

THE
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Corrupt
COLLEGE

AND
THE

Teacher

Who
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Secrets
Upside
DOWN



P A T T Y A N N

The Covert Corrupt
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Preface

THE COVERT CORRUPT COLLEGE is a riveting and seductive story of one educational institution filled with drama, hidden agendas, and intrigue. This narrative—and TRUE story dating from 1978 thru 1991 reveals distinct personal agendas that unraveled into idiotic acts of self gratification and deception.

Against all odds, honorable Paige sets out to correct the impossible. Follow one woman's journey stacked with manipulative twists and turns in her quest to save a department ill-fated for ruin. At the hands of her womanizing toxic boss, Paige is determined to restore their former star program despite the hurdles. With focused clarity and strong intention, she uses her intuition to direct her path. Paige pushes the limits of close calls, last minute encounters, and plays her peers with the conviction that honesty would prevail. After six exhausting years digging through relentless challenges, Paige's crusade yields an uncanny conclusion: *The rare termination of her tenured department chairman.*

This psychotic recount delivers the interpersonal psychology and motivations inside higher education cultures. Where entrenched institutionalized protocols breed opportunity for impostors to feast on a crippled system. And, get away with it. People like Paige do not exist except under their own volition. Her belief that people should be held accountable carved her ideology into action. Thus, on this fortuitous occasion, Paige's tenacious soul summoned serendipity to intervene and hand out justice well deserved, and warranted.

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The Covert Corrupt COLLEGE

And The Teacher Who Turned Their Secrets Upside Down

Setting the Stage

It was 1978, long before the onset of personal computers and the explosion of technology. At this point personal computers were yet to be conceptualized. Laptops were unheard of. This was in the day when type was set in galleys and by using what-was-then called Phototypesetters. These not so ultra modern screens with keyboards churned out single lines. These solo sentences then punched out a series of holes on a paper tape. Each eight hole configuration stood for a letter of the alphabet.

The paper tape was then placed on a separate reader connected to a huge box standing several feet tall as it was wide. The punched tape converted to type characters, which were photographed onto film. The film uptake cassette was in a light tight box which then was fed into a processor in a darkroom. Chemicals developed the photo film paper into galleys of type which would be later cut up and laid out for printing.

This technology, back then, was highly revered compared to the hand setting of lead type of the ‘olden days’. The phototypesetting equipment cost in the range of *ten to twenty thousand dollars* for a single unit. Compare that to the minimal cost of a laptop, plus printer of nowadays! Much of the printing technology was dinosaur and pricey, but it was modern for that era. And, these metallic beasts were highly coveted to those few shops that could afford such luxuries.

As such, this was just some of the technology employed during this story time. These events are centered around a graphic reproduction department in a community college during the 1980s through the early 1990s. Occasional references thereto are sprinkled throughout this recount because that’s the way it was back then.

Early Signs

The first time Paige met Sam it was not love at first sight. Rather it was on a note of caution mixed with promise. Returning to the community college department where she had graduated with honors a few years prior, Paige was on a freelance assignment. Sam was now the second, and newest program chair. Paige came to help out a former teacher-now-turned-friend after her own work hours, as a print shop manager elsewhere. There was an over-flow of graphics work that was specialized, technical, and oh so laboriously manual. The freelance work was easy for Paige. And the extra income welcomed.

From the onset Sam was personable. It did not take long for these two to become fast friends. However, Paige was duly warned when their eyes first met. And, it was rather prophetic in which particular room they first had made contact: a well lit darkroom tucked inside the much larger building that housed the Graphic Arts department. A place where Paige would often visit to process the typeset film. And, eventually, it would become her work place that would be called home for the next thirteen years.

Curious Sam peered around the edge of the open darkroom door. With a big smile, he entered and hovered in the door frame. His boyish charms introduced him. Personable and likable were two impressions that first came to Paige. They conversed easily. The normal chit-chat of new found friends. Light, easy going, fun banter.

But, Paige's intuition tugged at her slightly. There was something amiss in Sam's initial facade. A hunch that started rumbling softly. Then momentum escalated this slight suspicion into a scream. Inside Paige there came a foretelling: Sam was not to be trusted. *Be careful*, her intuition warned. *Take caution*. However, Paige shoved that floating information aside as Sam was really quite nice; enticing and captivating—as in so very seductive.

Within weeks of Paige freelancing Sam wanted to know if she'd like to teach classes that upcoming fall quarter. The program was growing and she believed it'd be fun. Although Paige wanted to immediately jump into saying YES, she did not. After a few years of working her way up to production manager in a high end print shop, a new challenge was welcome. But she did not want to appear job desperate, because she was not.

The temptation of summers off, quarterly breaks, and a better salary was of course appealing. Within a few days Paige succumbed to the thrill of returning to whence she was a former student. She said yes. But first, there was her other job to quit, and a summer European backpacking adventure to fulfill, long-planned, with a grade school friend.

About Paige

In her young twenties Paige was purpose driven. With curves like her once played-with Barbie doll, Paige's five foot seven frame deemed her height and weight proportions worthy of womanhood. Topped with unruly coffee colored curls cropped short, pragmatic Paige never bothered with cosmetics. Fussing with bodily extras was not her style.

Practical and thrifty, everything that fit into Paige's life had to be Au natural, or meet a distinct function. Teacher tidy, her wardrobe was sparse, professional, and not accessorized except for pierced earrings and an occasional necklace. Not considered cute, or sexy hot, her dark Italian eyes and sharp facial features were donned good looking. Coupled with social confidence Paige was considered more attractive to some.

Paige showed tenacity for goals she presumed noble and went after them with energy reserved for the rogue. The word NO was never an option she considered once her mind was set. Perhaps it was her fiery genes. Passion for projects were pursued without pause and barriers were only hurdles to conquer.

The world of printing technology was well suited to Paige's black and white thinking brain. Machines were emotionless and performed operations under correct procedure. Gray zones were not acceptable in herself, but allowed fully in others. Paige had the patience of a saint, because holding out often won her just rewards. This virtue served her students well while under learning distress. Thus Paige became a favored mentor who understood the human condition way beyond the normal.

Detailed to extremes, and in possession of an elephant memory, Paige rarely forgot what others said and held them accountable. She never set expectations, but she did not let anyone off the hook once they promised something—anything, to her. Her mother often said, "Paige you never let any of us get away with anything." A message that was relayed often, without judgment, and just as a fact to remember. While this innate trait was well-born, it was also the nemesis of others undoing.

The teaching profession agreed with Paige. Her organizational and writing skills that outlined and detailed every directional instruction for technical work found its proper home. Her social skills of empathy, coupled with her clear communication style, distinctly suited her fit for the teaching profession. Paige was habitually unfettered. As her typical self, it was forward march, figure it- or whatever it was- out. Each new learning curve was just another validation test to prove she could conquer all.

In a day where vocational programs were cropping up as educational essentials, industry professionals were revered and often recruited without formal teaching certificates. Paige was a top recruit. Industry experienced, and that she held an honors Associate Degree from this very program was a competitive advantage. Page understood the department protocols, its place within the industry she had been employed in, and its unique juxtaposition within the college it also served. In addition, Paige could relate well to students because she had been one not so long ago herself.

It was not until years later that Paige earned herself a higher ed degree in Adult Education, and then a proper teaching certificate to round out her credentials. This state mandated requirement bored her brain beyond monotony. Consequently with mach speed expedience that task was checked off Paige's had-to-do list in half the time it took others.

Paige's young professorship was never in question. Year after year student evaluations were testimony enough to her exemplary skills. As a professional who genuinely cared for her young to adult students, pupils often turned to Paige for issues outside the scope of classwork. Her first years of teaching were consumed. As any teacher knows, it's not just about lecturing. The profession encompasses building curricula and learning the tempo and structure of administrative life beyond the classroom.

Every new avenue was explored by Paige with ease. These first years in her growing department were both hectic and exhilarating. The type that drew you to work each morning because of the team synergy, and the school time families that were born.

Paige and her peers even fraternized outside the workplace because it did not interfere. They were passionate people that kept to their own tracks and did not meddle with others. It soon became apparent that Paige and her work group were a dedicated bunch. Consequently it was not long before their accredited degree became *the* program to attend in the Northwest.

Here Comes Sam

Those early years working with Sam were fun, happy times and engaging. Approaching forty, Sam had a blond boy's good looks, was of athletic proportions, yet not overly tall. His ever so slightly slanted blue eyes swooned without words. His demeanor easily seduced his woman students into finding their way into his office for class conferences. Sam's flirtations, bewitching appeal, and coy play on innocence served him and his motives well beyond the classroom.

Easy going and rather enlightened, Sam was a pleasure to work with in these formative years. He hustled with contagious enthusiasm. People either really liked or loathed Sam. He marketed himself well. He was very polished, came across as a gentleman, was light hearted, open to new ideas, and kid-like in many ways. Most people regarded Sam as very suave and dreamy in the looks category. Not necessarily handsome. Yet, he had that blonde hair charisma and piercing blue eyes that had everyone in his hands at the onset.

However, Sam's good looks never did much for Paige. And although she fell in with Sam's good graces and they were fast friends in and out of the work place, she was reserved. Those initial words of *be careful* were an ongoing reminder to Paige's conscious. Because it was that slight slant of Sam's azure eyes which constantly told her so.

Never one to care about dazzling appearances, Paige was only attracted to a person by their integrity of character. And she soon found, Sam had none. Sam's flip side proved he was a down-right liar and a good one at that. Deceptive and cunning, he often took credit for others' work. Sam's true nature as a leader was to not just direct his staff to take on more. In fact, he wanted his department peers to carry his load too. He preyed on staff that could not- would not- say no to him.

Sam targeted particularly women who would not speak up or fend for themselves. It was a long time coming before mutiny broke out. In the meantime Sam cavorted with the students, tickling their egos where it benefited him. And turned his charms on his admin supervisors by wiggling his way into making his life easy while using others.

The debonair smooth talking leader Sam claimed to be, was a fraud, as many peers found him out eventually. Dishonest, “scum bag” became synonymous for Sam as a few would later call him. He did hide this side well when it served him. Sam was a unique blend of opposites and despite his shortcomings he was still highly likable!

When Sam’s five-year term for tenure came due, all of his peers from the department were called in to chat about his performance with the head college Deans. This was routine to every tenured faculty member. When Paige was called into a private conference she told the Deans straight up that they would regret giving Sam tenure. Not faint of heart to any degree, Paige gave them solid examples of incidents that were inappropriate behavior for a program chair.

Paige’s verbal assertions explained that Sam’s habit of playing tennis often took precedence over presiding over his student labs. Additionally, his part-time hours burdened the department staff because they had to pick up his load when he was gone. His afternoon absences were inexcusable, and his behavior was actually acknowledged by several members of the tenure committee who had first hand knowledge. And yet they overlooked Sam’s infractions. They thanked Paige for her honesty. Sam got tenure.

Tenure is one of the biggest downfalls of our educational system. Once seated, these positions take an act of a higher power to dislodge and discharge. Literally, a bad seed has to commit some heinous act and be seen doing it to be expelled. Most of the time these troublemakers get promoted out of a department and into some other unsuspecting group.

Sam had started at the college just one year prior to hiring Paige. They worked together for twelve years too long. Paige hung in the college's employ for thirteen. The first seven years were good years, really. The department personnel all got along extremely well and thrived. It was a time of tremendous growth and opportunity while the group was challenged to provide top notch instruction. Those indeed were the times of plenty. Years of joy that only ascended synergy can bestow.

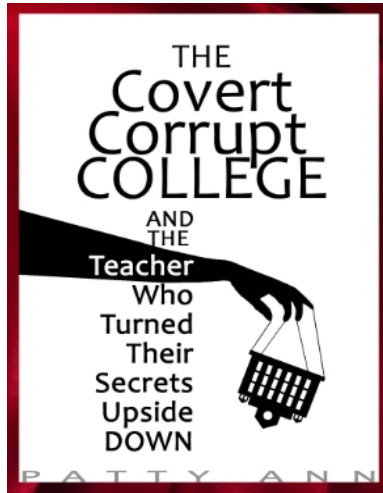
Sam's unpleasant side of shoving his work onto others would periodically emerge on the job. But Paige and her peers found work-arounds. The years of camaraderie found the group to be friends outside of work. Christmas and year end festivities were the norm and typically included the students as well. Party's were hosted at Sam's home before his divorce, or Paige's home after she was married.

Paige never gave romance a thought when she pondered Sam. Besides both being married, and great friends, they shared the love of hiking. Several summers found Paige and her husband, and Sam and his daughter, on adventurous hiking trips. Trekking Glacier National Park in Montana with a mountaintop stay at a chalet for several days was a highlight and a pinnacle to the best of times. Then there was that obscure, foot only accessible hike to Washington's coastline.

Years after the defection, Paige would still look back with vivid memories and acknowledge that those treks were among her top ten hikes ever. Alive with nature, awakened to God's glory, Paige admits she would love a do over. And, perhaps, would even consider Sam as a hiking partner once again! These special travel moments forged their close-knit kinship bond. But it was short lived.

Sam's disturbed side slowly emerged. It grew ugly-uglier, especially after his divorce. And later, his disposition turned even nastier when he took up with a younger woman, not much older than his daughter. To boot, he knocked her up. Then Sam's already erratic behavior became akin to a monkey behind bars.

Feeling trapped without options, with his freedom of flirting quelled, Sam was right back in the family making business. And, with a woman child who knew not of his deceptive ways. His mid-life crisis bound him in handcuffs to which he reasoned away, and reverted to irresponsible behaviors that a rebellious teen displays.



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