

I worked my way through college in 4 ½ years and graduated in January 1968 – with the help of \$30 from my dad, 3 semesters of Cal Grants, and working multiple part-time jobs. In March, I entered the Sheriff's Academy. During those six weeks we technically worked 40-hour weeks, but we accumulated about the same amount of unpaid overtime. My first assignment was to Research and Development, which was day shifts with at a leisurely 40-hours-a-week pace with a few hours of overtime. Jerry, my fiancé, was working the evening shifts.

In May, my on-duty assignment was to interview a couple of professors at Cal State Long Beach about revisions for our yearly statistical report. To my surprise, they started recruiting me for their new master's in criminology. I had never thought of grad school. Outside my work environment at Loma Linda University, I didn't know anyone who had gone to grad school.

One of my first thoughts was that a M.S. in Criminology could help my career. I was acutely aware that I had never taken a police science class – and too naive to realize how impressive my B.S. in Math was. Added advantage: it would help fill my empty evening hours.

I ran the idea past Jerry, who was already bragging about how soon I would be a Sergeant – even though I wouldn't be eligible to take the test for two more years. He liked the idea, so I applied. I already had GRE scores because La Sierra made that test a graduation requirement. The scores that later got me into Mensa easily got me into Long Beach.

The M.S. program required 30 units including thesis. Unfortunately for me, Long Beach mandated that grad students, regardless of major, have 24 upper division units of related classwork – and I had zero. It would be a long haul, done in night classes. The first year was the scariest for two reasons: I was in a completely new field, and my math major had not prepared me for a program that required extensive reading and mandated term papers in every class. I was also insecure because I graduated from a small church college (1,500 students), and now I was in a huge university. The first school year I earned 12 units and a 4.0.

Life got more complicated in 1969. I continued taking six units of grad classes per semester. Unexpected schedule change: I was hired as a part-time faculty member in the department where I was taking grad classes. This unusual arrangement was the result of a

sudden faculty resignation – and my degree in math! Historical trivia fact that helped: George (CRIM Department Chair where I taught) knew Howard (my Chief at the Sheriff's Department) and asked him to recommend a teacher. I taught 3-units of CRIM303, Statistics in Criminal Justice. In November Jerry and I got married. We lived in San Bernardino where he worked, and I did a long, triangular commute: San Bernardino, Long Beach, downtown Los Angeles.

Another historical trivia fact that helped. Al (my immediate supervisor at the Sheriff's Department) and Tom (Jerry's immediate supervisor) had been radio-car partners. Why Tom left the Sheriff's Department is a juicy story I won't repeat. Rush-hour traffic between San Bernardino and downtown Los Angeles was killing me. Al and Tom worked it out – my schedule was changed so I came in later, avoided rush-hour, and save nearly 10 hours a week.

The next three semesters I continued working full time as a Deputy Sheriff in downtown Los Angeles, taking 6- units in Long Beach, and teaching 6-units in Long Beach. Fortunately, Jerry had a new assignment; we moved to San Gabriel and I had shorter commutes.

Throughout grad school I had the same kindly old professor as my Grad Advisor. Organized he wasn't. Each semester his signature was required to register for classes. He never had my old file. He also did not know the catalog very well. This hit me with force when my grad check bounced because 3-units I took as part of my 24-unit upper division requirement were inapplicable. My thesis was almost done by the time I got the notice, or I would have quit. I crammed for one more class and took it "credit-by-exam."

The next semester, Spring 1972, was a kaleidoscope. Jerry and I moved into our first house. Two months later we filed for divorce. A month after that I was promoted to Sergeant. I completed my thesis. I was offered a full-time teaching position, but I didn't want to leave the Sheriff's Department. So, Paul (the Department Chair who offered me the job) called Howard (my Chief at the Sheriff's Department) and arranged for me to take a leave of absence from the Sheriff's Department – another of those historical trivia facts. My final grad check cleared.

Four frantic years, but I didn't go to graduation. Mom and Dad couldn't come because Mom was in a wheel chair and the campus was not accessible. Jerry was gone – he wasn't there when I got my stripes nor when I got my Master's. No historical trivia. I was alone.