the activities of the College and the exciting developments for the future, you are urged to call Mrs. Brower at the College before Friday to make reservations for the turkey dinner.

And yet again from the November 5, 1964, issue:

COLLEGE FUND DRIVE STARTS. Vic Hombein, Architect for Yampa Valley College, was in town the early part of the week working with the surveyor, Stanley Dismuke, on the proposed Campus.

Every effort is being made to get access roads, water lines, and electricity to the campus site before winter sets in. The first two buildings, a dormitory-cafeteria and a library-classroom building, will be built as soon as the site is open in the spring.

It is hoped that the dormitory building can be built under the lend-lease program with CIT Financing Corp. which will entail no investment on the part of the College.
The classroom–library building will be built by the firm of Hombein and White and will be financed by the selling of debenture bonds.

Joseph Rapp of Denver has been employed to help with the financing of the building project.

And the stories went on:

FINE FILM SERIES SET TO START NOV. 10. Yampa Valley College will sponsor a Fine Film Series of motion pictures for the '64–'65 season. The College will use the facilities of the Chief Theatre for the showing of these fine pictures which will be available to the public on a one–performance basis of $1.00 each or a season subscription price of $10.00 for the series. Tickets are available at the College or from the students.

The Fine Films scheduled are:

YAMPA VALLEY COLLEGE DINNER. Saturday night Yampa Valley College honored the people of the area who helped in the establishment of the College by their gifts. The turkey dinner was given in the College Cafeteria and was served by several of the students. Ferry Carpenter of Hayden and Melvin Brower, Dean of the College, addressed the group with plans for campus development.

From the November 12, 1964, edition were more stories:

64 WARD DINNER A SUCCESS. A great future for all Yampa Valley was promised at the 64–Ward Dinner in Steamboat last Sunday night.

The program began with a most appropriate invocation by Dr. Earl Smith. Chamber President James Golden, master of ceremonies for this festive occasion, introduced Melvin Brower who is Dean of Students and Business Manager of Yampa Valley College.

Mr. Brower pointed out that Yampa Valley College is enjoying a fine year with fifty–six full–time students enrolled, and as many part–time students. He stated they have some requests for admission for next semester, and a great many for next year.

THE IMMEDIATE NEED OF THE COLLEGE IS THE CONSTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS AND CAMPUS ON THEIR LAND AT THE WEST END OF STEAMBOAT SPRINGS. PLANS ARE MATERIALIZING FOR BUILDING TO BEGIN NEXT SPRING.

The College began its drive for capital funds with a kickoff luncheon in Denver recently which met with a fine reception, Brower said...

There were over three hundred present, with folks coming from Oak Creek, Craig, and Hayden, as well as Steamboat...
A THANK YOU. To the Citizens of Steamboat Springs: Yampa Valley College would like to express its sincere appreciation to all members of the community for their efforts in helping the College to grow.

A special thanks to the following individuals, companies, and corporations in recognizing the tremendous financial need in the beginning of our school year.

The following have supplied the school with services and goods at a very substantial discount, in most cases at cost.

We at Yampa Valley College would like to make public the efforts of all contributors. The following is a list of expenses the College has incurred in Steamboat Springs since July.

This amount of money we hope will help our local economy, and with the united interest of the community, we anticipate future growth.

Thank you. Yampa Valley College.

Following this story were listed 83 businesses, with total expenditures amounting to $56,747.13, a tremendous amount of money in Steamboat in 1964.

From the same November 12 edition was another story:

ROSY FUTURE PREDICTED FOR AMERICAN COLLEGES. Mel Brower, Joe Rapp, and Lucile Bogue of Yampa Valley College attended the annual meeting of the Colorado–Wyoming Association of Collegiate Registrars and Admissions Officers held at Adams State College on Friday and Saturday of last week.

Representatives were there from all the Colleges and Universities of Colorado and Wyoming.

The banquet speaker...stated that education is the most rapidly growing industry in America today...1. There are more people in United Stes. 2. More students feel the need to get a college education. 3. More people are staying in college longer. 4. More adults are going back for refresher courses. 5. More foreign students are being educated in United States. 6. New jobs are requiring more specific training...

From the December 3, 1964 Pilot:

YVC GROWTH REVEALS STARTLING ECONOMIC FACTS. Yampa Valley College, one of the nation's newest four-year liberal arts colleges, issued some startling facts this week.

Last year on December 1, the College had a total of 17 applications for enrollment for 1964–65 school year. This year, with still two weeks to go, they have received 139 applications for next September, and 39 for second semester this year, beginning Feb. 8. This is an increase of 159 over a two-month period...

The College, since becoming an official member of CASC, has experienced a sharp increase in applications. Last week, requests for catalogues, bulletins and application forms were received from 152 high schools in Illinois alone.

The standards for admission to Yampa Valley College match or are higher than those of other schools...
Yampa Valley College has recently opened a $500,000 fund drive to construct the first classroom–library building on the 80–acre campus site overlooking Steamboat Springs. Additional space is a necessity for the College to grow.

The vastly growing library and additional office staff has pushed the classrooms out of the Administration Building... While growth problems are many for a new college which started from absolutely nothing two and a half years ago, the future seems bright....

And finally, from the December 17 edition:

COLLEGE SPONSORS HOME TALENT ME AND JULIET PRODUCTION. Tryouts for the big stage production, Me and Juliet, will be held in the Methodist Church basement at 7 o'clock Friday evening, December 18. Yampa Valley College will sponsor this lavish production that had a long run on Broadway and was hailed by critics as one of the most delightful musicals ever produced... Dr. Carter Francis will direct the musical and dance numbers and Lowell Whiteman will be dramatic director.

The health of the college couldn't have been better.
I collapsed again at a festive, pre-Christmas dinner at Valley View Lodge on Rabbit Ears Pass and had to be rushed to the hospital. Because there seemed to be so many complications our own Dr. Richards couldn’t separate, I was sent to St. Luke’s Hospital in Denver and into immediate surgery.

During the summer I had experienced my first attack, following a lengthy appearance on the witness stand at a public hearing of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad in their appeal to the Public Utilities Commission to discontinue passenger rail service to Steamboat Springs and Craig. I knew the pain had nothing to do with the witness stand, but everyone else thought it did. I was unconscious for six hours, which caused quite a stir.

In St. Luke’s, the surgeon uncovered a rat’s nest of unrelated internal irregularities. Plus there was the complication of eighteen-hour workdays and the emotional trauma I had experienced repeatedly during the past six months. No wonder Dr. Richards was puzzled. I was in intensive care for a week. A week later, the surgeon sent me to Ames, Iowa, to recuperate at the home of my daughter, Sharon.

Although I was in and out of the hospital in Ames and had a new grandson to get acquainted with, I was tortured by the need to get back to the College. There was so much to do, I felt I couldn’t let them down.

In the Pilot the only mention of my illness was a brief note in “Whistle Stops” in the January 21, 1965 edition:

TO DENVER. Art Bogue went to Denver over the weekend to meet his wife who was returning from Ames, Iowa, and they plan to return to Steamboat Springs on Tuesday.

I seemed to have lost all identity. Apparently no one knew of my long illness, or if they did, no one mentioned it.

But my spirits were lifted when I got home. Britt Malmfors and Marcella Chambers met me at the door with warm smiles and open arms. Marcella was a cheerful young black student from Cincinnati who was living with us, a friend of my daughter’s. The girls had baked a big chocolate cake and lovingly decorated it with the words “Welcome Home!” They had a tea party laid out, with all the best china and silver.

But gloom returned full-fold when I reached the College. An ominous unfriendliness hung like a pall over the place. I couldn’t shrug off
premonition, as backs were turned toward me the moment I entered the door. No one spoke, welcomed me home, or apparently even saw me. Only Betty Eubanks, my secretary, was as warm and friendly as always. She welcomed me with affection and a bright smile. But even in her manner, I detected something strained. Although still physically ill and feeling uneasy about the atmosphere, I felt I had to pick up the pieces and go on. A board meeting was set for that night, and I had to get ready for it.

Later in the day Melvin Brower came into my office, looking extremely nervous.

"May I have a few words with you?"
"Of course, Mel." These were the first words he had spoken to me since my return. I wondered what was coming.

He shifted uneasily from one foot to another, and the cigarette he held cupped behind his back sent up a blue smoke signal.

"You aren't the president here any longer," he managed to blurt.
I ceased to breathe.
"I'm the president now," he announced, and hurried out the door before I could catch my breath.

Betty slipped in the other door, bent over me and threw her arms around me. I felt her tears as she kissed my cheek.
"Is it true?" I whispered.
"Oh, I don't know. I don't understand what's going on around here."
"Will you come to the board meeting with me tonight? I want you to take notes."
"I'll be there. Don't worry."

That afternoon I met George Sauer in the parking lot at the Post Office.
"I'm bringing Betty to the board meeting," I told him after a stiff greeting.
"I'm sorry," he said. "It's a closed meeting."

When I entered the board meeting that night, they were already assembled. After the briefest of preliminaries, I burst out before I had planned what to say.
"Is it true?"
"Is what true?"
"That I am no longer president?"
"Yes, I'm afraid so." I can't remember who said it.
"Then... Mel Brower is right. He's the new president."
"No, that's not true," George Sauer said.

John Fetcher spoke up.
"Lucy, for the good of the College, and for your own health, we're hiring a new president. Dr. Richards tells us that he won't be responsible for your life if we don't do this."

The sky was falling in on me. And I could see the College tumbling down before my eyes like a house of cards.
“The College isn’t ready for a new president yet!” I cried. “We can never find a man who is willing to put in the hours or the love or the imagination to see it succeed...at a price we can afford to pay. We’ll never get accredited now.”

“We’ve already decided,” Fetcher said. “In fact, we have a candidate.”

“But the college isn’t developed enough yet to turn it over to a stranger. No one could share the dream we have for it.”

“Lucy, we have to think of your health,” Ev Bristol said.

“My health is O.K. now,” I insisted. “I’ve just had it all repaired so I can come back to work.”

“Don’t worry. You’ll be working here just the same as you have been. Doing the development and the recruitment.

I don’t know why it seemed my entire world was shattered. Hadn’t I already asked Ferry Carpenter and John Fetcher to take the job? And hadn’t Craig Davidson signed a contract for the job two years earlier? And hadn’t I even proposed to George Tolles earlier in the year that he take over the helm? But now it all seemed different. A black premonition hung heavy in my chest. I felt that the College had already died, and I was at the funeral. And everyone would think I walked out when the going got tough. I was letting down the whole loyal community...and the faculty...and the students, all who had helped shape this wonderful College.
CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

LAST DAYS OF CAMELOT

After a visionary has brought a dream into reality, he is no longer necessary, and may be destroyed. The reality is then possessed by others.
—Unknown

Despite the administrative upheaval, the College was humming merrily along. Classes were exciting under the deft touch of our talented faculty. They made the year a memorable one for the students.

And the students decided they liked living in houses better than in traditional dorms. At first some of them grumbled, especially those who had known only luxurious homes or expensive prep schools. But some loyalists, like Bill Gilbert, convinced them of the advantages. Before the year was over, almost the entire student body had become loyalists, a fact attested to by a nearly one hundred percent re-enrollment for the coming year.

At first I was not able to work full time; my strength was at low ebb and the surgery was slow to heal. As my strength returned, I went back full steam. My customary optimism and cheerfulness began to be restored, along with my good health.

Most of my thought and effort now went into our goal of accreditation, an important step that CASC was guiding us through. Dr. Hill and CASC were the most valuable allies we had in our phenomenal development in such a short time.

And so I began making plans for a trip east for the first week in March, about as soon as I would be able to travel. As always, I built travel plans around an important conference, then added other business in the area around it. This time I was attending an all-day conference of the Association on Higher Education in Chicago, with the topic to be the accrediting of colleges. The following day CASC was holding a fund raising conference in Chicago's Palmer House, another essential meeting for the College.

Al Hill, now an old friend, greeted me joyfully, as always.

“How is my favorite college president?”

My exuberance did not match his.

“I’m no longer a college president.”

“Lucy, you’re teasing me!” Then he looked at me again, more closely.

“You’re sick. What in the world is the matter?”

“I’ll tell you later. It’s too long to tell now.”
That evening I poured out the whole story, or at least as much of it as I understood.

“They’re insane!” he exploded. “Completely insane! I’m going to Colorado and tell them so. They’ll wreck the College.”

“Please don’t go, Al. They’ve already made up their minds. In fact, they already have a candidate picked out. He’s to come for his interview on May fifteenth. But that’s just a formality, for they’ve already chosen him.”

“Who in the hell is he?” Al was a former minister, but in moments of stress, he could use strong language.

“I really don’t know anything about him, except that he’s now teaching in Brazil for a year. He’s from Utah, I think. John Fetcher got him.”

“This will wreck your chances for accreditation, you know. A shift in administration is sure death. You know that.”

“I know. I tried to tell them, but they wouldn’t listen…”

“Lucy, I’m going to Steamboat and show them what they’re doing. I can’t stand by and see that magnificent little college go down the drain.”

“Please don’t, Al. If I can’t work with them, I can’t work for them. The past months have taken all the fighting spirit out of me. I’m sure they think they’re right. They must have their reasons, most of them unspoken. They’re good, conscientious men.”

When I returned to the College, Mel Brower came to see me. “You’re going to have to get Yvon Huck out of the Men’s Village before the kids kill him.”

Yvon was the handsome French student from Paris, of whom I was quite fond. He had visited YVC the previous June to see if it was something he wanted. Raised in various chateaux in northern and southern France, and in a mansion in Paris, he had been attending a private school in Florida for a year before entering college. After I had showed him around town, I had taken him for a ride out to Strawberry Park, green and lovely in the spring. By sheer coincidence we came up beside a girl, barefoot and in blue jeans, riding bareback. It was Annie, the daughter of our French teacher, Mme. Bear.

“Speak to her in French,” I told Yvon, as I stopped the car.

I don’t know who was more astonished, Annie or Yvon, as they carried on a conversation in rapid-fire French, these two young Parisians. He enrolled immediately in YVC. But now he seemed to be in trouble.

“What’s the matter?”

“He talks so fast, no one can understand him. And the guys have started hazing him. I’m afraid you’ll have to get him out of there before they kill him. They’re getting pretty rough.”

“Bring him up to our house. We always have room for one more.”

He was a warm, affectionate youngster, with impeccable manners. I found him delightful. We didn’t see much of our international family, as they spent most of their time in their rooms at “Bogue International House,”
studying, or at the library. Not so Yvon. He was a lonely chap, and longing for family affection. So he talked a leg off Art, as he was the only only who sat still long enough to listen. Or he followed me from room to room, trying to catch up with his audience. He really livened life up. He was good tonic.

On March 16, I took the Denver & Rio Grande to Denver, then United Airlines to Salt Lake City to visit three private schools, thence on to San Francisco for another sweep through California, Arizona, and New Mexico prep schools via rented car. Recruiting students was a constant need and a never-ending task. Personal contacts with headmasters and counselors was of utmost value. By April 14, I had visited sixty-one private prep schools in four western states. I had now recovered all my old zip.

I managed to squeeze in one more trip to Chicago before the new president arrived for his interview. I had to make one last frantic attempt to get the accrediting team in before the "changing of the guard." With a new president I realized we would be washed up, for a few more years at least. If we could gain accreditation before I had to disappear...Well, we could hope. North Central Accreditation Association frowned upon a change of leadership, for that always meant a change of direction.

So I flew to Chicago May 2, and knocked again on the North Central doors. They were wonderfully cooperative and supportive, but working over their calendar, we realized that their visit to Steamboat wouldn't be soon. It took too long to select a high quality team of college officials to do the evaluating. I had to be satisfied with visiting ten prep schools in the Chicago area and returning home to meet my successor.

My optimism sank when Robert Pietrowski walked into the board meeting. A handsome, fashion-plate figure of a man, he was tall and extremely self-assured. Upon our introduction, he scarcely cast a glance in my direction. He seemed to dislike working with women, or resented female college presidents. My impression was that he resented his predecessor still being on board. I became an instant non-person, a position I maintained as long as I remained with the College.

The board asked me to escort Mr. Pietrowski about the campus and explain our complete operation. I always loved this part of my job, for I loved the College, its faculty and students. They were my lifeblood.

Mr. Pietrowski was a master of scorn. Everything I showed him or explained to him, elicited the same response.

"Ridiculous!" he would snort. "Ridiculous!" He had a particularly venomous way of pronouncing the word. "Ree–DICK-ulous!" He spat it out as though it tasted of bile.

I tried my best to be friendly and relaxed, but it was very difficult. The tour was a miserable failure. The entire College was a disgusting mess, as far as he was concerned. He would take over about August first. He left for Utah,
leaving us to simmer in our own shameful mess until he could come back to set things straight.

As soon as Melvin Brower discovered he was not the president and classes were over, he left the College and went to work for the local elementary school. He had done an excellent job of keeping the College running during my absence. He had been in a difficult spot and had kept things on an even keel. He was popular with the students and faculty, and was an excellent dean and business manager. But he wasn’t presidential material. I sympathized with his disappointment.

Two fresh miracles occurred simultaneously. The first was the offer of the Gleason home on the hill, the large two-story log house just below the campus on Woodchuck Hill. It was more than an ideal addition, for since it was contiguous to our current property it would be our first building on campus. It was perfect for our desperately needed library. All we had to do was move in. (And pay for it.)

Herein lay the second miracle, the arrival of an anonymous gift of seventeen thousand dollars for the development of the library. I still don’t know who that generous donor was. But it must have been a saint...or my good angel.

Emma Selch and her volunteers, as well as many students and Marty Greear with his pickup, were busy for the next few days moving into the new library. It was a beautiful home, with large sunny rooms, fireplaces, and an unparalleled view of the Yampa Valley, both up and down river. We were ecstatic with our acquisition. Here was all the room we needed for the library, and several large attractive rooms left over for classrooms. Our first college building on campus!

On June 5, Art and I gave a big end-of-school patio barbeque for the students on our rolling green lawn and sent them home for the summer. Most of them would be returning in September. The next week I made a quick trip to Texas for new enrollees and Texas money. We were getting warm.

Another trip to Washington, D.C. for a CASC meeting soon followed, during which I spent a couple of most productive days in the Library of Congress, searching for books for our international business collection. I piled my steel dolly high with books, which Senator Allott would ship to Steamboat Springs for us. We were moving on all fronts.

Bob Shaw had the inspiration of establishing a museum of anthropology in one room of the new library. He spent the summer setting up an astonishingly fine display of his own treasures. Art and I contributed our own collection, a variety of pottery shards I had brought from my family ranch near Glenwood Springs, as well as a collection of pre–Columbian artifacts Art had been given from an anthropological dig on which he had worked for Western State College, doing graduate work. Shaw made charts and descriptive posters, which made a most impressive showing.
I received a beautiful letter from Ryoji in Japan, who still wrote with longing about his days at the College. This letter contained a few lines from Ezra Pound, his favorite poet.

“To build a dream over the world.
To build up the city of Dioce
Whose terraces are the colour of stars…”

“That is your college, Mrs. Bogue,” he wrote. He didn’t know yet that it was no longer “my” college…or that he would be seeing me sooner than he thought.

In July we rearranged the administration building to make a new office for Mr. Pietrowski. I had used the smallest room in the building but we knew Mr. Pietrowski would not find it appropriate. It was ideal for me, for there I could work, undisturbed by the noisy ebb and flow of people, yet I could come out into the adjoining waiting room for private conferences.

We selected the largest room in the building for his office, and purchased an attractive carpet and curtains (the only room in the building to be carpeted and curtained), and a vast executive desk and swivel chair from the Pilot. All the furnishings in the other rooms were hand-me-downs donated by the community.

But when he arrived in July his response was, “It will have to do, I guess, until I can arrange for something more suitable.”

I brought him a cup of freshly brewed coffee and placed it on the wide expanlse of desk behind which he sat. He drilled me with an icy stare.

“When I want coffee,” he snapped, “I’ll ask for it.”

On July 24, 1965, we had our first college wedding. (Many more were to follow.) Bill Gilbert married his high school sweetheart at eleven o’clock that morning in Der Steinkeller. It was the nearest thing to a home he had, and all those he cared for were gathered. It was really quite a lovely affair. The Tolles and Shaws and Mrs. St. Louis made gracious “parents.”

Later that summer, the College helped entertain the annual convention of the Colorado Association of Press Women. Betty Marr, an officer of the group, one of the most active members of our YVC auxiliary, and a reporter for the Pilot, helped arrange it. We gave the women a tour of our campus and told them of our plans. Everyone seemed quite excited and impressed. Their convention ended with breakfast in the college cafeteria, with Mrs. Belton rolling out her red carpet of delicacies. We were a great hit.

On August 21, we held the annual meeting of the entire board, and John Fetcher presented our new president. I don’t recall what Pietrowski said, but I remember I gave my final report as outgoing president. It was one I was proud of. And the best part, in addition to my status report on the library and museum, was the enrollment report. We had an almost one hundred percent
holdover for the coming year, (which seemed to show we were doing something right) plus a high enrollment of new students.

The year had ended. A good year. A terrible year.
CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

EXILE

Robert Pietrowski informed me, early on and in no uncertain terms, that he wanted me to travel as much as possible. I realized how uncomfortable it must be for him to have his predecessor underfoot, so I was happy to oblige. I assured him I would continue much as I had in the past, attending educational meetings that were of value to the College and doing a great deal of student recruitment.

He required a full travel agenda for the coming year, which I produced in great detail, although, I explained, I could not foresee all the meetings that were coming up, around which I always built my itinerary for reasons of economy.

On a sunny Monday morning in mid-September, 1965, I departed for a month in the New England-New York area. In addition to visiting prep schools, I decided to visit some of our sister CASC colleges to pick up pointers on successful procedures. This I had done in the past to great advantage.

At Windham College in Putney, Vermont, I found a great stir and excitement. The faculty was being measured for academic gowns to be worn for the coming inauguration of their new president. In the past two weeks I had almost succeeded in putting affairs back home out of mind. Now I came back to reality with a wrench. But here it was different, as it had been long planned, with the outgoing president sharing in the planning and anticipation.

With a smile he invited me to join in the flurry of activity. We were old friends from CASC. He insisted that I be measured for a cap and gown, and return for the festivities on October 9.

On the appointed day, I took my place in the academic procession with other guest universities. Yampa Valley College walked just behind Yale, placed alphabetically in the parade. I found I still had a zest for living, as the long line moved through the golden New England afternoon on the lovely, rolling campus.

My tour, starting with a CASC conference at Franconia College in New Hampshire on September 14 ended one month later. In that month I visited sixteen college campuses, forty-four private high schools, marched in cap and gown with Yale, attended two CASC conferences, and blitzed New York foundations and corporations, as well as college placement offices.
Al Hill took me to lunch at the Harvard Club to discuss plans he wanted to share with me on a workshop: Creating a New College. He wanted me to help put it on. And he scolded me gently but firmly for canceling my acceptance at Harvard for their three–week college presidents’ workshop in June. Under the circumstances, I hadn’t thought it proper to attend, a point of view with which Al emphatically disagreed.

Back at the College, I stayed in my office with a low profile, a road atlas of the United States, and my Porter Sargent Handbook of Private Schools, planning the next recruitment trip. I figured mileages and wrote for appointments to forty–seven high schools and four colleges in Florida, a state I had not yet visited.

As the board knew, these trips had always more than paid off financially, as the enrollments I got more than covered the costs. To keep expenses down, I lived on bread and peanut butter I kept in the car and was often fortunate to receive overnight invitations to stay in homes of students’ families or CASC friends.

The Florida trip started in Lincoln, Nebraska, with a conference of the National Association of Foreign Student Advisors, very valuable for our foreign student financial problems, and ended with a four–day conference in St. Louis for the American Collegiate Public Relations Association, another priceless learning process.

I arrived home at the “house on the hill” late the night of December 3, completely exhausted. Art barely raised his head from his book as I entered. I had been gone so much, I had become a non–person to him, too. I found a letter from the College propped on the dining table.

It was from the office of the president. There was one brief sentence addressed to me. “The College is no longer able to pay your bar bills.” And across the bottom, the signature scrawled, “R. Pietrowski.”

What in the world did it mean? I was stunned. I had never gone into a bar all the years I had been with the College. What in the world was the man talking about? Then I looked at the second sheet. It was a photocopy of my expense account, with bills I had submitted from the New England tour. I poured over everything, hunting for a clue. I finally found it in the dinner tab at the hotel where I was staying. “$1.00, bar.” I recalled then how weary I had been that day, after pacing the streets of New York, going from corporation to foundation to student placement services, beating my feet off to save taxi fare. I had “gone wild” and ordered a glass of wine with my dinner.

The following week, Robert Pietrowski himself came into my office. I was startled, to say the least. This was the first time it had ever happened. And he was wearing a shining white smile.

“Lucy,” he beamed, “I have a marvelous proposal to make to you.”

“Shoot,” I started to say, but I caught myself in time. I was afraid he might take me literally. “Yes? What is it?” I managed to substitute.
EXILE

“We’re going to send you on a sabbatical to any college you choose, all expenses paid. You can get an advanced degree in any field you like. When you return, there will be a Chair named in your honor in your chosen field. You will then become head of that department. How does that sound?”

It had a double-edged sound. I recognized it as a way to get rid of me so he would have free reign in developing the College. It was understandable, although I had been told that I was to be in charge of development. But an offer to get me away from the scene was more than welcome.

“Fine,” I said. “When do I leave?”

“After the first of the year.” He reminded me of a cat who had just enjoyed the canary. “Whenever your new term starts.”

I decided to go to the University of California in Berkeley to get a master’s degree in comparative literature. The faculty gave me a farewell party at Valley View Lodge on Rabbit Ears Pass in the middle of January. I left the next morning for California. That was the last time I was to be a part of the College.
As I toiled over my studies at Berkeley, I ached with guilt over accepting a monthly paycheck from YVC, a payment I knew they could not afford. But it was Catch-22. I was in a trap from which I could see no escape. How could I best help the College? Where was the answer.

The solution came about midnight one evening in early August, 1966, as I was studying for an exam in my Shakespeare class. It was a call from Jack Waggoner, a principal for whom I had once taught in Steamboat Springs.

“Lucy, would you like to come to Japan to teach? Before you say yes, I want you to know that it must be for two years.”

“Yes!” My decision was instantaneous, a perfect solution. “Yes, yes, yes!”

Jack advised me to arrange my reservations so I could stop over in Hawaii for the weekend to rest from my heavy final exam schedule. I would start teaching the next day.

Writing to George Sauer and the board, I asked for a two-year interruption of my sabbatical to accept this offer. “Relieving the College of the salary you are now paying me will come as welcome news, as far as finances are concerned,” I wrote, sighing in relief.

Sunday afternoon in Hawaii I took a catamaran ride out on the wide Pacific. Several others were on the boat that skimmed the tips of the waves at a breathtaking clip. Here in Hawaii the water was a different color from any I had ever seen. It was a deep, bright blue, exactly like the bluing water in which we used to rinse our clothes. I had to catch up a handful of this blue ink to be sure it was colorless.

I became conscious of the conversation of the young girls beside me. They were obviously strangers, who had suddenly discovered that they were both from Southern California and knew the same people.

“Do you know Karol Page from Newport?” one asked.

“Yes. Isn’t she gorgeous?”

“Whatever became of her?”

“Oh, she’s going to a new college in Colorado. Yampa Valley College. She absolutely adores it. I’m thinking of transferring there myself next semester.”

Here, flying across the bright blue of the mid-Pacific, I had my last touch of reality. And of Yampa Valley College.
CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

SNOWFALL

By the time the leaves fell that year, the College was making a name for itself in yet another area of its development. The following quote comes from a clipping from the Denver Post from Sunday, October 30, 1966. The original article appeared in the “Sports–Go–Round” column of Charlie Meyers and was sent to me by Van Card, who taught skiing at the College. Illustrating the article was a photo of the dashing young Steamboat skier the text talked about:

SNOWFALL STILL SOME TIME OFF—YAMPA VALLEY FORMS TEAM. The biggest news on the collegiate scene is the entry of Yampa Valley College at Steamboat Springs into competitive racing.

Under the direction of Coach Van Card, the small, private, four-year liberal arts school is out to build a team of national stature.

Card, a Steamboat Springs native, feels that with such a facility as Mt. Werner available for training, his team can, indeed, achieve this aim.

Included on the Yampa Valley roster are a quartet of Norwegians—Jens Wroll Evensen and Erik Ragnar Nessen of Oslo, and Tom Brungar and Finn Jensen of Jar. Rounding out the team are Steve Elkins, Steamboat Springs; Paul Hokr, Denver; Bob Mann, Portola Valley, Calif; Brad Mosher, Pittsford, N. Y.; Dave Sherman, Depauville, N. Y.; and Bill Norkoli, Ishpeming, Mich.

It looked as though the College was in for a great year. But I was in Japan.
CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

RUDOLPH REMEMBERS

When the College asked me to write this history, I knew I could not do it without the cooperation of many of the people involved in the story. I wrote to as many as I had addresses for, asking them about recollections of the College during my tenure. The response was overwhelming. One of the most illuminating was that of Gerald Rudolph, who had begun teaching at YVC in the spring semester of 1964.

This chapter, totally unexpected and unsolicited, carries on the story of the college. Here are Gerry’s own words:

“The day after I completed the oral exams for my master’s degree in history, I saw you in the University of Denver cafeteria, where you offered me my teaching position. I taught Eastern and Western civilization, English, and U.S. history that year, and the next year I replaced Eastern civilization with Mexican history.

“During the summer of 1966 construction began on the living-learning centers. They were an idea of Mr. Pietrowski’s. In an effort to erase any Bogue image left over after he assumed the presidency, he fired the architects for the Bogue ‘Swiss chalet’ type buildings and hired an architect who proposed the living-learning centers. They proved to be a bad mistake.

“It seemed almost from the moment we moved up on the hill, student–townspeople relations became strained, where earlier we had had the camaraderie that comes from being engaged in an undertaking of mutual interest. And these relations worsened as more of the students began growing their hair long and smoking pot—the same things that were happening on college campuses throughout the country because of Vietnam.

“Drugs and long hair affected relations of the contingents within the College, too. The administration and faculty attempted to deal with the problem in an informed, firm but fair, consistent, judicious way. But the board was opposed to any but harsh, draconian methods. At one point the dean of students from Northern Colorado University in Greeley came to speak about how they were dealing with the issue. One board member who attended was furious that such a presentation was being made. (By the very end of the 1960s, it was all they could do to keep the students from blowing up the campus.)
“Shortly after classes began in 1966, Mr. Pietrowski asked me to be director of academic affairs, which was a liaison between faculty and administration, and lightened my teaching load. Later that year, Mr. Pietrowski was fired by the board (the students had already hanged him in effigy), and Mr. Goodwin, who became acting president, made me a full-time administrator, handling quite a load of varied responsibilities.

“While in this position, I developed a standard for student behavior and a graduated system of penalties for infractions. Everyone was invited to provide input. We established a court comprised of faculty, administration, and student representatives. It functioned quite well, although I must say that it became quite time-consuming. Nevertheless, it was much better than having arbitrary decisions and no appeal, as we had had before.

“When Mr. Pietrowski was fired, we went all-out to get ready for an accrediting evaluation. There was really splendid cooperation from students, faculty, and staff. We united for a common cause.

“Evaluation time finally arrived—three or four days in the spring when a professor of French and literature from the University of Arizona in Tucson came to make the evaluation. Although I never saw the final report, he told me he was very favorably impressed by the curriculum, faculty, and our efforts to develop the College. He gave us a high rating for all areas, except for the turnover in the presidency of the College.

“Shortly after the evaluation, Jim Goodwin had a heart attack. As I recall, Dwight Corder then became acting president for awhile. Meanwhile, my sixteen-hour days certainly didn’t grow any shorter.

“By the end of the school year George Tolles had completed arrangements for a college tour of Europe. He asked me to accompany him and Marian as co-sponsor for the students. About fifteen students went. They studied German language in the mornings and were free to do what they wanted in the afternoons. George, Marian, and I had some splendid hikes in the Alps. Long weekend trips to such places as Venice, Prague, Budapest, and Vienna were educational and enjoyable for all.

“Shortly before we left Europe we received word that the name of the College had been changed from Yampa Valley College to Colorado Alpine, news that distressed all of us. That was my first taste of decisions being made at the top without input being sought from the faculty.

“When I returned for the 1967-68 school year I was amazed to see so many new faces. Back in the spring I had been instrumental in hiring Scott Abbott, Bob Krear, Dale Engquist, Glenn Poulter, and Florence Scohy as faculty, although now it seemed we had over-hired. Mr. Richard Roper, an ordained minister from Ricker College in Houlton, Maine, had been hired as president. With him from Ricker came more faculty: Tom McCoy and his wife, Mickey; Kirby White; Neil Ramsey and his wife, Betty. And we already had teachers in the areas for which these people had been hired.
"The student body increased considerably, too, but it did not come close to matching the increase in faculty. After all, we had had only two faculty departures from the previous year—Bob Shaw and George Tolles both left to pursue advanced degrees.

"That school year was truly tumultuous (as though the preceding years had not been). One of my first problems was to settle the conflicting claims for drama chief; Pat Whitlow, Anneke Chittum, and Micky McCoy were all pushing hard, and Tom McCoy and Ron Chittum were interested, as well. I simply had the three ladies come into my office, talked it over with them, made a decision based on compromise, and pleased none of them.

"Mr. Roper quickly alienated nearly everyone around him, including Jim Goodwin, who had recovered from his heart attack and had returned as business manager. Even the teachers who had followed Roper from Maine were upset.

"It seemed that my duties expanded every month. One of my main concerns and accomplishments, I believe, was in curriculum. I was able to involve the entire faculty from mid-fall until late spring with curriculum development. We all met repeatedly. One of the things we put into effect was an inter-disciplinary course in philosophy, literature, and history. Another such beast was a course combining science, art, and urban development.

"The faculty became very close to the students and spent a great deal of time working with them; they were all greatly concerned with helping make the school succeed. We even met several times during Christmas vacation. In addition, we participated in numerous social functions and a cross country ski expedition to check out the land the school was negotiating for in the Twenty Mile Area. We envisioned using it for science field trips and as a recreational retreat.

"Since Mr. Roper was having such difficulty handling his job (no easy task under the best of circumstances), Mr. Ted Wahler, a hip–hip–hooray–businessman type from Denver was hired in the spring of 1968 to raise funds, recruit students, oversee the business operation, and improve things in general. He, like Mr. Roper, proceeded to alienate nearly everyone. He did work closely with Van Card in developing a student recruitment program. In my view, as well as that of the faculty, they adopted too slick an image and used techniques that seemed to come straight off Madison Avenue. The faculty, most staff members, and I felt we could convey an enticing enough message to prospective students simply by stating who we were, what we truly had to offer, and what we were attempting to do, without glamorizing it or giving false impressions.

"At any rate, after school was over, I took my family on a short vacation to Denver. I guess it was too short. Two or three days after my return, I grew so disenchanted with the changes Wahler and Card and Matthews (Roper and Goodwin were both out of the picture by this time) were making, that I resigned after a heated argument with them. The real problem was that their
philosophy of education and school development was poles away from mine, and from what I considered was the philosophy of the faculty and you, too, Lucy.

"Wahler was acting president for a time, I think; then he resigned. Mr. Milton Moody, another Methodist minister, I believe, was hired that summer for the presidency. Glenn Poulter was appointed dean of students, and Kirby White was made assistant dean. They formed a very capable team. Without any solicitation from me, they came to my house one evening shortly before the school began and offered me a history teaching position. So I started another school term, this time somewhat removed from the center of turmoil.

"Time passed quickly, things seemed to go fairly well, no one became excited over Milton Moody...but no serious animosity developed either, as it had with Mr. Roper.

"One beautiful evening in March most of the faculty and students went out to the A-frame at the ski hill for an evening of refreshments and entertainment. Chaco, a friend of Elizabeth St. Louis from Mexico, performed a brilliant set of maneuvers and dance with his lariat.

"Late in the evening word began to circulate that the College had been sold. It was said that John Fetcher had recently returned from a trip to Hawaii, where he had arranged a deal and that it had just been approved by the board. It seemed to most of us an unbelievable rumor. Unfortunately, the next morning at school an official announcement was made that the school had indeed been sold (out) to United States International University in San Diego, California."
In far-off Japan I knew nothing of this. No one bothered to keep me informed, which was just as well, considering. The College seemed to have wiped me out, and I buried my heart in my work and life in Japan. Ryoji Fujitsuka did much to welcome me to his beautiful land and help me to become a loving part of it in just two years. The devotion and affection I encountered on every hand went far to easing my private heartache. Japan was a gentle, healing country.

The second year I was there, I received word that the College had named the library Bogue Library in my honor and that two organizations, the American Association of University Women and the National Farmers Union, had nominated me as Colorado’s Woman of Achievement for 1966.

Later I received an impressive citation from the College, complete with an official gold seal and a blue ribbon decoration. I still have it hanging on my study wall:

THE PRESIDENT, TRUSTEES AND FACULTIES
OF YAMPA VALLEY COLLEGE
EXTEND GREETINGS TO
LUCILE MAXFIELD BOGUE

On this the occasion of the completion and dedication of the third Living-Learning Complex on the campus, and in appreciation for her efforts in founding the College and for her continued interest and concern for its welfare, name this unit ‘Lucy Bogue Hall’ in the hope students who live and study here may catch something of her vision, her perseverance, and her indomitable spirit.

Given at Steamboat Springs, Colorado, This 17th day of September In the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred Sixty–Seven and of Yampa Valley College the Sixth.

The signature, although it has long since faded, is that of the president in office, Richard Roper. Tears of joy sprang to my eyes. I had not been obliterated after all. I could still go home. I fired off a grateful letter to Mr. Roper, whom I had known during my days with CASC. I would enjoy working for him. I mentioned my interrupted leave of absence and told him
that I would be returning to Steamboat Springs the following summer and would be happy to work for him in any capacity he suggested.

His curt reply dashed any wild hopes. "I have no knowledge of any such leave of absence," he wrote. "There are no plans for you in the future of Yampa Valley College." Period.

However, there is always the sweet to compensate for the bitter. There was a letter from a student at YVC, a new student whom I did not know. Chikashi Nakahama wrote an excited letter saying that he was living in Lucy Bogue Hall and had been astonished to learn that I was an actual, living person. He was further enchanted to learn that I now resided in his own Japan. Please go to see his mother, a teacher who lived on a little island in the Sea of Japan.

His mother and I wrote to each other, but as it turned out, the waves crashing into Japan’s coast were too dangerous for boats to navigate that spring, and I never had the chance to meet her. But the incident brought the College a bit closer. Chikashi lived with the Bogues for many years after that, a beloved member of our family.

I dreaded my return to Steamboat Springs in August. Did everyone hate me? Did that dear and loyal community think I had been a traitor, a "rat abandoning a sinking ship?" Did they know that none of it had been my idea? Would they turn their backs on me as they had two and a half years ago when I returned from major surgery? I was actually afraid to go home, afraid of the rebuffs I would meet.

The first day back, Art suggested we have lunch at the Harbor Hotel. He had never made such a proposal before, and I should have known there was something afoot. But I was too depressed to analyze it and met him at his office.

As we entered the dining room at the hotel, everyone rose from his chair, shouting, "Welcome home!" I wept from pure joy. No one told me, but I felt it was Dorothy Wither’s doing. All my friends were there. They didn’t hold it against me after all.

When I visited Bogue Library, there hung my framed oil portrait that Tom Willetto had made as a surprise and presented to me at the spring convocation in 1964. I was astonished to see it there. And no one had painted a mustache on it! And in Lucy Bogue Hall, high on the wall, was a big bronze plaque, bearing the same words as those in the citation Mr. Roper had sent me.

But I couldn’t stay long. I had a position in Oakland, California, as Dean of Anna Head School.
Perhaps the greatest miracle was that the dream of the College continued to develop and grow despite all of the administrative turmoil. The spirit of the students and faculty was amazing in its vision and vitality.

The students published their first year book in the spring of 1966 under the indomitable guidance of Charles Ryan, a young faculty member dying of leukemia. Volume 1 was a beautiful book, surpassing those of many colleges that were much larger and more established. The students knew theirs was a college to be proud of, and the yearbook showed it.

The College took another giant step before I left by publishing a bi-monthly school newspaper. This was none of my doing, but was the brainchild of Betty Marr, a reporter for the Pilot and a dedicated member of the YVC auxiliary, as well as an outstanding newspaperwoman. Under the guidance of editor James Johnson and assistant Paul Hands, The Talisman was a handsome and professional job, a credit to the College as well as to the community. Better than most small town newspapers, it was complete with timely photos, cartoons, college news, thoughtful editorials, witty and sophisticated contributions from students, and letters to the editor.

Among the headlines in the issue for May 5, 1967, were these:

TRUSTEES APPOINT NEW PRESIDENT; "UNDER THE SYCAMORE TREE" TO BE PRESENTED MAY 11-12; YVC SUMMER SCHOOL HIGH IN THE ROCKIES; TALISMAN RECEIVES HONORABLE MENTION AT RMCFA [the annual convention of the Rocky Mountain Collegiate Press Association held at Laramie]; SUMMER CLIMBING SCHOOL SCHOOL, GUIDE SERVICE ANNOUNCED; RICK HOLMES NATIONAL RACER [Rick was a YVC student selected for the National Ski Team];

and...

MARGE OSCHNER PRESENTS GIFT. Marge Oschner, director of lighting for the production, "Under the Sycamore Tree," recently donated her own lighting equipment to the College. In conjunction with her gift, an anonymous donor presented a check for $2,500 to YVC for the purchase of additional lighting equipment. According to Miss Whitlow, director, the lighting is particularly important.
One of the amusing items in this issue of *The Talisman* was a letter to the editor written by Gary Hertzog, a past master of satire and subtle cynicism. I quote:

Having seen many changes here at YVC, I would like to sum up my views concerning the progress of the College. From the historical standpoint, many things have changed, and I do not mean to confuse the word change with progress. That happens all too often in certain circles on this campus. Also, in order to clarify the term “historical standpoint,” I mean the view from the beginning. This view can only be held by three people. The others have, as it were, fallen by the wayside.

Two administrations have come and gone. The first was the bludgeoning force that created this college. But that administration could not last. Small town ideas you know; suddenly incapable of running this massive international institution we have here. Of course we don’t want to think about the fact that as long as that administration was in force the enrollment of students doubled each year. Since, we have “progressed” beyond that.

The second administration had a lot of wonderful and awe-inspiring ideas. It was a bit reactionary of course, but they had to clean up the mess left by the first. “Get rid of this trivia.” So they got rid of it. They got rid of advertising. They got rid of the catalogue, and they got rid of the last shred of idealism, that creative force that brought the school into being. Then the second administration, bulging with fancy expense accounts, sort of disappeared from the slopes of Woodchuck Hill and left us with a lot of new blood and things like that.

May the Gods look favorably upon them, they will need all the luck they can get.

“Yes,” you will say, “but look here. We have a campus; we have beautiful buildings.”

“Yes,” I will say. “We needed those alright. But we left a few things behind when we departed from the basements of the churches, where the teachers actually taught.”

A verse comes to mind concerning the academic situation this year:

"I see with dismay from the smoky halls
as they flunk out by the hour,
And the teachers point to their crown of thorns
and consolidate their power."

How many classes have you attended to suddenly find—no teacher—would you believe, in another meeting?

And so we have committees everywhere but no English department. Instead we have some sort of hybrid animal they call Humanities. You should really try to learn a little about literature in one of those courses. It’s enlightening as hell.

As so, if the inquisition gets me, I say only farewell, be careful what you say, and don’t let the grass catch your dorm on fire.
Delivered in Gary's dry, western drawl, it would have been even funnier. Yet here was good, clear student thought, as good as you'll find on any university campus, still demonstrating a normal healthy criticism of the status quo. Good things were happening. YVC was still viable.

But then United States International University arrived on campus.
CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

DEMISE OF THE COLLEGE

In his letter to me some twenty years afterwards, Gerry Rudolph continued his description of the United States International University takeover so that it seemed as if it had happened yesterday.

Students and faculty were assembled [the day after that beautiful evening we spent together on the hill] and introduced to some USIU officials, including its president, Dr. William Rust, who proceeded to assure us that the school was really going to be shaped up, and that we were heading for better times.

The real result: very few of our two hundred and thirty students returned the next fall, and only two of the faculty. I believe that USIU/Steamboat never had more than seventy students enrolled at any one time.

When the sale was announced (who ever heard of a college being sold?) the faculty and students were stunned. But gradually we began to think of ways to try to avert it...it wasn’t to be effective until June. A number of students and faculty began working together. We tried to raise sufficient money to take over the College ourselves. We thought both in terms of raising enough to save it and of having enough to help maintain it. We contacted various individuals and corporations. Parents of some of our students pledged a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But time was running out and we simply couldn’t get it all together in time.

Of course the board was aghast at what we were trying to do. The students and faculty organized a ‘black arm band’ protest march up and down Lincoln Avenue. I don’t think we attracted much attention, but we did it in a determined fashion.

In looking back, I can see some of the problems that led to the sale. Student drug use and long hair was one of two reasons cited by the board. The other was financial indebtedness—due in large part to the ill-advised construction of the living-learning centers. But also, there were too many newcomers in administration who had their own personal vision of what the College should be, and tried hard to make it over their way. It was difficult, for example, for the board to resist the desires of a man like Corder, who had a large sum of money and readily spent it on various college projects.

I was never called in to meet with the board and didn’t realize the importance of developing some communication with them until it was too late. I had tried to serve as liaison with all branches of the school: Students,
Dr. Glenn Poulter, now director of Bear Pole Ranch, along with his dynamic wife, Rusty, and his children, had the questionable honor of presiding at the actual death of the College. A sad time, a terrible time for the faculty, the students, and the community. Let Glenn tell the story:

I joined the faculty part-time in the spring of 1967, became full-time under the reign of Roper and Corder, and stayed until the reign of USIU began in ’70.

Roper and Corder’s administration was pretty ineffective, and the College was in real trouble. They left during the 1968–69 school year at the request of the Board of Trustees, I’m pretty sure, and afterwards I was asked to take the position of dean of faculty and students.

That was an exciting period for the College. For the first time during my years there, the faculty and the administration were working together and were excited by the vision of what the College could be—your original vision.

Unfortunately, the trustees didn’t share that vision and were weary of the financial trials. They believed that Dr. Rust of USIU was an answer to their prayers. The faculty and administrators were advised of the sale of the College after the fact.

I had met Rust during the summer of 1968—on the Fourth of July, to be exact. I was part of a joint committee, and Rust had been invited to join us as a consultant. I had an instant aversion to the man—he exemplified all of the worst characteristics of the corporation tyrant (and I had come from sixteen years with one of the world’s largest corporations, and had seen some examples of his management style).

As dean of faculty and students I had to preside over the demise of the College—worse, the demise of our shared vision. It was a classic Machiavellian takeover, and Rust knew his subject matter well. The president and the business manager were very taken by Rust, and had gone over to his side. But history has recorded that the many promises he made were hollow. In just a few years USIU would destroy the educational institution, and sell the real estate right up to the perimeters of the buildings.
Busy at my job in Oakland, I knew nothing of what was going on at the College—until I heard of USIU’s purchase. I was overjoyed. YVC would now be part of the USIU worldwide system of campuses. It sounded like a dream come true at last. The struggle for existence would be over. And YVC would have attained the international perspective I had sought from the beginning, where world boundaries would be erased by world education.

My own introduction to Dr. Rust was a strange one. I had taken a group of junior and senior girls from Anna Head to visit campuses in the Northwest so they could become familiar with various types of colleges and universities. Now I was about to take another group to schools in Southern California.

I usually called the director of admissions at each school for an appointment. When planning to visit USIU in San Diego, I decided to call Dr. William C. Rust himself. After all, we had very close ties through our mutual loyalty to Steamboat Springs. It would be nice to meet the brain behind his remarkable system of universities.

He greeted me with gracious enthusiasm when I told him of the visit of eight possible students. He said he would be delighted to have us. As a sign-off to our conversation, I mentioned that I was the founder of his college in Colorado. My call was immediately switched to another line.

"Hello? Dr. Rust?" I was puzzled.

"No," snorted an unhappy male voice at the other end. "This is the men’s P.E. department."

I decided then that the man was more than a little strange. And the more I heard from Steamboat, the more convinced I became. The students there nicknamed him Dr. Corrosion.

The USIU brochures were beautiful. I could easily see how the Board of Trustees at YVC (by now known as Colorado Alpine College) was swept away by Dr. Rust’s concept. "USIU is a dynamic educational institution offering innovative programs and the opportunity to travel. If you qualify, you
MIRACLE ON A MOUNTAIN

can become involved in the USIU adventure: 'Going Places and Doing Things.'"

USIU had seven campuses including two in San Diego, and one each in Colorado, Hawaii, England, Mexico, and Kenya. It was an idea rivaling my own wildest imagination.

I quote from their brochure, illustrated with full-color photos.

San Diego Campus
The San Diego Campus occupies 410 acres of rolling hills on the northern edge of San Diego. The buildings, set among tall eucalyptus trees, are walled with glass to take advantage of the beautiful wooded hillsides.

The Center for the Performing Arts
The Center for the Performing Arts is situated in the heart of San Diego. The center occupies a complete block at this convenient location and houses...theatres, classrooms, rehearsal and dance studios, makeup and costume laboratories and a student cafeteria, lounge, and library.

England Campus
The England Campus is located at Ashdown Park, Forest Row, in the County of Sussex, England. The 185-acre site is on a ridge in the heart of Ashdown Forest....Ashdown Park is less than 30 miles from London and about 20 miles from the Regency town of Brighton on the Sussex Coast....

Maunaolu Campus
Maunaolu Campus, on the island of Maui, is set on the lower slopes of Mt. Haleakala near sugar cane and pineapple fields....Field trips are made to historical or especially beautiful parts of the island...and diving expeditions to view the underwater life...

Universidad Internacional de Mexico
Universidad Internacional de Mexico is located about three miles outside the city limits of Mexico City. The 20-acre campus features buildings of native architecture and design, with tropical landscaping.

East Africa—Kenya Campus
The 131-acre Kenya campus is located about 6 miles from the center of the capital city of Nairobi. On this campus, USIU operates its International School...grades 5–12. College level programs started in the Fall of 1971. Some of the major attractions...Mt. Kenya, Mt. Kilimanjaro, the Great Rift Valley, Lake Naivasha, Tsavo National Park and numerous other game parks and reserves.

Colorado Alpine Campus
USIU's Colorado Alpine Campus is located 160 miles west of Denver in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, one of the most popular winter and summer recreational areas in the United States. The 80-acre campus, overlooking the beautiful Yampa Valley, is only minutes away from 10,650-foot Mount Werner with its extensive ski development and from the famed Howelsen Hill and Graham Ski Jumps. The nearby Routt National Forest provides unlimited opportunities for outdoor recreation.
It was a spectacular concept, with a scope worthy of the idealism that first sparked YVC. But real estate and the fast buck were as far as Rust’s goals went. True education of the individual, with a thorough concept of global understanding, were as far from his mind as the moon.

The flip side of Dr. Rust’s shenanigans are spelled out in an article by Gilbert Johnson in the June 28, 1971 issue of *The New Leader*. Titled “The USIU Land Rush,” I quote only a small portion of the story:

During the past decade, USIU has expanded from one small Methodist institution, California Western University, to an international academic empire...But while USIU has grown from 200 acres to 2,400 acres, its total enrollment has merely increased from 3,000 to 3,800 students. The University of the Americas (in Mexico City), which once accommodated 1,800 students...now has 31. The Steamboat Springs school, formerly Alpine College (with 250 students), has 79. And the 410-acre Elliott campus north of San Diego, designed for 3,000, has 800.

The moving force behind this educational conglomerate is its president, 53-year-old William C. Rust....A former chairman of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, Rust may well be the Milo Mindbinder of academic administrators. He took over USIU in the ’50s and soon earned a reputation as a “financial wizard.” Three years ago, the trustees empowered him to buy and sell stocks, bonds, and securities for the university...

It is common for universities to buy and sell stocks, of course, but it is highly unusual for an institution to grant this authority to a single officer, and unheard of to allow the transfer of assets to the accounts of individuals.

Interestingly, Rust’s rise to power at the University parallels his falling out with the Methodist Church. In 1970, the church severed all USIU ties and denounced the president, an ordained Methodist minister.... Rust proceeded to pack the board of trustees with wealthy San Diego bankers and business men...(As) members of Republican Associates, the largest GOP fund-raising organization in Southern California, these men have considerable influence with the Nixon Administration. Rust himself is a friend of the President’s communications director, Herb Klein...If these connections haven’t helped, they surely haven’t hurt USIU in securing surplus government property.

As a nonprofit educational institution, USIU may receive public land free as a “public benefit allowance.” Since 1956, it has acquired half a dozen properties under this provision, among them three complete military installations: Camp Elliott Marine Corps Base (1965), Sundance Air Force Base in Sundance, Wyoming (1971), and Adair Air Force Base in Corvallis, Oregon (1971).

Required by law to use “public benefit” properties for 30 years...all of it can be mortgaged, as it has in the Elliott base. The procedure appears extremely profitable. USIU has raised over $5 million from mortgages...

The University’s auditors, the U.S. Office of Education, Oregon’s Senator Mark O. Hatfield, and others investigating USIU’s activities cannot figure out where the money is going. Nor can they understand why
USIU was delinquent with interest payments on Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) loans twice in the past two years.

The rest of the story detailed Rust's complicated and shady acquisition of Adair Air Force Base in Corvallis, Oregon. Two thousand people demonstrated to try to block that takeover. The story said:

Their activities attracted particularly wide attention when an FBI informer was discovered in their midst who later admitted he also worked for USIU...

Only one application—from USIU....

....At a hearing to delay the take-over, Sol Elston, the deputy HEW assistant in charge of surplus properties, referred to "my good friend Bill Rust." Hatfield's assistants left the meeting convinced that USIU had quite a few friends at the top of the Administration....

Some San Diego businessmen, who now refuse to deal with Rust, say USIU's curious expansion has a strictly pecuniary motive. Noting that the campuses in Colorado and Hawaii are located in the middle of rapidly developing resort areas, and that USIU's trustees include hotel owners in Colorado and Mexico, they reason that someone hopes to make a bundle.

To close observers of USIU's operations...(this) typified the University's policy of tailoring its educational programs to fit the larger objectives of its wheelings and dealings in real estate.

In Steamboat's case, Rust's ruthless rape of Colorado Alpine College would be exacerbated by selling the entire campus to real estate developers. This, of course, was strictly forbidden by the contract under which the land had originally been purchased from the City of Steamboat Springs.

And it would end with the removal and shipment to San Diego of all loose property. Anything not of monetary value, or that which appeared so to the dollar signs dancing in Rust's eyes, he would have trucked to the town dump and destroyed. Thus he disposed of the anthropology museum and the international business library. My personal theatre library, a large collection I had donated to the College, can probably be found in San Diego at the USIU Center for the Performing Arts.

While the College was still operating as USIU, I took my grandchildren to see the bronze plaque high on the wall at Lucy Bogue Hall. It was gone. And so, too, was my oil portrait in the library. Both gone the way of other "trash," more than likely.

I cannot hold the board at fault for the sale of the College. They were honorable men who had worked terribly hard for many years, trying to make the best decisions, difficult decisions as a rule, for the good of the school. They had all invested a vast amount of time, blood, sweat, tears, and money to build this crazy dream of mine. I don't believe they ever saw it in its entirety, as I did. But even though we didn't always see eye-to-eye, they were devoted
and loyal to what, in their judgment, were the best interests of the College. If they made hasty decisions, without working cooperatively with those most involved, it was because they thought they knew best, and not because they had malicious intent. Those men were among by best friends, and still are.

They felt only terribly weary, and inadequate to continue the College’s constant struggle for existence. They had to get out. And I must admit USIU looked pretty magnificent, on the surface. I might have succumbed to Rust’s genius myself, had I been on deck. Who knows?

Regardless, under USIU the dream died. Murdered.
CHAPTER THIRTY

THE BELL TOLLES

Gloom settled across the Yampa Valley, as the bells of Steamboat Springs figuratively tolled from the mountain tops for the death of their dream. But George Tolles was the one bell that still sounded from the rubble. He is the only person who survived the holocaust, and for that he merits the Medal of Honor. He is the only one from those early days who is still with the College, the only one who stuck it out, through thick and thin, hell and high water, loyal to the dream.

But let this brilliant and courageous teacher, who gave up a flourishing career in the U.S. diplomatic service in 1964 to become one of the prime movers in this miracle, tell the story of the USIU years himself. He wrote to me in December 1986:

I was on leave working on a doctorate degree. When I heard about the takeover, I fired off a letter from Pittsburgh to USIU, reminding them of my leave-of-absence status.

USIU Vice-President Warren Hamilton visited me in the spring of 1969, and recommended that I be part of the staff at Steamboat. I returned that fall to the job of dean of the campus.

The faculty, except for me, came from San Diego. Most were graduate students from USIU programs, but a few had been teaching at other institutions. Later on, as some of the faculty from San Diego left, they were replaced by faculty from other areas. Only myself and one other teacher who had been associated with the College before were hired.

Dr. Rust was always the mystery person. We referred to him as the Howard Hughes of higher education. I only saw him twice in my six years with USIU. But he telephoned often, usually while airborne on the way to London or Nairobi. When rumors of financial problems started to fly, we wags half-seriously proposed the cancellation of Dr. Rust's American Express card as the simplest solution.

Even though I felt USIU was intent on spreading parochialism around the world, there was innovation in a college that permitted students to study on three continents under a single curriculum. We had Melanesian students who studied at Alpine from the Maunalo Campus on Maui. Many of our local students, on the other hand, transferred freely to England, Mexico, or Hawaii, depending on the season. [Author's note: Jennifer Karanja later graduated from the USIU Campus in Nairobi, with all her YVC credits accepted.]
Academically the curriculum was solid. At Alpine I had virtual autonomy to offer any liberal arts course I felt was necessary. Alpine campus held up its end of the USIU empire.

Ed Krapf was campus director when I returned. Owen Geer succeeded him from 1971–73 and was certainly the most colorful of the USIU administrators. He was a mover and shaker—literally. Seated at the college bulldozer, he attacked Woodchuck Hill, creating Geer Lake (which leaked) and Geer Flats, the parking lot built over a spring—it was renamed Geer Bog when several students' cars settled slowly into the muck. He also created "Ski Woodchuck Hill," our very own Alpine Campus ski complex complete with slalom course and rope tow. Unfortunately, the tow crossed over the back boundary of the College about halfway up the course. One day we discovered a sturdy fence bisecting the slalom course. We skiers were forced back to Mt. Werner and Howelson Hill.

Bill Doxey replaced Geer around 1972 and was to be the last of the dynasty.

Things began to unravel in the fall of 1974. At first our checks were late, then they came with notices asking us to hold them for a period before cashing them. Doxey was called back to San Diego for consultation, never to return. By the beginning of winter quarter it was apparent that USIU was having serious cash-flow problems. One weekend the College vans and typewriters disappeared, and we learned they had been secreted in San Diego.

Although we still had about eighty students in the dorms, support from San Diego had stopped. I took charge of the campus and went to an attorney, Karl Mattlage, to file a restraining order on the College account at the local bank, so the electric company wouldn't cut off our power. Two other teachers, Fran Conlon and Carol Samson, and I continued to teach without pay until June. Except for the obvious disadvantages, that last year was one of our best. At least we had the fewest faculty meetings.

Fran and I had to sue for our salaries. The case dragged on for nearly two years before USIU paid up.

Strangely enough, by spring of 1975 we had about a hundred and twenty deposits from students who intended to enroll in the College that fall. I drew up a plan to reopen the campus under the auspices of Northwest Colorado Community College in Rangely, which was running an outreach program in Steamboat. I presented the plan to NCCC's president, but he turned it down because he felt that by offering a full liberal arts curriculum in Steamboat Springs, his students would all want to go to school in Steamboat.

I dare say he was right.

The sheriff locked the doors of the College except for the dorms, which were opened to construction workers by the foreclosing bank. Nora Shipley, our wonderful house mother, was retained to collect the rents. Vandalism ran rampant. Several important buildings—the director's house, maintenance building, horse barn and corral—and all the land below the road to the campus was sold. The exact circumstances of these sales are still shrouded in mystery.
Our excellent library was “auctioned” off to a college in South Dakota for fifteen hundred dollars. A large part of the holdings ended up in two dumpsters. The College was dead.
CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

THE COLLEGE TOO TOUGH TO DIE

Shortly after the dying gasps of the College, even George Tolles admitted defeat, although with some reservations. He got a job teaching in the Steamboat Springs elementary school, and Marian got a job as gardener at Mt. Werner. There was no way they would leave Steamboat.

About this time, a load of dynamite in the person of Bill Hill arrived in town as director of the Steamboat Chamber Resort Association. Now comes the part of our story that is the real miracle. On my annual summer return to Steamboat Springs in 1982, I met this remarkable man. We had lunch together while he unfolded the incredible story of the rebirth of the College, like a phoenix rising from its ashes. When he brought his account to a close with his story of the indomitable Dorothy Wither, I was moved to tears.

Here is the story in Bill’s own words. He calls it “The College Too Tough to Die.”

“The reincarnation of Alpine Campus began on a beautiful September morning in 1978. It had a precarious start.

“Dr. Erie Johnson, vice-president of the Steamboat Springs outreach of Northwestern Colorado Community College, rushed into my office. In a rather desperate tone he told me that USIU was negotiating to sell the Alpine Campus to commercial developers for an apartment complex.

“At that time, we were renting space to several educational tenants, including a school for the handicapped. The dorms were being used for ski groups and low-cost employee housing. Erie asked, ‘Is there any way the chamber can save the campus as an educational facility?’ I offered to see what I could do.

“Several weeks before, we had formed an industrial development committee. At our first meeting, technical training for industrial workers had been a key topic of discussion. Already, a training program for local coal mine workers was being developed.

“So with Erie’s plea, I called a special meeting of the committee and asked if they would serve as an ad hoc educational task force to see what we could do about saving the Alpine Campus by using it for industrial training.
We began holding weekly breakfast meetings. Each week the plot would thicken, as we started unraveling the can of worms that was the Alpine Campus of USIU.

“We found out that approximately sixty–seven acres had been sold off or defaulted by USIU to a real estate investment trust. All that remained were three run–down buildings and the three acres they were sitting on. The College didn’t even own the parking lots adjacent to them, or the road access to its campus.

“We also found out that the remaining bonded indebtedness was $1,521,868, which included $203,269 in delinquent payments due to the bondholders. For all practical purposes, the Alpine Campus was bankrupt.

“Our task force grew as concerned citizens became aware of the plight. Several other original founders also started meeting with us, including John Fetcher, Ev Bristol, Del Scott, Jim Golden, and Dorothy Wither. There was also the constant reminder of ‘Lucy Bogue’s dream,’ which came up frequently at our meetings. Without my knowing it, Lucy’s mythical torch was being gently placed in my hands.

“By late October the project was really gaining momentum. It was clear that Steamboat Springs did not want to lose the Alpine Campus. Something drastic had to be done.

“On Halloween night, I met with Rex Pielstick, president of Alpine Federal Savings and Loan. In between tricks and treats we started mapping out a plan of action for regaining local control of the campus. That night Rex made his commitment to seeing the project through. He was truly a champion of the cause.

“Shortly thereafter we started negotiating with USIU for local acquisition. We made it clear that we did not intend for the campus and the surrounding acreage to ever be used for anything other than educational purposes. We felt confident the city council would honor our wishes if alternate zoning of the campus land was ever requested. That was our trump card.

“In December, Ev Bristol, Senator Dick Soash, and I visited with Dr. Bos, the president of Northwestern Colorado Community College, to solicit help. Although Dr. Bos was sympathetic toward our cause, NCCC could not make any permanent commitment without a mill levy vote.

“In February, 1979, we invited Dr. Rust of USIU to meet with our task force. Rust agreed to transfer ownership to a legal local entity, if satisfactory terms could be met. He admitted that several commercial developers were interested in buying the campus, but he preferred seeing the campus remain as an educational facility.

“At the request of the task force, Tim Borden, legal counsel for the tremendously helpful local corporation, Energy Fuels Corporation, began preparing legal documents for incorporating a non–profit foundation to serve as the legal entity for regaining local ownership and control. We also thought
the foundation could serve as a future philanthropic vehicle for other regional
development.

"In April, the Yampa Valley Foundation, Inc. was officially chartered. The original Board of Directors was comprised of Jack Eatherton, Rex Pielstick, Bill Hill, Tim Borden, John Fetcher, Ev Bristol, Ed Hill, Dr. Bill Baldwin, and John Ross.

"A few days later, we met with Dr. Rust at Stapleton Airport in Denver to negotiate final arrangements for the transfer, under a two–year lease/option agreement. With a verbal agreement, our respective attorneys—Tim Borden for us and USIU’s Dr. Bob Dennis, who truly wanted to see the Alpine Campus returned to local ownership and represented his institution in a very professional way—proceeded to prepare the legal documents.

Under the agreement, the foundation would take over all financial obligations and control of the campus for a two–year period, beginning on May 15, 1979. The foundation would be required to make payments of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars annually in bonded indebtedness, including an initial payment of sixty thousand dollars, which was due in only six weeks.

"The only problem was, we didn’t have any money. I had earlier worked out a projection indicating we could just about break even by leasing space, and with the grace of God, by continuing to rent dorm rooms. But we needed the sixty thousand up front.

"We were also finding out that although there was a great deal of community interest in saving the campus, it was too risky to justify bank credit or philanthropic support. A well-deserved cloud of doom was hanging over the campus. That is, for everyone except the foundation director and one very generous, civic–minded person.

"For several weeks our task force had been having our breakfast meetings with Bob Adams, owner of Energy Fuels Corporation. Bob had helped rebuild the Steamboat airport not long before and had now become very interested in our college project. It seemed that whenever there was a community need, Bob Adams was always there. This was no exception.

"One Sunday morning, Bob invited us up to his house on Rabbit Ears Pass for a home–cooked breakfast. Bob loved to cook and treated us to his specialty, Eggs Benedict. But that wasn’t his only treat. I remember him standing in his kitchen, wearing an apron, with a spatula in his hand, and saying, ‘Okay, guys, how much do you need?’ When I said sixty thousand as a starter, he simply replied, ‘Let’s go for it.’

"So we went for it...we signed the agreement with USIU, and on May 15, 1979 we took control of the campus.

"It soon became obvious that someone would have to administer the foundation and manage the campus. I was trying to do that, along with managing the chamber. Something had to give.
“Things were going well with the chamber. We’d just completed a good ski year, membership was at an all-time high, and we even had some money in the bank. So it didn’t take too much to convince me that maybe it was time to take on a new challenge. Rebuilding a college might be just as much fun as promoting sidewalk sales, rodeos, and resorts. I also believed that we desperately needed the College to help our youth and greatly enhance the area’s quality of life and economy, just as our chamber was trying to do. If we dropped the ball now, Steamboat would probably never have another chance to have a college, as our economy was quickly shifting to tourism. A college would help maintain a critical sense of community as we adjusted to this change.

“Someone else could manage the chamber, but there didn’t appear to be anyone else crazy enough (or perhaps dumb enough) to take on the College project.

“So I submitted my resignation to the chamber board in May, cut my salary in half, and prayed we could make ends meet both at home and at the Alpine Campus.

“My wife, Barbara, and my three kids deserve a lot of credit for this decision, which certainly thrust them into a new era of uncertainty, while I became totally obsessed by the College dream. More than once during the next two years my kids would say, ‘Dad, why don’t you get a real job?’ But to me, there was nothing more real than trying to rebuild a college.

“Now the real fun began. We finally had local control of the campus for two years. What should we do with it? We had at least fifty meetings about it and still no light at the end of the tunnel. Some of us hoped we could turn the campus back into a private college, but that was not realistic. Over the next few months, the foundation sponsored several community planning meetings. It became apparent that the community wanted a locally controlled college but would not underwrite a private one.

“During this planning process we found another friend: Dr. Terry Tollefson, executive director of the State Board for Community Colleges. Dr. Tollefson had a son attending NCCC in Steamboat and became very interested in our efforts. He felt that if our citizens were willing to pass a mill levy on themselves, the state should accept the College into the community college system.

In October the Colorado Commission on Higher Education visited to inspect the NCCC outreach program in Steamboat. Being somewhat naive and totally obsessed with our cause, I brashly asked the commission (which included prominent educators, legislators, and other Eastern Slope dignitaries), ‘Why can’t we have a full-service community college in Steamboat?’ A few people looked shocked. But my question did get their attention. It also raised the eyebrows of Dr. Lee Kershner, the commissioner of higher education.
"Shortly thereafter an editorial appeared in the Denver Post stating that 'Colorado Needs Rural Colleges.' It was in response to a proposal by some legislators that Colorado should close some of its rural Front-range community colleges, because of declining enrollments and funding problems.

This growing interest—pro and con—in rural higher education sparked interest in our cause. Northwest Colorado was then the fastest growing area in the state. The coal and oil shale boom was at its peak. People were leaving the agricultural areas of eastern Colorado.

So in response to the editorial, I wrote a letter to the Post, which was published November 9 and was entitled 'The Growing Importance of Rural Colleges.' In it I stated our case for a full-service college in Steamboat. I concluded that, 'A declining enrollment in eastern Colorado institutions should not penalize education in the western growth areas. If we can't train our own citizens for careers in local occupations, then we must import outsiders. This, in turn, forces our local youth to seek employment elsewhere. Likewise, continuing education will become increasingly important to the adult community as we try to keep pace with the 'future shock' of the technological '80s. More than ever before, Routt County needs a dynamic community college...''

The commission's visit and that letter suddenly thrust us into an incredible East-West fight over higher education. The Alpine Campus became a statewide political football. Erie Johnson and I began spending a great deal of time in Denver, lobbying the legislature, the Commission on Higher Education and the State Board for Community Colleges to allow us to bring the Alpine Campus into the state system. A lot of credit should go to Erie, who was employed by NCCC, for having the foresight and fortitude to join our cause. He was a tremendous help and driving force throughout the project. It eventually cost him his job.

There were a lot of hurdles to overcome, in addition to operating a malnourished, debt-ridden campus. First, we would have to convince the commission and the legislature to change the state's master plan by taking us out of the NCCC district and establishing a new one. This, of course, did not make us very popular with NCCC.

The next hurdle was getting placed on the legislative agenda to have a new community college district approved. Then we would have to hold a referendum election establishing a new district, and then gain acceptance by both the state board and the commission. Finally, we would have to pass a local mill levy to finance our share of the cost (which would be about one-third of the estimated operating budget).

And we would have to do all this within a political climate that said, 'There should be no new colleges in Colorado, because some Eastern Slope colleges are dying from lack of students and financing.'

'I think if we had looked at all the hurdles in a bunch, we might not have undertaken the project. Fortunately, we just took one at a time.
"Meanwhile, back at the campus....Things weren't going too well. The campus was a mess. We'd inherited a facilities manager from USIU who turned out to be one of the slickest con men since Willie Sutton. He was stealing us blind and eventually ended in jail.

"Furthermore, he had attracted as dormitory tenants about every derelict in town. You could get a high just walking through the halls.

"The buildings and grounds had been neglected for about ten years. The buildings were structurally sound, but needed painting, roofs, new carpeting and tile. The landscaping had died, the roads and parking lots were falling apart. And we didn't have any money.

"Our credit was nil. In fact, the directors of the foundation had to sign personal guarantee notes to get the utilities turned on. It was the first time in my life I had to call creditors and say, 'The check's in the mail,' and then try to figure out how to get a check in the mail that wouldn't bounce. But somehow, we always managed.

"Making it even more interesting was the skepticism of some local civic leaders. Although they gave us moral support, they weren't willing to put good money after bad into what they thought was certainly a losing cause. Many of them were still licking their wounds from the USIU takeover. Frequently during the next two years they suggested that we give up the cause. Frankly, I couldn't blame them.

"About now, I wasn't sure I wanted that torch. In fact, there were days I swore the Alpine Campus was sitting squarely on an old Indian burial mound. The evil spirits were popping out all over.

"The thing that kept us going was the dedication of the foundation directors, the financial commitment of Bob Adams, and a growing interest of local people for their own community college.

"I can't say enough about Yampa Valley Foundation directors. There were so many times we were down to a count of nine during the next two years, they could have easily thrown in the towel, and for good reason. But like punch-drunk fighters, they would always pull themselves up off the canvas and give it one more shot.

"We also had a strong support team in Erie Johnson and some of his staff; Olive Morton and Gary Shaw were always there when needed. I suspect that intangible spirit of Lucy Bogue and the early founders was being transmitted. Let's just call it the 'Alpine spirit.'

"As we geared up for the long political fight ahead, we started to get the campus facilities in shape. We renegotiated a better contract with our tenants and started evicting derelict dorm residents. I asked the chief of police to have several of his largest officers walk through the dorms about eight o'clock every night. Like rats leaving a sinking ship, the residents moved out. We leased the space to the ski corporation and local resorts. We also operated the cafeteria on a break–even basis, as an amenity to our tenants. The first winter
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was very good to us, and we were able to meet our expenses, plus pay off a hundred and twenty thousand dollars in past–due bonded indebtedness.

“We were fortunate to hire Lynn Hilton as facilities manager. Lynn was thoroughly dedicated to our cause. He had to be, because we couldn’t pay much, and he had an almost impossible job. But slowly Lynn and his staff, with a lot of elbow grease and ingenuity, patched up years of neglect and disrepair. One of Lynn’s most dedicated assistants was Brett Perry, a personable young man from Omaha who contributed much to the development of the campus over the next six years, before he died in an avalanche in early 1987. We also received donations from Boise Cascade and other local firms, which helped with essential improvements.

“With the campus in good hands, I could devote more time to the statewide political issues.

“In January we called a summit meeting of NCCC, the state board, and the Yampa Valley Foundation to discuss establishing a locally controlled community college. At the meeting, NCCC reluctantly agreed to support us, if Moffat County and the Hayden school district could remain in their district. Although we had hoped for a county–wide institution, we agreed, in order to maintain good working relations with NCCC.

“A week later I met with the state board in Denver and asked for their support. With the help of Terry Tollefson, we got a vote of confidence.

“We now needed to get on the governor’s agenda, so the state master plan could be changed. John Fetcher, Senator Soash, and I met with Governor Richard Lamm and asked him to place our proposal on his crowded special legislative agenda. Without his approval, the issue would be dead.

“At first he was reluctant, his concern centering around declining enrollment in Eastern Slope community colleges. But, to his credit, he heard our plea that ‘declining conditions on the Front Range should not keep Routt County from having adequate post–secondary education for its growing population.’ Governor Lamm agreed to place our proposal on his agenda.

“Senator Soash and Representative Wad Hinman thereupon drafted a bill that would allow for the establishment of a community college in Routt County, if passed by a majority vote in a special referendum election.

“The bill was submitted to the Senate Education Committee in Denver on February 6. After extensive debate and a postponement, the committee deadlocked on a vote. The chairman, who was against the bill, called for the vote when a senator who supported the bill was out of the room. With that affirmative vote we would have succeeded. But the tie vote killed the issue. Just like that, our dreams and efforts died a very unnatural death.

“Obviously, we were devastated. Three of us who were scheduled to testify were not even allowed to speak. We couldn’t believe the executioner’s ax could fall so fast. After the meeting, Senator Soash took us to a conference room in the capitol to reorganize. I remember him saying, ‘Welcome to Colorado politics.’ The Front Range had won again.
"We were down for a nine count but refused to throw in the towel. If anything, we were more determined than ever. We called an emergency summit meeting the next week in Steamboat. This time we invited Terry Tollefson; Dr. Kershner, who testified against us in the hearing; and other officials and educators, such as Dr. Dean Lillie, president of Colorado Mountain College in Glenwood Springs. Dr. Lillie had supported us in the hearing and acted genuinely interested in our future.

"Dr. Kershner told our group he felt we could win the necessary support if we affiliated with either NCCC or Colorado Mountain College, a two-year college that opened in 1967. Dr. Tollefson agreed and suggested we appoint a committee to decide which one offered the best opportunity.

"The blue ribbon committee consisted of prominent educators and citizens from throughout Routt County. They met and heard presentations by both NCCC and CMC on why we should join their respective districts. After long deliberation, the committee voted 15–0 to join the CMC district. They felt that CMC offered more programs that met our needs and their mill levy, which we would need to accept, was only about half that of NCCC.

"The decision was clear. We would petition to become part of the CMC service area. This would have to be approved by the state board and the commission. It was our understanding their approval was only a token formality. Wrong!

"On March 15 the state board met to give their approval. Erie Johnson, Dr. Lillie, and I decided to attend, just to celebrate this milestone. It would be fun. Following this meeting in Denver, my wife and I would fly to Phoenix to celebrate our twenty-fourth wedding anniversary. It didn’t happen that way.

"Suddenly, the meeting turned from a celebration to a nightmare. Tom Grimshaw, a longtime state board member from Denver, made a motion to table our petition indefinitely for further study. Several others quickly jumped on the bandwagon. NCCC’s Dr. Bos then appeared out of nowhere and proposed that the Alpine Campus remain in his college’s district.

"Dr. Lillie and I frantically asked to testify. We explained the due process we had gone through to arrive at the proposed realignment. Dr. Tollefson came to our defense. But the steam roller was already rolling, and the state board voted to table us indefinitely.

"We were now literally fighting for the life of Alpine Campus. We knew we could not continue under the current arrangement much longer. Also, it would revert back to USIU in June of 1981 and be sold off if we could not execute our option. Alpine Campus was gasping for air.

"Dr. Lillie and I held a quick caucus in the back of the room and mapped out a desperate counter attack. During the board’s lunch break, we lobbied members and found a couple of soft spots for our cause. One was Chairman Ellen Mrachek, the other Steve DeJong, the sole representative from the Western Slope. They agreed to try to get the motion untabled.
"I called Senator Soash, Tim Borden, and Dr. Kershner, who was now on our side, and asked them to come lend their hands with lobbying, and they did, but the prognosis didn’t look good.

"Early the next morning I put my wife on the plane to Phoenix and told her I would try to join her later. Then I made one more desperate phone call. I called YVC founder John Fetcher in Steamboat and asked him if he could jump on the next plane to Denver and come testify. I recalled that John was a personal friend of our chief adversary.

"The meeting that day was reminiscent of a Perry Mason courtroom thriller. Mrs. Mrachek made an emotional statement on our behalf and asked for reconsideration of the issue. Terry Tollefson, Dr. Kershner, and Dr. Lillie spoke again. Tom Grimshaw, a practicing attorney and former state senator, countered with very persuasive oratory and charts on why the issue should be tabled indefinitely. Our cause was looking very dim, indeed.

"Then, at just the right moment, in walked John Fetcher. When he took the podium, I noticed he was wearing his old, muddy work boots. He had intended to spend the day at his ranch, not at a high-level board meeting in Denver. John slowly started telling the College story and how this was a do—or–die situation. His talk gained emotion and eloquence as he spoke. From the back of the room I could see the momentum starting to swing our way. When John finished, you could have heard a pin drop. Mrs. Mrachek then called for a vote. By a five-to—four majority, the board voted in our favor.

"Like a phoenix rising out of its own ashes, Alpine Campus was once again breathing, to become aligned with Colorado Mountain College and be developed as a full–service community college.

"Ironically, I caught the next plane to Phoenix. I remember little of that flight, except the grin on my face and the tears in my eyes as I recounted to my wife how very, very close we had come to losing the college dream.

"In April the Colorado Commission on Higher Education ratified the state board’s recommendation and changed the master plan. We began operation as an outreach of CMC...with the understanding we would officially join CMC through the referendum election.

"Erie Johnson was named vice–president of CMC and administrator of the service area. Olive Morton, Dr. Gary Shaw, and other former NCCC staff members were also transferred to roles in CMC, and each of them deserves a great deal of credit for their parts in the transition.

"Now we turned our attention to passing the mill levy. We elected a board for the Yampa Valley Foundation: Rex Pielstick, Karl Mattlage, Ed Hill, myself, John Fetcher, Dorothy Wither, Ev Bristol, Dr. Bill Baldwin, and Tim Borden.

"We continued to try to re–acquire the land surrounding the campus and gain official road access. Later that summer we did receive the access, in exchange for a zoning tradeoff, which included the former maintenance
building. Although we were reluctant to lose this property, it was the only thing we could do.

"The referendum was set for May 5, 1981. We would have to pass a 5.46 mill levy to join CMC, and it would have to be approved by a majority vote in both the Steamboat and South Routt school districts. Likewise, the CMC district (Garfield, Lake, Summitt, and Eagle counties) would have to approve the merger.

"In October, the CMC governing committee started having second thoughts on the referendum. They felt it might have a better chance in the next general election, which was three years away. The Yampa Valley Foundation directors had a summit meeting with the CMC board, and after considerable discussion, they agreed to stay the course for May, 1981. I do not think we could have sustained the momentum, had they decided to wait.

"As we tooled up for the referendum campaign, the skies over Steamboat started to clear—at just the wrong time...

"Christmas was only a few weeks away and NO SNOW! Skiers started canceling their reservations. Resorts began laying off employees. Retailers were overstocked. An economic crisis was underway.

"Christmas came and went. Still no snow, no skiers, no business. Obviously, we started worrying. If people couldn’t pay their bills, they certainly wouldn’t vote for a tax increase. The torch of our dream was getting dimmer and dimmer. Many of the YVF directors felt we should consider canceling the election.

"We set January 11 as our date for making this critical decision. A negative vote would probably kill forever our hopes for a full-service college.

"It was a cold, snowless day when we gathered for our board meeting in Willett Hall. I can recall the directors shuffling into the room with defeated, frustrated looks. I was certain Mother Nature had made our decision for us.

"Just before Rex Pielstick called the meeting to order, in walked local dress shop owner Dorothy Wither, the grande dame of Main Street, clad in her favorite bright blue. The no-snow economy was probably affecting her business as much as anybody. Dorothy took one look at her depressed colleagues, and with that contagious chuckle she was known for, said, ‘We’re not going to let one lousy winter kill our College, are we?’

"It became very quiet in the room as we contemplated Dorothy’s challenge. Then almost in unison everyone started shaking their heads in agreement, ‘We’re not going to let one lousy winter kill the College!’ There was no need for a vote. We were unanimous.

"Once again, thanks to Dorothy Wither, Lucy’s dream survived. This College was simply too tough to die.

"The next few months went well as we put our campaign in full motion. We held dozens of informational meetings in Steamboat and South Routt, recruiting volunteers. Our campaign slogan became ‘Five for the College’ as we asked everyone to recruit five voters. Also, the election would be held on
May 5 and we were asking for a five-plus mill levy. Five would be our lucky number.

"I was fortunate to have Jean Selch and Barbara DeVries as secretaries during the campaign. Both were knowledgeable about local politics and became a dynamic duo. Others joined our cause and contributed countless hours to our effort.

"While we were getting underway, so was the opposition. As is typical in so many communities, there was a traditional block of voters who would be against anything that might increase their taxes. Some elderly people, living in remote rural areas or those on fixed incomes, would probably not vote for a college they might never use. I could appreciate their view. And, of course, there were those that simply ‘didn’t give a damn’ for education in general. We also realized that many South Routt citizens would not support a college that would be located in Steamboat. Finally, we knew the no-snow economy would have a negative impact. Our work was cut out for us.

"We officially kicked off the campaign at the March 19 meeting of the Chamber Resort Association. It seemed only appropriate that we would publicly launch the campaign with the chamber, since the whole effort started there so many eventful months earlier.

"In spite of the no-snow winter, we began feeling more confident about our chances in the Steamboat school district. But we did not feel very optimistic in South Routt. Because the law stated they must be the contiguous link between us and the next district, without their support, the entire effort would be lost.

"There was one other alternative. Change the law to allow non-connecting areas to be part of a college district. To hedge our bets, we once again called on Senator Soash and asked him to draft a bill. But frankly, we thought this was a very long shot.

"Here again, somebody was looking over our shoulders. Five days before the referendum, Governor Richard Lamm signed Senate Bill 361 into law, allowing non-contiguous districts to join a regional college district. Did I say five was our lucky number?

"May 5 was a bright sunny day. Voter turnout was large. As I waited in line to vote, all my sensitive ears could hear were negative comments. My optimism was slipping.

"That evening we held a campaign party. About 8:30 the first results came in from Slater. This remote ranching precinct near the Wyoming border voted by a slim margin in favor of the College. Our spirits began to rise.

"At about 9:45 Superintendent of Schools Dr. Aufderheide came to the party from the election headquarters and handed me the final tabulation. I handed the slip of paper to Ev Bristol, one of the original founders of the College, and asked him to read the count. It only seemed fair that Ev should be the first to know if the dream had come true. I think Ev was as surprised as I
was when he saw that the referendum had passed in the Steamboat school district by a two-to-one margin.

"Later, we learned the referendum lost in South Routt by 144 votes. But thanks to Senator Soash's bill, we were safe.

"Obviously there were a lot of happy people in the room that night, many with tears in their eyes. After years of fighting the odds and coming so close to losing so many times, the Alpine Campus dream was finally a reality.

"At the time, I thought about how many unsung heroes it had taken to succeed in this venture. Each of them, in their own way, at precisely the right time, contributed significantly and exactly what was needed to the rebirth of the Alpine Campus. Ev and Benita Bristol, for example, were always there for us.

"But I don’t think the full impact of what had happened hit me until the next morning. As I drove down Lincoln Avenue, I was thinking what a great community Steamboat Springs was. In spite of a disastrous winter, the citizens still had enough grit to support the College by two-to-one. Just then I looked up at the marquee on Routt County Bank. In large print it summed up the dreams and efforts of so many people for so many years. It very simply said: 'WE HAVE A COLLEGE'"

After the referendum, Bill Hill was persuaded to stay on and develop the resort management and ski business programs. He is now director of management development services and continues to serve as voluntary executive director of the Yampa Valley Foundation.

Bob Adams died unexpectedly on July 23, 1982. Shortly thereafter, the Yampa Valley Foundation asked the city to rename the road to the College "Bob Adams Drive," in memory of this go-for-it person who contributed so much.

Dorothy Wither passed away in her sleep on January 11, 1987, exactly six years from that cold day in 1981 when she challenged the board not to let one lousy winter kill the College. Without the inspiration of this zestful, public-spirited lady, the Alpine Campus might not be here today.

The Yampa Valley Foundation is honored to dedicate this part of the book to Bob Adams (1917–1982) and Dorothy Wither (1903–1987), who played such key roles in this Miracle on a Mountain.
In 1982, George Bagwell became the director of Alpine Campus, the beginning of its golden years. For the first time in its long and troubled existence, it was on a stable footing financially.

A low-key administrator with a fine appreciation of the college's long-range academic potential, Bagwell has succeeded in bringing Alpine Campus to the top of the CMC college complex, making it number one in sharply increased enrollments. His goals now lie in increasing the range and quality of out-of-state and international enrollment, thus enhancing the university-oriented education of the College, and bringing it full circle to the original dream. He is ably assisted by George Tolles, the only pioneer remaining.

George Bagwell writes his own story of the miracle of the '80s.

"By July 1, 1981, Alpine Campus had become a full-fledged member of the Colorado Mountain College community, joining the nine thousand people of the Steamboat Springs school district with the other seventy thousand of the greater Colorado Mountain Junior College District. Alpine Campus had become one of a constellation of campuses and educational centers that serve the small mountains towns of Aspen, Breckenridge, Glenwood Springs, Leadville, Vail, and others. Alpine Campus is the only unit added to the district after it was formed in 1965.

"The establishment of a local tax base provided Alpine Campus with secure financial funding for the first time in its history. Alpine could look forward to expanding and upgrading its curriculum, services, and facilities. There was much to be done.

"Colorado Mountain College was not immune to the recession of the 1980s. Full-time equivalent enrollment for the whole college district declined from an all-time high of 3,336 in 1982 to 2,358 in 1986. Rough times were in store for CMC in the early 1980s, and like an orphan adopted by a large family, Alpine had adjustments to make.

"Always the College too tough to die, Alpine would manage to attain modest growth despite the recessionary times. But it was hampered from reaching its full potential by two factors. First, the attention and resources of the greater college district were not shared with the Alpine unit, even though it
began to show much promise. CMC was scrambling to handle the retrenchment forced on it by the recession.

"Another factor was the necessity for making changes that would solve the problems of the past and prepare for the future. This transformation would affect the campus's role and mission, facilities, curriculum, and services, and require a step backward in order to take two steps forward.

"Here is what I am talking about. The 1981–83 catalog listed these programs:

Liberal Arts—Associate in Arts Degree
Resort Management—Associate in Applied Science Degree
Community Services—Certificate
Early Childhood Education—Certificate
Special Education—Certificate
Heavy Equipment Mechanics—Certificate
Farrier (Horseshoeing)—Certificate
Welding—Certificate
Electricity—Certificate
Solar Technology—Certificate

"The 1986–87 catalog, on the other hand, reflects substantial changes:

Liberal Arts—Associate in Arts Degree
Resort Management—Associate in Applied Science Degree or Certificate
Ski Business—Associate in Applied Science Degree
Computerized Accounting—Associate in Applied Science Degree or Certificate
Computerized Information Management—Certificate
Real Estate—Certificate
Secretarial Studies—Certificate
Small Business Management—Certificate
Emergency Medical Technician—Certificate
Health and Fitness Technology—Certificate

"As one can see, we have changed dramatically since joining the CMC district, eliminating the vocational–technical and vocational–social programs and replacing them with business programs. The focus has changed from training for the industrial age to training for the information age.

"Alpine has not, however, discontinued its efforts to provide university–parallel–transfer education through the liberal arts program. In that regard we have succeeded in expanding and enhancing opportunities for university–bound students. Indeed, that program has enjoyed the most substantial growth of all the instructional areas.

"In the fall of 1982, Alpine had a fairly well developed community education program. Courses with the largest enrollment that term included calving management and nutrition, slimnastics, cooking, mine training, dancercize, karate, fire fighting, and dance. The beginnings of a business focus could be seen in courses with adequate enrollments like business management, business communications, business mathematics. The
then—struggling liberal arts program already had adequate enrollments in English composition, German language, and Western civilization.

"By contrast, by fall of 1986 the largest enrollments were found in business and information—age courses, such as Fundamentals of Computers, Introduction to Business, Supervisory Skills, Accounting. Our commitment to community education remains strong and perennially adapted.

"We made concerted efforts to develop the campus to attract full—time young students from the local community, the rest of Colorado, and the United States. The development of programs and services that attracted these types of students swelled enrollments in all courses, thereby allowing the campus to improve dramatically both the quantity and the quality of all its offerings for the local community. Young, traditional students came from elsewhere to live on campus, while the presence of older students in their classes added decorum and respect for subject matter, aspects often missing from freshman classes populated exclusively by eighteen— and nineteen—year—olds. This mixing of age groups has created a type of synergy, much to Alpine's benefit.

"The other major area of transformation is that of facilities and equipment. A 1981 assessment indicated a tenuous state of affairs. The three buildings originally designed and built to be dormitories: Willett, Bogue, and Monson halls, were in disrepair. Floors were literally falling in, roofs were leaking, windows and doors were broken. The land surrounding the campus buildings had been lost to foreclosure during the USIU days, and the unimproved dirt roads and parking lots were actually the property of a large bank in New York City. As the campus grew, the need to pave these roads and parking lots became acute. CMC, however, could not use capital funds to improve property it did not own. This was particularly distressing to members of the Steamboat community who well remembered that the land in question had originally been donated some twenty years before for 'the college on the hill.' Now we faced the distasteful prospect of having to buy back the land.

"Particularly discouraging was the fact that the library had been completely dismantled and existed only in the form of the personal collections of a very few instructors. The educational media equipment was antiquated and in disrepair.

"In 1982 we began an ambitious campaign to renovate the buildings, and we negotiated the purchase of the land in the summer of 1985. Today, we have new floors, doors, and windows, and roofs that are able to withstand the great loads of Steamboat's snow. We have paved parking lots and roads and completed landscaping.

"One of the most striking transformations has been the establishment of the library/learning resources center. Of course we have a traditional book collection providing up—to—date resources. But we also have full video services. For remotely located students, the College now provides telecourse—learning in conjunction with the Public Broadcasting System. And a matter of special pride is an instructional computing laboratory, replete with
state-of-the-art micro-computer networking and laser printing, which has been integrated with the regular services of the library/learning resources center."
On December 5, 1985, a letter was printed in the Steamboat Pilot. Written by Monica Shaw, it vividly expresses the miracles still taking place on the campus on Woodchuck Hill:

"THE REAL THING. Dear Editor: The Alpine Campus of Colorado Mountain College may not be in the top ten schools, but it's come a long way. My first experience with the College was six years ago when I first moved to Steamboat. I remember a physically run-down campus with little activity. I was taking a morning aerobics class in Bogue Hall with eight other adults. Students never seemed to be milling around. Nobody lived on campus.

"Two years later, I taught an introductory survey course in sociology. The bond issue had just passed, providing funding for the campus. By that time there were a few full-time students enrolled in degree programs. Some of them lived in Bogue Hall, and the cafeteria was open. The Community Education Program was still the main thrust of the College; however, the administration was developing and broadening its team to further two–year degree programs. The emphasis was on individually–oriented instruction, helping every student gain academic success. I remember feeling more pressure than my students did when over half of them flunked their midterm.

"This semester I enrolled in watercolor and journalism. Watercolor is a wonderful community education class, which meets one night per week. Since it convenes after dark and because it is composed of working adults and parents, one might wander on and off campus without noting the changes that had taken place.

"There are other classes that meet, however, where something new is taking place. In each of these classes, there are perhaps 15 full–time students between the ages of 18 and 26. Many of these students live, eat, study, work out, and socialize right here on campus. These students are bright and attractive and have added something more to what we had before.

"My conclusion is that our little community college has become a full–blown college campus. It is better than a junior college because it offers greater campus life and has a sense of community. It is better than a regular four–year school because it blends adolescents and adults. It has a practical and academic focus which is directly employment oriented. The Community Education Program provides tremendous variety as well. Combining the two
needs into one school has also resulted in a face lift for the campus, including its parking lots and roads.

"The campus also includes the Learning Resource Center. It is such a better alternate to the basic library. The computer terminals are so numerous that everyone gets a chance to join the high tech era.

"I'm so glad that bond issue passed in 1981. I admire the dedication and accomplishments of the administration. But most of all, I'm thankful that while living in such an isolated area, I can still experience quality education."
CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

BRAVO, BABY!

As a proud mother watches her beloved offspring at last climbing out of those “difficult years” and achieving the potential she had dreamed of throughout its infancy and troubled adolescence, I have watched for the past twenty-five years the ups and downs of the College.

One of the facets of the story that pleases me as much as anything is the fact that, despite its growth and modernization, it still retains the concern for and attention to the individual needs of each student, truly the hallmark of a small college. Large universities are much too large for this.

When the College held its first commencement convocation on June 1, 1964, awarding a B.A. to a class of one, Dr. Alfred T. Hill addressed us on “An Affirmation of Individualism.” Dr. Hill said many memorable things about individualism that echo back to me:

In the first place, the very existence of this college is an affirmation of individualism….It is growing more and more difficult to be an individual in any worthwhile sense in our society…Today individualism is not so much a matter of money as it is of taste and insight…. And so I say to this young man graduating from the College: Be proud of your college. Live up to the ideas and the ideals set before you in this place and by these teachers. In later years you may not make ten million dollars, or write a better play than Hamlet, or build the greatest skyscraper, or compose a symphony better than Beethoven’s Ninth, or paint a better picture than the Mona Lisa, or be the first man to land on the moon.

But you can still be a great and an important individual. And how can you do this? Very simply. In a world of cynicism and doubt you can have some clear and fixed ideals to which you are so deeply committed that you value them more than life itself.

Don’t be afraid to make mistakes. The world is full of people who are afraid to make mistakes. They never do anything wrong. They never do anything right. They never do anything.

…you have a chance to be yourself, to work for your own living, to fight for your own convictions, and through the effectiveness of your own life, to affirm the importance of the individual.

I am overjoyed to know that the individualism that Dr. Hill extolled is still very much alive on Alpine Campus. On August 28, 1986, I was deeply
moved by a letter from Sherry Lowry of Houston, which was published in the Steamboat Pilot. Mrs. Lowry, the mother of a blind student attending the College, wrote a long letter brimming with gratitude for the remarkable assistance the community and the College afforded her son, Wayne. Of vital interest to him is his love of skiing and his goal of qualifying for the Special Winter Olympics in Canada in 1988. She goes on to say:

His other interests are reading, "heavy-metal" music, Dungeons and Dragons, and coursework at CMC which can help prepare him for a career in history and literature and hopefully assist him in gaining technical tools of value to a writer and teacher. The staff at CMC has been extraordinarily helpful in arranging classes, and to live on campus and prepare to participate in their activities....I think he probably has the best of professional technical assistance in the country with this staff....We certainly appreciate all that you are doing to help make his first venture into the world on his own work well!

See what I mean? Individualism is still alive and well at the College.

Before I close this history I must quote an anonymous note written by one of the faculty (I suspect Elizabeth St. Louis) in January, 1966, when they held a festive banquet in my honor at Valley View Lodge, and they presented me with a dazzling bouquet of flowers and a transistor radio as farewell gifts. The note, signed "Cato or sambuddy," was tucked among the flowers:

It is always hard for a mother to see her baby leave the cradle, progress to first date, and finally leave home. So it is seeming with Yampa Valley College for which you have labored and brought forth. It is now taking its first steps—growing into a lusty and most promising child. Sure—it will falter—seem to stray and struggle to find its way—but as with the child, it will come to its mother for advice and counseling. And because it has a strong heritage from that mother, it will grow, prosper, and be an eternal credit unto her, fulfilling all of her dreams for it. Be of good cheer. What you have wrought is good.
APPENDIX A

GEOGRAPHICAL ORIGINS OF STUDENTS, 1962-1968

International
Twenty-three students representing fifteen foreign countries:

1962-63
Jennifer Karanja, Meru, Kenya
Roberto Munoz, Los Andes, Chile
Miguel Angel Romero, Cordova, Argentina

1963-64
Abdul Haykal, Tartous, Syria
Ryoji Fujitsuka, Kanagawa-Ken, Japan

1964-65
Yvon Huck, Paris, France
Gesina Loose, Hanover, Germany
Pedro Lopez, Cali, Colombia
Britt Malmfors, Uppsala, Sweden
Peter Quigley, Sao Paulo, Brazil
Ricardo Rojas, La Paz, Bolivia

1965-66
Tom Brungar, Jar, Norway
Jens Evensen, Oslo, Norway
Stanley Githunguri, Kenya
Finn Jensen, Jar, Norway
Erik Nessem, Oslo, Norway
Kahled Olayan, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia

1966-68
Petronio Lopez Lopez, Chinendega, Nicaragua
Chikashi Nakahama, Shinane-Ken, Japan
Mike Homfeld, Tokyo, Japan

National
Students from 26 states.

Alaska, 1
California, 55
Colorado, 52
Connecticut, 4
Delaware, 1
Florida, 2
Iowa, 1
Idaho, 1
Illinois, 15
Indiana, 5
Maine, 2
Massachusetts, 5
Michigan, 2

Minnesota, 2
Missouri, 1
Nebraska, 1
New Hampshire, 1
New Jersey, 8
New York, 29
Ohio, 4
Oklahoma, 1
Oregon, 2
Pennsylvania, 1
Texas, 3
Washington, 4
Wisconsin, 2
# APPENDIX B

## STUDENTS RECEIVING BACHELORS DEGREES, 1964-1967

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>City, State</th>
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<tr>
<td>1964</td>
<td>Martin Ringel</td>
<td>Monticello, NY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1966</td>
<td>Linda Ryan</td>
<td>Steamboat Springs, CO</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td>Eva Tucker</td>
<td>Steamboat Springs, CO</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Deborah Weaver</td>
<td>York, PA</td>
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<td></td>
<td>John Wither</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ronald E. Asher</td>
<td>Columbia, MO</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Jane B. Emerick</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Gary L. Hertzog</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>James R. Johnson</td>
<td>Northfield, IL</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Clare A. Wheeler</td>
<td>Steamboat Springs, CO</td>
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# APPENDICES

## APPENDIX C

### THE PIONEER STUDENTS AND FACULTY, 1962-1966

#### Students

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Student(s)</th>
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<td>1962</td>
<td>Nancy Britton, Denver, CO</td>
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<td>Mike Burton, Delray Beach, FL</td>
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<td>John Carpenter, Delaware City, DE</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Kathleen Coghill, Steamboat Springs, CO</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Gary Hertzog, Maybell, CO</td>
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<td>Dick Jensen, Steamboat Springs, CO</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Jennifer Karanja, Meru, Kenya</td>
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<td>Dick Jensen, Steamboat Springs, CO</td>
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<td>Joan Miller, Steamboat Springs, CO</td>
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<td>Roberto Munoz, Los Andes, Chile</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Bob Potter, Winnetka, IL</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Miguel Romero, Cordova, Argentina</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Jim White, Littleton, CO</td>
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<td>1963</td>
<td>Brooke Babcock, Katonah, NY</td>
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<td>Bobbie Jean Baum, Denver, CO</td>
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<td>Paul Bonnifield, Phippsburg, CO</td>
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<td>Barbara Jo Brotz, Sheboygan, WI</td>
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<td>Lynn Bryant, Steamboat Springs, CO</td>
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<td>Lance Davey, unknown</td>
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<td>Joy Davis, San Diego, CA</td>
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<td>Ryoji Fujitsuaka, Kanagawa-Ken, Japan</td>
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<td>Bill Hackenthal, Denver, CO</td>
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<td>Kenneth Harrell, Stillwater, OK</td>
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<td>Pat Harvey, Steamboat Springs, CO</td>
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<td>Abdul Haykal, Tartous, Syria</td>
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<td>Jeanne Jilcott, Steamboat Springs, CO</td>
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<td>Penny Seeley, unknown</td>
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<td>Lillyan St. Louis, Steamboat Springs, CO</td>
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<td>Steve Turner, Taos, NM</td>
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<td>Clare Wheeler, Steamboat Springs, CO</td>
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<td>James Duerkop, Palo Alto, CA</td>
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161
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1965

Sally Archibald, Santa Barbara, CA
John Aubuchon, San Pedro, CA
Kris Barclay, Malibu, CA
Dave Barnhardt, Golden, CO
Steve Bassin, Peekskill, NY
Ed Batchelder, Omaha, NE
Hank Baumgarten, Woodside, CA
Ernie Baumeister, Sanford, FL
Pat Blackbum, Pasadena, CA
Marcia Boardman, Marblehead, MA
Tom Brungard, Jar, Norway
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<td>Chikashi Nakahama</td>
<td>Shimane-Ken, Japan</td>
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**Faculty (by year of joining)**

1962
- Bonnie Bogue, office manager
- Lucille Bogue, president, development, orientation, foreign-student
- English, creative writing
- Eran O. Burgert, mathematics

- Fern Burgert, secretarial subjects, accounting
- Taylor Brown, dean of students, business manager, instructor in business administration
- E. Chesbro, mathematics
MIRACLE ON A MOUNTAIN

Harriet Cook, dorm mother
Charles Cranston, political science
John Fetcher, mathematics
Robert Frost, international relations
Rev. Kenneth Funk, philosophy, logic, English
Robert Garland, English
Mary Ann Gillen, chemistry, physical education
Dr. Gary Holway, science, physical education, skiing
Jennifer Karanja, Swahili
Dr. Hugh Richards, staff physician
Dorothy Richardson, art
Barbara Rudolph, comparative religions
Charles Ryan, music, chorus, dorm supervisor, director of admissions, director of student affairs
Emma Selch, librarian
Jodi Shaw, staff nurse
Robert Shaw, anthropology, psychology, world history
Elizabeth St. Louis, Italian, Spanish, history of art
Clare Wheeler, horseback riding
Heinz Windbrechtinger, ski coach

1963
Mme. Malu Bear, advanced French
Rev. John Cox, public speaking, Biblical history
Merritt Esmiol, art
Ryoji Fujitsuka, Japanese
Harold Greear, business manager, dean of students
Marty Greear, maintenance
Rev. Hal Lycett, philosophy of religion, public speaking
James Pughe, economics, international business
Ruby Rorex, foreign-student English, dance
Ruth Schirr, German
Karl Schnackenberg, skiing
Pearl Stehley, chemistry
Ellen Winchell, art, riflery

1964
Leila Ault, basic communications

Katherine Belton, cafeteria kitchen supervisor
Gerald Boggs, political science
Melvin Brower, dean of students, business manager
Mrs. Brower, secretary and receptionist
Glynn Cress, mathematics, physics, physical education, dean of students
Betty Eubanks, secretary to the president
Beatrice Heyen, admissions
Robert Heyen, academic dean
William Mason, humanities, creative writing, English, literature
Carroll Multz, biology, chemistry, economics
Joe Rapp, fund raising
Donald Reed, French, economics
Gerald Rudolph, Western civilization, history of Mexico
Linda Ryan, dorm supervisor, business office
Ruth Schirr, German
George Tolles, German, Spanish, international relations
Lowell Whiteman, dorm master
Robert Wright, admissions and fund raising

1965
Richard Beacom, business manager
Marjorie Booth, secretary
Van Card, ski coach
Grover Jemigan, biology
Irene Padgett, assistant librarian
Robert Pietrowski, president
Sharon Scott, secretary
Charlie Swinehart, office manager
Edwin Tucker, algebra
Patricia Whitlow, English, literature of the theatre, dean of women

1966
Douglas Boggs, business
Dwight Corder, president, vice-president
Dr. Glenn Poulter, geology
Larry Vanatta, campus security
APPENDIX D

CHARTER FOUNDERS AND PIONEER BOARD MEMBERS

Charter Founders, 1962

Arthur Bogue
Lucile Bogue
Everett Bristol

Executive Board, 1964

Lucile Bogue, president of the college
Everett Bristol, chairman
John Fetcher, vice-chairman
Donald Kinney, treasurer
Donald Lorenz, legal advisor
George Sauer, secretary

Advisory Board, 1964

Dr. Alfred T. Hill, executive director,
Council for the Advancement of
Small Colleges, Washington, D.C.
Hon. Edwin C. Johnson, former
governor of Colorado and U.S.
senator, Denver, Colorado
Dr. Robert K. Marchel, advisor to the
president, Southern Colorado
State College, Governor’s
Commission in Higher Education,
Pueblo, Colorado
Dr. Homer P. Rainey, professor of
education, University of
Colorado, Boulder, Colorado
Dr. Myron F. Wicks, educational board
of Methodist church, author of
Deanship of the Liberal Arts
College and other books on higher
education, Nashville, Tennessee

Board of Trustees, 1964

Lucile Bogue, educator, Steamboat
Springs, CO; president
Everett Bristol, business executive,
Steamboat Springs, CO; chairman
John Fetcher, rancher, Steamboat
Springs, CO; vice-chairman
George Sauer, educator, Steamboat
Springs, CO; secretary
Donald Kinney, businessman,
Steamboat Springs, CO; treasurer
Donald Lorenz, attorney, Steamboat
Springs, CO; legal advisor
William Allen, merchant, Steamboat
Springs, CO
Leila Ault, educator, Steamboat
Springs, CO
Arthur Bogue, land banker, Steamboat
Springs, CO

Carl Breeze, banker, Kremmling, CO
Justin Brierly, educator, administrator,
Denver, CO
Lucile Butler, teacher, Steamboat
Springs, CO
Everett Chesney, business executive,
Steamboat Springs, CO
Elspeth Coghill, ranch owner,
Steamboat Springs, CO
Marvin Crawford, business executive,
Steamboat Springs, CO
Les Fick, business manager, Steamboat
Springs, CO

Dr. Carter Francis, dentist, Steamboat
Springs, CO
Mary Lee Frichtel, teacher, Hayden,
CO

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Alec Gillespie, banker, Greeley, CO  
James Golden, business executive,  
Steamboat Springs, CO  
Carol Gossard, ranch owner,  
Steamboat Springs, CO  
Walden Irish, administrator, Denver, CO  
Arlene W. Jones, educational consultant, Claremont, CA  
Charles Leckenby, newspaper editor,  
Steamboat Springs, CO  
Portia Mansfield, theatre and dance school director, Steamboat Springs, CO  
Betty Marr, journalist, Steamboat Springs, CO  
Dr. George Orrell, veterinarian, Steamboat Springs, CO  
Charlotte Perry, theatre and dance school director, Steamboat Springs, CO  
James Pughe, attorney, Craig, CO  
Joey Rigsby, dance instructor, San Diego, CA  
Delano Scott, banker, Steamboat Springs, CO  
Robert Shaw, educator, Steamboat Springs, CO  
Charles Stoddard, newspaper publisher, Craig, CO  
Jan Vail, nurse, Steamboat Springs, CO  
Dorothy Wither, merchant, Steamboat Springs, CO