

My Life with CCV by Lynn Lowe

In 1975, I decided to enliven my life by taking a class in *Transactional Analysis* at the budding institution of Vermont Community College (as I believe it was called in those days). It turned out to be quite interesting, meeting in a local church, with other adult students like myself.

After taking another class or two, I was approached by then Director of the Southern Region, John Turner, to do some "typing and filing" at the Brattleboro office. This led to my accepting the offer of the job as "Secretary/Office Manager/Girl Friday" position in the Brattleboro site office, which was located (via circa 1900 Otis Elevator) on the 4<sup>th</sup> floor of the American Building on Main St. I was mostly the "girl Friday" as most other staff worked out of their cars or homes, or were just between sites often. Eventually, I met Nancy Chard, who was at the time an instructor and very interested partner in this experimental CCV. I also became acquainted with Tom Yahn of the more northern sites, and then President and founder, Peter Smith.

At that time, it was a "competency-based" educational program, with associate degrees granted based on proven levels of competency in basic areas, by degree committees comprised of professionals. It was quite a laborious process. (I recall also we attempted to decorate the office Christmas tree with our favorite competencies as ornaments!)

My tenure at this time also coincided with the final approval and inclusion of CCV into the State College System, along with acceptance by the VA for veteran benefits, and federal financial aid. Stan Munat oversaw the financial aid process in the south and was committed to helping students afford CCV per credit tuition (prior to that fees were on a "donation" basis!). I observed much growth as CCV moved from offering "Massage I, II and II" to liberal arts and business offerings.

After a five year hiatus on my part, I returned to work, hired by Eileen Chalfoun, to work in the newly formed CCV Library. CCV had grown as an institution by 1986, and financial, instructional and curricular functions were performed or overseen by the central office in Montpelier by this time. The Brattleboro Site had now moved from Main Street to a former sea captain's mansion on Green Street in Brattleboro. We had become high tech, going from mimeograph machines to fax machines and computers. Nancy Chard was now the regional director for the Southern Region. The President was, I believe, Myrna Miller at this time. I took advantage of my part time employment (at my request to accommodate a new husband and two little toddlers) to also attend Norwich University's off campus Bachelor program and earned my B.A. in 1993. This led to more responsibility in the library which eventually merged with Vermont Tech Library, and involved travel for me, and teaching of library technology in classrooms in Springfield, Brattleboro and at the Thompson Nursing School site, which I continued to do until my retirement in 2003.

Some other names that surface from the early CCV days, from Main St. to Landmark Hill Brattleboro are:

Isabel Magangler (Instructor), Marsha Daker (staff), Jim Dacus (staff/guru), Penny Horowitz, (Inst. Staff),

Eleanor Towle (advisor), Tim Cowles, Priscilla Newell (director at Springfield) , Mary Reed (secretary Bellows Falls), After moving on to Green St, I recall Bill Callahan, Irene Burtis, Ann Newsmith, Ann Schroeder, Sarah Carter to the north, and the ever present Eileen Chalfoun and Nancy Chard. At Landmark Hill, after much secretarial/office manager turnover, the faithful Cheryl Coplan was hired, followed by Melanie Crosby; Tapp Barnhill, and many many more folks whose names escape me, but faces go by my mind's eye when I think of Landmark Hill years.. Maryellen Lowe was a name that resonated with me, as the "other" Lowe staff person , but way to the north of my location.

Over my 17 plus years with CCV, I participated in many stimulating convocations, conferences, and classes, and met and worked with many wonderful folks. It was a rewarding time for me.