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An Interview with Barbara Cloud

An Oral History Conducted by Shirley Emerson

The UNLV @ Fifty Oral History Project

Oral History Research Center at UNLV
University Libraries

University of Nevada Las Vegas

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The transcripts received minimal editing. These measures include the elimination of fragments, false starts, and repetitions in order to enhance the reader's understanding of the material. All measures have been taken to preserve the style and language of the narrator.

The following interview is part of a series of interviews conducted under the auspices of the UNLV @ Fifty Oral History Project. Additional transcripts may be found under that series title.

Claytee D. White, Project Director
Director, Oral History Research Center
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Preface

Barbara Cloud was born in Tulare, California. Her father's job kept the family on the move for the first seven years of her life. They eventually settled in Idaho Falls, Idaho, where Barbara attended grade school and high school. After graduation, Barbara applied to three universities and was accepted at all three. She chose Stanford and decided to major in journalism. It was while at Stanford that she also met and married her husband Stan.

Stan and Barbara moved to California, where Barbara got a job working on a weekly Sunday supplement. After a year and a half, they returned to Oregon and Barbara decided to get her master's in journalism. She was given a graduate assistantship at the University of Oregon, and completed the degree in two years.

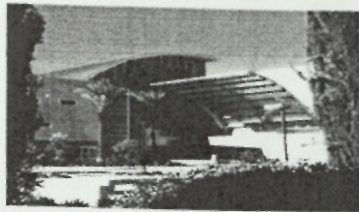
In 1969, Stan agreed to accept a post doctoral assignment in Australia, and Barbara found a job with an advertising agency. After six years, the couple returned to Oregon, and Barbara decided to apply to the University of Washington for a PH.D. in journalism. She was admitted, given a graduate assistantship, and completed the work in three years.

In 1978, Barbara applied for a journalism position at UNLV. She was hired, and she and Stan moved to Las Vegas in 1979. She built up the journalism program and continued with her research. In 1983, she became department chair, a position she was elected to each year for the next six years. She was the editor of "Journalism History", published her own book, and was associate provost for academic affairs.

Barbara is retired today, though still connected with the School of Journalism. She is planning to teach a distance education course.

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Name of Narrator: Barbara Cloud

Name of Interviewer: SHIRLEY EMERSON

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Barbara L. Cloud 5/30/2006
Signature of Narrator Date

Shirley Emerson 5/30/06
Signature of Interviewer Date

It is Tuesday, May 30th, 2006. I'm Shirley Emerson interviewing --
Barbara Cloud.

Tell us, Barbara, where you were born and where life started and what you did when you were young.

Well, I was born in Tulare, California. I think my doctor who delivered me was a Dr. Mathias, and I think he's the dad of the famous athlete Bob Mathias. I think he was a tri-athlete, triathlon athlete, whatever it is properly called. But he was fairly famous in his day, which was obviously quite a while ago.

My dad worked for Montgomery Wards. I think at the time I was born he was probably still working in the tire department. He had become a trainee for the company. And for the first five years of my life, we moved around. We didn't spend more than about a year in any one place. We went to Woodland and Burlingame and Turlock, California -- Yreka was in there someplace -- as he moved up in the company, eventually becoming a store manager.

And after five years, he was moved to Kalispell, Montana, where we spent two years. After that, we moved to Idaho Falls, Idaho, where essentially I grew up. It was very unusual for Montgomery Wards to do this, but they left my dad in place for 12 years in Idaho Falls. I think when they moved him, they closed the store, whatever that meant.

So I went all through school there, graduated from Idaho Falls High School and got ready to go to college. One thing about my family, I might mention -- my mother was a homemaker all the time. She had been working when she met dad. She was working in the office at the Wards store, I guess, in -- I don't know if it was Tulare, maybe. And my parents just always just kind of assumed I would go to college. They never put any particular pressure on me one way or the other on what I was going to do. I hear about women from my generation feeling they had to do this, that or the other thing. And I never did, even about getting married and having kids. Fortunately for me, I never got that kind of pressure from my parents. They were open and generous about letting me decide what I wanted to do with my life.

Anyway, I was going to go to college. Oh, I think I was probably number two in any class of 300 at Idaho Falls High School. Some guy beat me out by a couple hundred points on the GPA. But I had some scholarships. And I applied at Stanford, Berkeley, and USC. I was admitted to all

of them, but Stanford gave me the best scholarship package. So I went there and majored in journalism.

I started my journalism career really in grade school where a fellow student and I mimeographed a little newspaper we called The Seed to meet with The Sprout, which was the junior high school paper, and The Spud, which was the senior high paper. We were obviously in potato country there in eastern Idaho. We got two weeks off every fall to go help with the potato harvest. I didn't. I didn't want to work in the fields. So I used my allergies, which I did have, as a good excuse not to do that. But a lot of friends made their monies for school and for their fall wardrobe by working and picking spuds.

Anyhow, I got down to Stanford and it was a great place. The first dorm I was in was Branner Hall. There were four of us in two rooms. I'm sure that it had been designed for men originally. It was supposed to be a two-room suite for two people, but there were four of us because like every place else they were overcrowded in those days. I still am in fairly close contact with one of those other three women. One of them has died, and one I don't know what's happened to her. But we at least exchange Christmas cards, that other person and I.

I majored in journalism there. I was going to be editor of the New York Times, but instead I met my future husband, Stan. We got married the day after my last final in winter quarter 1960. I didn't do what I would have done. If I had stayed on through spring quarter, I would have done an internship in the San Francisco papers, which would have given me a leg up in big city journalism. But I didn't do that. I got married instead.

He was working for RCA in Southern California. So we got an apartment in North Hollywood and soon we moved to Sepulveda, both in the San Fernando Valley of Southern California. I applied for a job first at the Times Mirror Company because Robert Chandler, the former owner of the Ben Bulletin where I had worked summers -- one summer, the summer between my junior and senior year in college -- yeah, I'm confused with my dates here -- was now the general manager for the Times Mirror Company.

So I interviewed with him and asked him what my chances were of getting a job with the L.A. Times or the Mirror. And he said, well, I'd have to go to personnel and take all their psychological tests and all the other stuff that they wanted done in those days, which I thought,

okay, I can do that. But on the way back to the valley, I got into a traffic jam, one of those L.A. traffic jams, and I decided I didn't need that. So I never went back.

In the meantime, someone called whom I had met when I attended a California Newspaper Publishers Association convention where they gave me a scholarship for my senior year. He was looking for a secretary/girl Friday type of person. He wanted somebody in journalism because he wanted somebody who could help him draft articles and things like that. He didn't just want somebody to do correspondence and answer phones, although I did a lot of that, too.

His name was Pier Oppenheimer and he wrote for fan magazines and he was the West Coast editor for one of the Sunday supplements of the Time Family Weekly, of the Sunday supplement, not the magazine. But almost every week he would do some interesting story on a celebrity or somebody of interest. One time we went out to Edwards Air Force Base and interviewed a U2 pilot. I think it was a U2 pilot, you know, one of those fancier guys.

So it wasn't just celebrities, but he did a lot of fan magazine work. We did Sandra Dee's diary and Connie Francis' diary. And I learned a lot. I learned that there's usually a kernel of truth to some of that fan magazine stuff. A lot of it is the creation of the writer, elaboration. We would start with something sort of mundane such as on Sandra Dee's diary. She washed her hair last night, you know. So, okay, what did she think about? So we'd find something for her to think about. It could be reminiscing about some boyfriend or something that was kind of interesting.

So I learned a little bit how to expand things because I've always been basically a hard news person, "just the facts, ma'am" sort of thing. It was difficult for me to do that kind of thing, but he taught me how to do it.

So I did that for about a year and a half. And Stan decided he wanted to go back to school for an advanced degree. I don't remember where all he applied. I know he applied at the University of Oregon. I don't know if there was anyplace else or not. We ended up going up to Eugene, Oregon, and getting an apartment there. He enrolled in their Ph.D. program in physics.

I applied at the Eugene Register-Guard, which was and is one of the finest small papers in the countries. They didn't have any openings. So I went across the river, the Willamette River to Springfield, which was -- oh, had been a little mill town and was becoming a bigger mill town. It wasn't very big, but there were two big mills there, Georgia Pacific had one and Warehauser had

one, and it also boasted a twice-weekly paper called The Springfield News. The editor there was looking for somebody, also.

He was hesitant a little bit at first because I was a college graduate and his experience with college graduates had been that they mostly wanted to run things and get lots of money for it and didn't know anything about journalism. Well, I knew enough about it because I had worked for summers. I started working summers for my Idaho Falls paper between my junior and senior year in high school. I did four summers with them -- let's see: Junior-senior; senior-freshman; freshman and sophomore. I think it was four with them. Then I worked one year at the Ben Bulletin -- one summer at the Ben Bulletin. So I had some practical experience that not all college graduates have.

Anyway, he hired me as his news editor, and it was a great experience. I did all kinds of stories. I like small papers. You can be a big fish in a little pond and you can have much more impact than if you are stuck as you would be on a big daily covering the same kind of story day after day after day. Of course, you don't get to be an expert at it like you do, say, if you are working for something like the Las Vegas Review-Journal in the political beat. You learn a heck of a lot about politics. If you're working for the Henderson Home News, you may cover politics, but you're also covering dozens of other things. So you didn't get to really be expert on anything.

We covered logging accidents and traffic accidents. I covered all the public boards that ever met, and there were a lot of them in Springfield; city hall, parks board, school board, utility board. The utility manager got mad at me one time because it was -- Springfield was served by three utility companies. I did an April Fool's Day story about how the wind came through and mixed up all their lines. You might think you're getting power from the Springfield Utility Board, but you're really getting it from Eugene Water and Electric Board or Portland General Electric, whatever the third one was. He didn't get the joke, but I still think it was funny.

So I got to do all kinds of things like that. I wrote a column called The Cloud Burst. I still revive that periodically for things. I have over the years.

After, I guess, four years of that, I decided I wanted to go back to school and get a master's degree because University of Oregon has one of the finest journalism schools in the country. Maybe that's why the Eugene Register-Guard is one of the finest small papers in the country or

maybe the relationship is the other way around. I don't know.

So I went back and they gave me a graduate assistantship, which, of course, was a fraction of what I had been earning. The Springfield News did not exactly pay a munificent amount of money. The boss gave me a raise just before I left because he, like the fellow in Los Angeles who was going to let me interview Natalie Wood just before I left and do it all on my own, you know, her pushy agent wasn't there, was helping me look after my future. Anyway, he gave me a raise to \$6,000 a year. I thought that was real nice of him. But my graduate assistantship, of course, wasn't that much.

I did my degree in two years. My master's degree thesis was about David Graham Phillips, who was one of the muckrakers. I also wrote a series called "The Treason of the Senate" for a William Randolph Hearst magazine, Cosmopolitan. That's nothing like the Cosmo we see today. It was very serious, more of an Atlantic Monthly or Harper's kind of publication then.

Anyway, his series was about how so many of the senators were part of the millionaires club and things we make, very reminiscent of things today in the sense of the senators taking money from people and not necessarily having the public interest at heart. But it was the series that made Teddy Roosevelt brand the whole genre of journalism muckraking. He took the phrase from John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress", about people who were too busy raking up the muck at their feet to look around and see the beauties of the world.

Well, the muckrakers for that period -- there are even muckrakers today -- kind of wore the term as a badge of honor because it means they're in there trying to dig out the people who are not in public service, really, and who are not looking after us very well. In this case, he was after the senators. The muckrakers dealt with all kinds of things, insurance fraud and child labor. The one I'm trying to think of ended up creating the Pure Food and Drug Act. It started off as a story about slaughterhouses and how fingers were ending up in your ground meat and so on and nobody seemed to care. But it ended up with legislation. A lot of legislation came out of this -- the railroads, women's labor laws. They did a lot of good, really, even though Teddy Roosevelt was being very political when he called them muckrakers as a pejorative.

So I did that for my thesis. My main interest was journalism history. I took a lot of history classes and a lot of political science classes to round out my program.

When Stan finished -- I finished in August and he finished in December -- there had been an Australian professor in the physics department, a visiting professor. He encouraged Stan to apply for a post-doctoral fellowship at the Australian National University, which he did, and got it. So when he finished his degree, we moved to Canberra, Australia, our first time out of the country and a long way from home.

Australia was a good place for a foreign visit, especially when you're going to stay so long, because they more or less speak the same language. They are sometimes hard to understand. In fact, there are some cute little books about Australian language and how they slur things together, which confuses us sometimes. But anyway, it was good in that way, even though we certainly were foreigners in a foreign land. Habits weren't all that different. But we talked funny, according to the Australians. We have this Yankee accent.

We were in Canberra for two years. Stan's post-doc was from two to five years, and he decided after two years that he wanted to do something else. So he applied and got a job at what was then called the Western Australian Institute of Technology. It's now called Curtin University of Technology. It's in Perth, about as far across the country as you could go, kind of like going from Philadelphia to Los Angeles in terms of, well, probably both climate and distance.

We took the Trans-Australia Train across the Nullarbor Plain to get there. We put our car on the train just west of Adelaide and had a sleeping compartment as we traveled across this vast Nullarbor which, of course, is a no-treed plain. We got off the train, I think, in Kalgoorlie, which is an old gold mining town. Herbert Hoover had worked there at one point in his early mining career. We drove on into Perth.

At first we rented a house in a place called Les Merde. Perth is on a coastal plain that -- I don't know -- is probably ten miles wide. There's a very steep escarpment that rises above it for -- oh, I don't know -- a couple hundred feet, I suppose. Up above, on top of this escarpment, there's another whole world, including a little town called Les Merde and another one called Gooseberry Hill.

We rented a house in Les Merde. One of the weird things we'd see were big splotches all over the walls. Well, we finally figured out what they were. The previous tenants apparently had been swatting spiders and just squashed them on the walls because they had some pretty good-size

tarantula-type spiders around. There were also bobtailed lizards in the garden. I would take hamburger out sometimes and feed the lizards. I really would have liked to have made one a pet, but they had fleas and lice and stuff and I didn't want to get too cozy with them.

So we rented that house for a few months and then decided that we needed something more permanent because it looked like we were going to stay awhile. We bought a house in Gooseberry Hill. It was more on the edge of this escarpment. It was starting down the hill a little bit. We got two acres and this funny little old place that had been a summer home back in the 1920s. It had a big veranda that looked out over the plain into a canyon near us. It was on a fairly steep two acres, actually. It had the iron roof that the old houses had and a lot of yard and gardens and stuff.

So we bought this little place. It had a fireplace. Of course, Australian houses are like the English houses. They don't have central heating or air-conditioning. But we were up there. It's built sort of on stilts so that the air would circulate underneath the house.

One of the things I liked best about that place was the parrots. In fact, of all the things I like best about Australia, my best memories have to do with birds. Back in Canberra you would see these big flocks of what they call Galahs. They are a small parrot about the size of a -- oh, they're not as big as a crow, I don't think. But they're gray. They're a very pretty soft gray with rosy breasts. They would flock together and then you'd see the gray, and then they'd all turn at once and you'd see this big flash of pink. It was really pretty.

We didn't get so many of those in Western Australia, but we did get cockatoos, big black cockatoos. In the canyon in front of our house, you'd get the flocks of cockatoos flying up there. Well, I can't remember exactly, but if they flew up the canyon, I think it was supposed to rain. And if they flew down, it wasn't going to rain. I'm not sure that really worked.

There was also-- I don't remember quite what they were called; I'm sure they had a fancy name -- a small parrot about the size of the Galah or a little bit bigger that was black and white and green. Oh, and then there were the Rosellas, which were red and blue, other colors. I don't remember if we had too many Rosellas in Perth. I think they were more inland. But we did get these black and green small parrots. Our neighbor had a mulberry tree and they just loved that fruit. After a while I got a cat and he just loved those parrots. We'd go every now and then under

the house and find that there were some parrot feathers that showed he had caught one of these things.

When I learned we were going to go from Canberra to Perth, I wrote a public relations company whose people in Canberra I had met, Eric White Associates, and I asked about a job. They wrote back that, well, we tried a woman in the office once and it didn't work out. Maybe you'd like to try the former Miss Australia down the street who has opened her own PR company. She just might be hiring a woman.

So I didn't do anything about it. I tried with the West Australian. I think they were suspicious of a female Yank. I don't know. Of course, I had been in PR for a while at the university, and it seemed that most newspapers don't really like to hire people who have been in public relations work. The Review-Journal seems to be the exception to that, anyhow. Let's see.

How long were you in Perth?

We were in Perth for six years. I eventually was reading the want ads and saw that this company, Eric White Associates, the guy who had given me the snotty turndown, was advertising for a consultant, or account executive we probably would call them here. So I wrote him a little letter and asked him if his female prejudices were as strong as ever. I got a call inviting me to come down for an interview, which I did. He hired me initially just on projects, basically part time on projects. But pretty soon I was full time and I had some accounts of my own.

It was much more fun to work on projects. I really did enjoy that more than having to deal with certain clients all the time, especially since they were not necessarily terribly nice people, but they were okay. But I did a lot of publication work with them. I put out a magazine for the beer company and I put out a magazine for the posh hotel in town that was one of my clients. I always got anything that had to do with women's work.

We had a fellow who ran the George Jensen Silver Shop in town. He also had one of the glass companies with it, too. So that was my client, which was fun. I liked that. That was much more fun than the Monier Tile, the concrete tile people. But I did that one, and a wood products company at one point, and two airlines.

Okay. Let's see. I said I had two airline clients. Thanks to them I got to see most of Western Australia from the pearl diving port of Broome and Kununurra, where they were

building a huge dam, and the iron country where they had this enormous equipment, earth-moving equipment.

Let's see. We were there for six years altogether. We came home once. We came home in 1972 or '73. Stan was going to a conference in Berkeley, so we came home and saw the relatives and the whole bit. We went back for another couple years, and then one day he came home and said that he had quit. So we sold the house and packed up and came home.

I left my cat there, the cat that ate the parrots. I kind of hated to do that, but I knew we were coming back probably to an apartment and that he would have to go into quarantine coming into the United States and that he wouldn't be very happy about either of those. The people who bought the house said they'd be glad to look after him, as did the neighbors next door.

So we came back in 1976. We didn't really have any specific plans. We came back just because the family was getting old and we knew one of these days we would need to come back, probably in a hurry and it was a long ways. We didn't have any plans. And Stan said to me that he thanked me for following him around for about 15 years. What would I like to do? And I said, "Well, you seem to be enjoying higher education." I said, "I would either like to go back to school and get my Ph.D. or buy a small newspaper."

Well, we looked around in Oregon for a small newspaper that we could afford and that looked like it had prospects. There just really wasn't anything out there. In hindsight, there had been an opportunity at Ontario, Oregon, that might not have been too bad. But we didn't see it at the time.

So I applied to the University of Washington for their Ph.D. program. I was admitted, given a graduate assistantship, and did my three years of work. I got finished and out of there. My dissertation, on the start of newspapers in Washington Territory, was titled "Start the Presses, the Burst of Journalism in Washington Territory."

In the fall of '78, of course, I started looking for a job. One of the jobs on a flier tacked to the bulletin board in the department office was for a journalism position at the University of Nevada Las Vegas.

(End side 1, tape 1.)

Stan had said that he thought we had gone far enough north when I told him there was a

job in Fairbanks. So I looked south to the desert and it sounded like a pretty good job. And I applied, made the finals, and came down here for an interview. It was hot and windy, one of those spring days that wasn't real pleasant, but at least it wasn't humid. They said it was their first hot day of the spring, and this was, I think, in April.

I interviewed and so on like you do and they offered me the job pending legislative approval. It was one of those years when they had to wait until the legislature had actually passed the budget. Well, fortunately, I didn't have to wait until the first of the July for the legislature to make its decision like we sometimes do. By -- I think it was about the middle of May-- they had confirmed that if I wanted it, I had the job.

So I took the job and came down here, arriving -- I think it was the 6th of August in 1979. We drove, of course. We did not haul a trailer. We decided we were going to let somebody else move us. But we did drive down, came through Northern Nevada and on down. I remember stopping at Hawthorne and swimming in their pool and thinking how nice it was to have a pool, never dreaming that I would own a pool. We got here and it had been one of the hottest weeks of the summer just before we arrived. I think they had about 116 degrees or so here in Vegas.

We came in and spent the night at a cheap motel. It was so cheap that they hadn't changed the sheets on the beds. So when I called them at 11 o'clock at night and said, "We want some clean sheets," they brought me some finally after about an hour. I had to change the beds myself.

But the next morning when we awoke, it was raining, and it cooled things down. It was really not too bad for the rest of August, although about the first of October we took one of the UNLV Exploring Southern Nevada trips and went down to Searchlight and Grapevine Canyon and Christmas Tree Pass. It was raining a little bit that day, so our first trip in the desert was rainy.

Anyway, I went to work at the university. I was hired to do the journalism program. They had been kind of limping along with part-time people trying to teach journalism in a department of communication studies. I was the sixth full-time faculty member. The others were all men. The others all came from speech communication backgrounds, rhetoric and interpersonal communication, that sort of thing. I was the only person with any journalism background at all.

So I remember one of the first phone calls I got. You know, a lot of people at the University of Washington thought it was kind of strange, anybody going to UNLV. They had

some of the preconceptions that people had about the university in those days that, gee, a university in Las Vegas, doesn't everybody live in hotels there?

I, for some reason, didn't have any of those preconceptions. I guess because we had been out of the country for eight years. We didn't know much about Las Vegas. I had been here once as a kid just driving through. And I can kind of remember being on Fremont Street. But I had the notion that UNLV was a basketball factory or at least a jock shop or something. I had picked up on that.

So when I got this phone call from a coach, one of the first phone calls I got, I thought, oh my, what is this all about? Well, it was the track coach. He just wanted to make sure his student was able to get into my news writing class. I said, "Well, you know, we only have so many typewriters. So I can't make extra room for her or I would. But if she wants to come and see if somebody drops out, that will be fine." Well, she never showed up. So we never really had an issue there.

I worked on building the journalism program, adding some classes like editing. I think all they had had was news writing. We added editing and an introductory course. I don't remember what else I might have put in the curriculum. But in those days, you were teaching three different preparations, most of which were brand new. Certainly to me as a new Ph.D. they were brand new. I was going along okay.

They had rotating chairs. I think every three years -- well, the bylaws said the chair was elected every year. I guess they needed a new one to replace the one who had been in office when I was hired -- I don't know -- for some reason, either the other men didn't want him back or he wanted to spend time on his research. I think that's what he wanted to do because I was going gangbusters with my research, and the guys weren't doing much of anything. One of them told me that they felt intimidated by what I did. So I think this chair, who remains a good friend, I think he felt he needed to get back to his research. He wasn't going to let some woman beat him out.

I suppose I was sort of managing things because in public relations I'd always been interested in administrative sort of work. So I think it was -- I had been here -- actually, I guess I had been here five years. I think I became department chair in 1984. So that would be five years.

Did you have tenure by that time?

No. I was untenured.

That was risky.

Well, a little bit, but I had five articles, which was more than any of them had and more than most of them had, anyway. So I felt I was in pretty good shape on that score. It pretty much put a stop to any future research, but I had enough to get the tenure at the time.

Politically, it's always risky to take a chairmanship.

Yeah. Well, I had a faculty member going up for full professor and he didn't like anybody in authority, anyway. So when I didn't support him for full professor, we went round and round. But when it came time for my tenure, I don't think he opposed it. I don't know what he did. But I knew I was in good standing. If he had opposed me, I could have made a legal issue out of it. I always said that I probably wouldn't have because I wouldn't want to be somewhere I wasn't wanted. But I could have.

Anyway, I became department chair. As I said, I think it was '84. I was elected every year thereafter until 1989. I must have been the chair earlier than that because I was chair for six years, so it must have been '83. Anyway, I was elected annually, and looking back, I know that it wasn't because I was doing such a great job. It was as much because I wasn't doing a bad job, I wasn't offending anybody, and they didn't want the job. Nobody else wanted the job, and I was willing.

Did you enjoy it?

I did enjoy it. I did enjoy it. I won't say I enjoyed personnel issues.

No. Few people do.

During that period, we had two people who we hired and almost immediately realized we shouldn't have. So I had to tell them that I was not going to renew their contracts. That wasn't easy because, of course, I was the bad guy in all of that.

But my colleagues, one of them in particular, griped and griped because we didn't have a building of our own. Of course, this wasn't a journalism school then. It was the Department of Communication Studies. Most students were in what would normally be a journalism school. They were all interested in media careers.

So one day I kind of got tired of listening to him bitch, and I put together what today

would be a very primitive little packet, but I did have it spiral bound. This was before computers or about the beginning of computers because I brought computers into the department for a news-writing lab. But I put together this little proposal for a building and I went through channels. I went to my dean with it, who said, "Okay, go talk to the provost."

So I went up to see John Unrue, who was the provost at the time, and talked to him about this. Could we find somebody to fund the building? At the time it was a five-million-dollar proposal. It would have made us a nice little building, I think. It's probably a good idea now that it wasn't ever built.

Then one day I found myself in with the vice president for development, Lyle Rivera. We were talking about, well, where's the best place to go for the money? At the time I said, "Well, you know Don Reynolds, the Review-Journal's owner, had funded a school up at Reno. I don't know if he would fund down here or not." Lyle seemed to think that would be the best bet.

I mentioned the Greenspuns as a possible source, owners of the Las Vegas Sun. He said, "Oh, they haven't got enough money." So I assumed that we would be going to the Reynolds Foundation for some money for this building if they decided to really do anything at all.

Then one day I get this phone call from John Unrue. Could I come up to the president's office? Actually -- no -- the first phone call was to come up to his office. So I did. I always made sure I was not too slovenly in my dress. You know, I didn't dress like an ordinary faculty member very often because you never knew when you might get called to the seventh floor for a whatever. Anyway, he told me that we were going to get a million dollars from the Greenspun family, which was very nice because at the time we had virtually nothing.

A few days later, they called me into the president's office. Bob Maxson wanted to know if the faculty would object if the money was used to form a school as opposed to a department because they didn't name departments, they named schools. I said, "Well, I don't think the faculty will object at all."

Well, the faculty didn't know I was doing this. I never told them. I went through the administrative channels, but I didn't tell them. So they were more than a little piqued when they discovered what I was up to, even though I was able to say to them, "Look, hey, we've got some money coming. It's not enough to build the building."

In fact, that first gift that the Greenspuns made was to be done over seven years. So in any given year, there was not a huge amount. But we made real good use of that. We used it for faculty development. We bought computers for our news writing labs. Overall the department benefited a lot from that -- or by then they became a school.

At one point along the way, the school became independent of anybody. We were taken out of the College of Liberal Arts in some general reorganization of the College of Liberal Arts, and then we reported directly to the provost. Now, by then the guys had decided that administering the program was a good deal and they decided they were willing to do it.

I have never really known how much credit I might deserve for getting that million dollars in the formation of the school because Hank was dying at the time and it may be that the family came to the university wanting to do something. However, I did have that request up in Lyle Rivera's office and he knew about it. Bob Maxson, I assume, knew about it. Certainly, John Unrue knew about it. So I still think I have some responsibility for getting that started.

Well, you would not have gotten it if you hadn't had your proposal there, more than likely.

Well, probably not. If they had wanted to fund something in journalism, we would have been asked to provide something or to provide a proposal.

Well, certainly.

But I was scheduled to go on sabbatical in 1989. I had put it off one year, anyway. I would have been quite willing to put it off another year to be the first director of the school. But there were some very willing -- or at least one other very willing person-- at that point. So I did not become the first director of the school.

I did my sabbatical, and made good headway. I finally finished my book on the business of the frontier press, published by University of Nevada Press. 1992 I think is the copyright year. I mostly just taught. Oh, in 1990, I became editor of "Journalism History." John Unrue was very supportive of that. He gave me a new computer, and the school gave me a graduate assistant.

Now, for those who don't know, that's a journal of journalism history.

It's a journal of journalism history, right. It was an independent journal. Most journals are tied to scholarly associations. This one was not. It was started at Cal State Northridge. Oh, let's

see. It was about -- I don't know -- about 1980, I think. They had had some problems, not the least of which was the Northridge earthquake, which I think was in '89. So they felt the need to give it up. The editor had fallen on her head and had an aneurysm and was out of commission for a while. She's back and doing great now.

But they were ready to give it up and I was real eager to take it on. So I did, and I brought it here. I published it till 19 -- let's see -- from 1990, I think it was, to 2003. I think I had it about 13 years.

Then I gave it up because by then I was in the provost's office in 1998, I guess it was, after Carol Harter had been hired and she had hired Douglas Ferraro. Ferraro was reorganizing the provost's office and they wanted a new associate provost for academic affairs and put out a call for applications. Well, I looked at that and I was real interested, but I knew one of my colleagues really, really, really, really wanted it. So I thought, okay, I won't apply because I thought I would have a better chance of getting it than he would.

But then Tom Wright called me and he said that he wanted to nominate me for the job. I thought, well, gee, I'm always subject to flattery. I mean look at me in here. I'm talking to you because I felt flattered about the opportunity to do this. So I called my friend. I said, "Look, I've been nominated for this. So I'm going to go ahead and throw my hat in the ring," which I did, and I got the job.

I thoroughly enjoyed working up there because of the people and I enjoyed the different kinds of work. Like any job, there were things I didn't like, but overall it was a good experience.

Then Christmas 2000, I was in Hawaii. My mother-in-law had a condo and wintered over there. I think she's going to come back to the -- she may even come here now for winters for a while. Anyway, I had a stroke. We were snorkeling in a little bay off of Waikoloa. I think that's when it happened. I think I just panicked in the water because I'm not much of a swimmer. I've always been a little afraid of water. I think I just blew my top off, popped a blood vessel.

How it differs from aneurysm, I don't know, because they've never been able to find any problems. You know, I've had numerous MRIs, and the blood vessels up there look perfectly fine.

Good. Great.

But it was a hemorrhagic stroke. It wasn't a clot. I don't know but for some reason, I

guess because my blood clotted quickly enough that it didn't bleed and bleed and bleed and cause problems, we didn't know it at the time. It wasn't until the next morning. This was after a nice Christmas dinner with a big glass of wine, you know. The next morning my mother-in-law and Stan decided I was behaving strangely and they whisked me off to the little hospital nearby that is a very good little hospital. The park or ranch people on the big island fund it, I guess.

They did a CAT scan and there's this big blob in my brain. They said, "Well, we can't really take much care of you. You may need a real neurosurgeon or something." So they sent me off to Honolulu. I've still not quite forgiven them for not getting a helicopter. But, you know, you're always MediVac-ed by helicopter.

Yes. The glamorous part.

Yeah, and here I was in a little Cessna or something lying flat on my back. Stan's sitting up front with the pilot who's saying, "There's Maui." And I can't see anything, but this -- I think there was an IV or something on me.

Oh, my, scary time.

I get over to Honolulu, and the neurosurgeon decides there's nothing that he needs -- he doesn't need to bore a hole in my head to relieve any pressure or anything. I'm really getting along quite well. "We'll just do observation."

So we do observation and he sends me down to physical therapy to make sure things are going all right there. You know, I'm walking around the hospital like you're supposed to do and all that. But I had been lying in bed quite a bit. I got down to physical therapy and the therapist says, "Well, you know, walk over to that desk over there." So I get up and walk over. I don't remember how far it was, but it wasn't very far. And I don't get there. I collapse.

Well, I still kind of feel sorry for the therapist. I can't imagine what she thought was happening. But anyway, they decided I had had a pulmonary embolism. Thinking about it, probably deep vein thrombosis, you know, they talk about today from lying in bed all this time. Probably a clot got loose and got into my lungs. But, fortunately, I was in the hospital already. So they were able to take care of me. I now have a nice little blood filter that's supposed to keep that from happening again.

Anyway, one of the problems was that, even though from the doctor's point of view I could

leave the hospital, I didn't have a doctor here that he could release me to. We needed to make some arrangements. My doctor had retired and I hadn't bothered to get another one yet before we had gone on this trip. We called a friend, Heather. I roped her into becoming part of the Nevada Humanities Committee, subsequently, and she chaired it for a couple of years. But she had been head of the local medical association and I knew her through the Stanford Club. She recommended her doctor who we called. Stan called. She said, "Yeah, I'll do it." Then the doctor was willing to release me.

Well, then the problem was that was a very busy travel time from Hawaii to the States. The tickets we had on United Airlines -- they couldn't possibly help us, they said. Stan finally found seats on Hawaiian. I was still at United because they wouldn't transfer the tickets. But that's all right. We just ate that in the end.

I got home, and this internist that Heather had recommended referred me to a neurologist who referred me to a neurosurgeon. And I also had a -- what was he called? -- a physio -- not a physiotherapist, but an M.D. who specialized in therapy. I can't remember what his title was. He referred me to physical therapy.

Oh, my. You get your exercise going from doctor to doctor.

Yeah. So I had a whole slew of doctors there for a while. To make a three or four-year story short, in the middle there, I did have some seizures. The Honolulu doctor said, "Well, you're doing so well, I don't think I'm even going to start you on anti-seizure medication. But," he said, "There is a danger." And the danger came true. But as of today, I'm three years without a seizure and I am --

Gradually?

-- gradually -- thank you -- weaning myself from the anti-seizure medication that I've been on. I feel so much better more because of the medication, I think, than any brain damage from the stroke, although I have to admit there is some that shows up on the MRIs.

I lost my concentration something awful. After five years in the provost's office, I just really wasn't doing the job that needed to be done there. They wanted to reorganize, anyway, so it was time for me to leave. I enjoyed my five years, but anytime I get wistful about it, I just call my former secretary and take her to lunch and ask her to tell me what's going on up there. It's

worse than ever as far as pressures and paperwork and stuff.

That leads to one question I was going to ask. What do you see now at the university, even though you're not working there daily, but you've talked to your secretary and others? What are the major differences from the time, let's say, you started in the provost's office until the time you left the provost's office? Then we'll look at some other periods. Anything stand out for you?

Oh, I think -- no single thing, but I think things have just gotten more complex, more demanding. I mean it's easier to go back to the 27 years or so when I first came here when the place was small and you knew everybody and you sort of made things up as you went along.

I mean my argument in recruiting was, and still is, that UNLV is a place where you can make a difference. Nobody's going to tell you it can't be done "because we've never done it that way", something you might hear, let's say, in a big, well established university. You can carve out your own niche. Now, you may not get a lot of help doing it.

Very true.

But if you are willing to work and be creative, there's a huge amount that you can do that is needed. I think that's still true at UNLV.

But from the time I went in the provost's office until now, one of the big differences is a lot more policies in writing and a lot more things you have to do. Somebody was complaining about the policy that says if you're going to be out, if you have to cancel class for two days or whatever it is, that you have to account for that time and tell your chair what you're doing or something to make sure that the time is covered adequately. He was complaining that it was becoming like high school. Well, I don't think it's quite that bad. But there's more and more of that kind of thinking. It's too much effort to make us like a real university, I think.

From some of the things you've said, one of the things that struck me is probably what you liked early on. One of the more satisfying things is being able to literally build a program and create it the way you wanted it in the beginning, not that you could get everything you wanted, but to form it as you thought it should be formed. Would that be accurate?

Yeah, I think that's accurate. It's interesting. I don't quite know why I like administration.

Well, I know one reason I like administration and it may be the journalist in me. I like to know what's going on. If you're an ordinary faculty member, you don't know what's going on. Most don't care. But for some reason, I really did. I wanted to know about things.

So the only way I could find out was to be in administration. That's one of the reasons I enjoyed the provost's office so much. I had the provost's ear and he bent mine on occasion to tell me what was happening. And I went to regents meetings. Even though those were sometimes a laugh a minute, they were still interesting. They were interesting. I'm not an interpersonal communication person at all. In fact, I don't know that I really like people all that well. But I know enough about it to watch the dynamics of the regents meeting. They were really interesting to watch for a while.

What else did you particularly like about just being at UNLV or particularly dislike?

Well, I suppose the dislikes are the growth, the lack of resources, the assumption on the part of legislators and others that the university just trundles along.

One of the things that amazes me in some of these letters to the editor -- in fact, I keep saying I'm going to respond one of these days -- is that most of these business people, including the people at the Review-Journal, think nothing of sending their people out for training. But they assume a teacher, once you have started teaching, doesn't need any future training. You don't need anything additional.

Good point.

And that's not true.

Of course not.

Even a teacher needs refreshing. And there are some things that change. UNLV students have changed over the years. There have always been a lot of first generation students, but there are a lot more for whom English is not the first language than there were 25, 27 years ago.

(End side 2, tape 1.)

You asked me about good things of UNLV. Well, as I mentioned a minute ago, UNLV has always been a place that you could do things if you were willing to do them. UNLV has been very good to me. It's given me a lot of opportunities. It gave me those administrative opportunities. It has supported things I tried to do such as when I went to a workshop on teaching

early on. I've been to several other workshops that have broadened my horizons and I think have made me a better citizen of the university, more useful to the university.

Even now in my retirement, I'm working closely with the School of journalism to try to help them get accredited. I didn't mention that for six years I was on the Northwest Commission of Colleges and Universities, which is the regional accreditation body which was certainly an eye-opener. I did some accreditation visits and attended, of course, the commission meetings. I learned a lot about higher education by doing that.

I also was on the Nevada Humanities Committee. I guess I was on that one for eight years. Is that right? Maybe it was seven because I was on an extra year as chair because they were about to do their own accreditation sort of thing with NEH. The director thought it would be helpful for someone with that kind of experience of dealing with those processes to stay on, and he persuaded the rest of the board to keep me for another year. So I served extra time on the Humanities Committee, which was also good. It was good learning about the state and meeting some great people and so on.

I don't know that I could've done that if I hadn't been at UNLV. The university did not play a direct role in it, but one of my colleagues nominated me for the committee in the first place, and another colleague nominated me for the Northwest Commission.

That was funny. It was a Friday afternoon when the then chair of the commission called me and started talking about this opening they had to replace the president of the University of Utah. I was sitting there thinking he's got the wrong number. He was calling Carol. Surely, he was calling Carol, the president, Carol Harter. I finally asked him was he sure he had the right person because I was just a lowly professor? Oh, that's what they want is lowly professors. They didn't want to have everybody that was a university or college president on the commission.

So they weren't looking to make you president of Utah --

No.

-- but to be on the commission.

They just happened to have this opening that they needed to fill from our part of the woods. So that was interesting. They also wanted to diversify. They needed more women.

I think that was the other thing that I was going to mention is that I arrived at UNLV at a

very good time for a woman. You know, the push was to give women more opportunities. I know that some of the things I got to do were because I was female. I liked to think that I did them well because I had merit. But I know that some of the doors opened because I was a woman.

I was on, actually, a fairly short-lived committee with Dale Mitchke, who was a vice president provost for Goodall.

First name Pat.

Pat Goodall, yeah, lettered Pat Goodall. It had to do with something that I don't remember now. But it was a pretty high level committee. I appreciated the opportunity to be on that. And again, I know that they wanted a woman and they wanted a faculty member. I think I was department chair at that point. So I had the chance to do that.

I worked with the student newspaper over the years. In fact, there was one year that I kind of thought I was the editor of the student newspaper because they were in my office so much getting me to help them edit their stories. I shouldn't have done it in hindsight, but I did because the news editor had such a sad look about him. I don't know if he ever got his job with the FBI or not, but that's what he wanted to do.

They just won't tell if he did.

Probably not.

It truly has been, as far as I was concerned, a land of opportunity. Stan followed me down here. He didn't have anything. He helped me get through my Ph.D. program by being a househusband, which was just wonderful. I'm so grateful to him for that. And, of course, when I had my stroke, he was househusband again, and I was very grateful to him for that. I owe him a heck of a lot. But then I suppose most spouses owe each other a lot.

Sure.

And I've gotten off track there. Let's see. Where was I going with that?

Stan obviously started teaching at the university at some point.

Oh, yeah. He followed me down here. One day he thought, well, he'd like some connection again with higher education and maybe access to the library and the commuters. So he went over to the physics department to see if they had any need for a part-timer. Well, they had just had a resignation, so they needed somebody full time and hired him.

Eventually, he got tenure and I got tenure. So it's been a nice working relationship that way. We didn't have to have one of these commuter marriages, which I think would have been very hard.

At one point I did a semester at Reno. They needed somebody to help out and called and asked if I would come. The provost said it was all right with him if the chair didn't care or the director by that time. The director said that was all right, so that was a good experience, too.

As I say, there have just been a lot of opportunities that I'm grateful for. I know that some of the really early women had problems or felt they had problems with salary inequities. I never really, in the course of any of my careers, felt that I was discriminated against in terms of salary. I mean obviously you'd always like more. I sometimes think I should have been a better negotiator and been able to start at a little higher level because I had pretty substantial professional experience at that point that didn't count for much at this university and, quite frankly, still doesn't count for a hoot at this university. We're hiring people with good professional experience and treating them like green, fresh Ph.D.s.

But overall the only problem financially, you know, in terms of salary that really irked me was that until I became department chair, which, as I said, I think it was in '83, they had been giving department chairs merit. Well, when I became department chair, they had decided to give department chairs stipends, which meant no merit unless you did something extraordinary like publish a book, in my case it would have been. Well, you know, when you're department chair -- you've been department chair -- so you know you don't have time to do much.

Right.

I was lucky to maintain any kind of scholarship, as I recall that I did. I went through my six years as department chair with little or no merit because I had this stipend that I got year to year. They vanished a merit, of course, because it compounds in your salary whereas an annual stipend does not.

So when the time came for my promotion to full professor, which I got the first time I went up for it, I think over the dead body of one of my colleagues who was in rhetoric and didn't think I had done anything worthwhile, I was so far below the regents' salary schedule that I think I got about a 6- or 7,000-dollar raise, not the usual ten percent that you get now. They weren't even

giving ten percent at the time, I don't think.

I had been very active professionally in my professional organizations. I was the first woman president of the American Journals and Historians Association. I headed the history division of the Association for Education in Journalism and Mass Communication and the history division for the Broadcast Education Association. So I'm the only person that I know of who has been head of all three of those organizations. The fact that I did the BEA one is rather bizarre because I had never done any broadcast history in my life.

I went to one of the BEA conventions. It was in Dallas, I think, because I was recruiting. I was trying to find somebody for a broadcast position they had. I was interested in anything historical, so I went to the history division meeting. One of my old friends from the University of Washington days was there. "Oh, fresh blood." So he nominated me for -- I think it was for vice chair that year. So I served my time with the BEA history division.

I had mixed feelings about retirement. My husband doesn't think I really did retire. He's kind of annoyed because he said, "Knowing you weren't retiring, I wouldn't have retired." But I'm glad to be able to be connected with the School of Journalism right now because I think we have a terrific director. I just can't say how fortunate the school is to have that person.

And who is that?

Her name is Ardyth Sohn. She came to us from Colorado full of ideas, full of energy. I just hope she doesn't burn out too soon partly because -- the things I'm hearing -- the resources aren't going to be there.

But I was just astounded that they're going to be able to hire three people this year. They were sitting on two of the offer letters for so long that I just in my heart knew they were going to be yanked because of the budget shortfall that is anticipated. But they finally came through. The offers have been made. And once they're made, they seem to stick to them.

Ardyth Sohn is just full of energy and ideas. I'm really pleased that we seem to be able to work together real well, and the dean is willing to come up with a little bit of money to make it interesting to me.

That's good. She's fortunate to have you. I'm glad to know that.

I'm also going to do a distance Ed class, which is something I've never done before.

I think Stan better go back and teach, it sounds like, and not retire.

It's completely on line.

Ardyth's energy is interesting. It has revitalized the whole faculty. Now, you met our previous director who stayed a year, but who was being the good soldier and not forcing his wife to give up a job she really liked. They went back to St. Louis. That helped a lot because Mike had the right kind of attitude and jollied people along pretty well.

But until then that School of Journalism -- the media people were just so down in the dumps. They had been beaten down by the rhetoricians and it was really quite sad. I wasn't sure I wanted to be involved. One reason I thought about retirement fairly quickly was that I didn't really want to be part of that.

Well, Mike brought them out of themselves a little bit. But Ardyth has brought them out of it the rest of the way, and they are coming up with ideas. They're creative, thinking of things that need to be done.

The Las Vegas Sun, which is owned by, of course, the benefactors of the school, the Greenspuns, had never been indexed and it's not digitized. So our new media person and one of the other guys got together and said, "Well, let's propose to do this. We can do this." So they're going to digitize The Sun. The other historian and I and the librarians will probably get together and work out some kind of indexing system so we can index it.

That wouldn't have happened several years ago. The then director would have said, "Eh, that's not worth doing," you know, and made them feel like they were wasting their time and energy and so on.

But it's interesting to me, from a people person standpoint, even though I'm not a people person, just to watch the dynamics of how it's changed. I hope she doesn't burn out. My original forecast was that -- I probably shouldn't put this on tape, but that's all right, that's okay. I figure this isn't going to go very far.

Down for history forever. You're a historian, so...

My speculation is all -- my original thought was that she had so much energy that if she didn't burn herself out, she'd burn the guys out after a couple or three years. But I'm not so sure that that's going to happen. I think maybe they've found new energy amongst themselves and

that --

Sounds like she's a real leader and knows how to energize others.

Yeah, she is.

A motivator. Wonderful.

I can't say how lucky I think they are.

But that's pretty much the story of my life, Shirley. I don't know what else you want me to say.

Marvelous. Anything else about UNLV that you'd like to have recorded forever?

UNLV? Oh, not so much about UNLV as about the attitude of the legislature that probably is fostered by the attitude of our newspaper, the Review-Journal, which cannot stand to see any monies spent for public things. I think the university has huge potential. But every time they -- there was a story, in fact, in the paper this morning about graduates at Nevada State College. I think they graduated a couple hundred this year or something like that. I forget the numbers. But they stated what everybody's been saying, "Well, now that they're up and running, UNLV can move ahead to become the great research university that at least Carol Harter wanted it to be."

Well, UNLV is looking at the potential shortfall of \$30 million next fall because of declining enrollments or with enrollments not rising as fast as they thought they would. If enrollments don't keep up and we don't get the money, they're not going to be able to move ahead with anything.

That's right. It's a vicious circle.

As long as we're funded the way we are --

The formula for funding --

Yeah -- funded on the basis of the number of students, you can't move ahead in research that way. I mean Carol understood that and the university understands that. That's why the big push is going to be to have a lot of large lower division classes that capture FTE, but which allow more faculty more time for research. I think that's too bad because large classes, whether it's in kindergarten or elsewhere in the public schools, are just not that good.

That's true.

If you know the students, they can't get away from you that easily, and you can get more out of them.

I'm a little concerned about this distance ed class. I said I'd take up to 50 students. I don't know how many I'm going to get. But these are people I'm probably never going to see. I'm not really going to know them by name. If they choose to just lurk and not e-mail, even though I have some incentives at least to e-mail me, I don't know how much they're going to get out of it. Of course, most of those students are really not committed ones, and they may drop out of distance ed classes. So maybe it won't be that way. Maybe the ones that stay will really shine. I hope so.

What is the course?

Medium (indiscernible). Actually, it's got a new name, First Amendment in Society, thanks to Reno and common course numbering.

That's a more attractive title. So maybe you'll get more students.

Yeah. In Reno it meets a university-wide capstone requirement, which, of course, we don't have here.

Anything else you'd like to add before I turn off our --

Well, I have a lot of sympathy for the student who wrote in the paper this morning that there is no place to park. Why couldn't they have planned that a little better? Why didn't they have another parking garage up by now? I thought that was a good letter, by the way.

I didn't read that.

She went through it quite nicely. I don't know. I think that's about all I need to say.

Well, thank you. That was fascinating.

(End side 1, tape 2.)