Who uses Penrose Library’s archives and special collections?

By Ann Schmitt | Archives Processing Assistant
and Dalia Corkrum | Director of Penrose Library

Students, faculty, college staff and administration, alumni, and the general public. In short, everyone who knows about it! Once people have discovered the information and materials contained in the vault and reading room located in the lower level of Penrose Library, they often return over and over again.

The Whitman College and Northwest Archives have become an important component of our students’ educational program, integrating with the curriculum through a variety of ways. For example, faculty members use the archives for research and as an instructional tool to introduce primary source research. Students pour over boxes, leafing through folders and peering at photographs.

Faculty Members

Faculty members such as Rogers Miles, senior adjunct assistant professor of religion, teach courses in which the archives serve as a tool for research. One such class, The Secularization of Whitman College, requires students to include proposals outlining primary source research in their final theses. To date, students have submitted proposals outlining their intent to use Myron Eells’ “Hymns in the Chinook Jargon Language” and “The Relations of the Congregational Colleges to the Congregational Churches,” letters from Stephen Penrose, “Songs of Whitman College,” editions of the Walla Walla Union and Whitman College catalogs.

The archives are also the repository for Whitman College records. From departmental records to presidential papers, architectural drawings and the work of faculty, the archives houses important documents that trace the history and activities of Whitman College.

Recently, the archives received the collection of the late Dr. Arthur G. Rempel, professor of biology from 1939 to 1976. Dr. Delbert Hutchison, chair of Whitman’s biology department, said, “The Rempel family thoughtfully donated Art’s work to the college, but because he was so prolific for such a long time, it is quite a stack. At present, the workers are sorting through and organizing the collection, and it is our hope that these..."

In the Summer 2011 edition of Fifty Plus News, there was an error in a photograph caption for the article headlined “Thirteen boxes, three generations and endless stories—adventures in the archives!” The Greek letters on the silver box, given to Blanche Ruby, were erroneously identified as “Beta Epsilon” when indeed the box belonged to Beta Sigma sorority, which became Kappa Kappa Gamma.

After Michael Anthony was born, we moved to Phoenix. Mike was a graphic artist for an ad agency. We formed a duo with my alto voice and his tenor voice. We had no lack of gigs and became compatriots of the official Arizona State troubadour, Dolan Ellis, who steered work our way.

We were the house act at Sleeping Buddha, an outdoor coffeehouse, and played five nights a week. Fortunately Mike’s mom was not working outside the home so she was able to watch our baby. The owners of Sleeping Buddha decided to move to Seattle and open a coffeehouse right before the 1962 World’s Fair. We moved and became the house act at 92 Yesler in Pioneer Square.

The four of us turned a former speakeasy-turned-warehouse into a live music hot spot. We uncovered a fantastic stage and installed an old full-size bar and mirror. Mike created a great poster of us performing under the Pioneer Square pergola. Bob Peterson, a photographer for Sports Illustrated, took the photo and we were in business.
After Bob was done with the photo shoot, he said to me, “Maggie, you’re looking a little pudgy around the middle.” He was right. Mary was born shortly after the start of the World’s Fair.

Mike and Chris Todd (brother of Lu’ Todd McBride ’58) wrote a song to the tune of “The Galveston Flood,” a folk song from the 1900s. They called it “Wasn’t It a Mighty Day When the Needle Hit the Ground.” Joe Bowles recorded it live at 92 Yesler.

In the song, the Space Needle fell when a sweet young thing on Capitol Hill undressed without shutting her blinds. When all the men on the observation deck moved to the Capitol Hill side of the Needle, it keeled over, rolled down Denny Way, cut the viaduct in half and landed in the bay, and wasn’t that a mighty day when the Needle hit the ground?

People came nightly to hear us sing it and radio DJs played it almost hourly. Suddenly, stations stopped playing it. Perhaps it wasn’t the image that Seattle wanted to present during the World’s Fair.

While I stayed home with two young children, Mike joined Three Shaggy Gorillas Minus One Buffalo Fish, a whacky group of fellows but very successful as a lounge act along the West Coast until they disbanded.

Soon Mike needed help with some mental health issues. I had my hands full with children and working full time so Mike went to live with his parents in Arizona.

Eventually, Mike moved to California and earned an advanced degree in Library Science. He returned to Arizona and became the musical director of a Glendale church. One Sunday morning, as he was about to play the guitar and sing “May the Road Rise Up to Meet You,” he pitched forward and died of a coronary thrombosis before the ambulance arrived, two months short of his 38th birthday.

I took Mike and Mary to the funeral, knowing no one but Dolan Ellis, who stood with us and shared stories of Mike keeping his head above water. Many parishioners, who recognized 16-year-old Mike Anthony as Mike’s son, talked to us about what a gift Mike had been to their church and how grateful they were to have had him. I was glad that Mike and Mary were there to hear their comments.

Thomas Harris, who wrote “I’m OK, You’re OK” (1967), introduced himself to me at the funeral. He said he had described Mike in his book without using Mike’s name. He wrote of a patient who had a varied work history and asked him why he took so many different paths with his talents. Mike told him that when he was finally prepared to live his life he would have whatever skills he would need.

The long story short, Mike did not get “caught in the flower-power movement.”

Maggie Savage ’58
songandword@rockisland.com

Coe’s intervention in uprising saves Michelson’s bacon

Vol. 32, # 1 of the Whitman Fifty Year Plus ran a feature by Jim Martine ’60, “Remembering Lyman Uprising of 1957, called to my attention by my classmate Joan Burton ’57.

Mr. Martine’s able narrative adroitly evoked the usually amiable but sometimes combustible Lyman House environment and its gracious house mother Mabel Dillard and her Beta house colleague Marguerite Parsons. I did enjoy reading about the aquatic “uprising,” to say nothing of my own cameo appearance in the article, mostly memorable for my absence from the festivities in question. Jim generously attributes my absence from the fray to upcoming “orals and majors,” as distinct from dereliction of counselary duty.

The timely suppression by Arnold “Butch” Coe ’58 of the insurrection seems to have saved my bacon, as I was never subjected to the “investigation” launched by President Maxey and Coach Thomsen. I would like to take this occasion to belatedly acknowledge my debt to him. Even as the philosopher said, a purge is good for the soul.

Cheers,

Peter Michelson ’57

Accentuating the positive

Reading the mail from J. Birney Blair ’43 on page five of the Summer 2011 issue about Madame Ravasse, I recalled the saying around campus about Madame Ravasse, as follows:

“Madame Ravasse teaches French and Spanish, with a French accent.”

I mean no disrespect, but I have told this irrelevant, but humorous, tidbit many times when the subject of learning new languages arose.

R. Everett Harris ’53

50 years ago …

The Dow Jones high was 734, and the low was 610.
papers will be available to alumni and scholars shortly. It is quite a legacy and inspiration from one of our most effective and beloved faculty.”

The rare books in Penrose Library help students place important concepts in both historical and contemporary contexts. The Whitman College Archives has a first edition volume of Darwin’s “On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection,” which Dr. Hutchison describes as “one of the most influential, and thus most quoted, books in literature.” However, he said, “it is also likely the least read.”

After his upper-level evolutionary biology class students read Darwin’s book, and after they discuss the content and implications of the work, the class visits the archives to see this important volume. During this visit, the archivist briefly discusses printing methods in 1859 England and provides instruction about the proper handling of a rare book. Then, according to Professor Hutchison, “one by one each of the students gets a moment to touch this real piece of history – it is much like a theology student touching a Gutenberg Bible, and you can imagine the look on their faces. I am very appreciative of the patience and passion of the staff in the archives for doing this each year for the class, as it brings a measure of reality and historical connectivity to the exercise.”

The Whitman Library copy of “On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection” was donated in 2004 by Michael and Rebecca Bromley, parents of Chris Bromley ’97. The volume had been in the Bromley family since the 1950s. Chris said his parents “valued the education I received at Whitman, and since it is a book only a college can truly appreciate, they decided to gift it to Whitman.”

**STUDENTS**

Students find the archives even when visiting is not a class requirement. Erik Anderson ’15 discovered one treasure of the archives when he took the Penrose Library orientation tour. While in the archives, Anderson noticed a framed sketch depicting “The Greater Whitman Plan.” Launched in 1907, “The Greater Whitman Plan” was submitted to the Board of Overseers and, over the next few years was modified – a “dream that never came true,” according to “The Developing Campus 1859 to 2002.”

Seeing the architectural drawing of “The Greater Whitman Plan” inspired Anderson to look at original blueprints and plans of the campus. He wanted to find out if he could fashion an original idea and project for his “Introduction to Environmental Studies” class. He decided to focus on College Creek and the areas around College Creek. As a result he and his roommate, Alberto Santos-Davidson ’15, are producing a brochure about College Creek.

What has been most useful in his research for his class project? Anderson quickly answered, “The photographs!” He explained that “the photos show what the trees were like in 1886, 1903 – what trees were...
growing where.” Santos-Davidson is photographing College Creek and the roommates are comparing current and past images to note changes as they work on the brochure for their class final. Anderson said the archives is “a place where you can find information and go through it at your own pace. There is something about feeling the photographs rather than looking at them online.”

STAFF

College staff members, such as Adam Kirtley, Stuart coordinator of religious and spiritual life, represent another type of user. When asked if he would share his experience with the archives for this article, he said, “I’m happy to help, though I must admit the sermon you sent was my first real connection to the archives. I now see it as a tremendous resource that I’m anxious to explore.”

The sermon Kirtley referred to is one delivered on May 5, 1912, by the Rev. Raymond C. Brooks, pastor of the First Congregational Church in Walla Walla. At the time, Whitman College was in dire financial straits – “face to face with the most serious crisis in its history,” Rev. Brooks informed his congregation in his sermon. He went on to say that the community was coming close to losing “one of the most important factors in the life of the Northwest, and its death would be regarded from every point of view as a calamity.” Before he accepted the position at First Congregational, Rev. Brooks stipulated that funds be raised for improvements to the current church facilities. On that day in May, however, he stood before his congregation and delivered a passionate speech about the critical situation at Whitman and its importance to the community and the region. He asked the congregation to, right then and there, pledge the building fund to Whitman in order to save the college. The vote of the congregation was unanimous.

Whitman College alumni also use the archives. Prior to reunion weekends, archives staff members comb the vault to find yearbooks, posters, photographs, playbills, issues of The Pioneer and other ephemera that will prompt visitors to say, “I remember that!”

Archives Assistant Bill Huntington said one memorable occasion was when a couple from the class of 1959 telephoned. They explained that they were married here and had forgotten their marriage certificate. When Huntington pulled the book and started thumbing through it, the certificate fell out. Needless to say, the couple was very pleased and grateful. “Those kinds of experiences make the archives a fun place to work” Huntington said.

COMMUNITY MEMBERS

Community members have found a vast resource to use in researching the history of houses, commercial buildings and the history of the region. Walla Walla residents Dan Clark ’65 and Mary Meeker are well acquainted with the archives. In

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1994, Clark, a retired attorney and local historian, organized the “Walla Walla 2020 Historic Building Research and Plaque Project,” and Meeker is often in the archives looking up the histories of houses and buildings for requests that come through Clark’s organization.

Meeker said she helps Walla Walla 2020 find “local building histories for people who want to know when their home or commercial building was constructed, by whom and who has occupied it.” She first visited the archives with her mother, Charlotte Brewer Hooper ’34, when she donated some of her family artifacts. Meeker uses the old fire maps, city directories, building permits and newspaper indexes to figure out “who used a building for what purpose when.” Meeker was once asked by a Whitman student to investigate the house in which he was living. The student thought that the house had, at one time, been used for a brothel. As it turned out, the house was the former home of Dorsey Baker’s granddaughter. Baker is one of the co-founders of Baker Boyer Bank, and he donated land for Whitman Seminary, which later became Whitman College. The student learned not only the provenance of his living quarters, but also some Walla Walla history at the same time!

The archives staff also receives inquiries from around the nation from people in search of family history and local and regional information. Requests are made in person and by telephone, letter and email. Visitors to the archives are asked to sign in and receive basic instruction regarding the handling of documents. After that, they are welcome to conduct their research. Photocopies, scans and photographs may be taken within the parameters of copyright law. For research that is conducted by the staff (often the case when requests are not made in person) there is no charge for searches of less than one hour’s duration. In summary, who uses the archives? It would seem safe to say that once someone finds out about the vast array of information in the Whitman College and Northwest Archives they use it themselves and then will tell a friend. When Mary Meeker read “Massacred for Gold” by Greg Nokes, she told him about Prof. David Deal’s papers on local Chinese history and the collection guide in the digital archives. Meeker said that now “he wants to visit the archives the next time he comes to Walla Walla for a book signing.”

Now, like Adam Kirtley, Greg Nokes and Erik Anderson you know what a treasure Whitman College has, how will you make use of this tremendous resource?

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ARCHIVE SERVICES

A complete description of research services and associated fees can be found at whitman.edu/content/penrose/archives. Click on “Research Services.”

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New to Whitman

Administrative Assistant for Alumni Relations Rikki Gwinn joined the Alumni Office August 2011 after Margaret Hoglund’s retirement. A Walla Walla native, she recently worked for the Walla Walla Valley Chamber of Commerce. She lives in Walla Walla with husband, Jeff, and one-year-old son, Owen.

Editor/Associate Director of Communications David Brauhn came to the communications department in September 2011 to fill the position previously held by Lana Brown. He previously worked at the Walla Walla Union-Bulletin as an editor for eight years. He lives in Walla Walla with his wife, Emily Riley.

60 years ago ... I Love Lucy makes its television debut on CBS.
My best friends of my life (and I will be 90 my next birthday) are those I made at Whitman.

As a Tri Delta pledge my freshman year, really the first week of that year, I had an invitation to a Beta party. My father as he left me at the carriage entrance of Prentiss said, “There are lots of Republicans here, and I don’t want you to be influenced.” Daddy was union organizer for the railroads in Pasco, Wash.

Approaching the Beta house with my date (year 1940) I noticed it covered with “We Want Wilke” stickers. I was in trouble. What would Daddy say? I decided I would have to tell my date I couldn’t go. “Why can’t you go?” he inquired. “Because my Daddy’s a Democrat.” He gave a hearty laugh. “Now that’s ridiculous, and you are serious about it,” he answered. “That father must be a tyrant, so I’ll take you to the movies instead.” Relieved, I said, “Oh, thank you.” He never asked me out again.

All of my four years at Whitman I was on the debate team. I also had been on my high school team. We were invited to participate in the annual Linfield College tournament but had no transportation to get there. Besides, World War II was on, and we needed ration stamps for gasoline. Then very unexpectedly my father offered me the family car. Five of us squeezed into the old Ford Model A (Scotty Campbell ’47, Mark Abernethy ’44, besides myself and another I don’t remember.) It didn’t even occur to me that I didn’t have a driver’s license. Yes, it was an Oregon state cop who pulled us over. I can’t even remember what he said. He waved us on, and all my passengers clapped and said I had won the trophy!

Not only did we bring back the real trophy, but my partner and I beat Mark O. Hatfield (later to be Oregon’s U.S. senator). My mother saved the news release for me, now yellow with age.

Winning the Prentiss Cup in tennis was a big event for me. In high school, my friend and I were on the boys’ tennis team (no girls’ yet). To survive we learned to hit the ball hard and play an aggressive game. Mrs. Borleske had no compliments for my style!

Whitman College “opened the door” for me on IBM.

Two lifelong friends (now deceased) were Ash O’Donnell ’42 and Gini Graham O’Donnell ’43. Even after Whitman days were over we spent many happy times visiting each other.

Another dear Whitman friend still is Joyce McKay Clise ’44. We played golf at our house in Palm Desert, Calif., and at her summer place on Orcas Island.

In 1943, Miss Clow, dean of women, appointed me president of the Phi Delt house. Yes, you hear right. The war was still in full force with Prentiss overcrowded with girls and Phi Delt house empty and closed for the duration. Arrangements were made to house Tri Deltas, DGs and Independents there under one roof, and I had the dubious honor of being president for my senior year.

Eight of us slept on the screened-in sleeping porch with snow on the open window sills. I rescued an old feather bed from my family’s basement. Heavenly!

This story was shared by Helen Hurley Barron Liebel ’44. If you would like to share your memories of this story with Helen, please contact her at liebelharron@cox.net.
In the 1958-59 school year, a weird phenomenon appeared which continued over several years. It became known as the Theater Ghost and was never fully explained.

It began when John Amos ’61 and Travis Hails ’61 went to the theater late one evening to do some work on the sets for some upcoming production. They had permission and a key and let themselves into the basement area of the building. After a few minutes, they heard a deep, groaning voice saying, “Get out.” So they did, rather quickly. They returned to the TKE house and told the tale to those sitting around the living room, and the term “ghost” was used – I don’t remember exactly why. After recovering his breath and composure, Travis suggested that the voice might actually have been saying, “Help,” and that perhaps somebody had been trapped when something fell on him. Travis suggested going back to see.


“I don’t,” John replied, “and I want to keep it that way.”

Several of us – minus John – went back to the theater but heard and saw nothing out of the ordinary.

Another incident also involved a late-night visit to the theater to do some set work. I don’t remember the name of the student, but someone came in by the basement door and turned on the lights downstairs and also flipped the switch to a single light on the stage above. Then he went up the stairs and found the light was out. Puzzled, he went back downstairs and turned the light on again. Again going up to the stage, he found the light out once again. This time, he tried the upstairs switch for the light and found that it worked.

He had occasion to go down to the basement in a few minutes, and once again the light was out when he returned to the stage.

He left.

Once again at night, this time in the spring of 1960, Maury Weir ’61 (at this time a junior and later a Whitman math prof.) went to the theater to practice his tap dancing sequence for an upcoming production, “America in Song.” The tricky part came when Maury approached a girl and made a pass at her. She replied by shoving him away, and Maury tap danced/stumbled backward across the stage, ending up teetering on the edge of the orchestra pit. It was a very funny bit, but also very intricate, and it required perfect distance, since Maury could not see where he was going.

As he practiced, he heard someone laughing in the back of the theater. He stopped and called out, “Who’s there?” There was silence. Maury started again, and again there was laughter. Again a “Who’s there?” netted no response. Mindful of the Theater Ghost stories, Maury stayed and practiced for quite a while, with intermittent laughter from the dark back of the theater.
This one occurred in the middle of the day. Someone (a woman, but I forget who) was in the theater alone, again having the only key, on a snowy winter day. She heard a door slam in the lobby area and went to check it out. There were wet footprints leading from a side door to the main front door and out. It was apparently the closing of the front door that she had heard. The side door was locked as it was supposed to be.

What I think was the last manifestation of the Theater Ghost came during Whitman’s production of Archibald MacLeish’s J. B., which took place in 1963, as I recall. Near the end of the play, there is a boom from a bass drum which is quite crucial to the building tension of the climax. The cast borrowed a drum from Walla Walla High School. There was considerable trouble in getting sufficient volume over the P.A. system from the backstage drum, and the stagehand assigned to the task really laid into the drumbeat to make sure it was loud enough. On the next to the last performance, the drumhead broke. This left the drum with only a dull thump, not a reverberating boom.

It was late Friday night when the drumhead broke, and there was no way to contact Wa-Hi to see about a replacement. So after trying various options with no success at all, Rod Alexander (director) said to just whack the remaining drum head as hard as possible. It would be anticlimactic, but there was no choice.

At the key moment, the drumhead was thumped and gave forth the expected dull thud. But over the P. A. system came the full reverberating “boom” of a fully operative bass drum.

There may be other stories I’m forgetting. Someone remembers a stack of books which appeared and disappeared from the center of the stage, but with no details.

While there are possible explanations for each of these events, they all require that someone have a duplicate key to the theater. While not impossible, it would require that someone spend a whole lot of time in the theater, as the evening visits to the theater were very unpredictable and were not generally announced. The most intriguing aspect is that this phenomenon continued over at least a five-year period, and there was no Whitman student present on campus for the whole series of events.

This story was shared by Dan Lindsay ‘61. If you would like to share your memories of this story with Dan, please contact him at danl@hawaiiantel.net.
Now Is the Time

The $150 million goal of the Now Is the Time campaign will allow Whitman to add depth and breadth to the academic program, improve access through scholarships and build a stronger financial base by growing the endowment and increasing annual giving. We ask alumni, parents and friends to come together to sustain and advance the excellence that has characterized Whitman for generations.

Academic Strength: $75 million

- Broaden and deepen the curriculum through strategic additions to the faculty
- Cultivate innovation and excellence in teaching and learning
- Increase extraordinary learning experiences for students
- Support the facilities and equipment necessary for a quality education
- Prepare students to lead in a globally connected world

Access and Affordability: $50 million

- Endow need-based scholarships
- Bolster merit/talent awards

Financial Strength: $25 million

- Build the unrestricted endowment for flexibility
- Increase yearly contribution from the Annual Fund for long-term stability
As we seek to educate the next generation of innovators, leaders, and informed and responsible citizens, how Whitman enhances the traditional strengths of a liberal arts education will directly influence how effectively our graduates meet the challenges of the 21st century. The intention is to create a student experience that nurtures cross-disciplinary thinkers who relate well to different cultures and who will make a difference in their communities and our world. The Now Is the Time campaign makes an unprecedented commitment to the realization of these aspirations.

The support of Whitman alumni, parents and friends will be vital to the success of this effort. In the previous pages, you have read in the campaign timeline about leadership gifts that created new programs and opportunities. Just as importantly, more than $7.6 million in unrestricted Annual Fund gifts have propelled this campaign forward and supported students in a multitude of ways.

Moving forward, we simply will not be able to meet our ambitious goals without increased commitments from our loyal supporters. Your campaign gift to the Annual Fund will:

- create opportunities for students by strengthening the faculty and advancing Whitman’s rigorous curriculum,
- help ensure that a Whitman education remains affordable and that we are able to maintain our historical commitment to deserving students who would be unable to attend without scholarship aid and
- provide the long-term financial stability that will allow Whitman to continue to educate thoughtful and committed community leaders for generations to come.

To make a gift in support of the Annual Fund, visit the college’s website at campaign.whitman.edu or call 800-835-9448, ext. 2.
When I began employment at Whitman College in 1962 under young President Louis B. Perry, the endowment at the college totaled about $6.5 million, (as of June 30, 2011, the endowment stood at $396 million) and, importantly, the Ford Foundation had just made Whitman a tremendously generous matching grant of $1.5 million that required us to raise $3 million over the next three years.

The fundraising staff consisted of Warren Knox, whose title became vice president for development, and I was to take his old title of assistant to the president for financial development.

With President Perry’s experience in lofty gifts and Knox’s experience in gift annuities and pooled income funds, we set off. The Alumni Fund existed but was producing little at that time.

No other school in the Pacific Northwest – or north of Stanford – was raising “big money” when Whitman began rolling up big numbers, moving from $605,000 in fiscal year 1962 to $1.4 million in fiscal year 1963 and $1.3 million in fiscal year 1964. Whitman reported the totals to the Ford Foundation and qualified for the match.

We operated under a couple of unique, self-imposed (by the Trustees) rules: Whitman accepted no government funds, and all unrestricted gifts, outright or by will, were assigned to the general endowment, where it could be used for salaries, student aid and such. Soon, we took grants from the National Science Foundation and eventually stopped making the “no government money” statement.

President Perry had “brought home the bacon,” and in doing so, those of us on staff had learned a lot about fundraising as he had known it when he was part-time stock broker, an economics professor and a part-time assistant to the president at Pomona. It was a steep learning curve for me.

When Donald Sheehan replaced President Perry in 1968, he talked of the virtues of endowments as he had known them at Columbia University and Smith College. This idea inspired a three-year campaign for $10 million in pure endowments. The result of this effort was a total of $18 million, though not all went to the endowment. Sadly, President Sheehan died in office in his mid-50s not long after completing this campaign.

After a yearlong presidential search, Robert A. Skotheim was selected as Whitman’s president. He and I were comfortable with each other from the start and were soon laying the groundwork for what the whole Northwest thought was a massive campaign. It is interesting to note here that even as we looked to launch this campaign, for the previous 10 years, Whitman had always raised more dollars per year than any educational organization north of the Bay Area, public or private.

President Skotheim, a curious historian, spent time in the college archives and developed an internal message for alumni and friends, nearly all of whom worshipped Stephen Penrose and his family. The $50 million campaign goal was approximately what Penrose would have needed to fulfill his hopes and dreams for the college. All of this was intertwined with good humor and quotes from Penrose correspondence and the like. President Skotheim’s soft, yet forceful, delivery of this mighty Penrose message was highly successful with alumni and friends all over the U.S. We traveled, sometimes with other support staff, as much as 70,000 air miles a year.

Other Pacific Northwest schools were now pursuing larger fundraising efforts to accomplish their goals, sometimes as medical schools, etc., but when we concluded the Campaign For Whitman, no other charity in the Pacific Northwest had ever raised $50 million.
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by larry beaulaurier

It is a pleasure for me to get the chance to reach out through this newsletter to the many Whitman friends I made in my 30 years on the Whitman staff. The timing of this communique from me is meant to complement and support the $150 million comprehensive fundraising campaign just launched by Whitman called “Now Is the Time: A Campaign for Whitman.”

The avid, loyal enthusiasm of older Whitman College alumni was brought to new levels by Fifty Plus News, which began more than 30 years ago.

The publication is still dearly held by alumni who delight in news from classmates, as well as notices of impending reunions and notable events and persons on the campus, both past and present. Whitman alumni have long been known by their friends as vocal and loyal representatives of their alma mater. Fifty Plus News is just another way to perpetuate that lifelong connection to Whitman.

The newsletter was modeled after a similar publication from Occidental College in the late 1970s, when Lee Case, the vice president of that fine college in Los Angeles, mentioned the success it enjoyed at a meeting of college administrators. The Whitman administrator in attendance planted the idea on Ankeny Field, and it has thrived every year, thanks to unusually able staff members. And without question, its great success results from a full mail bag of enthusiastic letters and clippings postmarked from Whitman alumni all over the world.

Additionally the attentions paid to reunion “50 year Plusers” was started by President and Mrs. Robert A. Skotheim, who spoke to the annual banquet and distributed “50 Year” pins to the alumni each year. His well-received report detailed how the college they respect so very much was progressing. This made it clear to the attendees that their hopes and the college’s efforts were in accord. This tradition continues today with President George Bridges addressing the 50th reunion group annually and the 50-plus reunion group at their every-other-year gatherings on campus.
Last spring, I spent time with the Whitman tennis team when they played Santa Cruz. It was special to meet Coach Jeff Northam and the wonderful young men who he coaches so well. It was great day and a special evening at the team barbeque hosted at the Los Gatos, Calif., home of the parents of Matt Solomon ’10.

I gave coach Northam a picture of the 1950 Whitman team that was coached by the legendary Bob Burgess. It was his first year at Whitman. Bob was a special coach – one you wanted to play for. It was a great honor to have him as my coach during his first two years at Whitman.

Sixty years later, it was special to meet Coach Northam. He is much like Coach Burgess in many ways – a fine coach that truly cares for his players. The players of today are as fortunate as I was 60 years ago.

The picture with the team reminds me of a most enjoyable Whitman tennis team day. Go squirrels!

This story was shared by Adrian “Cib” Cibilich ’51. If you would like to share your memories of this story with Adrian, please contact him at cibcibilich@att.net.

Sixty years of tennis at Whitman

By Adrian “Cib” Cibilich ’51

50 years ago …

Yo-yos become a national craze
Retirement: Where am I going from here? Who are we now?

Editor's note: The author recently celebrated her 50th reunion and was asked to share some remarks on retirement. Below is an excerpt from her remarks.

By Dodie Osbourne Johnston ’61

We can’t call ourselves “middle-aged” anymore, that’s for sure. We stretched middle-age about as far as it would go, didn’t we? By 70, we kind of have to call ourselves something else. But what? Old? Just doesn’t sound right, does it? Sure, around 4 p.m. my energy takes a dive, and by 9 p.m. I’m aging rapidly, but I don’t feel “old” all day long. Nevertheless, we seem to be relentlessly adding years, and we probably need to find ways to come to terms with it all.

I actually find myself more content in my 70s than I was in my 50s and 60s when I was losing the ability to do many of the things I took for granted. As a young adult, I had fallen in love with mountains and rivers. Then, as my English legacy of arthritis began to emerge, there were aches and pains … and limitations. First, downhill skiing diminished, then backcountry skiing, then whitewater rafting. And now even hiking has been replaced with short walks. My losses forced me to look around and find pursuits to replace the outdoor adventures that had given my life so much juice.

So I began to explore the interests that had preceded those activities. I looked at certain themes that had threaded through my life and decided to go deeper in pursuit of them. At Whitman, I’d accumulated even more credits in literature than I needed for my psychology major … that gave me a clue to the high value I place on reading and writing. It’s not just recreational for me. I remembered the mosaics that had thrilled me in Turkey and Italy and recalled the piles of pebbles I collected in my childhood summers that I would assemble into mosaics on the back porch. Another clue. Now I have shelves full of intensely colored glass tiles that I arrange in ways that delight me.

Then there was the China connection: I’d spent my first year of married life in Asia when China was still closed to foreigners, and it stimulated lifelong connections and curiosities that led me to go there to teach English 10 years ago. I was moved by the respect given to age and to teachers in China, and I returned three more times. So fascinating to watch China change, and now, why not write about it? As the poet said, “Way leads on to way …”

More and more I’ve been looking back at those ways to find things I might have dropped by the wayside. Like President Bridges wrote in the March issue of the Whitman Magazine, I am looking for signs of joy.

I don’t know about you, but I think we NEED joy in order not to become discouraged or guilt-ridden with the constant barrage of news about soaring population figures, planetary degradation and the doomed world that awaits our grandchildren. Most of my adult life I have been active in environmental causes and by late middle age I was so full of bad news that I wasn’t much fun at a dinner party. In fact, it was here at a Whitman Alumni College that I first heard about the concept of “Peak Oil.” At the time it was suggested that by 2008, we’d just barely have enough gas to take grandma to the hospital, much less go on road trips. Well, I’m grandma now, it’s 2011 and I was able to drive myself up 395, visiting friends and hot springs along the way.

Should we just ignore the predictions? Course not. There are enormous environmental challenges ahead for our kids and grandkids, but I’m feeling less frantic about trying to fix them. Hopefully, the contributions of our generation and the efforts of those that follow … maybe even some of these bright young Whittie grads … will be able to influence trends before the tipping point. Meanwhile, I think it’s important to find a balance between being informed, without becoming an anxious mess. I do small things: buy little and locally, recycle, support environmental efforts and watch zero TV. I seek out resources that help me understand but don’t paralyze. I look for hopeful signs.

Dodie Osbourne Johnston ’61

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**Fall 1941**

*New President Will Take Office at Commencement* (excerpt)

Winslow S. Anderson, dean of Rollins College, Orlando, Florida, has accepted the position of president of Whitman College, beginning his term next year, according to an announcement made Monday by D. F. Baker, president of the board of trustees of the college. The position was offered to Dr. Anderson by the board of trustees on the recommendation of a committee appointed last June to investigate candidates. The committee, representing faculty, overseers, trustees, and alumni, was composed of Stanley A. Easton of Kellogg, Idaho, chairman, D. F. Baker of Walla Walla, Harper Joy of Spokane, Russell Miller of Seattle, and Dr. C. C. Maxey of Whitman, secretary. Dr. Anderson visited the campus earlier this year and discussed the local situation with the committee. He will take office at Commencement next June, at which time Dr. Walter A. Bratton’s resignation, offered last year will take effect.

*Revolution of Frosh Hits Whitman Green*

Rebellion flamed across the Whitman campus Tuesday and yesterday as freshmen organized a strike against green dinks and W clubs members, determined to enforce the tradition, swung into action with paddles and swimming lessons at Lakum Duckum. Activities commenced Monday night when the lettermen paid a surprise visit to Lyman and administered admonitions to frosh who had been violating freshman rules. Leaders of the anti-green faction subsequently went through the dorm and organized part of the frosh for a protest Tuesday. W club men went into action and apparently had the situation under control by later afternoon. The frosh reorganized Tuesday night, collected all the green dinks, put them in Lyman House Prexy Al Mar’s room, and promised ten hacks to any freshmen caught wearing his hat. Wednesday morning, the frosh appeared en masse to go to eight o’clock classes without dinks. The lettermen, only slightly outnumbered, picked off the leaders and threw them in the pond. The situation was again becoming less tense by noon, but festivities were resumed.

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**RETIREMENT continued from page 15**

Here’s one with a Whitman connection: **David Jamison ’61** visited us in San Francisco in 1967. I was pregnant with my son, Brennan, now 44. David was in a new ecology program at the UW. We took him to the Top of the Mark to admire the breathtaking view. David looked out at the port and the city and the lights of the East Bay and declared, with all the confidence of a young grad, “In 20 years time this will all be uninhabitable.” Whenever I see the sparkling bay and the vibrant city, I think of that night.

Whitman is my academic alma mater; getting in tune with the energy flow of rivers when I worked as a whitewater guide was a whole ‘nother kind of education. Free-flowing rivers are constantly renewing themselves and make the best metaphors. A river begins as a trickle from a spring or a snowfield, it races and tumbles downhill when it is small and young (just as we did), gets bigger and noisier as it gathers more speed and volume (just as we did), it gathers treasures and debris from the terrain it flows through (just as we did). Then, finally, the elevation decreases, rapids become riffles, and the river widens out to form a deep, complex delta with the sediment it carries. Just like we are now: slowing down … yep, and widening … oh, yes … but fertile with knowledge and experience. NOW is the time, just as much as it was in 1961, when it is worthwhile to scout the currents ahead and see what you still might do with what poet Mary Oliver called “your one wild and precious life.” Nobody says it better than Mary. So I’ll close with her words:

*When it’s over, I want to say: all my life I was a bride married to amazement.*

*When it is over, I don’t want to wonder if I have made of my life something particular, and real.*

*I don’t want to find myself sighing and frightened,*

*or full of argument.*

This story was shared by **Dodie Osbourne Johnston ’61**. If you would like to share your memories, please contact her at dodieinchina@yahoo.com.
when five lettermen attempted to discipline some freshmen at one o’clock and were themselves thrown in. The power of prestige and superior intelligence enabled the W club to get the upper hand again during the afternoon, and the day ended with most of the frosh wearing dinks.

**Fall 1951**

**Waillatpu Whitnival Set for October 19**

October 19 will be carnival time on the campus this year. Booths, fun, food and the crowning of the Whitnival King and Queen will provide entertainment for the annual event to be held in the gym. The Whitnival was once an annual affair held by the Independent women. The carnival was dropped in 1947 and presented again in 1949 under the sponsorship of the Waillatpu and YWCA. The coming Whitnival will be the third for the Waillatpu and YW. In the past, turtle races, phony telegrams, fish ponds, bean-bag throwing contests, shooting galleries, fish ponds, penny throws, bingo and sponge throws have kept the Whitnival merriment going strong. For those who are food minded, punch, apples, etc. are for sale. All social groups and honoring are urged to turn in booth ideas to Jack McMurchie, finance chairman, for approval by the end of the week. The highlight of the event is the crowning of the Whitnival King and Queen. The candidates are chosen from the freshman class and elected by the number of tickets bought in their favor. Groups are asked to turn in their candidates as soon as possible. Save October 19 for an evening of fun at the Whitnival.

**Directors Featured at Whit Assembly**

Featured guests at Tuesday’s assembly, Oct. 29 were Mrs. R. B. Bragg, news service director, and Pete Reid, placement service director. Mrs. Bragg spoke on the alumni service and Pete Reid spoke about the employment agency. The scholaraship cups were presented to Delta Gamma and Phi Delta Theta by the Panhellenic and Intra-fraternity Council. Joanne Tranel provided entertainment for the assembly of 50, 60, 70 continues on page 18
singing several blues numbers. On Nov. 6 the Tuesday before homecoming, an alumnus will speak to the assembly on “The Alumnae View.” Combined with this program will be a pep assembly in which the yell leaders will teach the students songs and yells. Eileen McMurchie is chairman for the assemblies.

**Fall 1961:**

**Senior Men**

Senior men are asked to pick up copies of the 1962 editions of the two magazines, “College Placement Annual” and “Career,” which are offered to them through the Placement Service. These two magazines are designed for senior men who are seeking employment now or in the future. The magazines cover such fields as government agencies which are recruiting young men, job-getting techniques and lists of firms offering summer employment.

**Oden Interviews Future Educators**

On Nov. 14 Mr. Carlin Oden, a representative of the Clover Park School System of Tacoma, visited the campus. Mr. Oden was here to speak with prospective teacher candidates. He talked with persons contemplating teaching on either the elementary or secondary level. This was the first interview schedule of the year for the teacher candidates.

**Alumni Office Attempts to Uphold Ties**

“The Whitman Alumni Association attempts to maintain a close relationship between the graduates and the college,” was Jerry Hillis’, newly appointed alumni office director, answer to a question about the reason for the association. “College is not a four year experience,” he said, “your education at Whitman will, in part, determine your future success. The friends you make here will be remembered years after you leave Whitman.” Hillis said the association’s attempts to maintain the relationship by editing the “Alumnus,” the alumni association’s new magazine, regional meetings and active alumni clubs. The alumni office can also be of help to the undergraduate, he said. “The office has an up-to-date mailing list of every alumnus and files with news clippings, biographical data, and pertinent information that undergraduates are welcome to use,” he said.

“This year,” Hillis said, “the alumni office is planning to work with the homecoming committee to provide a better program for the returning alumni. As most all of the undergraduates plan to belong to the Whitman Alumni Association,” he said, “they are welcome to inquire as to the association activities in the Alumni Office.”

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Due to lack of funding, carving ends on Mount Rushmore. The presidents were to be depicted from the waist up.
The glass art exhibit titled “Sunfire Persian” hangs in the foyer of Cordiner Hall. The art, by world renowned glass artist Dale Chihuly, is a gift from Mark Anderson ’78 and Chihuly.
Income generated from participation in the Whitman College Alumni Association travel program is used to pay for the travel expenses of faculty and staff and the promotional costs associated with the travel program.

**ATTEND THE OREGON SHAKEPEARE FESTIVAL**
*August 3-5, 2012*
Theresa DiPasquale, associate professor of English, will lead the trip to Ashland, Ore. Seats are reserved for the following plays:
- **Aug. 3:** “Henry V”
- **Aug. 4:** “Medea/Macbeth/Cinderella” (Rauch), “Animal Crackers” (Kaufman and Ryskind)
- **Aug. 5:** “Romeo and Juliet,” “As You Like It”

**SNOW WITH THE PRESIDENT**
*March 1-4, 2012*
Please join President George Bridges, Dr. Kari Tupper and Prof. Bob Withycombe, 2009 Washington State Professor of the Year, for a weekend of skiing and warm Whitman camaraderie in Sun Valley. After days of skiing with fellow Whitties, enjoy socials and dinners together and hear from the president about the state of the college. Prof. Withycombe will speak on his current research and collaborations with students. The program cost, $225 per person, is payable to Whitman and covers three socials and dinners. To book a room at the Sun Valley Lodge, call the resort reservation line at (800) 786-8259 and tell them you’re with the Whitman College group. Discounted lift tickets will be available on site.

**EXPLORE THE EVERGLADES**
*Nov. 3-9, 2012*
Carl E. Peterson Endowed Chair of Sciences Paul Yancey will lead a trip to the Everglades, the Florida Keys and the Dry Tortugas. Exact itinerary and prices are not firmed up yet, but this promises to be a great adventure on the water. Both Prof. Yancey and Everglades Park personnel will offer their expertise on the exotic flora and fauna of these beautiful landscapes and seascapes.

**GALLOP TO THE GALAPAGOS**
*January 2013*
Professor of Geology Pat Spencer will lead a trip to the Galapagos Islands. Exact details have not yet been set. It will be on a small ship so space will be limited.

**LEARN ABOUT FUTURE TRIPS**
Visit [www.whitman.edu/alumni](http://www.whitman.edu/alumni) and click on Attend Events. For details, email Margaret Hoglund at [hoglund@whitman.edu](mailto:hoglund@whitman.edu) or call the Alumni Office at (509) 527-5167 or (800) 835-9448 ext. 1.