

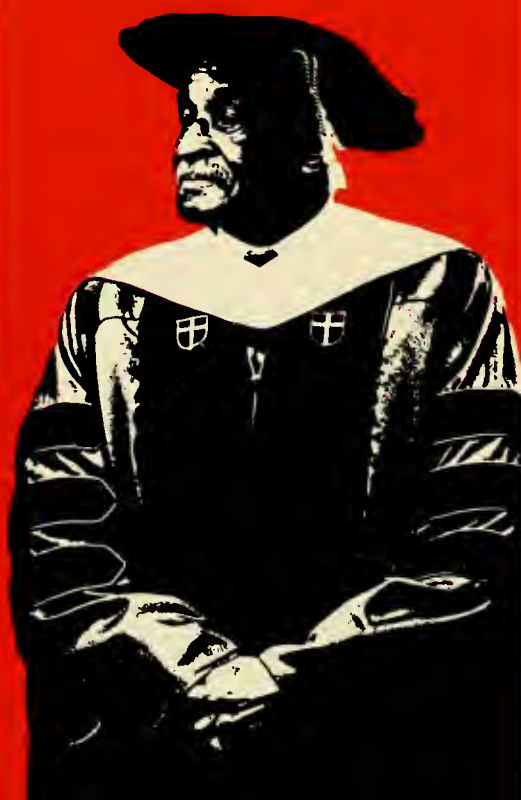
JOHN F. BARRY, JR.

Brown

Alumni Monthly September 1978

Climbing
in the
Himalayas

Saunders
Redding
on Black
Chauvinism



Living
with
Dying





Brown

Brown Alumni Monthly, September 1978, Vol. 79, No. 1

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page 10



page 20



page 34

In this issue

10 Black Chauvinism and Black Culture: A Modest Dissent

J. Saunders Redding '28 argues, in this provocative essay, that there is no black culture separate and distinct from American culture.

18 Ah So, the Ball Game

Forty-one Japanese junior high and high school teachers of English sample Fenway franks, decipher the mysteries of the designated hitter, and enjoy one of America's most successful exports on the home turf.

20 Learning to Live with Death

"No physician can bring understanding and compassion to the care of a dying patient unless he has come to terms with death himself," writes editorial associate Janet Phillips. She attended a course offered in Brown's medical program intended to do just that and wrote an account of her experience.

34 At Last, the Summit

The latest in our intermittent series of armchair vacations. Grab a beer, or some yearning, and travel with us to the Himalayas. Professor of geological sciences and expedition leader Tim Mutch returned thirty pounds lighter with the story.

Departments

2 Carrying the Mail

5 Under the Elms

8 Sports

44 Point of View

46 The Classes

57 Deaths

60 On Stage

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Opposite: In this photograph by Julia Fairchild, four members of the expedition to the Himalayas (see page 34) pause on their hike through the Rishi Gorge towards the distant peak, Nanda Devi.

Carrying the Mail

The curriculum debate

Editor: I have just read with great interest the articles on "The Great Curriculum Debate," by Debra Shore, and "The Brown Curriculum: Let Others Return to Tradition," by Steven Rattner. Having been absent from the Brown scene for nine years, I am not really qualified to comment on the success of the "new-old" curriculum. But as the father of a newly admitted Brown freshman, I can express the hope that Brown will listen to voices like Mr. Rattner's and will not abandon the curricular freedom which has become its most distinctive feature. Here in Iowa City, among the most thoughtful members of the classes graduating from high school, Brown and Harvard are the most popular choices among colleges in the Ivy League and perhaps among all private colleges outside Iowa. I attribute this popularity to several things: the excellence of the faculty, as recognized by a Nobel prize, memberships in the National Academy of Sciences, and other marks of distinction; continued emphasis on undergraduate education as a primary responsibility; unusual and well-designed special programs like the medical education program; and the knowledge that Brown values intellectual freedom for undergraduates and encourages them to take responsibility for their own education. Harvard is a fine place, with perhaps an even more distinguished faculty than Brown's, but I have encouraged my son to choose Brown, because of the last two features I listed.

At the University of Iowa, I am a member of a faculty committee which is studying this university's requirements in general education. Our pattern has not changed much since 1944; we still require two years of a foreign language, work in writing and in literature, and courses in the broad fields of historical and cultural studies, the natural sciences, and the social sciences. Almost assuredly the committee will recom-

mend the strengthening of these requirements, especially in mathematics and in writing. Such requirements seem to me appropriate for the University of Iowa; most of the testimony we have received indicates that the students expect and appreciate them. And within our College of Liberal Arts, we offer a degree called the bachelor of general studies, which allows much of the freedom enjoyed by Brown students. But in the nation as a whole, we need a diversity of educational patterns; what is right for Iowa or Harvard may not be right at all for Brown. I have recently visited, as an examiner for accreditation or a consultant to a national foundation, two colleges which are quite different from either Iowa or Brown: Luther College in Decorah, Iowa, where an integrated program of literary and historical study is required of all freshmen; and Colorado College in Colorado Springs, where all courses are offered in an intensive block plan, under which a student concentrates on one subject at a time. Both colleges received high marks from me, because their curricula are carefully considered, effectively operated, and appropriate for their students. Colorado College, like Brown, has found that its applications have increased since it adopted a unique program eight years ago.

I feel sure that not all elements of the Brown plan are equally successful, and improvements might be made. Among the several letters which I received after the Brown faculty adopted the "new curriculum" in 1969, the only one which really gave me pause was from ex-President Henry Wriston. Mr. Wriston said that he did not disapprove of any of the reforms except for the arrangement which substituted "No credit" for the grade of "F." He felt that it was dishonest not to record a failure on a student's transcript, and that such a practice would not foster the sense of responsibility we were trying to encourage among students. This, and other details, might be reviewed at this time.

In what the *Brown Alumni Monthly* calls "the great curriculum debate" which is now sweeping the country, there is far too great a tendency to generalize about all students at all colleges and universities. We are told that we are seeing a "return to basics," in reaction against the "permissive" education inaugurated in response to student activism in the late 1960s. In some sense, such generalizations may be true, and valuable, but they

obscure important considerations which should differentiate a public university from a private university with restricted enrollment, a church-related college with a strong sense of ethnic identification from a quite different private college, and even one Ivy League university from another. When I first came to Brown in 1966, I gave a speech in which I expressed the hope that Brown would not imitate Harvard or the great state universities or any other institution but would continue to develop its own traditions. A great many things have changed since 1966, but I think that hope is still valid for Brown and for Harvard and Iowa.

RAY L. HEFFNER
Iowa City, Iowa

The writer, professor of English at Iowa, was president of Brown from 1966 to 1969. — Editor

Editor: In the last issue of the *BAM*, in the article on the new curriculum, a dean was quoted as asking, "Do these people who talk about the educated man speak several languages themselves or know what a Hamiltonian is. . . ." Perhaps he was quoted out of context but that such a question could be asked is a commentary on the new curriculum. The abilities to do such things are tools of analysis which may be of value to an educated man but which are subordinate to his other abilities. An educated man sees more deeply into events than he would otherwise and is aware of the interdependencies of events. The whole end of education is the development of judgment, both personal and professional. Faculty with a set of tools can be produced by twenty-eight courses in economics, or art, or mathematics, but judgment is encouraged only by exposure to a broader group of ideas, critically evaluated.

This is the sort of thing Henry Wriston used to say to us when I was an undergraduate. At the time, I thought that he made a living by mouthing platitudes. I misjudged him. These things need to be said.

JOHN V. HIGGINS '51
Sundown, N.Y.

Editor: Brown University would be doing its future students a favor by following the example of Harvard in reinstituting core curriculum requirements.

Letters to the editor are welcome. They should be on subjects of interest to readers of this magazine with emphasis on an exchange of views and discussion of ideas. All points of view are welcome, but for reasons of space, variety, and timeliness, the staff may not publish all letters it receives and may use excerpts from others.

I am a product of the New Curriculum who, four years later, looks back with dismay at how Brown completely failed to educate me as a total person. My intellectual growth in science, mathematics, foreign language, art, economics, and philosophy slowed to a crawl when I stepped through the Van Vickle Gates and decided my personal goals lay elsewhere.

I accept much of the responsibility for his failure. I was the one who chose a college in which total responsibility for developing an educational plan was dumped on my adolescent shoulders. I was the one who chose a concentration in the social sciences, with very infrequent diversions from that path to amble other fields of study. And these diversions were all too often terminated abruptly under the liberal grading system if I found the challenge too difficult.

Much of my time at Brown was spent as a confused, poorly motivated kid without the slightest idea where he was going in life, and without the willpower to enroll in courses I suspected would prove valuable in later life. And I was not alone.

As Debra Shore pointed out in her article, the New Curriculum was designed by a group of highly motivated students, the type of people who thrive in an atmosphere of complete freedom. But Brown policymakers were criminally elitist in assuming they could recruit thousands of men and women who could harness these freedoms and mold individual curricula that were superior to the pattern of study accepted by modern civilization for defining "the educated man."

Often, when I engage in discussion with friends who attended schools supposedly far inferior to Brown, I quickly realize the extent of what I did not learn at Brown. They may have rebelled, at the time, against being forced to take Math 101 or Philosophy 103, and having to accept D's or F's if they were unsuccessful, but they are better now for that temporary inconvenience.

ERRY MACKAREVICH '74
Scranton, Pa.

Divestiture

Editor: Professor Stultz's article (*BAM*, May/June) on the South African divestiture issue is brilliant. It deserves very wide dissemination. Suggest it be sent to the companies in South Africa whose stock Brown holds.

MALCOLM STEARNS, JR. (parent)
Haddam, Conn.

Editor: I am greatly disappointed by Newell Stultz's article on the question of divestiture and South Africa. Despite his assertion that his purpose is "not to promote a specific point of view," Professor Stultz manages to do just that. By labeling the two positions as "radical" and "conservative," he

prejudices the case from the beginning. My politics lean toward the liberal side, but I am a radical by no means, yet I favor the view characterized as "radical" by Professor Stultz. Throughout the article there is a distinct tone of advocacy that is not diminished by Professor Stultz's frequent reminders of where he stands personally. The lengthy concluding summary of the "advantages" of the "conservative" position certainly invalidates all claims to objectivity. I think the *BAM* readership is poorly served by subjective articles in the guise of objective reporting.

PETER S. ALLEN '68 A.M., '73 Ph.D.
Providence

Never end a sentence . . .

Editor: In the May/June *BAM*, Nicholas E. Pingitore, Ph.D., assistant professor of geological sciences at the University of Texas at El Paso, asserts of Dr. Lehrer's question in the March *BAM* ["What Does a Doctorate in English Qualify Me For?"] that "a doctorate in English qualifies her for nothing" because the question ends in a preposition. Did no one ever tell Dr. Pingitore that a doctorate in geological sciences does not qualify him as an expert in English usage?

He would profit greatly in knowledge and manners by reading the entry "preposition at end" in *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage* by H. W. Fowler, revised and edited by Sir Ernest Gowers, 2nd edition, New York, 1965, pp. 473-474. "Those who lay down the universal principle that final prepositions are 'inelegant,' " says Fowler, "are unconsciously trying to deprive the English language of a valuable idiomatic resource which has been freely used by all our greatest writers." If Dr. Pingitore would like further enlightenment, let him refer to *Syntax* by George O. Curme (New York, 1931), pp. 566-569. Curme will inform him that "for many centuries the position of a preposition at or near the end of a proposition has been one of the outstanding features of our language."

I. J. KAPSTEIN '26
Providence

The writer is professor emeritus of English at Brown. — Editor

Editor: I am annoyed by a letter from one Nicholas E. Pingitore, Jr., who presumes to correct a March article's title to read "For What Does a Doctorate in English Qualify Me?" No doubt the article, by an alumna named Lehrer, was originally headed "What Does a Doctorate in English Qualify Me For?"

The latter is much better English, as anybody but a constipated semi-literate would know. Pingitore doesn't know what he's shooting off his typewriter about. (Yes, I

could have written "... about what he's shooting off his typewriter." That would have been ungraceful and unidiomatic English, though obedient to the linguistically ignorant shibboleth about not ending a sentence with a preposition.)

Even more infuriating than his smug fatuousness about language is Pingitore's crass insensitivity. I do not know Dr. Lehrer, but her Brown doctorate qualifies her to teach at any college in the country. Brown does not award doctorates to the unqualified, as I believe I have reason to know. Yet here is a splendidly educated woman unable to find a job equal to her abilities. Only an unfeeling clod could fail to sympathize with her.

No doubt Professor Pingitore, with his Brown doctorate, is qualified to teach geology, which he'd better stick to. (Yes, I could have written "... to which he'd better stick.") The fellow would be better advised to thank God (or Somebody) for his good fortune, to deplore Dr. Lehrer's bad luck, and to learn more about English before he again sounds off. (He probably thinks that "off" here is a preposition.)

Here's a closing anecdote about Winston Churchill, who won a Nobel prize in literature. During World War II, Churchill headed a coalition government and was therefore obliged to submit drafts of his speeches to that government's minority Laborites. Some petty Labor functionary had the gall to "correct" a Churchillian sentence supposedly ending in a preposition. Churchill sent the man a note that read as follows: "This is the sort of officious nonsense up with which I will not put."

RICHARD H. REIS '62 Ph.D.
Marion, Mass.

The writer is professor of English at Southeastern Massachusetts University. — Editor

Editor: I enjoyed Dr. Lehrer's article immensely (*BAM*, March) and can readily sympathize with her frustrations. I think I can tell her what a doctorate in English qualifies her for. It is an excellent starting point for accumulating the knowledge and experience for disseminating information about English language and literature in a college classroom. It is ironic that Dr. Lehrer was considered an adequate college instructor before she received her degree but lacked the necessary "qualifications" afterward. This raises a question: If colleges refuse to recognize academic degrees, who is going to?

The practice is not without its results in the disastrous accumulation of ignorance. If our tussy-minded geological friend from Texas had been more adequately instructed in the language, he could have recognized Dr. Lehrer's article as both accurate and delightful.

DOROTHY TROENDLE '60 Ph.D.
Rumford, R.I.

'Forever grateful'

Editor: As a graduate this past June, I would like to write an open letter of appreciation to all those alumni and friends who have contributed to Brown or the Brown Fund and made it possible for someone like myself, who received a substantial scholarship, to attend Brown. I will be forever grateful for the great opportunity you provided me. I sincerely hope that someday I will be fortunate enough to be in a position to help future students gain this same opportunity.

I want you to know I enjoyed immensely my stay at Brown. I feel I have received an excellent education: one which has broadened my horizons, given me confidence in my abilities, made me aware of my limitations and, above all, allowed me the chance to learn how to learn. For all this, I must give both credit and thanks to my fellow students and the Brown faculty.

Again, I thank you for making all this possible for me.

PETER LYCURGUS '78
Barrington, R.I.

P.S. I was awarded the Harvey A. Baker Fellowship for 1978 and will be attending the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania this fall.

Paul Palatt

Editor: I was saddened to read of the tragic, premature death of Paul Palatt [see Deaths]. Paul and Jeff Brown '74 led my migration to the Golden State five short summers ago. Paul's friendliness, resourcefulness, and friends along the way made our cross-country trip by van and foot my most exciting travels. They also influenced my change to a more active and ecological lifestyle. I am most grateful to Paul for turning me on to natural foods. Paul had many friends and many destinations, but I still anticipated the day he would show up at my door when he again passed through. A truly fine and inspirational young man.

RICK HYMAN '73
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Reunion impressions

Editor: Just a note to say how much I enjoyed and appreciated my first reunion after thirty years. While I was properly impressed by the new buildings and the new curriculum, my most favorable impression of Brown was the presence in significant numbers of women and blacks in the student body and on the faculty. What an improvement over my time at Brown in the forties. To make my feelings crystal clear — I think those people who bitch and gripe about "quotas" really should "knock it off." Where were they back in the "good old days" where the basic quota was white for students and

male WASP for faculty. I think we should be grateful for affirmative action which has dragged us kicking and screaming into the twentieth century.

TONY BEHR '48
Bayside, N.Y.

The Lamphere settlement

Editor: Thus far, Carrying the Mail has had letters from males opposed to the Lamphere settlement and females in favor. Herewith is a letter from a white female opposed to that portion of the Lamphere settlement dealing with future advancement of faculty.

When a woman had to be strikingly better qualified than a man to advance in the academic or business hierarchies, we cried (and rightly so) "sexual discrimination." The consent decree requires that the University give "preference to equally qualified women over non-minority males." Due to the impossibility of quantitatively comparing academic credentials, the Lamphere settlement will, in effect, require that a man be strikingly better qualified than a woman to advance in the Brown hierarchy. By what synaptic short circuit do we call this hypocrisy "affirmative action"? Gorton and Wessen blatantly sidestepped this issue. To say that the consent decree "reiterates affirmative action, which is federal law" just hides right behind might.

I have not sold my soul to the (male) academic establishment. On the contrary, my vocal disapproval of faculty sexism in medical school was unswerving. I even hope to have a career in academic medicine. Yet I have no illusions as to the entrenchment of the "old boys." But I do not want to progress to equal opportunity by denying it to others.

The time when women asked politely to be treated equally and then meekly took what they were handed has long passed. So if swinging the pendulum to the left is not the answer, what is? Perhaps a partial answer is to be found in the portion of the Lamphere settlement dealing with past grievances. Lamphere forced the University to redress past grievances and the financial cost to the University was sky high. So the University is on notice that sexual bias will be met with strong action. By all means, set up a committee to deal with grievances while they are still *intra familias*. But to force the University to a position of reverse sexual discrimination, however temporally limited, can only hurt us all.

JOAN C. MARINI, M.D. '73
Baltimore, Md.

Editor: I find it interesting that most of the letters in this column that protest the Lamphere decision have come from men. Often they call for the return of a "merit" system in hiring. Are they really so foolish as

to believe that there was a merit system before? Aren't they *really* saying that now that there is much more of a merit system, they don't like it and want to go back to preferential treatment for white males? Their talk of "fairness" rings hollow. Life is not fair. Justice and fairness are not always the same, either.

ANN N. GREENE '74
Danbury, Conn.

Henry Wriston

Editor: Thank you for the April issue and its beautiful tributes to Mr. Wriston, one of the most remarkable men many of us ever were privileged to know.

Just one correction — your "timing" of the Commencement procession on page 34 is "off" by a full decade. That picture could have been taken no earlier than 1953 (more likely 1954). The young man wearing Genevans immediately behind Mr. Wriston and Mr. Tanner (*not* Turner) is my husband, E. C. "Pete" Rechard, who was chaplain of the University for six wonderful years, 1952-1958.

Our son Charles Rechard, who watched his first Brown Commencement at age six months, is a member of the class of 1978, and June 5 will see us back on the Hill to celebrate his procession through the Van Wickle gates

SUSANNA M. RECHARD
Danville, Ky.

The BAM relied on information written on the back of the Commencement procession photograph to determine the date. We sincerely regret the incorrect name given to Chancellor Tanner, who was a member of the class of 1909, not 1910.

—Editor

CORRECTIONS

Two errors in the obituaries in recent issues have been called to our attention. In the July/August *BAM*, Leonard Brown Campbell was incorrectly listed as a member of the class of 1911. His class was 1915. In the obituary of Helen Whitmarsh Drew '03 in the May/June issue, we referred to her "late son Jerome B. Drew '29." We are happy to report that Jerome B. Drew is alive and residing with his wife at 1076 S.E. St. Lucie Blvd., Stuart, Fla. 33494. The *BAM* regrets these errors.

In the article "Blacks at Brown" which began on page 15 of the July/August issue, we should have noted that the names Bastrop and Lebman, which appeared in the excerpt from J. Saunders Redding's book, *No Day of Triumph*, were not the real names of the two men.

Under the Elms

Theatre arts: a new academic department

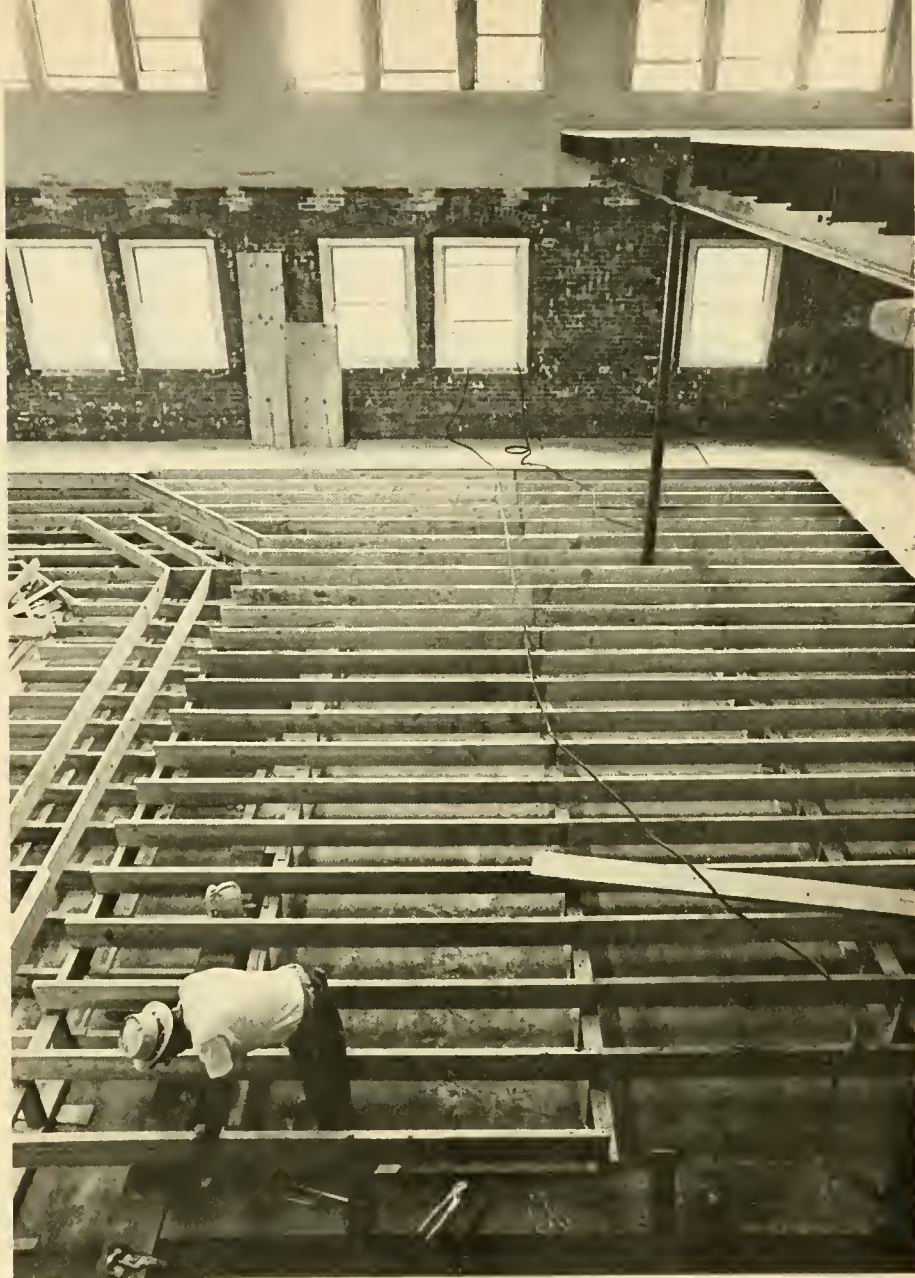
For seventy-seven years the Brown theater has been a program under the control of the English department. No more. With the approval of the Corporation last spring, a Department of Theater Arts was created, effective July 1, with Prof. James O. Barnhill as its chairman.

Theater has been moving in the direction of autonomy since 1968 when a program in theater arts was created and a concentration approved. About five years ago, theater became even more independent of the English department when it was allowed to propose its own budgets.

"Matters came to a head the last couple of years during the renovations of Lyman Hall," says Prof. John Lucas, technical director of theater. "We found that we were left out of the committee meetings that were held to discuss the renovation of the building we were to occupy. It just didn't make sense. The chairman of the English department would be at the meetings, but he found himself in the role of a middle-man, checking back with us and then reporting our thoughts to the renovation committee.

"We felt we should have a voice on that committee and so we went to the English department with a proposal that would, in essence, create a department of theater arts. Then we had to decide what we would take over if we became a department. It was finally decided that film and semiotics would remain with the English department and we would be responsible for theater arts, dance, and speech."

Originally the move was to have been made in January 1980. However, A. D. Van Nostrand, in his final year as chairman of the English department, wanted it to happen during his regime and made the public announcement prior to the awarding of the concentra-



Workmen install the floor for the new Lyman Hall theatre.
Theatre arts chairman Jim Barnhill.



Hugh Smyser

tion degrees at Sayles Hall immediately after Commencement.

Chairman Barnhill feels that the move towards independence was inevitable. "The presentation of plays has been a part of the Brown experience for many decades," he says. "and many of our most distinguished alumni have been involved in one or more of our theater groups. But within the last decade our college community has started to understand more clearly just what the theatrical arts — and they include many forms — contribute to our campus. The theater uses as tools all branches of learning that bear upon the dramatic impulse.

"Our acceptance by the Brown community parallels the increasing emphasis which the performing arts are re-

ceiving throughout the nation. During the past decade we have assembled a superb staff, we now have a new facility that is truly a gem, and we have moved ahead in significant ways with our curriculum. In short, we are ready."

Work has been progressing at Lyman Hall (the old Lyman Gym) all spring, and offices and classrooms will be open this fall. The quarters will also include an adaptable-space theater seating up to 200, a small room for directing and acting classes, classrooms, a library, a dance studio where the old pool used to be, dressing rooms and locker rooms for the dancers and actors, a room for the debating club, and a slide lecture room. The theater itself won't be finished until the start of the second semester. A dedication is planned at that time.

J.B.

The Bakke decision: For Brown, cause for relaxation

The Supreme Court's narrow and narrowly split decision in the controversial Bakke case (*BAM*, November 1977), handed down at the end of June, brought a measure of relief to both parties. The Court ruled that the special admissions program at the University of California at Davis Medical School, which had reserved sixteen places in each class for minority applicants, was unconstitutional. Justice Lewis Powell stated in the leading opinion, "If petitioner's [the University of California Regents on behalf of the Davis medical school] purpose is to assure within its student body some specified percentage of a particular group merely because of its race or ethnic origin, such a preferential purpose must be rejected not as insubstantial but as facially invalid. Preferring members of any one group for no reason other than race or ethnic origin is discrimination for its own sake. This the Constitution forbids."

The University was unable to show that Allan Bakke would not have been admitted to medical school even in the absence of the special admissions program, hence the Court ruled that Bakke must be admitted to medical school.

But the court also ruled that race is "one element in a range of factors" that colleges and universities *may* take into consideration in order to attain a diverse student body. This portion of the decision has given heart to supporters of

affirmative-action programs. "The attainment of a diverse student body," Justice Powell's opinion states, "... clearly is a constitutionally permissible goal for an institution of higher education. Academic freedom, though not a specifically enumerated constitutional right, long has been viewed as a special concern of the First Amendment. The freedom of a university to make its own judgments as to education includes the selection of its student body." But, Powell argued, while a university can take race into consideration in the interests of diversity, the Davis medical school's special admissions program, "focused *solely* on ethnic diversity, would hinder rather than further attainment of genuine diversity." Powell cited the admissions program at Harvard College as one in which the interests of a diverse student body and affirmative action are congenially combined. Race can be considered as a factor in the admissions process, but only as one of a number of factors — such as geographic origin, unique work or service experience, leadership potential, maturity, a history of overcoming disadvantage, or other qualifications the university deems important — and not the *sole* factor.

What does the Bakke decision mean for Brown? "It will cause a certain amount of relaxation," says Levi Adams, associate vice president for external affairs of the Program in Medicine. "We can proceed to act affirmatively in our program certain that

Associate vice president Levi Adams



John Forstie

the kind of consideration we want to give to race as a factor will not be upended by the Court." In addition, Adams says, "It's going to make Brown and all other institutions look rather meticulously at their *processes*."

In one sense, according to Adams, the Brown medical program has an advantage in that its most extensive affirmative-action program has been concerned not with race, but with geographic origin. Since the Brown medical program is the only medical school in the state, and since it is part of Brown's mission to train physicians to serve Rhode Island and surrounding communities, one of the factors considered in admission to the Brown program is Rhode Island residency. This is not to say that all Rhode Island residents who apply are admitted — in fact, only about half are — but residency is one of a number of factors considered in the admissions process.

Once the medical program's admissions committee determines that a candidate is competent to do the work — the first step in the assessment of each applicant — it evaluates each candidate in terms of Brown's institutional needs and priorities. Hence, the committee considers residency, race, recommendations, personal qualities and talents, and so on. "We have a chamber music group in the medical program," Adams explained, "and we have concerts every year, so we may have to find someone to play the piano or whatever. This adds to the program. This has to do with diversity," Adams says, "which is part of the intent of our process."

The admission process for undergraduates is essentially the same — though geographic distribution has a different degree of importance in class composition — and thus remains basically unaffected by the Bakke decision.

Meanwhile, the University's overall affirmative-action plan to achieve a better representation of women and minorities on the faculty and in the administration has been approved (*BAM*, April), and everyone, in the hot and humid days of summer, was trying to breathe a little easier.

D.S.

BROWN

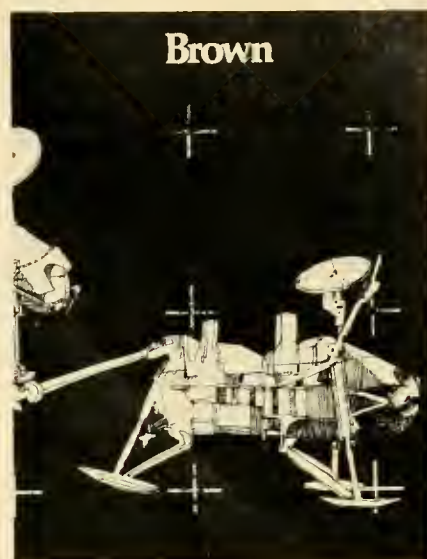
ALUMNI MONTHLY



MOMENT OF TRIUMPH

DECEMBER 1953

SENT BY THE UNIVERSITY TO ALL BROWN MEN



Three decades of the Brown Alumni Monthly: Issues from 1953, 1969, 1974.

Honors for the BAM

The *Brown Alumni Monthly* has been judged one of the ten best alumni magazines in the nation for the tenth consecutive year and two of its issues were selected among the ten best issues of alumni magazines during the 1970s in competitions sponsored last spring by the Council for Advancement and Support of Education (CASE).

CASE is a Washington-based organization that represents more than 2,000 colleges, universities, and independent schools in the fields of alumni, government, and institutional relations, periodicals and publications, educational fund-raising, and educational management. Its annual competitions are judged by national juries of professionals in education and communications, and it confers the highest awards given in the external affairs area of higher education.

Selection of the *BAM* in the Top Ten was made by a group of senior editors at *Newsweek* magazine, which sponsored the magazine competition for CASE this year. (The Robert Sibley Award for the best magazine in the nation was won by *Notre Dame Magazine*.) The *BAM* also won an exceptional achievement award from *Harper's Magazine* for excellence in staff writing.

The award for the best issues of the 1970s came as part of a special competition celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of alumni publishing competition. Editors were invited to submit two issues from the 1970s for judging to select the two best nationally. The two issues of the *BAM* selected were May/June

1975 and March 1976. Two other magazines, the *Johns Hopkins Magazine* and *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, also had both their entries selected among the ten best. *BAM* Associate Editor Debra Shore, formerly associate editor at Hopkins, was a principal contributor to the two Hopkins issues selected.

CASE also cited the *BAM* as one of the nine most honored magazines of the past fifty years, and Editor Robert M. Rhodes was one of six men and women honored for their contributions to alumni publishing.

The *Weekly Bulletin*, a newspaper published for the University community and edited by Bobby Clark '69, received an exceptional achievement award for the third consecutive year in CASE's tabloid competition. Three photographs (two from the *BAM*, one from the *Bulletin*) by John Forasté were among fifteen photographs selected as the best in the nation, and a Forasté photo essay in the *Bulletin* on artist Richard Fishman was selected as one of the five best photo essays.

An entry of University Relations publications — including the *BAM*, the *Weekly Bulletin*, and brochures and other materials designed by University Relations designer Kathryn deBoer — received a citation as one of ten "total publication" programs honored this year. Kathryn DeBoer also received a citation for her materials prepared for the inauguration of President Howard Swearer and for her design of the 1978 annual report of the Program in Medicine. Former *BAM* managing editor Sandra Reeves, who edited the text for the medical report, was also cited.

Joseph Gilbert, a designer for the graphic services office on the campus, received exceptional achievement awards for his design of a new catalogue for the medical program and for an admission viewbook, "Brown: The College." He and Sandy Reeves, who wrote the text for the viewbook, received a second exceptional achievement award for the book in the "individual publications" category. Gilbert also received three citations for other entries.

More on the new alumni directory . . .

Brown alumni and alumnae will be receiving two mailings from the Alumni Relations Office requesting information to be included in the first alumni directory published since the Brown Bicentennial in 1964.

Jon Keates, director of alumni relations, reports that even if the first questionnaire is completed, you will receive a second request, simply because the clerical costs involved in suppressing the second mailing would be excessive when compared to bulk mailing costs. Keates points out that all mailing costs in the project will be absorbed by the publisher of the new directory, Harris Publishers of White Plains, New York.

People and Programs

□ Sallie K. Riggs '62, associate director of University relations since 1972, has been named assistant vice president for University relations. The former editor of the *Pembroke Alumna*, she will continue to head the department of programs and services and to direct the continuing college. She will also assume additional responsibilities in support of the forthcoming capital campaign.

□ Janet Phillips '70, who for four years has served as editorial assistant at the *BAM*, has replaced Anne Diffily, who resigned last spring, as editorial associate.

Sports

Football: 'This year we produce'

Movies have never been big in the life of Brown football coach John Anderson. Mention *Star Wars* to him and he thinks of another verbal clash between Billy Martin and George Steinbrenner. All the recent technical advances in the film industry have done nothing to alter his conception of the cinema as something to be avoided at all costs, along with the mumps, measles, and alumni cocktail parties after a losing football game.

"The last time I stepped inside a theater was to see *The Guns of Navarone*, he says. "That was back about 1957. When I went to the movies in my younger days, more often than not I'd either fall asleep or walk out. Those Hollywood moguls didn't make their fortunes from my pocket." His wife agrees. "Life with John has been exciting," says Marge Anderson, "but sometimes I think that my education in the art of filmmaking has suffered."

Last spring, though, John Anderson did watch a movie, and with more than a modicum of interest. It was a film of the 1977 Brown football season. Anderson sat through this one all the way, and he didn't fall asleep. He also didn't like what he saw.

"The staff and I critique ourselves each spring," Anderson says. "It's routine. We look at our game films of the previous fall and try to find areas where we think we can improve. This spring, with three new members on the

varsity staff, I guess I became more deeply involved in the critique. My general impression was that my staff and I didn't do a very good job of coaching last year. Maybe not for the last two years. We were 7-2 a year ago and finished second in the Ivy League, but I'm thinking now that perhaps the kids did it on raw talent rather than expert coaching.

"I think what happened is this. When the staff and I came here in 1973 we didn't have the talent to compete successfully in the Ivy League. To compensate for this we all worked exceptionally hard on the basics — techniques and execution. Then, as the talent got better in 1976 and 1977 and the players were able to match ability with anyone in the league, members of the staff and I, unconsciously, stopped stressing techniques and execution.

"We moved the ball very well the last couple of years, set quite a few team rushing and total offense records, and we have one Ivy title and a second-place finish to show for it. But those movies this spring indicated to me that as a team we didn't execute properly. This fall we are going back to the basics and we're all going to work that much harder. There's no question in my mind that Brown will have a much better team in 1978 than it has ever had in my years here. This year we produce."

Despite his current concerns, John Anderson hasn't exactly been unproductive during his Brown years. The five-year mark is 30-12-2 with five consecutive seasons in the black and a winning record against all Ivy opponents except Penn (.500 vs. Dartmouth). But Anderson could be right about 1978. It does seem that all the ingredients are there for Brown to have an exceptionally fine football team.

Fifteen of the twenty-nine returning lettermen will be on offense. A year ago seven of the eleven offensive starters were sophomores, a factor which may have contributed to the many fumbles and penalties that frequently broke the continuity of the offense.

Anderson is happy with his offensive line. He should be. It includes such behemoths as tight end Scott Kidger (6'6", 242), tackle John Sinnott (6'5", 280), guard Bob Forster (6'4", 245), and All-Ivy center Mike Knight (6'3", 233). Anderson says that Kidger is the best blocking tight end he has ever coached, that Sinnott and Forster could play for most teams in the East, and that Knight

is the best center he's had at Brown.

Three of the four starters in the backfield have returned, including quarterback Mark Whipple, who passed for 989 yards a year ago and ran for 354. The starting left halfback will be JoJo Jamiel, who was Brown's second leading rusher last fall as a sophomore with 381 yards (5.9 per carry) after seeing limited action early in the season. The fullback will be another junior, Marty Moran, who has a bullet-like start, run low, and is tenacious near the goal line. The flanker position is up for grabs.

"In Jamiel and Moran we have two men who can break open and score from any point on the field," Anderson says. "This will be the first time in my Brown years that we have had such breakaway ability in the same backfield for a full season. And in Mark Whipple we have the perfect quarterback to make this team move. He is a smooth passer, a deceptively effective runner, and, even more important, he is a born leader who can stick his head in the huddle and command the respect of the players."

Anderson feels that the offense may be slightly ahead of his defense early in the year, only because of the loss of such defensive stars as tackles Kevin Webb and Kevin Rooney and linebackers Lou Cole and Jeff Van Ribbink. But there are strong points to the defense. One of them is in the secondary. Last fall, Brown was second in the nation in pass defense. The three starters return as seniors: Luke Gaffney and Dick Galvin at the corners and Ron Brown at safety. Some time may be needed to fill the holes at tackle and linebacker, but the material is there among the veterans and in the sophomore class.

Anderson feels that Yale will once again be the team to beat in the Ivy League. Last fall the Elis won, 10-9, in a thriller at Yale Bowl and ended the season one game ahead of Brown in the quest for the Ivy title. "That's another movie I can't stand watching," Anderson says. "We have a second down on the Yale one in the closing minute and can't score. Come to think of it, things like that may have been what turned me off on the movies in the first place."

Yale is expected to be equally strong this year, and the televised game in Providence on September 23 could again decide the season for both clubs.

Four new coaches

There will be a new look to the Brown coaching staff this fall as a result of the departure of offensive line coach Bill Russo '69 (to be head coach at Wagner College), linebacker coach Dave Ritchie (head coach at Fairmont, W. Va., State College), and linebacker/end coach Andy Dzurinko (going into business). "These are three fine coaches, who knew the game and also related to the players," Anderson says. "I hated to see them go, but I am very pleased with the quality of the men who replaced them."

Anderson's new men include Fred Remmy, a 1960 graduate of the University of Miami who had been defensive backfield coach at Northwestern; Ray Tellier, a 1973 graduate of the University of Connecticut who had been backfield coach at Boston University; and Jack Charney, a 1964 graduate of Springfield College who coached at American International College the past four years. Under Anderson, Remmy will have charge of the linebackers, Tellier the receivers, and Charney the offensive line.

There was one other coaching change during the summer. Adam Craven, a 1952 Penn State graduate who had been head freshman coach at Brown for three years, resigned to become assistant superintendent of schools in Frederick, Maryland. His wife will also join the system as an economics teacher. The Cravens came to Brown from Frederick, where Adam had been a high school principal.

"Coach Craven was a quality man in every sense of the word," Anderson says. "He had the maturity to handle the freshman program the way we want it handled, and the kids loved him."

Craven was replaced by Jerry Petercuskie, a Boston College alumnus who has been a part-time assistant at Penn State. Petercuskie will coach the defensive ends, a job formerly held by Associate Director of Athletics John Parry, who becomes the freshmen coach.

Freshman football: New refrain for an old song

Listening to John Anderson talk about the size, speed, and quality of his incoming freshman football recruits, one is left with the impression that the only thing these players lack is varsity college experience.

During a spring when most other Brown coaches were singing the blues, Anderson was humming a happy tune. He only got forty-eight players, but what he lost in quantity (last fall he had eighty men on the field) he gained in quality.

"Without a doubt," Anderson says, "this is the best group of football players my staff and I have ever recruited. I know some people are going to say that they've heard this song before. And they have. But if you want to remain a contender for the Ivy League title each fall, your freshman teams have to get better each year."

"We got our top one or two kids at every position except defensive tackle. But even there we're not really hurting as far as our overall program is concerned because a year ago we had four strong varsity prospects at those positions. We had another good year academically, with most of our freshman recruits ranking in the top 10 percent of their class and many of them standing number one."

Anderson admits that the competition for the top student athlete has been getting tougher since he came to Brown in 1973. Among the Ivy colleges, most of the overlaps this year were with Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Dartmouth. "We did exceptionally well against this group," Anderson says. "But we also beat out many of the top scholarship schools for the men we wanted, such schools as Pittsburgh, Syracuse, Arizona, and the Pacific Conference group."

Brown's freshman team was recruited from all parts of the country. There are twenty-four states represented, including six players each from Florida and New York, five from Arizona, three each from California and Massachusetts, and two each from Indiana, Wisconsin, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Virginia.

Brown's freshman team will include the two top defensive ends on Anderson's list, Dolph Schaefer from Clearwater, Florida, and Adrien Hernandez from El Segundo, California; a wide receiver, Mike Campbell, who was "all-everything" in northern California; the top middle guards, Eric Rice (6'3", 225) of Newtown Square, Pennsylvania, and Frank Batcha (6'2", 220) from Salem, Ohio; and the top kicking specialist, Bob Ganfors of Kenosha, Wisconsin.

The team's top offensive tackles in-

clude Mark Popovich (6'4", 250) of Highland, Indiana; Steve Baer (6'4", 220) of Chandler, Arizona; and 6'4", 215-pound Dana Versch from Mesa, Arizona. One of the team's safety candidates will be Warren Quaid of Brookville, New York, nephew of Joe Paterno '50, head football coach at Penn State.

The freshman roster also will include the names of several Rhode Island players. Two of them, halfback Dave Sims (6'0", 170) of Rogers High in Newport and fullback Damon Finneran (6'1", 218) of North Kingstown, could be starters this fall. Anderson says that Sims has the potential to develop into one of the finest backs the Ivy League has seen in the last decade.

Other local players include guard Mark Dolan (6'3", 210) from Barrington High, offensive tackle Chris DeWitt (6'2", 235) from Toll Gate High in Warwick, and tight end Jeff Farias (6'3", 215) of South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, the National Football Foundation Hall of Fame Athlete of the Year in Southeastern Massachusetts.

"We think we have exactly the type team we need to fill our varsity needs," Anderson says. "This doesn't mean that we will necessarily win all our games. Our freshman program is somewhat informal, in the sense that if a boy is having trouble adjusting to the work load at Brown we advise him to work out his own schedule for practice. Also, the freshman team spends very little time working on its own offense or defense. Instead, we use the team to run plays and defenses against the varsity. But the potential is there and I expect that most of these players will play an important role on the varsity before they are through."

J.B.

Brown seeks director of alumni relations

As the BAM was about to go to press, Jon C. Keates '66, director of alumni relations since 1973, announced his resignation, effective September 30, to become director of alumni relations at George Washington University. A committee to search for a successor has been named and those interested should send résumés to Robert A. Reichley, vice president for university relations, Box 1920, Brown University, Providence, R.I. 02912.

When Saunders Redding '28 came to Brown last March to deliver the lecture that begins on the following pages, his thesis — that there is no such thing as a black culture or black experience "separate and distinct from the American or national experience" — provoked an angry, impassioned response. Redding was genuinely disturbed, but he was probably not surprised.

For fifty years as a scholar and chronicler of the history and experience of black Americans, J. Saunders Redding has held fast to certain principles — "that the black man in America is an American" and "that to segregate his creative work from the corpus of American literature (or music or art, etc.) is to do grave harm to both his work and that corpus." Redding feels that to argue for a separate black aesthetic, that is, music (or literature or art) that *only* black people can produce, is to support the belief that blacks are genetically inferior to whites. "We did not create the blues because it had to do with genetics," he says. "It had to do with experience. Had Bessie Smith been white and lived through the same experiences she lived through as a black, she would have sung the blues the same way."

J. Saunders Redding was born in Wilmington, Delaware, on October 13, 1906. Both his parents had graduated from Howard University and his older brother Louis graduated from Brown in 1923. That Saunders would also go to college was, as he later wrote, "a matter of course." He spent a year at Lincoln University in Pennsylvania and then transferred to Brown. (For an account of his years at Brown, see the July/August BAM.) When Saunders Redding left Brown in 1928 he was, he later wrote, "a lonely, random-brooding youth, uncertain, purposeless, lost, and yet so tightly wound that every day I lived big-eyed as death in sharp expectancy of a mortal blow or a vitalizing fulfillment of the unnamable aching emptiness within me."

But Saunders Redding had it in himself to be a teacher and, almost in spite of himself, he took off. He taught at Morehouse College in Atlanta, at Louisville Municipal College, at Southern University, at the State Teachers College in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, and, for twenty-three years, at the Hampton Institute in Hampton, Virginia. In between he earned a master's degree from Brown (in 1932), traveled

throughout the South as a Rockefeller Foundation Fellow (in 1940-41), held two Guggenheim Fellowships (1944-45 and 1959-60), served as a visiting professor at Brown (1949-50) and as a Fellow in the Humanities at Duke (1964-65), and began publishing what is by now a sizable and distinguished body of scholarly and creative work.

His first book, *To Make A Poet Black* (1939), was a brief analysis of the work of black American poets. *No Day of Triumph* (1942), at once a spiritual autobiography and an account of Redding's travels in the South, won him the Mayflower Cup Award for the best book by a North Carolina resident in 1943. Then followed *Stranger and Alone* (1950), Redding's first novel; *They Came in Chains* (1950), a history of the Negro in America for Lippincott's Peoples of America series; *On Being Negro in America* (1951), a look at America's racial dilemma infused with Redding's own experiences; *An American in India* (1954), the result of a State Department assignment to travel in India for three months; *The Lonesome Road* (1958), in which Redding traced the history of blacks in America through the lives of thirteen people; and *The Negro* (1967), an examination of the role of blacks in American society, for distribution overseas by the U.S. Information Agency.

By the late 1950s a reviewer in the *New York Times* called Saunders Redding "probably the most eminent Negro writer of nonfiction in this country." He has written articles for *Harper's*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *American Mercury*, *The New Republic*, *Saturday Review of Literature*, and many other magazines. In addition, he sits on the editorial board of *The American Scholar* and was elected a life member of the Board of the National Book Committee. He was director of the Division of Research and Publications of the National Endowment on the Humanities (1966-67) and remains a special consultant to the Endowment.

Redding was professor of American history and civilization at George Washington University from January 1969 to August 1970 and became, in 1970, the Ernest I. White Professor of American Studies and Humane Letters at Cornell University. In 1969 he was elected a Fellow of the Brown Corporation. Redding and his wife, the former Esther Elizabeth James, have been married for forty-nine years and have two sons — Conway '56 and Lewis.

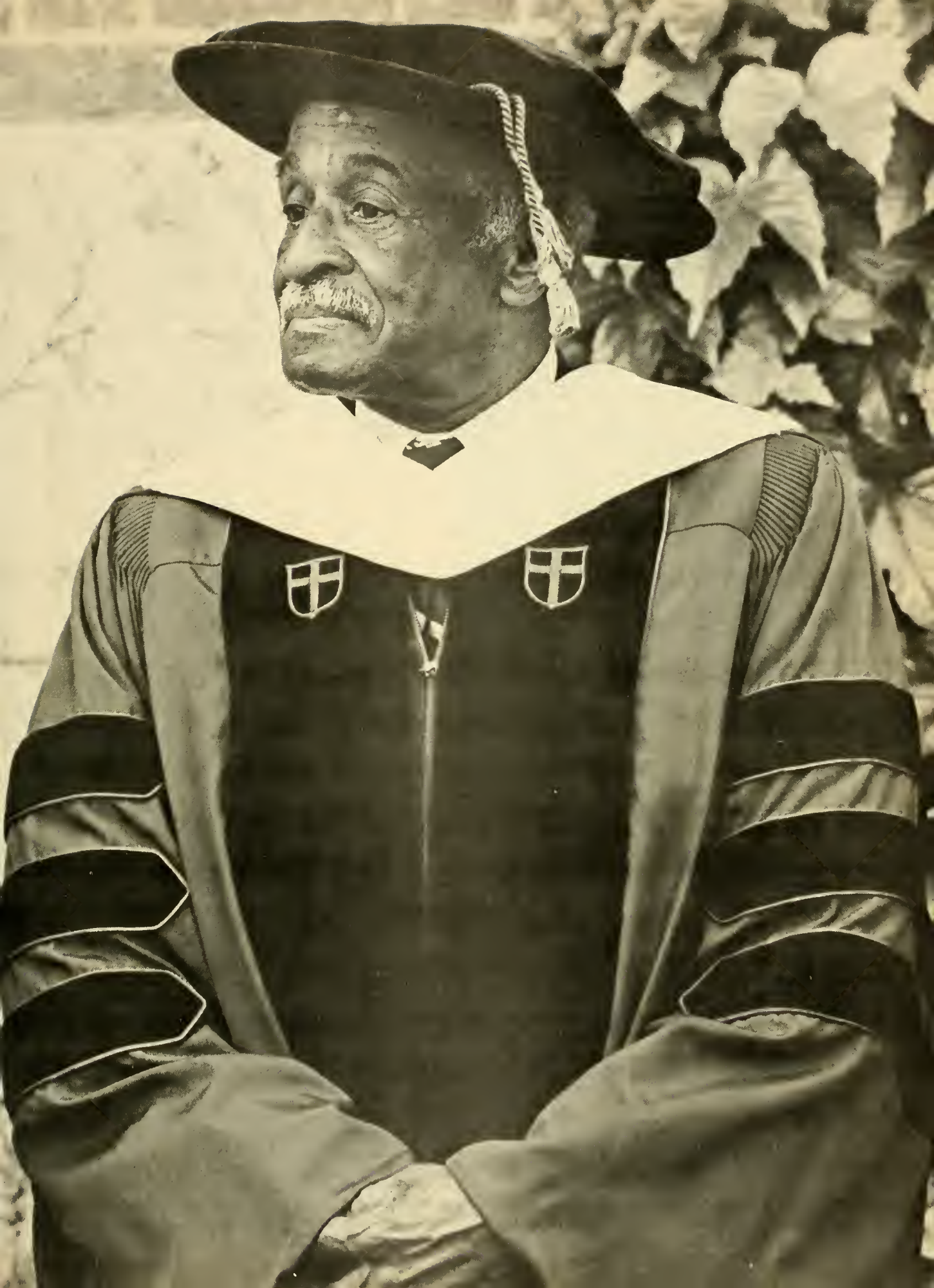
Saunders Redding retired in 1975,

Saunders Redding:

All his life he has sought the human in man

Saunders Redding, a Fellow of the Corporation, was photographed by John Forasté just prior to this year's Commencement procession.

continued on page 12



but that doesn't mean he's been sitting still. He serves on several committees, lectures, writes, and was off for several weeks to foreign countries last July 4.

All his life J. Saunders Redding has spoken his mind — with precision, conviction, vigorous language, and great dignity. All his life he has sought to find and to share, through history and through his story, the human in man.

At the conclusion of *No Day of Triumph*, Redding wrote: "I had set out in nearly hopeless desperation to find both as Negro and as American certain values and validities that would hold for me as man. It is not enough in America to be Negro. It is not enough to be Negro American, or brown American, or colored American. There is an easily comprehensible mind-set, a psychosis,

indeed, born of more than two centuries of slavery and inbred for dozens of generations. It was the point to Mike Chowan's bitter gibe, 'There's a combine you can't beat — American, middle class, Negro.' It was the burden of the bitter mouthings of innumerable men (and women) who had exhorted countless Negro audiences: 'Be a man!' It is a phrase that has always meant more to a Negro American than non-Negro Americans can imagine. And so, in a bewilderment that years of planless seeking had increased, I had set out as Negro and American to find among my people those validities that proclaimed them and me men.

"And I think I found them. Among all that was hollow and false and trifling (and there was much) I think I found those values and validities as quietly

alive and solid, as deep-rooted as vigorous trees. They have simple names, and they have been called before. Other peoples have been said to have them, but that makes them no less good. Indeed, that they are the attributes of other peoples, men, makes them of the highest importance to me. That Negroes hold these values in common with others is America's fortune, and in a very immediate sense, the Negro American's salvation. For these things they hold valid and valuable are the highest common denominator of mankind. They are the bane of those who would destroy freedom, and they need no other justification than this. They are the intangibles in the scale of human values. They are, unmistakably, integrity of spirit, love of freedom, courage, patience, hope." D.S.

Black chauvinism and black culture: A modest dissent

By J. Saunders Redding '28

The American Negro does not have a culture separate and apart from American culture. His culture is derived from and, indeed, is determined by his unique experience as a black man in white America. The effort to establish the contrary as true stems principally from the fact that until relatively recently white Americans were reluctant to admit that black Americans were capable of making — and were in fact making — meaningful contributions to America and the American culture. This, together with other racist attitudes, conduced to the rise and spread of black chauvinism and the American Negro's self-identification as black — a human species different from and, of course, better than white.

But to say, as I have, that there is no separate and distinct black American culture is *not* to say that the cultural consciousness of Negro Americans is not special, nor that their cultural activities and artifacts do not have certain distinctive qualities, which may derive partly from an African heritage. But even to appreciate this as a probability, these distinctive qualities must be seen in the context of the whole American culture, and it should be emphasized that these distinctive qualities are not "racial" in the commonly accepted meaning of the term.

If white America has had an impact upon the Negro, the Negro has had at least as great an impact

upon white America. Black and white together have been and are responsible for the changes that modify the structure from time to time. The Negro minority's socio-cultural threads are woven into the fabric of American history and they cannot be separated out except at irreparable harm to American history.

Let me tell you a story out of that history: When the United States entered the first World War, among the contingents of the United States Army to be sent earliest to France was the 15th New York Infantry Regiment, newly designated the 369th United States Infantry Regiment. Although its top command was white, this Negro outfit's regimental bandmaster was a black man, Lt. James R. Europe. A very talented professional musician, Europe, whose primary instrument was the piano, had earned his reputation as an accompanist for the very popular white dance team of Irene and Vernon Castle and for his orchestral concerts in Carnegie Hall, where, Imamu Baraka — formerly known as Leroi Jones — tells us irately and scornfully, Europe played "semi-classical, white music." But James Reese Europe knew and loved also the music that originated with itinerant black musicians, most of whom were self-taught, in the white sporting houses and honky-tonks of New Orleans, Galveston, and Memphis. Though the black musicians themselves referred to their music as "ragtime," the white patrons of

the honky-tonks and whore houses called it *nigger music*. When the red-light districts were outlawed in Southern seaport towns during the first World War, many itinerant musicians carried their music north and west to St. Louis, Chicago, and New York in the second great migration of Negroes from the South.

Then, as now, military bands served a public-relations function, and in serving that function, Lt. James Reese Europe's regimental band performed this nigger music — ragtime — for audiences in France. Themselves great innovators in the arts, the French were much struck by this music, which they perceived as a new and important musical idiom. Important French music critics gave it the same profound critical attention that they gave to Western classical music in their reviews and essays. By the 1920s, many of these critical pieces had been translated into English and published in American musical journals, like *The Etude*. Moreover, also early in the 1920s, a highly respected French conductor, Ernest Ansermet, had begun to slip ragtime riffs into Bach's second Brandenburg Concerto, and Igor Stravinsky composed his "Rag Time Suite," and a white American band leader — with ironic appropriateness named Paul Whiteman — was proclaimed in the United States "The King of Jazz." In an article that appeared in *The Etude* in August 1924, Whiteman accepted credit for himself and other white musicians as the creators of this musical idiom.

Meantime, with the Negro migration from the South not only continuing but accelerating after 1918, there evolved another kind of musical expression which depended on the harmonic minor scale but which, so far as its lyrics were concerned, focused on the reality of the Afro-American experience, and particularly the urban experience — poverty, unemployment, loneliness, unrequited love, bereavement, wanderlust, etc. These songs, called "the blues," were sung by Negroes for Negroes in their cabarets and speakeasies and theaters, in Barron's Night Club, Small's Paradise Inn, and the Renaissance Palace, in the Lafayette, the Dunbar, and the Lincoln theaters.

Meantime, also, social dynamics operating in unexpected ways had produced the so-called "new Negro" and this phenomenal character aroused grave concern among white Americans. After the first World War, Negroes were no longer cheerfully submissive. In the urban North, they expressed their resentment of prejudice and discrimination, often violently. There were so many race riots in the summer of 1919 that it was called "the red summer." Whites were deeply concerned. What had happened to the "carefree," "laughable," "subservient" Negro Booker T. Washington had promised them? Why were Negroes listening to radicals like W. E. B. DuBois, Robert S. Abbott, and Monroe Trotter, who were demanding racial equality,



Bessie Smith in 1936

Photo by Carl Van Vechtan from Bessie (1972), Stein and Day, publishers

'Had Bessie Smith been white and lived through the same experiences she lived through as a black, she would have sung the blues the same way'

political participation, and access to decent employment?

White scholars and intellectuals of all persuasions were called upon to search out the whys and wherefores — Robert Park, a sociologist at the University of Chicago (who later had Franklin Frazier as a graduate student); Carl Sandburg, journalist, social worker, and poet; Howard Odum and Guy Johnson of the University of North Carolina; Franz Boas of Columbia University. Pretty soon studies of the Negro and Negro life began to appear and these, contemporaneous with the heyday of the “new” Negro, who was expressing himself in the pages of his own newspapers and magazines — such as the *Chicago Defender*, the *Baltimore Afro-American*, *The Crisis*, the *Boston Chronicle*, *Opportunity*, and the *Messenger* — inspired (if that is the right word) white writers and playwrights, including Carl Van Vechten, Eugene O'Neill, Sherwood Anderson, and Paul Green. White entrepreneurs, looking for the fast buck of those bootleg, speakeasy, nightclub days, flocked to Harlem, and so did the merely curious, fun-loving, thrill-seeking whites looking for new entertainment where they could hear Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey singing the blues — those distinctive Afro-American songs that derive, musicologists tell us, from American slave work songs and medieval English ballads — and where they could see Florence Mills and Josephine Baker beating out the first steps of the Charleston, the Baltimore Bump, and the Black Bottom.

And shortly after that, still in the mid-1920s, without the slightest nod of acknowledgment to the Negroes who had created the songs and dances, white Sophie Tucker and Helen Morgan and Ruth Etting, calling themselves torch singers, were belting out the blues ballads downtown in Texas Guinan's nightclub and Delmonico's and on the stage of the Palace Theater. And a blonde, subsequently famous as Ginger Rogers, was winning thunderous applause and opening doors to Hollywood as “the queen of the Charleston,” a dance that everyone, except American Negroes, credited her with creating. White Americans had taken black Americans' music, songs, dances, and verbal idioms — and gone!

In the 1920s, the Negroes' reaction to this usurpation was both pride and amusement not unmixed with contempt. Negroes were amused because Sophie Tucker, Helen Morgan, and Ruth Etting could not match the talents, the particular social consciousness, and emotional involvement that characterized the performances of Ma Rainey, Bessie Smith, and Josephine Baker. But beyond this, Negroes were proud because something they had created was accepted as American, as expressive of America's national culture. As Alain Locke declared in the introduction to *The New Negro* in 1925, the usurpation by whites meant “that the creative talents of the Negro race have

been taken up into the general . . . artistic agencies” and have become “a significant segment of the general American scene.”

This adoption, then, was a step towards the attainment of what — in the '20s — Negroes considered the ideal, and the ideal was called integration. In the first quarter of this century, and indeed, for at least four decades afterwards, Negroes did not see themselves or think of themselves in any context except the American. Although they knew themselves as Negroes and that they were set apart as Negroes and were the victims of prejudice and discrimination in all areas of American life, they had no thought of developing, and no wish to develop, a separate and distinct culture.

And why should they have? Even Marcus Garvey at the height of his great popularity back in the '20s did not think in terms of black American cultural chauvinism or a black American aesthetic. He knew instinctively, rather than cognitively, that the culture of any given environment is the product of the people in the environment. He knew that culture building and culture possession are on-going processes made vital by historical circumstances and experience. He knew that the blues-ballads, and jazz, and the spirituals, and the buck-and-wing dances, and the iron work on the balconies of Southern mansions, and the dialect poetry of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, and a novel entitled *The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man*, and a play called *Goat Alley* were the aesthetic, cultural manifestations of a particular environment made vital by a particular experience particularly defined as both American and Negro. To have thought and believed otherwise would have been to assume that a combination of genetic factors was the dominating agent in culture building, and that the obvious differences between Occidental culture, Oriental culture, and African culture result from differences in innate racial endowments. And to think thus gives support to those at home and abroad who declare that Caucasoids are *genetically* superior to Mongoloids and Negroids.

This argument rages anew in the United States, thanks chiefly to a physicist named Shockley and a “generalist” named Jencks. The first says flatly that black people are genetically inferior to white and the second, implicitly agreeing, concludes that no amount and no kind of education will equalize the races. And there are in both races great numbers of Americans who, without subscribing to the superior-inferior theory, nevertheless believe that there are more important differences than skin color between the races — and that these differences are genetic in origin, and that they are inarguably manifested in terms of culture, and especially in terms of aesthetic culture. It is this group of intellectuals, poets, artists, and writers who are at the center of the confusion called the “black aesthetic” and who spearhead the movement toward black cultural chauvinism.

How and why this movement developed and this confusion began is not difficult to discover. Neither the anti-slavery cause in the first half of the last century nor the Negro renaissance in the '20s and '30s of the present century provoked greater participation in every sector of the Negro community than the "black awareness" thrust in the '60s. Dozens of names and incidents inspired this racial consciousness: the school desegregation decision, Rosa Parks, Martin Luther King, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Boycotts, street demonstrations, freedom rides. W. E. B. DuBois, Frantz Fanon, Negritude. Elijah Muhammad, Malcolm X, the Black Muslims. Kwame Nkrumah, Jomo Kenyatta, African nationalism. Stokely Carmichael, James Forman, the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (also called "Snick"). Dashikis and bubas were widely adopted as appropriate dress for black Americans. The bush hair style was a mark of black race pride. Arno Press, Third World Press, and other publishing firms were quickly set up to reprint old and publish new books by and about black Americans. Fiction and poetry, biographies and autobiographies, histories and sociological critiques and monographs poured from the presses and appeared in newspapers and magazines.

And what hope in the hearts and minds of American blacks did these activities and outpourings express? They expressed the hope for the end of racial segregation, the establishment of racial integration: the hope to plunge into the mainstream of American life and to prove that they could stay afloat there.

And they made efforts to realize that hope. You know the story. Encouraged by Martin Luther King, the students in black colleges formed the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee; white college students, eager to help, joined them in lunch counter sit-ins, street demonstrations, and other forms of protest against racial discrimination and the denial of civil rights. But Stokely Carmichael became head of "Snick," and his extremist's views were widely aired for the first time. He frowned upon white participation in the SNCC program. It was a black program for the benefit of blacks, and blacks alone would operate it. He barred white students. He did not see the paradox, nor recognize his ideological and emotional confusion. And neither did thousands of other black Americans — and many thousands still don't. They are trying to do away with segregation, while at the same time they want their socializing institutions — schools, libraries, recreation centers, and the like — in their own black communities, which they want to control for their exclusive benefit. While they demand separate black dormitories and black studies courses closed to whites and taught only by blacks, they curse the whites' ignorance of blacks and of the black people's role in American history. At the same time, they reject their own American past and complicate the question of identity.



W. E. B. DuBois

Library of Congress

'After the first World War, Negroes were no longer cheerfully submissive. Whites were deeply concerned. Why were Negroes listening to radicals like W. E. B. DuBois?'

Leroi Jones, who now calls himself Imamu Amiri Baraka, is a prime example.

In 1964, Leroi Jones went to Harlem. This was after living and working in Greenwich Village, where he had married a white woman who bore him two children, and where his first volumes of poetry, *Preface to a Twenty Volume Suicide Note* and *The Dead Lecturer*, had earned him a reputation as one of the most talented practitioners of the "new American poetry" — which new American poetry had, in Jones's own words, "returned a great measure of emotional and intellectual hegemony among the world's poetries." One must assume that when Leroi Jones made this judgment about the new American poetry he was employing the poetic standards — aesthetic and otherwise — that prevailed for Western poetry. But in some mystical moment between the rendering of this judgment and the publication of his novel, *The System of Dante's Hell*, Jones declared himself to be another person. He was unhappy with being called an American poet and writer. He insisted on being identified as a "black poet and writer," and he changed his name to symbolize his new identity. He divorced his white wife. Embracing his newly discovered blackness, he committed himself to thinking and acting black in all circumstances, and to writing black for black people only.

Whatever thinking and acting and writing black may mean, when Baraka committed himself, it did not occur to him — and it seems not to have occurred to several hundred less talented others who have followed his course — that he and they were responding to what all people (and especially those who are artists) respond to, and that is experience. There can be no question that Baraka and his disciples' experience of being black is a particularly American experience. There is irony here, and it is only a little less palpable than the irony of Baraka's signing a ten-year contract with Random House, a white publishing firm, only months after he had set up in his hometown of Newark, New Jersey, a black community development group which assumed a commitment to publish only black writing for a black audience.

"Black Art" is one of Baraka's most quoted poems. It ends:

*We want a black poem and a
black world
Let the world be a black poem
And let all black people speak this poem
Silently
or loud.*

This is the theme of most of the literature — poetry, fiction, drama — and the critical interpretation of it that characterizes the black aesthetic movement. The movement is predicated on the assumption that black people are *inherently*, that is, *genetically*, different from people of other races, and especially different from white people, and that the

difference — quite apart from the influence of learning and experience — embraces emotional, spiritual, and intellectual provocation and response. Even most sociologists and psychobiographers believe the assumption to be a snare and a delusion, but those Negro aesthetes who accept it are neither phony nor mendacious.

Harold Cruse is absolutely sincere in setting forth in *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual* the metaphysical argument that being black confers a special grace under the dispensation of which American-born Negroes should disclaim and reject their history in America and be born again as, he wrote, "pure blacks . . . nationalistic in terms of the ethnic and cultural attributes of art expression." Whatever this may mean to one who is not caught up in the social hazards, the intellectual dilemmas, and the emotional complexities of the American interracial experience, it quite evidently means to Imamu Amiri Baraka, Haki Madhubuti (formerly Don L. Lee), Harold Cruse, Addison Gayle, and other spokesmen for the "black aesthetic" and a separate and hegemonic black culture in America what spokesman Larry Neal defines as "a radical re-ordering of the Western cultural aesthetic." Neal calls upon the black artists and writers in America "to create a separate symbolism, mythology, critique, and iconology."

Lifted out of context, the admonition could be attributed to ignorance, but Larry Neal is not ignorant. He knows that symbolism and iconology are practically one and the same. He knows that iconology is symbolic representation in which the components are pictographs, and that pictography represents ideas and conveys information in pictures, such "pictures" as one sees today on traffic signs and in places of public accommodation in most of the world. He knows that mythology, which all cultures create to "explain" natural, preternatural, and supernatural phenomena, is universal, and that the only differences between the myths of America, Asia, Europe, and Africa are in the *persona* and the nomenclature, and never in thematic substance, and only rarely in dramatic structure. Whatever variations, modifications, and nuances there are in the responses to these universals are factors of culture and life-style, and these derive from group and/or communal experience and learning.

As two or three already distinguished young Negro literary artists realize — and I certainly put Paule Marshall, Alice Walker, Michael Harper, and Ishmael Reed in this uncrowded category — the concept of an exclusive and excluding aesthetic is as aberrant as the corollary notion that it is utterly beyond the capacity of whites to comprehend the thinking, identify with the perceptions, and experience the emotions of blacks. This false notion is both the inspiration and the theme of the black aesthetic movement, which movement, I say parenthetically, has more to do with politics than with art.

Among literary artists especially, it has led to some interesting contradictions and equivocations. I have already cited Leroi Jones. Now let me cite Dudley Randall as equally pertinent. At the very beginning of the black aesthetic movement, Dudley Randall established the Broadside Press specifically to provide an outlet for the new black poets, who would reject their history in America, radically reorder the Western cultural aesthetic, and follow Cruse's call for "black nationalism in terms of ethnic and cultural attributes of art expression." In 1973, Dudley Randall's Broadside Press published a dozen volumes of black poetry and Randall as critic praised Don E. Lee as "a strong new voice pointing the way" to other black poets.

But read the poems in Dudley Randall's own book, entitled *More to Remember*, and among other pieces in similar vein, you will come across this one called "Seeds of Revolution," which is certainly a put-down of all those American Negroes who reject and deny their American past and have undertaken a "radical reordering" of history and the establishment of a radically defined aesthetic.

*The revolution was going on
when the first black
leaped overboard
to the sharks;
when blacks malingered,
or sabotaged the plantation,
or Tommed to outwit Ole Massa;
When your father (whom you deplore)
pushed a broom
and your mother (whom you despise)
scrubbed kitchens
so you could go to school
and read Fanon*

Neil's admonition to radically reorder the Western cultural aesthetic, and Cruse's call for "black nationalism in terms of ethnic and cultural attributes of art expression," and Jones's and Lee's exhortations to all black people are generated by the same grave misconception. The misconception is that the African continent is the seat of a homogeneous culture, which American blacks must reclaim as exclusively theirs — and they think they can do this, for instance, by wearing their hair in African style, not realizing that there are as many African hair styles as there are African tribes. They study the Swahili language, ignorant of the fact that there are at least five hundred spoken tribal languages in Africa and that Hausa comes nearest to being the lingua franca of the African continent. They change their names and convert to Islam, unmindful that some Africans are ancestor worshippers, some totemist, some Judaists, some animist, and that a fourth of Africa's 350,000,000 natives are Christians of various denominations, including hard-shell Baptists.

Africa is not the seat of a homogenous culture,

and even if it were, it could not be recovered and transported. You can no more transport a culture than you can move Kilimanjaro to Tibet. Elements of a culture, yes — the language, say, or certain social customs and attitudes. But even these movable elements will wither and vanish unless they are grafted onto the culture of the new place. Grafted, they thrive, but they also change, and the changes manifest the influence of a particular environment. So far as Negroes in America are concerned, that environment can be defined only as American. To think and believe otherwise is to give support to those theorists who categorically affirm that blacks are born inferior, and that no quality or quantity of learning can make them equal to whites. This is what Richard Herrnstein of Harvard, and Arthur Jensen of Berkeley, and William Shockley of Stanford are asserting; and those Negroes who are pushing the black aesthetic give aid and comfort to such as these.



The 369th Infantry Regiment band.

During World War I, Lt. James R. Europe's regimental band carried ragtime — the music of New Orleans and Memphis — to audiences in France.

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Ah so, the Ball Game

Unless they were to frequent the Ginza district in Tokyo, or any of the other major shopping boulevards in Japan's largest cities, most Japanese would not hear much spoken English. For most Japanese, one might surmise, this is not in the least distressing — unless one happens to be a Japanese teacher of English in a junior or senior high school. Then the lack of opportunity to hear spoken English becomes more serious.

Each summer for the past five years a group of forty or so — this year forty-two — Japanese teachers of English have spent one month at Brown as part of a sixty-day program in the U.S. to brush up their grammar, pronunciation, and understanding of the English language. "Most of the students we have at Brown are at a relatively low level," says John McLaughry, director of summer programs. "We get the tougher ones."

When they arrive each Japanese is issued a check so that he or she (this year there are seven women) will have to go to a bank, McLaughry says. They learn to use the card catalogue and the library. Professor of Linguistics James Wrenn and four graduate students run the Japanese teacher-students through drills, exercises and intensive class instruction. Frank Ryan, director of Brown's language laboratory, has set up programs for them there.

Each Japanese participant has an overnight stay in an American home, "usually in pairs," McLaughry explains, "because it's very tiring for them to try to speak English all the time. This way they spell each other." And they make several field trips — such as the one here, at their request, to see the Red Sox in Fenway Park. One bought a Red Sox cap, at right; another munched peanuts. Almost all, at one time or another, unsheathed Nikons, Yashikas, and Minoltas and clicked away.

The Red Sox lost, 4-3, to the Milwaukee Brewers and one man said mournfully, "We expected to see some beautiful women sitting in front of us." Instead, he had a close-up view of one overweight American teenager, her sister in pigtails, and their pop, sporting a beer belly. Ah, so.

D.S.





Photographs by John Forasté



Learning to live with death

By Janet Phillips

For most of us, death is (to borrow Churchill's words) "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." With the increase in life expectancy in the last few generations and the segregation of the dying in hospitals and nursing homes, the face of death is no longer familiar to us. And the dying are often the object of sophisticated and highly technical medical efforts to prolong their lives — which reinforces the view of death, not as a part of life, but as an unnatural event, a calamity to be avoided at all costs.

Physicians, because they have always considered it their highest duty to prolong life, may be especially prone to this view — despite the fact that they confront death day in and day out. Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, one of the pioneers in the field of death education, has written movingly in her book *On Death and Dying* of the issues that confront the medical profession in caring for critically ill and dying patients:

"Is the reason for this increasingly mechanical, depersonalized approach our own defensiveness? Is this approach our own way to cope with and repress the anxieties that a terminally or critically ill patient evokes in us? Is our concentration on equipment, on blood pressure, our desperate attempt to deny the impending death which is so frightening and disconcerting to us that we displace all our knowledge onto machines, since they are less close to us than the suffering face of another human being which would remind us once more of our lack of omnipotence, our own limits and failures, and last but not least our own mortality?"

"Maybe the question has to be raised: Are we becoming less human or more human? . . . It is clear that whatever the answer may be, the patient is suffering more — not physically, perhaps, but emotionally. And his needs have not changed over the centuries, only our ability to gratify them."

We have recently begun to examine our collective attitudes toward death

and the ways in which we depersonalize it, and to explore alternatives — such as hospices and home care — to relegating the dying to nursing homes and hospitals. We have begun to recognize the fact that medical attention is by no means all that a terminally ill person needs, or even his primary need. But the physician will inevitably continue to play a crucial role in caring for the dying. The question is, What should his role be?

At Brown, an attempt is being made to raise that question and explore some possible answers. Four years ago, Dr. Michael Scala, an orthopedic surgeon, and Dr. Ralph Redding, a respiratory therapist, organized and began teaching a course in the medical program called "Living with Dying." Dr. Scala — who has been teaching the course alone since Dr. Redding moved away two years ago — is one of the founders of Thanatology Associates of Rhode Island, a unique group of health-care professionals (physicians, nurses, social workers, gerontologists) who provide counseling services to those whose lives are touched by death, as well as death education for the community at large.

"Living with Dying" is offered as an elective to first- and second-year medical students. Enrollment is limited to keep the class as intimate and informal as possible, because it was designed, not as a practicum on the care of the terminally ill, but as a personal confrontation with death and its meaning for the students' professional and personal lives. The course reflects Dr. Scala's philosophy that a physician cannot separate his personal and professional selves — that a physician's role is to care for his patients as full human beings, and he must therefore be fully human himself in his relationship to them. And no physician can bring understanding and compassion to the care of a dying patient unless he has come to terms with death himself.

When I decided last January to en-

roll in Dr. Scala's course and write about it for the *BAM* (with Dr. Scala's warm and unhesitating permission), I only expected to attend the first month or two of classes. But the course became a personal journey for me, as well as a shared experience, and I ended up staying for the whole semester. What follows is an account of that experience — a guided tour, so to speak, of what was relatively unfamiliar territory to all of us.

'Getting with it'

February 15: The class was smaller than usual this year, and a week late in starting; the blizzard of February 6 disrupted the registration process and postponed the first class until the 15th. Nine of us showed up that evening at the rectory of the First Unitarian Church on Benefit Street and waited in one of the Sunday school classrooms for Dr. Scala to arrive. The walls were papered with the pupils' illustrations of different religious doctrines: the Eightfold Path of Buddhism, the Hindu caste system, a list of various answers to the question "What is the purpose of life?" There was much nervous joking among the medical students, most of whom seemed to know each other. Dr. Scala arrived and led us into the library, a cozy room with an upright piano and three couches arranged in a semicircle, which was to be our classroom for most of the semester.

After passing around copies of the syllabus and other introductory material, including a couple of questionnaires about our attitudes toward death, Dr. Scala settled into a chair and talked about the purpose of the course — which was, first and foremost, to develop a personal awareness of death and its meaning for our lives. His manner was warm and open and relaxed. "The contemplation of death is a very creative exercise," he said. "Man is the only creature that has the liberty to do that, and once you've faced up to your own death, you've withstood the worst

What should be the physician's role in caring for the dying? A course in Brown's medical program is exploring some answers



thing that could ever happen to you. Everything else falls into perspective." Death, he said, provides an essential frame for our lives and gives value to our relationships and endeavors; it forces us to "get with it" and stop denying or procrastinating. Death is not only natural and inevitable, but necessary, he stressed — "We need to die."

Scala then asked us to introduce ourselves, identify our "public face," and say something about why we were in the course. There were two non-medical students present besides me: Jean, an operating-room nurse at Roger Williams Hospital, and Tony, a resident in the emergency room at Pawtucket Memorial Hospital. Both were there because their work brought them in contact with death. Jean said, "Thank God we don't see that many people die in the OR, but when they do, it's really hard to know how to deal with it. I guess I'm just here to listen and learn." Tony admitted that as an emergency-room physician he had a hard time accepting death, even though it happened all the time, "because it makes me feel like a failure." I said that I was there to write about it for the *BAM*, but also because my experiences as a volunteer in the emergency and intensive-care units at Miriam Hospital had made me more aware of death.

The medical students — Stan, Norm, Carla, Wayne, Greg, and Charlie — all said that they felt this would be an important issue for them as physicians. Several of them added that they had had little or no personal exposure to death. Norm confessed that his usual reaction upon hearing that someone he knew had lost a relative or friend was to laugh nervously. Greg, on the other hand, had worked for an ambulance service when he was in college and was concerned about what he felt was his own lack of emotional reaction to death. Scala asked him, "Have you ever loved anyone?" Greg (who is married with children) said yes. Scala nodded and said, "Just wanted to see if your emotional equipment is intact."

Scala asked if any of us had ever killed anyone, intentionally or otherwise — for example, in a car accident — and, after a long pause, all of us shook our heads. "I have," he said, rather diffidently, "and maybe as we go along and get to know each other better I can tell you about that."

The last part of the class was devoted to a sensitivity exercise: Three of

us were seated on each couch, and the person in the middle had to close his eyes and pretend that he had suddenly become permanently blind. The other two were to elicit that person's feelings about being blind, and share their own feelings about talking to a handicapped person. Tony was "it" on our couch, with Wayne and I flanking him. I asked him, rather solicitously, what he thought this was going to do to his career as a physician, and he replied that he couldn't imagine giving it up, but he also couldn't imagine what possibilities were left for him. I suggested psychiatry. We talked about the recent willingness of some medical schools to admit blind students, and then realized that we were straying from the matter at hand. It was difficult *not* to avoid talking about our feelings. Afterwards, each "blind" person had to get up from his seat and, eyes still closed, grope his way across the room to another seat. The exercise seemed to serve as a warm-up for confronting our feelings about death, since losing your eyesight has many of the same tragic dimensions as learning that you have a terminal illness.

February 22: Two new people joined the class: Jody and Bruce, who are first- and second-year medical students, respectively, and are married to each other. We lost one student (Charlie) from the previous week, and Tony and Jean weren't able to come regularly because of work commitments, so the "core" enrollment stabilized at eight.

We talked for quite a while about our attitudes toward old age and the elderly. As might be expected in a group where everyone was under thirty, a lot of fears and negative feelings surfaced. Jody said her biggest fear was of becoming rigid and inflexible, of reaching a point where she was no longer growing and changing for the better, but for the worse. Carla brought up the fear of becoming senile — a process that she and others had observed in their grandparents, and which was upsetting to watch. Bruce pointed out that the proportion of elderly people in the population is steadily increasing, and suggested that geriatric medicine could become a future medical specialty, much like pediatrics or internal medicine. That elicited a virtually unanimous reaction: Stan, Carla, and Greg all said

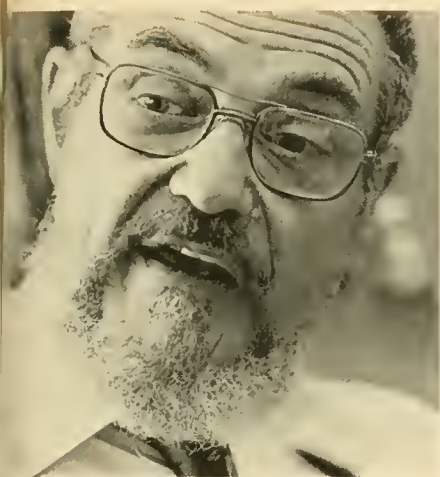
that such a specialty didn't appeal to them at all, and they couldn't see any rewards in it.

Scala showed a short documentary film about Ted Rosenthal, who was dying of acute leukemia in his early thirties, and whose poem, "How Could I Not Be Among You?", had been one of our reading assignments. In the film Rosenthal vividly conveyed — through poetry and narration — both the anguish and the unexpected liberation of imminent death. "I had nothing to lose any more, I had no self-image that I had to maintain — I was free. Since I wasn't self-preoccupied any more, I had no needs, and I felt this all-encompassing love, a tremendous sensitivity to other people's feelings and pain. It was an open, full, rich feeling. I could sit there and just look out the window at the birds flying overhead and not feel the need to *do* anything, to pass the time or whatever; it was as if those birds were flying through the empty cage of my mind." The fear of death, Rosenthal observed, is the fear of incompleteness. The film had an urgent, exhortative quality; Rosenthal was trying to form from his experience a legacy that he could leave to others, a lesson about the importance of facing our own mortality and "getting with it."

When the film was over, Scala kept the lights off and drew our attention to the pendulum clock on the wall, which was ticking rhythmically. He asked us to close our eyes and concentrate for the next two minutes on imagining that we were in Ted Rosenthal's position. With my eyes closed and the room silent, the ticking seemed very loud. It began to sound like a time bomb, and I had a panicky feeling of wanting to say, "No, wait, I'm not ready to go yet!" Two minutes seemed like an eternity, and it was a relief when the lights went on.

Now that we had actually imagined ourselves dying, Scala wanted to know what that meant to us as far as our needs and goals were concerned. "Is what you're doing now what you want to be doing — is it real to you?" he asked. "Does accepting death mean giving up all your thoughts and plans for the future? Especially when you're a medical student, you tend to feel like your whole life is based on future goals. What would you do if you *knew* you were going to die soon?"

Norm was the first to speak up. "I'd probably continue what I'm doing now," he said. "I can't see acting as if it



Dr. Michael Scala: "Man is the only creature with the liberty to contemplate death."

had no value." Stan agreed and said that being a medical student was real to him. Jody had mixed feelings: "If I couldn't finish medical school, I'd probably want to quit school and travel. I'd hardly ever been outside of New York until I came to Brown, and there are a lot of things I'd like to see." Greg said he would probably quit and spend the time he had left with his family. Scala listened to all this and then said, "I want to make you realize that we're not just pretending we're going to die. We *are* going to die! This isn't just playacting, it's reality. The whole purpose of the course to make you *feel* this."

March 1: Scala announced at the beginning of class that we would probably be meeting at a hospital the following week to talk with two terminally ill patients — "if they haven't died," he added. Dying patients often welcome an opportunity to share their experiences with others, he said, because they still want to participate in life and feel that they have something to give, and this is one way for them to do so.

After several of us read aloud poems about death that we had brought in, Scala brought up the issue of afterlife and religious attitudes toward death. "Does death force us to think about God?" he asked. "Do you think people believe in God less than they used to?" We talked about various concepts of afterlife and arguments for and against survival of physical death; Carla mentioned the idea that there may be many levels of reality, and the laws that apply to physical reality (which would seem to rule out survival of physical death)

don't necessarily apply in other dimensions. "I'm not sure I buy that, but it is an argument," she said. Stan wondered if believing in an afterlife was a "cop-out," and Greg said he had difficulty relating to religious ideas like that. "Death is many things to many people," Scala observed. "As physicians, we need to know in our work what death means to different people, both individually and culturally, because you'll be dealing with patients of all different backgrounds — Italian, Spanish, German, and so on."

One of the ethical issues raised by working with the terminally ill is whether doctors, as a scarce resource in our society, should be spending time on "lost causes" like dying patients. Scala said that his own colleagues sometimes give him a hard time for devoting several hours a week to this course, considering it a waste of his professional time. How could he justify teaching medical students about a useless subject like death and dying when there was real work to be done? "That brings up the question of whether the needs of 'living' people are more important than the needs of 'dying' people," Scala said. The question contained its own answer, and several people spoke up at once: Dying people *are* living people, and vice versa.

Face to face

March 8: We met this evening in the emergency room at Pawtucket Memorial to talk with two terminally ill patients. Having spent the first three weeks becoming sensitized to some of the issues involved in death and dying, we were now about to take the plunge into a real-life situation. Everyone was rather dressed up — as if there were an unwritten protocol that terminal illness was a coat-and-tie occasion — and we all looked a little tense and uncomfortable, standing in a knot in the middle of the waiting room. None of us, I suppose, really knew what to expect, either from the patients or from ourselves.

Scala arrived and ushered us into the cast room for a short briefing. He didn't really know either of the patients that he had arranged for us to interview, but he told us what he could about them. One was an older woman named Mary, with breast cancer that had metastasized and spread through her body, who "pretty much knows what's what" Scala said — that is, she knew

she was dying — and who probably had some months left to live. The other was a middle-aged man named Joe who had recently contracted Hodgkin's disease (a cancer of the lymph nodes), and who was now permanently paralyzed from the waist down. "He may not realize the paralysis is permanent, and he probably doesn't know he's dying," Scala said. "There's no telling how long he has to live — Hodgkin's can drag on for years."

"Why does Joe think we're seeing him?" I blurted out.

"I told him that in this class we were trying to learn to be more compassionate and caring doctors, and that we wanted to hear what he as a patient had to say," Scala said. "There's really no agenda for this type of discussion — just be yourselves, within the bounds of common sensitivity. You may say some things that embarrass you, but that's all right."

We met Mary in a brightly decorated conference room on one of the new wings of the hospital. She came in with Mickey Humphrey, the head nurse of the oncology unit and a member of Thanatology Associates. Mary was small and thin, with short gray hair, bright eyes, and an almost perky manner. She was dressed for the occasion in a flowered bathrobe and bedroom slippers. The only visible sign of her illness was her distended stomach.

Scala introduced himself to Mary and led off the discussion by saying that we were there to find out about her. "Oh, I'm a great kid," she retorted. He told her we wanted to learn from her how to be more human as doctors, and she said, "Now there's a good point right there, you calling me Mary. I think that's very important — I don't believe in this Mrs. Jones stuff [not her real name]. When the doctors call me Mary, it makes me feel like they're taking care of *me*, not 'Mrs. Jones.' I had a doctor come in one day and call me 'Ma'am' and I said, 'Don't you call me that — I'm Mary.'"

"Why are you in the hospital right now?" Scala asked her.

"I have cancer, and I'm very uncomfortable." She patted her swollen stomach. "I first got sick two years ago, and since then it's lived with me, I haven't lived with it." With a little prompting, she told us the history of her illness. When her symptoms began in 1976, she said, "I'm a little psychic — something told me I was really sick, and

I even said so to my husband and to my doctor. I insisted on knowing the truth, whatever it was."

After exploratory surgery revealed terminal cancer, her doctor came in and said, "Well, Mary, how psychic can you get?" "I knew I didn't know how long I had to live," she went on, "but I just accepted it. I starting preparing, thinking of what I had to do, and getting ready to die." She laid aside her burial clothes, picked out a coffin, bought a cemetery plot and headstone, all without telling her husband. "Then I went to the undertaker and said, 'Remember how I look now, because God knows how I'll look then.'"

It became apparent as Mary talked that she put a lot of emphasis on taking care of herself, on bearing with her illness stoically and not burdening those around her. She had refused chemotherapy after it made her ill — "They said it'd give me six more months, and I said, 'Who needs the six months?' It's just the suffering I don't like, I'm not afraid of dying at all." She avoided discussing her condition with her grown son, saying, "I never tell my son I'm feeling bad, I just change my voice when he calls." And she preferred to have her own room in the hospital. "I try not to be hard on the nurses, I try to do things for myself as much as I can."

But it also became evident that there was another side to her feelings. "Cancer is a dreadful disease to die with, because people suffer so," she said. "Once I start to get this terrible pain, I don't know what it'll do to me — I don't know how much I can stand." She found it frightening to have to live with an "invisible" disease: "I wonder what's inside me, what's it doing in there?" Carla asked her, "Were there ever times when you felt like you couldn't cope with it? Did you ever get really down or upset?" and Mary said, "Oh yes — one time I was crying and I said to the nurse, 'What am I going to do, how will I cope?' I don't know how anyone can tell you how to cope with cancer."

Mary also had a lot of anger at the hospital staff; after saying that she preferred to do things for herself, she went on, "The nurses don't always bother with you. Many times I've gotten up and gone to the bathroom by myself, carrying my IV and everything. Your hospitals and doctors need to get on the ball and get the nurses going. I had a

horrible time in X-ray this morning; they line you up like pigs going to the slaughter and make you wait, and when people are very sick they can't put up with that. I told the doctor to get to it, but you shouldn't have to do that."

Before we left, Mary summed up her feelings by saying, "It's a bad situation all around." Yet, except when that edge of anger crept into her voice as she talked about the hospital, her composure had never wavered.

Joe was waiting for us in a conference room on the first floor, in the old wing of the hospital. Barbara Wright, also an oncology nurse and member of Thanatology Associates, was with him. Joe, a shy, rather gaunt man in his late fifties, was seated in a lounge chair with a blanket covering him from his chest to his ankles. Both feet were encased in casts, his toes sticking out and looking peculiarly vulnerable.

Scala asked Joe to tell us why he was in the hospital. "I been here about three weeks now," he said. "This thing come on awful fast in October; I started having bad pains in my back, but the X-rays didn't show anything then." Joe visited a chiropractor to try to get relief from the pain, which was both chronic and acute — "I'd always know it was there, like a toothache." In February, his legs started to go on him, and he was admitted to the hospital shortly thereafter. (A myelogram revealed that he had developed a spinal lesion, which was the cause of his pain, and further tests confirmed the diagnosis of Hodgkin's. He had to undergo surgery to remove the spinal lesion, and was paralyzed from the waist down as a result.)

Joe had driven a truck for a Providence oil company for twenty-three years and had taken on additional jobs to support his family and put his five children through college. "I've never had a sick day in my life," he said. "This is an awful shock." He had begun physical therapy, in addition to radiation therapy, and he said, "It's going to be slow, but you've got to have courage and fight it. Going backwards you never survive. What little the reports say is good, it's not bad, so I'm always hoping."

Barbara spoke up and said, "Joe's biggest problem now is loss of independence, not being able to use his legs." He nodded and said, "I'm hoping it'll get better. They're supposed to transfer me in a couple of weeks to a nursing

home where they specialize in cancer of the spine, or whatever I have." He seemed embarrassed as he said it, and looked over to Barbara as if for corroboration. She said, "Was it Hodgkin's?" and he said, "Yeah, that was it."

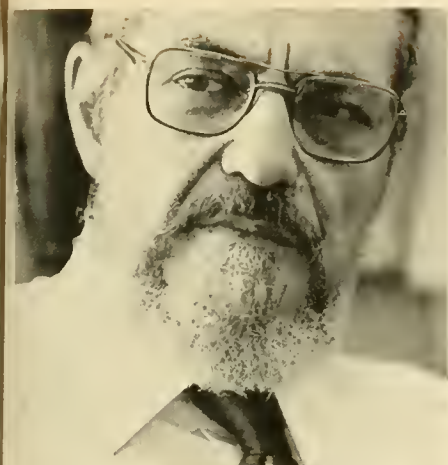
When asked how he was feeling now, Joe admitted, "Today was one of my worst days — everything was going through my mind. I got a letter from my youngest daughter, and I was thinking about my family and everything." His wife, he told us, had been sick for over two years and had only recently recovered — "and now this." His voice trailed off, and he stared at his feet.

As if to prompt him, Barbara told us, "Joe was desperate last week." Rather abashedly, he said, "One night I prayed for God to take me, but I woke up the next morning and I was still there, so I guess the good God didn't want me. You've got to try to keep on fighting; it's a slow thing, but as long as it's going to the good side. . . . Whatever's going to be, I want to know." Barbara said, "You've got a lot of people helping you cope," and to us, "Joe's wife and friends and co-workers have been very supportive."

Scala asked him, "Do you think anything good has come out of this experience?" Joe shook his head and said, "Well, it's been quite a shock — I had no other experience of being sick." He admitted that he had given up any plans to try to go back to work. "I just want to enjoy a few more years of my life, just enjoy myself."

As we got up to leave, everyone filed past Joe's chair and shook hands with him, thanking him for being with us. Several people did it especially feelingly, as if they were trying to say, "Hang in there." On the way back to the emergency room, Scala asked us if we wanted to go out for a drink, to talk things over. Jody and Bruce accepted; the rest of us were too tired.

When we talked it over the following week, Norm mentioned that several of them had dinner together before class, and opinion was divided as to whether Mary was really coping as well with her illness as she made it seem. Scala said he thought Mary had developed a pretty pat story from talking about it, but there was a lot of ambiguity in her statements underneath the surface. "We shouldn't try to strip her of her defenses in helping her, but we can



Dr. Scala listens to a terminally ill patient: "Dying people are living people, and vice versa."

look for hidden agendas," he said. Someone mentioned that it had been more uncomfortable talking to Joe because we knew his condition, and he didn't and apparently wasn't ready to. "Joe is still scared of what's happening," Scala said. "We should try to talk to him again when our feelings are riper and more mature, because he's probably going to haunt us."

"It's for us as physicians to discern what a patient wants to know about his illness," Scala went on. "In treating him, we should let the patient have dominion over his own body as much as possible." Terminal patients have many other fears to cope with besides the fear of death: fear of loneliness, intolerable pain, loss of control. Empathy is an indispensable quality for anyone who works with the terminally ill, because, as Scala put it, "When you have a gut feeling of what it's like to die, you become a part of every man that dies."

March 15: We spent some time tonight on concepts of death in children. Scala showed a slide presentation, "A Taste of Blackberries," about a young boy whose friend dies suddenly from an allergic reaction to a bee sting, and talked about how a child's perceptions of death change as he gets older. Before the age of three, death means simply the absence of loved objects and is associated with a fear of abandonment. When the child begins to grasp the idea of death as an event, he at first sees it as temporary; later he begins to realize that death is irrevocable, but not until around age eight or nine does he also realize that it is unavoidable, that it

happens to everyone.

Scala had us do an exercise in communication posturing; half the people in the class lay down on the floor, face up, and the rest of us paired off with them so that one person was lying down and the other was standing over him. We had to try to carry on a normal conversation like that, which proved almost impossible. It showed rather dramatically how it feels to be a patient lying in a hospital bed with the doctor looming over you, talking down to you, instead of sitting down next to the bed. Afterwards we talked about bedside manners, and Carla asked how you were supposed to respond if a patient started crying when being examined by a group of doctors on rounds. Scala replied, "You're all very sophisticated, but don't think you're not capable of crying too."

Scala had given each of us an official death certificate to fill out on a close relative (we couldn't choose which one — it was written in at the top) such as a parent, spouse, or sibling. We had brought them in tonight, and he asked us to read them aloud. (Two people had left theirs at home, and Scala commented that a third to a half of the class always does this. Some people actually can't bring themselves to fill it out.) Norm did his on his older brother, Stan his mother, Carla her father, Bruce and Jody each other, and so forth. Virtually everyone had that person dying of natural causes at a relatively ripe age — sixty or older — except Carla, who had her father dying at forty-nine of a viral infection, and I, who had my sister dying in an auto accident at thirty-six. Nobody chose cancer as the means of death. Most of us hadn't told the relative in question that we were filling out a death certificate on him or her; it was a difficult enough thing to do without adding that extra dimension of reality to it.

March 29: Mickey Humphrey and Barbara Wright came to class this week to talk about nurse-physician relationships and the nurse's role in caring for dying patients. Everyone wanted to know what was happening with Mary and Joe. Barbara told us that Joe, who had been transferred to the Hattie Ida Chafee nursing home, had gone down to 116 pounds (from 145 when he was admitted to the hospital) and seemed to be declining rapidly; she guessed that he had about a month left to live, which

came as a shock. She said that he had been able to accept the fact of his paralysis, but had showed a lot of anger during his stay at the hospital, directed mostly at doctors. Barbara was worried about his wife, who seemed unable to accept the fact that her husband was dying. "His whole family came to see him over Easter and he insisted on not having any treatments that weekend, so that he could have the time to himself," she said. "I think that may have been his time to say goodbye to them."

Mary had stayed in the hospital two weeks, Mickey told us. She had continued to refuse chemotherapy, but changed her mind the night before she was supposed to leave — apparently deciding it might not be such a bad bargain if it could give her a few more months. Jody asked if Mary was really as stoic as she seemed when we talked to her, and Mickey said, "She *did* cry — like a baby — but she was choosy about who would see her crying." I wondered if her refusal to "burden" her family was making it more difficult for them to come to terms with her illness and impending death; Mickey said, "That's quite possible."

Nurses' roles, particularly in managing terminally ill patients, have changed, Mickey and Barbara pointed out. "Nurses now see themselves as patient advocates, not as the doctor's helpmeet," Mickey said. Working with dying patients, she went on, you learn that many doctors — especially the older ones — cannot accept death. "Surgeons seem to have the most difficulty with it; they're too insulated."

Mickey told us about one patient of hers, a man named Ed, who was terminally ill and in a great deal of pain. When his doctor came by on rounds one day, Ed looked up at him pleadingly as he was being examined and said, "Why am I so weak? Why does it hurt so much?" The doctor retorted, "Don't be a baby — it doesn't hurt that much." As the doctors were leaving the room, Mickey went over to Ed and put her arms around him and told him, "I know it hurts, Ed. I can't do anything, but I can hold you." "I was so angry and upset I didn't care if the doctor heard me," she said.

When a terminally ill patient is admitted to Pawtucket Memorial, certain procedures are followed to make his stay as comfortable and supportive

as possible: establishing truth-telling about his condition on admission, if the patient is ready for it, and identity with a particular nurse; setting up a protocol for pain control ("If you can relieve the pain, life is endurable," Mickey said); and informing the patient beforehand of whatever's going to be done. After a patient dies, his nurse will attend the wake or the funeral and do a continuing follow-up with the family at intervals of a week, a month, and so forth. The idea is to treat the patient as a whole person, not simply as an isolated individual in a hospital bed — still less as a disease.

April 12: Scala had invited Joe Karas, a Providence internist and a close friend of his, to talk to the class about breaking the bad news. He had also invited Raul Lovett and Steve Linder, who are partners in their own law firm, to discuss some of the legal aspects of death and medical care of the dying.

By way of introduction, Scala observed that breaking the bad news of terminal illness to a patient means announcing to him that he has no future or that his future is poisoned, and his past has been castrated. "Nobody likes to be the bearer of that news," he said. The pendulum has swung in recent years toward the idea that a patient should be told the truth. "But is it okay to take away all hope, if it destroys the will to live?" he asked.

Dr. Karas noted that, as a primary-care physician, he has many elderly patients, who make up the bulk of the terminally ill cases he sees. "Dealing with the terminally ill involves talking, listening, and touching, although you should listen more than talk," he said. "Dying patients may need human contact more than they need medical attention. And the physician's concern with salvation [curing or arresting the disease] may yield to concern with the whole patient and his family." Karas pointed out that the doctor-patient relationship can be based either on the "engineering model" (complete detachment) or the "priestly model" (complete control). "Ideally, it should be a compromise," he said, "a contractual relationship, where you meet each other halfway."

Karas read to us letters he had received from several patients who had since died and their families, thanking him for being supportive and caring, and talked about two persons who had recently come under his care, both

dying of cancer. One, a thirty-eight-year-old man with a wife and three young children, had come right out and asked Karas bluntly, "Do I have cancer of the lung? How long do I have to live?" Karas answered yes to the first question, "I don't know" to the second, estimating it could be anywhere from three months to two years. The other was a fifty-seven-year-old man who suspected (correctly) that he had lung cancer; when Karas called him to tell him the results of his tests, he was drunk and refused to discuss it, but called him back the next day. Since then, however, the man had avoided coming in to see him.

The difficulty in telling a patient his diagnosis, Karas said, is in balancing the need to be realistic with a concern for the patient's feelings. "When it comes to breaking the news, you have to be tactful, hopeful, and tender. It's never easy."

Scala introduced Raul Lovett, who talked about the issues raised by malpractice suits involving terminally ill patients. For example, he posed the question, Could a doctor conceivably be guilty of malpractice for keeping a patient alive? "There's a whole gray area when it comes to prolonging life," Lovett said, although no such malpractice cases have arisen yet. On the other side of the coin are cases involving passive euthanasia. "Plug-pulling has been going on for years," he observed, "but the Quinlan case made it a cause celebre." In malpractice suits, courts generally sidestep complicated medical questions arising from rapidly evolving medical technology, and hold doctors to what is termed the "standard of care in the community." Debate over ethical issues involved in medical care doesn't necessarily cast any light on the legal issues, Lovett said. "Any relationship between morality and law is purely coincidental."

Scala mentioned a recent patient of his, a sixteen-year-old boy who had developed bone cancer in one leg. The boy didn't want his leg amputated, but his parents had agreed to the procedure, which put Scala in a difficult position. Legally he would be required to go ahead and amputate against the boy's wishes, since the decision rested with his parents; instead, Scala talked it over with them and said he thought the boy had his own rights and that his feelings should be taken into consideration.

Eventually, the amputation was performed, but only when the boy had decided that he could accept it and live with it.

Several people in the class had gotten rather upset discussing the legal snarls of malpractice suits and the formidable difficulties they create for physicians; Norm muttered something half-facetiously about quitting medical school. But Scala put the whole issue in perspective when he said, "Your friends don't sue you, and neither will the patient if he's your friend. Most patients don't want to sue doctors — they just want to be heard."

April 19: Our scheduled visit to the Elmwood Nursing Home tonight was cancelled unexpectedly, apparently because of an administrative crisis. But there was no lack of material for class discussion. We spent the entire evening talking about definitions of death and their medical and ethical implications, a topic that could easily take up a whole semester.

The traditional definition of death — no pulse or respiration — was superseded, with the advent of the heart-lung machine in 1958, by the concept of brain death. Scala described the landmark Brian Tucker case, ten years ago in Virginia, in which the two definitions of death clashed head-on. Brian Tucker had been shot in the head, declared dead, and his heart transplanted to another patient. His brother brought suit on the grounds that Brian's heart was still beating in another man's chest, so — by the traditional definition of death — Brian had been alive when his heart was removed. The idea was put forth at the trial that a human being is identified more with brain function than with heart-lung function, and the plaintiff lost the case.

Harvard subsequently took it upon itself to refine the definition of brain death in the so-called "Harvard criteria." But one of those criteria — lack of EEG, or brain-wave, activity — was called into question by the Quinlan case, which presented the problem of massive brain damage *with* EEG activity. There are no clear-cut guidelines in such cases. And it was further complicated by the fact that Karen Quinlan unexpectedly survived after being weaned off the heart-lung machine, and was being maintained on nothing more extraordinary than an intravenous feeding tube.



Dr. Scala counsels a terminally ill patient and his wife: "Most patients just want to be heard."

Scala pointed out that in such cases—in any case—there is no course of action, whether active or passive, that constitutes "doing nothing." "Even when you're doing nothing, you're doing something," he said. "You can't evade the responsibility of making decisions." A personal, and sometimes heated, discussion ensued about the moral and philosophical issues involved in life-and-death decisions. For example, is life itself—simple biological existence—an absolute value, or the highest in a scale of values? How do you deal with questions about the *quality* of life involved? What are the unique characteristics of human, as distinct from animal, life? How do you justify maintaining the life of someone who has suffered brain death or its functional equivalent? Who should make such decisions?

Scala asked us what each of us would do in the Quinlan case as it stands now—would we remove her IV and allow her to die? Everyone except me said yes, if she had made a "living will" or other document stating that she didn't wish to be kept alive under such circumstances, or if her family requested that she be allowed to die. I said no, not as long as her body continued to maintain its pulse and breathing spontaneously. Scala himself said yes unhesitatingly.

April 26: Claire Kowalski, a field gerontologist and a member of Thanatology Associates, had been invited to talk to

us this week about old age and its relationship to death. "Death is a part of life, especially in old age," she said. "The elderly usually have reached or passed their life expectancy and completed their life's work, and awareness of finitude—a gut awareness of your limited life span—comes with old age and its sense of increasing vulnerability." She couldn't think of a single elderly person she'd known who said they wanted to live ten more years, "but I've known many who have said they were ready to go when their time came."

Dying at a ripe old age has only recently become the rule rather than the exception in our society. Claire showed us the following statistics on the death rate in the U.S.: In 1900, 53 percent of those who died were under fourteen years of age, and only 17 percent were over sixty-five. By contrast, in 1975, the over-sixty-five group accounted for 69 percent of all deaths, and only 5 percent were under fourteen.

The difficulty for many elderly people is not so much in facing their own death, but in coping with the many losses that old age brings—loss of loved ones and friends, of work identity, mobility, appearance, independence—and the "grief overload" that may result. "Death is the ultimate personal loss," Claire said. "The one who dies isn't the only victim; there are also the 'survivor victims,' the fam-

ily and friends. Death is never 'right,' never a solution to everything. There are always problems with it."

Old age and the imminence of death will often prompt a person to look back and take stock of his life, Claire said, and the "life review" is an important part of coming to terms with death. Greg asked, "How do you counsel an elderly person who feels like he's muffed his life?" Claire answered, "You have to help someone find what's valuable in his life. People often devalue their own lives and take them for granted, but you can help give them a different perspective on it."

Scala spoke up and said, "When you come down to it, life is metaphysically tragic—we're all failures if we have as high ideals as we should, and that's very sad. You can help someone see what's valuable in his life, but no one can *give* value to someone else's life. We each have to find that for ourselves."

May 3: We met in the basement of the biomedical building tonight to watch a tape of a fictional BBC program about a sculptor who is paralyzed from the neck down in an accident, and who decides that he would prefer to die rather than live out the rest of his days as a quadriplegic. Before showing the tape, Scala talked about medical ethics and the recent emphasis on humanism in medicine. "German medicine served as the model for twentieth-century American

medicine, but World War II destroyed its credibility," he said, "because the 'engineering' approach that characterized German medicine was so easily adapted to unethical ends. People began to wonder if the same thing could happen here, in American medicine, and the shift toward humanism is a reaction to that."

The mention of Nazi Germany led us into a discussion of situational ethics and wartime morality, and Scala told us that as an Army lieutenant in the Pacific islands during World War II, he had been responsible for killing several Japanese in combat. "Did you feel guilty about that?" someone asked. Scala nodded and said, "I still do. Even now, when I meet Japanese, I'm unusually deferential toward them."

The BBC program dramatized vividly the issue of a patient's right to have dominion over his own body and his own life (and death). The sculptor had made a rational and balanced decision about his death, but the hospital's chief of staff refused to discharge him, insisting that no one in his right mind would choose to die. Eventually, the sculptor was forced to resort to legal means to win his case. Scala switched the tape off periodically to discuss issues as they arose, and we sat talking in pitch darkness — an odd sensation, but an agreeable one — which seemed to encourage people to open up. When it was over, we continued talking in the dark for another half hour. "I can't give you any pat answers to these kinds of ethical questions," Scala said. "That sounds like I'm passing the buck, but there *are* no hard and fast moral guidelines — each doctor has to decide individually in each situation, in terms of his own values. Hopefully, he'll be guided by compassion for the patient."

"Do you think compassion can be taught?" Greg asked him.

"No," Scala said, "but you can emphasize it."

"Can you *un-teach* it?" he asked. "Yes."

"Thank you," Greg said. "That's all I wanted to know."

May 10: We met in the afternoon at Swan Point Cemetery, off Blackstone Boulevard in Providence, a spacious and beautifully kept private cemetery — a park, almost — on 200 acres overlooking the Seekonk River. Our visit had been planned to coincide with the tulips for which Swan Point is locally famous,

and which were out in brilliant profusion, giving the grounds an almost festive look.

Jim Black, the curator, gave an introductory talk in the chapel about the "memorial industry," as he referred to it. "When someone dies, you're faced with the urgent problem of disposing of a dead human body," he said. "We try to persuade families to decide before death makes it a necessity. Rational choices are almost impossible to make in a time of grief and confusion."

The purpose of a cemetery, he said, is to "return man to his Creator in a dignified and respectful manner," whether that means burial, cremation, or interment in a mausoleum. Most people still choose burial, but cremation has been gaining in popularity recently; the number of cremations increased 61 percent between 1964 and 1974, and, in the New England area, about 6.5 percent now choose cremation (versus 28 percent in California and 1.5 percent in the Midwest). "The choice of cremation isn't from lack of love or money or land," Black said. "I've seen a father handle the cremated ashes of his son with as much tenderness as he would have held the child himself."

He showed us through the crematorium, where a cremation had just been performed — the "retort" (chamber) was open and still shimmering with heat. On the other side of the retort, the remains (consisting of ashes, porous bone fragments, and the metal handles from the casket) had been collected into a narrow metal box. Black explained that remains are always sifted to remove foreign objects and then ground to a uniform coarse grit before being placed in an urn and presented to the family, so that no recognizable bone fragments will be left among the ashes in case the family should wish to scatter them outdoors.

Scattering is not encouraged, though. "Memorialization is not for the dead, but for the survivors," he said. "It's unwise and selfish to deny future generations a focal point of memory." He led us through the columbarium, an elegant little building where urns were placed on permanent display, either in glass cases or behind walnut panels with plaques on them. The columbarium, he pointed out, was designed to hold 3,000 urns.

Our next stop was the mausoleum,



"The purpose of a cemetery is to return man to his Creator in a dignified manner."

a few yards away, with its 576 above-ground crypts faced in white marble. "It's what you might call a condominium," Black said. "To some people it means a great deal to be able to touch the marble only inches away from their loved one." The ventilation system in the mausoleum air-dries the bodies, he noted, for "the ultimate in preservation."

We drove through the cemetery grounds, past monuments of every imaginable variety from plain markers to ornately carved statues, to the greenhouse, where thousands of flowering plants (predominantly geraniums, it seemed) were raised year-round to be placed on graves. Black then took his leave of us, and we agreed to meet on Sunday morning, May 21, at Scala's house in Rumford for his annual class brunch.

May 24: We met for the last time this morning at Stan and Norm's apartment. Exams were over, the semester was officially over, and people came wearing T-shirts and cutoffs. Scala brought along a projector and showed us a film on funeral customs that portrayed both a simple, private burial that an American man arranged for his wife, and an elaborate Balinese public ritual of mass cremation. He talked about different funeral rites and the needs they satisfy,

continued on page 33

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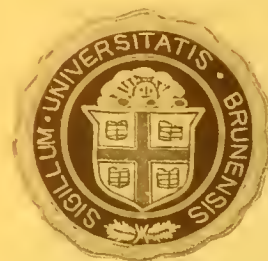
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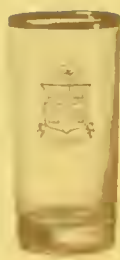
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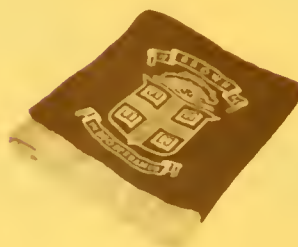


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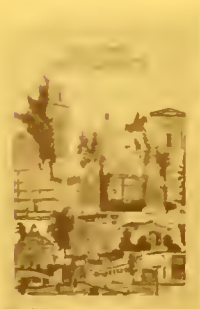
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stressing their importance in helping survivors cope with death and providing a sense of continuity and a focus of memories.

When it came time to wrap it up, Scala said he hoped the course had taught us not so much about death as about life and the need to live it fully. "The more involved you get, the more vulnerable you are," he said. "Your psychological defenses get thinner and thinner the more involved you become with other people and commit yourself to any person or any thing. Is that bad or good? I don't know — it depends on what you want out of life. It seems that you're able to get more if you give more; it's a quid pro quo." He said he was fond of quoting the late Joe E. Louis's aphorism: "You only live once, but if you do it right, once is enough."

What we learned

In a course such as "Living with Dying," each individual takes away something personal from it, just as each of us brought our own needs and expectations to it. I talked with each of the people in the class after it was over (except for Wayne, who'd already left for the summer) to find out what it had meant to them and what they felt they had learned from it, both personally and professionally.

Had Scala succeeded in his purpose of making us aware of our own mortality? Had we all experienced the "ego chill" of realizing that we shared the same fate as a terminally ill patient? The answers made it clear that there are many levels of awareness of death, and that they can shift back and forth, although nearly everyone said that the course brought that awareness closer to home.

Carla, for example, said that she had often tried to think about her own death before she took the course, but her mind couldn't focus on it — "I'd try to concentrate on it and all of a sudden my mind would see a math equation or something." Stan admitted that the first two or three classes were "a pretty emotional experience" for him. Bruce said, "That time when Dr. Scala had us listen to the clock — that was a significant moment in my life. It had an unbelievable effect on me. It was the first time I ever listened to a clock and had those thoughts about what the ticking meant. I was *cognitively* aware I was going to die, but at that moment it really

hit me — 'I'm going to die!' "

Several people mentioned that thinking about death had made them less inclined to procrastinate or react passively to events. "I find myself not sitting around waiting for things to happen," Greg said. "It's so tempting to push that to the limit and say, 'Damn, I might die tomorrow — I really always wanted to do such-and-such.' " It also made people more willing to think about the death of those close to them. Jody mentioned that her father is getting old and could die quite soon. "The course made me think more about those possibilities instead of putting it out of my mind — it turned me around and helped me face that issue. A few times I thought about it to the point where I'd sit and cry, imagining my father's death, which is something I'd never really done before." She went on to say, "It made me think about the way I'd prefer to die. I used to be terrified of dying of cancer or any long-term, slow death, but I think now I'd prefer to know that I was dying and have some time to prepare. I don't want to die suddenly."

As medical students, everyone agreed that the course had made them more confident of their ability to deal sensitively with critically ill and dying patients — and patients in general. "So much of patient-physician contact is involved with non-medical things," Greg pointed out. "The patient is going to get better or worse without you anyway — hopefully you won't make him worse — and it's the other aspects of that relationship that are very important." Jody said, "I used to think it was wrong or unprofessional to cry or show any real emotion in talking to a patient about his illness, but now I think it's preferable to do that than to just deal with a patient superficially. My peers might criticize me if I'm emotional with a patient, but I don't see how the patient could resent it — I don't think the patient will lose confidence in you if you show your feelings. Dr. Scala is the only individual I've ever met who said there was nothing wrong with that."

Bruce said that, as a second-year student, he had already had a chance to put what he'd learned into practice. "At the hospital, I've interviewed and done physicals on several patients who had Hodgkin's or leukemia. When you do a history, you'll ask about all the systems

of the body, and then there's that little category of 'anything extra.' I use that — I always ask a patient if there's any personal problems or things he wants to talk about. When people are chronically ill and know they're going to die in a few months, it's very possible that their biggest problem isn't the disease, but the fact that they're going to die, and that's what they want to talk about — but they won't talk about it unless the doctor opens the door for them. I don't think it's so relevant what the actual problems are, but that the patient feels that this med student he's never met in his life is willing to sit here and listen — and that helps."

"A lot of other courses we've had this semester could have been just as worthwhile and positive as this one if there had just been more chance to discuss things," Carla said. "It's not that other courses don't bring up queasy issues, but this class was a formal way of sitting down and thinking about these sorts of things, and getting feedback from other people. And we didn't have to stick just to death, but talked about a lot of things that were ethical and moral issues. If the emphasis had been on learning certain skills for dealing with dying patients, in retrospect it probably wouldn't have been as worthwhile."



Photographs by John Foraste



At the top: Jim Brochin (foreground) and Neil Regan rest moments before reaching the summit of Devistan.

At last, the summit

Of the thirty-two Brown students, faculty, and alumni who set out to reach the 21,904-foot summit of Devistan in the Indian Himalayas last May and June, twenty-four made it. "It's been jokingly remarked," says Tim Mutch, expedition leader and professor of geological sciences at Brown, "and it's probably true, that in a few days we had more people climb the summit of Devistan than had ever climbed it before. Everyone on the expedition climbed high."

It was an immense undertaking. Each member of the expedition plunked down \$3,000 for equipment, food, porters' fees, air fare. Several tons of goods were assembled at Brown — tents, peanut butter, climbing rope, saltines — packed into boxes, trucked to New York, shipped to Bombay, trucked to Delhi, and then again through Joshimath to Reni where they were repacked and loaded onto the backs of 200 porters who, accompanied by their 100 goats, tramped with the members of the expedition to their Base Camp at 15,000 feet on the slopes of Devistan.

It was a trip marred by tragedy when expedition member Paul Palatt (see page 59) was swept off a bridge while attempting to cross the swollen Rishi Ganga. It was an adventure colored by physical frailty — many in the group had dysentery or other stomach problems, some had difficulty adjusting to the altitude — in a spectacular setting.

There were moments of anguish, frustration, and occasionally humor. The Americans sang around the campfire with native porters and ate their version of the tortilla, known as chapattis. They camped with one of the world's highest mountains in their backyard. And they made it to their goal — the summit of Devistan.

In a tape-recorded conversation with the *BAM* shortly after his return, Tim Mutch described the pictures that appear on the following pages.

Tim Mutch

Tim Mutch: 'From this point on, it was all footwork'

The captions on this and following pages are excerpted from Tim Mutch's recorded conversation with BAM associate editor Debra Shore

This is Reni (below), at the start of the gorge. The bridge is across the Rishi Ganga (river). You can see the truck in which we brought up all our equipment. Most of the group traveled by local bus from Joshimath. Everything is in numbered boxes supplied by Georgia Pacific (with a wax coating to prevent damage by rain) — the same boxes we had packed at Brown in the basement of Olney House and loaded on a U-Haul to New York. It took us two days to get organized, packing and repacking boxes. This was a rather traumatic time because we were required to pay the porters for each extra day.

From this point on, it's all footwork.

At top right, you see Liz Wheeler '79, working her way along a cliff up the gorge. There's a fairly good drop. The natives had made a route up the cliff by taking split tree logs and laying them there. Local people use the path mostly to drive sheep up to higher pastures. The logs were by no means sturdy.

The landscape was just overpowering and people felt intimidated because all the time you heard water rushing in the background. You had a pack on your back and you usually felt lousy with stomach problems, which lent a certain immediacy to the whole thing. By the end of the day you just felt frazzled.

There were two bridges of this sort (bottom right), that we made to cross the Rishi Ganga. When we constructed this bridge in the morning, the water level was about two feet below it. By the late afternoon, when this picture was taken, the water is already lapping up over the bridge. The glacier is melting upstream under the heat of the sun and the water downstream rises as much as three feet a day and then subsides. Within a matter of a half hour after this picture was taken, this bridge had been washed out; it could not sustain the force of the water. The man on the bridge is Vijay, one of the two Indian officers assigned to us.

It was unnerving, I must say, because the sound of that river is just incessant; you watch it inexorably rise up while people are trying to cross it.

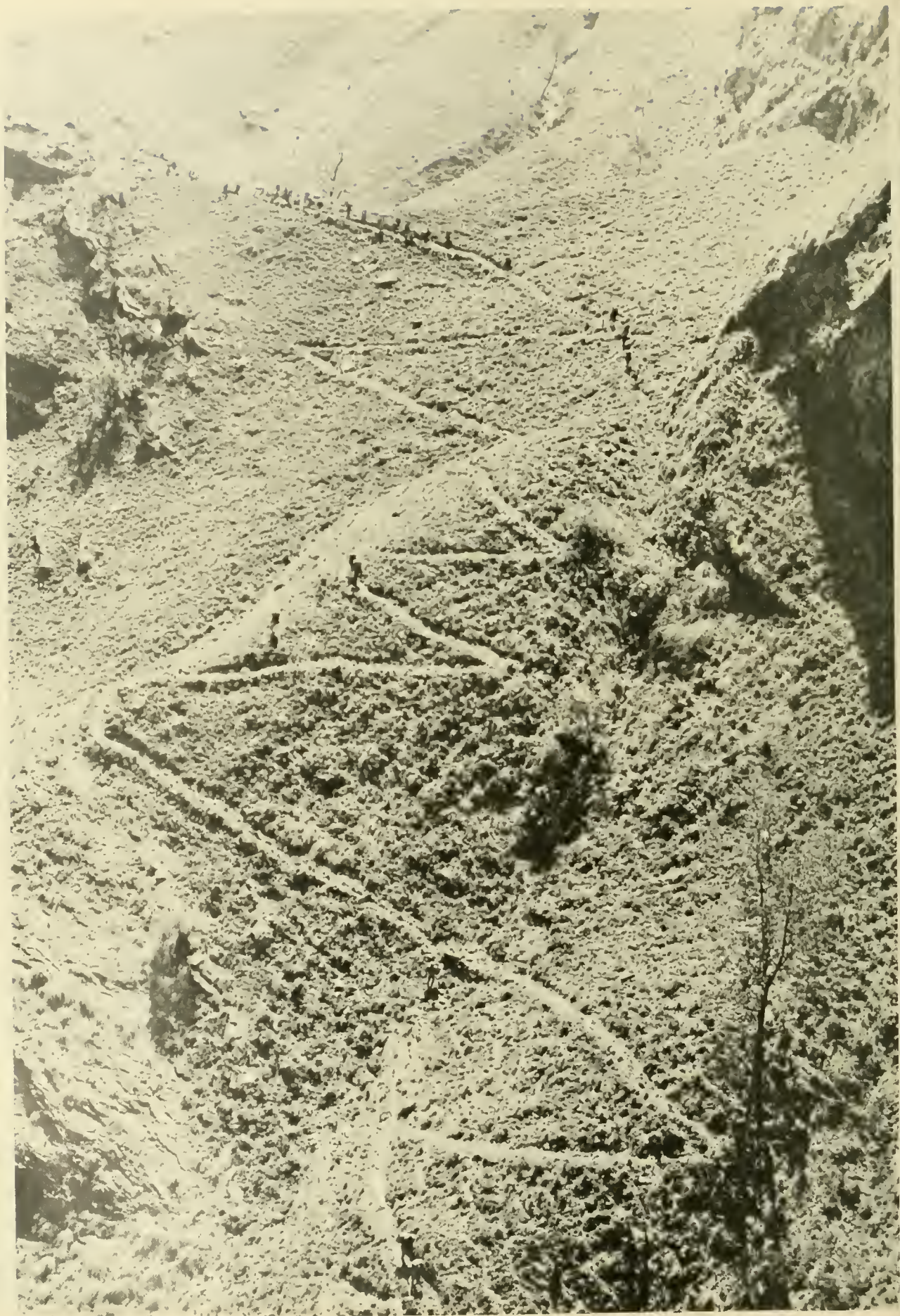




Thomas Binet



Tim Mutch



This is a well-known scene (left) to anyone who's climbed anywhere — switchbacks. There's nothing in a sense quite as depressing as a series of switchbacks. This is more or less the head of the gorge and we've broken out of the timber and are starting up these slopes. You may be able to see some of the porters avoiding the switchbacks and cutting across the slopes. You'd climb 1,000 feet and feel pretty good and then discover you had to descend 1,000 feet.

The scenery was stark and rugged — I don't think you could call it beautiful. We went in at a barren time of year (early May) and when we came out (mid-June) everything was green.

Below we're in a large tent at Base Camp. Rob Daigle, formerly on the staff of the medical program as a technician (left), Vijay (right), and I are debating the way we should break up. We had thirty-one people all wishing to climb a mountain and nobody wishing really to have less than a total experience for himself, so how do you arrange it? What routes should we establish, who should go first, and how do we set up the camps?



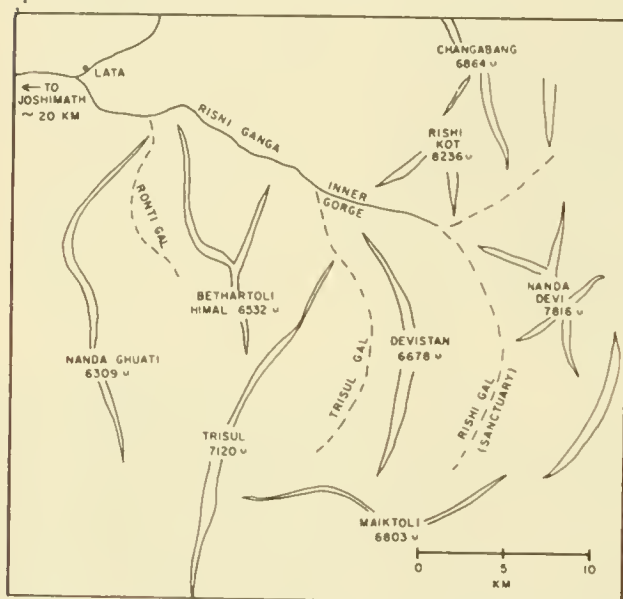
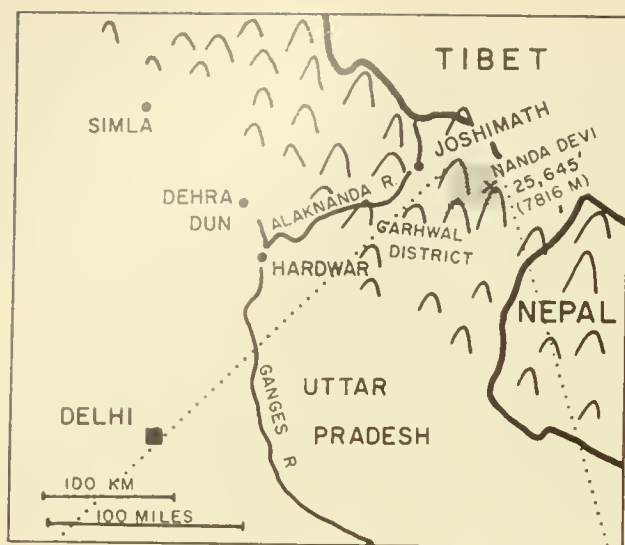
At left is a collage of arty things, taken at Base Camp. On the left you see crampons (boot attachments for walking on snow and ice), in the middle is a tin cup and on the right perhaps the most significant object is this Bisquick. You discover on a lengthy trip that freeze-dried foods just don't do it and you become desperate for bulk, so biscuits of this sort are just an extraordinary delicacy.



At left is Julie Fairchild '79 in a rather sappy pose. The horns are of a bharal, sometimes called a blue sheep. The Nanda Devi region is, in fact, a sanctuary for the bharal. Almost every time you went from Base Camp to advanced Base up the meadows and rocks you'd encounter herds of twenty or more.



John Braman



The top map, above, gives you some idea of the region we were in and the other shows our route in through the Rishi Gorge to the mountain ridge of Devistan.

At right is a picture of Camp 2, which was an exciting camp because on the other side was a terrific drop-off. The view in all directions was just spectacular — we were ringed by mountains. There was almost always mist in the valleys. Clouds would start to form almost every morning about 9 or 10 o'clock, and by 1 o'clock the two peaks of Devistan were socked in. You'd start climbing on a beautiful day and get all excited for a great summit view and you'd get up there and you couldn't see more than a few feet.





Thomas Binet

We had very little snow actually and some of the heaviest snow was in our first few days at Base Camp (left), which was at about 15,000 feet. It would usually snow in the late afternoon and melt very quickly. Of course one of the features of mountain snow is that snow accumulation can be very rapid, so that in an hour you can be inundated.

It gives you some kind of foretaste of what it might be like if the weather turned. Fortunately, the weather never really turned on us. Otherwise we would have been seriously disabled because although we were marginally well-organized, we weren't really organized to persevere through sustained bad weather.



Tim Mutch



Tim Mutch

Tim Mutch



At left is a group of five carrying loads from Camp 2 to Camp 3. In the distance are Changabang and Kalanka. This picture may have been taken from Camp 3, which was almost like a mirage. You come up over a ridge and cross a small crevasse and right as you turn that corner you can see the tents. But you just keep walking and walking and the camp never gets closer. All in all, it takes about two hours.

That's the point at which your temper really starts to get on edge. You get really upset with yourself because the camp just keeps receding.

Above, two climbers, roped up (with a third or fourth out of the picture), make a bid for the summit of Devistan. When we went to the summit we just tried to bring one pack with essentials — parkas, extra clothes, and whatnot. We worried a great deal about being lost in the clouds but once we got the route marked with wands, we had no problems.

During the day it was hot. When the sun went in, the air temperature was close to freezing and as soon as the wind whipped up it was chilly.

The thing that you have to learn over and over again is that the sun really does a job on you — it's like standing on a mirror. Your lips start to crack; you get very acute sunburn all over your face, and in strange places like the inside of your nostrils and the bottom of your earlobes. The first time you put on glacier cream, which protects you, you do it rather sloppily, but after that you become very meticulous.



Tim Mutch — back in Providence.

John Foraste

Point of view

The 5th reunion: Changing images

By Anne Hinman Diffily '73

Before I tell you about my fifth reunion, I'd like to go back a bit — five years to be precise. Perhaps, as my husband occasionally suggests, I reminisce too much. But I think a few memories will serve this story, just as they season my life each day.

The rain woke me on the first Monday of June 1973. At first I could scarcely believe what I heard. It never rained on a Brown graduation. True, our instructions from the Commencement office listed contingency plans for rain, but no one read that section. Rain on Commencement Day was inconceivable.

Yet that morning the raindrops' hammering mocked me from the budget-size picture window of my ground-floor cubicle in the Graduate Center. Beyond the grey tweed drapes I could discern only more grey. It was a depressing moment on a morning that was supposed to have been as bright and crisp as a new Brown diploma.

At every turn that day I felt cheated. I tumbled as I forsook dressy sandals for my indestructible blue clogs. I sputtered as my suitemate and I shared an old umbrella and sloshed up Hope Street to Meehan Auditorium, our papery black robes flapping wetly in our wake.

No procession, no Van Winkle Gates, no First Baptist Meeting House. No hordes of parents jockeying for photos of their passing progeny. No pomp, ceremony, or presidential mace sparkling in the morning sun.

We all survived that rainy Monday. We got our diplomas, and many of us, emerging from the dank hockey rink into tardy sunlight, brought our parents to the College Green. "Here's where you would have sat," we told them, "and there's the podium where the president would have spoken, and down that sidewalk are the gates we'd have marched through." Puny words, unworthy of the grand ceremony I had watched the year before: the befeater hats bobbing, the white-haired alumni

beaming as they marched, the lofty elms standing sentinel, the parental pride washing over the graduates, who had to smile in spite of their studied nonchalance. It was all a little corny, I had thought, but very nice. And we had missed our turn.

Certainly not all of my classmates were quite so bothered by our aborted graduation ceremony. It was, rather, a private peeve, which rankled in my mind so that on each succeeding sunny Commencement I joked to my co-workers at Brown, "I'll get my chance at my fifth reunion!" But it was no joke: I was determined someday to march through those gates and down that hill.

In one respect, then, my fifth reunion assumed a bloated importance for me that was probably not shared by others. In other respects, my ultimate indifference to parts of our reunion was startling. I think I understand it now.

Because we live in Providence and I was working for Brown at the time, and because I had attended parts of my husband's (Michael '67) tenth reunion last year and enjoyed them, I volunteered for the '73 reunion committee. Specifically, my contributions (in addition to holding lengthy long-distance chats with reunion chairman and old buddy Gerard "Doc" Kane, and sacrificing my precious Saturday morning slumber to make 9 a.m. meetings at the Maddock Alumni Center) were hiring a band for our Saturday night class party, and ordering spiffy white tennis visors with brown numerals to be given as reunion souvenirs.

Logically, my involvement with reunion planning should have presaged a whole-hearted participation in every minute of the weekend activities. To my surprise and fleeting embarrassment, things didn't work out that way.

Friday, June 2, started off just fine. My new boss at another area university had agreed to let me leave work early. The band's agent had consented to let

us pay him via Brown University invoice, rather than cash on the spot. The Providence Cap Company had come through at the last minute with an additional seventy-five visors when our registrations topped earlier projections. (We had expected about 150 people, including spouses and guests, based on past showings of fifth-reunion classes. Alumni office records, however, indicate that 255 '73ers and guests came back this year — the highest fifth-reunion attendance in recent memory — and many more were on campus without having officially registered.)

It's hard to pinpoint the Campus Dance's appeal. The ambience is general mayhem, it is *always* cold (forget your skimpy halter dress; glamour takes a back seat to comfort), by midnight someone is sure to have spilled his drink on you, and it's virtually impossible to locate everyone you want to see. Nevertheless, we wouldn't miss the Campus Dance, and many of our friends feel the same way.

Mike and I arrived at the Green around 10:30, after attending a steak cookout. He zeroed in on his friends from '68, and I wandered off in search of my classmates. I'm not sure I ever determined exactly which was the '73 table. (I never managed to locate Doc Kane, either.) But it took just a few minutes to spot those white visors above the crowd. For several uncertain moments I circulated aimlessly, recognizing faces, nodding hello. Then Dave Duhaime grabbed my arm with a friendly yell, and the catching-up process began. It is a ritual common, I'm sure, to all reunions. Hey, you look great . . . what are you doing? . . . grad school . . . Wall Street . . . medical residency . . . The colored lanterns swung gaily to this litany of accomplishment.

I saw a lot of old friends that night, although some of my closest weren't there. My general impressions were that everyone *did* look great (slimmer, neater, shorter hair; my freshman roommate, whose academic brilliance had

rather intimidated me during our four years at Brown, was prettier, warmer than ever); that in five years we had forged stronger identities, acquired more poise, and grown far from our images as Brown students; and that while it was fun to see everyone again, I felt no inclination to re-establish old roles and associations.

This last reaction may have been one reason for my unexpected non-attendance at the remainder of the weekend's class events. For the truth is, I missed both our class dinner Saturday evening (a steak fry at the East Campus cafeteria) and the party afterwards in Diman House.

What happened is this: we sat talking with friends after Alumni Field Day on Saturday afternoon (another of our yearly "musts" because of Mike's involvement with rugby), and as dusk approached, getting to the '73 dinner seemed less and less essential. We ate, instead, at a Hope Street restaurant with good friends, a couple from the class of 1968 who returned home to Massachusetts immediately afterward. Exhausted from the night before, Mike and I lay down fully clothed at home for a brief nap before heading to Wriston Quad . . . and next awoke at 2 a.m. I

'The Campus Dance had sated my need for reuning'

had missed my class party, which I had helped organize. Furthermore, on Sunday, a brilliant sunny day, we headed far away from Brown to Newport, and spent the day with friends from Mike's office.

Somehow the Campus Dance had sated my need for reuning. I see this not as an indictment of reunions, but rather as an expression of five years' growth. My years at Brown will always be among the most precious, enjoyable, and fondly remembered of my life. Yet I feel many of us left Brown to some degree unformed, childlike. There were those, of course, who had arrived as freshmen with their goals set, their lives mapped out. This was perhaps more true of the so-called pre-professionals. I was not one of them. Brown expanded my horizons, opened a world of pos-

sibilities. But I feel my most dramatic evolution into adulthood has occurred in the five years following graduation.

My choice of an American civilization major had been at least partially a process of elimination. (I enjoyed literature but preferred the modern American variety; I loved art history, but was unwilling to commit myself to the esoteric nature of the discipline.) I graduated without specific training. Fortunately, I happened to take a job at Brown that I liked and at which I proved to be fairly adept — writing and public relations — and learned, perhaps, as much from my stimulating and witty co-workers and story subjects as I had from four years of academic diletantism.

Too, my personal growth may have been accelerated by external forces earlier than many of my classmates'. I married two years out of Brown, and marriage in itself is — or should be — a maturing process. Along with my husband, however, I also acquired an instant family of two young children who share our home on weekends. Their presence helped me develop more patience, selflessness, the ability to shift instantly the gears of our lifestyle every Friday at five o'clock, and a commitment to domesticity I could never have contemplated five years ago. I have learned to cope with hard realities, both economic and emotional, and to love without restraint, and I am better for it, and thankful.

Because so much of my intellectual ferment and maturing happened after college, I can no longer identify with the carefree young person who studied and partied at Brown five years ago. With the exception of my own family, my closest friends, the people most important to me, are those I have met since college — my husband, stepchildren, co-workers, and Mike's rugby friends and their wives. I'm sure this growing apart is a common, perhaps universal, phenomenon among college alumni, and I think it's why I was curiously unperturbed about missing the Saturday night reunion parties.

There remained, of course, the matter of the Van Wickle Gates and my obsession with marching through them. Consequently, I arrived on the sun-washed College Green at eight o'clock Monday morning, well in time for the Commencement proces-

sion. I located the '73 marching contingent near University Hall; there were but eight of us in all, four of whom were marshals clad in robes and badges. I knew reasonably well only Candy Doehlert Walker, about whom I had written a BAM article when she worked as a Brown admission officer. There were several people I recognized, and others I hadn't known at all. Because of our small number, however, we enjoyed a nice, light camaraderie during the procession.

I am happy to report that, despite feeling a bit silly at the start, I thoroughly enjoyed my long-awaited march down College Hill. Indeed, it was the high point of my reunion. The martial music was glorious, the throngs of gawkers properly appreciative. Goose bumps rose on my arms when we all applauded the very elderly, very proud alumni from the classes of '06 and the like as they passed by on Waterman Street. (The next best applause-getter was the blonde toddler child of my classmate Julia Sumner Gross, whose husband, Charles '72, pushed a stroller ahead of our class in the procession.)

We then filed between the rows of seniors in their billowing gowns, and I imagined they were scrutinizing us for signs of crows-feet and capitalism, and wondering if they would be like us five years hence. Looking at my classmates — whole people now, even more interesting than we were five years ago — I concluded that the class of '78 wouldn't do so badly to turn out as we did.

After the procession, we milled about on the Meeting House lawn. The words of one of the Senior Orators wafted out via the public address system. "We must learn to leave Brown," she said, "and to leave gracefully." I think, despite our botched graduation day five years ago, we've done that. And I hope when we return to Brown in years to come it will be with the knowledge that we've continued to grow — and grow apart — gracefully, too.

Anne Diffily, a member of the BAM staff for two years, is now assistant director of public relations at Southeastern Massachusetts University.



The Rev. Woodbury Stowell '08 returned for his 70th reunion and served as a class marshal in the Commencement procession. During his long career in the ministry, Mr. Stowell served many churches in the American Baptist Convention. Now 90, he lives at Navesink House, 40 Riverside Ave., Red Bank, N.J.

The Classes

written by Jay Barry

12 The Rev. Clarence F. Gifford and his wife, Gladys, celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary quietly at their home in Assonet, Mass., on May 28 with members of their family and a few close friends.

18 Walter Adler, Providence, has been reelected president of the Legal Aid Society of Rhode Island for a fifth term.

Thomas W. Hall, Greenville, R.I., is serving as president of the Brown Navy Club for the eighth consecutive term.

Raymond Wilder, Santa Barbara, Calif., gave the Charles Tatt Lecture in mathematics at the University of Cincinnati in May.

21 Arthur S. Kirk is living at West Bay Manor, 2783 West Shore Rd., Warwick, R.I. 02886.

22 Twelve members of the women's class of 1922 attended the 56th off-year reunion luncheon on Saturday, June 3. Present were: Isabel Abbott, Laurine Bradford, Annie Coggeshall Cooke, Margaret Perry Littlefield, Mary McCarthy, Miriam McCaughey, Helen Thayer Paxton, Rosemary Carr Polleys, Carolyn Macdonald Sherman, Helen Brintzenhoff Stuart, Helen Borden Whipple, and Una Greene Wilder. The following class officers were elected: Isabel Abbott, president; Helen Thayer Paxton, secretary/archivist; Margaret Perry Littlefield, treasurer/head class agent. Una Greene Wilder came from Santa Barbara, Calif., with her husband, Raymond '18, who was attending his 60th reunion.

John H. Whorf and his wife, Pauline, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on March 31 at their home in Wellfleet, Mass. The celebration dinner was held at the Yesteryears Restaurant in Wellfleet, with eight of their old friends in attendance, along with their son, Robert '67, of Camillus, N.Y.

23 Members of the class prefer golf to all other participatory sports, followed by gardening, reading, traveling, church work, hiking, and bridge. These facts were in a two-page report submitted to classmates who returned for their 50th. Bob Litchfield was the man who pulled the facts together. More men of '23 went into business than any other field, with four members still working a regular shift. Next in line came education, legal work, banking, medicine, utilities, insurance, and accounting. Of the 220 members originally in the class, seventy-nine came from Rhode Island and 161 from New England. The class produced 179 children, of whom thirty-nine attended Brown. Under "Current Activities," one man listed "bird watching instead of girl watching."

John Foraste

Included in this section are photographs from the 1978 reunion and Commencement weekend.

25 S. J. Perelman has been awarded its first special achievement medal by the Association of American Publishers.

26 Edwin K. Gedney, after retiring as dean of Gordon College, spent two years teaching in Japan. He now serves as a lecturer and consultant in several phases of school and church work.

Connie Blais Graham broke her hip last spring and spent several weeks in a nursing home. Then she moved to her daughter's home, also in Barrington. "With her true grit," says class secretary Hope Borden, "Connie dispensed with her walker and cane and by late June was making it on her own."

Martha Dickie Sharpe writes that "we have sold our 'castle' in Stamford, Conn., and will be moving out in September. Bought an apartment in Palm Beach in May, along with another home in Stamford. We gave our boat to the Florida Institute of Technology last year." She also reports that her husband, David, had been seriously ill but is now up and about.

William B. Widnall served as chairman of the National Commission on Electronic Fund Transfers, which recently issued its 390-page report to the President of the United States. The Commission conducted a thorough study and investigation of the emerging payment system known as electronic funds transfer, and recommended appropriate administrative action and legislation to permit the orderly development of private and public EFT systems. Bill lives in Saddle River, N.J.

28 Dr. Joseph L. Kostecki, a retired physician since 1974, was looking forward to his 50th reunion with great enthusiasm. Unfortunately, a serious illness intervened and forced Joe to change his plans. One of the most heartwarming gestures on the part of the class of 1928 was to send a get-well card to Joe with the names of all those attending the reunion. "With emotion and much pride they made me feel that I was there with them," Joe says. "Thank you for your kind thoughts, Class of 1928."

32 Samuel Weissman retired in June as executive vice president of Set To Wear, Inc., Orange, Conn., manufacturers of work clothes. He lives at 6 Long Ln. Terr., New Haven.

33 Davis P. Low and Viva Barnwell were married Jan. 28 in the small chapel of the University of Maryland in College Park. "The reception," Davis writes, "was held at the adjacent Rossborough Inn on the campus, a former home for university presidents. We subsequently took off by car for Florida, Arizona, California, and points

around, returning to Maryland in April and to 92 Belcher Ave., Brockton, Mass., in May."

Orville P. Stillman writes that in 1976 he retired from the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp., New York Region, after thirty-six years in the federal Civil Service. Some five of those years during World War II were in the War Shipping Administration of the U.S. Maritime Commission, and the rest in the FDIC in the region that includes New York, New Jersey, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. "About the middle of 1977 my wife and I and our youngest daughter moved to Las Vegas. My objective in making the move was to pursue a hobby I had acquired in Puerto Rico over the years — playing blackjack." Orville sends his address: 867 N. Lamb Blvd., Space 134, Las Vegas, Nev. 89110.

34 Lou Irving writes that he is still working in Korea (since October 1963) as a program analyst in logistics, based in the HQ staff of the United Nations Command-U.S. Forces Korea.

36 William S. Davies has his "retirement home" at 1207 Cheyenne Dr., Indian Harbor Beach, Fla. 32937.

David Mittlemann, senior vice president of Cross & Brown Co., New York City, has been named to head the firm's new division specializing in the sale, leasing, and management of industrial property in New York City. A member of the bar in New York, David is adjunct assistant professor of real estate at New York University and at Bernard M. Baruch College.

37 Russell G. Exley, scout executive of the Pioneer Valley Council, Boy Scouts of America, retired Aug. 1. His professional scouting career covered forty years, with the past twenty-five years devoted to the Pioneer Valley Council. He and his wife, Jane, live in Longmeadow, Mass.

38 Thomas R. Serpa, president of the Sterling Drug International Group, has been named vice president of the group's parent company, Sterling Drug, Inc., of New York City.

William A. Tucker is a leasing broker with World Wide Leasing Corp., Hillside, N.J.

39 Vic Bernstein, Providence, has been appointed production traffic manager of the LeBeau, Leicht & Santangini advertising and public relations agency.

Frank P. Comstock is a claims manager with M. Lowenstein & Sons, Lyman, S.C.

Charles E. Gross has been named a vice president of Rhode Island Hospital Trust National Bank, Providence. With the bank

since 1947, Charlie is now in the personal trust area of the trust administration department.

Anthony F. Mmuto, an attorney in Waterbury, Conn., is owner of the Waterbury Title Co.

40 David W. Borst, Palos Verdes Estates, Calif., has been elected to the honorary grade of fellow of the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers.

Brooke Hindle is director of the National Museum of History and Technology at the Smithsonian Institution. He served as chairman of the history department and dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at New York University prior to accepting his current position in 1974.

The Rev. Ronald A. Norton, rector of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Stone Harbor, N.J., is the recipient of a continuing education grant, which he used to attend the Salamanca Ecumenical Summer Institute in Salamanca, Spain.

41 Allan S. Nanes continues to work as a specialist in U.S. foreign policy with the Congressional Research Service of the Library of Congress. "My work covers the entire spectrum of U.S. foreign relations," he writes, "but the job tends to concentrate on the political and economic problems of international development. I do reports, memoranda, and analyses. I used to do a great deal of speech writing for members of Congress, but have done little of that in recent years. I am collaborating on a book of documents on international terrorism."

Leon Tracy is vice president-sales of Foundation Life Insurance Co., Miami, Fla.

42 John H. Stone took early retirement May 31 from his position as vice president-operations of Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co., Youngstown, Ohio. He had been with the firm for thirty years. John occupied himself in the late spring and summer by planting new trees in a twenty-acre apple orchard and getting the better of a vegetable garden on his seventy-acre farm near Salem, Ohio. He and his wife, Olive, have three daughters.

45 Catherine Towne Anderson and her husband, Bob, live in Amherst, Mass. "Our daughter, Beth, and our son-in-law, Joe Denis, are in Jamestown, N.Y., where Joe is a civil engineer working on the sewage treatment plant there," Catherine says. "Our first grandchild, Jessica Marie, was a year old in April. Our son, Paul, is a forester for the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Glenwood, Wash. Bruce, our youngest son, is a junior in the civil and environmental engineering department at Clarkson, presently

on the dean's list. I'm still a quality control reviewer for the Massachusetts Department of Public Welfare."

John W. Anthony, professor of geoscience at the University of Arizona in Tucson, is senior author of *Mineralogy of Arizona*, which was published last year by the University of Arizona Press. John and his wife, *Arline Kotite Anthony '44*, have three children: John, who received his doctor of pharmacy degree from the University of Southern California in June; and *Ryan '79* and *Doris '80*, both at Brown.

Robert Lindsay has been named Brownell-Jarvis Professor of Natural Philosophy and Physics at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. The Wethersfield resident has been professor of physics at Trinity since 1965, with his areas of research and publication being experimental solid state physics and magnetic measurements.

Walter E. Palmer, Jr., has moved from Pawtucket to 113 Willenhall Ln., Westcliffe Subdivision, Greenville, S.C. 29611.

46 *Arthur Bateman* is vice president and general manager of Automatic Sprinkler Company of America, Cleveland, Ohio.

Robert Beauregard is with the Bailey Division of Babcock & Wilcox as an electronics control systems engineer. The Lakewood, Ohio, resident reports his hobby is playing the trumpet in bands in the Cleveland area.

Alice Clark Donahue, Barrington, R.I., has been elected treasurer of the National Women's Clubs.

Dr. John C. Evans writes that he has been in private practice in Phoenix, Ariz., for the past three years.

Charles D. Fischer, now retired, is living at 338 N.E. 2nd St., Boca Raton, Fla. 33432.

Sybil Blackman Lesselbaum, Barrington, R.I., writes that her major interest is still horticulture. She is a judge at floral shows and teaches floral arranging.

Sandy MacNair, Bellevue, Wash., has left the world of big business and now owns a small company which manufactures stone and brick veneers. Sandy has the sympathy of classmates on the death of his son, Peter, in a boating accident last year.

Alfred I. Miranda of West Palm Beach, Fla., is a self-employed broadcast management consultant.

Toula Constant Richards, Naugatuck, Conn., has recently taken a course in quantitative chemical analysis at Waterbury State Technical College in order to return to work in the chemical field.

Elliot A. Salter is a partner in the patent law firm of Salter & Michaelson, Providence.

Sonia Albert Schumberg is in charge of the interior design department of Loeb Schlossman Hackl Architects, Chicago.

47 *Dr. Robert F. Corrente* has been named chief of surgery and president of the medical staff at Kent County Memorial Hospital, Warwick, R.I.

Eliot Stellar (Ph.D.) has resigned as provost of the University of Pennsylvania, the resignation to take effect Dec. 31. At Penn since 1954, Professor Stellar had previously served as head of the university's Institute of Neurological Sciences. After taking a year off "to reacquire myself with the laboratory at

the medical school," Professor Stellar will teach full-time again. He and his wife, *Betty Housel Stellar '47*, live in Ardmore, Pa.

48 *Stephen G. Brush* is a housing-program specialist with the Department of Community Affairs, Hartford, Conn.

A. Sheffield Reynolds, vice president of Rhode Island Hospital Trust National Bank, is serving as Grand Master of the Masons in Rhode Island.

Moses Sparks has been named a senior research scientist in the research and development organization at Armstrong Cork Co., Lancaster, Pa.

49 *Winthrop F. Ashworth* is an instructor/technician at Vermont Technical College, Randolph Center, Vt.

C. Glenn Flanders, chairman of the board of education in Windsor Locks, Conn., scored a hole-in-one on the sixth hole at Sutfeld Country Club last spring. Also in the foursome was his brother, *John Flanders '53*, a middle-school teacher.

Alden Poole has been named chairman of the department of communications at Simmons College. He was formerly executive news editor of the *Boston Herald*.

50 *Edward B. Corcoran*, an attorney in Newport, R.I., is serving as a member of the town council in Middletown.

Robert Follett has written two books that will be published this year. *What to Take Backpacking — And Why* came off the press this summer, and *How to Keep Score In Business Accounting and Financial Analysis For the Non-Accountant* will be published this fall. Bob lives in Oak Park, Ill.

Lawrence Gross and his wife, Joan, live in what he calls "a ranch house in the sky with a fantastic front yard," his description of their apartment home on Central Park West in Manhattan. Larry is president of Ultra-Sport, Ltd., a business he founded three years ago and which features a full line of women's and men's tenniswear. He still enjoys playing tennis and took great pleasure last spring in watching his son, Jonathan, captain the Princeton tennis team. Laurey, a junior at Lake Forest College, plays No. 1 in singles. Their third child, Jennifer, is 11.

John Michaud, Swansea, Mass., is teaching accounting at Roger Williams College. He became a CPA in October 1977 and a grandfather last Feb. 14.

Norris L. O'Neill, a West Hartford attorney, has been named a Superior Court judge by Governor Grasso of Connecticut.

Pat Wilson writes that he is now living at 82 Irving Pl., New York City. He is selling printing and typography.

51 *Robert E. Anderson* has been elected executive vice president-marketing and a member of the executive committee of the board of directors of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.

Harlan A. Bartlett served this past year as president of the Brown Rowing Association, an alumni organization that works closely with crew coach Vic Michalson. Harlan lives in East Greenwich, R.I.

Lt. Comdr. Richard W. Gallipeau, U.S. Navy (Ret.), writes that he "took off" in Au-

gust for an extended cruise on the sloop *Osprey*.

Mary Sullivan Hanley has been appointed by President Carter as a member of the Board of Visitors to the United States Naval Academy for a term expiring Dec. 30, 1980. Mary is a partner in the Seattle law firm of Karr, Tuttle, Koch, Campbell, Mawer & Morrow. Her husband, Robert, is a retired Navy commander and their son, Timothy, was graduated in June from the Naval Academy.

Robert W. Kirk works for Systems Development Corp., Santa Monica, Calif.

Amedeo Merolla, chairman of the school committee in Warwick, R.I., will be seeking a second term in the November elections. He is an attorney and partner in the firm of Tempkin, Merolla & Zurier, Providence. Amedeo has served as legal counsel to the Rhode Island Department of Administration and is a former city solicitor in Providence.

Vincent Ponko, Jr., dean of the School of Humanities at California State College, Bakersfield, has been selected as the first vice president for academic affairs at the University of Scranton.

Robert H. Warren has been named director of public relations and advertising for Consolidated Freightways, Inc., San Francisco, with responsibility for the firm's internal and external communications programs.

George M. Wolfson has joined Executrans, Inc., Stamford, Conn., as national accounts manager.

52 *Sally Hill Cooper*, Bryn Mawr, Pa., has been elected a vice chairwoman of the board of WHEELS, a non-profit medical and specialized transportation service organization. Sally is a past member of the Philadelphia and Pennsylvania boards of directors of the AAUW.

Donald G. Manly has become vice president for research and planning of Abex Corp., Mahwah, N.J., a wholly owned subsidiary of IC Industries. "Another bit of news," he writes, "is that at the annual meeting of the Industrial Research Institute held at Scottsdale, Ariz., in May, I was elected to the board of directors. In addition, I continue to serve on the board of editors of the journal *Research Management*."

It seems that there was very little that was accurate in our note about *Mark T. Neville* in the July/August issue. So let us quote from a letter we received from him after he received the issue: "I do live in Monroe, N.Y., with my wife and two daughters. However, I am not a research technician and have no intention of ever going to medical school. I am employed by American Can Co. in Greenwich, Conn., and have been employed by them in various capacities for the past sixteen years." Our apologies for the error.

Albert N. Van Wagenen has been named general manager of the Louis Ender Division of S.E. Rykoff & Co., Los Angeles.

53 *Elaine Regan Dray*, Deerfield, Mass., entered her senior year at Western New England Law School in August and expects to get her J.D. next May. "My husband, Alfred, is president of Dray Publications of Deerfield," she writes. "My daughter, Diane, graduated from Brown in June, my son, Deane, is a junior at Brown,



Constance Brown

The Brown Photo Lab's George Henderson '38 takes a class picture of Pembroke '33.

and daughter *Jane* is a sophomore. In addition, we have two other children." Elaine is a NASP worker for Brown in the Deerfield area, is co-founder of Alternatives to Curriculum at Deerfield Grammar School, and is a charter member of the League of Women Voters in Greenfield, Mass.

Bob Lundin writes that after fifteen years in the Midwest (U.S.A.), he has moved to the Mideast (Saudi Arabia) as general manager for finance and administration of Tradco-Vulcan, Ltd. "This is a joint venture between Vulcan Materials Company, a \$500-million sales U.S. company, and an Arabian partner. We employ 1,000 people here and are supplying ready-mix concrete, asphalt, aggregate, and concrete blocks to Aramco, the Arabian-American Oil Co. The magnitude of the construction going on here dwarfs anything ever attempted in the history of the world in a short span of years. My family and I will be based in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, and can be reached through Tradco-Vulcan, Ltd."

Charles W. Merriam, chairman of the University of Rochester department of electrical engineering, has written a book, *Fortran Computer Programs: Solutions to Optimization*

Problems Arising in Feedback Control, published by D.C. Heath & Co. He is the author of three other books on the analysis and design of control systems and networks.

Robert N. Titus, Jr., is director of the employee relations department of Rochester Gas & Electric Corp., Rochester, N.Y. The father of four children, Bob has been active in the Rochester Chamber of Commerce and the area's Industrial Management Council.

54 Dr. *James Cerilli* is serving a two-year term as secretary of the American Society of Transplant Surgeons. Jim is director of the transplant program at the Ohio State University Hospitals in Columbus and serves as a member of the executive committee for dialysis and transplantation of the National Kidney Foundation.

Roger Cromwell was a vice president in charge of business development at State National Bank of Connecticut at Bridgeport four years ago, happy in his position and looking forward to many years with the bank. Then he had a brainstorm, one that eventually developed into a national business and forced him to resign from the bank. In 1974 Roger

started what was then known as the "merger letter," a one-page typewritten memo listing business opportunities in Fairfield County. The letter did so well that he started producing the bi-monthly publication independently. He now prints regional editions for banks in all parts of the country.

Barbara Nahigian Merguerian, Wellesley, Mass., is editor of the *Armenian Mirror Spectator*. She and her husband have two daughters.

56 *Ellen V. Amel* is a family therapist with Family Counseling Service, Hackensack, N.J.

Alan F. Atwood is a partner in The Nantucket Co., a real estate firm in Nantucket, Mass.

Ed Fuschetti has been appointed vice president-administration of Keene Corp., Union, N.J. He and his wife, Nancy, and their three sons have moved to Madison Borough, N.J. He reports that Mark is a sophomore at Duke, Steve is a senior at Madison High and a third-team All-State tackle, and Paul is a high school sophomore and a football and lacrosse player. "My roommate from Brown, *Irv Valkys* '55, also

lives in Madison," Ed writes.

Joseph Randazza has been elected president of the Greater Lowell (Mass.) Chamber of Commerce. He is a vice president of Fred C. Church Insurance Co., Lowell.

57 Peter T. Barstow has been named vice president-audiovisual and broadcast services of Horton, Church & Goff, Inc., Providence advertising agency. Pete is chairman of the board of the Rhode Island Heart Association. He and Marjorie and their children live in Rumford, R.I.

J. Marvin Fialco is divisional merchandise manager of Duty Free Shippers, Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii.

A. Barry Merkin has been named to the University Library Committee at Brown. He is a publisher with R.R. Bowker Co., New York City. His daughter, Beth, is a member of the class of '81.

Donald L. Saunders, Brookline, Mass., a leading Boston real estate counselor, has been named to the State Board of Fire Prevention Regulations. Don is president of Saunders and Associates, a trustee of the Boston Park Plaza Hotel Trust and Statler Office Building, and vice president and a director of the Lenox and Copley Square Hotels of Boston. In commenting on Don's recent appointment to the state board, Governor Dukakis called Saunders "one of the most capable and highly respected men in the real estate field."

58 George D. F. Lamborn, senior executive vice president and director of commodities at Shearson Hayden Stone, New York City, has been elected chairman of the board of the Amex Commodities Exchange in New York City.

Matthew N. Ott, Jr., a graduate of the University of North Carolina School of Law, has a civil and criminal practice as a partner in the Richmond, Va., law firm of Ott, Morchower, Thompson & McMullan.

Cynthia Peterson has joined Hellmuth, Obata & Kassabaum as vice president-interior design for its New York office. She is a graduate of the Yale Architectural School.

Alex T. Rowland (Ph.D.) has been reappointed to his third five-year term as chairman of the chemistry department at Gettysburg College.

Rufus "Bud" Wilson and his wife, Nancy, report the birth of a son, John Campbell, on March 6. A graduate student at Northeastern University, Bud is an engineer with Raytheon Company and is living in Weston, Mass.

59 James B. Cooke has been elected assistant vice president of four mutual funds sponsored by T. Rowe Price Associates, the Baltimore-based investment research and counseling firm.

J. William Flynn has been appointed vice president of packaging systems of Dennison Manufacturing Co., Framingham, Mass.

Dr. Martin S. Kleinman and his wife report the birth of a son, Jonathan, on Nov. 14. Marty is a gastroenterologist associated with Strong Memorial Hospital, Rochester, N.Y.

Jean A. Lean is an economist with the Division of Business Outlook, Bureau of Economic Analysis, Department of Commerce, Washington, D.C.

Robert F. Pyper, who has been employed by the Providence Journal Company since graduating, has been promoted to retail advertising manager-administration. He is a Rumford, R.I., resident.

60 Richard Caputo and his wife, Rosemary Shea Caputo (see '62), live in Shavertown, Pa., with their three children: Lisa, 14, Richard, Jr., 12, and Christina, 7.

Wynn Lee, formerly of Middletown, Va., has been named director of the Mark Twain House in Hartford, Conn. A Fulbright Scholar, Wynn studied in France.

David Sadtler and Sheila Procter were married Aug. 23 at Caxton Hall, London, England. The couple is living in Amsterdam, where David is a management consultant with McKinsey & Co.

61 Michael M. Finefrock (A.M.) has been promoted to associate professor of European and Near Eastern history at the College of Charleston, Charleston, S.C., where he has taught since 1974. Michael is the recent recipient of a Fulbright Fellowship for research on the origins of economic development policy in Turkey.

Richard Corey MacKenzie, Manchester, Conn., has been named a partner in the Hartford law firm of Day Berry & Howard. The Boston University law school graduate is a former insurance underwriter and agent.

62 Ian T. Ball received his law degree from Indiana University in May and is an attorney with Nieman, O'Loughlin & Rasmussen in Minneapolis.

Marion Otis Barnes is teacher and co-director at the Sunflower School for gifted, learning disabled, and other special children, located in St. Petersburg, Fla. Marion is involved in the women's movement, gardening, ceramics (in her own studio), and lots of travel. "Life is full of Florida sunshine, good people, and interesting work," she writes. Her family includes Christopher, 12, Ben, 9, and Elizabeth, 1.

Rosemary Shea Caputo and her husband, Richard (see '60), live in Shavertown, Pa., where Rosemary is a part-time graduate student and is active in the Junior League, Philharmonic Society, and the Wyoming Seminary Preparatory School, where she is on the board of trustees. Their children are Lisa, 14, Richard, Jr., 12, and Christina, 7.

Cyrus M. Hoffman writes that "New Mexico is the best kept secret in the U.S.A." He's there as an experimental physicist at the Los Alamos Meson Physics Facility. Cyrus and his wife enjoy skiing and mountain climbing with Ben, 12, Luke, 10, and their 8-year-old adopted daughters, Julie and Carrie.

Paul Huffard and his wife, Sue Wheaton Huffard, have two sons and two daughters. Sue is doing NASP work for Brown in the Greenwich (Conn.) area and has her own interior design firm.

Gordon Henry Hughes is associate professor of mathematics at California State University in Chico, Calif. He consults in energy research and economics with a special interest in game theory and its applications. He writes that his family consists of "Pupper yo yo, Pupper being a gold malamute with con-

siderable intelligence and dignity."

Paul H. Mayers has been named a senior vice president in the International Division of Chemical Bank in White Plains, N.Y. He and his wife, Kerwin, live in Darien, Conn., with their three children.

Dr. Michael Naidoff is an ophthalmologist at Wills Eye Hospital and Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia, where he is also in private practice. He and his wife, Stephanie, are the parents of Daniel, 7.

Allen Parkman is assistant professor of economics and law in the Robert O. Anderson Graduate School of Business and Administrative Sciences at the University of New Mexico. He and Amy have a son, Ian, born in June 1977.

Carol Markovitz Raskin passed her bar exam in July 1976 and is a senior law clerk in the federal court, researching and drafting opinions "on everything from constitutional law and civil rights to antitrust." She's also organized an institute on Judaism for 250 public school teachers in Louisville. "I enjoyed this," she writes, "since I had never organized anything bigger than a Brownie car pool before." Her husband, Larry, is chief psychologist at the Child Evaluation Center, University of Louisville Medical School.

Nelson J. Rohrbach, Jr., is president of Lenox Candles and Carolina Soap and Candle Makers, Oshkosh, Wis. He and Penny and their five children — Holly 13, Jackie, 12, Nancy, 9, Susan, 8, and David, 6 — love Wisconsin, where they have ample time for skiing and tennis.

Robert H. Saquet's news to the class secretary came decorated with the art work of Jennifer, 6. Bob is manager of the Jamestown Manor Ethan Allen Gallery in Saugus, Maine. He also serves as chairman of the Mansfield Municipal Building Committee, which built the town hall, police station, and municipal buildings. A member of the town Charter Commission and Historical Committee, Bob restored an 1803 farmhouse in Mansfield. His other children include Mary, 14, Robert, 12, and Thomas, 9.

John South and his wife, Martha Hill South, are at 9 Bd. du Chateau, 92200 Neuilly-sur-Seine, France, where John is general manager for Graco-Europe. "Love Paris," John says, "and enjoy traveling with Laura, 9, and Julie, 6." Martha is studying painting, French, Biblical history, and French history.

Eleanor Vernon Wilson, Charlottesville, Va., writes that she works on the Democratic Committee and for the University Symphony Orchestra. She and her husband, Richard, have two children, Kristina, 8, and Abigail Elizabeth, 1.

Dr. David Frank Wood is an internist hematologist oncologist at the Keene Clinic, Keene, N.H. He and Wanda are the parents of Wanda, 7, Christine, 4, and John David, 2.

63 Brother A. David Carroll (M.A.T.) has been awarded a Ph.D. from New York University's School of Education in the field of science education. His dissertation topic was: "The Relation of Computer Technology to Instructional Strategies." "I am currently the director of the Computer Center of the Archdiocese of New York and am an adjunct professor at St. John's University's School of Education, Jamaica,

N.Y.," he writes.

Elizabeth L. Nowlin, Laurel, Md., is employed by the U.S. Department of Defense.

64 John T. C. Gerig (Ph.D.) is professor of chemistry at the University of California at Santa Barbara.

Lucy Jefferys Greenblatt is a staff reporter for the *Daily Local News*, Chester, Pa., on general assignment for the news department. "I have also been working for the last two years as a professional musician," she writes, "dabbling as singer, guitarist, and song writer. Have performed in the local area by myself, with a now-defunct rock dance band called Raven, and am currently teamed up with pianist Walt Kinsey in a small combo that performs current and popular songs as well as originals."

Donald A. Guinness is a product specialist in marketing at Chevron USA, San Francisco.

Bernard R. King and his wife, Rita, report the birth of their first child, David Michael, on Feb. 4. The family lives in New York City.

Charlotte Cook Morse writes that she is living in the Fan, Richmond's turn-of-the-century neighborhood, and teaching at Virginia Commonwealth University. She spent part of the summer in England doing research at the British Museum and participating in a conference at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, on the index of Middle English prose.

65 David J. Gray is a loss control safety engineer at The Hartford Insurance Group, Boston.

Dr. Jeffrey H. Klein is practicing medical oncology in Thousand Oaks, Calif.

David Rubin (A.M.) has received his fourth Fulbright Scholarship, with which he will research Hindi translations. He is the author of three novels and three translations of Hindi novels. David is a member of the faculty at Sarah Lawrence College and a visiting professor of Middle Eastern languages and cultures at Columbia.

Frank A. Sewell (Ph.D.) has been named director of the Semiconductor Laboratory at the Sperry Research Center, Sudbury, Mass. With the firm for twelve years, his most recent research has been in electric beam lithography.

Anne L. Warner, Los Angeles, is a script supervisor for television features and commercials.

66 Robert M. Alloway is professor of management science at MIT's Sloan School of Management, Cambridge, Mass.

John M. Cross ('68 A.M.) has joined the staff of the White House Conference on Small Business. His duties include research, planning, and legislative affairs for the conference, which is expected to be held in late 1979 or early 1980. "It's always difficult to make a change," John writes, "but I am looking forward to working in the executive branch of the government after four years with the Senate Small Business Committee, where I've worked on such projects as illegal alien employment, solar energy development, government paperwork and regulation, and overhaul of the Small Business Administration."

Richard Guttenberg is an educator/policy analyst with the Russell Sage Foundation, New York City.

Dr. Brenda Mahoney O'Brien (M.A.T.) and her husband, Kevin (see '69), have moved to Eatontown, N.J., not far from the Jersey shore. She was graduated last June from Rutgers Medical School and is a first-year resident in pediatrics at Monmouth Medical Center. They have three children: David, Rory, and Chris.

Mark McGarrity (who writes under the name of Bartholomew Gill) is the author of the new whodunit, *McGarr On the Cliffs Of Moher* (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$8.95). This is Gill's third mystery featuring McGarr, chief inspector of detectives of the Republic of Ireland. The early reviews in July were favorable. Gill received a M.Litt. degree from Trinity College in Dublin and presently lives in New York state.

Bill Powell has been promoted to associate professor of mechanical engineering and granted tenure at West Virginia University. "My research these days," he says, "is on better ways to heat college buildings using West Virginia coal. I was re-married in the past year and plan to show the Brown campus to my wife and 7-year-old stepson, Brandon, shortly."

67 Robert E. Helpern writes that he has entered into a partnership for the general practice of law under the firm name of Newman Tannenbaum, Helpern & Hirschtritt, 310 Madison Ave., New York City. "My wife, Jacqueline, and I also had our first child, Joshua Simon, on Sept. 18, 1977."

Jeffrey F. Hitz is division manager of Winchell's Donut House, with responsibility for the development and operation of the firm's planned 100-plus donut shops in northeastern Ohio. He lives in Medina, Ohio.

Stanley Jaros, Cleveland Heights, Ohio, is an attorney with Gruber, Moriarty & Fricke of Cleveland.

Patrick F. Lynch is a photographer/actor living in New York City.

Laurence Robert Pizer has been named director of the Pilgrim Society, Plymouth, Mass. He earned his M.A. in American history at the University of Iowa in 1970 and has been a teaching associate and instructor in American history at the University of Nebraska while pursuing his doctorate.

Edward F. Rosenthal has joined two other attorneys in the formation of a new law partnership — Trowbridge, Goodman & Rosenthal — in Hartford, Conn.

Thomas D. Wickens (Ph.D.), associate professor of psychology at UCLA, was one of five faculty members to receive distinguished teaching awards from the university alumni association. Tom has specialized in the study of human information processing, particularly in verbal learning and verbal memory.

68 Gary R. Coldren has earned an M.S. in psychology from North Carolina State University and is a consultation and education coordinator at Smoky Mountain Area Mental Health-Haywood County, Hazelwood, N.C.

Gerald P. Crane is a territory manager of Economics Laboratory, Inc., St. Paul, Minn. Robert K. Hogan, Westlake, Ohio, is a

pilot with United Airlines.

Joseph Marcello has been named vice president of Security Bank & Trust Co., Pawtucket, R.I.

Dr. John A. Sogn, an immunologist, is a senior staff fellow at the National Institutes of Health, Bethesda, Md.

69 Dr. Paul H. Ellenbogen has joined Dallas Radiologists at Presbyterian Hospital in Dallas for the practice of diagnostic radiology and ultrasound. He and his wife, Macki, report the birth of a second son, Marc Daniel, on April 9.

Rosemary Green (Ph.D.) has been promoted to associate professor of biology at Sacred Heart University, Bridgeport, Conn. The Trinity College graduate has been a research associate at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, and at Brown.

Dr. Wesley P. Kozinn has become director of infectious diseases at Easton (Pa.) Hospital, and assistant professor of medicine at Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia.

Byron Lichtenberg, Natick, Mass., has been selected as one of the two American scientist-astronauts to enter training for a joint American-European space shot in 1980. Byron became an Air Force pilot after graduation and flew combat missions during the Vietnam War. He's now working on his doctorate in biomedical engineering at MIT. He and his wife, Lee, have two daughters, Kimberly, 1, and Kristin, 4.

John E. McMahon, Jr., writes that he has moved to Los Angeles and taken a new position as a sales representative for Owens-Corning Fiberglas. He and his wife, Carolyn, have two children: Amy, 6, and Eric, 3.

Kevin O'Brien (Ph.D.) and his wife, Brenda Mahoney O'Brien (see '66), have moved to 9 Emma Pl., Eatontown, "a small suburban community about four miles from the New Jersey shore." Ken has been promoted to department head at Bell Labs, where his work involves planning for the use of computers in the telephone company. He writes that he put in some 50,000 miles in the air last year.

Jack Quinan (Ph.D.) is assistant professor of art history at the State University of New York at Buffalo.

Marcia Rollin and Randy Woodward were married Oct. 21 and are living in Claremont, Calif. She is a teacher of English as a second language at the University of California at Riverside.

John D. Rulon is an associate with the architectural firm of Roland Davies & Associates, Philadelphia. He received a degree in architecture from the University of Pennsylvania in May. He and his wife, Virginia, live in Philadelphia.

Capt. Ted Siemicki, USAF, is an F-111 aircraft commander at Lakeheath RAF Station, England, assigned to the 48th Tactical Fighter Wing.

Daniel C. Stewart has become a partner in the law firm of Thompson, Knight, Simmons & Bullion in Dallas, Texas, where he lives with his wife, Ann, and their children, Clark, 3, and Molly, 1.

70 Thomas W. Carter, a commercial banker, is assistant vice president in the corporate banking department of San

Diego Trust and Savings Bank, San Diego, Calif.

Herbert A. Chalek is an associate administrator at The Cornwall Hospital, Cornwall, N.Y.

Apostolos S. Doxiadis is a space shuttle systems engineer at Rockwell International, Downey, Calif.

Sarah Sager Gertman, Lincolnwood, Ill., was invested as a cantor by Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion at commencement exercises of its School of Sacred Music in New York's Temple Emanu-El on June 4.

William E. Hoikala and *Phyllis Paylor* were married in July 1977 and are living in West Haven, Conn. "Have completed requirements for my master's in counseling and am a counselor for the West Haven Youth Service Board."

Dr. James M. Larson is doing a family-practice residency year at The University Hospital, San Diego.

Craig Van Nostrand is assistant professor of statistics at Iowa State University.

71 *Lynn Aikin* (A.M., '73 Ph.D.) has been promoted to associate professor of psychology at Ithaca College, where she has been granted tenure. She is a 1968 graduate of Reed College.

Thomas R. Carter, Salt Lake City, is working for the Utah State Division of History while completing his doctorate at Indiana University's Folklore Institute.

Nicholas J. Fina (Sc.M.) received his M.B.A. from the University of Virginia in May and is staff assistant to the medical group vice president at Chemed Corp., Cincinnati.

Gerald Hart is the new football coach at Gloucester High School, Gloucester, Mass. In hiring Hart, the Gloucester High athletic director said of the former Bruin captain and fullback: "He takes a real interest in the boys themselves. He isn't just interested in the record. The boys know this and they all like him."

Dr. John Lucas has returned from the Republic of South Africa, where he worked in the department of neurology at Baragwanath Hospital in Soweto. He has started a residency in psychiatry at New York Hospital, Cornell Medical Center, White Plains, N.Y.

Patrick M. Malone (Ph.D.) is the director of the Slater Mill Historic Site in Pawtucket, R.I., and continues as a lecturer in the American Civilization program at Brown.

Monica MacAdams and *Michael Chabot* Smith were married April 29 at Holy Trinity Church in Washington, D.C., and are living in New York City. Monica (who retains her maiden name) is special counsel to the New York City council president at City Hall.

Susan G. Murphy is a programmer/analyst with the safety products division, American Optical Corp., Southbridge, Mass.

James K. Pesout, a teacher in the Peace Corps, sends along the following address: c/o U.S. Peace Corps, GPO Box 613, Kathmandu, Nepal.

Phyllis Johnson Richardson is a health data analyst, division of epidemiology, at the University of Utah Medical Center. "I live with my daughters, Sarah and Kathryn, in Salt Lake City," she writes.

Ken Wright is a computer programmer for the Nature Conservancy in Arlington, Va.

72 *Susan Hammond Barnes* and *Philip G. Waldrop* were married May 13 in Ann Arbor, Mich., where they now live.

Dr. Ward Beecher-Flad is with the U.S. Public Health Service, currently stationed at the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital, San Francisco.

Arnie Berman has joined the law firm of Schutts & Bowen, Miami, Fla.

Thomas W. Chatellier is a financial service representative at Shawmut Bank of Boston.

Mark W. Connor is an industrial buyer for Air Products & Chemicals, Inc., Allentown, Pa.

Thomas R. Corcoran, FSA, West Hartford, Conn., has been elected an assistant actuary of the Hartford Life Insurance Company and Hartford Life and Accident Insurance Co., member companies of The Hartford Insurance Group.

Dr. Richard A. Epstein, a graduate of the University of Connecticut School of Dentistry, has opened an office in Weston, Mass.

Kate M. Gallagher, a research analyst, is director of data management and analysis at the East Tennessee Health Improvement Council in Knoxville.

William S. Green, assistant professor of religious studies at the University of Rochester, is one of seventy-eight scholars in the country to be awarded fellowships for post-doctoral research by the American Council of Learned Societies. He plans to study at the University of Rochester and at SUNY Buffalo during the 1978-79 academic year, with his research concentrated on the relationship between tradition and creativity in the lives of intellectual groups.

Charles E. Griffin (Sc.M.) is supervisor message telecommunications service at American Telephone & Telegraph Co., New York City.

Judith Henshaw has been named branch librarian at the Endicott (Mass.) branch of the Dedham Public Library. She has a master's degree in library sciences from Simmons College and took a year of postgraduate study in French at the University of Strasbourg while working as a governess in France.

Jared A. Hermalin (A.M., '77 Ph.D.) is chief of consultation and education evaluation at Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital, Philadelphia.

Beth E. Irving is a second-year graduate student at the State University of New York at Albany School of Social Welfare, where she holds an assistantship.

Ken Magel ('77 Ph.D.) is an assistant professor of computer science at Wichita State University in Wichita, Kans. He was married to Rhonda Cheryl Lank in Wichita last November.

Bradford A. Penney, Alexandria, Va., is legislative counsel to Senator Claiborne Pell.

Nancy Pope writes that she will be co-chairing the St. Louis area NASP committee for the University in 1978-79. "I am also looking for a dissertation topic in the area of Arthurian romance and would appreciate suggestions and correspondence from fellow medievalists among the Brown alums." Nancy lives at 6679 Kingsbury Blvd. 3-E, St. Louis, Mo. 63130.

Joan Roberts (M.A.T.) and *A. Mitchell*

Polinsky were married June 29, 1975, and are living in Cambridge, Mass. Joan is associate director of corporate and foundation relations at Tufts University.

Jean Anderson Scott is a position classification specialist with the U.S. Civil Service Commission, Denver, Colo.

Marion Sherry Snow has been promoted to editor of technical publications for the Factory Mutual System, Norwood, Mass. She and her husband, John, live in Brockton, Mass., where John is a partner in the law firm of Chase & Snow.

James Vesce is a sales associate with Yorktown Associates, Inc., a real estate firm in Coventry, R.I.

David L. Welch and his wife, Cynthia, live in Wilmington, Del., with their two sons, Nathan and Christopher. Dave is art department chairman at Tower Hill School. His paintings are shown annually at the Carpecken-Scott Gallery in Wilmington.

73 *Curtis R. Arrington* has joined the legal department of The Standard Oil Company as an attorney. The 1976 Harvard Law School graduate lives in Cleveland.

David D. Camp, an engineer, is a programmer at Electric Boat, Groton, Conn.

Derek M. Cerjanec is assistant director of claims training at Amica Mutual Insurance Co., Providence.

Katharine T. Cobb, a graduate of the University of Virginia Law School, is assistant district attorney in the Manhattan District Attorney's Office, New York City.

William E. Cooper has been named associate professor of psychology and linguistics at Harvard.

John Edinburg, Brookline, Mass., and *Janice Kahn* were married May 8, 1977, in New York City, with *Mike Flynn* '72 serving as an usher. John is a sales executive for Chandler & Farquhar Industrial Mill House, Boston, and is also enrolled in the new executive M.B.A. program at Northeastern.

Joseph Delle Face graduated magna cum laude from the University of San Francisco School of Law in June and has joined the San Francisco law firm of Orrick, Herrington, Rowley & Sutcliffe.

Alan J. Gilbert is with the Denver law firm of Dawson, Nagel, Shermant & Howard.

James H. Hahn is an associate with Tillinghast, Collins & Graham, Providence law firm.

Thomas B. Jacob, a May graduate of the Hastings Law School, is an attorney with Hopkins & Carley, Palo Alto, Calif.

Lou Martin and *Debbie Tjarnberg* have been married and are living at 749 Broadway E., Seattle, Wash. 98102.

Martin J. Murphy and *Kathleen L. Marquess* were married Oct. 1 in Bond Chapel at the University of Chicago, where Martin is a doctoral candidate in physics. Kathleen is a 1974 graduate of RISD.

Lt. (jg.) *Chris Sales*, USN, has been selected as one of the winners in the Pacific Fleet Junior Officer Shiphandling Competition. His home is in Vallejo, Calif.

Barry Schuster was vice president of the Student Bar Association at Villanova Law School this past year. Upon graduation in June he joined the firm of Tesreau & Daschbach, Lebanon, N.H.

continued on page 54

Jim Neuberger: Lawyer by day, Scrabble player by night

By day, Jim Neuberger '68 toils in the offices of New York's World Trade Center as an assistant attorney general in the state attorney general's Bureau of Consumer Frauds and Protection. He's worked there since 1973, and he admits that he enjoys his job. But at night, he dons a different identity — in a sense, his true identity — as one of the top Scrabble players in the country.

Until this year, that would have been a meaningless statement, because there was no way to make comparative rankings of the nation's hard-core Scrabble freaks, who have only in recent years come out of the woodwork and begun organizing serious competitions. But 1978 marked a watershed: the first North American Invitational Scrabble Players Tournament, sponsored by Selchow & Righter (manufacturers of Scrabble) and held at the Summit Hotel in New York during three days in May. Sixty-four top players from the U.S. and Canada were invited to compete. Jim Neuberger finished seventh.

What drives someone to excel at what for most people is a casual parlor game? This writer decided to go to New York to find out — and also to challenge Jim to a Scrabble game, since I like to play. My lifetime high score is 523; Jim Neuberger's high score in the tournament was 464, his average over sixteen games was 379. I figured I could at least give him a run for his money, and even if I lost, it would make a good story for the *BAM*.

Jim and I met at his Upper West Side apartment one Friday evening in July, and over dinner in a neighborhood Hunan restaurant, he talked about his development as a Scrabble player. He first broke 400 (a turning point in any budding Scrabble player's career) in 1956, in a game with his brother. He was ten years old at the time. A comparative lull of seventeen years followed — he didn't play at all while he was at Brown — and then, in 1973, he entered the first annual New York City Scrabble Tournament. He was eliminated in the opening round, but he had his first taste of Scrabble fame: Andy Fisher '69, who was then with WCBS-TV in New York, covered the tournament and interviewed Jim on the evening news.

"I have to admit," Jim said, "it really stung being eliminated in the first round." The following year he entered again and finished ninth; the year after that, third. Meanwhile, he had been honing his skills at a place in Manhattan called the Game Room

(formerly Chess City), where New York's best players congregate and play for a penny a point. "My game improved tremendously," he said. (He stays sharp by playing there two or three nights a week.) In 1978 he finished ninth again in the New York tournament but vindicated himself with his seventh-place finish in the North American Invitational. His lifetime high score now stands at 670.

Competitive Scrabble players live on a rarefied plane, almost inconceivable to casual players, bounded by strict rules and time limits for play and populated by such arcane words as *stibine*, *jow*, *remex*, *oot*, and *zoril* — all of them in the 1973 Funk & Wagnalls, the bible of Scrabble. Any parlor player who innocently takes on someone of Jim Neuberger's caliber is likely to be baffled, intimidated, and even infuriated by such word plays. But he can't effectively challenge them.

Before we got down to actually playing, Jim and I had to agree on certain ground rules — no trading in blank tiles, for example. I had never played with a time limit, so on his chess timer he allotted me a generous (by his standards) thirty minutes to complete all my plays, and gave himself a more stringent eighteen minutes. (Theoretically, you lose points for every minute you exceed your limit.)

Play commenced, on my side, with a rather feeble COG for 12 points. Jim retaliated with VAGUER for 20. I put down PRIZE for 32, and he matched me point for point with LAZY. Then I jumped ahead with COOTIES (a seven-letter "bingo" worth 50 extra points) for 78, and he got 40 points for JAKE. So far, so good — I was ahead 30 points. Four turns later, after WO (10 points) on my side and XI (21 points) on his, my lead had dropped to two points. After the next four turns (I had AALII and COVEYS, he had VIOL and JOB), we were even at 194 points each. And it was all downhill from

there. Sixteen turns, and a couple of bizarre words (TINEA and FARLE, both his) later, the game ended with 368 points for him and 311 for me. More embarrassing, I had frittered away forty-six minutes on my plays and he had only used up twelve.

We both agreed we had played poorly and started another game, this one without a time limit. Jim held the lead the entire game, although he made a rare gesture of noblesse oblige in letting one of my words (LEGUMEN, 36 points) stand after successfully challenging it. Funk & Wagnalls listed it as "legumin" and gave my version of it as an etymological spelling, but I insisted it was legitimate and was recognized in other dictionaries (though I would have been hard pressed to say which ones. I did find it later in Webster's Third International). After hemming and hawing ("Jeez, I hate to be a stinker"), Jim let it stand. Such concessions, of course, are unheard of in Scrabble. But it didn't jeopardize his game: after only eleven turns apiece, he beat me, 349 to 241. Humiliating.

Word fatigue was setting in, but we staggered through one more game. Jim had two bingos (MASTOIDS and ARRAIGN), his first of the evening, and racked up 423 points to my 278. By now it was midnight, and we decided to call it an evening. But before I left, he showed me his Scrabble memorabilia: several plaques on his bathroom wall commemorating his tournament victories, a plaque and travel set awarded to the finalists in the North American Invitational (he also won a \$500 cash award), piles of back copies of the bimonthly *Scrabble Players Newspaper*. And he gave me, as a present, a copy of a list of two- and three-letter words that every Scrabble player should know by heart.

Walking up Broadway, on the way back to the apartment where I was staying, Jim expounded on his theories of strategy and of what makes a good Scrabble player (spatial perception, intelligence, vocabulary, spelling, competitive drive). Suddenly he said, "Did you see that movie, *Saturday Night Fever*?" I said yes. "The way John Travolta feels when he walks out on the dance floor, that's the way I feel when I walk into the Game Room," he said. He laughed out loud, obviously enjoying the analogy. "I may not have control over the rest of my life, I may have to put up with crap from other people, but when I sit down to play Scrabble, I feel like a king." J.P.

Jim Neuberger "feeling like a king."



Janet Phillips

74 Stephen A. Andrews and his wife, Patricia, live in Lubbock, Texas, where Stephen is a manufacturing supervisor at Texas Instruments.

Kristina Curtis, a community organizer, is with the Commission for Racial Justice in Raleigh, N.C.

Raphael J. de la Gueronniere is an assistant vice president of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., New York City.

Dr. Dean A. Dent was graduated from the George Washington University School of Medicine in May and has entered a residency program in internal medicine at Saint John Hospital, Detroit.

Dr. Michael J. Duran, a graduate of New York Medical College, started an internship in internal medicine at Bethesda Naval Hospital in July. He and Phyllis Seordo were married June 11 in Purchase, N.Y., with Gene Karpinski the best man.

Edward Woodman Ford, senior actuarial analyst with the Fireman's Fund Insurance Companies in San Francisco, has achieved the distinction of associate in the Casualty Actuarial Society. He and his wife, Ann, live in Oakland.

Marc Freed is controller and statistician for the National Granary of Rwanda (central Africa), a food storage and marketing project of the U.S. Agency for International Development. His address: FSM Project, Kigali-Department of State, Washington, D.C.

Mark Gittler writes that he is a "well developed, well nourished medical student in no acute distress at George Washington University."

Dr. Claudia Gruss is a medical resident at Rhode Island Hospital.

Dr. Andrew Moss Kaumitz received his M.D. degree from the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons in May. He is studying obstetrics and gynecology at Northwestern University.

Pamela Farrell Lenehan has been promoted to second vice president at Chase Manhattan Bank, New York City. She is a loan officer in the corporate bank, working with an industry group specializing in computer and electronics companies. Her husband, Donald, is an account executive at Ogilvy & Mather Advertising, Inc., working on General Foods products.

Ann Waternan Little and her husband, Michael (Ph.D.), report the birth of a daughter, Sandra Jean, on March 5. The family lives in Barrington, R.I.

Dr. Glenn G. Marinelli, who graduated June 3 from the Georgetown University School of Medicine, has started his residency in general surgery at the University of Maryland Hospital, Baltimore.

Dr. Amy Susan Paller has graduated from Stanford Medical School and is an intern in pediatrics at Children's Memorial Hospital, Chicago.

Dr. Michele Marie Paquet has been awarded the degree of doctor of medicine from Saint Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. She is doing her internship in internal medicine at Rhode Island Hospital.

Stephen Perkins has received his M.S. in atmospheric sciences from Yale and is employed as an air quality specialist by the consulting firm, Deleuw Cather & Co., New Haven, working on the Northeast Corridor

Improvement Project, aimed at improving rail service between Boston and Washington, D.C.

William Phillips III and Robin Radovsky (see '77) were married Aug. 12 and are living in New York City. He is a law clerk for Federal Judge Eugene H. Nickerson in the Eastern District of New York.

Chick Picard is an actuarial assistant with American Bankers Life Assurance Co., Miami, Fla.

Dr. Kenneth Polivy was graduated with honors from Tufts Medical School in May and is an intern in surgery at Hartford Hospital in Hartford, Conn. His wife, Linda Grossman Polivy, served this past academic year as a special education teacher for the visually handicapped in Weymouth, Mass. The couple's new address: 55 Magnolia Hill, West Hartford 06117.

Richard J. Roll received his M.B.A. from the Harvard Business School in June 1977 and is with the Consumer Services Group at Citibank in New York City.

Richard Ryder (Ph.D.) is a staff member in the operations group for the Weapons Neutron Research Facility at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, Los Alamos, N.M.

Richard S. Sarason (A.M.) received his Ph.D. in religious studies from Brown in 1977 and is now an assistant professor in the University's department of religious studies.

Dr. Alice Morris Tariot and her husband, Pierre, became residents at University Hospital, Madison, Wis., in June. Alice is in the psychiatry department at the University of Wisconsin.

Dr. Shelley Uram, Pittsburgh, Pa., received an M.D. degree in June from the Medical College of Pennsylvania. Shelley has entered a clinical graduate program at Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston.

Jacqueline Wisner is a business management analyst with Ford Motor Co., White Plains, N.Y.

James Stern Zisson is general manager of A&M Records, New York City.

Dr. Larry Zweben received his M.D. degree from the University of California-San Diego in June and started an internship at Tucson Medical Center, Tucson, Ariz. From July 1979 through June 1982, Larry will be a resident physician in the department of ophthalmology at the University of Michigan Medical Center, Ann Arbor.

75 Mark L. Alderman was graduated in May from the University of Pennsylvania Law School and is a law clerk to Federal Judge Joseph S. Lord, Chief Judge, U.S. District Court, Eastern District of Pennsylvania. He is living in Bryn Mawr, Pa.

James Barber reports a new address: Route #2 and Log Inn Rd., Annapolis, Md. 21401.

Orlando V. Bautista is attending the University of Missouri-Columbia School of Medicine.

Remo Butera was graduated from the Dickinson School of Law in June.

Thomas A. Claire is a management trainee with Irving Trust Co., New York City.

Scott Cummings is a sales representative with Xerox Corp., San Francisco.

James DeWolf is a college division representative of Addison-Wesley Publishing Co., Reading, Mass.

Susanne Eisenberg has been named public relations director of the New York State Council on the Arts and a speechwriter for Kitty Carlisle Hart, the head of the Council.

Geoffrey C. Garth is a toy designer with Tomy Design, Compton, Calif. "Have come up with 213 new toys," he writes.

Joan B. Gozonsky has graduated from Boston University School of Law, where she was a member of the national moot court team. She will serve as a law clerk to Judge Charles Douglas of the New Hampshire Supreme Court.

Cindy Greenhalgh is administrative assistant at the Cambridge Arts Council, Cambridge, Mass.

Carol V. Hall is a graduate student in biology at Stanford University.

Lucille R. Marchand received her bachelor of science degree in nursing at Creighton University, Omaha, Nebr., in May. She plans to do graduate work in nursing and public health in the San Francisco Bay area.

Howard Pollack is a marketing representative for Indiana Bell Telephone in Indianapolis.

Loren A. Schrum, Jr., was graduated from Villanova Law School in May and is law clerk to Presiding Judge G. Thomas Gates '47 of the Court of Common Pleas of Lebanon County, Pa. Loren lives in Lebanon.

Edmund A. Sargus and Jennifer Smart were married Jan. 7 and both graduated in June from Case Western Reserve Law School. Ed is a candidate this fall for the Ohio House of Representatives, running against former Congressman Wayne Hays.

Stuart Sobel was graduated from the University of Miami (Fla.) School of Law in June and is a litigator with the Office of the County Attorney in Dade County, Fla. Stuart is living in Miami.

Gerson A. Zueifach, a third-year student at Yale Law School, is serving as editor of the Yale Law Journal.

76 Jody Blatt, her term with VISTA having expired, has left North Carolina and is a graduate student in public health at Harvard.

Susan Dautrich worked during the summer as a litigation paralegal in Philadelphia prior to entering the University of Pennsylvania this fall to pursue a master's in higher education administration.

Mark E. Dray is an assistant buyer with Jordan Marsh in Boston.

Judy A. Finberg is a medical assistant in Oakland, Calif.

Elizabeth Nichols and Gary Cohen were married on March 26 in New York City. They are residents of Menlo Park, Calif., with Gary in his third year at Stanford Law School and Liz completing her master's degree in East Asian studies.

Stephen J. Rinkus writes that after graduation he went to Galveston, Texas, to work for a year as a research assistant in genetic toxicology at the University of Texas Medical Branch. "In that time I saved up some money and did some traveling that I never had time for in college. Presently I am a graduate student in genetic toxicology and hope to finish my M.A. in December, with the possibility of staying on here for my Ph.D."

Julie Samuels is a second-year student at
continued on page 56

Betsy West: Putting words into other people's mouths

Most of us rely on radio for news to a greater extent than we realize. Radio provides much of the accompaniment to daily life, and, alone among the print and electronic media, it supplies the only constant round-the-clock source of news and information. If you listen to any of the approximately 1,500 stations across the country that subscribe to ABC Radio's national news service, you can thank Betsy West '73 for helping to keep you informed.

Betsy, an English and film major at Brown, was one of six winners of an International Radio and Television Foundation internship in her senior year, and went on to earn an M.A. in communications from Syracuse. At Syracuse, she began working as a volunteer for radio station WHEN-AM, writing for the "afternoon drive" (commuter hour) news slot. "Later," she says, "they started paying me and sending me out to do stories on the air." She was offered a full-time job with the station in May, three months before graduation. "I was doing mostly political and street reporting, which was a lot of fun — it gives you a very immediate sense of the news." In April of the following year, she heard of an editorial opening at ABC Radio News in New York, interviewed for it, and got the job. Three days after her marriage to Glenn Whitmore '71 in May 1975, they moved to New York and she started work at ABC. She was then the news service's only woman editor.

"Radio is constant deadlines, pressure, and hard work," Betsy says. "We do four separate newscasts an hour [one for each of the news service's four networks], and the editorial staff is the same for all, although each network has its own correspondents." When she first joined ABC, she was in the operations studio, doing taped interviews and taking in "feeds" from correspondents. Radio news relies heavily on telephone interviews and reports — "phoners" — in the same way that TV relies on videotape. During the Vietnam and Cambodia fighting last year, for example, there were no correspondents in those countries, so Betsy set up a phoner with Brown history professor Lea Williams for background information and informed commentary on the situation.

Betsy was also on duty in 1975 for both assassination attempts against President Ford, and for the Patty Hearst capture. "You have to be resourceful, especially with late-breaking stories," she says. "You either get the stuff from correspondents or you figure

out where else to go to get it, and then you put it on tape and instruct the engineer where you want it in the broadcast." When she moved up to the desk that fall, her responsibilities broadened to cover the whole show: editing copy, deciding what story to lead the show with, discussing with the writers how to put it together, making the various stories flow "so it makes sense the way they're stacked."

Betsy covered both national political conventions for ABC in 1976. "We set up a newsroom in the convention hall and were doing live special reports, a total of eight newscasts every hour," she says. "It was a real zoo." That same summer, she began working on the "charge" desk at ABC. Charge editing involves actually producing the show — assigning the stories and deciding how to handle them. "The ultimate blame for anything always rests with the charge editor," she says. She was charge editor during the airport crash at Tenerife and during the Sadat-Begin talks, when ABC had a direct phone line between the charge desk and Israel and served as a pool feed for all the radio networks.

Her job now involves both editing and charge editing, and she also finds time to do occasional freelance writing. She recently wrote a story for the *Rhode Islander*, the *Providence Journal's* Sunday magazine, on Scott Hamilton, a gifted young saxophonist from Providence who's become well known in New York jazz circles. And she has written for the ABC-TV evening news on a substitute basis. "That was sort of anticlimactic," she laughs. "Here I was, writing for Barbara Walters and Harry Reasoner, and they probably had no idea that I was putting words in their mouths."

A native of Maine who later moved to Rhode Island, Betsy thoroughly enjoys living in New York. She and Glenn, who's studying for a master's in public administration at

Columbia, live on the Upper West Side in a cool and spacious apartment whose spare elegance contrasts almost incongruously with the street scene on Broadway below their windows. Betsy loves to show visitors her garden plot, a tiny patch of fauna amid the housing projects on West 89th Street; picking her way across an empty lot strewn with bricks and broken glass to one that has been reclaimed for planting, she proudly points out, in the midst of other well-tended plots, her own crop of tomatoes, lettuce, parsley, and radishes.

Much as she likes New York, her career may not keep her there. Her next move, she hopes, will be into TV, producing and writing for a news show. "Being in radio is good experience, and a lot of fun — you learn to write fast, to weed out what's irrelevant, and get to the heart of the story quickly," she says. "And you have to get it right the first time; it has to be interesting, cogent, but not simplistic. TV is very leisurely by comparison. But there's always the danger in radio of losing your sensitivity to the nuances of a story. Still," she says, "when there's two minutes to air time and Son of Sam has just been convicted and you have to write the story on the spot, you learn that you can do a hell of a lot in two minutes. It's a nice skill to have."

J.P.

Betsy West: "Radio news is constant deadlines, pressure, and hard work."



Janet Phillips



The class of '73's party at Diman House was as crowded as an undergraduate cocktail party.

the Graduate School of Public Policy, University of California at Berkeley.

Steven Schwadron is assistant editor of *The Provincetown (Mass.) Advocate*, a weekly newspaper.

Judith E. Sinche is working for her M.B.A. degree in finance at Pace University in White Plains, N.Y.

Ben Thompson, after receiving an M.B.A. with honors from the University of Southern California, has accepted a position with the Atlantic Richfield Company in Los Angeles as an operations research analyst. His address in L.A. is 1083 West 30th St.

R. J. Tracy is a customer technical service representative with the carbon division of Union Carbide in Parma, Ohio.

77 John M. Andersen and Gail Wilson were married Dec. 10 and are living in St. Louis, Mo. He is an assistant marketing representative with IBM in St. Louis.

Timothy J. Blodgett has joined D. S. Woodbury Co., Charlestown, Mass., in a management/supervisory capacity.

Deborah C. Chick is a market research analyst with Old Stone Bank, Providence.

Antonio D. DaCosta (A.M.) is with the National Assessment & Dissemination Center, Cambridge, Mass.

Diane Dray is a news producer at WPRI-TV, Channel 12 in Providence.

Donna A. Dyer is a health staff policy person in the Governor's Office, State House, Providence.

Charles H. Knauss is a second-year law student at the University of Michigan, where he is a dual degree candidate in law and natural resource policy and management.

Valerie Mehlig is an editor writer with *The Newspaper*, Providence, R.I.

David W. Nelson is a graduate student in comparative literature at Balliol College, Ox-

ford, England.

Peter G. Spitzer and Wendy C. Pollock were married May 28 in Newton, Mass., with Becky Handler '76 serving as a bridesmaid. The couple now lives in New Orleans, where they attend Louisiana State University Medical School.

Robin Radoovsky and William Phillips III (see '74) were married Aug. 12 and are living in New York City. Robin has been a legal assistant at the New York firm of Chadbourne, Parke, Whiteside & Wolff, but she left to enter New York University Law School this fall.

Maurice Ross is a student at the New York University School of Law. "Have become active in various civil rights struggles in the New York area," he writes.

Amy Satran is an editorial assistant at MIT Press, editing manuscripts for *Cell*, a molecular biology journal.

Brent Taylor writes that he completed a year in the Procter & Gamble management training program and then spent the summer traveling throughout southern Europe. He's now attending George Washington Law School, Washington, D.C.

Jeff Waldron is a field engineer at Turner Construction Co., Boston.

78 Linda J. Bachia is a civil engineer in the structures group at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft, East Hartford, Conn.

Gordon Blatt is an engineer with General Dynamics in Groton, Conn.

Steven Leonard Blazar is attending Boston University School of Medicine.

Peter D. Bopp is an executive trainee at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Attilio Cecchin is a computer programmer at Prime Computer, Inc., Framingham, Mass.

Ernest J. Cimino is a medical student at

New York University School of Medicine.

Joseph J. Del Casino has entered the master's program in city planning at the University of Pennsylvania.

Elizabeth Gage Clark Dyer, a Peace Corps volunteer, has been assigned to the Philippines.

Alan H. Epstein is attending the University of California School of Medicine, Los Angeles.

Marlene N. Fantucchio is a cost-analysis engineer with New England Telephone in Boston.

James A. Falick is attending Columbia Law School in New York City.

Kevin F. Flynn is attending the Columbia University School of Journalism.

Jeffrey G. Freudberg is a civil engineer at Tippetts-Abbett-McCarthy-Stratton, Brookline, Mass.

Cathy Golden has been selected by the Institute of International Education for a Fulbright-Hays Grant for a year of graduate study in France.

Ilyse J. Gottlieb is music director and a disc jockey at WZOK Radio, Rockford, Ill.

Valerie Lorraine Harmon is a student at the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Deaths

Dr. *Harold Granville Calder* '02, North Kingstown, R.I., Rhode Island's oldest physician and one of Brown's oldest living alumni; June 16. The 1906 graduate of the Harvard Medical School was chief of pediatrics at Rhode Island Hospital from 1926 to 1943 and at Chapin Hospital from 1928 to 1958. He was a former director of the Rhode Island Heart Association and a past president of the University Glee Club. In 1976, Brown honored Dr. Calder with the W. W. Keen Distinguished Service Award. He had served as head class agent for many years, was a class officer, and was deeply involved in the affairs of the University. A man with vivid memories of the past, Dr. Calder continued to be very much aware of the present. He drove his car until he was 94, was an avid reader, listened to classical records, and watched almost all sports on TV. "The worst thing about old age," he told *The Providence Journal* in a 1976 interview, "is that you finally know all the answers, but nobody comes and asks you the questions." Delta Tau Delta. Dr. Calder is survived by two sons, *Milton* '36, of North Kingstown, and *Edward* '43, of New Haven; and a daughter, *Lorna Calder Saylor*, of Probesonia, Pa.

John Joseph Cashman '16, Providence, finance director of Providence from 1951 until his retirement in 1964; May 13. Mr. Cashman also served Rhode Island as director of the Department of Social Welfare's food voucher program and as bank examiner. He also served as city collector for six years. Mr. Cashman received his M.B.A. from Harvard in 1922. He was a Navy ensign during World War I. He is survived by his wife, *Anna*, 9 Arnold St., Providence 02906.

Col. Ralph Carlton Allen '17, USA (Ret.), Ocala, Fla., an Army veteran of both World Wars who also taught mathematics for an extended period at Durfee High in Fall River, Mass.; May 24. At the time of his retirement from the Army in 1952, Colonel Allen was inspector general of the U.S. Seventh Army in Germany. Kappa Sigma. Survivors include his son, *Ralph*, 4912 SE 7th Pl., Ocala 32670.

Kenneth Nelson Atwater '17, Deltona, Fla., former sales manager of the plastics department at Prophylactic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.; March 24. Mr. Atwater served with the Army in France during World War I. Delta Kappa Epsilon. Survivors include his wife, *Evelyn*, 726 Hartley Ave., Deltona 32725; and two daughters, *Judith* and *Katherine*.

Frederick Neale Tompkins '18, Rumford, R.I., professor emeritus of electrical engineering

at Brown; June 21. Professor Tompkins was a member of the faculty at Brown from 1918 until his retirement in 1959. He was a Navy veteran of World War I and was a member of the Rhode Island State Council of Defense during World War II. Professor Tompkins served a term as Providence chairman of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. Sigma Phi Epsilon. Survivors include his wife, *Olive*, 10 Marshall Way, Rumford 02916.

John Dorin '20, Torrington, Conn., an English teacher at Torrington High School for forty years prior to his retirement in 1963; April 24. Mr. Dorin was a World War I Army veteran. Phi Sigma Kappa. Survivors include his wife, *Rachel*, 159 Northridge Ave., Torrington 06790.

John Bayles Applegate '23, Basking Ridge, N.J., a partner in the Madison (N.J.) law firm of Applegate, Quinn & Magee and a former mayor of Harding Township, N.J.; April 26. Mr. Applegate was a 1926 graduate of Columbia Law School. In addition to serving two terms as mayor in the 1960s, he was on the area planning board for fifteen years and was a board of education member for seven years, including three years as chairman. Mr. Applegate was the first business manager of the Brown University Orchestra and later was active in New Jersey alumni affairs. Delta Upsilon. Survivors include his wife, *Pauline*, Bailey's Mill Rd., Basking Ridge 07920; and two children, *John* and *Judith Applegate* '58.

Marion Siverts Holland '23, New York City, a specialist in surgical nursing and a head nurse and instructor at Presbyterian Hospital, Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center; June 2. Miss Holland received her R.N. from Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in 1926 and was affiliated with the center for forty-one years until her retirement in 1967. There are no immediate survivors.

Dr. William Garland Heeks '23, Fairfield, Conn., retired surgeon who had served as corporate medical director of the Sprague Electric Co., North Adams, Mass.; May 9. Dr. Heeks was graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1927. During World War II he was a lieutenant colonel in the Army, serving as a flight surgeon in Africa and Italy. Dr. Heeks set up a private practice in North Adams, Mass., after the war, during which time he was president of the medical staff and chief of surgery at North Adams Hospital. Lambda Chi Alpha. Survivors include his daughter, *Lucia Heeks Jordhamo*, 145 Saxonwood Rd., Fairfield 06430; and two other children, *William* and *Carol*.

Mary Brown Payne '23, Birmingham, Ala., former teacher of English and Latin at Weaver High School, Hartford, Conn.; May 27. Mrs. Payne had been president, secretary, and Christian social relations secretary of the St. Peter's Church branch of Episcopal Churchwomen in Birmingham. Survivors include her son, *Martin*, 440 21st Ave. South, Birmingham 35205.

Claude Walter Leathers '24, Little Silver, N.J., former assistant comptroller of Phelps Dodge Corp., New York City; April 2. Delta Phi. Survivors include his wife, *Leila*, 61 Little Silver Point Rd., Little Silver 07739; and a daughter, *Shelby*.

Robert James Lloyd '24, Providence, retired supervisor of process engineering, U.S. Rubber Co., Providence; Dec. 29, 1977. Phi Kappa. Survivors include his wife, *Mary*, 3277 Rose Glen Ct., Falls Church, Va. 22042.

John Rudolph Cox '25, Holland, Pa., retired management consultant and an active class agent and fund-raiser for Brown for more than thirty years; April 27. Mr. Cox provided consulting services to corporations such as General Electric and General Motors. He was a pioneer in setting up mass production facilities in the aircraft industry, and six months before America's entry into World War II he effected an assembly line that produced three planes a day. He received a commendation from the War Production Board for his accurate analysis of what present machinery was capable of doing in the war effort and of what would be required in stepped-up production. He later served as a Red Cross field director during World War II and was assigned to combat teams of the 1st Marine and 81st Infantry Divisions in the Pacific. Sigma Nu. Survivors include his wife, *Beatrice*, 1699 Chinquapin Rd., Holland 18966; and a daughter, *Dorothy* '58.

Jeremy Felix Bagster-Collins '27, West Cornwall, Conn., a member of the faculty at Finch College, New York City, for thirty-one years, including twenty-three years as chairman of the English department; May 5. Mr. Bagster-Collins took his advance degrees at Columbia, his A.M. in 1929 and his Ph.D. in 1942. In 1971, he became the first faculty member to be appointed to the board of trustees of Finch College. He had been active in Sock and Buskin alumni productions. Mr. Bagster-Collins was an Army veteran of World War II. Alpha Delta Phi. Survivors include his wife, *Mary*, Yelping Hill, West Cornwall 06796. His father was the late *Elisah W. Bagster-Collins* '97.

Joseph Perlman '27, Stamford, Conn., a partner of Perlman & Son, jewelers, Stamford; April 19. Survivors include his wife at 55 Crane Rd., Stamford 06902.

Paul Beh-Nien Bien '28, '29 Sc.M., '32 Ph.D., Powell, Tenn., former associate professor of chemistry at Furman University, Greenville, S.C.; July 23, 1977 in an auto accident. Mr. Bien was a native of Anching, Anhwei, China, and received his Sc.B. degree from Shanghai University. Prior to joining the Furman faculty in 1968 he had worked for many years as a research chemist at Oak Ridge (Tenn.) National Laboratory. Mr. Bien had served as a class agent. Survivors include his wife, *Evangeline*, 7808 Castlecombe Dr., Powell 37849; two daughters, *Elaine Y. Bien* '61 and *Daphne C. Bien* '69; a brother, *Richard* '24; and a sister, *Edith Bien See* '38. His father was the late *Z. S. Bien* '12 and a brother was the late *George S. Bien* '34 Ph.D.

Mary Mulgrew Burns '28, Cranston, R.I., retired director of the Rhode Island Department of Employment Security; May 26. Survivors include two sisters, including *Ruth Mulgrew Conway* '36, 12 Crepeau Blvd., Cumberland Hill, R.I. 02864.

George Dunn Eggleston '28, Binghamton, N.Y., retired president of Triple Cities Builders' Supply Co., Johnson City, N.Y., and a generous benefactor of the University; May 18. Mr. Eggleston left Brown \$1 million for a chair in biochemistry to be named for him. He was a class agent for many years. During World War II, Mr. Eggleston served as a lieutenant commander in the Navy in the Pacific. Sigma Chi. There are no immediate survivors.

Leo Blunt Genung '29 Sc.M., Grinnell, Iowa, a development chemist at Eastman Kodak Company for thirty-eight years who retired in 1972 as laboratory supervisor; in April. Mr. Genung graduated from Cornell College in Iowa in 1928 and received his Ph.D. from Ohio State in 1933. He had been a member of the Rochester Brown Club. Survivors include his daughter, Anne Kintner, 1126 Summer St., Grinnell 50112.

Norman Tucker Wright '29, Titusville, Fla., a former vice president of Gorham Manufacturing Co., Providence; May 2. An avid golfer, Mr. Wright in retirement managed the Sam Snead Golf Course in Sharple, Fla. "Bucky" Wright was the shortstop on the Brown baseball team that participated in the longest college baseball game on record in Rhode Island — a 22-inning contest with Providence College in 1927. Phi Kappa Psi. Survivors include his wife, Ruby, 3228 Carpenter Rd., Titusville 32780; and a daughter, Gail.

Maxwell Kaufman '30, San Clemente, Calif., a staff member of the Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington, D.C., for thirty years, and since 1968 professor of economics at the University of California at Berkeley; May 30. Mr. Kaufman received his M.B.A. degree from Harvard Business School in 1932. Survivors include his wife, Mary, 65 Mira Collado, San Clemente 92672; and two children, Marie and Alan.

Ruth V. Johnson '31 Ed.B., Providence, teacher in the Providence school system for forty-five years and guidance director at Mount Pleasant High School for ten years prior to retirement in 1969; March 12. Survivors include two sisters, including *Hilda G. Johnson* of Providence.

William Thomas Hilliard, Jr. '32, Salem, N.J., a self-employed attorney; May 1, 1977. Kappa Sigma. Survivors include his wife, Barbara, 84 Market St., Salem 08079.

Thomas Mann Peterson '32, Norwichtown, Conn., senior design engineer with the Connecticut State Highway Dept., March 9, 1976. He was an Army veteran of World War II. Survivors include his wife, Janet, 104 Vergason Ave., Norwichtown 06360.

Dr. Russell Everett Leach '33, Ionia, Mich., a staff psychiatrist of the Michigan Department

of Corrections; March 3. Dr. Leach also had a private practice in forensic psychiatry. He received his M.D. degree from Tufts Medical School in 1939. Survivors include his wife at 1780 W. Lincoln Rd., Rt #3, Ionia 48846.

Harold Lester Dean '34, '36 A.M., '42 Ph.D., Marietta, Ohio, McHillyer Professor of English and former chairman of the department at Marietta College; in September 1976. Professor Dean was an instructor at Brown from 1940 to 1946. He was an associate of the John Carter Brown Library. Survivors include his wife, Lenora, 216 Beaver St., Marietta 45750.

Jane Sanford Dawson '35, Bellevue, Wash., a research associate in the Office of Economic Opportunity, Bellevue; Aug. 29, 1977. Survivors include her husband, Harold, 15207 N.E. 16th Pl., Apt. #17, Bellevue 98007; and five children, Peter, Martha, Jeffrey, Mark, and Sarah Elizabeth.

Robert Wilson Anderson '37, Smiths Parish, Bermuda, an engineer with the Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C., prior to his retirement in Bermuda in 1976; in April. Mr. Anderson had lived in Norwood, Mass., for twenty-seven years and was a member of the Norwood Historical Society. Survivors include his wife, Marjorie, Millwood Cottage, Top of Store Hill, Smiths Parish; and two daughters, Elizabeth and *Christina Anderson Nelson* '64.

Georgia Brown Carson '42, Warren, R.I., former director of records at Memorial Hospital, Pawtucket, and secretary to Dean Rosemary Pierrel at Pembroke in the early 1960s; May 8. During World War II, Mrs. Carson was one of the first American Red Cross workers to pass out doughnuts to American soldiers on German soil. Survivors include her son, Guy B. Carson, Spokane, Wash.

Louis Bauer '46 Sc.M., '48 Ph.D., New York City, research scientist at Courant Institute of Mathematical Sciences in New York City; Jan. 22. Survivors include his wife, *Frances Brand Bauer* '48 Ph.D., 200 East End Ave., New York, N.Y. 10028.

Earle Harvey Fulford '46, Swansea, Mass., vice president for engineering of the Fram Corp.; May 5. Mr. Fulford was a member of the Naval V-12 unit at Brown and later served as an ensign aboard ship during World War II. He had been a deacon at Barrington Congregational Church. Theta Chi. Survivors include his wife, Jeanne, 226 Seaview Ave., Swansea 02777; and sons Steven and Robert.

Miriam Kling Beck '48, Princeton, N.J., retired administrator of the Educational Testing Service, Princeton; Jan. 9. Survivors include a daughter, Susan C. Beck, 127 W. 97th St., New York, N.Y. 10027.

William MacKenzie MacLeod '48, '68 M.A.T., Providence, a teacher at Moses Brown School and at Cranston West High School and a former vice president of his class; April 8. Mr. MacLeod was active in local theater productions, serving as a member of The Providence Players and a member of the board of

directors of the Friends of Brown University Theater. He served in the Navy for four years during World War II. Alpha Delta Phi. Survivors include his daughter, Kipp MacLeod, 37 George St., Providence 02906.

Palmer Anderson Neff '49, San Diego, Calif., a researcher and audiologist at Balboa Naval Hospital, where her most recent research had been in the area of exposure to jet engines; May 3. Mrs. Neff received a master's degree in audiology from Indiana University in 1972. She had published a number of papers concerning the hearing problems of divers and patients with myasthenia gravis. Survivors include her husband, William D. Neff, professor of psychology at Indiana University; a daughter, Jessie; a son, *Edwin B. Knights* '72; and a sister, *Rebecca A. Huntington* '54, of Dover, Mass. Her father was the late K. Brooke Anderson, director of the Brown Christian Association for twenty-five years prior to his retirement in 1957. Gifts are being sent to the K. Brooke Anderson Memorial Fund, Box 1893, Brown University, Providence 02912.

Robert Howard Nelson '50, Brockton, Mass., for many years an attorney with the Brockton law firm of Nelson & Nelson; April 21. A 1956 graduate of Harvard Law School, Mr. Nelson was a past president of the Brockton Young Republican Club, chairman and treasurer of the Brockton Housing Authority, and a member of the board of trustees of Unitarian Universalist Association of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. He was an officer in the U.S. Navy. Survivors include his wife, *Lillis Palmer Nelson* '53, Post Office, Cataumet, Mass. 02534.

William James Tregarthen, Jr. '50, North Palm Beach, Fla., active in the charter fishing business in Florida; March 5. Theta Delta Chi. Survivors include his mother, Eleanor, Palm Beach Shore, Fla.

James Welton Corman '57 A.M., '60 Ph.D., Wayne, Pa., professor of philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania; May 31, when a tire flew off the top of a tractor-trailer carrying a load of tires on the Pennsylvania Turnpike and slammed into the windshield and roof of Dr. Corman's car with the impact of 110 miles per hour. The 1956 Dartmouth College graduate had been a professor at the University of Pennsylvania since 1967 and was chairman of the department from 1970 to 1972. Survivors include his wife, Elizabeth, 201 Walnut Ave., Wayne 19087; and four daughters.

Willis Charles Marlatt, Jr. '66, Falls Church, Va., formerly an aerodynamics engineer with Grumman Aircraft, Bethpage, L.I.; March 26. Survivors include his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willis C. Marlatt, 2927 Meadow View Rd., Falls Church 22044.

Artemas Ward '66 M.A.T., Middlebury, Vt., chairman of the social studies department at Vergennes Union High School, Vergennes, Vt.; May 7. Mr. Ward was a 1957 graduate of Harvard. Survivors include his wife, Suzanne, RFD #1, Weybridge, Middlebury 05753.

Faculty

Paul Palatt, Middlebury, Vt., a medical biology researcher at Brown for the past six years; May 23 in an accident in the foothills of the Indian Himalayas. Mr. Palatt was one of thirty-one climbers on an expedition (see page 34) organized by Brown geology professor Thomas A. "Tim" Mutch. The group — including professors, students, and alumni — was organized early last year to attempt to scale Devistan, a snow-capped mountain rising out of a precipitous gorge in the Central Himalayas. Mr. Palatt was swept off a log bridge spanning a swiftly moving river. A native of Trenton, N.J., Mr. Palatt was graduated in 1964 from Lafayette, earned his master's at the University of Michigan, and received his doctorate in 1969 from Case Western Reserve. He won several fellowship grants from the National Science Foundation and the National Institutes of Health and was working on a project at Brown studying the use of electrical current to prevent blood from clotting. Survivors include his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Palatt, of West Trenton, N.J. Contributions may be sent to the Paul Palatt Memorial Fund, Box 1877, Brown University, and checks should be made out to Brown University.

Paul Palatt — photographed in India a few days before his death.



James Brodwin

Franklin O. Rose, Concord, Mass., a professor in the engineering department at Brown from 1942 to 1949; May 18. Professor Rose received his degree in civil engineering at the University of California at Berkeley and earned a master's in mathematics at Stanford. He ended his teaching career at Tougaloo College in Jackson, Miss., and became a civil engineering consultant to the Navy in Washington, D.C. Survivors include his wife, Henrietta, 785 Main St., Concord; three sons, John, Franklin, and Alexander; and a daughter, Betsey Rose '44, 7 Spruce St., Providence.



Constance Brown

A Brown Commencement procession wouldn't be the same without Henry Carpenter — and he was there as usual this year with his '06 sign.



