

SEATTLE PACIFIC UNIVERSITY

50-YEAR REUNION

Memory Book

JUNE 6, 2025



1975

CLASS OF



Dennis Carlson '75

SPU 50 Year Reunion Remembrances –Dennis Carlson

“What ever happened to that Odie Futz guy?” I arrived at then SPC in September 1971 with a nickname that had already stuck—Odie Futz. The origin of the name is another story. That first year in the infamous “Hustlers Handbook” pictorial directory, it did say, “Dennis Carlson” but with “(Odie Futz)” also typed in. For my sophomore year in 1972, alphabetically my picture was where ‘Dennis Carlson’ should have been but the only name given that year was “Odie Futz!” Some people knew my real name. Probably the majority knew Odie Futz was a nickname but would have been hard-pressed to come up with my real name. And still others thought that, weird as it was, that was my real name!

College is –or at least was—all about community, and in a particular way for a school like SPU, Christian community. My own community was rooted on my Ashton 4 floor, where I lived throughout my time at SPU. My sister, Sheryl (Carlson) Peterson (SPU’71) preceded me to SPU by four years, my brother, Rod Carlson (SPU, 1970-72) by a single year, meaning that we overlapped one year at SPU. While we entertained the idea of even rooming together, we would at times hold our hands out wide, 3+ feet apart and say, “We sleep this far apart from each other,” meaning on either side of a cinder block wall in adjacent dorm rooms in Ashton Hall. Among others on Ashton 4 that year were my roomie, also from San Jose, CA, Ben Torres and the Ephrata, WA boys, Don “Hernando” Horrell and Bill Correll. Maybe it was the latter who also gave the nickname to the brotherhood on the floor, “The Golden Toads.”

My second year, I roomed with another friend from San Jose, CA, incoming freshman, John Clauson. For more on his fascinating family of origin—and the intrigue of his “IBM Salesman” father, read his book, “Missileman: The Secret Life of Cold War Engineer Wallace Clauson!” Together with some SERIOUS basketball talent, John, Ben and I helped Ashton 4 Golden Toads win the Intramural Basketball Championship that year!

Academics— I DO actually remember a number of the classes that I took at SPU! My very first class—8:00 AM the Monday school started—was Sociology 101 with Dr. Mel Foreman. It was formative in my life as I did a research project interviewing folks in downtown Seattle workplaces, perhaps as ambitious as any term paper I did throughout my college years. Great prof! I ended up majoring in the related Social Science field of Psychology with several classes with Dr. Myrthalyne Thompson. While I appreciated Dr. Lloyd Montzingo’s year-long study of calculus, math being one of my first academic loves, I realized I was a tad more of a people person than a ‘facts and figures’ person. My brother and I took two of the same classes my first year. Not all can say that they were taught by an actual Olympian, as decorated runner Doris Brown Heritage was our Badminton instructor! In a similar but different way, our U.S. Government prof, C.Y. “Jesse” Chang made a bid to serve our nation and change the world with a run for the U.S. Senate!

A class that made a surprising impact on my life was Music 101 with Wadad Saba. To my shame, I never learned to properly read music, nor did I grow up in a family with great musical acclaim. What little musical giftedness there was in my family, my sister

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and brother ahead of me had already claimed! But exploring the different epochs of musical history together with their distinct genres, particularly in the classical field, helped shape a lifelong love of music for me. I am quite certain it was Prof. Saba's car parked near the Music Building that rocked the bumper sticker, "Add Brahms to Your Liszt!" And I did! Also of 'note', coming up on graduation in 1975, I found I was a couple of General Ed Fine Arts credits short of requirements so I took two one-credit classes, Chapel Choir (Ira Jones, Director) and Oratorio, singing Brahms' German Requiem (though thankfully in English) (Wayne Balch, Director). I was glad I did. Since then, I have had deep respect for those with God-given musical gifts who have worked diligently to cultivate them.

But there was other music on campus in those days, too! John Denver, whose star was still rising at the time did a concert in Royal Brougham one year, as did Peter Yarrow of "Peter, Paul and Mary" fame, another year—whose star was falling a bit by then. Memorable concerts both! Contemporary Christian singer, John Fischer also did a mini-concert in chapel. Mon-Wed-Fri gatherings in the flagship Free Methodist Church across the street from campus were 'mandatory' in those days, though I rarely needed such a requirement as incentive to attend. Not ever speaker or message was as memorable as the next but two speakers that absolutely packed the house, and deservedly so, were Dutch Holocaust Survivor and with her family beloved friends of God's people, the Jews, Corrie Ten Boom ("The Hiding Place") and British Bible Teacher, Scholar, Pastor and Church Statesman, John R.W. Stott. Not long before his untimely death, InterVarsity Apologist/Evangelist Paul Little ("Know What You Believe" and "Know Why You Believe") also spoke and had a clear impact on me.

My years at SPU were ones that fed my growing love for biking—even as the Burke-Gilman Trail was just being developed. Among many rides, three stand out, 1-Probably the longest was with my brother up to Edmonds where we took the ferry to Kingston. From there we made our way south through Poulsbo and across Bainbridge Island taking the ferry back to downtown Seattle and back north to SPU! 2-With friends we biked to the Seattle Waterfront to hop on the day-ferry to Victoria, Vancouver Island, for an afternoon of pedaling around that lovely Canadian city with evening return to Seattle. 3-Not sure that I have ever biked to a professional sporting event before or since, let alone by myself...and at NIGHT but "it seemed like a good idea at the time!" The NBA's Seattle Super Sonics played their home games at Seattle Center just over Queen Anne Hill for SPU. Not the easiest ride up nor down the steep south side of that Hill, but somehow, I made it!

Churches—I had grown up in one church for nearly 18 years, so college was a chance for me to experience the wider breadth of the church, though basically still limited to my own Protestant tradition. I rarely missed a Sunday, at least half the time going on foot but often catching rides with friends to churches a bit farther away. My most frequent congregations for Sunday worship were hoofing it from the top, sixth floor of Ashton up to the top of Queen Anne Hill and Bethany Presbyterian. At other times, I walked more west over the hill to Interbay Covenant Church, a church that was part of the denomination of my up-bringing. When rides were available I visited a few other Seattle area Covenant churches but also, a Lutheran church, Emmanuel Bible Church and a more Pentecostal flavored Christian Temple. The one Sunday there, sitting up in the balcony, I thought I saw someone who looked familiar. Sure enough, it was well-known

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Christian singer, Andre Crouch! On a more contemplative side, with friends we went to Sunday evening Compline services at St. Marks on top of Capitol Hill.

“And what more shall I say? I do not have time to tell about...” Gwinn Commons—I was actually quite satisfied with the food... Dorm Bible Studies... Skiing at Stevens Pass... Beth's Café by Green Lake for the best omelets and food-value in town... Herfy's Hamburgers...Spinning some late night vinyl as a DJ for SPU Radio KSSR... A good number of 15-hour drives up and down I-5 from my home in San Jose, CA to Seattle and back... Working the Dish room at Gwinn EVERY evening of my first quarter and every term –with a less intense schedule!—I was at SPU...Shooting hoops in the snow on the court adjacent to Ashton... friendships and formative experiences for a lifetime...

Don Horrell '75

I remember an outing during I believe the fall of my freshman year. Our fourth floor Ashton men combined with a women's floor to hike up to the top of Mount Si on a beautiful Sunday. I don't know which I was more excited about - hiking the mountain or meeting girls!

Of the chapel services, one that stands out to me was hearing Corrie ten Boom speak. This delightful little lady with her hair in a bun spoke to us in her strong Dutch accent. She had been sentenced to Nazi prison camp for hiding Jews in her house. She had a flashlight and shone it around the sanctuary at First Free Methodist Church. It impressed me that I am to be the light of the world.

- Don Horrell

Dave Kylo '75

I have great memories from my days at Seattle Pacific:

I loved my classes. I was an English Literature and Senior Education Major. Dr. Don McNichols was my advisor. On Thursdays, we had our Cadre Meetings and his wife, Lydia, Director of Registration and Records, was my mentor there.

I served as Basketball Manager for all four years, with Coach Habegger for the first 3 and Coach Swagerty for the Senior Year. The team members continue to be close friends. Coach Habegger taught me how to deal with people whom I respected, who scared me.

Moyer Hall was the residence hall for me. My roommates, including Victor Rodriguez, were wonderful men and I respect them highly.

The Centurions welcomed me into the fold and the meetings were held at Dr. Swanstrom's home.

"Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah" continues to bring remembrance of those meetings and opportunities to serve. Those men are great!

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Following graduation I went to Seminary, served two churches in Texas, took Clinical Pastoral Education and went into hospital chaplaincy for 31 years, first in Texas, then in Illinois where I was privileged to work at the world renowned Rehabilitation Institute of Chicago. Then I served a congregation where I became an advocate for work force housing (affordable housing) and a complex will be completed in June 2025.

I retired a little over 18 months ago.

Seattle Pacific taught me to be a Christian man in society with strength to work for the Lord wherever I went. I count it as the most significant place of education in my life.

Take Care & God Bless!

Dave Kylo, Class of 1975

Rev. David O. Kylo, BCC

Rick Reynolds '75

My final year at SPU was disjointed to say the least. I do not appear in the "Hustler's Handbook" or the Tawahsi either. You may notice me smoking a pipe, wearing a Sherlock-Holmes-style hat in the 1973-4 student handbook. I did the "changing majors and getting married shuffle" and graduated a year late.

If I was in the yearbook, they could have listed me as "Least Likely Future Alumni of the Year." In 2015 when I was notified of my selection, I told them they made a mistake. They can still take it back, maybe.

I wasn't around for ivy cutting, and didn't pick up my diploma with any pomp and circumstance at all. I went alone to Demaray Hall sometime in September of 1976. A student worker handed me my diploma, like getting new tabs for the car, without the wait in line. Very anticlimactic. But it made my new wife happy.

Rev. Rick Reynolds, class of 1975

Executive Director Emeritus

Operation Nightwatch

Bob Sloat '75

Meeting my wife-to-be, Susan Fischer, at Freshman Orientation

Great concerts in Royal Brougham Pavillion by John Denver and Peter Yarrow and in McKinley by Larry Norman

Epic finals-week campus-wide water fights

Herfy's runs

Alexander Chapel

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Working with outstanding ASSPC officers

Great professors and classmates

Trying to walk down from Ashton in my platform shoes

-Bob Sloat

Tim Taylor '75

Among the many memories are the following:

- Having Dr. Foreman as my faculty advisor. Classes with him, Dr. Wells (who turned out to be the son in law of the pastor that baptized me in High School) and Professor Larson.
- Working Campus Security, Cooking breakfast and lunch at the SUB. Saturday nights at Gwinn cooking steaks while watching the dishwashing crew boss making her crew toe the line.
- Seated in front of Dr. Edwards and Dr. McKenna and being read the riot act and being queried over the missing silverware and trays from Gwinn. Pleading my innocence for an event of which I was totally innocent, only to be told I was to be expelled if they weren't returned before dinner. Thanks Crawdad, I don't think I ever thanked you enough for returning those to Gwinn before dinner.

Why they would think that I was involved in something like that I do not know, I mean the compatriots of the guys on 3rd floor Hill, and all the harmless fun, we would never have done such a thing.....

Mmmm.... has the statute of limitations run out? OK... these are some that I "heard about".

- The Seal of the School, that regularly hung inside Gwinn, was found suspended between Gwinn and the Library during a special campus event weekend. It made the inside cover of that year's YearBook. Dr. McKenna et al thought it was planned and supposed to be there. I understand that it reappeared hanging in Gwinn just as quietly as it had left.
- The missing Victory Bell that was found ringing in the ladies stairwell of Hill at 0 dark thirty in the morning of spring quarter finals week. And the water sprinkler that suddenly and inexplicably activated which further hindered immediate access to the clapper by those attempting passage through the mission impossible string maze.
- Third floor Hill girls having their windows tar papered over so when they woke up they thought that their clocks were wrong because it was still dark outside.

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- Many other bonding moments with the other members of 3rd floor Hill such as weeks long board games of France 1940. I just don't understand why we got blamed for all those things that 4th floor Hill bonded over.

There is however one memory that tops the charts. It was the extremely formal, or somewhat panicked, introduction by another member of the 3rd floor Hill team, Greg Bolich, to a young lady who was intensely grilling, nay frying, him over a late night phone call her dorm room had received. As I passed by, Greg diverted the conversation by introducing me to the young lady that had him backed up against the table. I, using my keenly honed powers of observation and knowing how ruthlessly she ruled over her dish pit crew, deduced that she was near breaking down his defenses. Recognizing her as a formidable opponent, having had several quarts of perfume dumped on me by her and others from her floor in retaliation over an earlier event, of which AGAIN our floor was mistakenly blamed (I can't understand why all these mistakes occurred), I intervened by inviting her to the movie that night, which resulted in our 30 day courtship and the continuing adventures we have had over the past 52 years. (and plan on continuing to have for another 50 or so)

God is great!

- Tim Taylor