

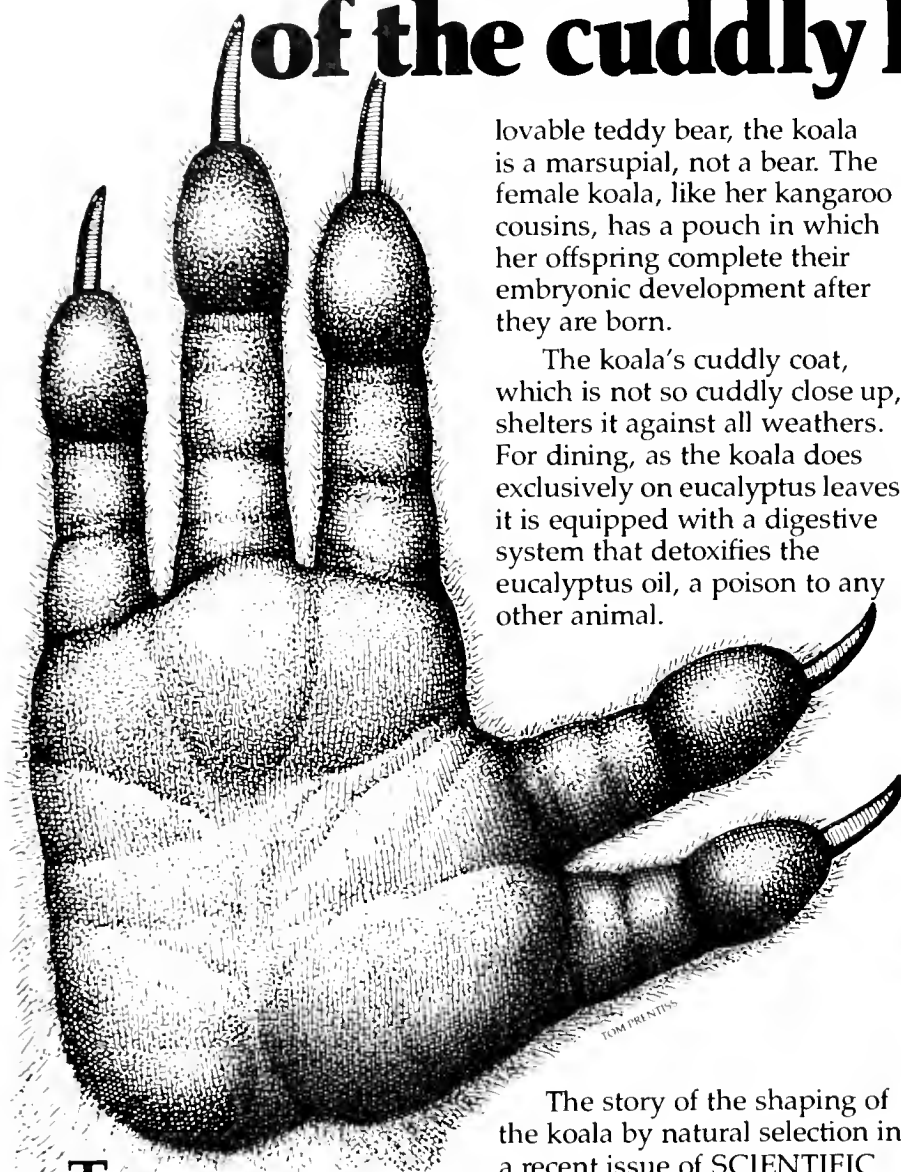
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Commonly fancied as a

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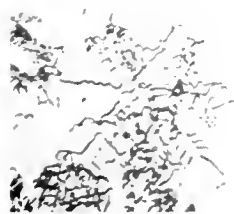


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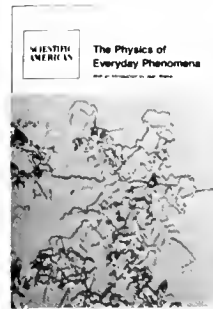
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The Brown campus. Photograph by Uosis Juodvalkis.
Design by Thomas Mann.

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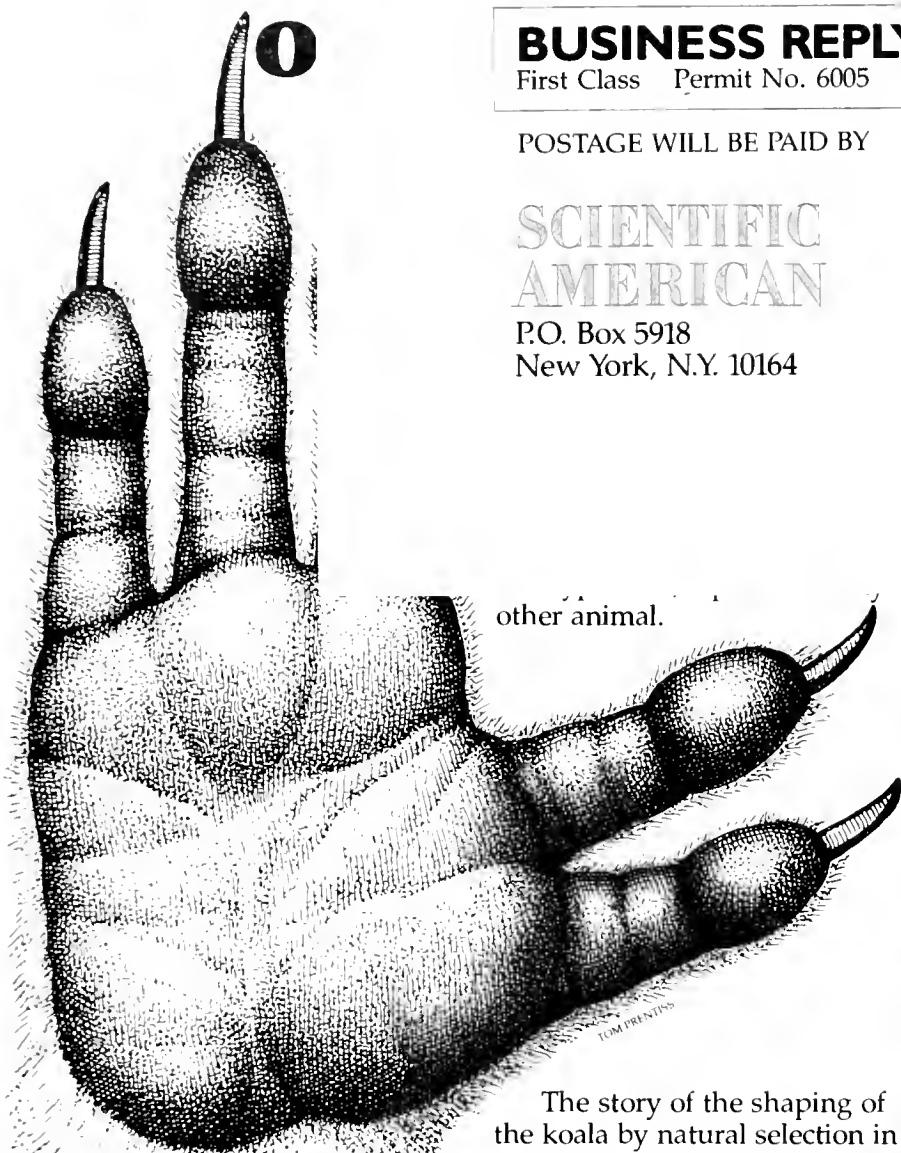
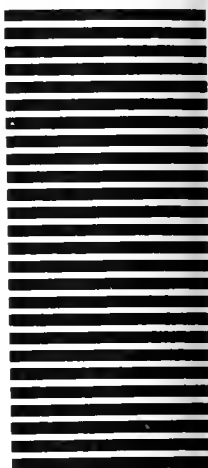
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Brown Alumni Monthly

March 1981, Vol. 81, No. 6

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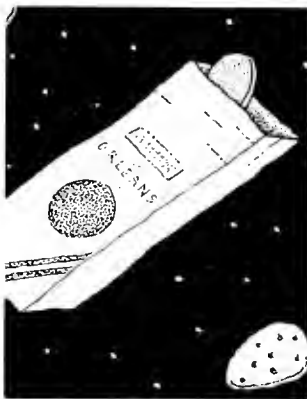
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Wendell Walsh '65

Atlanta, Ga.



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They are an odd couple in many ways, but they are similar in many ways, too. Their seventeen-year association is flourishing, writes managing editor Debra Shore, who spent several days at Tougaloo recently.

28 In Alexander the Great's Footsteps

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Cover: The Tougaloo campus. Photograph by Chip Cooper.
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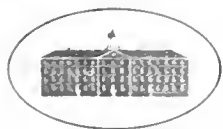
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The Campaign for Brown

FROM THE EDITOR

It is gospel in the alumni magazine profession that magazines such as the *Brown Alumni Monthly* must compete for readers' attention with the commercial and professional magazines they receive by the dozens. And, we are continually reminded, we had better not forget that.

That being the case, and given that we cannot compete in size and budget with commercial magazines with four-color covers each issue and with four-color photographs throughout each issue, how do we compete?

In the case of the *BAM*, the answer is simple: good writing and good black-and-white (mostly) photography.

All of this is on my mind because, with this issue, we say farewell to another of the excellent writers whose work has graced our pages during my ten years as editor.

Debra Shore joined the *BAM* in September 1977 as associate editor, at the age of twenty-five. She already had earned a reputation as a good writer during three years as a member of the staff of the *Johns Hopkins Magazine*.

She immediately immersed herself in this institution, and I suspect she knows more about Brown than any number of people who have been here many more years.

There is no limit to the topics she can write about: financial aid (February), Brown's association with Tougaloo (this issue), Dick Dannenfelser (November), Pierre Galletti's "spare parts" for humans (December 1979), Ferdinand Jones (February 1980), Jacob Neusner (March 1979), her first Ivy League football game (December 1977), the Department of the History of Mathematics (February 1979), the Brown admission process (April 1979).

In all of these and in many other stories, she has written with style, sensitivity, and accuracy.

Debbie became managing editor in 1979 and she proved just as adept on the production side of the magazine and in the planning that is essential to the quality of each issue.

She leaves us to return to Dallas, where she will try her hand at writing a novel. All of us will miss her — particularly the editor.

□ This has been a year of transition for the *BAM*.

Careful readers of the masthead (I have always wondered how many of you do that) will note that after Jay Barry's name are the words "on leave." After twenty-six years on the staff, during which time his writing covered just about every facet of the Brown community, Jay has moved down George Street to Wilbour Hall where, for ten months, he will be writing a book about several of Brown's most interesting professors.

History and biography are two of Jay's great loves, and in this project he can combine both. The subjects are professors (either retired or deceased) "who [in Jay's words] made Brown hum with their personality, scholarship, and contribution to the campus and the community."

At the moment Jay is spending his time digging through the Brown Archives and interviewing his subjects and others who know them.

The book is scheduled for publication in November and will be published by the *BAM*. We'll welcome Jay back to the staff in the fall.

□ Two freelance writers will take over for Jay in the two departments he is most identified with on the magazine.

Rob Feinstein '81, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, is our new sport writer. (His first contribution appears in the February issue.) Rob, who has worked with Jay before as a regular columnist for the *Brown Football Newsletter* will write sports for us until June, when he graduates.

Jay Butera '79, Providence, is wr

continued on page 2

For divine rugs, chant Gregorian.

One is a classic piece of music, the other a classic piece of weaving. But the Gregorian oriental rug has more in common with the Gregorian

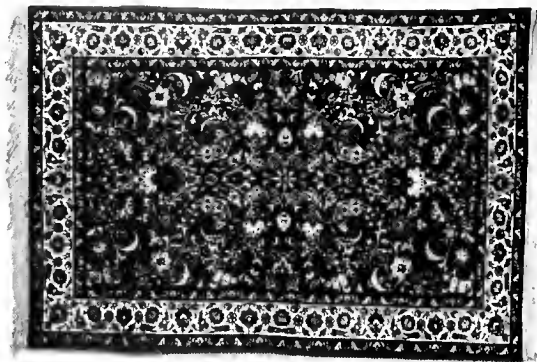
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CARRYING THE MAIL

'An army of dedicated workers'

Editor: The Associated Alumni of Brown University was pleased to have your reporter attend Alumni Council and our Board of Directors meeting last October. May I point out, however, that these alumni leaders pay their own hotel and transportation expenses and that, while the University is very helpful in other ways, it does not "wine and dine us" — the cost of meals, drinks, and student labor is paid out of the money the Associated Alumni raises itself for its own projects.

In addition to the thirty-nine regional directors mentioned in the article, eleven directors at large and officers attended, as well as fourteen club presidents. In all, more than seventy alumni volunteers participated and they represent an army of dedicated workers who number in the thousands.

We are grateful to the BAM for calling attention to some of our activities, and the members of the faculty and administration who donated their time and talents to talk to us, as well as to the Alumni Relations staff, without whose help we could not carry on our work.

PHYLLIS VAN HORN TILLINGHAST '51
President, Associated Alumni
New York City

The fraternity 'agreement'

Editor: I was much distressed upon learning of the new "agreement" between the University and the fraternities (BAM, December). The pact portends the end of fraternities at Brown, a development the entire University will regret.

The dining room rumblings began when I was on the Hill. I perceived them then (and still do) as nothing more than a symbolic effort by the anti-fraternity lobby. After all, the purpose of a private dining room is defeated if there is no homogeneous organization to use it regularly. Moreover, if memory serves me correctly, there was a significant amount of partitioned area available to the student body.

As I recall, the anti-fraternity lobby was largely composed of those persons who were unhappy with the prominent role of fraternities in the social situation at Brown. Yet the fact is that fraternities provide most of the social life at the University. If there exists a

need to alter this situation, the solution should not be pursued iconoclastically. Instead of tearing down the existing institutions, why not endeavor to expand upon them in the directions advanced by the competing concerns?

Sadly, I see a dim future for the fraternities. In the "agreement" (a term I use loosely considering the vastly unequal bargaining positions of the parties) the fraternities were burdened with membership requirements yet they forfeited a popular selling point in the dining rooms. As further encroachments of the organizations' independence ensue and exclusive use of the lounges is lost, the fraternities will fade away. The essence of the fraternity is some modicum of independence.

If fraternities disappear the loss will be felt by all. I beseech the Brown community prevent the withering away of the fraternity system by revamping the hostile atmosphere which now exists.

W. BARRY BLUM
Coral Gables, Fla.

Abriding others' rights

Editor: The letter of Mr. Robert D. Schwartz '70 to you in your February issue rouses in me some indignation. His criticism of your mentioning normal human behavior and of your use of perfectly correct and common phrases of the English language deserves some rebuke.

Simply because homosexual groups are said to have "come out of the closet," by what right does he think that the rest of us cannot use the phrase to apply to the emergence of other things from hiding? Surely the phrase is in the public domain. Do homosexuals have a monopoly on our language?

Mr. Schwartz then proceeds to object to the fact that the BAM derived a bit of humor out of a normal male being excited by "the sight of two women sunbathing." For some mysterious reason he finds this offensive to women, whereas thousands of women would not sunbathe in public if they objected to a man's reaction to their beauty. They would hide under the long black robe the Ayatollah Khomeini recommends or sunbathe in perfect isolation. He also finds the joke offensive to homosexuals because it regards the way they feel, he says. So what? Are we to tailor every remark so that some minority won't take unnecessary hypersensitive offense? Besides, how do we know what



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You can't be in the learning tree business without cultivating a whole grove of symbols.

So, this is a report, and an alert, on Brown . . . and on this fiscal branch, the Brown Fund.

The Bull and the Bear are to ask you to be as bullish as you can in your support of this lively University. Dr. Johnson? He said . . . "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." We are writing to you to back Brown. The boater? Come home to Brown Reunion at Commencement. The mailbox means we will be writing you about things Brunonian. The Athletic Center and Geo Chem sketches are signs of progress in the brick and mortar arena, for a campus is places as well as faces.

Can we "leaf" you with this thought? We need to grow new support . . . and what better time than Springtime?

The Brown Fund . . . If we don't, who will?



The Brown Fund

will annoy them? Is there no humor about sex among homosexuals? Life must be pretty dull indeed then. So why call them "gay"?

It is enough that homosexuals have gained some recognition of their rights, are free to express themselves, and are more tolerated by the community. It is more than enough — it is, in fact, arrogant — for them to dictate to the heterosexual majority and to try to abridge *their* right to express themselves.

As a lover and teacher of the English language, I in turn, am offended by Mr. Schwartz's use of the word "gay"; it was a beautiful word until the homosexuals abused it. I am offended, too, by those super-feminists who do not know that "man" is a generic term for the whole human race and already includes women on equal terms. Similarly, while we all agree that the term "nigger" is insulting, the word "negro" is correct technical English and means exactly "black" without any intended bad implication; yet blacks, we are told, reject it, and so spoil for us another good word. Why should we put up with constant ignorant attacks upon our beautiful language by all sorts of special interests?

On many fronts minorities are trying to force their will upon the majority in this country. By all means give them their rights, but they should not be allowed to abridge ours.

Finally, let me thank you for many fine articles by excellent writers in recent years. One of those who always gives me special delight is Debra Shore. Bravos for her attack on jargon! With teachers like her, Brown's English department is carrying on its fine tradition.

A. WILSON WHITMAN '29, '55 A.M.
Newport, R.I.

What price egalitarianism?

Editor: As a financial aid student and member of the Committee on Admission and Financial Aid, I am grateful for BAM's interest in the financial-aid controversy. Debra Shore's article ("What Price Egalitarianism," February 1981) was a fair and accurate description of the University's — and my own — problems in financing the best education available anywhere.

Ms. Shore does, however, harbor one minor misconception in the last paragraph of her piece. If this sounds self-righteous, so be it, but I must take issue with her statement that "In a way, Craig Jones is one of the lucky ones." While it is true that I am going to graduate in June, the "luck" which has carried me so far might be better described as "hard work" — that is, running my own business for eighty hours per week during

the past two summers. Even though I am \$10,000 in debt on financial aid alone, I am confident that I will have the resources to pay off my loans (and law school) within for years!

This is not to imply that I am in any way insensitive to the problems of other aid students. To the contrary, I would be happy to talk to any student about the best way I knew to improve his or her financial situation and at the same time, gain some unique "real world" experience.

CRAIG JONES '81
Campus

Editor: In regard to "What Price Egalitarianism?" the option of calendar change was not mentioned.

Beginning the year two weeks sooner, having first semester exams before Christmas vacation, and, beginning the second semester in late January, as normal, would save the school a great deal of money. This money is now being put into January's heating bill, a week of which is the intersession vacation when buildings are mostly empty. This option of calendar change should be seriously considered in light of the school's financial needs.

SUSAN KEYDEL '81
Campus

University studies have concluded that a calendar



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ASSOCIATED ALUMNI ELECTION

The deadline is April 20

It's spring again, and time for the annual election of the Associated Alumni of Brown University. Ballots have been mailed to all alumnae and alumni, who are asked to vote for two alumni trustees, one alumnae trustee, president-elect of the Associated Alumni, and an alumni member of the Athletic Advisory Council.

Ballots must be returned to the Maddock Alumni Center by 5 p.m. on April 21, and results will be announced during Reunion and Commencement Weekend, May 29-June 2.

Candidates for alumni trustee are **Marion A. Ancelliere** '32, Pittsburgh, chairman of the board of Equimark Corporation and chairman of the board of Equibank, principal subsidiary of Equimark; **John H. Cutler** '56, San Francisco, partner in the law firm of Heller, Ehrman, White & McAuliffe; **Henry "Tom" Donaldson** '54, Washington, D.C., investment banking and man-

ager of the oil and gas division of Julia M. Walsh & Sons, Inc., and vice chairman of the company; **Philip S. Hayes** '53, Tacoma, Washington, president of Washington Belt, Inc., and Pacific Packaging, Inc.; **David B. Kauffman** '62, Villanova, Pennsylvania, real estate officer of First Federal Savings of Philadelphia; and **Archie R. Williams** '56, Boston, president of Freedom Electronics Corporation, of Dorchester.

Candidates for alumnae trustee are **Margaret Conant Michael** '51, Louisville, Kentucky, president and owner of Michael-Walters Industries; **Elizabeth Gibbons Rauh** '52, Cincinnati, co-owner of Housework, an urban housing redevelopment business; and **Frances Tompson Rutter** '41, Grantham, New Hampshire, president and treasurer of Tompson & Rutter, Inc., publishers.

Candidates for president-elect of the Associ-

ated Alumni are **Anne J. Compton** '60, Atlanta, manager of business controls for IBM Data Processing's Southern Region; **Lacy B. Herrmann** '50, Darien, Connecticut, investments, corporate executive, and venture capitalist, and **Harold A. Meyer, Jr.** '58, Washington, Connecticut, employee benefit consultant to T. R. Paul, Inc., of Newton, Connecticut.

Candidates for alumni member of the Athletic Advisory Council are **Thomas A. Hoagland** '63, Providence, senior vice president of Citizens Trust Company and Citizens Savings Bank; **Sandy McDougall** '77, Providence, coordinator of management information systems of the Rhode Island Group Health Association; and **Louis J. "Chip" Regine III**, Barrington, Rhode Island, vice president of Regine Pontiac, Inc., of Providence.

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change would not save as much money as might be expected. According to Vice President Richard J. Ramsden '59, the savings would be, at the most, \$100,000 — "not the major breakthrough we need." Why would savings not be more? Even in empty buildings heat must be kept on high enough to avoid frozen pipes; heat must be kept on at usual levels in buildings where research is conducted; administrative and faculty offices must be heated as usual. — Editor.

Children vs. careers

Editor: The December 28, 1980 *New York Times* reported on a study conducted by Brown about the attitudes of college seniors

on careers and family. I was very surprised with the results stating that 77 percent of the female students interviewed felt mothers should work part-time or not at all until their children were school age. I am writing to you in the hope that the *Brown Alumni Monthly* will publish more of the study since many of the opinions were inconsistent [see *On Stage*, page 14].

If, as these women expect, they will have stimulating careers, many will find they want to continue to work after they have children. Employers are generally not enthusiastic about maternity leave and six months (without pay) is liberal. In addition to the loss of half the family income if the wife

leaves her job, she risks stepping off the "fast track." Even if the woman reenters the labor force after a number of years, she may not be viewed as career-oriented by her superiors.

I was especially distressed to find that many college women felt that it required a "superwoman" to balance both a career and family. I am convinced that any woman who attends Brown can manage both if she desires. To the woman who wanted to know how it is done, I do not offer advice (you will get more than you need), but only my experience. I require three things: 1) a husband willing to share equally in child care and housework, 2) a job worth the juggling act, and 3) a salary large enough to buy the services needed.

While every woman must make her own decision about working when she has small children, I urge women to keep their options open. Your career may be more addictive than you anticipate.

PAMELA FARRELL LENEHAN
New York City

P.S. I am a vice president at Chase Manhattan Bank and took seven weeks off after the birth of my daughter, Sarah, now a year old. My husband is Donald B. Lenehan '74, a vice president at Ogilvy & Mather, who is an old hand at changing diapers, doing laundry, and washing dishes.

Campaign myths

Editor: I'm not a Brown alumna, but I read your article by Steve Cohen . . . made me so angry I very nearly threw your fine magazine across the room. Mr. Cohen thinks working or voting for John Anderson ("intelligent, articulate, and moderate"), " . . . while perhaps intellectually honest, was self-indulgent and politically naive."

Since when is it self-indulgent to be intellectually honest? I am inclined to think politically naive stayed home on Election Day, while the self-indulgent conveniently ignored the issues and positions with which they disagreed in order to work for "a winner." Is change to be purchased with intellectual dishonesty? Thanks, but at least for me, that price is too high.

ELEANOR BROWN WYCKOFF
Middlesex, N.Y.

Editor: I was most intrigued by Steve Cohen's article in the December *BAM* entitled, "The Selling of the President and Other Campaign Myths." Mr. Cohen's insider's insights and candid admissions are both informative and oddly refreshing. However, his simplistic cost-benefit rationalization of his defection from liberal to conservative loyalties certainly should deceive no one: Cohen's motivation was obviously more out of opportunism than reasoned analysis of political or ideological preferences.

Rather than support his theme, that Presidents are not sold to the public like



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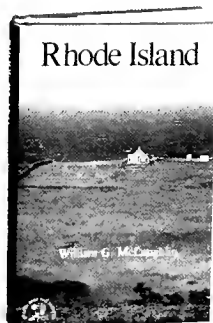
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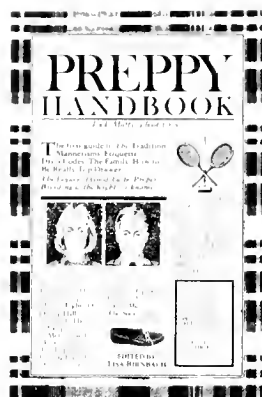
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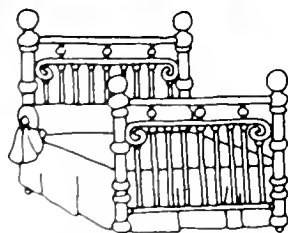
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dogs (and Cohen should know, since he sells both), the author's substantial body of evidence consistently contradicts it. In concluding, "Ronald Reagan certainly was not sold to the American people. No commercial ever said anything he hadn't already said in a speech. No spot ever attempted to misrepresent or promise more than was credible," Cohen betrays his own view, as an ad-man, that business-as-usual advertising is lying. The fact is that, whether or not Reagan's campaign was as ethical as Cohen would have us believe, it was still, as the author clearly demonstrates, a sophisticated psychological hype. That Mr. Cohen takes apparent pride in his role in the campaign won't help to absolve him of responsibility when the day of political judgment catches up with his man. But no doubt by that time, Mr. Cohen will have caught the rising star of the Democrats, and once again his adaptable talents will represent Brown in the political marketplace.

RICH GOPEN '73 M.A.T.
Bridgewater, Mass.

Dick Dannenfeler

Editor: It is somewhat ironic that two days before I was about to mail my first contribution to Brown's alumni fund, I learned of the firing of Rev. Richard Dannenfeler from Brown's Chaplain's Office.

I will not support any university which cannot identify and retain members of its staff who contribute so much to the vitality and well being of its student body. Hardly a day has passed when Richard Dannenfeler has not advised or enlightened Brown students; he has served Brown well, and his absence contradicts all Brown claims to be.

I deplore this ill-advised decision, and urge President Swearer to reinstate Reverend Dannenfeler. I will withhold all contributions until he does so.

LAWRENCE C. KAPLAN '77 Sc.M.
Burlington, Vt.

Editor: The faculty of Brown teach in their areas, but they also should and do attempt to awaken or enrich in students aspirations to humaneness, ethical conduct, and concern for the rights and life conditions of all our fellow human beings. Reverend Dannenfeler has surpassed most if not all of us in this work with an outpouring of concern, help, and leadership. Now he has been terminated and stripped of three-fourths of the tuition benefits (for his children) granted by a previous administration (benefits worth about \$100,000 at today's prices). Granting of those benefits has historically been employed as a major inducement to retain people at Brown, and constitutes a major recognition of merit. Despite many precedents for employing in other positions worthy members of the University community (e.g., coaches, faculty, staff) who have become re-

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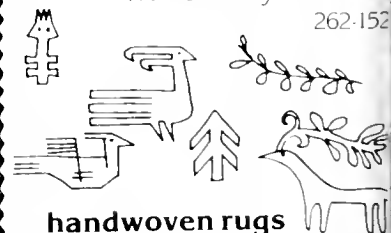
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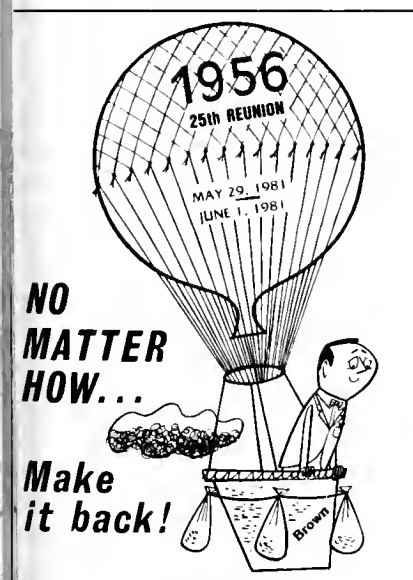
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dundant, and a history of dedicated and outstanding service from such people in their new positions, Dick Dannenfels has been met with a doggedly tenacious refusal to treat him in this manner. Yet in his case, no one has claimed other than that his own multiple former duties (including teaching and counseling) *must* be done by *someone*.

The Faculty Policy Group (FPG), elected by the faculty, have endorsed the recommendations made by an FPG subcommittee which studied the Dannenfels termination exhaustively. One recommendation asked that the "President reconsider the entire issue of Mr. Dannenfels's employment at Brown University" and "define a position of teacher-counselor in the area of human sexuality for which Mr. Dannenfels would be an eligible applicant and which would include a part-time role in the chaplain's office." The president has declined to do so. Another recommendation dealt with the need to protect the rights of junior administrators to speak out freely. (Reverend Dannenfels was called in by a previous administration and told to stop his statements and activities in behalf of striking staff and supporting students. After he declined, a personnel evaluation was placed in his folder rating his work less than minimally acceptable, but this fact was not communicated to him.)

The study by the FPG Subcommittee found no evidence that Reverend Dannenfels was fired because of his high profile on campus. But what factors have entered into the refusal to utilize his excellent and abundant abilities to do, under another title, the work that must be done? After thirteen years of service, and against precedent, this man who has had such positive impact on so many hundreds or thousands in the University community is out.

I find it increasingly difficult to reconcile what we teach and model with what is actually done at Brown.

PHILIP J. BRAY '48
Professor of Physics
Campus

Flush the idea

Editor: It is indeed fortunate that Leslie R. Schover '74 (Carrying the Mail, November) graduated from Brown University, where our objects d'alumni are rather mundane.

Imagine the nightmares she would experience after purchasing a red toilet seat with white letters emblazoned on the lid imploring . . . "GO, NEBRASKA, GO!"

ABBOTT 'BUD' YULOFF '50
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IN THE NEWS:

Tuition and fees for 1981-82 go over \$10,000

At its February meeting, the Brown Corporation approved a 15-percent increase in tuition and fees for the 1981-82 academic year, bringing the total cost of a Brown education next year to \$10,242.

Though this increase is the highest ever recorded in a single year at Brown, it puts the University in line with other major institutions: tuition at Stanford, MIT, Princeton, and Yale will be even higher than Brown's.

The \$10,242 bill for next year includes: \$7,120 for tuition — up \$980, a 16-percent increase; and \$3,122 for room, board, and fees — up \$390, a 14-percent increase.

"We have very little choice," President Howard R. Swearer said of the increase. "We are committed to raising faculty and staff salaries, and we are facing very large additional expenses for energy and financial aid. At the same time, we are committed to continue to operate within the framework of a balanced budget."

These high costs seem not to be affecting Brown's popularity, though. This year the University received 11,840 applications to the class of 1985 — down about 150 from last year's all-time high. Even so, Brown drew more applications than any other school in the Ivy League except Harvard. D.S.

LIBRARIES:

The JCB becomes a publisher

From most appearances, The John Carter Brown Library is merely an imposing edifice on one corner of the Green that students scurry past on their way to Faunce House, the Ratty, and other such functional destinations. Every year, of course, a few students poke their heads through its weighty



JCB Librarian Tom Adams.

doors and are rewarded with the most serene place to study on campus.

For the most part, though, the library keeps to itself, quietly housing one of the world's great collections of Americana. Librarians and researchers shuffle softly through its maps, prints, and books in the hushed tones found only in a place where nothing is ever checked out and no book is less than a century old.

But that placid surface can be deceptive. In the last year, the John Carter Brown library has been sprouting books out of its vast collection at a rate that would rival a tenure-craving academic. "Normally," says JCB Librarian Thomas R. Adams, "you don't think of libraries as being publishers. But what has happened in the past twelve months is a rather remarkable series of publications." He lays out on his desk a series of books: *The Italians and the Creation of America* (BAM, November); a loose-leafed checklist of JCB holdings in early maritime history ("crude and informal as it is, it is still one of the two or three most useful books on the subject,"

Adams says); a bibliographical study of British pamphlets relating to the American Revolution — "or what I call the American controversy," says Adams, its author, "the British never called it a revolution"; and its companion, a much slimmer volume of American pamphlets on the same subject in a second, revised edition. "These two books were twenty years in the making," says Adams with a small smile, pointing up that publication dates can be misleading, after all.

Adams clears away the books he's been talking about and stacks them neatly at the side of his desk. In the splendor of the naked desktop, he places a weighty, bright red volume that makes the Manhattan telephone rectory look like a teenager's address book. "This," he says, "is probably the most important book of all." Its title: *European Americana: A Chronological Guide to Works Printed in Europe Relating to the Americas, 1493-1776*. It is Volume One of what will be the massive standard reference work to this literature — a major bibliographic undertaking.

"What the library specializes in," Adams explains, "are books printed in the colonial period which reflect any interest in or knowledge of the Americas. The point here is: What constitutes the body of literature? The core of that question is something libraries have been struggling with for years.

"By 1930, we had a satisfactory list of books printed in the Americas in the Colonial period," Adams continues, "but this left out the enormous body of literature published over a 200-plus-year period in Europe about America. When you realize that printing wasn't introduced into Mexico until 1540, and not in North America until 1640, you can see that most of the books in this period were printed in Europe."

The *European Americana* is just such a reference. It replaces a twenty-six-volume work, known to librarians as "the Sabin," after one of its editors. That bibliography had few virtues and

any flaws: it was put together over thirty years, from 1896 to 1930, by three different editors, had varying standards of inclusion and was heavily weighted toward the nineteenth century. Worst of all, it listed works in alphabetical order, insuring that to find a work, you already had to know its exact title.

The John Carter Brown entered this bibliographic picture when the publisher and founder of Readex Microprinting, Albert Boni, approached Adams in 1977 about putting the Sabin microprint. When Adams told him of the work's shortcomings, Boni promptly agreed to underwrite the preliminary work for a new reference — which his company would make available both as a book and on microprint. Since then, the National Endowment for the Humanities, with cost-sharing from Brown, has helped fund the first volume.

John Alden, keeper emeritus of the books at the Boston Public Library, edited the work. After the contents of the Sabin were extracted and put in chronological order, Alden, drawing on the John Carter Brown's repository of 70 years of collecting Americana, began to enlarge on it. He ended up increasing the known holdings by four times.

One doesn't hurry this sort of thing along. The first volume alone has taken nearly three years, and Adams sees the remaining eight-to-ten volumes taking a decade to complete. When finished, the *European Americana* should have 45,000 entries. It will also contain several pioneering indices that appear in the first volume. "It's not enough to list the works," Adams says, "you need to get at them, and in this" — he lifts up a third of the volume's pages, all devoted to indices — "you can get at them any number of ways." Volume One's 4,300 entries go up to 1600. Alden is already at work on the second, which will bring the series to 1650 — a scant ten years after we in the States were learning the art of print. J.T.

THE FACULTY:

Viking lander craft named for Mutch

As dust storms whirl across the scarred landscape of Mars, a camera aboard the Viking I lander craft blinks in salute and sends it back to earth. Since 1976, when the Viking mission

sent two spacecraft into orbit around Mars and dropped two landers on the surface, the Viking I lander craft has been beaming back information on Martian weather, soil, and atmosphere; it will keep doing that until at least 1990.

Now, that craft will have a new duty — a different one. It will stand as a memorial to the Brown geological sciences professor who lost his life in a climbing accident in the Himalayas last October. The Viking I lander craft has been designated the Thomas A. "Tim" Mutch Memorial Station. NASA administrator Robert A. Frosch, announcing the memorial at a press conference in Washington, D.C., said, "It is extremely proper and fitting that the Viking I lander craft be dedicated after Tim. He was the Viking lander imaging-team leader. . . . He was a superb photo-geologist whose talents included two books on the geology of the moon and

on Mars." Mutch had designed the camera on the lander craft (along with Bill Patterson, senior research engineer in the physics department) and had directed the photographing of the planet by the crafts that landed on its surface. In 1979, he took a leave of absence from Brown to serve as associate administrator for the Office of Space Science at NASA.

Whenever a manned mission goes to Mars — none are planned at this point, but the subject is always under discussion at NASA — a plaque honoring the former professor will be placed on the craft. The stainless steel plaque has already been made, in fact. It reads: "Thomas A. Mutch Memorial Station. Dedicated to the memory of Tim Mutch, whose imagination, verve, and resolve contributed greatly to the exploration of the solar system." J.T.

THE CAMPAIGN FOR BROWN:

Help from Mellon for early retirement incentives

When Congress extended the mandatory retirement age from sixty-five to seventy several years ago, the American higher education establishment opposed the move so vociferously that a special amendment was passed giving universities and colleges an extension — until July 1982 — to comply. The institutions have been scurrying around ever since, trying to figure out how they will manage to pay their most expensive faculty members for an extra five years, meet inflation and energy costs, and follow federal regulations for hiring minorities and women — all at the same time and in a period of declining enrollments.

Brown has just gotten some much-needed help in coping with the expense of the extended retirement age: The Andrew W. Mellon Foundation has given the Campaign for Brown \$950,000, most of it slated for an early retirement plan for faculty in the humanities. (Brown has twenty-one humanities faculty members who would have retired in the '80s under the former mandatory age, but who may now elect to stay on.)

Frank Durand, the associate provost working on this problem, explained recently how the extended retirement age affects private universities: "There are two real problems. One is financial. If full professors making the highest salaries can stay on until age

seventy, the view is that — given the economy, inflation, and so on — many will stay on even if they don't want to. It's an economic question, a very serious economic question.

"The other point is that, given the worst case — everyone who could stay on does — we're not going to be able to hire any new people. The full professors who would be leaving for the younger generation will be staying until the late '80s and early '90s — these are the people who received tenure during a period of tremendous expansion for the universities. When the bulk of these people retire at that point, where are the replacements going to be — since we'll have discouraged just about everyone possible from coming into teaching."

The Mellon grant should help alleviate the situation. It will be invested and used to pay a stipend to professors, based on a percentage of their salary, as an inducement to early retirement. "We've made very detailed calculations," Durand explained, "based on certain assumptions — how long people live, what the inflation rate will be, how much money they would have if they retired at sixty-five, given their retirement fund, Social Security, tax advantages that take place at sixty-five — and we looked at the *net*, not the gross.

"Then we asked," he continued,

"what is it that the University can contribute to make a faculty member retire earlier? And we decided on a stipend of a certain amount." The exact figure is not yet available since this early retirement plan must be approved by the Committee on Awards and Benefits, chaired by Elizabeth LeDuc, professor of biology, which currently has it under discussion. The entire faculty will be eligible for the early retirement incentives, if approved; the Mellon grant will be used to defray the costs for the humanities, with a smaller portion of it also going to post doctoral fellowships in some of Brown's strongest humanities departments.

This is the third time in five years the Mellon Foundation has given support for the humanities at Brown; a \$650,000 grant in 1975 and a \$750,000 grant in 1979, along with matching funds and the income from investing these sums, have brought the Mellon support of Brown to more than \$2 million.

J.T.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS: Now part of a New England group

Recent economic conditions have not been kind to publishing, particularly to university presses. The Brown University Press is a sobering example. Its output during the past four years, though scholarly and well-received, has been miniscule: five books. Add to that average annual deficits of \$50,000 over the same period, and the choice facing the administration seemed obvious: the Press needed a massive transfusion or a decent burial.

Provost Maurice Glicksman announced the cure in January: the Brown University Press is merging with a group of seven other university publishers who form a consortium called the University Press of New England. Founded ten years ago by Dartmouth, and located in Hanover, the group now includes Tufts, Clark, Brandeis, and the

Universities of New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Vermont.

The University Press of New England (UPNE) will assume responsibility for publishing and marketing Brown Press books, including copy editing, preparing manuscripts for publication, distribution, and advertising. Mark Curran, faculty executive officer, pointed out recently that those are precisely the functions that a small press hasn't got the economies of scale to carry out and make a profit. "When we looked into this question," Curran says, "we talked to other university presses and did a lot of investigating, and we found that to reach the point where we would not be losing several thousands of dollars a year, we would have to publish a couple of dozen books annually — and we just didn't have the money to invest in that."

With membership in the UPNE — which carries with it an annual fee of \$10,000 — administration officials hope the Press might now publish six to eight

ON STAGE

By Susan Heitman

There's a story going around that today's college-age women would rather stay home and take care of their children than work in high-powered careers.

It's true. The *New York Times* said so. Even better, according to the *Times*, a Brown University study said so. Three thousand college students were surveyed, at six different universities, and 77 percent of the women said a mother ought to stay at home until her children are five years old. So much for the women's movement.

How you respond to this story probably depends on whether you believe women belong in the home or in the board room. But if you were reading your newspaper in late December, chances are you came across it, or at least a reference to it. It appeared on page 1 of the Sunday *Times*, under the headline "Many Young Women Now Say They'd Pick Family Over Career." It also appeared, under a variety of headlines, in many of the 500 or so papers that subscribe to the *Times* wire service. And the statistic, the magic 77 percent, has been popping up here and there, like some odd variety of mushroom.

"A Brown University study of 3,000 college women shows that 77 percent believe the duties of being a mother are a full-time occupation," said the *Waterbury Republican* in an editorial indicating there is hope, after all, for the future of the family.

... the results of a comprehensive survey by Brown University among 3,000 young women entering the business world totally contradicts much of the aforesaid hypothesis. Almost 77 percent of the women polled in that

The *New York Times* said so

study said they would leave their jobs for at least five years in order to raise their own children, rather than leave them in day-care centers," (Stephen Ford, writing in the *Wilkes-Barre Times Leader*).

"Many young women fully capable of becoming chairman of the board or a senior partner in the firm are saying the heck with it; they want to get married and have children as their mothers did before them," writes columnist Jim Shumaker in the *Charlotte Observer*, again bringing out the *Times*'s Brown study citation to support his statement.

Let me tell you about the Brown University study. Five years ago, the Corporation appointed a Committee on the Status of Women, headed by Trustee Jean Howard '70, to look at the effects of coeducation on Brown students five years after the Pembroke merger. As the committee members began their work, they realized that they needed some comparative data, in addition to their interviews with Brown students and alumni. Proposals were written, funding was found, researchers were hired, and the famous 3,000 students from six universities — Barnard, Brown, Dartmouth, Princeton, SUNY Stony Brook, and Wellesley — were duly queried, tabulated, analyzed, and reported. A conference was held two years ago, in which papers were presented and results discussed (BAM, February 1979). And finally, last November, the complete report, running to some 300 pages, was published.

It is a complicated document, with lots of tables and

books a year. Overseeing those publications will be a new editor, Stephen Graubard, professor of history and the editor of the quarterly, *Daedalus*.

A faculty committee will assist Graubard in soliciting and reviewing manuscripts. Chaired by Leon Cooper, professor of physics, the committee includes Michael C. Putnam, professor of classics; Don B. Wilmeth, professor of theater arts; and, *ex-officio*, Ernest Freuchs, dean of the Graduate School.

Once a manuscript wins approval from the Brown side of the operation, it will be shipped to Hanover, where Thomas McFarland, the group's director and editor, will look it over. A UPNE committee made up of the editors and directors of the member presses will review the work in turn and give the final stamp of approval. With such well-known scholars guiding Brown's selections, Curran sees few problems with UPNE turning down manuscripts approved here.

UPNE will also be taking over

Brown's backlog of ninety-nine titles, and will offer most of them at a discount in an upcoming sale. Exactly how decisions will be made on remaining books from the forty-eight-year-old Press's catalogue has not been decided. Books published under the new arrangement will bear the imprints of both Brown and the University Press of New England.

Brown is far from alone in its predicament. Universities across the nation are having trouble with their presses, Curran says, and the only solution, except for the largest, is to band together for the publishing and distribution sides of the enterprise. Only Yale, the University of Chicago, and the University of California at Berkeley appear to have healthy presses, he says. "The needs for scholarly publishing are as strong as ever," Curran adds, "but the costs are staggering. As universities look at their presses eating up thousands of dollars, and then at how they have to cut back on faculty salaries or library funds —

well, this is the only way the presses are going to survive." J.T.

People and Programs

□ Dr. Stanley Aronson will step down as dean of medicine next June to return to fulltime teaching. Dr. Aronson came to Brown in 1970 as professor of medical science and chief of the section of pathology in the Division of Biological and Medical Sciences. He was a staunch advocate of establishing the Program in Medicine at Brown and, when such a program was created in 1972, he became its dean. During that time he was, as Dr. Pierre Galletti, vice president of biology and medicine, put it, "the moving force in developing the Brown medical program faculty and curriculum." Dr. Aronson, who is on leave this academic year, will become University Professor of Medical Science and teach epidemiology.

□ Mark Garrison, a former deputy chief of mission in the U.S. Embassy in

statistics, a section on the six-school study, a section on a study of Brown alumni and alumnae, a section containing papers presented at the conference, and a summary report to the Corporation on the status of women at Brown.

In a nutshell, which is not a very good place to put something as complicated and emotionally charged as a 10-page report on attitudes involving women and education, the committee found that, academically, women students seem to have less self-confidence than men do, that they enter college with higher grades and leave with lower grades than men do, that they hold fewer leadership positions on campus, and that they have conflicts about the relationship of career and family goals.

This may seem like a far cry from something that would be cited in a story appearing in papers across the country under headlines such as, "Please, Mother, I'd rather take care of the children," or "A feminist backlash? Women plan to quit jobs for babies." The Brown education study did include a question on whether the students thought a mother should work full-time, part-time, or not at all when her children were (a) infants or (b) ages 2-5. Under the "ages 2-5" category, 27 percent of the women said a mother should not work at all, and 50 percent said a mother should only work part-time. If you're paying attention, you will recognize the increasingly familiar 77 percent.

Actually, if you put the headlines aside, the *New York Times* story reported conflicts similar to those found by Brown's researchers. Most of the young women quoted said that they hoped to have careers, also hoped to have families, felt that it was better for children to have a mother at home when they were very young, and were to varying degrees nervous about how they (the women) were going to accomplish all this.

In her report to the Brown Corporation, Jean Howard wrote: "While women are placing emphasis on full-time careers in greater numbers than before, neither they nor the Brown men who are likely to become spouses of college-educated women with similar goals show a sophisticated awareness of the compromises and the effort required to pursue both careers and parenthood."

The story, the questioning, the confusion on the part of young college women — none of this should be surprising or disturbing. But the whole thing *has* been surprising and disturbing — to the researchers who have found themselves bombarded with questions from journalists about their "study of college women who want to stay home and have babies" and to a number of women who care about feminism and who are either frightened or angered at seeing the efforts of the past ten years swept aside in a rash of unthinking headlines and casually used statistics.

"Young women face enough emotional and economic uncertainty as it is," editorialized the *Boston Globe*. "They don't need distorted reports suggesting that they are eager for a life of parasol-twirling ease."

And syndicated columnist Ellen Goodman provided as much of a moral as there may be to this convoluted story of a media-generated movement. "In a mere two weeks," she wrote, "we have been peppered with the notion — loosely interpreted and popularized — that 77 percent (count 'em) of the young elite women believe that the place of a mother of a preschooler is in the home . . . The media tale would be unimportant, except that a story like this takes on a life of its own in the public mind . . . it becomes part of the self-fulfilling prophecy of the retreat to traditionalism."

Susan Heitman is director of news and information services at Brown and was formerly editor of the *Occidental College Magazine*.

Moscow and a retiree from twenty-five years in the Foreign Service, has been appointed a fellow of the Council on International Relations at Brown. Garrison, who was number-two man in Moscow when Brown Vice-Chancellor **Thomas J. Watson, Jr.** '37 was ambassador to the Soviet Union, will investigate establishing a center at Brown for the study of U.S.-Soviet relations.

□ **Roderick M. Chisholm**, the professor of philosophy who holds the Andrew W. Mellon Chair in the Humanities, has been named editor-in-chief of the professional quarterly, *Philosophy and Phenomenological Research*, which has been published for the last forty years at the State University of New York at Buffalo, where it was edited by its founder, the late Marvin Farber. The journal will now be published at Brown. Chisholm, who served as associate editor of the quarterly for twenty-five years, has named **Ernest Sosa**, a colleague in the philosophy department, as his associate editor.

□ The American Society of Mechanical Engineers (ASME) gave **Joseph Kestin**, professor of engineering and director of the Center for Energy Studies, two awards at ASME's 100th anniversary celebration in November. One was a medallion from the applied mathematics division and the second was given for research.

□ **Dr. Richard M. Cowett** has been awarded a \$191,160 grant by the National Institutes of Health to continue his research on the glucose balance in pregnant women and their fetuses. The award, called the Research Career Development Award, is given on the basis of a nationwide competition to doctors who have demonstrated excellence in health-related research and mapped out an area for continuing investigation. Cowett, the first Brown faculty member to receive it, has been a staff neonatologist in the pediatrics department of Women and Infants Hospital for seven years.

□ The Computer Sciences Department at Brown has received a three-year, \$250,000 grant from the National Sciences Foundation to improve its undergraduate teaching. The grant comes from Comprehensive Assistance to Undergraduate Science Education — or CAUSE — which was formed by the NSF to encourage colleges and universities to re-evaluate and improve their departments of science education. *J.T.*

WOMEN'S GYMNASTICS: Two freshmen lead the way to 5-0

How does a team improve on last year's 10-1 record? For Jackie Court's women's gymnastics team, the answer has been simple. With the help of two outstanding freshman performers, the team was undefeated after its first five meets of the year. And an untarnished season is far from out of the question.

The newcomers are **Debbi Fuhrman**, of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, and **Tracy Vietze**, of Scituate, Massachusetts. The pair has made a habit of taking the top two spots in almost every event of each meet. In fact, Fuhrman has won fifteen first-place finishes in the sixteen events she has entered all year.

Vietze was a very successful gymnast in high school, making the finals in the balance beam competition of the AAU National Championships and having the opportunity to compete in invitational meets in the United States and Europe. Court knew Vietze's ability well, having seen her compete in the area during the past few years.

For Fuhrman, however, the road to success at Brown was not as smooth. After showing great promise in difficult

competitions as a youngster, she chose not to compete in gymnastics during her last two years in high school. A legitimate Olympic aspirant, she opted for her studies in favor of an all-out effort to make the Olympic team.

"I would have had to live away from home and devote my whole life to being a gymnast," she recalls. "The Olympics are everyone's dream, but I thought that school was more important."

The two-year layoff seems to have had little effect on Fuhrman's performance. Court says that it took her "about a minute" to realize what a talent she had on her hands when the 5-foot, 88-pounder arrived in the gym for the first day of practice.

"She is definitely of Olympic caliber," Court says of Fuhrman. "But she has a different outlook on life now. Gymnastics is not the most important thing in her life anymore."

Keeping gymnastics as an activity rather than a vocation seems to suit both women fine. They were involved in highly competitive programs earlier in their careers. The more relaxed yet serious attitude of the Brown program is welcome relief to them.

"It's a big team effort here," explains Vietze. "In my experience, only individual performances were stressed



Tracy Vietze (left)
and Debbi Fuhrman.

Here we all cheer each other on, and how the team does is very important."

Fuhrman echoes the sentiment.

Everyone on the team is great friends with one another. We know we have to work, but we also have a lot of fun."

The work has paid off in the formidable results that the team has achieved in its dual-meet schedule. A new twist in scoring rules this year has required the gymnasts to include more difficult stunts in each routine, but the change has not caused the Brown team many troubles.

WOMEN'S SWIMMING:

After the toughest test, still undefeated

The team making the biggest splash this winter season continues to be the women's swimming squad. Coach Dave Roach's charges ran their record to nine wins without a loss, including an exciting victory over Princeton, last year's Ivy League champions.

Princeton figured to be the Bruins' toughest test of the year, and it took a win by the team's 400-yard freestyle relay team in the day's final event to ice the win, 79-70. "To my knowledge," Roach says, "it's the first time that Princeton has ever lost a dual meet to another Ivy League team."

Roach says that Brown had beaten Princeton convincingly in the swimming races, only to have the Tigers keep the meet close on the strength of some outstanding diving performances.

It took several record times by the Brown swimmers to sink the Tigers. Freshman sensation Elaine Palmer won three individual events and swam in two winning relays, including the anchor leg of the winning relay team. She set school records in all those events.

Sophomore Carol Downey set school records in two events on the way to her three first-place finishes in freestyle events. Freshman Peggy Tormey recorded the seventh fastest time in the country this year en route to winning the 200-yard breaststroke.

In all, ten new school records were set in the meet at Princeton, and six national championship qualifying times were achieved. It was quite a day.

MEN'S BASKETBALL:

Balanced scoring leads to improvement

The men's basketball team has shown marked improvement in the last few weeks, playing competitively in most of its games since the exam period break. The Bruins put together a three-game winning streak, then lost to a very powerful Rhode Island team and to Ivy rival Dartmouth in an exciting double-overtime match.

The key to the squad's turnaround of late has been the balanced scoring attack. Sophomore Ira James and senior Scott McCarthy have assumed the leadership of the Brown offense, with McCarthy making an effective switch from big guard to small forward. Junior guard Dean Erickson and freshman Jeff Samsen have also found the groove of consistency, with Erickson taking command of the point guard slot while Samsen has become a steadier shooter from the perimeter.

Defensively, the team continued to stifle even the most potent attacks. But the lack of team height continues to plague the Bruins. Time and again the squad has managed to stay close with their scrappy style of play only to lose control of the game toward the end because one of the team's better rebound-

ers has been forced to the bench with too many fouls.

None of the problems was apparent in the three-game winning streak, which included Brown's first Ivy win, against Yale. The team rebounded from a first-half deficit to beat New Hampshire on the road, and a victory over Stonehill College avenged last year's loss.

The team was saddened before the Yale game by the news that Coach Joe Mullaney's wife had died, and while the coach did not make the trip to New Haven, the team responded with an emotional 71-65 victory.

One of the keys during the three-game stretch was a new-found eye for free-throw shooting. During the wins, the Bruins hit on 80 percent of their foul shots, far above the season's 67-percent average.

The poor free-throw shooting has been a telling statistic, because the Bruins have consistently outscored their opponents from the floor. Games have been lost at the foul line.

MEN'S HOCKEY:

Plagued by inconsistent play

If the men's hockey team's record this winter does not match up to that of some teams of years past, then the response of fans at Meehan Auditorium is no indicator. The Bruins have struggled through a difficult season, faced with injuries to key players and forced to play several young and untested ones. But at Meehan, the attitude has been as enthusiastic as in any of Brown's more successful years.

Still, the Bruins have been plagued with inconsistent play. When the team

continued on page 60

Scoreboard

January 23 to February 10)

Men's Hockey (5-12-1)

Bridgewater 7, Brown 4
Princeton 5, Brown 3
Brown 3, Cornell 2 (OT)
Boston University 5, Brown 2
Dartmouth 7, Brown 3

Women's Gymnastics (5-0)

Brown 119.55, Rhode Island 109.75
Brown 117.9, Northeastern 109.5
Brown 107.85, Bridgeport 69.05
Brown 117.60, Bridgewater 76.45
Brown 117.60, Mount Holyoke 37.60

Men's Basketball (6-12)

Brown 71, New Hampshire 68
Brown 81, Stonehill 70
Brown 71, Yale 65
Rhode Island 64, Brown 52
Dartmouth 68, Brown 66 (2 OT)
Brown 74, Yale 61

Women's Basketball (4-12)

Connecticut 79, Brown 33
Colgate 70, Brown 58
Dartmouth 71, Brown 52
Manhattanville 68, Brown 56
Brown 58, Rhode Island College 55
Penn 79, Brown 66

Men's Indoor Track (2-5)

Yale 451, Brown 35
Penn 89½, Brown 35
Southern Connecticut 68, Brown 64
Brown 64, New Hampshire 37
Brown 64, Wesleyan 55

Women's Hockey (5-5)

Boston College 4, Brown 3
Brown 16, Wesleyan 1
Brown 8, Harvard 0
New Hampshire 7, Brown 2
Brown 4, Harvard 3
York 7, Brown 2
Toronto 6, Brown 4
Colby 5, Brown 1
Brown 7, Yale 2
Brown 2, Dartmouth 0

Men's Swimming (4-3)

Brown 72, Rhode Island 41
Brown 72, Cornell 41

Women's Swimming (9-0)

Brown 95, Rutgers 45
Brown 79, Princeton 70
Brown 98, Dartmouth 50

Men's Wrestling (3-8)

Rhode Island College 28, Brown 21
Connecticut 30, Brown 5
Springfield 27, Brown 12

Women's Squash (2-3)

Yale 6, Brown 1
7th of 20 in Howe Cup at Yale

BROWN AND TOUGALOO

By Debra Shore

The sign leads one off the Mississippi highway to an intersection where Frank's offers hot biscuits and sausage for 70 cents. Quickly the road turns bumpy, rutted and pocked by age. The railroad tracks penetrate the most resilient shock absorbers. A light blue water tower balloons above the trees. Other signs point the way — past the small post office, past the laundromat, past the small homes, to the main gate. Tougaloo College. The name confounds. Tougaloo? They say it is Choctaw. They say it means the place at the fork of a stream.

In some respects one would have to search long and far to find two more disparate institutions than Brown University and Tougaloo College. One a small, historically black private college in the Deep South with a decaying antebellum mansion and a growing debt — a teacher's college for most of its history and a lone radical in an often oppressively conservative place. The other a major, historically white private college, seventh oldest in the country, located in a colony founded on religious freedom — a University dedicated to research of the first rank and a member of the most educationally elite group in the country, the Ivy League.

Yet there are significant similarities. Both Brown and Tougaloo are struggling for money (though Tougaloo needs funds far more desperately); both struggle with outmoded physical plants and the effects of deferred maintenance; both have a tradition of academic excellence and commitment to quality teaching. But above all, both share a mission: to educate, to open doors physical and intellectual, and to enable each student — man or woman, black or white — to become whatever he or she wishes to be.

In May 1964 Brown University and Tougaloo College agreed to close the gap that distance and difference made and pledged to help each other achieve their shared — and separate — goals. It was a novel agreement then and part of its novelty is that the relationship has lasted — for, while a number of such alliances were formed in the ferment of the early 1960s, that between Brown and Tougaloo is the only one that has survived. And with any relationship, Brown's and Tougaloo's has involved a delicate balance of commitment and freedom — commitment to each other and freedom for each to choose what was best for itself. Certainly the relationship flourished at times, but it is flourishing now. Thus, on the eve of its seventeenth anniversary, the Brown-Tou-



A Tougaloo landmark, its water tower, as seen through the library windows.

DEBRA SHORE

They are an odd couple: a historically white, Ivy League university and a historically black, small Mississippi liberal arts college. But, after seventeen years, their association is flourishing, to the benefit of both



BRUCE O'HARA



CHIP COOPER

President George Owens stands on the front porch of the Tougaloo administration building, the Rebellum mansion (right) built on the property in the nineteenth century.

galoo relationship deserves some celebratory recognition.

In the 1950s and early 1960s a man named Larry Durgin served as pastor of the Central Congregational Church on Angell Street in Providence. (His assistant from 1953 to 1958 was Charles Baldwin, now senior chaplain at Brown University.) Durgin was also on the board of trustees at Tougaloo College. "Irving Fain and I were both in the struggle for fair housing in Providence in the early '50s," Durgin recalls. "He was the leader in that battle and we became close friends, as you do in such coalitions." Durgin persuaded his fellow trustees to elect Fain to the Tougaloo board. "We had never had a Jew on the board at Tougaloo," he says. "The Jewish community in the South is a very important part of the infrastructure and Macie Fain [Irving's wife] was a native of Hattiesburg, a part of the old Jewish establishment. It seemed to me that it was very important to have a Jew on the board. Also, the Jew has had to learn what it is to seem to be accepted and then experience rejection and discrimination."

In 1961, Tougaloo trembled on the brink of bankruptcy. The college faced mounting annual deficits and hostile local pressures stemming from involvement in the civil rights movement. The American Missionary Association, its historical

benefactor, declared that it could no longer be the primary guarantor of Tougaloo's fiscal health. Wes Hotchkiss, director of higher education for the United Church of Christ Board of Homeland Ministries and a Tougaloo trustee, attempted to mount a national fundraising campaign through a series of dinners in various cities, but his efforts came to naught. "We were about to go under for lack of \$25,000," Durgin says. "I was feeling the burden of having served this well-established church in the posh East Side of Providence, where \$25,000 should be easy to come by, and I was forced to entertain the notion that maybe Tougaloo should throw in the towel. Barnaby [Keeney, then president of Brown] was a member of Central Church," Durgin adds, "and he liked to take his lawyer, Bancroft Littlefield '34, and his doctor, Morgan Cutts, and me, his preacher, down to Florida for a week to fish and play poker and drink beer. I was just full of the dilemma I was confronted with, and Barney listened as a friend. I was his pastor, but Barnaby served as a pastor to me that weekend, and it wasn't until the end of the weekend that we began asking, What can we do about it?"

"The Black had almost no visibility in 1961 and 1962 — nothing until 1963 and the march on Washington. The perception of black colleges nationally was almost always limited to traveling choral groups — you know, the Fisk Jubilee Singers, a kind of minstrel show in tuxedo," says Dur-

gin. "But Barney, because of his years at Chapel Hill [at the University of North Carolina] was able to catch those signals of change and interpret some of those for me. I think he's the genius on this." Slowly, tentatively, the idea that Brown himself might become involved with Tougaloo began to emerge.

"The important thing was that there was no plot, no scheme, nothing premeditated," Durgin says. Dan Earle '34, Brown's director of development, visited Tougaloo twice, and he, along with Keeney, Durgin, and Fain, began to contact potential sources of funds. They secured a small grant from the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education to pay for the costs of travel and the preparation of a large-scale proposal. This permitted a group of Tougaloo faculty members and administrators to visit Brown in November 1963 — a visit branded by the assassination of President Kennedy which, in their sharing of this tragedy, further bound the Tougaloo and Brown planners together. "The Tougaloo faculty were enormously reassured that they could hold their own with the Brown faculty," Durgin recalls. Discussions continued and the plan, as it emerged, was for Brown to apply its development expertise and administrative resources to an intensive academic development program at Tougaloo. Tougaloo was at a critical moment in its history — philosophically as well as fiscally — and Brown wanted to provide assistance at the delivery. Largely through the efforts of Barnaby Keeney, the proposal for a joint venture received \$245,000 from the Fund for the Advancement of Education and another \$118,000 from five other foundations and one individual. By May 1964, the project was Go.

Though younger than Brown by 105 years, Tougaloo from the start was a radical enterprise. Its roots lie in the struggle for freedom and those roots have sustained the college for all its years, loosening not in the shifting Yazoo clay. In 1839, as most accounts have it, a slave ship picked up forty or more slaves off the coast of Nigeria and took them to the Caribbean. Two Cubans bought them at auction in Havana and transferred them to a ship called the *Amistad*.

En route to a remote island, the Africans mutinied. Led by a man known as Cinque, they killed the captain, took over the ship and insisted on being taken back to Africa. But the second mate, who was in charge, deceived them and steered by night to New York. There the slaves were arrested and imprisoned. The slaves would have been returned to their purchasers had not several people taken an interest in their case, among them the well-known abolitionists, Lewis and Arthur Tappan. These sympathizers organized the Amistad Committee to raise money and ensure that the prisoners received a fair trial. The case was fought all the way to the Supreme Court — John Quincy Adams assisted in the defense — which decided



that the prisoners had been taken against their will. The Court proclaimed that they should be freed and taken back to Africa, and this was done. But the Amistad Committee did not disband. Why fight for the freedom of blacks in Africa when so many in America were yet enslaved? they thought — and so they founded the American Missionary Association, a group independent of any church and dedicated to help the black people enslaved in America.

After the Civil War, the AMA devoted itself to the education of freedmen. Several church organizations, especially the National Council of Congregational Churches, adopted the AMA as their agent in this effort. Thus the AMA established over 500 schools in the South, primarily for newly freed slaves and their families, but open to "illiterates regardless of color."

In 1869 the AMA purchased 500 acres of land with a spacious antebellum mansion on it about seven miles north of Jackson, Mississippi, near the Tougaloo railroad station. (Story has it that the mansion had been built by John Boddie for his fiancée but, before it was completed, she married another. Boddie, disappointed in love, used the mansion to store his cotton.) Here was founded Tougaloo College, whose goal was to train teachers for the public schools it was hoped would spring up throughout the South and whose stated purpose was "to be accessible to all, irrespective of their religious tenets, and conducted on the most liberal principles for the benefit of our citizens in general." In 1871 the Mississippi legislature granted the school a charter under the title of "Tougaloo University."

Because the task of education was so great — slave codes had forbidden the teaching of slaves to read or write, though many strove to learn anyway — Tougaloo offered education at all levels. "These AMA institutions started with people where they were," says Dr. Van S. Allen, a Tougaloo graduate and now academic dean of the college. "Parents, grandparents, and children were all in the same classroom. Each year they added

Brown Chaplain Charl Baldwin at Tougaloo: "Our initial effort was to help Tougaloo redesign its curriculum and bolster its faculty."

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CHIP COOPER

another course until they reached the thirteenth year and then they established the colleges. [Of those founded by the AMA, Tougaloo, Talladega, Fisk, LeMoyne-Owen, Dillard, and Huston-Tillotson survive today.] The early emphasis was on teacher training and the training of ministers," says Van Allen. "A few were able to carve out opportunities to be lawyers or doctors, usually through the help of an influential white, but they were few and far between. What more reasonable and rational emphasis was there for this kind of institution that had a job to do?" Allen asks. "We needed more teaching than any other group apart from the Indians, perhaps."

So, for most of its first hundred years, when opportunities for blacks were severely limited, Tougaloo trained teachers. They went out to teach in most of the then-segregated high schools in the state and many a young boy or girl from the smallest Delta hamlet to the largest towns first heard about the college and aspired to go there because his or her teacher had gone to Tougaloo. Van Allen himself grew up in the Delta, in tiny Hollandale, and attended a high school where several of the teachers and the principal were Tougaloo graduates. "In that very barren environment, they were able to show us that education was the way out," he recalls. "They convinced us."

Education is always a subversive act for, if successful, it makes one restless, not content with the status quo — in society or in thought. It seeks to expose the counterfeit — in thought or in society. Though Tougaloo sat in the deepest South, it never let the dark stain of segregation sully its clear and visionary purpose. Though surrounded by a social climate that sought only to stifle, Tougaloo never let the Spanish moss serve as a shroud. It was, indeed, the way out.

By the early 1960s, its near-century of subversion, coupled with similar efforts by colleges black and white throughout the nation, began to split the heavy hide of segregation. No longer could the door of opportunity be marked For Whites Only. No longer could the struggle for

freedom be denied. And so it was that in this great national movement for a real enfranchisement of the blacks in this country, Brown University and Tougaloo College made an abiding commitment to help each other.

"Our major initial effort was to help Tougaloo totally redesign its curriculum and help bolster its faculty," says Charlie Baldwin, who has served for the last twelve years as coordinator of the Brown-Tougaloo relationship. "We had to turn it from essentially a teacher's college training women to go into the segregated school system into an institution that could prepare its graduates to be competitive anywhere." Says George Owens, president of Tougaloo since 1965 (and acting president for one year before that), "When the equal opportunity laws were passed, that changed the whole picture. Prior to that, degree opportunities for blacks were very limited. We had never done that: prepare students for the mainstream. So at the outset of the Brown-Tougaloo program there was the satisfaction of knowing we would have an institution that had been traditionally preparing students for the mainstream to consult with. We knew we had to change our curriculum, and we could have copied from a catalogue, but the opportunity to have Brown's experience helped us change to produce an entirely different kind of graduate."

The announcement of the agreement between Brown and Tougaloo provoked divergent responses in the press. The *New York Herald Tribune* headline read: "Brown University Adopts Southern Academic Waif." The headlines in the black press, in contrast, read: "Tougaloo and Brown University Swap Growth Data"; "Tougaloo Boasts Assets No Money Can Buy"; "Tougaloo's Unique Plan Explained!" There was much talk — and concern — that Brown would harm Tougaloo in the guise of doing good. But the supporters at Tougaloo and at Brown defended aggressively against these apprehensions and predictions — and indeed they have come to naught (though the *Herald Tribune*, some have noted ironically, has not survived). "Tougaloo has resisted being on the slave market since the days of reconstruction and it has stood on its integrity," Larry Durgin says. "It will not be awed or intimidated by its big white sister. It is not under pressure to ape or mimic or pretend. From Brown's point of view that style was set by Barnaby. He was a realist, a pragmatist, a no-nonsense person."

In the early years of the relationship there was considerable faculty and student exchange. President Keeney appointed Brown sociology professor Harold Pfautz '40 to be the first director of the project, and he served in residence at Tougaloo from 1964 to 1966. "Down there the situation was very dicey," Pfautz recalls. "Some people were scared to death." The Civil Rights Act was passed in the summer of 1964, and three civil rights workers were slain in Mississippi. Medgar Evers, exec-

utive secretary of the Mississippi NAACP, had been shot in his driveway the year before. Tougaloo students and faculty members were at the forefront of the movement. The students invited out-of-state racially mixed groups — clergymen, entertainers — to the campus; they had sit-ins at the Jackson Public Library, in Jackson churches and restaurants; they boycotted a few carefully chosen downtown Jackson stores.

Quietly, the Brown-Tougaloo relationship grew. The alliance even became part of the model for Title III ("Aid to Developing Institutions") of the Higher Education Act of 1965, and Harold Pfautz spent a lot of time in Washington testifying before Congressional committees in support of that legislation. (Reauthorization of that legislation is now before Congress and there is some doubt Congress will pass it anew.)

"We didn't have any exchange program until the students asked for it," Pfautz explains, "and we had some money for it out of Title III." Brown students and Tougaloo students began to make the long journey South or North for a semester and none remained untouched by that passage. Several Brown professors spent a semester or more teaching at Tougaloo — John Coleman in biology and medicine, Ned Greene in chemistry, Frank Stewart in math, Jim Barnhill in theatre arts, among them. Paul Hurlburt '67 was one of the first five Brown and Pembroke students to study at Tougaloo in the fall of 1965. Of his experience Hurlburt wrote:

I am not the same person now that I was before I went to Tougaloo. The students, faculty members, and certain groups on campus plus other factors I can't so easily pick out disturbed me to the extent that my whole outlook has been changed as a result of the experience.

Perhaps, inevitably, it was the problem of Negro-white relations that disturbed me most. It is one thing to try to comprehend these relationships intellectually; it is something else to experience them. While it may not be apparent objectively, the Negro-white relationship, I found, to be an unusually sensitive one. This is due to the atmosphere in which we live: we as a nation have become so acutely race conscious. Yet my semester at Tougaloo proved to me, as no number of books could have, how inadequate race stereotypes really are.

Being, for the first time in my life, a member of the "minority race," I began to realize that many of the Tougaloo students were treating me as a stereotype. I was no longer Paul Hurlburt but "one of the white students" and treated accordingly. This one thing disturbed me more than anything else. I felt my personality was being denied and, at extreme moments, I was angry, frustrated, and hurt.

Realizing how much I hated being categorized made me wonder if Negroes also felt some of the same frustration when being treated in a similar manner. Whites, who, instead of responding to their personal ties, respond to their skin color. Gradually the conclusion sunk in: It doesn't matter whether they are liberal or conservative, loving or hateful, whites are doing Negroes grave injustice if they fail to regard them as individuals.



I left Tougaloo a changed person, hopefully, a more mature person. For at Tougaloo, I learned to appreciate and respect people on a deeper level.

As an afterthought, I don't mean to suggest that my Tougaloo semester was unhappy. The environment was psychologically stimulating and novel enough to make it exciting for me. Also, I made a few deep and lasting friendships, which are always a satisfaction . . .

Tougaloo graduates Jean Fry and Melvin Burton are now students in Brown's Program in Medicine.

By the late 1960s Brown and Tougaloo had achieved their earliest goals. The curriculum had been revamped, and Tougaloo students were being admitted in larger numbers to graduate and professional schools. As the Black Power movement emerged, however, and blacks militantly claimed their identities, white students were made to feel no longer welcome on the Tougaloo campus. In 1970 the student exchange ceased.

"I think one of the most marvelous mistakes was the Rockefeller grant to our linguistics people to develop programs to teach standard English," Charlie Baldwin recalls with an amused gleam. "It was decided that this should be tested at some schools in the South — Tougaloo and Texas Southern. At that time for a bunch of white Yankees to come and tell them, 'You don't know how to speak English,' just didn't go over too well. It was a bomb. It raised the hackles of some people! It was the wrong time and was presented wrong. Everybody learned from it. That period, from 1968 to 1972, was when whites on those campuses had a very difficult time.

"As I recall you used to go into trustee meetings with a bucket for fear you wouldn't be able to go to the bathroom," Charlie says. "When we were on campus for trustee meetings, students wouldn't speak to us," Larry Durgin counters, "but we weathered it and a lot of other bilateral relationships did not."

Though times had changed, there were still thought to be ways that Tougaloo and Brown might help each other. As the nation emerged

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JOHN FORASTE

from the turmoil of the 1960s, students at colleges and universities seemed more and more interested in preparation for careers; political activism diminished. It became the era of "pre-professionalism" and neither Tougaloo nor Brown was exempt from this trend.

As opportunities for blacks increased, Tougaloo sought to prepare a more competitive graduate, but the students coming to Tougaloo were, for the most part, ill-prepared for college. (Until this year, when Maine overtook it in economic deprivation, Mississippi had the lowest per capita income of any state in the union. Its allocations in dollars per pupil for secondary education ranked forty-ninth in 1976-77.) So, out of necessity and desire, a host of new programs — both at Tougaloo and at Brown — were developed.

Many students, for instance, wanted to pursue health careers. In 1973, with a U.S. Public Health Service grant, Tougaloo began a Health Services Summer Program — an effort to bring high school students to the Tougaloo campus for six weeks; immerse them in the study of biology, chemistry, math, English, and problem-solving; take them on a field trip to meet scientific researchers, physicians, and other health professionals at such places as Vanderbilt and Meharry Medical School; and hope that the intensive experience pays off in enrollments at Tougaloo and pursuit of health careers. (It has. By 1975 there were more Tougaloo graduates in medical school — forty — than there were black physicians practicing in the entire state of Mississippi.) In exchange for their participation, students receive free room and board, books, and a stipend, paid at the end of the six weeks, of \$400.

Melvin Burton and Jean Fry both attended the Health Sciences Summer Program at Tougaloo, and both are now second-year students in Brown's medical program. Says Melvin, who hails from a small town in northern Mississippi called Shaw: "Initially I wanted to go to some large university to broaden my expe-

rience. I wanted to go to the University of Mississippi. In my senior year recruiters from Tougaloo came and told me about the summer program and the stipend with it, and I figured I could make a little money and study, too. So I went for the summer, and that stirred my interest in medicine. The people at Tougaloo were very friendly and I ended up going to Tougaloo, really because of the people." Says Jean, who is from Fayette, Mississippi: "One recruiter made Tougaloo sound like heaven and the stipend sounded good. I was going to go to Alcorn [a state school], which was close to home, and they had offered me a scholarship. I wasn't going to go to Tougaloo — I was just going to go there for the summer. When I first got there I hated it, but it just grew on us. The people were very friendly, and the people they exposed us to were all health professionals. I knew I wanted to go into the health professions; they re-kindled that desire."

Meanwhile, as Tougaloo had begun to attract and prepare students for work in some health field, Brown had voted in 1972 to expand its own medical program and to offer the M.D. degree. Again the Brown-Tougaloo relationship offered fresh possibilities. Stanley Aronson and David Greer, dean and associate dean of medicine, had visited Tougaloo to give talks to the students and advise on the pre-medical curriculum. In time they proposed an early identification program whereby two Tougaloo sophomores would be selected each year on the basis of their academic performance and promise and would essentially be guaranteed a place in Brown's program in medicine if they continued to do good work. Says Richard McGinnis, professor of chemistry, chief man behind Tougaloo's summer program and key liaison between Tougaloo and the Brown Program in Medicine: "Brown thought that because they had guaranteed slots, we'd send students who couldn't get in elsewhere, and we were worried the students wouldn't do well, so we certainly wouldn't do that. It was funny what suspicions we all brought."

Melvin, who with Jean was one of the first two students in the early identification program, says, "In some senses I felt obligated to come because I wanted the program to get a start, and I wanted to go to medical school outside of Mississippi. When I got here I was a bit surprised to find that everybody else was just like me. They weren't any better prepared. The seven-year students already knew the professors and the style of exams, but that was the only advantage.

"Once I finish here I want to go back south. In terms of type of practice, I really don't know at this point," Melvin says. "What's been best about Brown? It's opened my eyes to a lot about life. It's made me more independent. It's continuing a growing process. I feel like I'm going to make it regardless of what situation I'm put in." Last summer, Melvin was at Tougaloo teaching math in the same summer program he was once a student in.

(This year two more early identification students, Diane Hill and Mavis Williams, entered the Brown medical program.) In 1978 Richard McGinnis spent a semester at Brown, conducting research in the chemistry department. "It was a real lift from my day-to-day activities. It surprised me to see I wasn't as rusty as I thought I was. In a way one of the things that's made me happy is that Tougaloo was not just a way [for Brown] to get black students," McGinnis says of the cooperative venture; "there's a real commitment there to minority students and not just Tougaloo students."

By the time the Brown medical program was into its second or third year, Dean Aronson had begun to explore the possibility of a clerkship in Mississippi for medical students. So he sought Dr. Robert Smith, a Tougaloo graduate, clinical professor at the University of Mississippi Medical Center, and director of a family health clinic in south Jackson. "Charlie Baldwin and a group of us sat down with Stan Aronson and said that if the undergraduates could have an exchange, then let's talk about some kind of exchange with the medical school," Smith recalls. "It was my firm belief that the health center needed a clinical base in Mississippi so students would have clinical experience before being recruited into Brown, and it would provide them with some entrée back home. We were really talking about training disadvantaged students for disadvantaged patients and not for Providence or L.A. or Houston. Then I had the opportunity for a faculty appointment to come up to Brown periodically to talk about some of the problems of health delivery from this perspective." Since then Brown medical students such as David Eagleman, Seth Berkeley, Desmond Jordan, and others have elected to spend some time at the Mississippi Family Health Center, where 96 percent of the patients are black and where one nurse practitioner and four physicians see from eighty to 130 patients a day. "We think there are several benefits," Smith says. "First, we obviously learn a great deal from the students. They bring us new ideas and some students are highly talented. Second, there is what we call the regional problem. Here Meharry students get a chance to exchange ideas and training techniques with students from Brown or Howard or Iowa or Ole Miss. And third, it brings us in touch with a major teaching institution. We're trying to develop a postgraduate training program with the Brown faculty. Also, of course, it opens up the channel for disadvantaged students."

Not all Tougaloo students, however, want to be a doctor (though with fifteen out of 130 seniors accepted to medical school in 1979, it must often seem otherwise: Tougaloo places more graduates in medical school than any other institution of its size in the country). There are those, for instance, interested in engineering. For them, Tougaloo offers an intensive summer program similar to that of health sciences and a special dual-degree

program with six other colleges and universities, one of which is Brown. In this program, Tougaloo students can transfer to Brown after two or three years and earn a B.S. in engineering from Brown and a B.S. in physics from Tougaloo.

David Groomes and Marvita Oliver transferred to Brown last fall. David hopes to attend graduate school in materials science and become a research scientist. "Although Tougaloo has given me a sharp education and companies find that out by the end of the summer, I don't get the same kind of respect as someone from MIT. So I wanted to get as much clout as possible," David says. "I chose Brown because, regardless of my major, people don't ask you *any* questions about Ivy League schools." Marvita was more than a little homesick by mid-December — as are most Tougaloo students who come to Brown — but, she says, "It's finally coming along. The main thing that keeps me in [the engineering program] is that I want a technical background and then I think I can go anywhere. It's not my best subject — it's a struggle — but I want that technical background." Though not sure what she will do, Marvita has thought about working with solar energy, trying to bring the costs down, "and working with the community, especially black people, and trying to bring that information to black people."

In attempting to develop graduates who were truly competitive, Tougaloo's faculty encountered frustrating deficiencies. "You're trying to teach statistics," says Naomi Townsend, "and the students can't add." Townsend is director of the Basic Studies Program at Tougaloo, which is a group of required courses in reading, writing, library and study skills, logic, mathematics, and speech. "We were accepting students based on high school records," she explains, "and these were not always indicative of their abilities. In Mississippi we have what is called 'social promotion' — moving them along without their having certain skills. Students come from high school where they do not have a lot of math experience," she says. "Most stop in the ninth or tenth grade, and they want to take science courses or statistics. In the Basic Studies Program we are trying to have the student start where he is. Each student brings strong points and weak points. In this program each student competes with himself and that way he sees the light at the end of the tunnel. The student is in the course as long as he needs to be. We are convinced it takes more than two semesters to displace a lot of bad habits the student has picked up in high school. We have a lot of contact with students — Tougaloo is small enough that a student cannot escape very easily. The secret ingredient here is the teachers. . . . We still need to have someone take the time for the student who has promise, who needs to be prodded. I don't think that function has changed at Tougaloo since I've been here. It seems to me it's becoming more important."

'The secret ingredient at Tougaloo is the teachers, who take the time for the student who has promise'



CHIP COOPER

History professor
William "Smokey"
Joods is a
Tougaloo graduate
with a Princeton
Ph.D., who came
home to teach.

One such secret ingredient, one teacher who takes the time, is John Monroe, the Lawrence L. Durgin Professor of Writing at Tougaloo since 1978. The Basic Studies Program, Monroe points out, is based on the idea of competency (rather than social promotion). This means that certain quite specific goals are set for each student — to be able to generate ideas, organize them, and write a 300-word essay with fewer than six mechanical or grammatical errors, for example — and only when these goals are met can the student move on to the next objective. "We test the kids coming in and we place them at three levels," Monroe explains. "At the top is the Honors section — usually about twenty-five to forty — who show no difficulty. In the middle is English 101, which is a good deal like the standard composition class that most colleges have. And somewhere between eighty and 100 students who have quite serious difficulty are placed in English 100. In English 100 we meet Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8 a.m. in class and we meet twice a week in an individual tutorial. I have sixty individual appointments a week in the writing lab," Monroe says. "I can take two an hour and in extreme cases, three. The individual tutorial is what does it for them. It's a question of getting to know each individual well, of getting to know his difficulties in writing. At the end of the line for English 100 we give a final exam. They have to write a 300-word essay on an assigned topic that they don't know until they get there. We judge the work using three criteria: power to generate ideas and information; power to organize these into an outline and paragraph form; and power to write in a form practically free from error.

"If the student fails that essay, then we put him in NG — No Grade — status. It holds his feet to the fire until he can do it, and it also entitles him to this intensive tutorial until he can do it. All the students are headed for 102 in which they work on a term paper. At the 100 level they get that much more individual attention — roughly they're working on a five-paragraph essay. For instance,

Sandra Burke at midterm is showing twelve-to-fifteen errors in her work, so she's going to get an NG. She and I have to get that error count down from fifteen to five in the next seven weeks. Everything depends really on the quality of the teacher — to track 'em down, work with 'em.

"The way I teach people to write sentences is to write good sentences," Monroe continues, "not by teaching them to recognize bad sentences. I don't want them to be editors, I want them to be writers. We learn about clauses and phrases and how to combine them into sentences in technically correct ways — so they have a brand new way of writing sentences that are legal.

"Ultimately the grammar behind good sentence-making is not that complicated," Monroe adds, "and my kids, very few of them, are ever going to be great stylists. What they need is to learn to build a henhouse; they don't need a castle. Ultimately, if you have any kind of style, it's going to come through no matter how you learned to write. I think the best thing any school can do that's interested in this remedial thing is to take it away from the English department. Most Ph.D.'s in English learned about Shelley and they learned about Shakespeare and the glories of the eighteenth century and they don't want to struggle with a student's *verb errors*." John Monroe's buoyancy belies his sixty-seven years. "I'm constantly refreshed by what I find," he says. "I look at it as a great way to wind down . . . and God, this is a terrific place. You get a student like Marvita Oliver, she takes ten years off my life. No, twenty!"

John Monroe is only one of many whose lives have been transformed by their encounter with Tougaloo and its students. But John Monroe's story bears telling, for he was once dean of Harvard College and, at the age of fifty-four, left that post to teach at Miles College, a small, under-financed, predominantly black college in Birmingham, Alabama. "I got into higher education administration on the G.I. Bill after the war," Monroe begins. "Before the war Harvard College got on with 3,500 students; at the peak of veteran enrollment it was at 6-7,000. They came into Harvard from every corner of American society and from my light it was one of the most refreshing moments in Harvard's life. They did awfully well and it was a tremendous lesson for the big selective university about the people out there.

"I began to get a sense of the importance of a democratized admission process — tests didn't make that much difference, but intelligence and experience did." Monroe was eventually put in charge of Harvard's financial-aid program. "Once again I saw that kids from all kinds of schools and backgrounds would do well. So I got interested in the university as a serious part of the engine of democracy, but also I became aware that there were really terrible inequities in it. Whether by reason of poor preparation or inadequate background,

so many people never got a shot at it. The system had a lot of hitches in it for hundreds and thousands of kids. Of 1,000 kids a year, we had maybe five blacks, which was hardly a good effort for Harvard."

Monro began to recruit students for Harvard from the high schools of Chicago and he began to work with the National Scholarship Service and the Fund for Negro Students — a national Negro talent search to recruit students for college and to provide scholarship aid. "So we began to get some students and they did astonishingly well," Monro says. He was appointed to the board of the Fund for Negro Students. "Then the whole thing began to show me the real obstacles to a black student coming to college," he says. "I met up with Lucius Pitts, president of Miles College, which was in a key position in Birmingham, and he invited me down in the summer of '63. So I got into the middle of the whole protest movement and this struck me with great force — what a small, unaccredited, financially broke college could mean. I started teaching there summers and the students were marvelous. Finally, Pitts asked me, 'How long are you going to keep wasting your time at Harvard?' and I said, 'I thought you'd never ask.'"

"The heart of this business is that even today there are hundreds of students who are full of hope and full of ability and badly prepared and we give them what they need — and this is ever so much more fun than being a dean at Harvard. We're making education work for kids who don't have a chance, and Tougaloo does better than Harvard and better than Ole Miss. . . . The racial barrier and the poverty barrier still make a tremendous difference," Monro says, "and my impression is that the major universities by and large are doing a bad job of it and the black colleges are doing a good job."

"The Brown-Tougaloo relationship may be the last of them going — partly, I think, because Brown got it into its head that this was a useful relationship to Brown. . . . Harvard, I think, is not doing particularly well with its affirmative-action program and is certainly not doing well at all with recruitment of faculty and administrators. It's my opinion that Harvard doesn't know how to go about it yet," Monro confides. "This relationship puts Brown in a position to be ahead of Harvard here. I'm very pleased at Brown's participation here. From the beginning it's been intelligent and tough. There were plenty of people to tell Barney that it was wrong, that it was patronizing, that Brown shouldn't be here, but Barney stuck to it."

"Being here in the black community, I've learned some of the cruel realities of American society," Monro says, "and I wish some of the big-shots who run American universities could know this. They are very well trained. They have thoroughly absorbed Western culture, but they couldn't go down the line and name you ten significant authors in the black area and after ten minutes they'd run out of things to say about



W.E.B. DuBois. The whole black experience in this country is obscure to them. This is one of the great ironies of American history, that undoubtedly the most deep-lying epic in American history is the black experience. When you think of the 300-year history of a struggle for freedom. . . . We spend a lot of time studying the American revolution, where for seven or eight years the colonies struggled to get free from Great Britain," Monro says, quietly impassioned, "but here are millions of people struggling for 300 years — uprooted, enslaved — and we don't pay any attention to it. The serious historians, the guys who run history departments, just don't think black history is important. So the message of courage and devotion and determination, generation after bloody generation, is not sent."

"This college here is one of the historic bastions of that struggle," Monro says. "You live with it and you marvel at the power of prejudice and racism. Racial prejudice based on skin color is a totally inexplicable phenomenon. The thing that really tears you apart, you take some really gifted, amiable black girl who says to you in class, 'Mr. Monro, why do white people hate us so much?' and what do you say? 'You asked the right question, but I don't know' ? It's a hideous question and it has a hideous history."

After a pause, Monro brightens. "But you know," he says, "my life has been happily transformed by this experience and I'm really very grateful."

Though William Woods — called "Smokey" by everyone — did not travel nearly as far as John Monro to arrive at Tougaloo, his journey was just as great. Smokey grew up in Canton, Mississippi, a small town about fifteen miles north of Tougaloo. He majored in history at Tougaloo, won a Danforth Fellowship, and went to Princeton University for graduate work. His primary field of interest was the Civil War and Reconstruction; in 1973 he received a number of job offers, but Smokey decided to come home — to

Jerry Ward is another Tougaloo graduate who came back after getting his Ph.D. (at Virginia). Here he works with a student in one of his English classes.



CHIP COOPER

Former Harvard
Dean John Munro has
been a Tougaloo
professor since
1978: "I'm
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Tougaloo. (He completed his Ph.D. in 1977 and is now acting chairperson of the history department.) "In the late '60s some of us were the very first to attend college in our families," he recalls. "We were just emerging from a system of sharecropping, so we studied and we studied hard. Now the students are different because they have much more. There are automobiles — in the late '60s no more than three or four students owned autos. Consequently, some of them may not know how valuable an education is.

"I think the historically black colleges are unique because they can provide a sense of identity," Smokey says. "Black students have all kinds of problems at Ole Miss. They feel isolated; they feel alone. At Ole Miss they'll still be getting white hero worship and white history. I know there are people there trying to teach that slavery was a benign institution." In his office, Smokey is soft-spoken to the point of being inaudible. "I think that feeling secure is what may make the difference between staying in college and picking up and going home," he says. "A black college can let them know who they are and where they came from and help them feel very secure. Once they get a bachelor's under their belts, they have the emotional armor they need.

"Plus, I think black schools give some black students a chance for college. We do know that some black kids probably wouldn't have a chance elsewhere. Tougaloo will take the kid with a C-average and let him become whatever his abilities permit him to be."

How, after seventeen years, is the Brown-Tougaloo relationship faring? Splendidly, might be the reply. Not only are there the multiple and multifarious links already enumerated, but last fall, Brown and Tougaloo revived the undergraduate student exchange, which had been lying dormant for ten years. Kate McKusick '81 and Peter McGleughlin '82 spent the semester at Tougaloo, and Charles Streeter came to Brown. The experience has been an enlarging

one for all: Kate did an internship at the ACLU chapter in Jackson; Peter played on the Tougaloo soccer team and learned to do the Electric Boogie; Charles, who had never been in the North before, rode the New York City subways and learned to type his own papers.

The Brown Corporation has voted the Brown-Tougaloo committee to be a standing committee of the Corporation, thereby further affirming its commitment to this longtime affair. Brown alumni such as Ed Sulzberger '29 and Charles Shumway '58 (who are both members of Tougaloo's board) have been involved in devising a plan for the development of Tougaloo's land, its one great resource. Other Brown trustees, such as Jay Fidler '43, and development officers are trying to assist in fundraising. "A lot of it is just being of help where we can," says Charlie Baldwin. "We try to open a few doors for a few dollars." In March Tougaloo will embark on the first major-gifts campaign in its 112-year history, seeking to raise \$3,000,000 in the first phase. (In fact, the college needs approximately \$15,000,000.) "This is the first time Tougaloo has been emboldened to go to groups in the local community and ask for money," Larry Durgin says. In August, after many years on the Tougaloo board, Durgin joined the staff as vice president for development and moved to Mississippi. "Tougaloo is reaching out to the white community for the first time in any way that bites, and it's going to be a whole new arena."

This piece began on a note of celebratory recognition — and indeed celebration is in order — but a note of caution, or concern, is warranted as well. The financial troubles that propelled Larry Durgin to confide in Barnaby Keeney close to twenty years ago plague Tougaloo still. The college is more than \$1.5 million in debt and has no real endowment. Close to 90 percent of the students receive some financial aid and, though the student fees total only \$3,250 a year, Tougaloo's current enrollment of 797 students is twenty to thirty short of that needed to balance the budget. To achieve the balanced budget mandated by the trustees, Tougaloo is now engaged in cutting back its faculty — moving from a 13:1 to a 16:1 student-faculty ratio — and its administration. Morale has suffered. "When people ask me, 'How are things at Tougaloo?' " President Owens said last March, "I used to say, 'Oh pretty good.' Now I'm up front about it and I say, 'Rough as hell.' "

And yet, the mission is clear: "To open doors for the underprivileged," says music professor Ben Bailey, "to address the needs of those who might have been shunted aside by others in society." What is also clear is that the urgency of that mission has not diminished. Indeed, it may be greater. Tougaloo has a job to do.

IN ALEXANDER THE GREAT



John Bouda stops to talk (above) with a Turkish farmer. "I would have been on the schedule I submitted to the Arnold Committee, but for people's hospitality and curiosity."

On the evening of July 4, my journey following the footsteps of Alexander the Great took an unprecedented turn. Guided by a muhtar (village headman), I was led through the Taurus mountains of southern Turkey from his village to his brother-in-law's village. We followed a tricky path with many forks that snaked past dead-end canyons, small gardens, and stands of trees. As we were parallel to a thicket fence, suddenly shots smashed the silence. Ambush!

At first we didn't comprehend. We heard shots but thought it was a quarrel between men in the garden. The muhtar shouted questions into the twilight and waited. The reply was another shot, which ricocheted near my feet. The muhtar was angry; after all, it was his territory. Nonetheless, for

the next two hours we were hunted like animals.

Our assailant kept up a stream of jabbering, repetitive and ungrammatical. He stalked us, cut us off, forced us to retreat, and forced us into the open. As long as I kept him behind me, my loaded backpack could stop small caliber bullets. I pushed the confused and scared muhtar in front of me.

Dusk fell to night. Stars appeared and a sickle-shaped moon rose above the desolate peaks. We were alone in the wilderness. The madman gained the advantage of height and raced from shadow to shadow, a dim, eerie silhouette always too vague, too swift to see clearly.

The attack ended when the muhtar, bemused and tired, sat down to rest. The madman seized this opportunity and came down from the mountain-

FOOTSTEPS

When John Bouda was a senior, he won an Arnold Fellowship for a proposal to walk the route taken by Alexander the Great. Here is his story



JOHN BOUDA

This Hellenistic marble head of Alexander was unearthed in his Macedonian capital of Pella.

side. He jumped onto the road twenty feet in front of me, raised his arm, pointed his pistol at my head, and pulled the trigger.

It was the first time I'd ever seen brilliant orange and white explode from the barrel of a gun face on.

He missed.

Without Alexander," wrote the German scholar U. Wilcken before World War I, "no Islamic civilization." This is an overstatement, but without the influence of Hellenistic culture in the Middle East, the course of history would have been different. As it was, in the second half of the fourth century B.C., a man rose at the head of a small army, a man with a vision, a man with a unique blend of military and political acumen, and he conquered the known world.

Our sources of Alexander's itinerary are incomplete and contradictory. The *Ephemerides*, or Royal Journal, written by Eumenes of Cardia and commissioned by Alexander, was lost in India; only fragments survive. Callisthenes, hired to write a finished history of the campaigns, was arrested for treason in association with the Pages' assassination plot. Aristobulus and Ptolemy, contemporaries of Alexander, wrote histories that time has lost. Arrian, whose account many place credence in, wrote four centuries after Alexander.

My journey was an archaeological survey of the most probable routes of Alexander's campaign from geographical parameters — two feet on the ground, so to speak — rather than from a strictly philological viewpoint. It was a unique opportunity to place a great historical figure in topographical context; to see the areas through which Alexander marched and fought. It was a humanistic approach to the lands Alexander was temporally bound to and

which, in part, shaped his and his adversaries' decisions. Had the cold Cydnus river not been there for Alexander to swim in, catch pneumonia, and delay his departure from Tarsus for six weeks, the Battle of Issus would have been the Battle of Sochoi and probably remembered as the greatest victory of King Darius III.

Scholars and amateurs, removed from Alexander's milieu, attribute to him impossible deeds using routes that required rearranging the geographies of the lands he traveled through. They also prevented him from taking certain paths that pass over unusually harsh, or relatively unknown, terrain. My investigation of journals and histories had revealed one thing explicitly: no standard map of Alexander's route existed. I had to slog it out on my own.

Is physical contact with a place that much different from studying it in detail? It certainly is.

In a year and a half of walking I covered over 2,800 miles through Macedonia, Thrace, and Asia Minor. I scaled mountains, was arrested, had roses strewn at my feet, and was blessed as I hiked the route used by the Macedonians in their triumph over the Persian King of Kings. I visited Troy, where the romantic side of Alexander led him to lay wreaths on the graves attributed to Achilles and Patroclus; tramped the banks of the river Granicus, scene of Alexander's first victory over the Persians; was a guest of Koruju's mayor at a three-day wedding celebration; went night-time fishing for poisonous sokar off Antiphellus; and marched through the Cilician Gates. I also discovered the site of a late Roman village.

Though I was not privy to oracles and didn't have cities flung open to me, I met a myriad of people in a bazaar of different occupations: from entrepreneurs and shepherds to statesmen and con-

victed murderers. I experienced a wide variety of weather conditions in a multitude of terrains. More was yet to come.

Keeping with Alexander's timetable, I left Macedonia in early spring to arrive at the scene of the Battle of Granicus some time in May. I began with an eighty-five-pound backpack filled with equipment I thought I'd need or want, including half a dozen books. I traveled light, and for a very good reason: otherwise I would miss so much of life around me. By the time I walked the first 150 miles, all the books except my journal and dictionary were gone. Some went as presents, others as unnecessary burdens. I whittled my gear down to essentials, and entered what Stephen Graham termed the "Gentle Art of Tramping."

My first night was before the Macedonian village of Aravissos, which boasts in its central square a miniature, gold-plated statue of Liberty. I had hiked long and hard past apple orchards, storks making nests on telephone poles and chimney tops, and soldiers stringing telephone wires. I had slept well. Morning found me at the edge of a wheat field. After breaking camp I walked into Aravissos and stopped in a cafe.

I had just sat down to a cup of coffee, when with a screech of brakes, a white and green Land-rover pulled to the curb. Two constables jumped out, demanded my passport, took me into custody, and insisted to know what I was doing and where I had spent the previous night.

"I'm following the route of Alexander the Great on foot. In a field."

The men in the cafe with their dark overcoats and caps all turned toward me and stared. What? The constables' suspicions increased. As they marched me out, the men dropped their jaws, elbowed one another, and cackled. Unfortunately, I had walked through restricted Greek military maneuvers the previous day; both the Red and the Blue armies had wondered who I was. An observer? A spy? Fortunately, I was carrying letters of introduction from the Ministry of Northern Greece and, after a few telephone calls, was released.

Following the route of Alexander the Great on foot? This had fueled the constables' disbelief, as it did with many people. Some raised their eyebrows or smiled politely, grimaced or touched their temples. To many it made no sense whatsoever.

A farmer working nearby stopped his tractor and came over to where I was lunching. I invited him to join me.

"How old are you?" he asked, nibbling on some olives as dark as polished ebony.

"Twenty-three."

"Twenty-three? Same age as a young fellow who was killed by his tractor near here. Turned over on top of him. He'd finished his military service (military service in Greece is compulsory) and was working to get married. Tractor turned over on top of him. What are you doing?"

"Following the route of Alexander the Great on

foot."

"On foot?"

"On foot."

Pause.

"He spun it 'round too quickly," the farmer continued nervously, "and it flipped over on him. Squashed him flat."

"Excuse me?"

"Twenty-three. Lived over that hill," said the farmer rising and leaving. He hurriedly picked up a last olive. "Tractor turned over and killed him. Beer dead a year. Bye."

On roads I walked facing traffic. Of all hiking asphalt hiking is the most tedious. On this particular Wednesday, however, I became aware of a baby blue station wagon that had slowed and was moving in my direction along the opposite shoulder. A voice stretched out across the road:

"Hello! Are you the American professor?" The question passed over my head. Suddenly there was a man hurrying along beside me. "Hello! Are you the American professor?"

I smiled; before I could think, the answer was out.

Lefteris was a reporter from one of the two Greek television companies and asked to interview me. As the network's station wagon paralleled us slowly, we walked and chatted.

The two-lane main road from Thessaloniki to Edessa carries most of the traffic between Macedonia and Epirus. The shoulders are narrow and drop away quickly. Some drivers, irritated by the narrowing of the road by the network's car, honked. Other drivers became curious, slowed, formed a line behind the station wagon, and waved to those behind to come around.

A TV cameraman sat none too securely on the hood of the station wagon and filmed as his driver inched the car along. Sometimes the driver braked little too hard, or accelerated a wee bit too fast for the likings of the cameraman.

All proceeded smoothly until a large tractor towing a disc plow came around. Perhaps the farmer became interested in the proceedings — I, too, was curious to see whether the television cameraman perched precariously on the hood would fall off because of his erratic driver or get knocked off by cars racing by — or perhaps the farmer misjudged distances. Whatever the reason, he came too close to a car and panicked. Overcompensating, he swerved too far left, and came face to face with a truck. They stopped about three feet apart in the middle of the road.

The farmer tried to back up but his plow veered off at an odd angle, and threatened to mince a car that had tried to sneak past. Amidst this confusion a Volkswagen camper attempted a U-turn. Traffic stopped. Invectives exploded. Drivers leapt from their machines and the cameraman tumbled off the hood into a ditch. From the depths of the camper burst a film crew from the competing TV network, which attempted to take over the questioning. Pho-

'After 150 miles I whittled my gear down to the essentials'

Ancient columns at Pella in Macedonia: It was from Pella that Alexander, with a superbly trained army, launched his campaign against the Persian Empire.



JOHN BOLDRA

tographers jostled one another, journalists elbowed one another, questions were shouted in rapid order, and drivers screamed obscenities. Where confusion reigns, chaos is sure to follow.

And so we entered Alexander's capital, Ancient Pella. From Pella I tramped the Via Egnatia: past Thessaloniki and gardens of tobacco seedlings under arched plastic covers; past white-washed, outdoor brick ovens and Lake Volvi, where drawn caiques rested on pebble shores; past squat boys with slender cane fishing poles to the Macedonian Tempe, where Aristotle was supposed to have founded a school, and young Alexander bathed in nearby hot springs.

The hill on which Aristotle's school might have stood was overgrown with vines and brush; a stream eddied around its base. Turtles swam in small, clear pools, cormorants paddled past graceful cat-tails, and gray-white birds with brown crests whistled and cackled among the trees. From the defiles of the Tempe, I came to the song of the sea on the Strymonic Gulf, where cascades of brightly colored pebbles chattered with the swoosh and rush of the undertow.

Throughout my journey, people stopped and offered me lifts. Each required an explanation, for it can be a serious matter in the eastern Mediterranean to refuse hospitality. One driver tried to force me into his car. I resisted, so he resigned himself to a roadside chat. Dimitri had lived in America and insisted we speak in English.

"I work for an artificial insemination firm," he said proudly.

"Oh?"

"Yes. We have Eisenhower's sperms."

"You have sperms of General Eisenhower?"

I was incredulous. Before I had been slumped against my backpack; now I was sitting straight up.

"Yes."

"Fantastic."

"Yes," said Dimitri, warming up to his subject, "we have frozen Eisenhower's sperms."

"Incredible."

"Yes. Before he died he gave as gift to Greece."

What could I say?

"He gave as gift to Greece, thirty bulls. Thirty bulls from his farm."

"Ah!" I said, disappointed, and slumped back down.

"Yes. We have frozen sperms from Eisenhower. They are United States circulation."

I strode in spring sunshine to Amphipolis, and camped near Macedonian graves on a small hill overlooking the ancient city. It was from here in 335 B.C. that Alexander marched north against the Triballians to secure his northern frontier before setting out against the Persians. The river Strymon cuts a scythe-like turn through low farmlands here just as Alexander, commanding the offensive wing at the Battle of Chaeronea, cut through the Athenians.

Greek Orthodox Easter was a few days away. On the roads early holiday makers tooted horns and waved as they sped past. Outside of Neapolis, I was blessed by a priest who assumed I was a pilgrim walking the route of St. Paul.

I spent Easter with a Greek family roasting spitted lambs over charcoal fires on a beach. As sparks shot high up into the night and winked out, I wondered if this was what it must have been like in camp with thousands of similar fires as the Macedonians marched toward Persia. A few days later, I came to the river Nestos and stopped. I stood on a bridge and watched muddy waters of the river topple over an embankment and churn into a malodorous froth. Predawn had been crisp. Mists rose from plowed fields and the river. Through the haze, from the far end of the bridge, a diaphanous figure approached. Charon?

I had marched an hour. Perspiration soaked my hat, and my backpack had settled comfortably onto my hips. The short figure in a swirl of loose, cotton clothing met me on the bridge. He recommended that I forsake Alexander and go instead to Ouroville, India, where he'd been searching for Nirvana. He would return there after a brief visit to France to see his family. He had not seen them in five years. He spoke to me of India and spiritualism.

"India is not like France. Very maternal; a big mother. If you have nothing, no one bothers you."

I thought of countries other than France; of India's staggering overpopulation and destitution.

"It is something else," he said mystically and looked around him with a pained expression. His disgust of Western materialism was evident. "I do not like it here. Too cold."

We stood on the bridge for two, perhaps three, minutes, then the Frenchman left for the homeland that he didn't want to return to. I thought it sad. I stayed on the bridge and jotted a note about our



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**The animosity
between Greece
and Turkey
is political,
not popular**

conversation. Then I slipped the notebook into my shirt pocket and walked to the eastern end of the bridge.

"HALT!" A voice bellowed.

A blue and white helmeted soldier raced along a cement path toward me.

"HALT!" He shouted again. I watched him come.

He looked comical running double-time, his legs pumping up and down, boot leather smack-smack-smacking against concrete, and an arm jutting out absurdly as he held down his helmet. But his manner was altogether serious. Perhaps that was what I found so funny. He didn't; he arrested me.

"Why?" I asked.

"Forbidden to stand on bridge."

"There was no sign!"

The corporal withdrew his pistol and leveled it at my stomach and said, "Yes."

"A sign read it is forbidden to take photographs. I did not take photographs," I insisted.

"Forbidden!" He shouted and his face turned purple.

An NCO emerged languidly from the smoke-filled interior of a nearby guardhouse and ambled over to where his corporal had me in hand. He had to tilt his head way back to look me in the eyes.

"What were you writing? Let me see! Come!" he said, and stuck out his hand.

"Do you read English?" I asked politely.

"Yes. Come." He snatched my notebook out of my hand and began leafing through its pages.

"What are you doing in Greece?"

"Following the route of Alexander the Great on foot."

"What?!" He grimaced, his eyes narrowed, and he stabbed the last entry with his forefinger.

"What's this say?"

I was fed up with his impudent manner. "None of your business," I said.

The NCO stiffened. He craned his neck.

"Yes," he said, and let me go.

A farmer passing by stopped and offered me a ride; instead we talked about Germany, where he had worked at a BMW factory near Munich. I told him what had happened at the bridge. He shot out his arms, palms toward the guardhouse in a cursing gesture, and laughed.

"Soldiers smell war, all the time. Avoid them. Their noses are bad."

George Will wrote: "Walking is the most civilized and civilizing exercise because it is the only one most conducive to thinking." It is the path to the heartbeat of a nation, to an understanding of its people and culture that eludes others hurtling past in the isolation of their automobiles. People are revealed: their foibles, fancies, dross, and sincerity — sometimes beautifully, sometimes painfully.

The animosity between Greece and Turkey is political rather than popular. But for every ten

people who quietly understand this, there is always one who broadcasts fear. The closer I came to the border crossing near Ferra, the more talkers I encountered.

"Where are you going?"

"To Ferra," I answered.

"And then?"

"To Turkey."

"You're going to Turkey? Oh my God, don't go. Don't you know what they'll do to you? Oh Jesus, Holy Mother of God, they'll steal everything you have, then stick a knife through your ribs. You can't trust them. Do you know what they did to our women on Cyprus? They took our pregnant ones, slit open their bellies, slaughtered the children, raped the mothers, then abandoned them to die. Don't go."

Alexander was raised in an era when Plato's theory that all barbarians were enemies of Greece was popular, and Aristotle's theory was that all barbarians, especially those of Asia, were innately slaves. Like Alexander, however, I was determined to overcome these prejudices. The majority exercise goodwill, but the talkers snare attention. Prepared as I was, by the time I reached the border I was scared. Now that I have met thousands of Turks I know better, but at the time I was ignorant. What if . . . ?

The Turkish immigrations officer perused my passport and scrutinized my dress. I read his thoughts: Humph. Hippie. The exit visa from Greece was not fifteen minutes old.

"Otostop (hitch-hiking)?" he asked.

I felt it better not to confuse the process.

"Where have you come from?"

Surely he can read, I thought, there's only one place I could have come from.

"Greece."

"Greece? You came from Greece? You travel like that? No car?"

"No car," I said and shrugged my shoulders.

"But what was it like?"

"Wonderful. Greeks are warm, enthusiastic, friendly people. Greece is a beautiful. . ."

"But don't you know? Greeks are thieves. Allah, Allah, they'll steal everything you have. . ."

"That's not true," I protested.

"They'll take it all," he continued, "and when there's nothing left they'll take you. Don't you know what they did to our pregnant women on Cyprus. . .?"

My first two days in Turkey were hot and dry. Then the heavens opened, rain poured, and low clouds obscured the Hellespont. May. The river Granicus must have churned in its banks. Little wonder that the Persians and Greek mercenaries stayed on the east bank and let Alexander come to them.

After crossing to Asia, but before going north to the Granicus, I walked to Troy. While Parmenion, one of Alexander's generals, supervised the ferrying of troops across the Dardanelles, Alexander vi



*After winter miseries
in the mountains of
the Chelidonian
Peninsula, John Bouda
rests on a peak on
the path toward
ancient Termessos
in Turkey.*

MEREDITH MOODY

At Troy. There he offered sacrifices to Priam, who, according to legend, died at the hands of Achilles's son, Neoptolemus. Alexander believed himself to be a descendent of Achilles, and wished to allay Priam's anger with sacrifices. This and other actions while at Troy have led historians to dwell excessively on another side of Alexander's personality, a side that has been described as romantic, visionary, mystical, lost.

After Troy, I trekked north along the eastern shore of the Dardanelles. The land here is rich, fed by a vast network of irrigation channels. I walked through stubble of harvested wheat fields, passed a flock of goats, and was chased by shepherd dogs whose small master was asleep on an inflated tractor

tor tire inner tube.

These dogs were small in comparison with the shepherd dogs I encountered later on the Anatolian plateau. Shepherd dogs there are twice the size of a German Shepherd. They are half-wild, bred and raised to combat marauding wolves and thieves. Their collars are made of two-inch-wide bands of iron through which are driven, at two-inch intervals, six-inch-long spikes. These collars protect the dogs' throats from wolf attacks.

Shepherds carry burnished cudgels and frighten their dogs into submission until they are close enough to grab hold of chains attached to their dogs' collars. The chains, hidden in the canines' deep fur, run under their bellies and are knotted

around their testicles. Once the shepherd has the chain in hand, the dog is under control.

I walked twenty miles along the Dardanelles and arrived in Kemiklialan, exhausted. A gentle breeze blew off the Sea of Marmara and waves washed lazily on the shore. The motion of the waves and air, the sounds from the shore and village, lifted me into quiet expansiveness as I sat crumpled in the shade of a plane tree.

A man approached. He beckoned and ushered me through a teahouse into the courtyard of the village mosque. It was full of men. Packed. Groups of six and eight sat around hand-beaten copper trays heaped with steaming pilaf. Next to the pilaf were frosted bowls of ayran (yogurt, water, and a pinch of salt).

The villagers greeted me with hoots and hollers and made me join the festivities. Some of the men sat cross-legged, and others sat with their legs tucked directly beneath them. They ate from communal bowls using heavy tin spoons or strips of unleavened bread to scoop up mouthfuls of rice, pine seeds, and chick peas.

"What's the occasion?" I asked in German, the second language in western Turkey.

"Snip. Snip," answered one of the men and laughed.

"Snip. Snip," said another, who extended a forefinger and scissored it with two fingers of his other hand. "Circumcision party. Snip. Snip."

That night I slept in an empty primary school. Villagers brought me dinner and breakfast. They refused anything in return. At the time my Turkish was so poor that I barely managed to thank them in their own language. This inability proved frustrating for months.

In the neighborhood of the Granicus River are three sets of ancient bridge abutments dating to late Roman or early Byzantine times. As the Alexander Romance continues through the millennia, all three are referred to colloquially as "Alexander the Great's Bridge."

From modern Gönen, east of the Granicus, Alexander's path led me south into the mountains of ancient Mysia, past a sprawling Byzantine castle near Kadiköy, to Pergamum.

Pergamum, modern Bergama, is strategically situated on a great hill overlooking two branches of the Caicus. It is perhaps the most beautifully located of any ancient city in Aeolis. After the death of Alexander, his general Lysimachos, one of the Diadochi (successors), took control of Asia Minor and deposited a great sum of his vast spoils of conquest in Pergamum's citadel. When he was killed in battle in 281 B.C., Philetaerus took command of Pergamum and established a dynasty which lasted until Attalus III, "dabbler in strange sciences, cruel and suspicious, hated by the people," bequeathed his kingdom to Rome on his death in 133 B.C. For me, it was an opportunity to bathe my feet in the sacred well of the Asklepion — one of antiquity's foremost medical centers.

From Pergamum, I walked along Turkey's Ae-

gean coast, through the ancient kingdoms of Aeolia, Lydia, Ionia, and Caria. It was summer. I passed roadside stands boasting pyramid upon pyramid of fresh watermelons, cantaloupes, grapes, and peaches. It was also the season of unrelenting heat. Pauses between noon and four became mandatory.

Ramadan is the Islamic month when believers fast daily from just before sunrise until just after sunset. It is one of the five pillars of Islam, and most difficult during August, because of the length of the days, the heat, and the agricultural work that must be done. In many villages and parts of cities, boys parade through the streets at 3:30 a.m., banging metal cans, playing clarinets and zonnars, and beating drums. The cacophony awakens people in time to eat before the beginning of a new day of fasting. After eating, most people return to sleep. In some towns, the end of the fasting day is heralded by the boom of a cannon fired by the local gendarmerie.

Summer eased into autumn, and autumn passed gracefully into winter. The ancient cities of Asia Minor captured my imagination as they were not captured by Alexander. Most of them surrendered without bloodshed: Sardes, Tire, Ephesus, Priene, Didyma, and Herakleia. Only Miletus and Halicarnassus, where large groups of Greek mercenaries lived, offered resistance to Alexander. They were afraid that, like their fellow mercenaries at the Battle of Granicus, they would be chained and sent back to Greece as slaves, traitors to the Corinthian League.

The defense of Miletus was overcome quickly, but at Halicarnassus, the defenders were commanded by Alexander's cleverest enemy, Memnon of Rhodes. It was Memnon, fighting for Darius III, who urged that the Persians should prevent Alexander from crossing the Hellespont into Asia Minor. Luckily for Alexander, Memnon's Persian peers suspected the Rhodian's loyalty and decided to battle Alexander at the Granicus. Though a prolonged siege, even the valiant and intelligent efforts of Memnon could not thwart the Macedonians' capture of Halicarnassus.

To most people a foreigner walking along roads and paths was altogether wrong. My large, aluminum-frame backpack was alien and the concept of a Westerner walking even more so. The popular belief is that all Westerners own and travel by private car. I passed slack-jawed strangers who seemed oblivious to my greetings. Only after I was twenty yards farther along would they suddenly shout out, "Where are you going like that?!" and shake their heads.

Backpacking is a popular activity in America. Industries cater to the specialized needs of weekend hikers and professional climbers. In the Eastern Mediterranean no such industries exist. Camping gear and nutritious, light-weight foods are not commercially available. My foreign equipment, like that of the Macedonians before me, had to be carried and foodstuffs had to be purchased "on the road."

The cuisine of Greece and Turkey is delicious.

'My backpack was alien, and the concept of a Westerner walking even more so'



JOHN BOUDA

A Turkish farmer and his family pose for a group portrait.

... difficult to find outside of cities and towns. In ancient Smyrna (modern Izmir), I was treated to exquisite desserts with names like "Lady's Thighs," "Lady's Bellybutton," and "Nightingale's Nest" (saffron threads of translucent pastry smothered in honey and topped with crushed pistachios and walnuts).

In the country, packaged foods are scarce. Eggs, an important source of cash for villagers, are ubiquitous but heavy and fragile. During January, February, and March, hens lay few eggs; sheep and goats give little, if any, milk. Harvest is over, gardens are bare, and households don't have the money to can, preserve, or refrigerate.

In step with Alexander's itinerary, I was on Turkey's southern shore during winter. Winter was lashed across the limestone crags of the Chelidonian peninsula as I struggled for footholds on ice-sharp rocks that ate the soles of my boots. High winds threatened to push me down into the sea. The cold was driven to my bones by the insidious damp. In the past, I have camped in four feet of snow at -15°F, but it was neither so debilitating nor so demoralizing as soaking wet at 38°F. There was no central heating in homes, so that once I remained damp for months. It took its toll on my health.

An army marches on its stomach, so the problem goes, but it also marches on spirit, leadership.

In these mountains around Mount Olympus there were as many as twenty mountains in antiquity known as Mount Olympus; the most famous is in Thessaly, Greece), made more treacherous in the season, my respect for Alexander as a leader increased. Did he foresee the miseries of winter in this region, how it would tax his men and might jeopardize his army's strength come spring? Certainly. He issued furloughs to those who had married shortly before leaving Macedonia to return

home to their brides for the winter of 334-335 B.C. Alexander's ingenuity accomplished many things simultaneously with this move: he kept communications with the West fluid, boosted morale, delivered favorable news to Greece of his continuing successes, and marched through the Chelidonian peninsula primarily with veterans.

The center of social activity in Turkish villages is the teahouse. It is where men congregate to pass the time, conduct business, and gather local news.

It was important, as I walked from district to district, to introduce myself and my journey. Turks are hospitable and honorable, but protective and, at times, suspicious. I didn't want to be mistaken for something I was not. In any country, petty bureaucracy can be exasperating and time-consuming. On two occasions I attempted to pass through villages without stopping. Foolishness. Once I was surrounded by twenty men led by a highly vocal, belligerent muhtar; on the second occasion I was three miles past a village when a van blocked my path and a delegation of villagers led by a muhtar and a primary school teacher interrogated me for an hour. (I thank the Turkish Ministries of Culture and the Exterior for providing me with letters of introduction.)

These were exceptions. In every other village I was treated with great kindness and respect. I usually made it a point to introduce myself to villagers and officials, but rather than going to the offices of local bureaucrats, I'd walk unswervingly to the teahouse. There I could take off my backpack, order a cup of tea, rest while the water, sugar, and tannin worked its magic, and talk with the men in a pleasant, informal manner.

Famed Turkish coffee was difficult to find in the cities, impossible in the villages. Turkey imports

'In the villages,
I was always
a guest in
someone's house
for the night'

its coffee and, since 1974, has not had sufficient foreign exchange to purchase coffee in addition to more important imports. I was told that merchants who manage shipments hoard them.

Turkish tea is delicious. It is served in a small, pot-bellied glass on a small stainless steel saucer with a tiny stainless steel spoon. The atmosphere in teahouses is close, communal. Inevitably, the men who supervise a district, the men most curious to meet me, would be in the teahouse. They would not introduce themselves immediately, but ask their questions through companions so that we could become friends rather than meet on an "official" level. If it happened to be late afternoon, I would always be asked to stay as a guest at someone's house for the night. This sincerely offered and generous hospitality was reassuring. In cities it can be different.

It was with a muhtar I had met in a teahouse that I hiked along the river valley in the Taurus mountains that evening of July 4.

What a strange game fate plays, for two days later, I discovered the most probable site of a Roman station along the Via Tauri, as described in the Jerusalem Itinerary.

An adventure is also a journey through the mind: its chimeras, despair, and glory. It is not difficult to understand how an army, uprooted from its material and spiritual home, would study its commander-in-chief in search of meaning and fortitude. Alexander's actions became laden with projected significance by which his soldiers could put their everyday experiences into different perspective. But faced with the immediate problems of survival, few were capable of sharing Alexander's vision. It is not difficult to understand how, six years and 10,000 miles later, the Macedonians mutinied.

For those who came after Alexander, whose lives were affected by the changes made in their civilizations, that unique vision was the vehicle by which Alexander, son of a clever Macedonian monarch, was transmuted from an insecure, temperamental, accursed invader to hero-king of nations. He assumed in legend that which he was not in life: prophet and savior. His dream captured the imaginations of millions who could share his dream only through folktales and legends. It was the reason for the overwhelming popularity of the Alexander Romance of Pseudo-Callisthenes.

It was written of Alexander: "Not only was his character very complex and contained apparently irreconcilable opposites, but there was in him a superhuman quality; and genius is never quite capable of explanation, and must remain to us miraculous."

A Roman bridge arches over the Kumluja river. As I marched past broad orange groves whose trees livened to a refreshing breeze, I met an inshaat demirji: a construction worker responsible for the iron rods which go into reinforced concrete. He stepped off his bicycle and walked alongside.

"What is your occupation?" I asked.

Mehmet unzipped his worn, black leather jacket and pointed proudly to a pair of burnished iron clippers that hung from his belt.

"And yours?" he asked in turn.

I held out my walking stick.

John Bouda has continued to follow Alexander the Great through the Near East. He has hiked another 2,000 kilometers. From Turkey he went to Syria, but was stopped from crossing into Lebanon because of the civil war. Bypassing conflicts has caused him occasionally to leave Alexander's route.

"At times I could use an army of my own," he said. "But then, there is a fundamental difference between myself and Alexander. I have no overweening ambition to conquer."

John walked through Jordan, then flew to Egypt. I spent two months in Cairo waiting for a permit to travel to the Oasis of Siwa. Because of the military aggressiveness of Libya, the western third of Egypt is under military rule and closed to foreigners. With the kind assistance of the Egyptian Ministry of Foreign Cultural Affairs, the Egyptian Military Intelligence, and the U.S. Embassy staff, John secured a visa. While cooling his heels waiting for the permit, he sailed along parts of the western branch of the Nile from Memphis to Alexandria.

Visa in hand, John walked along the northern coast of Egypt, between Alexandria and Marsa Matruh, on his way to the Oasis of Siwa.

On June 5, 1980, he ascended the steps of the Temple of Zeus-Ammon in Siwa. The oracle believed by King Croesus to be the only truthful oracle of the Seven in the eastern Mediterranean was silent. Its priests had long since died. Its walls are black from countless fires, its hieroglyphics marred by souvenir-hunters' chippings. This was as far west as Alexander traveled. But it was not as far west as his imagination wandered.

From Siwa, John conducted a preliminary field survey of the formidable Qattara Depression. There are perhaps as many as six possible tracks that Alexander could have taken to return to Alexandria or Memphis from Siwa. With the aid of the Naval American Medical Research Unit-3 Expedition Group, the six possibilities have been whittled down to two.

John is presently in the United States, but he hopes to return and finish walking in Alexander's footsteps.

... or the time my friend Jane and I continued to cut slivers off a Boston cream pie until we had consumed the whole thing, under the watchful and incredulous stare of two lacrosse players. Brown has been my training ground for some of the most appalling, disgusting, shocking eating excesses ever imaginable. In June, those of you who come to Commencement will see my name decorated by the designation of a bachelor's degree in American Civilization. But behind it lies the real accomplishment: a Ph.D. in Pigging Out.

The nationally growing obsession with health and diet notwithstanding, the Pig Out is one of the oldest and continually practiced rituals of college life. For the unindoctrinated, wherever they may be, a Pig Out is when you eat huge amounts of food, preferably non-nutritious and greasy junk, until you feel so sick that you cannot possibly swallow another mouthful — and then you decide to go out for ice cream. I am happy to report that the tradition is alive and very, very well up here on College Hill. I should know. I *do* know.

The four-year food feats of which I am so proud began with good intentions. Required, as a freshman, to retain some sort of University board contract, I was lured into the deluxe model. Trying to battle the blues of that awkward summer between high school and college, I was seduced by the choice between the "bustling Sharpe Refectory (the Ratty) on main campus" and "the more elegant and intimate Verney-Woolley on the Pembroke campus." Dreams of the "sprawling salad bar, yogurt, granola, and soft ice cream" danced in my head. And what true New Yorker, such as the one I fancied myself, could turn away from bagels at Sunday brunch? With my father's encouragement in the name of sensible eating, I signed up for twenty meals per week. The rest is sweet, starch, caloric history.

The diversity of which the admissions office brags seems to manifest itself in Brown's dining halls. There, freshman year, I met, first of all, The Jock: the species of broadshouldered student who, with only one hand, carried trays lined with glasses of milk and pink fruit punch, which in turn surrounded a mound of not one, but all three, entrees. These, I assume, sat on a plate, though it was totally obscured. While I naively continued to believe in

We offered to be Pepperidge Farm's campus quality control inspectors

the ideals of neutrality and equality proffered by my political science professor, The Jock knew that the uniform serving of Ratty roast beef was only as good as his rapport with the women on the serving line.

In the Ratty, I also met the Salad Student. Perhaps the most common undergraduate type there, the Salad Student (almost always a woman) ate meal after meal after meal from the two centrally located salad bars. Lunch and dinner (the Salad Student *never* ate breakfast — are you kidding, jeopardize a twenty-seven-inch waist?!) day after day, week in and week out, consisted of some combination of greens, garbanzo beans, carrots, and cole slaw — topped with Catalina diet dressing, of course. The hard-core were often seen with their own bottles of dressing tucked into a knapsack. The Salad Student broke the monotony by treating herself to an occasional Tab.

The Compensator was a subset of the Salad Student. The Compensator ate similar meals and then rewarded herself for such marvelous self-restraint by consuming a few bowls of soft-serve ice cream, and then leaving the Ratty with a large vanilla cone. I had my own brief love affair with the Ratty's ice cream — which, by the way, had a reputation among the Ivy League-bound seniors in my high school. I used to eat lots of chocolate ice cream topped with granola, until the day I happened to catch a glimpse of a worker refilling the machine with an industrial-size carton of flavored liquid chemicals. It was a quick and irrevocable divorce.

The Ratty also spawned those people who, no matter what they ate, placed it on a bed of cottage cheese; or the ones whom I never saw, thanks to their constant dinner companion, a textbook. There were the people who sat at the same seat at the same table, come hell or high water; during the mania of exams, the sight of these people reassured me of the basic stability of the universe.

I know that Food Services tries.

They really do. They post suggestion boxes, provide vegetarians like me with special entrees (if you call an "artichoke-pasta medley" special), and give us a tape-recorded menu accessible by dialing M-E-N-U — and they make the absolute best chocolate chip bars I've ever tasted. But even momentary diversions like ice cream sundaes and the spring barbeque at Pembroke Field cannot compete with the horrors of beef pinwheels, broccoli noodle polonaise, chicken in the rough, or corn soufflé. And I have always had a healthy skepticism for food whose name begins with an adjective — "savory garbanzo bean casserole," for example.

Thus, I and most others developed our first culinary coping strategies. I took advantage of the fact that, with no meal contract, "snacking at Brown is no less exciting" than eating meals; "munchies" were included in the contract, good for cash credit at one of the three campus snack bars. If you had gone any one meal during the day, you could use your credit at night. It was a godsend. I lived just across the street from ECDC (officially, the East Campus Dining Center) and made pretzel-cookie-Tab runs on a regular basis. At times, between my roommate and me, our rooms looked like a stadium concession stand.

Sophomore year, I became more discriminating — about courses, about people, but most of all about food. It was time to stop dilly-dallying around. Pigging out needed no longer be arbitrary or based on convenience; became a carefully practiced art. Careful selection of the right caramel creams from the 2-cent candy jar in Faunce House's Airport Lounge, perfectly baked Korb's chocolate chip cookies from the Blue Room, frozen candy bars from the gas station on Angell Street — all these were the casualties of sophomore year.

I should have seen the handwriting on the wall the day I moved into my Hope College single. There, across the hall, was Margaret, a Pig Out partner from my earlier days. For years in elementary school Margaret and I would adjourn to her West Side apartment and set ourselves up in front of the television with a one-pound bag of M&M's and two cans of Coke. Margaret's mother's brownies were, I am convinced, one of my first true pleasures. I got to replay my childhood in my sop-

more year, when those delectable
le squares found their way up to
lovidence.

Together, to the disgust of her
ommate, Margaret and I discovered
the heavenly world of Store 24 (really,
Store 18 to anyone who has ever had a
sugar craving after 1 and before 7 a.m.).
Two of the many late-night stalkers
of their aisles, we took our nightly
sjour down Waterman Street and up
Thayer to stock up on our nightly ration
of Pepperidge Farm cookies. For
months, we bought one bag of Orleans
— the constant — and one bag of some
other variety which changed each
night. I also always insisted on a large
bottle of Tab with which to wash the
sweaty thing down. Then it was back to
our rooms to make ourselves not merely
full, but truly ill. One night, well into
its pattern and doubled over with the
after-effects of self-induced sugar
shock, with Margaret beginning a new
roll of Tootsie Pop Drops and someone
else off buying ice cream on credit be-
fore the snack bars closed, we tallied up
our score: over thirty-five bags of
Orleans and another eighteen types
sampled in one month. And, worse,
over \$50 gone in the process.

Serious action was called for if we
were going to keep up the habit — and
there was no doubt in either our minds
or stomachs that we *were* going to keep
it up. So, we composed and sent a letter
to the Pepperidge Farm Company in
Connecticut, telling them of our vice,
representing our expert opinions on each
product we had tried, and offering to be
their official Ivy League quality control
inspectors. The goal, in truth, was a
dozen or two of cookies in grateful recog-
nition of our patronage. A month or so
later, I arrived at my post office box to
find a letter from the Pepperidge Farm
Company; typed above the letterhead
of the envelope were the words, "Exec-
utive Suite." I had a momentary vision
of fame and fortune for Margaret and
me — the company wanted to send us
around the country singing the praises
of their product, I was sure. I had
always talked about taking a year off,
anyway. Alas, upon opening the letter,
2 cents in coupons fell at my feet. Not
exactly what I had anticipated.

But — wait! The president of the
company was a Brown alumnus [R.
Gordon McGovern '48, now the execu-
tive vice president and chief operating
officer of the Campbell Soup Company,
parent company of Pepperidge Farm].

Our letter had found its way to his
desk, and he had scribbled a personal
addendum onto the usual how-happy-
we-were-to-receive-your-letter-We-
have-always-known-our-product-was-
of-highest-quality-We're-glad-you-
agree message. "I'm glad to see that
Brown women are enjoying Pepperidge
Farm. I married a Wheaton woman,
myself. Will keep you in mind for Ivy
League tasters." We celebrated this
small victory with — what else? — an-
other bag of Orleans.

Last year, my junior year, was the
year that I discovered the places I
had only heard about. Having
withdrawn to the confines of cookies in
dorm rooms the year before, I was out
of the mainstream pig-out activity. With
Margaret living elsewhere, and my own
suspicion that my system could not tol-
erate another cookie, I turned to the Sil-
vertop Diner for solace. Silvertop is one
of those legends of late-night eating —
in fact, it does not even open its doors
until 12:30 a.m. I have no idea how long
Silvertop has been around, how they
can survive with such cheap prices, or
how long it has been since the booths
were reupholstered.

Silvertop has a strangely skewed
clientele: bleary-eyed Brown and RISD
students who are impressed with them-
selves for being at a rickety diner at 4 in
the morning, and burly truck drivers
who wish they would leave. It was at
Silvertop that I first saw a man dressed
in women's clothing, and it was at Sil-
vertop that I learned what a blueberry
muffin is supposed to taste like.

At East Side Diner, my other junior
year hang-out, I was on much safer
ground. After all, it was one of those
self-styled "family places." I had an ob-
session with this place last spring
when, after squash or before a long
night of typing, I would drive with my
friend Mitch all the way down Water-
man Street to where the bridge to East
Providence begins and park right be-
neath the big pink neon "East" that
shone like a bleeding sore in the warm
night. Perhaps as a testimony to Mitch's
graduation last year, but in any event
much to my dismay, East Side Diner
closed its doors for good last fall.

The good news: I am finally living
in an apartment with a big kitch-
en and am no longer on meal
plan. The bad news: I live right up the
block from Big Alice's. Just when I

thought I might be forced into a life of
normal, sensible eating, Big Alice's
saved me from such an awful fate. By
way of explaining just what a place
called Big Alice's is, let me say this: It
has not been unheard of, in the past, for
me impulsively to drive up to Somer-
ville, Massachusetts, for a dish of
Steve's homemade ice cream with
Oreos and Heath Bars mixed in. Now,
all I need to do to experience that same
nirvana is walk down to John Street and
into Big Alice's. It is the biggest thrill for
dessert lovers since the Ratty's choco-
late cream pie. In addition to home-
made ice cream in flavors like peach and
coffee brandy, and Oreos as well as the
more mundane regulars, there is home-
made fudge and butterscotch. There are
"fancies" — chopped Heath Bars, gra-
ham crackers, chocolate chips, walnuts,
peanut butter cups — that are stirred
into any flavor upon request; fresh
whipped cream; and burgundy cher-
ries. So, I am pleased to report that,
kitchen notwithstanding, I am subsist-
ing on lots of ice cream. Oh, yes — I do
cook. That is, I make lots of pasta, and
as many combinations as two vege-
tables and rice can become. I have
begun to stalk the aisles of Store 24 once
again. Dunkin Donuts has seen my face
many a morning, and the owner of a
new specialty candy shop on Thayer
Street, Incredible Edibles, salutes me as
I walk by with a vegetable submarine
sandwich from a shop up the block. I
need leave only my first name on pizza
orders. And I sense that, any day now,
my picture will adorn the wall of "regu-
lar" photos at the Beef 'N' Bun coffee
shop on the southern end of Thayer.

You know, it's funny, but from
time to time I actually miss the Ratty,
my original stomping ground. Life was
always so exciting and unpredictable
there — like the day I got a decent cup
of coffee. And, if not for the Ratty, I
would never have acquired all the
knowledge and sophistication that I
have about the alternatives. Yes, as I
wind up my years in Providence, I have
begun to reflect on these little ironies.
And I note with pride that I have never
patronized the local McDonald's. I
mean, do I sound like the kind of per-
son who would pollute my body with
french fries?

*Since she wrote this piece for the BAM, Bar-
bara Raab has indeed had her picture
snapped for the Beef'n Bun wall. It is sched-
uled to appear in April.*

19 Arthur E. Axt, Oak Park, Ill., is working part-time as a teacher's aide in science at River Forest High School in Oak Park.

20 John M. Barnes retired from active practice of law in Lynn, Mass., in November and moved to Pleasant Hill, Tenn.

21 So, they're talking about a 60th. For poor old 1921? Oh, now, that's not the right attitude. Don't you remember, '21ers, the lines in one of our songs? "When I'm old and wrinkled I'll still be Brown, you bet." You have by now received a letter that suggests plans for merrymaking. Do they seem tempting? To be sure, only eight attended our 55th, but they, all eight, would tell you what a good time we had. Of course we'd hope that number might be doubled or tripled, or yes, quadrupled. But, say you, here I am over 80 years old, and I'm expected to bestir myself, and celebrate something that happened over 60 years ago? I like the idea, however. Oh, you do? Then let it grow upon you. And 80 isn't so old now, is it? Would it seem over-sentimental if I quoted that chorus of the above-mentioned song?

"So, born a Brown girl / Grown a Brown girl / Lived a Brown girl, die / That's why I love you / Oh Brown, that's why."

Be seeing you.

22 Ralph S. Brown reports that he is still living in a retirement community in Chapel Hill, N.C.

Clark Forstall and his wife, Charlotte, report that they are "alive and well" in Fonda, N.Y. About a year ago they "had a very pleasant visit" from Bob and Florence Coons '24, of Beverly Hills, Calif.

23 Robert G. Bleakney, Needham, Mass., writes: "I am still enjoying poor health, but proud at seeing my grandson, Jon McCabe '81, trotting out in his football uniform at all the home games."

24 In late 1974, Alfred L. Fitzgerald, Scarsdale, N.Y., took on a part-time, volunteer job three mornings a week working with the town of Eastchester, N.Y.'s senior citizens. He is now the administrator for the town's Office for the Aging, which was created in January 1976. Then he was the staff, now he has a staff of twelve, three of whom are full-time employees. The programs run by the office include ones to help the elderly with finances, cut down on loneliness, and provide transportation. Prior to his present job, he worked as a volunteer at Bronxville's Lawrence Hospital. Now 80, he retired at the age of 65 in 1966 after working

forty-two years for Mutual Life of New York, where he was the director of the policy payment division.

26 Elon J. Notley, Vero Beach, Fla., writes that he won low net in the age-75-and-over group at the Florida Senior Golf Association tournament last April. He and his wife visit the Puerto Plata area of the Dominican Republic two or three times a year.

28 Allyn J. Crooker and Gertrude Squires Crooker '27, Worthington, Ohio, write that they spent the long weekend after Thanksgiving in Freeport in the Bahamas to "catch our breaths after a strenuous year."

Ritchie L. Stevens, Needham Heights, Mass., writes that he is not retired: "Still running Stevens Door Sales Corporation in Needham Heights."

29 Wallace W. Elton, Rye, N.Y., writes: "I may be the most fortunate guy in the class of '29. I'm doing what I love anyway. I'm with the International Executive Service Corps, a not-for-profit management and business technology service, and spend my time checking our offices around the world and working with clients. This spring I was in Korea, Taiwan, Malaysia, the Philippines, Indonesia, and Singapore. In the summer I was around South America: Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Ecuador, Panama, and Guatemala. In November I left for Portugal, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt, where I gave a talk on management in Cairo. How lucky can a '29er be?"

George M. Schlegel, Douglas, Ga., writes that he "has been re-elected to the senate of the Georgia silver-haired legislature for 1980-81."

30 Lilian Avila, Southbury, Conn., leads a busy life in Heritage Village, where she has joined the Camera Club and the Great Books Program and gives illustrated talks on various phases of French culture.

Mildred Starkweather Humphreys, who has retired from teaching in Londonderry, Vt., is now on the Londonderry School Board.

Grace King Laurent, Stanley, Wis., reports that the book her husband, Francis, wrote on water resources is now in its second printing. Their son, Jerry, is a visiting professor of economics at the University of Wisconsin. Their daughter, Joyce, and her husband are parents of a second son.

The sympathy of the class is extended to Zelia Downing Metcalf on the death of her husband, Henry, and to Isabella Jack Nelson on the death of her husband, Milton. Zelia's address is R.D. 3, Bethlehem, Pa. 18915. Isa-

bella's is 18 Westwood Glen Rd., Westwood, Mass. 02090.

Eldora Wright Stevens, Chester, Vt., is corresponding secretary for the Vermont Retired Teachers Association. Her other activities include caring for eight colonies of bees which she has "put to bed for the winter."

31 Charles B. Brown, New London, N.H., writes: "I had a remarkable experience in November. I was invited, along with Mary, to attend a three-day 'Under the Elms' program on College Hill. Why I was invited I will never know. Certainly it wasn't because of my academic prowess, my achievements in the world of commerce-industry, nor my accumulation of riches. Possibly it was because of my remarkable fortitude in retiring to the hills of New Hampshire — Dartmouth country. Other than the astonishing end of the Dartmouth game, the visit was first class — impressive and enlightening."

Louis F. Demmler is completing his twenty-third year (his sixth term) as mayor of Edgewood Borough (part of Pittsburgh), I.

Dr. Eugene A. Field, Tamarac, Fla., retired in 1975 and moved to Fort Lauderdale to enjoy the sun, tennis, golf, and bridge. He is now working as a half-time, associate radiologist at Plantation Hospital in Fort Lauderdale, and the remaining time is a visiting professor of radiology at the University of Miami Medical School at Jackson Memorial Hospital. "Retirement? It's not for young people under 70. I'm looking forward to my reunion at Brown — my 50th."

Dr. Wilfred T. Hood, Hudson, Mass., reports that he and his wife, Marian, plan to attend his 50th reunion in June. He is semi-retired, but practicing adult medicine three days a week.

John S. Warren, Bloomfield, Conn., and Richmond A. Day and his wife (Josephine McIntire), Tucson, Ariz., are planning on being campus when reunion takes place in June. They are Donald J. Knight and his wife, of Westwood, N.J.; William P. Feiten and his wife, Los Altos, Calif.; and Howard I. Angell and his wife, of Cranston, R.I.

33 While traveling on the ferry from Algeciras, Spain, to Tangiers, Morocco, George R. Dewhurst and his wife, of New Bedford, Mass., met Marguerite Coogan Dalton '39 and her husband, Terry. They met again on the flight from Madrid to New York.

G. Kenneth Eaton and Mary Manley Eaton, North Kingstown, R.I., report on their children: Dr. Judith Eaton Galea '60 is chief resident in psychiatry at the University of Massachusetts Medical School in Worcester,



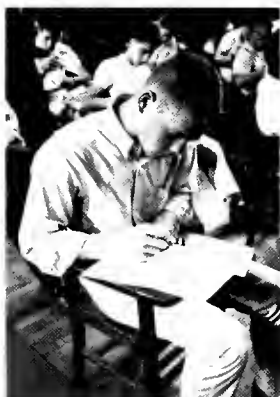
Reunions are the Essence of Brown

If you could distill four years at Brown — the academics, the people, the activities — into three days, what would be the result? Close your eyes for a minute and let some images of

life at Brown flicker through your mind. . . .

Remember the intellectual highs? . . . that mesmerizing professor who cracked open Donne's poetry to reveal the magic inside . . . the weary exultation

of solving a complex engineering problem after 12 hours of intense mental wrestling . . . the vigorous classroom debates that sensitized you to the other



side of the issue? Remember meals at the Ratty? . . . the electric buzz of students digesting ideas, gossip, and food . . . the lingering over countless cups of industrial-strength coffee? Remember going to

basketball games? . . . walking out of the still, frosty night into the hot, humid gym . . . the blast of noise, the thundering sneakers?

Four years at Brown is a kaleidoscope of shared intimacies such as these. The faculty, the meals, the exams, the games, the lectures, the kegs of beer, the dances . . . the romancing of the mind and the seduction of the spirit. As U.S. Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, Class of 1881, remarked at Commencement



1937, "It is always Old Brown and it is always New Brown."

Come savor the New Brown at Reunion '81, May 29-June 1. Re-awaken the romance. . . .



Mass. **J. Roderick Eaton '67** is director of the middle school, a teacher, and lacrosse coach at Providence Country Day School in East Providence, R.I. His wife is *Florence Castelle Eaton '67*. **M.A.T. Louisa Eaton Gralla '69** is a biology teacher at the Dalton School in New York City. Her husband is *Richard Gralla '69*, who is an associate professor at the Sloan-Kettering Cancer Institute in New York City. **Gerald M. Eaton '72** is legal counsel with the Civilian Action Program in Concord, Mass.

The class of '33 sends its sympathy to *Frances Brown Light* on the death of her husband, Goddard, with whom she operated the Lighthouse Bookstore for many years. They have two sons, William G. and John H. Light. Frances lives at 10 Wilton Rd., Port Chester, N.Y. 10573.

Ruth Sittler, Cambridge, Mass., has retired from her job as a case worker and is now teaching part-time.

35 *Hayward B. Brown*, Daytona Beach, Fla., has been in the real estate business in Daytona Beach since 1936 and has seen the price of real estate in the area go from \$75 a foot for oceanfront to over \$2,000 a square foot. Yet he sees the most pressing problems of the area as water resources and the use of the beach. Because of overuse of water resources, he noted in an interview in the *Daytona Beach Sunday News-Journal*, new wells go further out, resulting in intrusion of sea water that can't be reversed. "I think a lot of people took for granted that we had all the water we needed, saying, 'Just dig another well.' Our greatest concern in the past seems to have been whether our systems were able to pump and distribute the water that was demanded," he said. The other most serious problem is the use of vehicles on the beach, where by tradition they have been accepted. But their use has made walking, relaxing, or swimming at the beach nearly impossible. He called this a more difficult problem than the water shortage.

Kuo-Ping Chou, Madison, Wis., is retired from her position as a professor and last year taught in China.

37 *John M. Crawford, Jr.*, New York City, writes: "Last spring in April and May, the University's List Art Gallery showed a selection of Chinese painting and calligraphy from my collection called 'The Individualists,' a group of radical artists from the seventeenth century. The showing was the climax of Prof. David Lattimore's seminar on the subject. Nine students and Professor Lattimore wrote and produced the attractive catalogue."

38 *Allan R. Brent*, Baton Rouge, La., writes that he was recently appointed to the national advisory board of the Fiscal Policy Council, "sponsors of a number of programs designed to provide legislators and their constituents with incentives for fiscal responsibility."

John A. Davison, Plantsville, Conn., retired in June and is teaching chemistry part-time at the University of Hartford.

Donald V. Vines has retired after thirty-years with Pfizer Pharmaceutical Co. and now lives in Seminole, Fla.

39 *Samuel N. Bogorad*, South Burlington, Vt., the Frederick and Fannie Corse Professor of English Language and Literature at the University of Vermont, was re-elected justice of the peace in South Burlington in the November election.

Matthew J. Brennan, Alva, Fla., writes that "I am still fighting the battle for an environment of quality at the Environmental Education Center in Fort Myers, Fla."

Marguerite Coogan Dalton, Falls Church, Va., and her husband, Terry, report that while touring recently through Spain, Portugal, and Morocco, they encountered *George Dewhurst '33* and his wife on the ferry from Algeciras, Spain, to Tangiers, Morocco. They met again on the flight from Madrid to New York.

Philip J. Feiner, San Francisco, has the sympathy of the class on the death of his wife of thirty-eight years, *Eleanore*, on Aug. 17. Their five children, ages 25 to 37, are all on the West Coast, three in the San Francisco area, one in Seattle, and one in Van Nuys, Calif., where she works for NBC in Burbank.

Charles E. Mercer, Metuchen, N.J., has written a new novel, *Pacific*, a story with a World War II background, which was published by Simon & Schuster in February. His previous novel, *Murray Hill*, will be issued in paperback by Dell in June.

41 Plans for our 40th reunion are really under way, so start making travel arrangements right away. As *Mary Driscoll McKee* writes from Orinda, Calif., "Is it really that time again?"! Yes, Mary, it REALLY is that time again, and *Eliot Rice*, *Cliff Gustafson*, *Celeste Griffin*, *Ruth Harris Wolf*, *Earl Harrington*, and all the rest of the Reunion Committee are working like beavers to make this the most exciting, nostalgic, and memorable reunion ever. From California (*Leah Lossow Hirsch*) to Florida (*Milly Robinson Field*), from Vancouver (*Madge Thomson McCrirk*) to New Hampshire (*Frankie Thompson Rutter*) . . . the big news for '81 is our 40th!

Festivities begin on Friday with a cocktail get-together before the Campus Dance (how long since you've danced under the stars?), dinner on Saturday at the magnificent, newly renovated Faculty Club (wait until you see it!), and the piece de resistance . . . a glorious day on Sunday provided through the generosity of our classmate *Earle Cohen*. What could be more exciting than a champagne brunch at the famous *Viking Hotel*, a tour of Newport's historic mansions, winding up with a relaxing cocktail on the bus back to Providence.

It's a weekend you won't want to miss, so start making plans now, and watch your mail for information on details and reservations.

Carmen Belfit Davis, Hamburg, N.Y., retired in July after teaching for fifteen years in the Hamburg (N.Y.) School District. She and her husband, *George G. Davis*, who also retired in July, plan to remain in Hamburg.

42 *Dr. Jonas Robitscher*, Henry R. Luce Professor of Law and Behavioral Sciences at Emory University School of Law in Atlanta, Ga., received the Golden Apple Award for achievement in forensic psychiatry at the annual meeting of the American

Academy of Psychiatry in Chicago on Oct. 17.

43 *Mary Easton Swift* and *Thomas E. Spence, Jr.*, were married Nov. 15 and are living in Radnor, Pa.

44 *Hope Richards Brothers* is enjoying living in Nashville, Tenn. She has traveled twice to New Orleans for conferences and also to Seattle and San Diego, where she visited *Margaret Wilson Weed*. Hope also spent a vacation in Acapulco and visits Rhode Island every summer.

Violet Beryl Halpert, Providence, grades advanced placement tests for the Education Testing Service.

Two children of *Abby Burgess Rockett*, Washington, D.C., graduated from Brown in 1980: *Angus A. Rockett* and *Katherine E. Rockett*.

Jeann Leys Rockwell, who works at the Public Library in Radford, Va., had an eventful day last spring when her daughter Susan graduated from the University of Virginia and her son Bruce's wife had a baby girl on the same day.

45 *Charles W. Briggs, Jr.*, Providence veteran of thirty years on the New England tennis circuit, reports that recently he completed his most successful campaign ever in three senior divisions during the 19 season. In the New England Lawn Tennis Association rankings for 1981, he retained his number-7 ranking in the New England Men's 55-and-over singles division. In the men's 50-and-over category, he moved upward from eighteenth to thirteenth, and in the men's 45-and-over singles, Charlie bounced back from forty-third to nineteenth. He attributes his success to staying in shape year round and being lucky to escape many of the injuries associated with senior tennis competition.

Margaret Ajootian Layshock, Moraga, Calif., traveled from California, where she has lived for the last twenty years, last June to attend her 35th reunion. This corrects an item in the September reunion reports.

46 *Robert W. Boole*, Rolling Hills Estate, Calif., writes: "After leaving Proctor & Gamble in 1963, I started a company in Santa Monica: Century Creations, Inc. This company developed and marketed Rose Milk Skin Care Cream. J.B. Williams Co. bought Century. In 1979 I started the Wiki Wiki Corp. and began production and distribution of the tastiest, crunchiest potato chip in the West, using the famous Maui recipe. Wiki Wiki's are now on sale in supermarkets throughout Southern California."

Dorothy Bibber Hill, Corpus Christi, Texas, writes that last spring she "spent three unforgettable weeks in Greece, Egypt and Israel. A camel ride to the pyramids at Giza was especially memorable."

William H. King, Tucson, Ariz., will this year complete twenty-five years at the University of Arizona as professor and director of the health and safety education program.

Dr. Edwin M. Knights, Bloomfield Hills, Mich., has a son, *Ross*, in the freshman class at Brown.

Bunny Cohan Meyer, Miami, Fla., is Miami chairman of NASP and a head class



The heart of Reunion '81 . . .

Take a few hundred softly glowing Japanese lanterns and string them gracefully around the College Green. Add a gleaming dance floor, a spicy band in the mood, and the enchantment of a late

Others will be at the Brown Bear Buffet, the Alumni Field Day, and a special geo-chem symposium.

Saturday night, the Pops Concert and another chance to sit out under the stars. There's the "Hour With The President" on Sunday, an opportunity for you to hear about Brown 1981 and to talk with President Swearer. For those alumni passionate about the bounding main, Sunday's Commencement Cup Regatta promises "a day at the races."

Sandwiched between the scheduled events, you'll have the chance to get to know College Hill again. Visit the libraries — old and new. Walk down Benefit Street and see how Providence has

rediscovered her dignity. Plunge into the new pool or take yourself out to the Leeds Theatre for the Sock and Buskin Alumni Show.

Come have another love affair with Brown May 29-June 1.

spring night in Providence. Mix in several thousand members of the Brown family and you have it . . .

Campus Dance, one part of Reunion '81. And this year, Campus Dance should be twice as joyous. We're moving the rock band out of Sayles Hall to Lincoln Field . . . another dance floor, more lanterns, tables, freedom of movement, and more opportunities to meet faculty and seniors. Come see how this experiment works. Once you've exercised your dancing muscles, exercise your mind the next day in the Commencement Forums (see p. 47), a complete mental work-out.

The weekend is packed full of opportunities to re-acquaint yourself with old college friends and to make new ones. One will be at the series of events sponsored by the Third World Center and ONYX.



agent, as well as vice president of the Brown Club of Miami. Besides Brown-related activities, she is on the board of trustees at the Museum of Science and the Visiting Nurse Association of Dade County. She was recently appointed to the cultural arts development committee at Florida International University.

Walter Neiman, Ardsley, N.Y., is president and general manager of radio station WQXR and WQXR-FM in New York City, the radio stations of the *New York Times*. He has been with the *Times* more than twenty-seven years and is a former trustee and deputy mayor of Ardsley. His son, Peter, is a senior at Boston University, and Ray is a freshman at Brown.

Frederick W. Suffa, Alexandria, Va., has been awarded the nation's highest Department of Defense award, the Secretary of Defense Meritorious Civilian Service Medal. The award is "reserved for civilian employees who distinguished themselves by exceptionally meritorious service of major significance." His citation cited "his analyses [which] provided the basis for major policy decisions [that] resulted in the successful transition to and sustainment of the volunteer armed forces in the 1970s."

47 The sympathy of the class is extended to Lloyd D. Heizer, Dallas, Texas, on the death of his wife on July 19 after a long bout with cancer.

Gerard T. Ruffin, Rochester, N.Y., writes that "I retired from General Motors Corp. last August and started my own company, ALL-TEC Engineering Service, specializing in manufacturing and production engineering services. It's been an exciting new venture and business is great."

48 Lester D. Arstark, Roslyn Village, N.Y., writes: "After six weary, depressing years of battling with Nassau County in connection with the taking, by eminent domain, of our great old 1720 Jericho farmhouse, we were fortunate enough to find and buy an even more splendid place in nearby Roslyn Village. This one, circa 1865, is after the Second Empire in design, authentically restored, and, we hope, protected by Landmark Registration. We're just moved in, tickled and plunging forward into the nineteenth century with a startling vengeance. My wife, Janice, deserves the credit for all the moving."

Robert P. Eddy (Sc. M.), Garrett Park, Md., has retired after thirty-two years of civilian service as a mathematician, first at the Naval Ordnance Laboratory in White Oak, Md., and later at the David Taylor Naval Ship Research and Development Center in Carderock, Md. His wife, Consuelo Sanz Eddy, whom he met at Brown, is teaching Spanish. Their two grown sons are living in Colorado, where Robert and Consuelo visited them last summer.

William J. Finn and his wife, Jean Robertson Finn, Basking Ridge, N.J., report on their children: "Tom Finn '78 is working in hospital administration at St. Luke Medical Center in Houston. Bill, Jr., is a 1976 graduate of St. Michael's and is working in California. Nancy is in the Peace Corps in Ecuador, Steve is a junior at the University of Delaware, and Joan is a sophomore at Ridge High

School. Father is a warehouse manager for Jaylor Corp., a wholesale liquor distributor in Millburn, N.J."

John T. Nowell, Rehoboth, Mass., was recently elected to membership in the New England Four Thousand Footer Club for having climbed all the mountains over 4,000 feet elevation in New England. He was also elected chairman of the library committee for the Carpenter Museum and Blanding Public Library in Rehoboth. He is a registered land surveyor in Rhode Island and is director of contract administration with the Robinson Green Beretta Corp.

49 H. Calvin Coolidge, Glen Ellyn, Ill., is president of his own corporation, H. Calvin Coolidge, Ltd., "engaged in the valuation of closely held businesses."

Dolores Pastore DiPrete, Cranston, R.I., reports that she and her husband, Walter A. DiPrete '46, visited the birthplaces of her mother and his father in Italy on a trip that took them to some of the major cities and some small towns. In Florence they walked past the University of Florence, where their son, Francis, studied for one year. "A super time. Naturally, we look forward to a return trip someday."

Ann Polonsky Pratt is an assistant children's librarian with Wayland (Mass.) Public Library.

50 Lester R. Allen, Jr., West Simsbury, Conn., was recently named chairman of the Region VI Legislative Committee of the Connecticut Business and Industry Association, which encompasses the Northwest sector of the state and includes such industrial cities and towns as Bristol, New Britain, Plainville, Southington, and Torrington. He has also been elected to the board of directors of the Connecticut Valley chapter of the Public Relations Society of America. This year he will serve as secretary.

Alfred E. Forstall, Alexandria, Va., is a cartographer with the United States Forest Service in Rosslyn, Va. He and his wife, Louise Dimlich Forstall (see '51), have two sons, Walton Clark II, who attended Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University, and Alfred E., Jr., who graduated from the University of the South and is studying for his master's degree at Duke. Fred, Jr., was married in September to Ruth Wendell Butler.

J. Graham Michael and Janice Peterson Michael, Wynnewood, Pa., report the marriage of their daughter, Susan Graham Michael (see '79), to John Stephen Rogers. Their daughter, Linda Michael Thomas '75, and her husband, Darwin Lee Thomas, became parents of a son last Sept. 23, who is named Michael Graham Thomas, after his grandfather.

Carol Morse Spawin, Philadelphia, is a manuscript archives librarian at the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, the oldest natural history museum in the United States.

Conrad R. Surprenant, Wareham, Mass., reports that he spent twenty-nine years as a manufacturers' representative for twenty-six automotive aftermarket manufacturers in the New England states. A year ago, he sold the manufacturers' representative agency and founded Muffler System Adaptor Manufacturing Co. in New Bedford, Mass., which

makes automotive exhaust parts. He and Joe Souza and their wives have attended every Harvard-Brown football game since 1948.

51 Think 30th Reunion. May 29-June 1. Think old friends, fellowship and fun, Campus Dance, academic forums, Field Day, walking tour, Pops Concert, class clambake, and Commencement. Meet the "New Providence," reported recently by *Travel/Holiday* magazine as having "blossomed into one of the Northeast's prettiest cities." Of the University, it went on to say, "The Ivy League's Brown has one of the most beautiful urban campuses in the country." Come back to Brown — for so many good reasons. See you there.

Louise Dimlich Forstall, Alexandria, Va., is chief librarian for Time-Life Books, Inc., in Alexandria, Va. She spends most of her time at the Library of Congress doing research, which she writes, "is eclectic and fascinating." She had worked for twenty years at the Alexandria Library. She and her husband, Alfred E. Forstall (see '50), have two sons, Walton Clark II, who attended Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University, and Alfred E., Jr., who graduated from the University of the South and is studying for his master's degree at Duke. In September, Fred Jr. was married to Ruth Wendell Butler, of Annandale, Va.

Margaret Conant Michael, Louisville, Ky, reports that her fourth child, Kirk '83, has been following in his late father's footsteps (David H. Michael '51 was captain of the soccer team and wrestling team while at Brown), and was a first-string varsity soccer player as a sophomore. Her other children are Lise '80, Dave '76, and John '78.

52 Mary Williamson Crawley, Norman, Okla., is a volunteer for her church and for the symphony in Norman, where she has lived since 1957. Molly's daughter, Sarah, is a sophomore at Wesleyan University, and Linda is a freshman at Southern Methodist University. Martha is a high school sophomore. Molly writes, "Our family cooled off from the Oklahoma heat wave last summer by taking a vacation on Martha's Vineyard first for all of us."

William M. Eaves, Encino, Calif., reports that he has been conducting his own independent management consulting practice for the past eight years, working with hospital associations, medical groups, and other health-related organizations in the Western states and occasionally in the Midwest and South. He and his wife, Ann, celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary in November. Their daughters are Mary, who is finishing architecture studies in Denmark, and Peggy, who is a high school senior. William would like to hear from other 1951 and 1952 Sigma Chi's, especially those who missed the 25th reunion.

Joseph B. Munro, Jr., Westport, Conn., corporate manager of special compensation for ITT, located at the world headquarters in New York City. He and his wife, Marilyn, are second-year law students at the University of Bridgeport.

Dr. Leo S. Shanley, Clayton, Mo., an associate professor of orthodontics at Washington University in St. Louis, is president of the Washington University Dental Alumni



... and the soul of Reunion '81

It may have been a while since you sat in a classroom and opened your mind to embrace new ideas. Reunion '81 invites you to the Commencement Forums.

Come and let us romance your mind May 29-June 1.

◆ **"United States and Soviet Relations in the 1980's."**

The texture of the relationship between America and Russia has changed dramatically in the last year. The invasion of Afghanistan, increasing tensions in Poland, the boycott of the summer Olympics, the election of Ronald Reagan . . . all events that have come to bear on both countries. Mark Garrison, a career diplomat and formerly the number two man in the U.S. embassy in Moscow, will lead a discussion on the demise of detente and prospects for competition as well as cooperation in the coming decade.

◆ **"A New World View for America: What the Iranian Hostage Crisis Taught Us."** Now that the yellow ribbons are bleached out and bedraggled, how can we learn from the hostage experience? Iran and other oil-rich nations will not fade gradually from our consciousness, but will continue to have an increasingly important effect on our economy and political mood. William Beeman, an assistant professor of anthropology who served as an advisor to the State Department during the hostage crisis, will examine how the U.S. will have to adapt its foreign policy to deal with

countries whose ideologies and opinions of us are radically different from our own.

◆ **"Legacy of Struggle: The Minority Experience at Brown."**

Approximately 100 minority students graduated from Brown between 1920 and 1960, and some of them have returned to campus to



join younger graduates to discuss changes and common experiences as Brown and Pembroke students.

◆ **"A Special Commencement Performance of the International String Quartet, in residence at Brown."**

This internationally renowned quartet has been playing to packed houses all year, as the first string quartet in residence at Brown. The Quartet was hired in conjunction with the Rhode Island Philharmonic Orchestra.

◆ **"Hospice Care: Living with Dying."** There are more than 600 hospice centers in the country that have been formed to provide a variety of services for



dying patients and their families. Dr. David Greer, associate dean of medicine and chairman of the section of community health at Brown, and other hospice care specialists will explore this community approach to personalized care for America's terminally ill.

And, three special Recognition Forums, led by recipients of newly endowed chairs at Brown:

◆ **"Working Mothers: The Impact of Industrialization on 19th-Century Families in France."** Joan Scott, the new Nancy Duke Lewis Professor of History, will explore the ways that society, the family, and the role of women evolved in France along with industrialization.

◆ **"A Return to the Gold Standard?"** Remember when gold sold for \$35 an ounce? These days the price of gold hovers somewhere near the stratosphere, but there is talk of reviving the gold standard as an antidote for our ailing economy. Will it work? George Borts, the George and Nancy Parker Professor of Economics, will talk about the major role this yellow ore will play in shaping the future of our economy.

◆ **"Keeping Up With the Joneses in the Victorian Age."** What has national advertising done for America? In many ways it tells us how to dress, eat, which car to buy and which man to elect. How did we function before television, radio and magazines? William McLoughlin, the Annie McClelland and Willard Prescott Smith Professor of History and Religion, looks at advertising cards, the first form of national advertising, to see the impact they had on tastes during the Victorian Age.



Association.

Robert E. Warren, Rehoboth, Mass., writes that he has had the pleasure of the partnership of his son, Mark, in Electronic Sales of New England since 1977. "Between Mark and myself, we are about to go over the million-dollar annual sales figure for the third year in a row and now we are embarking on the creation of a second company, New England Wired Systems, selling, installing, and maintaining wired generators for average household power sufficiency."

53 Henry T. Fisher, Summit, N.J., has for the past five years been executive vice president of a large wholesale floor-covering distributor that sells all types of domestic and imported floor coverings in the greater New York area.

Barbara Carucci Venditti, Bay Village, Ohio, moved to Ohio two years ago and has been teaching junior high school English. Her daughter, Beth Venditti '78, is working for a master's degree in clinical psychology at the University of Pittsburgh.

54 Marshall H. Cohen, Chevy Chase, Md., is a senior economist with the U.S. Department of Agriculture. He recently published a book describing Norwegian nutrition and food policy. Norway, he writes, is the first country "to implement an official policy attentive to food and health." Marshall is also a photographer and had his first overseas exhibition of works in Stockholm during the summer. He writes, "The exhibit 'Intimate Impressions' was critically examined by U.S. Customs on its return, searching for 'Scandinavian porn'. They were disappointed. They only found nude cows on a Wyoming plain."

Nathaniel W. Horton, Fullerton, Calif., and his wife, Kathleen, have formed a law partnership, Horton & Horton, in Santa Ana, Calif., and are practicing estate planning, probate, and trust law.

55 Francis A. Brooks, Jr., Dallas, Texas, reports that his son, Bud, Jr., a sophomore at Brown, did some place-kicking for the varsity football team last fall.

Dr. Mattis Fern, Roslyn, N.Y., writes that his daughter, Jacqueline, is a sophomore at Brown and a football cheerleader. His son, Steven, is a third-year student at Phillips Andover Academy.

Harold N. Fliegelman, Lafayette Hill, Pa., is president of his year-old company, H. Fliegelman & Co., in Conshohocken, Pa., an executive search firm for the process industries.

Diane Aspinall Rogers, Bronxville, N.Y., is head designer for Tanner of North Carolina, a job she has held since April. She has a daughter, Dana, 14.

56 Henry P. Baer, New York City, is co-author of a recent book published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich entitled, *NLRB Representation Elections — Law, Practice and Procedure*.

Francine Smith Fairchild, Saratoga Springs, N.Y., reports on her children: Julia Fairchild '79 is in Taiwan preparing for a trip to India; last summer Francine and her six children toured Southeast Asia for two months and visited Julia in Taiwan. Elizabeth

Fairchild '82 is at Brown, Susan is at Boston University, Geoff is at St. John Fisher, and Peggy and Sam are in high school. Francine has received her M.A. from Russell Sage University and is teaching fifth grade.

57 Remember the 25th, June 4-7, 1982.

Robert A. Bird, Jr., Cohasset, Mass., reports that he has transferred to Somerville, Mass., and is general manager of K Mart in the Mall at Assembly Square.

John H. Choate III recently joined Inter-American Advertising, which specializes in reaching the Spanish-speaking market, especially in the Southwest. Prior to joining Inter-American, John spent twelve years in account management positions with New York advertising agencies and seven years with the Spanish-language media. He is living in San Francisco.

Patricia Kelley Cunningham, Wilmington, Del., continues to teach foreign languages at Archmere Academy in Claymont, Del., where she is chairman of the foreign language department. She is planning an Archmere Academy in France — a new four-week summer study program for 1981. Her husband, George, practices general dentistry in Wilmington.

Bud Feuchtwanger III, New York City, has been elected president of Royal Investors Group, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, in New York City.

Dorothy Crews Herzberg, San Francisco, has been working since July as a collector with Dean Witter Reynolds. She had been an investigator with the Family Support Bureau of the District Attorney's Office for two years. She writes, "Now I collect from customers who have not paid indebtedness to Dean Witter for purchase of securities. I'm also president of the Miraloma Park Improvement Club, my neighborhood organization, and editor of the newsletter. I am in *Who's Who in the West*, 1980-81. Sam is 16, Laura, 14, and Daniel, 12. Herschel, my husband, is still teaching history, but at Cappuchino High School."

Duke Holt, Summit, N.J., is selling real estate and is involved in property development and management.

Dr. Frederick Humeston, Danville, Calif., is in pediatric practice in San Lorenzo, Calif. He has two boys and two girls and writes, "I miss the East and its change of seasons."

Lee Jacobus is a visiting professor in the English department at Brown this semester and is teaching one graduate course in Renaissance prose called, "Wit, Imagination, and Passion: Studies in Bacon, Donne, and Milton." He writes, "Being a colleague with many of my former professors is an exciting prospect."

Dr. Edward Tapper is practicing orthopedic surgery in Lake Tahoe, Calif., specializing in sports medicine, and is a consultant to the U.S. ski team.

58 Class members have been deeply saddened by the recent untimely death of Carolyn Wells Siderakos. Head class agent (and Carolyn's former roommate) Joan Kopf Tiedemann has announced the establishment of a memorial for Carolyn. While a junior counselor at Mary Woolley House, Carolyn formed a strong friendship with her

neighbor, Dean Nancy Duke Lewis. It is therefore fitting that our memorial to Carolyn be in the form of donations to the Nancy Duke Lewis Professorship at Brown. Contributions, in Carolyn's name, may be sent payable to Brown University, Box 1877, Brown University, Providence, R.I. 02912.

Gerald R. Levine, Woodmere, N.Y., is senior consultant to Robert Jameson Associates, a corporate out-placement and executive marketing firm in New York City. His eldest daughter, Jodi, is a freshman at Brown.

Glendon Rowell writes that, after eleven years, he still lives in Hong Kong, but spends a great deal of time on planes as he commutes around Southeast Asia doing executive search work for the clients of Boyden Associates, of which he is a partner.

60 Ann R. Beale, Lemoyne, Pa., is assistant editor of *British Heritage*, published by the Historical Times Magazine Group in Harrisburg, Pa. She writes, "The job combines the best of three worlds: British history, art, and writing. I am also trying to finish writing my thesis for an M.A. in humanities from Pennsylvania State University."

Jonis Halpert Davis, Seattle, Wash., is director of the Seattle Education Program for the American Friends Service Committee.

Dr. Judith Eaton Galea is chief resident psychiatrist at the University of Massachusetts Medical School in Worcester, Mass.

61 Gale D. Adams, Rockville, Md., recently promoted to assistant department head at Vitro Laboratories in Silver Spring, Md.

The sympathy of the class is extended to Nanine S. Henderson Clark on the death of her husband, Bruce, last spring. She received a D.O. degree from Michigan State University in December and plans a residency in pediatrics. She has a Ph.D. in biology from Johns Hopkins University. She and her two sons, Che, 10, and Thayne, 3, live in Williamstown, Mich.

Don E. Hamilton, Laguna Beach, Calif., is flying DC-10s for United Air Lines, and his son, Scotty, 11, is starting quarterback of Saddleback Valley Diablos Pop Warner football team.

David L. Meister, New York City, writes, "In August, I was appointed vice president programming for Time-Life Television, where I am responsible for acquiring and developing television programs. This follows two and one-half years with our sister company, Home Box Office, where I was ultimately vice president of sports and co-productions. I was married in March for the second time, and Joan and I live in Manhattan."

William H. Schwab reports that he recently moved to Winchester, Mass., the town which he has had his office for the past 10 years. He writes, "After nineteen years of long-range commuting, I can actually walk to work."

Ann Durno Shafer, Glen Ellyn, Ill., has received her second master's degree, an M.S.W. from George Williams College in Downers Grove, Ill. She is a social worker at the Valley View School District in Bolingbrook, Ill. Her husband, Bob, is employed



Come home to Brown . . .



"You can never go home again," Thomas Wolfe wrote.

Balderdash. Returning to Brown as part of Reunion '81 is a coming home. It's coming home to a day in the classroom, to long and languid afternoons on the Green, to nights staying up for catching up.

It's coming home to the rich traditions that make up the fabric of Brown: The Commencement parade, which is led by a member of the 50-year

Class, and guided along the way by alumni marshals and aides who weave the procession through its elaborate maneuvers bringing every person in the parade past every other. The two



Senior Orations, symbolizing the Commencements of 200 years ago when every senior had to deliver an oration in Greek or Latin. And the Sheriff of Providence County, a reminder of rowdier Commencements when order had to be imposed.

And it's more. It's discovery . . . of new places (have you been to the new Leeds Theatre, the Smith Swim Center, the squash courts, the Planetary Data Center?) and old places awash in nostalgia (the Arcade, America's oldest enclosed shopping mall is a short walk down the hill.)

Bring your family and come home again.

Reunion '81. May 29-June 1.



Watch for the April issue of the *George Street Journal* for full details of schedule and registration information. If this is a Reunion year for you, you'll be receiving a mailing from your class with

registration information. If you'd like more information now, write the Reunion Office, Alumni Relations, Box 1859 Brown University, Providence, RI 02912 or call 401 863-3307.

Schedule

Friday, May 29

6-8:30 pm

Brown Bear Buffet

9-1 pm

Campus Dance

Saturday, May 30

9:15 am-4:30 pm

Commencement Forums

Noon

Class Luncheons

Afternoon

Field Day

Evening

Class Dinners

9 pm

Pops Concert

Sunday, May 31

Morning

Hour With The President

2 pm

Baccalaureate Service

Monday, June 1

8:30-noon

Commencement



Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory in Batavia, Ill.

62 *Peggy Struble Buchness*, Salisbury, Md., lives in the country on the eastern shore of Maryland with her husband, two children, two dogs, and a boat. Peggy is very involved in the community and in her children's school activities.

Letha Smenton Harris, Irvington, Va., lives in the country across Chesapeake Bay from *Peggy Struble Buchness* in Maryland. She manages her physician husband's office and also looks after her four daughters, the oldest of whom is a freshman in college.

Richard Kostelanetz, New York City, had a recent exhibition of his work, *Wordsand*, which incorporates words, numbers, and lines in several media, at the Miami-Dade Community College in Miami, Fla.

Valerie Brenhouse Mace divides her time between her home and law practice in Mahopac, N.Y., and Newport Beach, Calif. She and her husband have a daughter and a son.

Marion Welch O'Neill has graduated from law school and is serving as a law clerk to a federal judge in Kansas City. Her husband, *Bernard O'Neill '65*, is in private practice there. They have three children.

Carol Markovitz Raskin is in private practice with the largest labor law firm in Louisville, Ky. She and her husband have a son, 12, and a daughter, 11.

William Bryant Rawls, Jr., and *Barbara Case* were married Sept. 6 and are living in Auburn, Mass. He is a senior environmental engineer with the Norton Co. in Worcester, Mass.

Connie Waite is a sales representative for the Brevard County, Cocoa Beach, Florida, Visitors Book. She lives in Satellite Beach, Fla.

63 *Elaine Piller Congress*, New York City, is co-author of a novel, *The Clinic*, published by the New York Times Book Co. in December.

The Rev. *Frederick S. Crysler, Jr.*, and *Jetta Lawson* were married Nov. 22 and are living in Louisville, Ky., where he is an industrial engineer with H. J. Scheirich Co. He is also a supply priest for the Diocese of Kentucky.

G. Victor Johnson, Arlington Heights, Ill., writes that after fifteen years with *Arthur Young & Co.*, he recently became financial vice president at *Griffin, Kubik, Stephens & Thompson*, a newly formed investment banking firm specializing in municipal bond finance.

Bob Reiss and his wife, *Sandy*, of Olney, Md., report the birth of *Daniel* on July 28. Their daughter, *Sharon*, is 10. Bob is a tenured professor at *Howard University* and reports that he is "enjoying the Washington area."

Stanley M. Welsh, who received his M.S. in chemistry from *Tufts University* and his J.D. from *John Marshall Law School* in Chicago, is a patent attorney with the *Atlantic Richfield Oil Co.* in Harvey, Ill. He and his wife, *Dr. Mary E. Fitzgerald*, who practices general surgery in *Aurora, Ill.*, live in *Naper-*

64 In August, *Dr. Donald D. Cameron*, Hummelstown, Pa., was appointed assistant professor of radiology at the *Milton S. Hershey Medical Center* of the *Pennsylvania State University*, in Hershey.

Lynne Carr Femberg, Metuchen, N.J., is an advisory systems analyst for *IBM* at *IRD* in *Dayton, N.J.* She and her husband, *Jason*, have two children, *Aminatu*, 6, and *Samuel*, who was born on *March 1, 1980*.

A. Thomas Levin, *Rockville Centre, N.Y.*, has been admitted to the *Florida bar* and will continue to practice law in *Garden City, N.Y.*, and in *Hollywood, Fla.*, with the firm of *Jaspan, Kaplan, Levin & Daniels*, in which he is a senior partner.

Sarah C. O'Dowd, *Wilmette, Ill.*, is a post-doctoral fellow studying language disorders at *Northwestern University*.

Charles J. Pugliese, *East Greenbush, N.Y.*, is an assistant counsel of the *New York State Department of Social Services* in *Albany, N.Y.* He has two children, *Karen*, 5, and *Kent*, 2.

Neil F. Waldman, *Potomac, Md.*, writes that he sold his partnership interest in a *Rhode Island contracting business* and moved to *Potomac, Md.*, where he has started a new business selling and servicing the products of *Safeguard Business Systems* in the greater *Washington area*. "My wife and I have two daughters, 7 and 9. We are all very pleased and, in fact, excited about what we have seen in this dynamic area."

65 *Michael A. Allara* is employed by *Fidelity Management and Research Co.* in *Boston*. His wife, *Pamela Edwards Allara*, teaches modern art and history of photography at *Tufts University*. Their children are *Mark*, 12, and *Ann Marie*, 9. The family lives in *Wayland, Mass.*

Phyllis Bruskin Bausher and her husband, *Larry*, of *Wallingford, Conn.*, report the birth of *Benjamin* on *March 18, 1980*.

Leslie A. Blatt and his wife, *Leslie*, of *Springfield, Va.*, report the birth of their second daughter, *Elana Michelle*, last *April 16*.

Roger M. Deitz, *New York City*, was recently elected to the board of governors of the *Ethical Culture School* in *New York City*. He is practicing law, specializing in security matters, and continues to commute to *Buffalo*, where for four years he has taught securities regulation at the law school.

Marjorie Harvey Purves (A.M.), *Worcester, Mass.*, is a volunteer coordinator for the division of oncology at the *University of Massachusetts Medical Center*. Her husband has a small engine repair business. They have two children: *Jennifer*, 11, and *Molly*, 8.

66 *Robert G. Bruce*, *Westport, Conn.*, writes that he "left *Wall Street* in *February 1980*, after ten years in the business, and joined the *Compass Group* in my hometown of *Westport*. The firm specializes in tax-sheltered investments, particularly real estate properties in the *Sunbelt states*. I am vice president/marketing."

Richard J. Casabonne and his wife, *Carol*, of *Newton Highlands, Mass.*, report the birth of their second child, *Peter Boswell*, on *Oct. 28*. Dick is marketing manager for *UNICOM*, a division of *United Camera*, in *Providence*.

Robert N. Dokson, *Atlanta, Ga.*, recently

resigned as executive director of the *Atlanta Legal Aid Society*, a position he had held for the past five years, to enter private law practice, heading up the commercial litigation department of the *Atlanta* firm of *Nall & Mill*. He and his wife, *Joan*, have two daughters, *Laurie*, 4, and *Jamie*, 1.

Thomas E. Douglass and *Elizabeth Jones Douglass*, *St. Louis, Mo.*, report the birth of *Stephen Jones* on *Feb. 10, 1980*. Their other children are *Katherine*, 5, and *Thomas*, 4. *Thomas senior* is a partner in the law firm *Coburn, Croft & Putzell* in *St. Louis*.

Ronald A. Dwight and *Pamela Osborn Hext*, of *Baton Rouge, La.*, were married *July 5* in *Washington, D.C.*, and are living in *Mexico*, where he is vice consul in *Mazatlan*.

Frances Rigberg Wagner reports the birth of her daughter, *Ursula Catherine*, on *June 14*. *Frances* is a logic teacher and researcher at *University High School*, the laboratory school for gifted students at the *University of Illinois* at *Urbana-Champaign*. She has a son, *Dana*, 5.

67 *Marsha Diane Brown*, *Seattle, Wash.*, is an assistant professor at the *Graduate School of Public Affairs* at the *University of Washington*, where she has been for the last four years. In *June*, she received her *Ed.D. degree* from the *Harvard Graduate School of Education*.

J. Roderick Eaton and *Florence Castelle Eaton '69 M.A.T.* live in *Rehoboth, Mass.* is director of the middle school, teacher, and lacrosse coach at the *Providence Country Day School* in *East Providence, R.I.*

P. Christopher Johnston, and his wife, *Joanne*, of *Marblehead, Mass.*, have adopted a three-year-old Korean girl and named her *Abigail*.

Dr. Glenn W. Mitchell moved back to *Providence* in *January* with his wife, *Jane* and son, *Brad*. He is an assistant clinical professor in the department of surgery at *Rhode Island Hospital* in *Providence* and is also medical director for emergency medical services for the state of *Rhode Island*. During past three years in *Florida*, he had been on the board of directors of ten *Florida chapters* of the *American College of Emergency Physicians* and medical consultant to the state of *Florida*, as well as practicing emergency medicine.

Mary Porter Ojala, *Oakland, Calif.*, reports the birth of *Michael DeVore* on *Oct.* She is on leave from her job as libraries manager of *Bank of America* in *San Francisco*.

Dr. Richard A. Patt, *Aurora, Colo.*, reports that his wife, *Althea*, who is social chairman of the *Rocky Mountain Brown Club*, planned a "Winter Weekend-West" at the *Broadmoor Hotel* in *Colorado Springs* in *December*.

Joanne Stern, *Los Angeles*, an associate professor of law at *Whittier College School of Law*, specializing in health law, is serving counsel to the *Century City (Los Angeles)* health law firm of *Weissburg & Aronson*. She specializes in the development and licensure of health maintenance organizations.

68 *Diana Lamb Barn*, *Rhinebeck, N.Y.*, and her husband, *Charles*, report the birth of their first child, *Timothy Paul*, on *May 3*. She writes, "I am taking a year's leave"

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Thinking now about business

BARBARA MARTIN LEONARD '46

By Julie Talen



DAVID PERROTTA

Barbara Martin Leonard '46 liked being in her kitchen. She loved mothering her six children ("I would have had more," she smiles, "if I got too old") and sharing the booming life of her husband (Elwood Leonard '51) in Rhode Island business, charitable, and civic affairs. She had no complaints; she stayed in the kitchen for twenty-five years.

But Barbara Leonard isn't in her kitchen anymore. She's in a clean-lined brick factory building nestled in the woods near Ashton, Rhode Island, where she's giving orders, reading balance sheets, checking on productivity and, in general, doing the kinds of things you'd expect the executive of a

multi-million-dollar company to do. Because that's what "Bobbie" Leonard now is.

The company is H & H Screw Products Manufacturing Company, and it had been operated by her husband, who had worked there since his undergraduate days at Brown. But a heart attack claimed Woody Leonard at the age of fifty-two on July 4, 1977. "When my husband died," Mrs. Leonard explains calmly, "I had to decide whether to keep the business or sell it. Most of my friends urged me to sell."

In spite of her friends' urgings, Mrs. Leonard didn't sell. She took out a subscription to the *Harvard Business Review* instead. And she started poring

over the *Wall Street Journal*. "I'd always been kind of interested in the philosophy of business," she says. "Now I started reading to find out what made business run, and what made *this* business run." By the third week after her husband's sudden death, she was going into his office every day. She traveled to learn more about the industry. When she got back to Rhode Island, she hired a president to manage the company on a day-to-day basis — a Brown graduate, Curtis Kruger '52 — and made herself executive vice president and chairman of the board, as well as controlling trustee of the trust that owned H & H Screw.

In her small, cluttered office, domi-

nated by a large black-and-white photograph of her late husband and a view of the bleak winter woods outside the factory, Mrs. Leonard lights herself a low-tar cigarette and explains her position. "I don't run the company," she says, "but I'm involved in the directions we take, the philosophy, the growth."

That makes her one of southern New England's rare women executives. It's a mantle she wears with surprising ease. She serves on the boards of several other businesses and community organizations — including committees at Brown, the Rhode Island Philharmonic, United Way, a hospice training program, and her church, Central Baptist. Often, she'll be the sole woman member, or, as in the case of a recent appointment to the board of Woonsocket Institution for Savings and Trust — the first woman ever.

She's in a special position in what is still largely a man's world, and she knows it. "My main thinking now is in business," she explains, "but it's *not* my natural bent. I'm not really the best example of a businesswoman. I started at the top — in fact, I was *pushed* into this. I had it easier than women who have to start from scratch. For one thing, I posed no threat to the men who were here. I wasn't going to take their jobs away — also they'd known me for several years — and they loved my husband." She was surprised at how helpful everyone in the business community was — from her newly hired president to customers and suppliers. She found that the best way to master this sudden responsibility was simply to ask questions. "I never pretended to know something I didn't," she says emphatically. "I would say to our plant manager: 'Hack, tell me again what the process is, I didn't get it the first time, I need to hear it again' — and he would."

"It wasn't because I pretended to them that I was the helpless female," she adds quickly. "I wanted them to know that I was serious about learning the business and needed their help." She regularly enrolls in seminars for small-business owners at business schools across the country. And she adds that her president, whom she terms a "fine, capable man," has been of great help in teaching her the ropes of the business. "There's no mystery to any of this," she concludes. "You just jump in and learn and do."

Barbara Leonard's position does not exactly make her a rousing feminist.

'I don't think of myself as a women's libber, but maybe I am'

In fact, she's managed to rise to her level with many of her original ideas about women intact. "My marriage wasn't fifty-fifty" she comments, "it was more like ninety-ten, but I liked it that way. My husband was a very exciting man, a warm and generous husband and father. I can't conceive of having lived my life without him." She opposes ERA "because I didn't think we needed a constitutional amendment." But, for all her old-fashioned views about being a wife and mother, the new executive can't help but support women in business and other fields. She helped raise money for the successful campaign of Claudine Schneider for Congress and was gratified that she won. She encourages her own three daughters in their careers in business, education, and law (her son Bill, by the way, runs the computer department of the company). "I don't think of myself as a women's libber," she says, after some reflection, "but maybe I am. I do think women should get recognition, should be able to get everything they strive for."

With a visitor, Mrs. Leonard walks through the plant to the accompaniment of the roar of machines. She wears a bright blue plaid dress, gold earrings and a necklace, and large-framed gray plastic glasses. Her dark-brown hair is clipped in a pixie cut and she smiles often. She stops occasionally to chat with a passing engineer or to bum a cigarette off a workman. It is midday in the plant, and the place is humming. The plant has three shifts, and business is good. "What we make," she shouts over the din, "are parts or components. We make things that go into other things."

The "things that go into other things" are lying around her in plastic trays the size of dishpans: gleaming panfuls of shiny ball bearings, washers, bolts in copper, gold, brass, silver, and other exotic metals. They look like they're waiting to be strung together and put on a Christmas tree. They will,

instead, ornament the interiors of computers and jet engines and diesel trucks. Screw machines — they stopped making screws on them about seventy-five years ago — now make specially ordered parts for such companies as General Electric, IBM, and Digital Equipment. Mrs. Leonard's company, begun in a garage by a man named Hodges and continued by his two sons, is one of the giants in a field dominated by small firms. They supply, among other things, all of the mechanical parts for the nearby A. T. Cross pen and pencil company.

"We don't take the easy jobs," explains Mrs. Leonard as she waves her hand at the metal rods going into the machines in front of her. "We have a big quality control department and engineering staff, so that gives us a big overhead, and we go after the high-priced work. We're not expensive for nothing." The machines use cams that in turn control tools that take a rod of metal and can turn it into a complicated bit of machinery — a bolt, say, that requires a slope on one side and a curve on the other, or a washer with three different levels of width in the hole, or another piece that might need holes from four different angles. Mrs. Leonard pauses a moment and leans over to pick up a button-sized part with a small concave curve. "You wouldn't think this was an intricate part to look at it," she muses, "but it was very hard to get the curve just right. Took us a lot of time."

She bends down to peer into the glassed-in side of a machine, where a rod of metal is sloshed in a sea of muddy yellow lubricants. Small, brass bolts emerge at the other end of the machine, a stream of confetti-like scrap metal falling around them. The machine pounds. "For me," says Mrs. Leonard, "I didn't grow up with this kind of thing — so it all seems like a kind of a miracle!"

What Barbara Leonard did grow up with was a perfectly normal childhood in Newport, Rhode Island, where her father was an oil distributor. He parented her separately when she was in her teens; her father wanted Barbara to attend college in Rhode Island, so she chose Peabody, where, inspired by patriotism during the war years, she thought she would become a nurse. A year of clinical duty — after taking all of her requirements in biology and medicine — convinced her that nursing was not her calling, after all. Instead, when she

graduated, she taught school off and on for several years.

She met Woody Leonard when she was thirty-two, married him, and left Gio, where she had been living with the two children from a previous marriage. "I decided that I wanted to have six more children," she says with a grin. "So I did." She had six altogether, although she lost her youngest son in a Labor Day traffic accident in 1979, the day before he was to leave for his first year of college. The loss of that son, Tony, still brings tears to her eyes:

"With Woody, we'd had twenty good years — I wouldn't have minded more, of course — but they'd been good. But when my son, Tony — there's no logic to it, I guess that was the worst thing that happened to a mother — there's nothing you can do or say to yourself that helps."

Her own sense of pragmatism and responsibility, however, have fueled Barbara Leonard from the start and convinced her to do so now. "I like my job," she says. "It's not a 'ten' challenge every day — but it's always a challenge. Some mornings I get up in my apartment, and if it's spring or summer, I sit out on the porch with my cup of coffee. I think, 'God, it's good to be alive,' and I'm ready to go to work."

THE CLASSES *continued*

absence from IBM in Poughkeepsie, where he was an advisory programmer. I'm thoroughly enjoying Tim."

Paul C. Hans, Chesterfield, Mo., writes: "This brings you up to date on the past three years. On Dec. 22, 1977, Cynthia L. Troha and I were married. On May 5, 1980, I joined General Dynamics in St. Louis as corporate manager of commercial business development and on July 2, 1980, our daughter, Courtney Marie, was born."

Robison D. Harley, Jr., Costa Mesa, Calif., is practicing criminal law in southern California as a certified specialist. On weekends, he is major in the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve. He and his wife are parents of their first child, Arianne Erin, born Aug. 12.

Marcia Knight is a clinical psychologist in private practice in New York City. She appeared on radio station WADO on Nov. 13 in a discussion of assertiveness training.

Antonette Ralbovsky and Dr. Richard H. were married Jan. 15, 1980, in Philadelphia, where they are living. She is an assistant U.S. attorney in Philadelphia, and he is an anesthesiologist at Thomas Jefferson University Hospital in Philadelphia.

Margery Fisher Anderson and her husband, Laurence, of Rutland, report the birth of Cooper John on Oct. 8. Lt. Comdr. William E. Armstrong, USN, is stationed aboard the USS Guam (LPH-9).

The ship's home port is Norfolk, Va.

Ann Malone Cowan, Lexington, Ky., is a systems engineer in the data processing division of First Security National Bank. She writes, "I am finally a home (or rather a mortgage) owner."

John H. Freeman and Isabel Jackson Freeman, Belmont, Mass., report the birth of Daniel Eli on Nov. 8. They also have two daughters, Cynthia, 6, and Abigail, 4.

Louisa Eaton Gralla is a biology teacher at the Dalton School in New York City. Her husband, Dr. Richard Gralla, is an associate professor at Sloan-Kettering Cancer Institute in New York City.

Willis J. Goldsmith and his wife, Marilyn, report the birth of Helene Sarah in October 1979. They live in Bethesda, Md., and have a son, Andrew, 4. Willis became a partner in the Washington, D.C., law firm of Seyfarth, Shaw, Fairweather & Geraldson in September 1979.

Dr. Allen H. Heller, West Roxbury, Mass., and his wife, Beth, report the birth of their first child, David Joseph, on July 9.

Winfield W. Major, Jr., and his wife, Susan, of Providence, report the birth of Mark Lucien on Aug. 9. Winn is working in the antitrust unit of the Rhode Island Attorney General's Office.

70 Kevin F. Bowen, Chicago, Ill., has joined Wilson Sporting Goods in River Grove, Ill., as vice president for marketing services.

Allen G. Castner, Pittstown, N.J., was recently appointed vice president of institutional sales for Oppenheimer & Co. in New York City.

Bruce A. Clark, Manhattan Beach, Calif., is working in an oil refinery in El Segundo, Calif., and is on the workmen's committee of his union, the OCAW.

Ellen Ogintz Fishman and her husband, George, of Chestnut Hill, Mass., report the birth of their first child, Daniel Philip, on Sept. 19.

Stephen P. Greene, and his wife, Beth, report the birth of their son, Thomas Isaiah, on Sept. 18. Steve is the financial officer for WCCL, an inner-city development agency in Worcester, Mass., where they are living. He also completed a master's degree in counseling psychology last spring.

John D. Hodges, New York City, who graduated from Harvard Business School with an M.B.A. in May 1977 and spent two years with Coopers & Lybrand in Boston, moved to New York City in September 1979, where he was recently promoted to consultant manager with the New York City corporate marketing office of Interactive Data Corp., a part of Chase Econometrics.

Dr. Mary Cassebaum Meyers, New York City, and her husband, Dr. Robert H. Meyers, report the birth of Katya Marie in August. Mary finished her pediatrics residency over two years ago and last year did a fellowship in pediatric endocrinology, but this year she is home taking care of Katya. Her husband is in the final year of an orthopedic residency.

William E. Parker II is the new owner and operator of the Midland Family Restaurant in Warwick, R.I. He and his wife and their three children are living in North Providence, R.I.

Dr. Robert D. Rosenberg and Nancy Cohen were married Sept. 21 in Providence, where they are living. He is an orthodontist in Providence. Howard Rosenberg '45, Albert Bellin '45, and Marcia Bellin '50 attended the wedding.

Billy Siegenfeld, New York City, is an assistant professor in the dance program at Hunter College, where he has been since 1979. As "Donohue and Siegenfeld," Billy and his wife, Jennifer Donohue, choreograph and give duet and solo dances in New York City and on tours through the U.S.

71 "Decade One" is coming. Our tenth reunion weekend is May 29 to June 1. We've been hearing from classmates planning to attend from California, Texas, Illinois, Michigan, Canada, and many other distant spots. Many are coming with their families and children. Of course, everyone is coming from the Washington, D.C.-to-Boston corridor. Any classmate who cannot make it will surely be missed. Decade One will be an active, spirited, and fun-filled time to remeet Brown and old friends. Traditional events of the weekend will include the Friday night Campus Dance, Saturday Field Day, Saturday night Pops Concert, and a host of forums, tours, and cocktails. Special class events will be taking place all weekend, too. See you there at Decade One.

Drew A. Augenblick and Patricia Tinsman, of Lumberville, Pa., were married Sept. 13 and are living in New Hope, Pa., where he is owner of a general insurance agency. He writes: "Living and working in a small town of 1,400 people is quite an experience. I insure most of the town's residents, am vice-president of our local volunteer fire company, and an active fireman. My partner is firechief, so when the fire siren goes off, our office is emptied in a hurry. It's hard not to get involved in a small town, but usually that involvement is very rewarding."

Robert N. Miller, Cambridge, Mass., is a research associate in physical oceanography at Harvard.

Andrew W. Robertson II, Los Angeles, is a partner in the Los Angeles law firm of Lillick, McHose & Charles. He is also active in the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce as its vice president and in professional golf as trustee of the Glen Campbell Los Angeles Open and delegate to the American Golf Sponsors.

Dr. Michael L. Shafer, San Francisco, who finished his fellowship in critical-care medicine and pulmonary disease at Pacific Medical Center in San Francisco in June, is an emergency physician in San Francisco and "exploring the western United States."

Shaw T. Tao, Hong Kong, writes: "Following my promotion to vice president in February 1980, I have been managing major U.S. multinational banking relationships out of Bank of America's New York corporate office. I am currently in the process of relocating to Hong Kong to manage all corporate and government financing with the People's Republic of China. Friends and classmates are invited to stop in while in this part of the world."

Robert A. Vigorita, Cranston, R.I., is the assistant manager of the Phoenix Co. in Providence and an economics instructor on the local chartered life underwriter's pro-

gram at the University of Rhode Island extension division.

Dr. William P. Winkler and Arlene M. Redmond (see '73) were married Sept. 6 in Middletown, R.I., and are living in New York City, where he is in his third year of internal medicine residency. He plans to begin a fellowship in gastroenterology at St. Luke's in July 1981. Attending the wedding were best man Frederick F. Winkler '63, ushers John Jentzer and Jack Breig '73, Bill's father, Frederick F. Winkler '30, Cliff Alper '73, Tom Leahey '73, Danny Beazar, '73, Thomas Gregg '72, Ivan Miller '72, William Mosberg, and Leonard Paster.

72 Michael D. Amylon, Menlo Park, Calif., is in his second year as a postdoctoral fellow in pediatric hematology and oncology at Stanford University.

Jonathan Breun, Naugatuck, Conn., received his master's degree in public health in hospital administration from Yale in 1979 and is an assistant administrator at the Waterbury (Conn.) Hospital.

Richard C. Broer and Jill Schaeffer Broer, Germantown, Tenn., report the birth of Katherine on June 3. They have a son, Copley, 2.

Dr. Richard A. Cohn, Germantown, Tenn., reports the birth of his daughter, Lori, on April 18, 1979. He is practicing internal medicine in Memphis, Tenn., after completing his residency at the University of Tennessee in December 1979.

Thomas F. Collura, Evanston, Ill., is a project supervisor in the research and development division of Teletype Corp. He writes, "I am continuing to work in the area of integrated microcircuits, which was not planned, and is sort of an 'accidental' career, my education being biomedical. The family has enjoyed the move to the Chicago area. I am continuing to spend time with the guitar, reviving lost street music of the '60s for the locals."

Dr. Jeffrey T. Darnall, Winston-Salem, N.C., and his wife, Elizabeth, report the birth of Seth Thomas on Feb. 5, 1980. Jeffrey is completing his second year of a fellowship in infectious diseases at Bowman-Gray School of Medicine in Winston-Salem, N.C.

Dorothea Steff Dunn, Baltimore, Md., graduated last May from the Maryland Institute College of Art after a three-year master's program in painting. She "bought an old house last winter for its garage, which is now my art studio. When I am not working in the studio, I am learning how to fix up an old house."

Gerald M. Eaton is legal counsel with the Civilian Action Program in Concord, N.H.

Gary D. Mooney, Phoenixville, Pa., received his M.B.A. degree in business finance from Temple University in May. This is his second master's degree, following his 1977 M.S.M.E. from Drexel University. He writes: "After eight years of night school I have stowed away my books and taken up new interests."

Alan C. Sparrow, Rochester, N.Y., was recently appointed head of the middle school at the Harley School in Rochester.

John E. Underhill, Westwood, N.J., and his wife, Lynn, announce the birth of their first child, Rebecca Jean, on May 13. John is manager of computer resources for Oxford

Software in Hasbrouck Heights, N.J.

James M. Williams, Newark, N.J., is sales manager for Foreign Brands, Inc., in New York City, an importer of fine French, German, and Italian wines. In October 1979, he writes, he became an avid bird watcher and has compiled a "life list" of 168 different species of birds. He is interested in contacting other Brown alumni in the area who share an interest in bird watching. His address: 55 Manor Dr., Apt. 14-P, Newark 07106.

Charles B. Wolf and Sallie Lloyd Wolf, Oak Park, Ill., write that "Walter Ludwig Wolf '01, our son, has started to talk."

Constance D. Wolfe, Sarasota, Fla., is continuing her work as a psychotherapist with children and families at Manatee Mental Health Center and also does consultation to foster care workers with the local welfare department. She sings with a professional chamber choir, Gloria Musical.

73 Katharine E. Foote, New York City, is an account research supervisor at Doyle Dane Bernbach Advertising in New York City.

Alice Bordwell Fulton ('78 Ph.D.), Waltham, Mass., is a postdoctoral fellow at MIT.

Eduard A. Halle, Upperco, Md., was admitted to the bar in Maryland and is practicing law in Baltimore.

Constance E. Kulik, Arlington, Va., received her M.S.A. in general management systems and organizational cybernetics from George Washington University in 1980 and is manager of the Systems and Office Automation Group of the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Agricultural Marketing Service.

Robert A. Levin (M.A.T.) recently moved to Somerville, Mass., and would enjoy hearing from classmates. He is in his sixth year of seventh- and eighth-grade teaching in the Brookline, Mass., public schools and is helping to produce an eighth-grade writing textbook for Follett Publishing Co.

Gloria Lucey and Peter Vollmers were married Jan. 26, 1980, in Dallas, Texas, and are living in Richardson, Texas. She is a freelance musician, and he is a professor of music at the University of Texas at Dallas.

Deborah Mayhew, Woburn, Mass., has been working for three years as a data processing management consultant with Index Systems in Cambridge, Mass. She received her master's in experimental psychology from the University of Denver in 1977, and has been working on her Ph.D. in the same area at Tufts University. She reports being in touch with Jay Geary and Keith Burton, both of Cambridge, and Nan Chalat, who lives in Utah.

John H. McDermott, Newark, Del., is an assistant professor of economics at the University of Delaware.

Dr. Robert I. Parker and Dr. Margaret Maier Parker have bought an old Victorian house in Rockville, Md. Bob is a clinical associate in the pediatric oncology branch of the National Cancer Institute, and Margaret is a staff physician in the medical intensive care unit of the National Institutes of Health.

1st Lt. Gloria Procopio is at Lowry AFB in Colorado attending logistics management school. From there, she will be stationed on Guam in the South Pacific, where she will be in charge of plans, agreements, war reserve material, and mobility for Andersen Air

Force Base during the next two years.

Arlene M. Redmond and Dr. William P. Winkler were married Sept. 6 in Middletown, R.I., and are living in New York City, where she is the administrator of the weight control unit at St. Luke's Hospital in New York. Among those attending the wedding were Carolyn Morse Jentzer, Beth Askue, Marie Stoeckel, Ann DiDomenico Miller, Barbara Vo '76, and Jane Grenier Paster '71.

Tod W. Schaefer and Patricia McLellan Schaefer (see '74), Weymouth, Mass., report the birth of Douglas McLellan on Aug. 21. Tod is working for the General Dynamics shipyard in Quincy, Mass., as a structural planner.

Jeffrey S. Shinn and his wife, Shelley, of Rockford, Ill., report the birth of Stacey on Sept. 17.

74 James M. Burke, Linden, N.J., is associated with the law firm of McKenzie, Welt, Duane & Lechner and is tending New York University Law School.

Rita Szanto Englund is a special education assistant at Saxe Junior High School in New Canaan, Conn., where she and her husband, Sven R. Englund '75, live. At their wedding August, William C. Oris '75 was best man, and Diane Bailey Potts '75 was matron of honor.

Katherine J. Flynn and Thomas B. Scatgood were married in July and are living in Philadelphia, where she received her M.F. from the Wharton School of Business of the University of Pennsylvania in May. She is assistant general director of the Albert Einstein Medical Center, Northern Division, in Philadelphia. Her husband is a teacher and administrator at Germantown Friends School.

Mark Flynn and Diane Green were married Sept. 8, 1979, and are living in Dedham, Mass. He is a sales coordinator and materials manager for Atlantic Pre-Hung Door, Inc., West Concord, Mass., which is owned by Donald De Cicco '55.

Richard A. Harritt, Mineola, N.Y., who has been with IBM since graduation, is marketing manager for the general systems division of IBM. He has an M.B.A. in finance from Hofstra University.

Dr. Stanley M. Hochberg, Rochester, N.Y., writes: "I am a first-year resident in family practice at the University of Rochester, and living very happily with my wife three months, Nanette Harvey, in a big house near downtown."

William R. Morris is a feature writer with the Norfolk (Va.) Virginian-Pilot, reports James A. Barker, Jr. '75, Bethesda, Md.

Claudia Ricci and Richard Kirsch are living in Evanston, Ill. She is a reporter for the Chicago Sun-Times, specializing in energy and environment, and he is administrative director of the Illinois Public Action Council, a state-wide coalition of citizens groups.

Patricia McLellan Schaefer and Tod W. Schaefer (see '73), Weymouth, Mass., report the birth of Douglas McLellan on Aug. 21. She is working part-time for the Weymouth School Department on a local history project.

John E. Tierney, Jr., New York City, is product manager for the Utica line of shoes at J. P. Stevens & Co. in New York City.

Robert Tyler White, Hayward, Calif., received his Ph.D. in biochemistry from

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Combining ideas and beautiful objects

FREDERICK MULDER '67 A.M.

Jay F. Butera

He grew up in a Canadian farm town and never saw the inside of a museum until he went to New York at age twenty. But Frederick Mulder must have liked what he saw there; today, he lives in a museum world of his own.

Above the desk in his London office hangs a print by Edvard Munch; over the work table, a signed Renoir. A Toulouse-Lautrec, framed in black, hangs on the opposite wall. Mulder travels all over the world to buy and sell prints like these. Sometimes he keeps one or two of the hundreds that pass through his hands.

The pursuit of fine art takes Mulder to Paris once a month, to New York twice a year. It has led him to places as far as Japan, Lebanon, Hong Kong, Germany, and Scandinavia. He likes the hunt. "There's the thrill of the chase," he says through a thin smile, "going places in hopes of finding something exquisite."

His work is the stuff that makes dreams for art-history students. But in his formal education, Mulder never took a course in the arts. His affair with original prints began in Oxford, England, where he was completing a Brown doctorate degree in philosophy. "Originally, I just came over for a year to write my thesis," Mulder says. That was fifteen years ago.

At the time, Oxford's tuition was no more than Brown's, so Mulder had funds left over from his Canada Council Fellowship. "I discovered I had a little more money than I'd ever had in my life," he says. On the flight to England, Mulder had picked up a book about collecting art so he decided to use the spare money to begin his own collection of old original prints — etchings, engravings, lithographs, and woodcuts.

Mulder began taking the train into London to attend auctions at Christie's and Sotheby's — those venerable salerooms where all the world's treasures seem to pass. "I remember I used to carry these things back to college on my



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bicycle, carrying rolls of prints under my arm. The people at college thought I was very curious."

Mulder made his first sale to a professor he had met in a bookshop. He

laughs about how he handled the profit from that first transaction: "Instead of re-investing the money immediately, I took my girlfriend to Paris for a week on the proceeds."

As it turned out, the trip was a profitable adventure. In Paris, Mulder happened upon a group of Picassos selling for half the price he had seen them auctioned for in London. "I mortgaged my next year's scholarship — which I hadn't yet received — to buy them," he says. After two weeks back in England, he had sold them all for double what he paid in Paris.

Mulder had been planning a career in academic life, but the trip to Paris changed all that. "I became obsessed with these prints I was collecting," he says. "I just knew that I had to do this; in a way there was no decision involved." He completed his Brown doctorate at long distance and set up shop as an art dealer in London.

"It was foolish, when I think of it now," Mulder says. "I had no background in it, I had never done a course in art history, and I had no contacts in the art world." Somehow, the fledgling business got off the ground: the gods take care of impulsive young art dealers.

Today, his operation, officially known as "Old Master and Modern Prints," supplies museums and private collectors, as well as other art dealers. Mulder has sold prints to the British Museum and to the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, D.C. Museums in Canada, Australia, and the Far East display prints he has handled. Occasionally, he has come back to Providence to deliver a sale to the Rhode Island School of Design museum.

One of his most famous private clients is former Beatle Paul McCartney. "He has an extremely good eye and a very perceptive way of looking at things," according to Mulder. "Their house is an incredible place; they'll have very expensive original works of art on the wall, and tacked up beside them will be children's drawings."

When Mulder is not searching through galleries, or bidding at auctions, he might be found in the archives of the British Museum researching acquisitions. He also keeps his own extensive library and does some of the research in his office.

Even all that legwork can't eliminate the chance of buying a forgery. "Like every other dealer, I've been fooled two or three times in my career," Mulder says.

He once paid \$15,000 for a Rembrandt that turned out to be phony. After bringing the print back from a

German auction, he noticed that the front of the paper felt different from the back of the paper. The piece turned out to be a nineteenth-century reproduction that was skimmed down and pasted onto a piece of seventeenth-century paper. At least it was a masterful forgery that duped Mulder — small consolation at the time.

"Luckily," he says. "I've always discovered (the forgeries) while I had the object. No one has ever come back to me and said 'you sold me a forgery.' I guarantee absolutely every piece I sell. That's part of what I'm selling."

The works of Rembrandt and Durer hold special appeal for Mulder. "No two impressions of their work are the same," he says. Rembrandt himself hand-printed most of his plates and that makes Mulder feel close to the man.

"He's a very great artist," Mulder says, as if the old master were still alive and printing.

Sinking back on the couch in his office, Mulder examines a Rembrandt engraving. He holds the piece in front of him; the old paper is thick, almost like cloth. "When I was at Brown," he says, staring at the print, "I remember thinking that if I didn't go into academia, I'd like to work either in ideas or with beautiful objects. Now I think I'm doing both."

CLASSES *continued*

Stanford University last April and is a post-doctoral fellow in biochemistry at the University of California in Berkeley.

Charles A. Willand, Andover, Mass., is in his fifth year as an instructor in biology at Phillips Academy, where he is also coaching boys' swimming.

75 At the June wedding of Kathryn Arnold and Michael Pugh, Lawrenceville, N.J., those attending included her parents, Richard W. Arnold '50 and Arleen Bamberg Arnold '50, as well as Christine Begole, Judson Saviskas, Kathryn Mast, Rebecca Crown, Richard Robb, and David Krimm.

Scott D. Baker and Sandy Shearer, a graduate of the University of Washington, were married Aug. 23 in Seattle, Wash., and are living in Berkeley, Calif. He is an associate with the law firm of Horwich & Warner in San Francisco. Sandy Starr '77 and Kerry Lane '76 attended the wedding.

James A. Barker, Jr., Bethesda, Md., is press secretary to Rep. Ted Weiss, a Democrat from New York who represents Manhattan's West Side and Riverdale in the Bronx in Congress. Between getting his job with Weiss last May and leaving his job as a reporter in Martinsville, Va., in the previous December, Jay worked for Sen. Edward Kennedy's presidential campaign in Virginia and

Maryland. Jay also reports on several other alumni who have settled in the Washington D.C., area recently: Hobart Taylor III '76 moved there from Fayetteville, Ark., Gary I. Ewell moved there from Houston, Texas, and Peter Bardaglio from Palo Alto, Calif. Hobart has been working with a Washington, D.C. bar committee on civil rights; Gary is an attorney with Vinson and Elkins, a Houston-based firm; and Peter is working on his Ph.D. dissertation after finishing his course work at Stanford in history. David Jarmul is living in Brentwood, Md., with his wife, Champa, a native of Nepal.

Emily K. Berger received her M.F.A. degree in painting from Columbia University 1979 and is painting and teaching in New York City.

Annette M. Breingan, Hayward, Calif., head of the software development section Watkins-Johnson Co., in San Jose, Calif.

Wendy S. Davis, Charlottesville, Va., is a fourth-year student at the University of Virginia School of Medicine.

Edgar R. Hopkins and Melissa Corcoran ('79 A.M.) were married Nov. 15 in Rochester, N.Y., where they are living. Rigby Barter was an usher at the wedding.

Katharine Billings Hudson, Freeport, Maine, writes: "My husband, Tom, and I have moved to Maine. Our son, Benjamin is now almost a year old. I'm busy being a mother and love my new home and occupation. I will be looking into anthropology/museum work come spring. My best to everyone at the Haffenreffer."

Dr. John P. Keats ('78 M.D.), Los Angeles, is a third-year resident in obstetrics and gynecology at UCLA Medical Center. His wife, Susan Schilling Keats '73, is working as a computer programmer analyst for GTED Corp.

Peter L. Masi and Deborah Margolin were married May 12, 1979, in Manning Chapel and are living in Philadelphia, where he is working at the American Philosophical Society. Attending the wedding were Ann Ruthberg '74, Marc Kirkeby '74, Sue Casey, Jerome Bush, and Jerry Broman.

William C. Oris was best man and Dick Bailey Potts the matron of honor at the August wedding of Sven R. Englund and Rita Szanto '74.

George G. Powers, San Mateo, Calif., is the financial services manager of Andreire Co., a large insurance brokerage firm in San Mateo, Calif.

Pamela Hughes Spence, Oyster Bay, N.Y. is teaching history at the Portledge School in Locust Valley, in grades seven through twelve, as well as coaching fencing. She and her husband, Keith, the brother of Sallie Spence '76, live on the north shore of Long Island. Pamela writes, "We love living right on the water, and we have both been very happy in the area. Keith teaches math at Portledge and is faculty advisor to the school newspaper."

Linda I. Tanner, Bedford, Mass., reports that she earned her M.S. degree in botany and plant pathology from the University of Maine at Orono in 1978 and spent the next year and a half traveling and working in Massachusetts and Colorado. She is now an associate engineer with Dynamics Research Corp., in Wilmington, Mass. "My most recent and significant accomplishment has

been running successfully in the Ocean State Marathon in Newport, R.I., with Anna Bobiak Nurney '76 on Nov. 2."

Linda Michael Thomas and Darwin Lee Thomas, Warwick, R.I., report the birth of a son, Michael Graham, on Sept. 23. Michael is named after his grandfather, J. Graham Michael '50.

6 Just a few more months to the weekend of May 29 to June 1. And what's that, you ask? Why, the 5th anniversary reunion of the class of 1976. The plans are set, the invitations are in the mail, and we expect to see you there for a record-break in attendance.

Todd K. Abraham, Philadelphia, reports that he is finishing his Ph.D. in chemistry and his M.B.A. in strategic planning. He is also coaching the women's soccer team at the University of Pennsylvania, and is refereeing in his school and college soccer, basketball, and track and field.

Andrew J. Arnold, Matteson, Ill., recently founded his own company, Precision Pneumatic Control and Mechanical, Inc. in Hammond, Ind. The company does energy conservation and maintenance work on heating and air conditioning systems in commercial and industrial buildings.

Dr. Carol Beer, Jenkintown, Pa., reports that she is doing a medical internship at Angton Memorial Hospital. "Beginning in July, I will be a radiology resident at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center."

Fred W. Clough, San Francisco, received his M.B.A. degree from Harvard Business School in 1979 and is an institutional stockbroker with Goldman, Sachs & Co. in San Francisco.

Dr. Robert H. Cohen and Gail Hutchings Cohen (see '77) report the birth of their daughter, Sarah Elaine, on May 27. They have moved back to Rhode Island and are living in Warwick, where Rob is interning in the department of internal medicine at Rhode Island Hospital in Providence.

Robert E. Colborn, Berkeley, Calif., writes, "I expect to complete my Ph.D. in chemistry in the spring of 1981 and to do a postdoctoral study in Bristol, England."

Caricia Fisher, Washington, D.C., reports, "After a brief stint with the government and a spell of unemployment, I am now enjoying working at the Urban Institute on an evaluation of a welfare reform demonstration project."

Jeffrey D. Gard, Plainville, Mass., is a human resources generalist with responsibilities for professional recruiting and employee relations with Waters Associates of Woburn, Mass.

Lt. Richard W. Ghigna, Irvine, Calif., is stationed at the Marine Corps Air Station in El Toro and is flying A-4s. Any friends in the Southern California area should give him a call in Irvine.

Harry O. Haskell and Ruth Rohde were married Oct. 18 in Kansas City, Mo., where they are living. Harry writes: "I am still the editor of the Kansas City Star, although, since the Kansas City Philharmonic went on strike in September, I've felt more like a labor reporter than a critic. Recently, I was fun directing a critics seminar on the music of Virgil Thomson, who was born here

eighty-four years ago. Allen Hughes of the *New York Times* led the discussions. My wife is an editorial assistant with *Flower and Garden* magazine, published here."

Kathrine Low, New York City, has received her M.B.A. from the Wharton School of Business at the University of Pennsylvania and is a management associate at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Institute in New York City.

Kathryn Merolla and Dr. George Kay celebrated their second anniversary on August 14. She is a lawyer in Sharon, Mass., and he is practicing dentistry in Sharon after finishing at Harvard Dental School in June.

Robert Nash Parker, Akron, Ohio, received his Ph.D. in sociology from Duke University in September. He and his wife, Elizabeth Mutron, are both assistant professors of sociology at the University of Akron.

77 Elizabeth A. Alcorn graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Law School in 1980 and is associated with the New York City law firm of Proskauer, Rose, Goetz & Mendelsohn.

Aaron A. Brandes writes that he is "leading a busy and rewarding existence on the Monterey Peninsula. Friends can write for more details, c/o York School, 9501 Salinas Hwy., Monterey, Calif. 93940."

Gail Hutchings Cohen and Dr. Robert H. Cohen (see '76) report the birth of their daughter, Sarah Elaine, on May 27. They are living in Warwick, R.I., and Gail is continuing to work on her doctorate in psychology from New York University.

H. Alletharie Cullen, Ossining, N.Y., reports that she has worked in a greeting card company as assistant editor, freelanced for a while, published some children's mysteries and some poetry ("Real poetry, as opposed to greeting card gunk"), and worked in Kent County Hospital in Warwick, R.I., writing a *Manual for Admitting Office Operations* for the hospital. She is now a student at New York Medical College/Pace University.

Benjamin R. "Rusty" Magee, New Haven, Conn., is musical director at the Yale Drama School and Yale Repertory Theatre. Rusty wrote the music for *Twelfth Night* at the Repertory Theatre in December.

Mark M. O'Day and Susan Ann Werner (Wheaton '77) were married June 21 at Wheaton College in Norton, Mass., and are living in Arlington, Mass. He is a management trainee at General Electric Co. in Medford, Mass. She is an art conservator employed by the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard. Thomas Reusch, Gregory Smith '78, Ethan DuBois '76, and Thomas Schillinger '82 GS attended the wedding.

Robert N. Scola, Jr., and Lisa Storey (Wheaton '78) were married Aug. 10 in West Brookfield, Mass., and are living in Tamarac, Fla. He is an assistant state attorney in the Dade County State Attorney's Office in Miami. She is a loan officer with Dade Savings and Loan Association in Miami.

Edmund P. Ward, Olympia Fields, Ill., received his M.B.A. degree from the University of Chicago in August and is now a real estate associate with Continental Bank in Chicago.

Jeffrey O. White, Pasadena, Calif., is doing research in quantum electronics at the California Institute of Technology. He

writes, "I came here because CIT is one of the two schools in the country where I could play college football. In spite of all the enthusiastic support for the first annual 'Brain Bowl' with MIT, it has been postponed until next year for financial reasons."

78 Sr. Charlotte Downey, RSM (Ph.D., '71 A.M.), a research associate in the English department at Brown, writes that she is "making rapid progress" on the series, *American Linguistics 1700-1900*, of which she is the general editor. She is now completing the seventh book. Besides her work on publications at Brown, she teaches two courses in English at Eastern Connecticut State College in Willimantic.

Elisabeth W. Elvins writes that "I have moved from Boulder, Colo., to southern California to work in smoggy Azusa. I am an optical engineer with Aerojet ElectroSystems, another aerospace company."

Jeffrey G. Freudberg, Auburndale, Mass., is a transportation engineer with Storch Engineers, in Boston.

Cathryn Gill and J. David Oulighan '77 were married Oct. 4 in Mystic, Conn., and are living in Summit, N.J., where she is working in advertising with SSC & B, Inc. in New York City, and he is a corporate marketing manager with Midlantic National Bank in Newark. Attending the wedding were her parents, Robert C. Gill '54 and Diana Coates Gill '54, Heidi James, Katie Kenyon, Ann Belsky, David S. Thomas '77, and her brother, Chris Gill '82.

Tani E. Hofferma, Cleveland Heights, Ohio, is a second-year student at Case Western Reserve School of Law. She writes, "I am working hard, and loving it. At this point my main interest is labor law."

Amy B. Horne, Denton, Texas, is in her second year of the clinical psychology program, leading to a Ph.D. at North Texas State University.

Jessica Solodar and David Rozenson (see '79) were married Sept. 9 in Rochester, N.Y., and are living in Brookline, Mass. She is a software technical writer with Data Terminal Systems in Maynard, Mass.

Ronald E. Wilson, Providence, reports that "I am entering my third year with Hospital Trust National Bank in Providence as a programmer analyst in the systems development department. I spend my free time sculling on the Seekonk River with the Narragansett Boat Club and in occasional races in the Northeast."

Wendy A. Yondorf, Montreal, Canada, is studying corporal mime at L'Ecole de Mime in Montreal. She writes, "The croissants are superb, too."

79 Brian I. Attebery (Ph.D., '76 A.M.), Caldwell, Idaho, has had his first book, entitled *The Fantasy Tradition in American Literature*, published by Indiana University Press. It describes fantasy literature from Irving to LeGuin.

Johanna A. Bergmans has moved from Birmingham, Mich., to San Francisco to take a position with Pacific Gas & Electric Co. as an energy utilization auditor.

Kenneth A. Berkowitz is a second-year student at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York City.

Charles J. Biddle, Princeton, N.J., writes,

I am stomping around the Manhattan garment district. It is very different from the halcyon halls of the Ivy League. I work for Miliken & Co. I regularly run into Eric Chilton, Steve Dickstein, and Peter Lycurgus '77.

Steven L. Chapin, Dallas, Texas, is a seismologist with Geophysical Service, Inc., a division of Texas Instruments in Dallas.

Melissa Corcoran (A.M.) and Edgar R. Hopkins (see '75) were married Nov. 15 in Rochester, N.Y., where they are living.

Russell L. Ellsworth and Darleen M. McCormick were married Aug. 9 and are living in Belchertown, Mass. Father Charles Tyler '54 performed the ceremony.

Mark S. Holmes, New Orleans, La., writes that he is in his second year of law school at Tulane University and is a member of the Moot Court Board. He spent last summer clerking for the presiding judge of the five-judge island court of Guam.

Robert Krumenaker, New Haven, Conn., is enrolled in a master's program at the Yale School of Forestry.

Lauren A. McDonald is a first-year medical student at Temple University School of Medicine in Philadelphia.

Susan Graham Michael and John Stephen Rogers were married Aug. 9 and are living in Vienna, Austria, where he teaches at the American International School. Attending the wedding were her two sisters, Dr. Deborah Michael Lecky '73 and Linda Michael Thomas '75, her cousin, Elise W. Michael '80, and her parents, J. Graham Michael '50 and Janice Peterson Michael '50.

Mark A. Reeder (A.M.), Albany, N.Y., is working in the office of research at the New York Public Service Commission. His job entails testifying before the Public Service Commission on the subject of optimal economic pricing based on marginal costs. In his spare time he plays guitar in the "Uncle Quagmire Band," a "collection of former Brown graduate economics students whose performances can be seen from time to time on the Brown campus at economics parties."

David Rozenson and Jessica Solodar (see '78) were married Sept. 9 in Rochester, N.Y., and are living in Brookline, Mass. He is a student.

Karen S. Szporn and Ross Karlin were married Nov. 22, 1979, in Union, N.J., and are living in Cliffside Park, N.J. Karen is a research assistant at the Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory of Columbia University in Palisades, N.Y., and Ross is a student at the New Jersey Dental School in Newark.

Thomas A. Warger (Ph.D., '76 A.M.), former assistant professor at Gettysburg College, has been appointed assistant professor of modern languages at Union College.

Donald S. Wright, Kensington, Md., has been working as a psychiatric technician at Chestnut Lodge in Rockville, Md., a psychiatric hospital, but hopes to go into sales and marketing in the word processing industry.

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Mari Lynn Alschuler, New York City, is in the poetry division of the M.F.A. writing program at Columbia. She is also working at Fawcett Book Group/CBS Publications on a part-time basis. Her address: 411 West 115th St., #63, New York 10025.

Dana C. Barg, Brighton, Mass., is work-

ing as a research assistant in the department of ophthalmology at Children's Hospital in Boston.

Mark S. Dresner, Bronx, N.Y., is attending the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York City.

Stephen B. Erhan is a first-year student at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine in Philadelphia. He writes, "Moving away just makes one appreciate Brown all the more. Despite the loss in football, Homecoming was great, especially due to a substantial turnout from the class of 1980. The weekend was highlighted by a gathering of the classes of 1979 and 1980 in the Grad Center piano lounge to 'console' the football team and catch up on old times."

Dr. Neil S. Lieblich (M.D.), New York City, is in pediatric residency training at New York Hospital-Cornell.

Last August, Duncan McArthur completed a cross-country bicycle trip — 3,718 miles — from Providence to San Diego, Calif. He is now employed as a systems analyst at I.P. Sharp Associates in Newport Beach, Calif.

Jonathan F. Stone, Seattle, Wash., is a financial administrator at Honeywell's Marine Systems Center in Seattle. He is a member of the Seattle Mountaineers and climbs regularly in the Olympic and Cascade Mountains.

DEATHS

written by Jay Barry

Albert Harkness '09, Providence, an architect for more than fifty years, who designed buildings for many Rhode Island schools, libraries, and churches; Jan. 5. Mr. Harkness received his B.S. in architecture from MIT in 1912. He became interested in modern design trends and, in 1947, designed Rhode Island's first solar heated home. He was a past president of the Rhode Island chapter of the American Institute of Architects and a fellow of the Institute since 1941. One of five original appointees to the Providence Redevelopment Agency, he served the agency from 1947 to 1965. For many years, Mr. Harkness was chairman of the state Board of Examiners for Registration of Architects. He was head agent for his class, Alpha Delta Phi. Survivors include two sons, Albert Harkness Jr. '49, 257 Post Rd., Wakefield, R.I. 02879; and John Harkness, of Lexington, Mass. Mr. Harkness was the son of the late Albert G. Harkness 1879, and his grandfather was the late Albert Harkness 1849.

Preston Hart Hood '12, Somerset, Mass., an attorney and a banker for fifty-six years prior to his retirement in 1971; Dec. 21. He was president of the Fall River People's Co-Operative Bank from 1962 to 1971 and practiced law in a partnership with his son, Preston Jr. '41. He served for thirty-one years as a member and long-time chairman of the School Committee and was a past president of the Lions Club, the Fall River Civic Forum, and the Sons of Brown. He had graduated from Harvard Law School in 1915. Delta Upsilon. Besides his son, Preston Jr., 2500

County St., Somerset 02726, survivors include a daughter, Phyllis; another son, Roger; and a brother, Harold '19. His father was the late Alfred H. Hood 1881.

John Henry Williams '12, '35 Hon. Sc.D. Southbridge, Mass., an outstanding scholar of international banking and monetary theory, once called by *Business Week* "America's sagest economist," a former trustee and Fellow at Brown; Dec. 24. Mr. Williams was professor emeritus at Harvard, where he had taught economics for thirty-six years prior to his retirement in 1957. From 1937 to 1947 he served as the first dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Public Administration (now the Kennedy School of Government) and, during that same period, was vice president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. In 1951 he served as president of the American Economic Association. A proponent of classical economic theory, Mr. Williams was an advisor to various federal agencies during the 1930s and once served on the Commission on Foreign Economic Policy. He held master's (1916) and doctorate (1919) degrees from Harvard. Early in his career, he taught English at Brown for three years. Mr. Williams was author of several books and many articles about economics. Theta Delta Chi. Survivors include his second wife, Katherine, 318 Clemence Hill, Southbridge 015 and two daughters, Margaret Clausen and Jane Watkins. His first wife was the late Jean Monroe Williams '12.

Andrew Hamilton MacPhail '13, '14 A.M. '23 Ph.D., South Hadley, Mass., a professor emeritus at Brown and an expert in educational and psychological testing; Jan. 2. Mr. MacPhail taught at Brown for thirty-four years prior to his retirement in 1956. He was assistant dean of the College from 1944 to 1946, and a former director of educational measurement. He was made a full professor in 1950. Mr. MacPhail worked on the College Entrance Commission that developed the Scholastic Achievement Test. Sigma Chi. Survivors include two daughters, Janet Smith, 78 Hadley St., South Hadley 01075 and Nancy Lee '51, of Owing Mills, Md.

Henry Coe Lanpher '18, Washington, a retired criminologist at the U.S. Bureau of Prisons; Nov. 28. Formerly he had been director of the School of Social Work at William and Mary and, more recently, an associate professor of public welfare at Louisiana State University. Mr. Lanpher held a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago (1941). During World War I, he was a flier in the American Field Service on the front in France. Alpha Delta Phi. Survivors include his wife, Ann, 2475 Virginia Ave., NW, Washington 20003; sons Lawrence and E. Gibson '62; a daughter, Florence; and a brother, Lawrence '23. Another brother was the late Edgar J. Lanpher '19.

Dorothy Foster Mosher '18, Newburyport, Mass., formerly a keeper of departmental libraries at Brown; Dec. 25. Survivors include her husband, Clifford H. Mosher '24, 2 Turf Hill Rd., Newburyport 01950.

Comdr. Thomas Watkins Hall, USN (Ret.), '19, '25 A.M., Greenville, R.I., former teacher, historian, raiser of English setters

a president of the Brown Navy Club for the past eight years; Dec. 31. An outstanding baseball player on Brown's 14-3 team of 1919, Mr. Hall passed up an offer from the Pittsburgh Pirates in order to enter the business world. Later in his life, he taught history at Hope High, Mount Pleasant, and Central High, all in Providence. A well-respected historian and a much sought after-dinner speaker, Mr. Hall specialized in the American Revolution and the role the French played in securing freedom for the Colonies. He recently served on a committee formed by Rhode Island Governor J. Joseph Garrahy to celebrate the 200th anniversary of Robt. M. Beauvais' landing in Newport and played a leading role in Smithfield's 250th anniversary a year ago. Mr. Hall was president of the Rhode Island Society of the Sons of the American Revolution and a governor of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America. He served in the Navy in both World War I and World War II and was on the staff of Admiral Theobald during 1944 and 1945, with direct responsibility for the operation of the Naval programs being run at the New England colleges. Mr. Hall raised English setters for thirty-two years at Stone Gables Kennel in Greenville, produced a number of champions, and saw his two daughters receive national acclaim as dog handlers. He was co-author of *The True Pointer and His American Heritage*. Mr. Hall was president of the English Setter Association of America in 1951-52 and of the New England English Setter Club in 1961-63. He was assistant professor of naval science at Brown in 1943, was chairman of Brown's War Memorial Committee in 1945, and was a class marshal in 1974 and 1975. Theta Delta Chi. Survivors include his wife, Florence, Stone Gables, 569 Putnam Ave., Greenville 02828; a son, Thomas; and daughters Marsha and Jeanne. Contributions in Mr. Hall's memory may be made to the Brown Athletic Hall of Fame, Box 1854, Brown University 02912.

Jay Barry

Laurence Hudson Johnson '19, Garden City, N.Y., a finance administrator at Jamaica Savings Bank in Jamaica, N.Y.; Nov. 6. Mr. Johnson ran his own investment firm at one time. Theta Delta Chi. Survivors include his wife, Margaret, 207 Kilburn Rd., Garden City 110; a son, Laurence Jr.; and a brother, Charles Roger Johnson '25.

Byron Adams Waterman '20, Barrington, a professor of textile manufacturing at Rhode Island School of Design from 1947 to 1959; Nov. 19. Mr. Waterman did graduate work at MIT and, in 1924, received his M.A. from Harvard. He was a direct descendant of Rhode Island's founder, Roger Williams. Theta Delta Chi. Survivors include his wife, Louise, 41 Mathewson Rd., Barrington 02806; sons Byron and Edward; and a daughter, Susan Brown.

Joseph Anton Hagios '27, Hopewell, N.J., former director of the New Jersey Citizens Highway Committee; Nov. 21. Mr. Hagios has been president of the National Good Roads Association, vice chairman of the Highway Users Conference of New Jersey, a manager and research director at the National Retail Merchants Association. He

was for twenty-four years executive officer of the Newark Chamber of Commerce Downtown Association. He contributed to several magazines and books on the subject of business management and was founder and a former editor of *Newark Magazine* and *Credit Management Year Book*. Born in Germany, Mr. Hagios immigrated in 1923; in 1957 he received Newark's Outstanding Naturalized Citizen Award. He was also honored for Distinguished Civic Leadership. A classmate wrote of him: "No one was ever prouder to be a Brown student." Lambda Chi Alpha. Survivors include his wife, Eleanor, 20 East Prospect St., Hopewell 08525; and two sons, Theodore and Frederick.

William Joseph Smith '27, Holden, Mass., formerly a specialist in spectrophotometry at the American Optical Company research center in Southbridge; Nov. 22. Mr. Smith graduated from Harvard Business School in 1932. Survivors are unknown.

William Gilcross Halewood '28, Lexington, Mass., a retired mechanical engineer; Dec. 29. Mr. Halewood was at one time manager of the Hammel-Dahl Co., an oil burner equipment firm in Providence. Survivors include his daughter, Pamela Chesebrough, 2 Larchmont Ln., Lexington 02173; another daughter, Carol Shea; and a son, William.

Earle Horvitz '28, Cranston, R.I., a vice president of the Rhode Island Tobacco Co. for forty years; Jan. 7. Mr. Horvitz also studied at Boston and Harvard Universities. Survivors include his wife, Ruth, 30 Oaklawn Ave., Apt. 108, Cranston 02920; a son, Andrew; and a daughter, Jane Passman.

Frederick Harry Wallace Bentley '29, Lincoln, Nebr., a retired attorney and adjudicator for the U.S. Veterans Administration; Nov. 14. Mr. Bentley received his law degree from Case Western Reserve University in 1932. Alpha Tau Omega. Survivors include his wife, Elizabeth, 2828 Jackson Dr., Lincoln 68302; a son, Douglass; and a daughter, Sara Oshlo.

Dr. John Raymond Laadt '30, Largo, Fla., a practicing physician and medical director of A.B. Dick Co. in Chicago prior to his retirement in 1977; Dec. 13. He was a former faculty member of Northwestern University Medical School, where he had earlier received his M.D. in 1940, and his M.S. in 1947. Dr. Laadt also held an M.B. from Northwestern and had studied chemistry at the Lewis Institute. He served twice in the military, including four years as a captain in the Medical Corps during World War II. Phi Kappa Psi. Survivors include his wife, Gertrude, 13300 Indian Rocks Rd., Largo 33540; three sons, John B., Jeffrey, and Charles; and a brother, James A. Laadt '31.

Nell Lee Crovitz '31, Fairfield, Conn., an advertising manager for Kays Department Store in Trumbull since 1941; Dec. 24. Miss Crovitz was instrumental in establishing and maintaining the Gladys Goynne-Class of 1931 Scholarship Fund. Survivors include her two sisters, Martha Lusterman '21, 45 Hampton Ave., Yonkers, N.Y. 10710, and Sarah Crovitz '38.

Elizabeth deCourcy Greene '31, New Milford, Conn., curator of the Historical Society Museum in Duluth, Minn., prior to her retirement in 1969; Nov. 26. Mrs. Greene also had been executive secretary of the Hunt Scholarship Foundation, and she was a past president of the Duluth Playhouse. Her husband was the late novelist, Josiah E. Greene '33. Survivors include two brothers, Edward deCourcy, 334 Unity Rd., Newport, N.H. 03773, and Robert deCourcy, of Washington; two brothers-in-law, Duty W. Greene '25 and Kenyon Greene '41; a niece, Jane Wong '62; and a nephew, Duty D. Greene '66. Mrs. Greene's father-in-law was the late Warren E. Greene '98. The family suggests memorial gifts to the Brown Fund, Brown University, Providence 02912.

Hillis Kingsley Idleman '31, Valley Falls, N.Y., an associate in the New York State Department of Education; Jan. 11, 1979. A lifelong educator, Mr. Idleman had been superintendent of public school systems in East Hartford, Conn.; Radnor, Pa.; and Anchorage, Alaska. He received a master's degree from Columbia Teachers College in 1939 and also studied education at Yale, Harvard, and New York University. Phi Delta Theta. Survivors include his wife, Martha, Beadle Hill Rd., Valley Falls 12185; and two sons, Donald and Peter.

Dr. George Edward Kirk '32, Providence, a general practitioner in Providence for twenty years before semi-retiring in 1978; Dec. 27. Dr. Kirk received his M.D.C.M. from McGill University in 1938. He was an affiliate of several Rhode Island hospitals and a member of the board of trustees at Roger Williams General Hospital. Survivors include his wife, Helen, 60 Elmcrest Ave., Providence 02908; a son, George P.; and three daughters, Jennifer, Helen, and Elizabeth Davignon.

Douglas Knickerbocker Huntress '34, Scottsdale, Ariz., president of the Arrow Valve Corp. in Phoenix; Sept. 9. Mr. Huntress was active in the American Red Cross, where he headed several fund-raising campaigns for local chapters. He was at one time president of Huntress Motors in Fort Wayne, Ind. Survivors include his wife, Nancy, 5848 East Hummingbird Ln., Scottsdale 85253; two sons, John and Douglas, Jr.; and a daughter, Diana.

Dr. Frank Casimir Joseph Jadosz '34, a medical specialist to the rating board of the Veterans Administration Regional Office in Providence; Dec. 5. Dr. Jadosz graduated from Tufts Medical School in 1938. During World War II, he served as a flight surgeon with the Fifth Air Force in the South Pacific. He was a general practitioner in the Providence area between 1945 and 1967 and at one time was president of the Rhode Island chapter of the American Academy of General Practice. Survivors include his wife, Thelma, 51 Althea Dr., Cranston 02920; daughters Joyce Willis and Cynthia Clutter; and a son, Roger.

Albert Rawlings Underwood '35, Cranston, R.I., former assistant vice president of Industrial National Bank in Providence; Nov. 16. Mr. Underwood had served as Rhode Island president of the American Bankers Associ-

ation and as executive director of the Cranston Chamber of Commerce. A former tax collector and deputy city treasurer, he also had headed various community organizations in the fields of health and home safety. Survivors include his wife, Lillian; and his daughter, Elizabeth Iehan, of South Woodland Rd., North Scituate 02857.

Richard Warren Murdock '37, Jamestown, R.I., president and treasurer of the Jamestown Hardware and Lumber Company for ten years; Dec. 12. Mr. Murdock had held executive positions in several manufacturing firms and at one time was executive vice president and treasurer of C. I. Pearson yacht manufacturers of Bristol. He was a past president of the Rotary Club. Between 1973 and 1978 he was chairman of the Jamestown Red Cross. Sigma Nu. Survivors include his wife, Phyllis, East Shore Rd., Jamestown 02835; a son, William; and a daughter, Janice Martin.

Thomas Caldwell O'Keefe, Jr. '37, North Kingstown, R.I., a branch manager with Sears-Roebuck for twenty-three years; Dec. 29. He was at one time president of the Lions Club in Washington, D.C. Zeta Psi. Survivors include his wife, Mary, 58 Poplar Ave., North Kingstown 02852; two sons, Barry J. and Thomas C. III; and a daughter, Mary F. Gubellini.

Frank Stephen Keogh, Jr. '43, Omaha, a retired investment counselor; Oct. 30. Mr. Keogh was at one time an area chairman for the National Alumni Schools Program. Survivors include his wife, Mary, 6025 Young Plaza, Omaha 68152; and daughters Anne, Mary, Patricia, and Margaret.

Dr. Lester Lambert Vargas '43, Providence, a nationally known cardiovascular surgeon, researcher, and professor of medical science at Brown; Dec. 17. Between 1961 and 1970, Dr. Vargas was surgeon-in-chief at Rhode Island Hospital, where he had established research laboratories that led to the state's first open-heart surgery. A 1945 graduate of George Washington School of Medicine, he had taught at the medical schools of Boston University, Tufts, and Columbia before becoming a full professor at Brown in 1968. Dr. Vargas's research involved all facets of cardiovascular science. He was the producer of ten educational films on the subject and more than thirty scholarly papers. He belonged to thirty-five professional societies and was a former president of the Rhode Island Heart Association. In 1979 he was named "Man of the Year" by the Prince Henry Club for his service in medicine. Phi Kappa Alpha; Nu Sigma Nu. Survivors include his wife, Cynthia, 387 Cole Ave., Providence 02906; and a daughter, Leslie.

Dr. Edward John Acton, Jr. '44, Andover, Mass., a surgeon and practicing physician; June 4. Dr. Acton graduated from Tufts Medical School in 1947. From 1958 to 1960, he was clinical director of Cardinal Cushing General Hospital in Brockton. He was appointed school physician in Framingham in 1962. Survivors include his wife, Mrs. Edward J. Acton, 107 Greenwood Street, Andover 01811.

Willis Grafton Nealley '44, Old Saybrook, Conn., former manager of the Old Saybrook branch of the Union & New Haven Trust Co.; December 1979. At the time of his death, he was employed by West-East Yachts. Survivors include his wife; two sons, Nathaniel T. Nealley, 22 Briarwood Dr., Old Saybrook 06475, and Bruce. A niece is Helen Morris '80.

Sally Ann Sleicher '47, North Kingstown, R.I., a librarian at Pilgrim High School, Warwick, for twelve years; Nov. 15. Mrs. Sleicher received her master's degree in bacteriology from McGill University in Montreal. She later earned another master's in library sciences at the University of Rhode Island. Survivors include her husband, Harold K. Sleicher '48, 283 Fishing Cove Rd., North Kingstown 02852; her son, Arthur; and her daughter, Catherine C. Fisher. A sister, Alice E. Drummond '50, lives in New York.

Margerie Gay Ellman Cutler '57, Mill Valley, Calif., an artist and sculptor; Dec. 23. Mrs. Cutler's sculpture had been exhibited throughout the San Francisco area and many of her works remain in private collections in America and abroad. She was president of her freshman class at Pembroke. Survivors include her husband, John H. Cutler '56, 186 Corte Madera Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941; a daughter, Laura '81, and sons Daniel, Jeffrey, and Kenneth.

John MacClenahan Marsh '55 Sc.M., '58 Ph.D., South Miami, Fla., a professor of biochemistry at the University of Miami School of Medicine since 1959; Dec. 6. Mr. Marsh was also director of the endocrinology laboratory at Miami. In 1967, he won a research development award from the U.S. National Institute of Health. Survivors include his wife, Jean Waddington Marsh '59, 6500 S.W. 65 Terrace St., South Miami 33143; and three daughters, Elizabeth '83, Susan, and Julie.

Peter Clymer Marlay '58, Cleveland Heights, Ohio, an associate professor of Spanish literature at Case Western Reserve University; Sept. 4. Mr. Marlay received his Ph.D. in Spanish from Harvard in 1966. Phi Beta Kappa. Survivors include his wife, Patricia, 1799 Wilton Rd., Cleveland Heights 44118; and two daughters.

Carolyn Wells Siderakos '58, Minneapolis, a technical writer for Control Data and International Communications in Minneapolis; Nov. 13. Mrs. Siderakos had been a regional director of the National Alumni Schools Program and had been a class agent. Survivors include her father, John Wells, 2000 Shadywood Rd., Wayzata, Minn. 55391; and a daughter, Michelle. The Class of 1958 asks that donations be made to the Nancy Duke Lewis Professorship, c/o the Controller's Office, Box 1877, Brown University, Providence 02912.

FROM THE EDITOR *continued*

ing the obituaries. He is also the author of the profile on Frederick Mulder, which appears on page 55 of this issue.

Jay will be writing other profiles and Elms pieces for us during the coming months.

The magazine's staff secretary, Shyla Spear, who has written a large portion of the classnotes in recent issues, now will be writing the bulk of them.

□ The BAM this semester has the help of its first student intern, Judy Backman '83, of Brookline, Massachusetts.

Judy is design director of the student magazine, *Issues*, and hopes for a career in magazine journalism. She will spend this semester on the BAM writing, editing, proofreading, and doing layout — in other words, learning how each issue comes together.

□ Providence advertising executive James E. DuBois '50 has been re-elected chairman of the BAM's Board of Editors, our parent body. Jim and Elizabeth Weed '73 Ph.D. have been elected to three-year terms on the Board, and Donald B. Smith '42 has been elected to his first three-year term.

Dante G. Ionata '59, Anne Hinn Diffily '73, and John A. Worsley '56 have been elected to fill the unexpired terms of, respectively, Roger Vaughn '59 and Patricia Simon Schwadron '73 who resigned when they moved away from Providence, and Peter G. Fradette '50, who resigned.

The new vice chairman is John J. Monaghan '55.

R.M.

SPORTS *continued*

is having an off night, the results are bad. But when the team has played well, even the most talented teams in the country have had a battle on their hands.

The point was proven in the rematch with Cornell, the perennial Ivy League powerhouse. The Big Red had ended Northeastern's undefeated season the previous weekend, and it carried into Meehan as one of the ECAC's most talented units.

But the Bruins played extremely well that night and eventually won a thriller in overtime. Junior forward Bryan Price's goal at 4:25 in overtime gave the Bruins a 3-2 win and sent the always appreciative crowd home happy.

Rob Feinstein

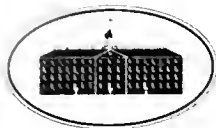


The Campaign for Brown



MID-CAMPAIGN PROGRESS REPORT

**We're half-way there;
\$79.5 million raised
toward Campaign Goal
of \$158 million**



The Campaign for Brown

A sampling of what The Campaign for Brown has achieved so far

- Eight new endowed chairs established (\$1 million each)
- The John Hay Library renovation project (\$4.2 million) 90 percent funded
- Matching funds raised, to meet a \$500,000 Ford Foundation challenge for Brown's Population Studies Center
- More than \$3 million raised for the Humanities
- A new \$6.6 million Athletic Center to open in the fall
- \$5 million raised for scholarships and fellowships to preserve the diversity of Brown's student body
- \$18.9 million raised to support Academic Departments and Programs

Top priority; Brown Fund

Gifts up 29 percent

The Brown Fund, the central component of the Campaign for Brown, is running well ahead of last year in receipts and pledges.

As of December 31, 1980, the Brown Fund had received \$1,515,000 in cash and pledges, compared to \$1,174,000 a year ago — an increase of 29 percent. Cash receipts alone are up 20 percent.

The Brown Fund has increased its efforts to reach new donors and to raise the sights of those already supporting the University — an essential step if its \$3.5 million goal is to be met. A gift to the Brown Fund is a gift to the Campaign for Brown.

Campaign receives first West Coast Corporate Gift

Union Oil Company of California has awarded Brown \$75,000 for support of Geology. This is the first gift to the Campaign from a California company.

The \$75,000, payable over five years, includes \$37,500 for graduate fellowships in the Department of Geological Sciences and \$37,500 for the new Geology/Chemistry Research Building.

Gifts from corporations totalled \$6,959,229 at the Campaign mid-point. This is 48 percent of the goal for corporate contributions for the five-year Campaign.

With the help of Brown's new Corporate Relations Committee, headed by Arthur Taylor '57, president of Arthur Taylor and Co., New York, the level of corporate giving to the Campaign is expected to rise.



Arthur Taylor '57, President of Arthur Taylor & Company, New York, heads Brown's Corporate Relations Committee, tormented to raise the level of corporate giving to the campaign.



The Campaign for Brown

\$79.5 million raised by mid-point in Campaign for Brown

The \$158 million Campaign for Brown, the largest fundraising drive in the University's history, is right on schedule. Half-way through the Campaign, \$79,460,345, or 50.3 percent of the Campaign goal, has been raised.

A key element in the success of the Campaign so far has been the generosity of the 20 members of the Brown community of alumni and friends who each have contributed \$1 million or more. These 20 gifts total \$32.2 million.

The Brown Fund, a top priority in the Campaign, is running well ahead of last year in receipts and pledges. As of December 31, 1980, the Brown Fund had received \$1,515,000 in cash and pledges, compared to \$1,174,000 a year ago at this time — an increase of 29 percent.

Nucleus Fund gifts from members of the Corporation now total \$23,859,122; Leadership Gifts, gifts of over \$50,000 from individuals, total \$22,553,377. The University has received \$3,025,511 in realized bequests since the Campaign began.

Gifts from Corporations total \$6,959,299 as of December 1, 1980. Major Corporate gifts include: \$1,000,000 from IBM; \$794,000 from Exxon; \$500,000 from Warner Communications; \$250,000 each from General Electric and from Montedison Group of Milan, Italy; \$200,000 from Textron; \$150,000 from Digital Equipment and the Providence Journal; and \$100,000 from Ford Motor.

Foundation gifts to the Campaign have topped \$10 million, with \$10,161,892 in gifts and pledges as of the end of 1980. The largest foundation gifts are: \$2 million from Mellon Foundation, \$1 million from Kresge Foundation, and \$400,000 from the Pew Memorial Trust.

The Campaign has begun regional campaigns throughout the country for major gifts, those between \$10,000 and

\$50,000. Up to now, the Campaign total for major gifts is \$4,141,299. Alva Way '51, leads this critical component of the Campaign.

To date, regional major gifts kick-offs have been held in Philadelphia, Washington DC, New York, Providence, Princeton and Boston.

GOAL \$16.1 million		RAISED TO DATE \$19.6 million	
Unrestricted Current Funds Brown Fund Medical Annual Fund		Restricted Current Funds Scholarships/Fellowships Library Academic Departments/Programs Athletics	
GOAL \$80.0 million		GOAL \$50.6 million	
RAISED TO DATE \$25.6 million		RAISED TO DATE \$10.5 million	
Endowment Funds Faculty Academic Departments/Programs Lectureships Scholarships/Fellowships Library Retained Life Income Funds and Bequests		Plant Funds John Hay Athletic Center Geo/Chem Medical Construction	

Bequests and Trusts Program raises \$5.8 million

Brown's Bequests and Trusts Program has raised \$5,878,234 during the first half of the Campaign.

Results, as of December 31, 1980, credited to the Campaign for Brown include bequests of \$2,223,971, life income trusts of \$1,470,833, real estate gifts of \$514,000, new life insurance with a face value of \$1,607,000 (credit for cash value), and outright Brown Fund Class Endowment Program gifts of \$82,430.

As the attractive benefits of life income giving and charitable estate planning become better known and

understood, it is rapidly becoming one of the creative ways by which alumni and friends are providing for Brown.

Donors are maximizing their tax savings through a variety of planning devices, such as: life insurance transfers, outright gifts of tangible personal property, pooled income funds, charitable remainder trusts, gift annuities and deferred payment gift annuities, and gifts of real estate by retained life tenancy.

A variety of gift vehicles provide substantial flexibility to fit the needs of individual donors and their families.



The Campaign for Brown

Foundation gifts top \$10 million

At the mid-point in the Campaign, foundation gifts have topped \$10 million.

As of December 1, 1980, foundation giving totalled \$10,161,892. This is 40.6 percent of the foundations goal of \$25,000,000 for the five-year campaign.

Among the recent foundation gifts are \$500,000 from the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation to support a postdoctoral training program in the Center for Cognitive Science and \$950,000 from the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation for support of faculty in the humanities.

The Mellon grant was made under a foundation program to assist a limited number of leading independent research universities in meeting certain critical needs in the humanities during the 1980's.

The \$950,000 grant is to be allocated over seven to ten years for four purposes:

- to appoint or promote junior or intermediate-level faculty members in anticipation of future retirements;
- to assist faculty in obtaining further training;
- to facilitate early or partial retirements;
- to provide postdoctoral fellowships or dissertation support to maintain a flow of talent through graduate schools and into faculty positions.

This latest grant brings the total amount received from Mellon to \$2 million for the Campaign. In 1979, Mellon, on a matching basis, awarded \$1 million for "young humanists at intermediate career levels."

Priority construction projects move ahead



"Brown Arrives" at Baylies Mansion in Boston January 30.

Brown continues to "Arrive"

The Major Gifts portion of the Campaign for Brown has taken to the road in an effort to bring alumni/ae and friends up to date on the quality of education at the University today. The visits by faculty and administrators are creating interest and enthusiasm in large audiences, as festive afternoon or evening "days of learning" kick off the Campaign.

Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New

York, Florida, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota, and Illinois have already felt the "Brown impact," and before long the name and fame of 'old Brown' will be heard throughout the land.

There will be additional BROWN HAS ARRIVED programs in Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Detroit, Chicago, and Minneapolis and St. Paul in April.

Leadership Gifts total \$22.5 million

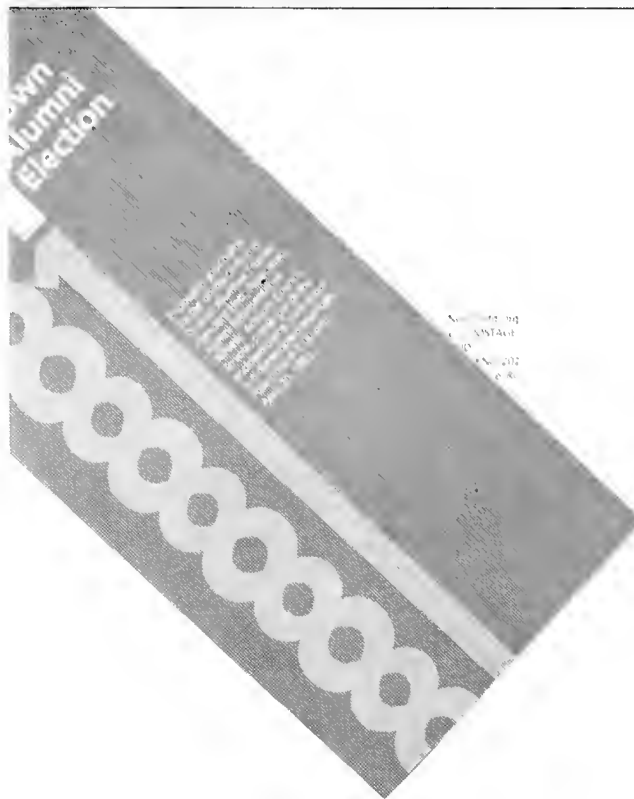
Leadership Gifts, gifts of more than \$50,000 from individuals who are not members of the Corporation, total \$22.5 million for the first half of the Campaign.

Members of the Corporation have pledged a total of \$23.8 million to date.

The Leadership Gift effort is headed by Richard Salomon '32, Chancellor of the University, and Henry D. Sharpe, Jr. '45, National Chairman of the Campaign for Brown. They have recruited the Campaign Select Committee, a volunteer group of 24 alumni and friends whose major commitments of time and energy have been instrumental in raising leadership gifts.

- Ground-breaking for the new \$18.6 million Geology/Chemistry Research Building, at Brook and George Streets, was the first week in March.

- Construction on a \$2.7 million project to enclose the terrace on the main Program in Medicine building started in February.



Any Number Can Play

We're beating the drums, canvassing the community, sounding the alert on behalf of one of the easiest voting procedures in any American election. No registration (you did that, years ago, when you chose Brown), no fees, no waiting in line. All it takes is a pencil, a glance at the ballot — or read the election article in this very issue — a pause for reflection, a stamp and you've done it. You've added your voice to an alumni chorus which will be heard, noted and counted.

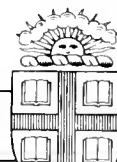
We're talking, of course, about the Associated Alumni ballots you've received in the mail. 41,000 were sent out and we'd like to get every one of them back. After all, it's your vote and it's your university. And you're voting for three Alumni/ae Trustees (five year terms), one member of the Athletic Council (a three year stint) and for President-Elect who, after two years, will become the President of the Associated Alumni.

Voting does matter. Alumni/ae trustees make up a third of the membership of the Brown Corporation — a meaningful slice of what you would call the University's "Board of Directors." They speak for the alumni community and, as you know, any

group that large does get heard. Sound decision making calls for healthier dialogues and your trustees can help issue these on your behalf, on behalf of Brown itself. Athletics, naturally, represent a special arena — so the membership on the Council is important. That, too, is in your hands. And the vote for President-Elect of the Associated Alumni — another way in which you can have your voice heard. If you have questions about the electoral process, the candidates, or want to make suggestions, write to Bob Sanchez, Chairman of the Nominating Committee, Associated Alumni of Brown University, Box 1859, Providence, RI 02912.

So, do stay home and vote. Punch out your selections and get the ballot back to us before April 20th. The more votes, the more accurate the representation — and the more weight the winning candidates will carry. Any number can play; in fact, we hope everyone will!

The Associated Alumni of Brown University
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'81 Brown Alumni Elec.

For Voters: Brown University, Box 1859
Providence, Rhode Island 02912

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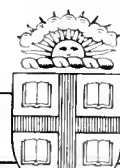
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UNDOER'S PROFILES



JOSIAH S. CARBERRY

HOME: Anywhere. (*No forwarding address*)

AGE: Indeterminate

PROFESSION: World's pre-eminent authority in psycho-ceramics.

HOBBIES: Traveling, ambulation, excursionary ventures.

LAST BOOK READ: *Brown: A Pictorial Album*

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Did not appear to deliver the lecture "Of Poets and Potsherds: The Crumbling Society from the New Wave to the New Right" at Oxford, Yale, Wright's State, and Fairfield Berber College.

QUOTE: "Wherever I go, there's one thing I always take with me — *Brown: A Pictorial Album* — unless, of course, I leave home without it."

PROFILE: World's greatest traveler, inventor, specializes in itineracy, always pulling up stakes before they're well-done.

MOTTO: *Dulce et decorum est disipere in loco.*
(It is pleasant and proper to be foolish now and then.)



Yes, Carberry can send me _____ copy(ies) of *Brown: A Pictorial Album* at \$36.50 a copy (which includes \$1.50 for postage and handling)

My check for \$_____, made payable to Brown University, is enclosed. (Send to Brown Alumni Monthly, Box 1854, Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island 02912.)

NAME, CLASS

STREET

CITY, STATE, ZIP

Please allow six weeks for delivery.

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