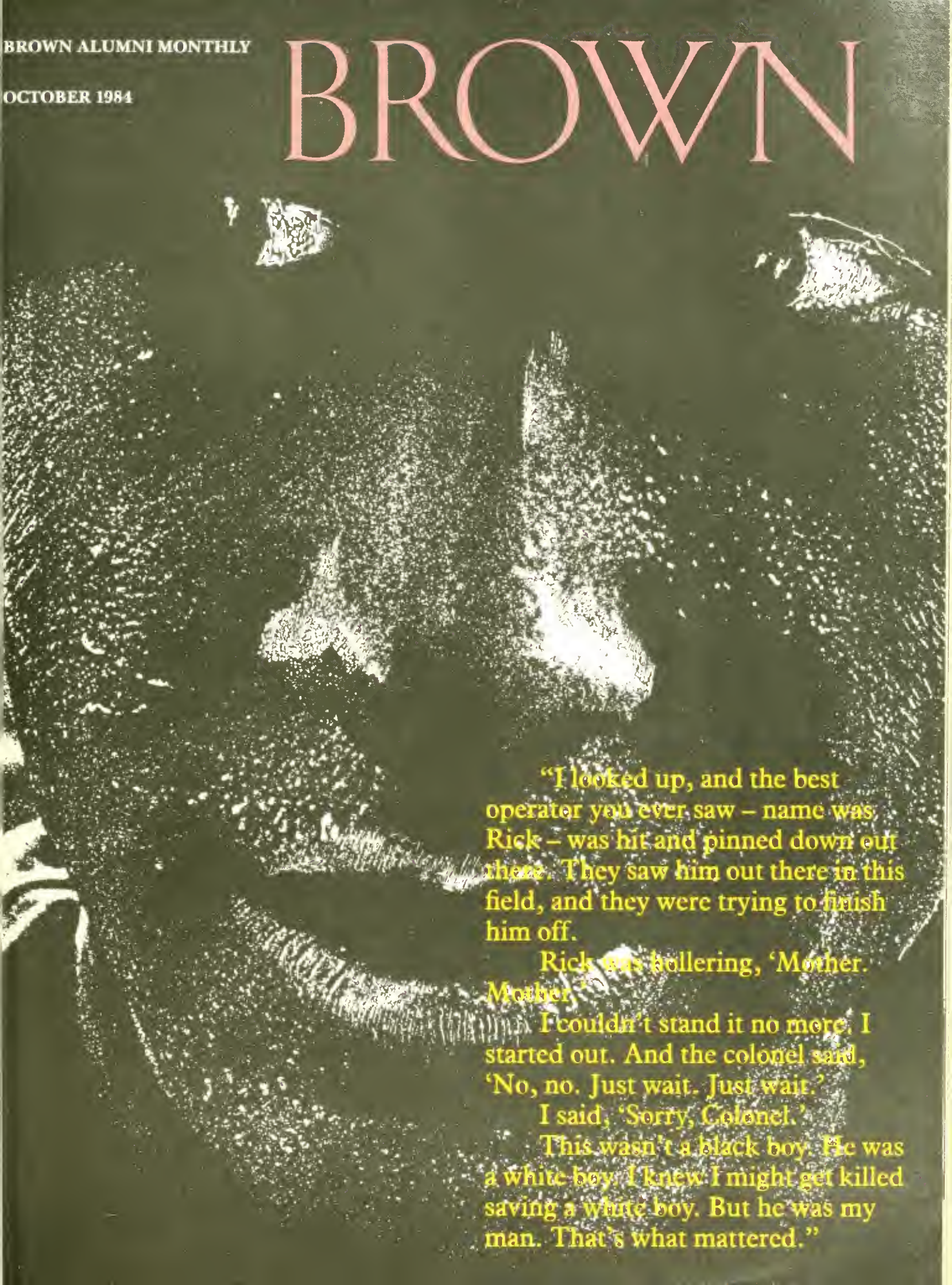


BROWN



"I looked up, and the best operator you ever saw – name was Rick – was hit and pinned down out there. They saw him out there in this field, and they were trying to finish him off.

Rick was hollering, 'Mother. Mother.'

I couldn't stand it no more. I started out. And the colonel said, 'No, no. Just wait. Just wait.'

I said, 'Sorry, Colonel.'

This wasn't a black boy. He was a white boy. I knew I might get killed saving a white boy. But he was my man. That's what mattered."



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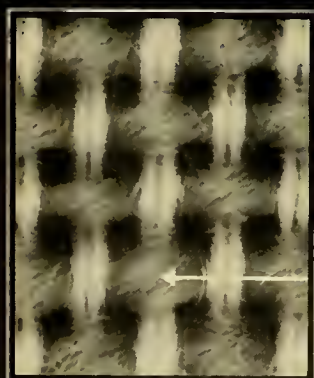
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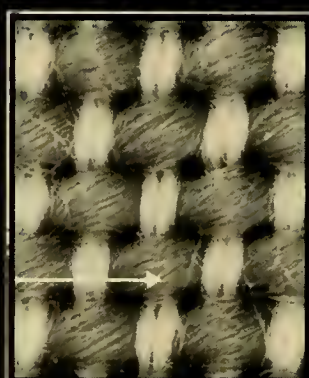
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Cover design
by Kathryn deBoer
(Excerpt from *Bloods: An Oral History of Blacks in Vietnam* by Wallace Terry '59, Random House, 1984.)

BROWN

IN THIS ISSUE

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Pride and Prejudice: The Story of Blacks in Vietnam

When Wallace Terry '59 completed his assignment in 1969 as bureau chief in Saigon for *Time* magazine, he had compiled hundreds of hours of taped interviews with black GI's fighting the war. Fifteen years later, his book, *Bloods: An Oral History of Blacks in Vietnam*, tells the tale of the special burden black soldiers carried in that war.

25

A Trip Down Emery Lane

For millions of Americans, autumn means going back to school. This particular fall reminded one of the editors of the *BAM* that it has been fifteen years since she was a freshman entering Pembroke. Much has changed.

30

Out of Circulation and Into the Lab

Pulsing right under our skin lies one of the essential ingredients of life—blood. Here's a look at blood, some research, and a new way of teaching hematology at Brown.

38

Out of Control

Teenage alcoholism and drug dependency is something that happens in other families—to other people's children— isn't it? As one alumna discovers, it can happen to families with the best education and the best intentions.

Departments

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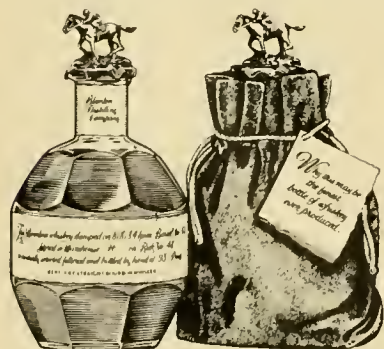
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CARRYING THE MAIL

'Good read'

Editor: Sincere congratulations on your June/July issue. It is a most attractive and readable number and I've just read it more thoroughly than usual, admiring the fine color photography, the interesting interviews with the foreign students, and the touching article by Mr. Haley. Yes, it is one of your best issues in a long time and I thank you for a good "read."

VIRGINIA WRIGHT '28
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Truman Scholarships

Editor: After reading your article on prepping students to compete for fellowships [BAM, June/July] I wondered if you encouraged those students thinking of making a career in government to apply for Truman Scholarships. As you no doubt know they are awarded for four years, the last two of college and two years of graduate study, \$5,000 each year.

I became interested in the Harry S. Truman Scholarship Foundation when my husband became its president and feel there is not enough publicity about it. Even here in the District of Columbia one year there was only one applicant and by law there must be one Truman Scholar from each state, the District, etc. If you wish more information the address is 712 Jackson Place, NW, Washington, D.C. 20006.

MARGARET STAATS '35
Washington, D.C.

Encouraging writers

Editor: Along with my close relationship with journalism and literature in my past I received a great deal from my English 8 and intermediate journalism classes I had at Brown. Your articles have interested me for five years now. Since leaving Brown I have taken two other writing classes. One was a journalism course which gave me knowledge of the necessities of a short feature story. It doesn't seem appropriate

to tell you in the form of a short feature story any news about one of Brown's alumni. However I do wish you would print this letter to encourage your students on campus and all the alumni that read BAM about encouragement that is possible at Brown for students wanting to try journalism. And to inform them that it is possible to use writing in a joyful and subtle way. I have done so by preparing my first book of poetry entitled *Messages About Genuine Images*, which Vantage Press, a publisher that has an advertisement run regularly in BAM, accepted for publication.

Yes, journalists can be found in various social settings. However, a publication such as BAM prints interesting

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or,

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or,

You can buy the poster because you have a discerning eye and appreciate classy things. (The poster is a 20" x 26" four-color reproduction of the original issued in 1916.)

or,

You can buy the poster because it would be a fine gift for someone you know — a student at Brown, an alumna, a friend.

or,

You can buy the poster because you like it.

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some of the faculty who voted against the NROTC. It gets right down to the old facts of life; you cannot bite the hand that feeds you.

It is a bit odd that today I received a mailing from the Brown Observer for summer '84 and on the final page I am asked "Is Brown in your will? If so, let us know." The answer to this question is "HELL NO" and until the faculty and the rest of the management of Brown smarten up I will not contribute anything to them. Perhaps the Brown University faculty can raise enough money from their friends and associates to make up for the alumni who are disenchanted with their stand on this and many other matters.

ROBERT A. JOHNSON, JR. '43
Beaufort, S.C.

'The emotions your photography created'

Editor: I would like to take this opportunity to applaud your magazine—the writing is excellent and the quality of the photography is always stimulating and exciting. As I looked through your latest issue I felt compelled to express my feelings about your photography. Perhaps it was the article by Cornelia Dean (I received an M.A.T. in 1970) that triggered my memory but it was your magazine that got me interested in professional photography. I remember back in the early seventies looking through your monthly edition and really being stimulated by the images—but more importantly—the emotions your photography created.

The Harris Publishing Company called me recently regarding a subscription to the Alumni Directory—I gave some negative excuse—fifty dollars will buy a book for my college-bound son and I could not afford it. I now realize Brown gave me a great deal—my success as a physics instructor was always associated with my Brown graduate studies. I never realized until today what a strong influence you have been on my success as a professional photographer.

Thank you.

MEL ROTA '70 M.A.T.

Uxbridge, Mass.

P.S. I have mailed a check for the Alumni Directory.

Too many commercials

Editor: I applaud the message contained in Erik Huber's senior oration, "Beyond Freedom," described in

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Ruth Maury—
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an expensive cognac, a private island in the West Indies, floating hotels on the canals of France, a full-page plea to other advertisers offering "5 cogent reasons for using the Ivy League magazines to reach the affluentials," a line of helicopters that includes a twenty-seat model, and various high-ticket real estate offerings and vacation retreats around the world.

I can't speak for my peers, but I, for one, would certainly be glad to pay a subscription fee for the *Alumni Monthly* as an alternative to wading through these "top-drawer" advertisements every month. You have to pay either way, of course, but the *BAM* would certainly be more appealing if it presented a prettier, less commercial face to the world.

STEVEN SALEMI '80
Boxborough, Mass.

Professor Angelou

Editor: In your listing of Maya Angelou's many accomplishments—including playwright, actress, civil rights activist, feminist—in the Under the Elms article on Brown's honorary

degree recipients, you neglected to mention that she is the first Reynolds Professor of American Studies at Wake Forest University, where she is an exceptionally successful teacher who works the same magic on her students as she has on countless readers.

MARGARET SUPPLEE SMITH
'76 Ph.D.
Winston-Salem, N.C.

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BOOKS

By Peter Mandel

NEWTON AT THE BAT edited by Eric W. Schrier '73 and William F. Allman. Scribner's. 1984. 178 pages. \$14.95.

In the preface to *Newton at the Bat*, Eric Schrier recommends the book to "anyone who has ever wondered if a curve ball really drops just before it gets to the batter. Or stared at that little white ball on its tee and asked why it has dimples." Schrier is co-founder and managing editor of *Science 84* magazine. Along with one of his staff writers, William F. Allman, he has put together an anthology that explains the role of physics in sports such as baseball, basketball, tennis, golf, skiing, jogging, and sailing.

The book begins with the classic debate about the movements of a curve ball. Forty years ago many scientists believed that the "curve" was nothing more than an optical illusion. Editors of *Life* magazine concurred, although their counterparts at *Look* maintained that the pitch really did move differently from a fastball. In a famous experiment, three posts were set up in a row slightly in front of home plate. A large crowd "cheered lustily" as a pitched ball traveled (reportedly) to the right of the first, the left of the second, and the right of the third.

Baseball players quoted in the chapter, "Pitching Rainbows," have their own theories. "A real good curve is slower than a fast ball and breaks straight down," says Baltimore first baseman Eddie Murray. Jerry Koosman, a veteran pitcher, believes that the seams (on the spinning ball) create a vacuum, pulling the baseball down. As it turns out, his view is not very different from the physicists'.

Koosman and other major-league players insist that a good curve "drops off the table," moving a greater distance downward in the last part of its flight. Using a wind tunnel, strobe light, and high speed camera, scientists have proven this and attribute it to the combined forces of "spin" and gravity. However, author Allman warns that if there were no gravity, "Scott McGre-

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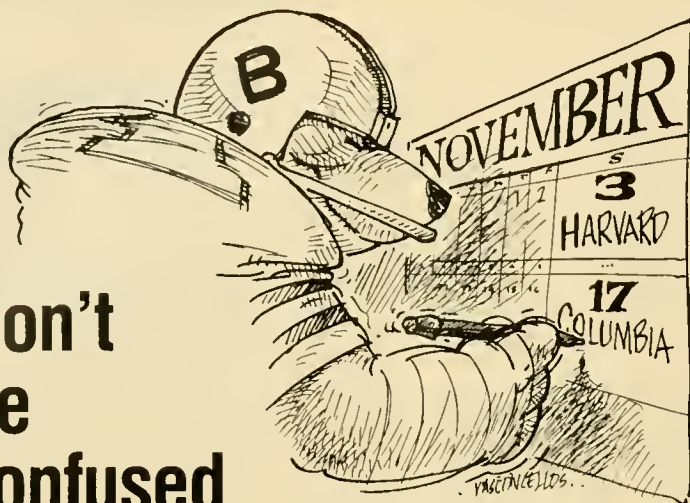
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Total	\$ _____

gor's curve ball would form a circle with a more than 2,000-foot diameter, circumnavigating Baltimore's Memorial Stadium and parking lot."

This is only one of several surprising facts in the anthology, which delights in the oddities of mechanical physics. Most of us never realized that the distribution of oil on a bowling alley can affect a bowler's accuracy. Or that a golf ball without "dimples" would fly less than half as far.

Parts of *Newton at the Bat* contain novel legends as well as strange-but-true scientific facts. "In the early 1800s," writes Allman, "a French army captain named Mingaud took up the game of billiards at the prison where he was doing time ... He promptly asked for an extension of his sentence so he could practice." A chapter on boomerangs is full of anecdotes, including the tale of a man who knocked an apple off his head in Central Park by throwing the boomerang and waiting for it to circle back. "It's a great attention getter," he remarked, "and it's not as dangerous as it looks."

Because the book's chapters are written by different contributors, the style fluctuates. On the one hand, there are simple metaphors: "The ball is slickened and released like a pumpkin seed squirted between the fingers." On the other, there is an occasional retreat into the numbing world of unfamiliar statistics: "MacGregor hired Richard Brandt ... to test about fifty Rawlings baseballs. He found that 20 percent of the balls had coefficients of restitution higher than the .578 limit—in one case as high as .607."

Most of the explanations are understandable to the casual fan, however, as well as to the casual scientist who lacks an advanced degree in aerodynamics. Perhaps the most refreshing thing about the collection is its unpretentiousness. Unlike many books that try to explain science to the unscientific, *Newton at the Bat* doesn't take its mission too seriously.

The comments of athletes give the book its spark and its genial character, which carries it through all but the most technical trivia. Baseball's Bobby Murcer compares batting against a knuckleball to "trying to eat Jell-O with chopsticks." Richie Allen, another former baseball star, derides the astroturf to which one of the book's authors devotes several pages of investigation: "If my horse can't eat it," he remarks, "I don't want to play on it."

The contributors to *Newton at the Bat* are honest enough to admit, here

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EDITED BY ERIC W. SCHRIER
AND WILLIAM F. ALLMAN

and there, that science has not closed the book on the mechanics of baseball or basketball or the properties of a flying Frisbee. "It's possible that there is some critical ... angle below which the disk always rights itself and beyond which it always executes a banked curve," says a former Frisbee distance

champion who also happens to have a Ph.D. "But I'm certainly not going to try to figure out the physics of that question." The Frisbee may be a subtle and sophisticated aeronautical device, adds another quoted expert, "but it's also fun just to throw."

ALL THE MOVES by Neil D. Isaacs '59
Ph.D. Harper & Row, 1984 (revised). 378
pages. \$11.95.

All the Moves is a well-illustrated and very readable history of college basketball. Originally published in 1975, the book has been updated by Isaacs to include chapters on recent NCAA stars such as Larry Bird and Ralph Sampson.

There is even a chapter titled "The Elegant Ivies," which, to the dismay of Brown alumni, is largely devoted to Princeton's ex-captain Bill Bradley. Former Brown coach Weeb Ewbank (who went on to coach the football New York Jets) is mentioned, however, as are coach Rip Engle and a few other vintage Bruins.

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UNDER THE ELMS

Opening convocation: The permanent passion of Playwright Eugène Ionesco

JOHN FORASTÉ

The tiny, wizened man who stepped up to the podium to deliver the Convocation address in early September is a giant in the world of arts and letters. Playwright Eugène Ionesco, one of the most important and innovative voices in twentieth-century theater, welcomed the class of 1988 to Brown, and helped to open officially the academic year with his talk, "Truth Dwells in the Imaginary" ("La Vérité reside dans l'imaginaire").

Ionesco's works have been translated and performed all over the world. His earlier plays, *The Bald Soprano*, *The Lesson*, and *The Chairs*, helped establish him as a major figure in the theater world. Critics began to speak of a "theater of the absurd" to describe his work, which disregards traditional dramatic conventions of plot and character development. It has been suggested that he was concerned with the inability of humans to communicate with each other, although in a 1977 interview he said, "If I believed in absolute incommunicability, I would not write."

The audience in Meehan Auditorium (rain had moved the ceremony indoors) warmed to Ionesco when he proclaimed that he is "one of the rare European intellectuals who has never been anti-American," after he had given an explanation of why many Frenchmen and Europeans turned against America after she "saved Europe from the Nazis. However, it could not save Europe from the Soviets, still increasingly dangerous, which many Americans still do not know."

Ionesco said that the United States is guilty now of a more subtle kind of colonialism in the world: that of cultural and spiritual colonialism, whereby countries such as Korea and China have "forgotten their traditions so as to adopt an excessive politicization and technology." While on the one hand, "American state-of-the-art technology has elevated humanity above itself," on the other, "modern technology possesses our whole planet to such a degree that ancient philosophies are forgotten." Ionesco sadly recounted that



*Ionesco in Meehan Auditorium:
A plea for art and literature.*

"the young Chinese of Taiwan don't know Buddha, nor Confucius, nor the Tao, nor the ancient and superb Chinese literature. I've spoken to these young Chinese and I was astonished by their ignorance. I had gone over there in the hope of getting to know the true culture; I had to explain to the Chinese, despite my own scanty knowledge, what their great culture was, who their wise men and philosophers were, and that these men were much greater than the great mathematicians and the great philosophers of today."

Although there was once a time when Americans viewed their society as the perfect model for all societies and all lives, Ionesco said, a backlash occurred and there "arose, especially among artist and intellectuals, a contempt for America; a contempt of Americans for Americans." This led to "disinformation" about what the U.S. really is. And then Ionesco tackled one of the college student's favorite questions. What is reality?

"If you ask a physicist what reality is, he will be more perplexed than I am to define it. He will tell you that he doesn't know what reality is, unless it's energy or a movement ... Unlike the realist, the politician, the ideologue, the authentic witness, the poet doesn't invent and doesn't lie—he imagines. Truth dwells in the imaginary. There we find the permanent passion and anguish that is at the base of humanism. That is why dreams are true; they explain profound realities that have emerged from our extra-consciousness and are identical in all humans in all times. That is why Sophocles and Shakespeare, Novalis and Rimbaud, are understood by everyone."

America has produced many great writers and artists in the past, but Ionesco believes that we are seduced by technology today. "There are scarcely any more new authors, because, once more, the interest of young Americans is directed toward technology. Young people, young Americans who are listening to me, we must return to art, to literature. It is literature and not politics, literature and art alone that are capable of rehumanizing the world—and especially the theater, where we see ourselves live again in our love and our antagonisms."

His address ended with a plea. "I would therefore counsel you to give a bit less importance to politics and business (alas, we cannot do without businessmen, who are at the same time disagreeable and—again, alas—indispensable). Direct your interests towards art and literature, enrich yourselves intellectually ... I am betting on the artistic disciplines and on literature. Malraux said the twenty-first century will be religious or will not be at all. Make it be religious. Art is the human activity that is closest to the spiritual."

Prior to Ionesco's speech, President Howard Swearer conferred upon him an honorary degree of doctor of letters. "Generations of students and theatergoers have been amused and enlightened, learning to appreciate more deeply the wonder and the anguish, the

comedy and the pain, of simply being alive," the citation read. "It is not a 'theater of the absurd' that you have given us, but a theater of the unexpected, in which literature reveals both its metaphysical dimension and its witty good humor." *K.H.*

Coping with the most awesome issue of our times

"Do you think it was a good or bad thing that the atomic bomb was developed?" The Gallup poll has asked that question of the American people on two occasions. In 1949, four years after the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, 59 percent of those polled thought that it was a good thing. In 1982, 65 percent of those polled thought it was a bad thing.

Today, 96 percent of those surveyed by the Public Agenda Foundation of New York are certain that it is too dangerous for the United States to "pick a fight" with the Soviet Union in a world threatened by nuclear weapons. A new national study, *Voter Options on Nuclear Arms Policy*, was released this fall showing this kind of dramatic shift in Americans' attitudes about the use of nuclear weapons, and outlining some of the options facing the world today.

The study was sponsored by Brown's Center for Foreign Policy Development (BAM, March 1982), which developed the foreign policy options at the heart of the study, and by the Public Agenda Foundation, a non-profit research organization established in 1975 by Daniel Yankelovich, opinion analyst and Brown trustee, and former Secretary of State Cyrus R. Vance. Its purpose is to brief presidential candidates on urgent national issues. The study was presented to the media in September at a Washington, D.C., press conference by Vance and President Howard R. Swearer, a Russian scholar who served as one of the advisors and reviewers of the study.

The study is divided into two parts: attitudes of the public and the experts, and the choices available for policy options on nuclear arms.

"It's important that the politicians know what the people are thinking," Mark Garrison, director of the foreign policy center, told the *Providence Journal*. "If the American people insist that they're right about the purpose of nuclear weapons, maybe they can move U.S. policy. Either that, or U.S. politi-

JOHN FORCASTE



There are four options, says the president, on nuclear weapons.

cians must make a better case to the people."

Last May, the Public Agenda Foundation surveyed a random sample of 505 Americans, eighteen and older. The results show that there "exists among the general public a wider consensus for policy than among the experts," and adds that "it is uncommon to find such a widespread degree of consensus on a controversial issue."

For instance: A larger majority of Americans than ever before (83 percent) think that a "limited" nuclear war is nonsense, that all-out nuclear war would destroy life on earth, that there is no way for the U.S. to win an arms race with the Soviet Union, and that the U.S. must not use nuclear weapons unless the Soviets use them first.

Once we agree that nuclear war is a bad idea, consensus ceases. Americans are in conflict over the nature and extent of the Soviet threat, about the conditions under which we should negotiate with the Soviets, about how the U.S. can best defend itself in the nuclear age, and what risks the U.S. should take to reduce the danger of nuclear war.

The study also reveals that Americans are "seriously misinformed about our fundamental defense policy. Only about one in five knows that current U.S. policy permits the use of nuclear weapons against a conventional Soviet attack; 81 percent say it is current policy to use nuclear weapons 'if and only if' the Soviets use them against us first."

Swearer outlined the four policy options that were presented in the 158-page report. According to Swearer, the presidential candidates can use these options as a starting point for their discussions about nuclear arms

and national security:

1) That nuclear weapons serve no useful purpose and should eventually be phased out of our military strategy and that of the Soviet Union. This may be a long-term goal, but if it were our goal, we would act differently in the next decade or two than if we opted for any of the other three choices;

2) That we should limit nuclear weapons exclusively to a single purpose, that of using the threat of a nuclear response to deter other nations from using nuclear weapons against us and our allies. This option implies that we would never be the first to use a nuclear warhead. The purpose of our nuclear arsenal would be solely to prevent the Soviet Union or any other nation from attacking us or our allies with nuclear weapons;

3) That the policy of the U.S. be to design its military strategy around two missions for nuclear weapons: one, to deter others from using them first; and two, to deter others from launching a major non-nuclear attack against us or our allies (this has been—and now is, Swearer said—NATO policy in Western Europe); and

4) That we should not confine the use of nuclear weapons to only one or two missions. This option sees nuclear weapons as serving many purposes, permitting the U.S. to derive political and military benefits from its position as a superpower. Opponents could never be certain that we would not use nuclear force if they threatened the vital interests of the U.S. or our allies.

Both the Soviet Union and the U.S. have basic objectives that are irreconcilable, the report concludes. "In earlier times war might have seemed inevitable. The question has become how each side can pursue its objectives and protect its values without losing everything. Like it or not, each country, in making its own choices, must take account of the reaction of the other. But in the end, it must make its own fateful choices of how it decides to use its nuclear weapons." *K.H.*

Milt Noble leaves a long career of meeting deadlines

Milton Noble '44 has an easy way to describe to a reporter what being a university registrar is like: "It's one deadline after another," he says. "If you don't meet a deadline in this office, 7,000 people around campus are going

to know about it. There's just no way we can miss a deadline for making a classroom assignment, for getting students registered, and so on."

After more than thirty-five years of making sure those deadlines have been met, come hell or the New Curriculum, Milton Noble has retired. Like a number of other Brown faculty and administrators, Noble took advantage of the University's early retirement plan. His departure from University Hall coincided precisely with his sixty-second birthday on September 28.

Milton Noble's long tenure at Brown actually has spanned thirty-eight years. He first was in charge of the Veterans Finance Division here, from 1946 through 1948. In 1949 he joined the Recorder's Office as assistant recorder of the College. He was promoted to recorder in 1950 and named registrar of the University in 1962, when the academic records of Pembroke College and the Graduate School were combined with those of the men's College.

Noble has made a career, both personal and professional, of sticking with the things he likes, whether they be locations, vocations, or avocations. He is a life-long resident of Pawtucket, Rhode Island; a life-long member (and lay leader) of the Woodlawn Baptist Church; and a happy partner in a marriage that has lasted since 1946. It's possible that Noble's biggest move was the relocation of the Registrar's Office from the second floor of University Hall to the third.

Dealing strictly with the academic side of a University, however, has brought Noble face to face with innumerable changes throughout the years. "The curriculum is always changing," he says, "and those changes require you to change the manner in which grades are kept. At Brown, the registrar is also the secretary of the Educational Policy Committee. That puts you into a key spot to know what's being thought of in the way of curricular changes, before they occur. That relationship [with the EPC] has made my job particularly interesting. It makes it a career-type spot rather than just a job you move on to something else from."

Chief among curricular revisions that affected his office, Noble recalls, was the adoption of the New Curriculum in 1969. "We had to make a lot of changes immediately," he says. "The curriculum was approved in the spring of 1969 and put into operation that fall. The options it contained probably cre-



Milt Noble: Leaving University Hall after thirty-eight years.

ated more of a challenge for our staff than any other change I can think of. For several years, we had to operate under a dual record-keeping system to accommodate the students who had entered under the old curriculum. We also had to establish and maintain internal as well as external records. The external records [transcripts that may be sent to graduate schools and prospective employers] didn't show courses that were dropped or failed; the internal records did. It was a *busy* summer of 1969—and it stayed busy thereafter." Until he got an assistant directorship created in 1971, Noble had skimped on taking time off from his job. "The idea of taking a full four weeks vacation was just out of the question."

Asked when the busiest times of the year are for a university registrar and his staff, Noble smiles wryly. "It used to be that there were peaks and valleys," he says. "Now, it's all peaks. Of course, Commencement has always been very hectic, with the need to clear students for graduation over a short period of time. And the beginning of every school year is extremely busy. But now we have a system of pre-registration, and that sets up more peak periods in the middle of the semesters. The Registrar's Office is also responsible for the production of the catalogue and the course announcement. Those are constant pressures."

A challenge during each of the five Brown presidencies that Noble has served, and one that has become even more critical in recent years, is the chronic shortage of classroom space at the University. "The problem goes back many years," Noble says. "But it has been exacerbated by an increase in the size of the student body, and a decrease in the classroom inventory due to con-

version of classrooms for other uses, such as faculty offices and laboratory space, and to buildings being torn down.

"We now have fewer classrooms than in the past, and more students. Our scheduling runs between 90 to 100 percent of the available space during the daytime hours. The recommended norm is 75 percent." Classrooms provided through several potential building projects being discussed within the University may alleviate the problem, Noble says, but they will not eliminate it.

While the recorder's and registrar's offices at Brown have used a computer to varying extents since 1946, in the last three years the office has become almost wholly computerized. "Ours was the first module developed in the new Student Information System," Noble says. "Now a large part of our work is on-line. Before, everything was being done in a batch mode." There is no computer terminal, however, in Noble's own office. "Everyone has one but me," he says with a laugh. "I never learned to type, and I never learned to use a computer."

Noble expects to spend at least half of his newly-gained leisure time working on behalf of the Rhode Island Association of Evangelical Churches, which he helped found eight years ago and served as president for three years. "We've grown to fifty-four churches now, and it's time to see if they're open to supporting an office and staff." As chairman of his church's property committee, Noble has plenty of maintenance work on his agenda, too. "It's a 100-year-old building," he says, "and there's always something to fix up. I've gotten to be a jack-of-all-trades there."

"I'm blessed with a close family,"

Noble adds, "I hope to see more of them, particularly my grandchildren. I don't want my life to slow down. My wife has already given me a calendar for October—but she made a special one with ninety days on it. She says it's so I can finish all the things I've told her I'll do after September!"

They won't involve classrooms or course changes, but it appears that deadlines and Milt Noble will continue to enjoy a close rapport. A.D.

Allen Feldman and 'Common Sense': Beating the Greenhouse Goliath

It was six days before the June 12 statewide referendum that would determine whether Rhode Island adopted the "Greenhouse Compact," a \$250-million plan to revive a flagging economy. A \$100-a-plate dinner was underway at Rhode Island College to help defray some of the estimated \$300,000 spent to promote the compact, and television cameras panned the faces of well-dressed patrons as they arrived:

Then the cameras focused on a strikingly different scene. Outside the banquet hall, a small contingent was handing out leaflets and selling cookies and lemonade—for fifty cents a serving. The contrast between the two groups symbolized the rift between Greenhouse supporters—an impressive armada that included heads of the state's major banks, corporations, and universities—and a band of "pirates" led by Associate Professor of Economics Allen Feldman and several businessmen, who called their small organization "Common Sense."

"A ragtag group of volunteers" is what the *Wall Street Journal* dubbed Common Sense in an editorial after the Greenhouse Compact was defeated by a stunning 80 percent of the vote in June. While that may have been a somewhat romanticized characterization of Feldman and his cohorts—who, after all, numbered among them businessmen and academics—no one argues that they were a Toyota up against a Rolls-Royce operation.

"We tried to do whatever we could," says Feldman, a soft-spoken man with thinning auburn hair, an intense gaze, and occasionally a slow, almost shy grin. "It was hard because we didn't have any money. We never had more than \$15,000 to spend on the whole campaign. It was all private contributions, ranging from the two dollars

one lady sent us to \$400 from a doughnut shop." In contrast, Fleet National Bank alone donated \$75,000 to help finance the Greenhouse ads (not surprising, perhaps, considering that Fleet Chairman J. Terrence Murray headed the task force that formulated the plan). "We were the underdogs," adds Feldman.

Common Sense was founded last February, when the campaign to "sell" the Greenhouse Compact was in full swing. "I'd been searching for an organization to take a stand against the Compact," says Feldman. "But almost every organization had already been co-opted. The Greenhouse people had identified potential opponents and lined them up, although many who endorsed the plan hadn't even read it. At the kick-off last October, the text of the Compact wasn't even available yet. But people wanted to get on the bandwagon. Ira Magaziner ['69, principal author of the 2,000-page plan—see *BAM*, December/January] deserves credit for lining up so much support. But he deserves the blame for creating a lousy program."

What Feldman and some others found "lousy" about the Greenhouse Compact (which the *Washington Post* quoted him as calling "crackpot economics") was that they felt it was expensive, would create another unwieldy and powerful bureaucracy with little accountability to the public, would benefit only certain elite groups (large corporations, high-tech researchers), and did not address what they consider to be Rhode Island's primary economic

problems: High taxes, high energy costs, and a poor business climate exacerbated by liberal strikers'-benefits and workers-compensation legislation now in effect.

Feldman says he had never gotten involved publicly in a political or economic issue before. "I got personally involved in opposing the Greenhouse Compact because I thought it was bad economic policy. It was devised without any input from economists. Industrial policy [such as the Compact] is disliked on the national level by most academic economists, both right-wing and left-wing." He and other members of Brown's economics department who opposed the plan, such as George Borts and Herschel Grossman, were "sort of typical" of that academic view, Feldman says.

Meanwhile, "when I first began speaking against the Compact in November and December, there didn't seem to be a natural organization to oppose it. But in February, several of us found each other." "Us" included Clarke E. Ryder '61, president of a Bristol boat-building company, and Andrew Q. Weicker '56, an executive with American Hoechst Corporation in Rhode Island. "We had been going independently to forums around the state to speak against the Compact, or when opposing speakers weren't permitted on the podium, to raise hostile questions from the audience." They and two others incorporated Common Sense, and from then on, the opposition gained a much higher visibility. Feldman and others wrote op-ed pieces

Allen Feldman: Leader of the group that helped defeat the Greenhouse Compact.



JOHN FORASTÉ

for local newspapers, spoke on radio talk shows (where, Feldman says, "everybody who called in supported us"), and persuaded television stations to give Common Sense small slots for free advertising by invoking the FCC's Fairness Doctrine.

"We first became really encouraged in late May and early June," Feldman says, "when we heard the Greenhouse polling wasn't doing well. Then, Terry Murray used the phrase 'cautiously optimistic' in discussing the referendum, and we knew he was concerned."

On June 12, the day of the referendum, Common Sense dispatched about a dozen volunteers to "work" selected polling places in Providence. "A secret helper in [then-city councilman, now Providence Mayor] Joe Paolino's organization gave us the names of the crucial polling places," i.e., those with the highest volumes. "We had our graduate students going out into these ethnic neighborhoods with flyers. They were very well received, because the general feeling among working-class people was that this program was for the rich. The general perception among Rhode Islanders—and I think it was accurate—was that the Compact was going to benefit some businessmen, some researchers, and some politicians, but not the average man or woman working a factory job."

The Compact's resounding defeat, Feldman says, "sent a message to leaders that this kind of program really was not popular." Common Sense, he adds, still exists. "We drew up our own plan for economic development last spring. We've sent it to all the gubernatorial candidates and they've picked up bits and pieces of it. We hope to talk to the candidates for the General Assembly, to educate them about business-climate issues in the state."

"I don't believe you have to give people a big plan that will change a bunch of things all at once. The state is *not* in dire economic trouble; it's doing better than the average in this country. We don't have to rush into a complicated industrial-policy scheme. We can do simple things that would help businessmen, such as changing legislation affecting strikers' benefits and worker's compensation. Lowering taxes will be slower, however."

Although Brown President Howard Swearer was a supporter of the Greenhouse proposal, and several prominent alumni were on the Strategic Development Commission that developed it, Feldman says he and other economics faculty felt no pressure to

soft-pedal their opposition. "We were allowed to say whatever we wanted to," he says. "There is a feeling that academics should be allowed to speak out."

In his office in Robinson Hall, alongside announcements about forums on economic issues, there hangs a poster of a scene from the third Star Wars movie, *The Return of the Jedi*. Princess Leia is in the foreground, looking small but defiant. Behind her, looming, looms the bloated villain Jabba the Hutt. There may be a number of Rhode Islanders—Allen Feldman and his Common Sense friends among them—who feel that they, too, outfoxed a powerful, if less sinister, giant last June. A.D.

SPORTS

Hall of Fame to elect fifteen

At its fourteenth annual banquet on November 9, the Brown Athletic Hall of Fame will induct fourteen outstanding athletes and one long-time friend of Brown athletics. MacMillan Professor of Classics John Rowe Workman will be the master of ceremonies for the event, to be held in Andrews Dining Hall.

The inductees are:

Football: Harry Josephson '55, one of the finest ends in Brown football history and a standout punter in 1953 and 1954; John Scott '50, who excelled at center on offense, and on defense was one of the East's most aggressive linebackers; and the late Thurston Towle '27, rated by the late Tuss McLaughry as one of the three best ends he coached.

Hockey: Timothy Bothwell '78, the highest-scoring defenseman in Brown hockey history and one of only three Brown players to be named first-team All-Ivy in three consecutive years; Kevin McCabe '77, a goalie who set a Brown career record for saves and was a first-team All-Ivy, All-East, and All-New England selection; and Laurie Raymond '78, a five-sport varsity athlete who ranks sixth on Brown's all-time women's ice hockey scoring list, even though she played hockey only two seasons.

Basketball: Brian Saunders '77, a two-time All-Ivy selection who led the league in scoring in 1976 and 1977, and

who is fourth on Brown's all-time scoring list.

Track: James Rudasill '75, Brown's all-time fastest sprinter who held four University records and won four Heptagonal outdoor championships—the most won by any Brown athlete ever.

Soccer: Herman Ssebazza '70, a wing on several of Brown's finest soccer teams (two won Ivy titles, and the 1968 squad was a NCAA semifinalist), who was first-team All-Ivy and second-team All-American in both 1968 and 1969.

Baseball: John King '79, an All-Eastern Baseball League third baseman in 1977 and 1979 and the league's batting champion in 1979 with a .512 average. King holds numerous Brown records, including most hits/season (47) and most hits/career (152).

Lacrosse: Mercedes Bosch Nawrocki '78, who set numerous Brown scoring records, including a career record for most assists, and who ranks second in career points scored with 111.

Swimming/Water Polo: The late Albina Osipowich Van Aiken '33, who won gold medals in the 1928 Olympics in the 100-meter freestyle and the 400 medley relay, and who set a world's record in the 100 freestyle; and Zdravko Divjak '79, a member of the Yugoslav Olympic swimming team who was All-American in water polo at Brown and who set numerous Brown records in the breaststroke.

Wrestling: James Miller '73, six-time Senior National Canadian champion, New England collegiate champion at Brown, bronze medalist in the 1975 Pan-American Games, and coach of the 1982 Canadian national team.

Special: Foster B. ("Pete") Davis, Jr. '39, a tireless worker on behalf of ice hockey at Brown and in the Providence area, who was instrumental in the effort to build Meehan Auditorium.

Tickets for the Hall of Fame banquet are \$16 each and may be reserved by sending a check to Box 1856, Brown University, Providence, R.I. 02912. A.D.



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3 FIRST BAPTIST
MEETING HOUSE



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Pride and Prejudice

The story of blacks in Vietnam

By Katherine Hinds

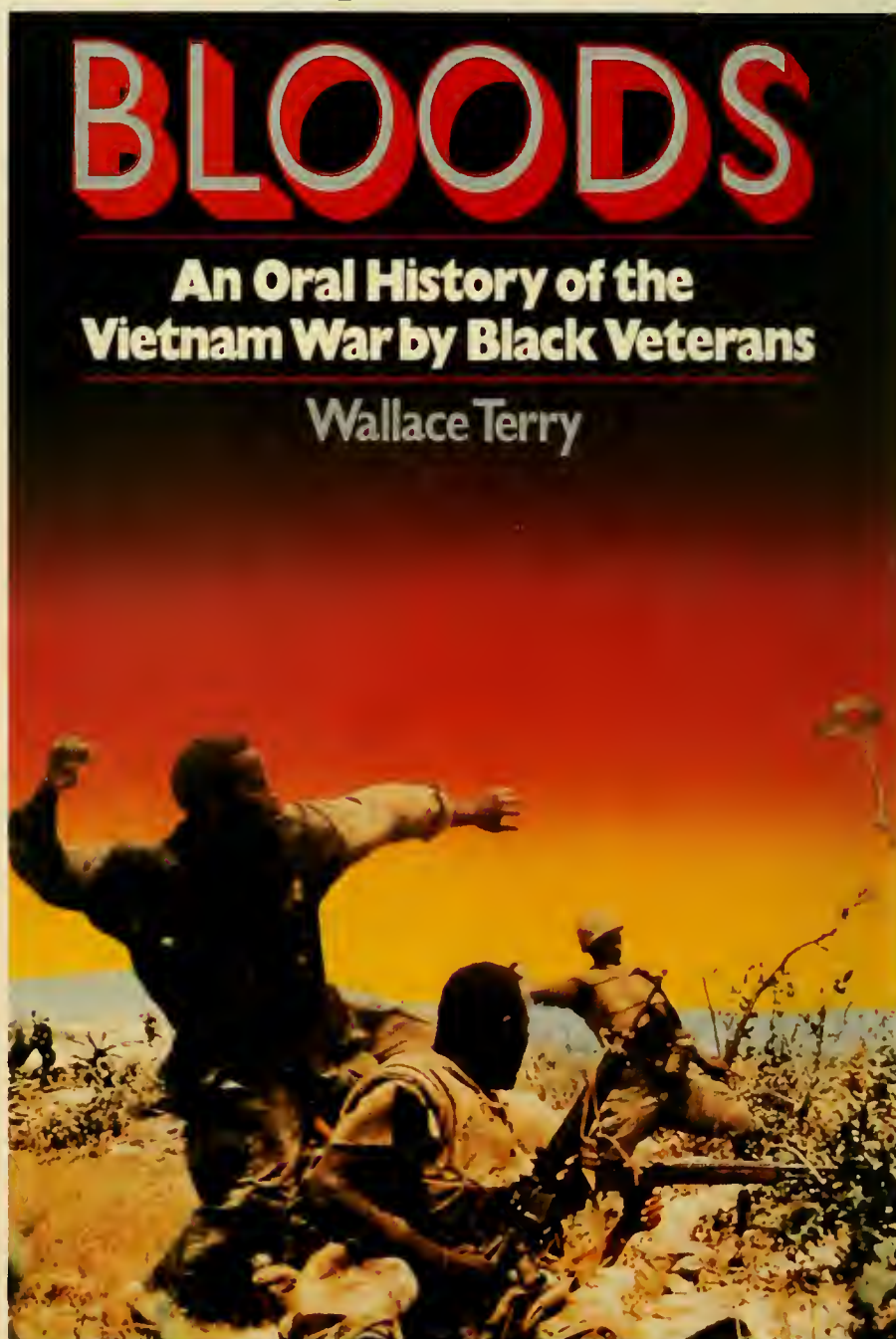
The American Negro is winning—indeed has won—a black badge of courage that his nation must forever honor.

Time magazine, May 1967

"I have believed that America owed the black veteran of the war a special debt ... He fought at a time when his sisters and brothers were fighting and dying at home for equal rights and greater opportunities, for a color-blind nation promised to him in the Constitution he swore to defend. He fought at a time when some of his leaders chastised him for waging war against a people of color, and when his Communist foe appealed to him to take up arms instead against the forces of racism in America. The loyalty of the black Vietnam War veteran stood a greater test on the battleground than did the loyalty of any other American soldier in Vietnam; his patriotism begs a special salute at home.

Introduction to *Bloods*
by Wallace Terry '59
January 1984

The Vietnam War was a national nightmare for the United States, rending this country more savagely than anything since the Civil War a century earlier. If it was bad for those who watched the war from their armchairs, took to the streets to demonstrate against it, or left the country to avoid it, it was horrifying for those men and women who went to fight it. Some used drugs and alcohol to numb the horror; others turned the war into an obsessive game of killing, collecting enemy fingers and ears as souvenirs; and still



others waited years after their homecoming to react and let the rage pour out.

If the Vietnam War was a loss of innocence for this country, it was an absurd miscarriage of justice for the black soldiers who fought and died in numbers far out of proportion to their population. In the early years of fighting, blacks made up 23 percent of the American fatalities—a figure that had dropped to 14 percent by 1969, still proportionately higher than the 11 percent which blacks represented in the American population. Their cities were burning at home, and the black soldiers were being asked to fight a “white man’s war” against non-whites in a cause that was increasingly dividing blacks as well as the entire U.S. And they came home not to parades and laurels, but to reminders that racism was still a fact of American life.

The stories of the black men who went to fight in Vietnam and lived to tell about it are told with eloquence and chilling realism in Wallace Terry’s recently published book, *Bloods: An Oral History of the Vietnam War by Black Veterans* (Random House, 1984).

When Wallace Terry ’59 received a phone call in early 1967 asking him to fly to Saigon to report a *Time* cover story on the role of the black soldier in Vietnam, he accepted gladly. He had been covering the civil rights movement for *Time*, and at that time the Armed Forces seemed to represent the most equal of equal opportunities in American society. He went to Vietnam, talked to many black soldiers, and reported in the magazine that he was heartened by what he saw. “The tank I rode on had a Negro commander and an all-white crew,” he reported in 1967. “I have observed here the most successfully integrated institution in America.”

Terry returned to Vietnam later in 1967 for a two-year assignment that ended when he witnessed the withdrawal of the first American troops in 1969. And it was in 1969 that he committed himself to writing a book about the singular experience of the black soldier fighting in Vietnam.

“The black soldier was carrying more burdens than the white,” Terry says today. “He was fighting against non-white people, and dealing with racism on the battlefield. Meanwhile, the white guys were promoted faster, got the awards, won the best assignments. And the black soldier also knew



Wallace Terry: Before Nha Trang Buddha near U.S. Special Forces headquarters in Vietnam, and today.

there was a war at home that was still going on over civil rights. I was absolutely shaken to see these black men lose their lives in a war that would never have succeeded, and it was being played out against the civil rights movement at home. Imagine the reaction of these soldiers on the day Martin Luther King was killed and Confederate flags were being raised on many bases and crosses were being burned.”

When I first heard that Martin Luther King was assassinated, my first inclination was to run out and punch the first white guy I saw. I was very hurt. All I wanted to do was to go home. I even wrote Lyndon Johnson a letter. I said that I didn’t understand how I could be trying to protect foreigners in their country with the possibility of losing my life where in my own country people who are my hero, like Martin Luther King, can’t even walk the streets in a safe manner.

A few days after the assassination, some of the white guys got a little sick and tired of seeing Dr. King’s picture on the TV screen. It really got to one guy. He said, “I wish they’d take that nigger’s picture off.” He was a fool to begin with, because there were three black guys sitting in the living room when he said it. And we commenced to give him a lesson in when to use that word and when you should not use that word. A physical lesson.

With the world focused on the King assassination and the riots that followed in the United States, the North Vietnamese, being politically astute, schooled the Viet Cong to go on a campaign of psychological



MARIO RUIZ

warfare against the American forces.

At the time, more blacks were dying in combat than whites, proportionately, mainly because more blacks were in combat-oriented units, proportionately, than whites. To play on the sympathy of the black soldier, the Viet Cong would shoot at a white guy, then let the black guy behind him go through, then shoot at the next white guy.

It didn’t take long for that kind of word to get out. And the reaction in some companies was to arrange your personnel where you had an all-black or nearly all-black unit to send out.

Staff Sergeant Don F. Browne
Security Policeman

Terry returned from Vietnam with more than 300 hours of taped interviews, of “rap sessions from the battlefield.” He shaped the interviews into a book, and in 1972, made the rounds of publishers. “More than 100 publishers turned the book down. No one wanted to read about Vietnam at that time.” So Terry used many of the interviews in his acclaimed film documentary, *Guess Who’s Coming Home?* He moved on with his life, but he never really shook off his Vietnam experience. “War is traumatic, no matter how you participate. For me, the greatest absurdity of this war was to see a sixteen-year-old black boy from Brooklyn, who had lied about his age to get into the army so he could support his mother and sisters and brothers. He lasted four weeks. The story had to be told.”

The story that needed to be told. Terry felt, was more universal than the Vietnam war experiences. "When I was growing up, I couldn't see blacks in the history books taking a role in America's wars. I can vividly remember when I was ten years old, going to an all-white school in Indianapolis, and I was expected to stand while the class sang 'Dixie.' I wouldn't do it. A kid in the class asked me, 'Why didn't your people fight for your rights against slavery?' And I didn't have an answer for her. I didn't know that there had been 5,000 blacks in the Revolutionary War—that the first man to be killed by the British was Crispus Attucks, a black man. I didn't know that blacks led Teddy Roosevelt up San Juan Hill. I didn't know that there were 200,000 blacks fighting in the Civil War. A black unit was the first to receive the Croix de Guerre from the French government in World War I, and I didn't know it. Two of my uncles were in World War II, but I thought Charlton Heston and Robert Mitchum had won that war. And Gary Cooper won World War I. As recently as the movie *Patton*, the only black man you see is Patton's valet. Yet the Black Ball Express, a unit of black truckers, carried Patton's gas for him through Europe. And he had a unit of black tankers, whom he told, 'I don't care what color you are, as long as you kill those Kraut sons-of-bitches.'"

What really got to me from the beginning was not really having any information, not knowing what I was gonna be doin' next. We would never know where we were going until we were in the air. Then we would get word that we were going to the LZ [landing zone] that was really hot. Or something ignorant, like the time we went over in Cambodia to pull guard on a helicopter that had been shot down. And we got stuck there.

They sent a squad of us combat engineers to cut around the shaft [of the helicopter] so a Chinook [a heavy-duty helicopter] could come in, hook up, and pull it out. We didn't get there until six or seven, and it was getting dark. So the Chinook couldn't come in, so we had to stay there all night. The chopper had one door gunner and two pilots, and they were all dead. It wasn't from any rounds. They died from the impact of the chopper falling. I thought it made a lot more sense for us to get out of there and bring the bodies back with us.

When it got dark, we could see a fire maybe half a mile from us. We knew it had to be a VC camp. In the bamboo thicket right up on us we kept hearing this movement, these small noises. We thought if we fired, whoever was out there would attack us. We were so quiet that none of us moved all night. Matter of fact, one of the guy's hair turned stone gray. Because of the fear. He was just nineteen. He was a blond-headed kid when the sun went down, and when the sunlight came up, his hair was white.

We didn't find out they were monkeys until that morning.

Specialist 5 Harold "Light Bulb" Bryant
Combat Engineer

As Terry moved through the next ten years of his life, from Nieman Fellow at Harvard, to Howard University professor, to J. Walter Thompson advertising executive, to special consultant to the commander in chief of the U.S. Air Force in Europe, documentary film producer, contributor to six books, and an editor of *USA Today*, he could not rid himself of Vietnam. And the black soldiers of Vietnam did not forget Terry. "There's almost nothing I've done since Vietnam that hasn't resulted in my being introduced to one of the guys I interviewed for *Bloods*. I knew four of them when I was in Vietnam, but the others came into my life at different times, for different reasons. When I was working for General Jones in Europe, I met two of them. I was doing a TV series on black history, and I needed an artist, and met another. I met one when I was serving on the National Advisory Committee of Adjustment Problems. Light Bulb Bryant just knocked on my door one morning and said, 'I've heard about you.' I was testifying on the Hill about discrimination and I met William Norman."

Although Terry had more than 500 hours of interviews compiled for the book he had written in 1972, he essentially started over with *Bloods*.

No Racists in Foxholes

The first white friend I had, I had in Vietnam. We were really very different, but we thought each other had something going for him that made us special.

I think Rosey was from Georgia. A redneck. That's why we call him Rosey. He was 6 foot 2. I was somewhat shorter, shall I say, and from the city. It was like I will show you what rednecks are like, then I'll show you what niggers are about.

Rosey and me talked a lot about our personal lives. Having a girl friend that you really were serious about marrying. Wanting to have a son one day. What our families was all about.

Rosey, he and I had a very tight personal relationship.

[Stephen got hit, investigating some Viet Cong supply movements.] We got hit. And it was like here we

go trees. The blade went. But the pilot knew what to do, and we broke through the trees ... And the tail hit, and we slid down the side of the tree.

I asked the pilot, "Can you move?"

"No."

I got out the side and laid down. And I thought, Well, goddamn. Let me regroup.

I'm bleeding. Not only am I bleedin', excrement is coming out of the wound, which means my lower intestines are damaged. It's oozing out. It don't run out. All these little enzymes are just rolling over your clothes ... The pilot was bleedin' from the mouth. That meant blood had gotten into his stomach. I thought his ribs had punctured somethin', but he was still breathin' ... I cut him out, and covered him up

to stop the shock and gave him morphine.

We talked and talked. I had to keep him awake, because he was keeping me awake. And amazingly enough, we talked 'bout ... all the fine dames we ever knew. We lied about everybody we wished we could have had. We weren't bragging, we were lying.

It was thirteen hours when they spotted us. A couple of Phantoms came and laid down the firepower to get rid of everybody that was within distance of bein' able to pluck you off. And then the Cobras did their thing. Then they dropped the basket. And there comes Rosey down the ropes. "Goddamn, boy," he says. "Good to see your ass."

Specialist 4 Stephen A. Howard,
Combat Photographer



Terry with an ambush team of the 101st Airborne Division near Hué in Vietnam.

"'Bloods' stands for 'blood brothers.' It's what black men in Vietnam called each other. It also refers to blood being thicker than water, and the blood we shared as a tradition of black men.

"I wanted to get into the hearts and minds of these men. It took many hours of interviews to gain their confidence and their families' confidence. I consider these interviews oral novellas, little short stories. I applied the creative writing techniques I learned at Brown with the journalistic techniques I've learned since. A lot of people don't understand oral history—the author is not supposed to take sides. Just listen.

"All of these stories are different; you can't get a single black voice. If anything runs through these stories, it's a sense of pride and patriotism." Says one Marine: "As a black person, there wasn't no problem fightin' the enemy. I knew Americans were prejudiced, were racist, and all that, but, basically, I believed in America because I was an American." An Air Force POW tells his interrogators that he won't be used for propaganda: "My color doesn't have nothin' to do with it. We have problems in the U.S. but you can't solve them." And another captured airman: "Although black people are kind of behind the power curtain, we have just as much claim to this country as any

white man. America is the black man's best hope."

Now there is another war being fought in Vietnam—between black and white Americans. "The immediate cause for racial problems here," explains Navy Lieutenant Owen Heggs, the only black attorney in I Corps, "is black people themselves. White people haven't changed. What has changed is the black population."

Time magazine, September 1969

Terry reported another story for *Time* magazine two years after his first encouraging words from the front. By this time, things had changed drastically. "A new breed of black soldiers had entered the war in the late sixties," he says today. "Draftees were entering filled with black pride. They were forced into service because it offered the best work opportunity. They were not likely to let discriminatory actions pass without fighting back."

There was the indirect evidence of racism:

"You could go aboard a carrier with 5,000 people," says Lt. Comdr. William Norman, "and you would find the overwhelming majority of the blacks in the lowest level in jobs, down

in the laundry room, down in the bowels of the ship. You walk into the areas where I work with all the sophisticated computers, and it would look as if there were no blacks on the entire ship."

And there were the more direct forms:

"In the rear we saw a bunch of rebel flags," says Spec. 4 Richard J. Ford III. "They didn't mean nothing by the rebel flag. It was just we for the South. It didn't mean that they hated blacks. But after you in the field, you took the flags very personally ... In the field, we had the utmost respect for each other, because when a fire fight is going on and everybody is facing north, you don't want to see nobody looking around south. If you was a member of the Ku Klux Klan, you didn't tell nobody."

Terry says, "It's interesting that on the front lines, racism vanished. There is no racism in foxholes, just like there's no atheism. One black soldier told me, 'No one's going to call me a nigger when I'm carrying an M69 grenade launcher.' Blacks were saving whites and vice versa. It bound men together."

I had a white guy in the team. He was a Klan member. He was from Arkansas. Ark-in-saw in the mountains. And never

seen a black man before in his entire life. He never knew why he hated black people. I was the first black man he had really ever sat down and had a decent conversation with. Since I grew up in a mixed-race neighborhood, I was able to deal with him on his terms, and I guess he learned to deal with me on mine. And once you started to go in the field with an individual, no matter what his ethnic background is or what his ideals, you start to depend on that person to cover your ass. Arkansas and me wind up being best friends.

They was throwin' mortar rounds in on us. Mun, you talk about mass confusion ... Arkansas got hit in the chest. Another white

'The parades have come late and, in many ways, haven't come at all'

dude got hit. They was in the middle of the water.

I started to cry and holler at Arkansas. He was lyin' there with blood comin' out of his chest, comin' out of his mouth.

I went out in the water. Arkansas had ceased breathing. And I start to pounding on his chest and hollerin', "Dear God, please don't let 'im die."

Everybody say, "He's dead. He's dead. He's dead."

I said, "No! He cannot die like this."

I got to kickin' him in the chest. I'm stompin' on him. And he started breathin' again. And I pulled him from out of the water and dragged him to the helicopter."

Specialist 4 Arthur E. "Gene" Woodley, Jr.
Combat Paratrooper

The violence portrayed in *Bloods* is graphic and wrenching: The slow torture of a North Vietnamese army officer by a company of U.S. infantry. The unimaginable ordeal of a white American soldier who had been half-flayed by the Viet Cong and staked to the ground; he begged for death when his countrymen found him three days later. The Vietnamese women and children who were hideously and humiliatingly treated. But there are glimpses of hope: the affinity between the blacks and the Vietnamese. "I think blacks got along better with the Vietnamese people," says one of the soldiers in *Bloods*, "because they knew the hardships the Vietnamese went through. The majority of the people who came over there looked down on the Vietnamese. They considered them ragged, poor, stupid. They just didn't respect

them. I could understand poverty."

"The blacks understood the poverty," agrees Terry. "They identified with the Vietnamese people. They saw a dominant culture imposing and damaging the ancient culture of Vietnam, and they could relate."

Time magazine, 1967: Whatever the conditions when they return, Negro veterans," says Senator Edward Brooke, "will be better able to make a better life for themselves." They will be more likely to enter the mainstream of political American life.

Time magazine, 1969: It is an incendiary combination to be young, black, armed,

10,000 miles from home and in persistent danger of death in "a white man's war." When the men return to "the world," their perspective may shift, and doubtless many black soldiers will become so busy with their own affairs that their militance will fade somewhat.

If they find that nothing has changed [at home], then they could constitute a formidable force in the streets of America, schooled and tempered in all the violent arts as no generation has ever been.

Coming home was hard. "Got home and it was, 'You need help. You need help.' But I was like that. I just couldn't adjust to it. Couldn't adjust to coming back home, and people think you're dirty 'cause you went to Vietnam." "Economically, black folks in America have more money than Canada or Mexico. It's obvious that we are doing something wrong. When people say we're illiterate, that doesn't bother me as much. Literacy means I can't read books. Well neither does a Korean or a Vietnamese. But where they're not illiterate is in the area of economics. Look at the Vietnamese refugees running stores now in the black community where I live."

It was hard for Terry, too. "A few years ago, I went through a period when seven members of my family and my wife's family died. My mother died two years ago, and I was never able to talk to her about Vietnam. I began to realize that I was suffering from PTSD: Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. I got to talking to a minister, and he told me, 'You've got to write that book.'

"I hope the book speaks to all

humanity. It shows what a terrible price in human spirit and flesh we have to pay for war. The black perspective is a legitimate one, not a special minority voice. Look at this book just as you look at *The Iliad*. It speaks to all ages, to all men, all women, all people."

Bloods is ultimately about understanding. The cost and cruelty of war. The heavy burden of being black in a white society. The luxury of being understood by others. "One of the men I interviewed told me that he has never been able to talk to his own mother about the war," Terry says. "He told me that he sat down and read the book with her and she said to him, 'I understand now.'"

And how will the debt America owes these men be paid? "We can start with recognizing what these men did," says Terry. "More and more people need to see the Vietnam Memorial. More and more people need to talk about Vietnam so the pain can be exorcised. We need to look on these veterans with pride. The parades have come late, and in many ways, they haven't really come at all."

I guess I got kind of really unreligious because of my Vietnam experience. Oh, I went to church once in my uniform to please my mother. But I haven't been back since except for a funeral. I've talked to chaplains, talked to preachers about Vietnam. And no one gives me a satisfactory explanation of what happened overseas.

But each year since I've been back I have read the Bible from cover to cover. I keep looking for the explanation.

I can't find it. I can't find it.
Specialist 5 Harold "Light Bulb" Bryant



1969

Mr. Dean (below)
presided over the
bustling call desk
in the Emery lobby



1969 BRUN MAEL

A Trip Down Emery Lane

1984

Now students rush
through the same
lobby, not noticing
the worn flooring
where the desk was

JOHN FORASTE



By Anne Diffily

For new Pembrokers in 1969, the lobby of Emery-Woolley was as vital as a heartbeat ...

Here, boy. C'mon over here. Heeeere, boy." Two custodians are sitting on a bench at the entrance to Emery Hall, bathed in late-morning sunshine. One is calling softly, snapping his fingers. "Here, fella." I look around for a dog. Then I see it: A squirrel, motionless and alert on the grass five feet in front of me. I stop walking and wait. As in a freeze-frame, time is suspended. The bricks on Emery's facade glow in amber September air, and muted voices drift from the East Side post office across Meeting Street. It might be 1969, when on just such a day, I, a Pembroke freshman, gazed on my new home.

"Hi," says a young woman, rising from the grass where she had been talking with a friend. Instantly I am restored to the present. The squirrel darts up a tree, the custodians turn to each other and begin to chat, and I walk forward to greet Sharon Bergner, one of my freshman academic advisees.

It is September 1984, and I have returned to my old dorm for a nostalgic tour. Sharon lives in Woolley Hall, half of the Emery-Woolley complex and one of four residence halls opened in 1963. Even when I arrived at Pembroke (not Brown—not yet) in 1969 they were referred to as "the new dorms." I explain to Sharon that I wanted to live here because the new dorms had private bathrooms—one-holers, that is, each shared by the residents of two adjacent rooms.

You have to have a room key, or know someone, to get into Emery (and other residence halls) these days, so Sharon has agreed to escort me around Emery-Woolley. We approach one of the two metal doors flanking a large plate-glass window. In 1969, I tell Sharon, the doors were unlocked until curfew, and we all breezed in and out like children playing in a backyard. Non-residents called at the front desk, where Mrs. McDermott or Mr. Dean would summon you to the lobby over the intercom. ("You have a caller" was perhaps the most tantalizing phrase a Pembroker could hope to hear). If your



The front doors of Emery Hall face Meeting Street.

caller was male, you came down and signed a visitors' log at the desk. "No male is to be in the dorms unaccompanied," warned our freshman handbook.

Sharon smiles at me quizzically, and I realize my explanation must sound like some quaint, mannered tale of Victorian days. Never have I felt so undeniably fifteen years older than a Brown student. She takes out her key to unlock the front door, the door to so many memories. "It's open," says one of the custodians. "Go right on in."

Excerpt from a letter: *Thursday, Sept. 18, 1969: Dear Everybody. Last night I got to bed earlier than I have since I got here—11 p.m. Unfortunately, at midnight the intercom came on to inform Janet that she had forgotten to sign in at the desk. So she had to get up, dress, and go downstairs to remedy that.*

I had been at Pembroke just over a week when I wrote that letter to my parents, and already the protocol of dormitory life was becoming second nature to my roommate and me. The women of my class arrived on campus

in the twilight hours of *in loco parentis*—the notion that a college functions in place of one's parents. Our lives outside the classroom seemed to revolve around the front desk/switchboard area in the Emery lobby. There we received our mail (which was brought in sacks from the East Side station at 8:30 every morning), riffled through the desk copy of the *Providence Journal*, met friends en route to the Verney-Woolley Dining Room, received "callers," and checked for messages each time we passed through. (A simple "Jeff called; will call back" or "Street hockey at 3 p.m.—see you then. Love, Steve" on a folded piece of paper in one's mailbox could turn a day from drab to dynamite.)

It wasn't entirely by choice that the front desk was the hub of our residential life at Pembroke. That desk, and the people working there, existed to serve a set of rules. Said rules included curfews for freshmen (it was the first year all upperclassmen had no curfews): We had to "sign out" when leaving in the evening and be back at Emery by 12:30 a.m. on weekdays, 1:30

a.m. on weekends. Returning later than those times, a freshman would find the outer doors locked, necessitating loud knocking to summon a security guard on duty inside. The student handbook had this to say of missing curfew: "Students are urged to explain their violations to the Senior Assistant [an upperclassman who served as a combination counselor and enforcer in the Pembroke dorms]."

Then there was the "unescorted male" prohibition. The residents of each dorm agreed upon "parietals"—hours when men were allowed in the students' rooms, no earlier than 10 a.m. and, obviously, no later than lock-up time at night. In the log book on the counter overlooking the switchboard area, we dutifully recorded our names and the time of our male guest's arrival. The guest had to be signed out upon leaving.

You may be starting to remember, if you were a Pembroker, or to realize, if you weren't, just how many times in a day a woman student might have to walk down the hall, take the elevator or the stairs to the lobby, and perform a transaction at the desk.

We all agreed, even after we grew accustomed to documenting our comings and goings and those of our guests, that these rules were a drag. Upperclassmen reminded us, though, that we had it good in comparison to their freshman years.

"I think our curfew was something like 10 p.m. on week nights and 12:30 or 1 on weekends," says Ancelin Vogt Lynch '68, who lived in Metcalf Hall her freshman year. "I remember spraining an ankle racing back across campus to make curfew one Saturday night. If you were locked out, you'd try to find a friend on the first floor who would let you in.

"We were allowed to have 'visitors'—men—in our rooms from 2 to 5 p.m. on Sundays." That's all? "That was it," says Lynch, who is now associate director of university relations at Brown. "You'd get a message on the intercom: 'You have a caller.' Then when you brought your guest upstairs, the first woman to spot him would yell, 'MAN ON THE FLOOR!' That alerted everyone not to run out of their rooms in curlers or bathrobes. While we had a visitor, we were required to keep our doors open. Of course, everyone used the old matchbook routine." That is, a matchbook cover wedged between door and doorjamb satisfied the "open" requirement in the letter, if not the intent, of the law.

Life at Pembroke began to change, at first slowly with the easing of curfew times and the lifting of curfews for seniors, then more rapidly after the recommendations of the Magrath Report on student life at Brown were adopted in 1967. "The new rules," reported the *Pembroke Alumna* in 1968, "permit juniors and seniors to stay out all night, and all Pembrokers to entertain men in their rooms during most of the day and evening." Later in the same issue, reporter Virginia Chappell '66 observed that "the most visible change ... is that the dorm lounges are no longer embarrassingly full of necking couples."

Sharon and I enter the Emery Hall lobby, and I gasp. There is no lobby. At least there isn't any sort of lobby as we once knew it. A plaster wall now entirely bisects the foyer perpendicular to the westernmost edge of the plate-glass window. Ahead and slightly to the left, I discern the elevator door and beyond it the stairway. Immediately on my left, the pay-phone booth, once used almost constantly in a building where few students had telephones in their rooms, is stripped of its innards and bolted shut with metal bars.

Several more steps to our left take us to another new wall and a locked door. Sharon opens the door, and here is Emery Lounge. There is handsome furniture inside—blue-upholstered butcher-block sofas and chairs arranged near the free-standing fireplace—and the Steinway grand piano

remains in a corner to the right. "This place is really nice," Sharon remarks. "Anyone in the building can use it." I spin around, intent on making her see the difference: "But this wall wasn't here before," I nearly yelp. "The lounge was entirely open to the lobby. It was like having one big living room where you could watch people pass through."

I realize I am sounding a bit shrill, and with an effort, bring my voice down to a conversational level. "People would play this piano all day—it's a beauty, and everyone in the lobby could hear it. A couple of times I got up my courage and played in here instead of in the practice rooms."

Sharon and I leave the lounge, locking the door behind us. We walk through a centrally-placed opening in the wall dividing the lobby. Again I am stunned. There is no counter, no desk, no switchboard. Of course, I knew they must have taken them out; Brown students have had telephones in their rooms for years now. The cream-colored, black-speckled floor tiles are marred by a distinctly worn rectangle where the counter used to stand. There are no mailboxes, either—not a surprise, since all Brown students began receiving their mail at Faunce House while I was still in college. Where once we scanned glass-windowed boxes for notes and mail there are now paneling and bulletin boards. Behind the wall, in a dark alcove, a soda machine hums. Sharon is delighted: "Hey, a soda machine! I didn't know this was here."

The elevator, praise be, is nearly

Betty McDermott stands where her desk used to be in the lobby. Wires from the old switchboard hang from the wall.



unchanged. Orange plastic panels cover the old metal walls, but the metal door appears to have its original paint, traversed by deep scratches and engraved with messages. "Hi Mom!" one reads. "The elevator gets stuck a lot," Sharon warns. "The other day, eight football players got in at the same time and it stopped." I laugh; surely eight football players never crowded into this elevator in 1969, but we did find "Out of Order" signs taped to the doors occasionally.

Sharon shows me her room. Emery-Woolley doubles are almost all alike (except for the corner rooms), and I recognize the cinderblock walls, the wooden built-ins. Somehow, though, the room seems smaller than mine had been. This, I tell myself, is pure illusion, as when you return to a childhood home and find that the house, and especially the yard, has shrunk to Lilliputian size.

Near the door, there is a metal plate on the wall with a galaxy of small holes in it. "It's the intercom speaker," I realize. "They can't still work, I suppose, without the switchboard." Sharon tells me that most residents cover the useless speakers with posters.

From another letter: *Jan. 31, 1970: Dear People, Have you gotten my grades yet? ... On Wednesday Janet and I had a scare. Two strange guys, unescorted, came into our room. They started talking, playing records, and sitting on our beds. We kept our cool and joked around, then said that we were leaving so they'd have to clear out. Fortunately, they did. Right away I called Mrs. McDermott on the intercom and told her about it; she called Security and two guards roared up in a car and came up here, swinging their nightsticks. I heard that they found the guys and threw them out. Whew!*

"Emery is probably missing that little personal touch now," says Elizabeth McDermott, who for two years (1969-71) was the receptionist and switchboard operator in the Emery-Woolley lobby. "Especially the intercom system. You must have felt as if you had a friend right in the room with you. There was that feeling of safety."

Indeed, help in any emergency was just a flick of the switch away. But more than safety, Betty McDermott, who has worked since 1975 as receptionist in the residence life office at the Graduate Center, brought to Emery and Woolley students a comfortable aura of home. Her voice over the intercom was soothing and warm, like tea with honey: "Anne, telephone call. Can you take it on the third floor? Very good; I'll



Barred, bolted, and empty, the telephone booth to the right of Emery's entrance is silent these days.

transfer it." (With no personal phone extensions, we received calls in booths located opposite the elevator doors on each floor.)

McDermott, a former telephone operator for Ma Bell, worked the day shift at Emery, 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Her husband, John, retired last winter after nineteen years as fire marshal at Brown. "The lobby was very friendly," McDermott recalls. "I felt at home there right away. I loved the young people; I made many dear friends who still keep in touch with me." As if it were yesterday, she mentions names of my freshman classmates from 1969-70: "Do you remember Suzanne Nolan? And Mary Hutchings ... Where is she now, I wonder? That girl with the lovely French name used to work for me

—yes, that was it, Dominique. And Jan ... Jan Nusinoff; she was such a nice girl.

"People would talk to me just because I was there. Being a woman, I think even the boys felt they could talk to me about their problems. Sometimes there were tears. And then I'd be remembered at Christmas with a cake or some candy—little things that made the job so pleasant."

McDermott's evening replacement was Lawrence Dean, a courtly man in white shirt and tie who had a kind word for everyone. After one of my rare excursions into the lounge to play the Steinway, I was slinking towards the elevator, a bit embarrassed at hitting a few sour notes, my arms laden with sheet music. "That was lovely, Anne,"

Mr. Dean called to me. "Please come down and play again. I enjoyed it so much." The glow from his compliment lasted for days. Mrs. McDermott tells me that Lawrence Dean died several years ago.

A few years back, John McDermott had to go into Emery Hall on a weekend to check a fire alarm. "I decided to go along, just to go into the lobby and see it," his wife says. "Well, I'll tell you, I didn't know where I was. Everything was gone. I remember that beautiful lounge. The lobby itself wasn't a big place, but with the lounge it seemed spacious. Now, it's very cold looking." She prefers to remember an Emery lobby that vanished ten years ago.

Feb. 23, 1970: Dear Mom and Dad ... HEY, guess what just happened. Mrs. McDermott called and said to come downstairs, so I did and guess what was there on the counter for me: A vase of a dozen red roses!!! I nearly fainted. I had absolutely zero idea who they came from. The roses caused quite a sensation in the lobby and up on floor ... they're beautiful.

Let me show you a room that's really been fixed up," offers Sharon. We walk down a hall in Woolley to a corner room with its door slightly ajar. She knocks; "Charlie?" she inquires. "Yeah, come on in," replies a male voice.

Welcome to the casbah, I think, gazing at the vibrantly-colored prints of cotton India bedspreads everywhere: Draped on three walls, falling in soft billows from the ceiling, hung as a curtain at a window. (The other window is covered by a Union Jack.) Sharon introduces me to Charlie, whose hair is wet and who is wearing only a large towel knotted around his waist. His roommate, Sandy, joins us.

"Do many students go to all this trouble to decorate their rooms?" I ask them. "Some do," says Sharon. "Most people do *something* to their rooms, but not this elaborate." Sandy adds, "I think kids who have been to prep school are more apt to bring furnishings with them. They've already been through this."

As we head for the elevator, Sharon points out a number of doors left open as the rooms' occupants study inside, or talk with a roommate. "It's really great here," she says. "Everyone is friendly. People's doors are usually open when they're in and you can just sit around and talk. Most of the socializing is done in the halls."

Isolation is the last thing Brown wants for its residents, and a number of

programs that didn't exist in 1969 now bring students together. "The Grass-roots program is in every dorm," says Vicky Parker-Estey '81, the new manager of residential programs in the Office of Residential Life. "A group of students, the program coordinators, organize house 'boards' in each living area. These boards receive money for programming in the dorms." Entertainment by a magician or by singing groups such as the High Jinks, or more serious programs led by experts in such issues as sexual harassment, are examples of events held in the residence halls. "The program coordinators also work with the faculty fellows [BAM, March], who cover all areas of the campus. The fellows hold at least one event per week. We try to focus on stimulating discussion in the dorms by choosing thought-provoking programs."

We reach the lobby, and Sharon runs into a friend who is heading for lunch in the Verney-Woolley dining room (a quiet and attractive place today, as it was my freshman year). I thank Sharon and tell her to go ahead to lunch. After she leaves, I stand in the lobby for ten minutes or so, scribbling notes on a steno pad, trying both to memorize the "new" Emery lobby and to see the old Emery superimposed on it. Students bustle past me, laughing and talking in groups.

In the November 1969 issue of the *Brown Alumni Monthly*, eleven students talked about what it was like to live at Brown. One of my classmates, Marty

Arthur '73, had this to say: "Pembroke seems like a distinct entity to me. Even though we share the same classes, I feel separated from Brown. The dating situation is so bad, so contrived ... With (Brown men) coming over to Pembroke to look over the new crop of girls, you feel like a quantity instead of a person. Coeducational dormitories would be much more natural."

A year later, I was again living in Emery. But now it was coed; two Brown men lived on the other side of the cinderblock wall on my side of the room. Mrs. McDermott still fielded our telephone calls, but there were no more sign-in books for visitors, no more curfews, no more letters in the glass boxes—I went to Faunce House for my mail, like all Brown students. Pembroke was changing again, preparing for its merger with Brown later that year.

And I had to agree with Marty Arthur: coed dorms *were* more natural. My next-door neighbors, Steve Fink '73 and Mike Berkowitz '72, came to seem like my brothers. They even nursed me through a vicious strep throat that winter, bringing mugs of broth and tea and checking on me every day.

Emery Hall in 1969 had been homey and warm, but Emery Hall in 1970 was on the cusp of change, and the change was good. It still is, I think as I push open the metal door and walk into the sunlight outside my home of fifteen years ago. Behind me the door swings closed, its lock engaging with an audible click.

The lounge served as a living room for Pembrokers in the '60s.



Out of Circulation and into the Lab

A look at blood—its uses, the research, and a new way of teaching hematology at Brown

By Katherine Hinds

Photographs by John Forasté

We never think it's going to happen to us. Some atavistic instinct, perhaps, prevents us from considering the consequences of the car out of control on the freeway, the small vessel in the brain that balloons and explodes, the single cell that runs amok and multiplies freakishly. One consequence of any one of these actions is that there may be a critical need for massive amounts of blood. Where will the blood come from? Will it be safe? What happens if there's not enough? And how much is known about this substance that is as precious as the air we breathe?

Medical students receive a great deal of information about blood throughout their educations, but the specialized study of blood, hematology, is not overly populated. And this is a cause for concern.

"It's worrisome to me when I start thinking about where the new doctors in hematology are going to come from," explains Dr. James Crowley, an associate professor in Brown's Program in Medicine. "Blood research has traditionally been funded by the military, and the money has eased up in the past few years. There has been a decline in doctors in the military. There's no war going on, so there's no sense of urgen-

cy. Unless we have another war, and the military starts pumping money into this field, where will the doctors come from?"

As money for research in hematology has dwindled, the need for blood has, ironically and dramatically, increased. "Since the fifties," says Dr. Crowley, "there has been an increasing tendency for blood to be given to patients with chronic diseases. For a long time, blood was used only in the operating room. Now it's almost equally given to medical patients as part of their treatment. The whole field of hematology has mushroomed in the last ten years. Leukemia and lymphoma patients are virtually dependent on transfusions"—as they undergo chemotherapy treatments that destroy the healthy cells as well as the cancerous ones—"and these patients sometimes need a transfusion every two days to stay alive. In a healthy human being, platelets will last seven days; in leukemics, they may last only one or two days. Some patients develop antibodies, causing platelets to be destroyed in the circulation as soon as they are transfused.

"Medical patients are also subject to aggressive treatments that interfere with blood production. For instance, we



At the Rhode Island Blood Center, units of blood wait to be processed.

now have chronic hemodialysis to treat renal [kidney] failure. Patients with renal failure can now live out normal life spans, whereas a few years ago this wasn't so. But the kidney makes a hormone that stimulates blood marrow production," a process that is hampered when the kidney fails. "So kidney patients have to be transfused frequently."

As the need for blood in medical processes has increased, "interestingly, surgeons have reduced the amount they use. Cardiac cases today use much less blood than they used to. The [surgical] techniques have become more streamlined, and surgeons have learned to do with far less blood in the operating room because of technical innovations like the heart/lung machine.

"There is one surgical area, though, in which blood use has increased: trauma. Trauma cases are infrequent—at Rhode Island Hospital, out of 25,000 annual admissions, perhaps forty to fifty are trauma patients—but one of those patients might require approximately forty to seventy units of blood in a forty-eight-hour period. This is yet another strain on the system."



Blood, life-sustaining and life-giving, is voluntarily donated to the medical establishment by individuals who do so for varied and private reasons. In Rhode Island, the blood is collected by the Blood Center (located on North Main Street in Providence), a resource that is shared by seventeen hospitals in the state.

"When a pint of blood is collected at the Blood Center," says Dr. Crowley, "it is immediately broken down into its various components: the red corpuscles, platelets, and plasma. The red cells carry oxygen. The platelets are what people with leukemia need most often, and plasma is used extensively to correct bleeding tendencies. Actually, it may be used more than is necessary," Dr. Crowley adds. "There's a common bleeding problem caused by the use of massive doses of antibiotics, which kill the germ in the gut that makes Vitamin K—which is essential for clotting. If you're taking these massive doses of antibiotics, your blood becomes very thin, something that is often corrected by giving plasma. And it may be unnecessary. Antibiotics are so potent these days that they almost sterilize the body and get rid of *all* germs, which isn't a good thing."

According to Dr. Ronald Yankee, the medical director of the Rhode Island Blood Center and professor of hematology at Brown, the use of platelets is a relatively new medical procedure, one he was involved in developing. Dr. Yankee's story of how he was drawn into hematology illustrates how quickly the field changes—and some of the problems intrinsic to working with blood.

"I got involved in the support end of cancer treatment, which involves hematology and oncology, when I was working at the National Institutes of Health. We were working on how to keep a patient alive through extensive chemotherapy and radiology. Both of these forms of treatment poison the tumor and, unfortunately, healthy tissue at the same time, especially the bone marrow production of red cells, white cells, and platelets. At that time, the early sixties, there was no cure for leukemia. Now 75 percent of children with leukemia can expect long-term survival. We had to find ways to support the patient—to save him from infection and bleeding. We were just learning how to transfuse platelets at that time.

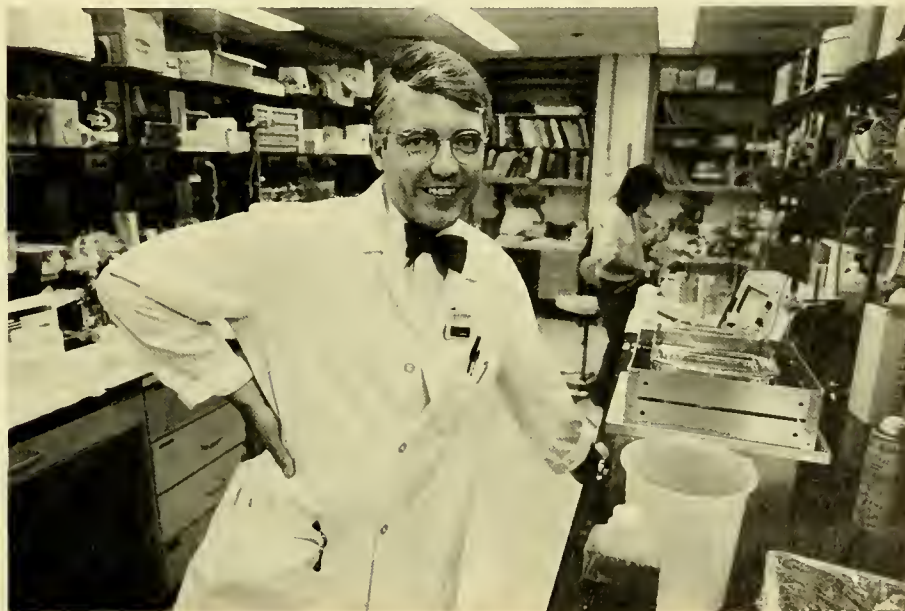
"One of the problems in giving platelets concerns the body's capacity to build antibodies. If you need a skin graft, and I give you a piece of my skin, you are going to reject it. The same is true with platelets. The first time you get them, you're fine. But if you keep getting them, your immune system recognizes them as 'foreign' and destroys them before they have a chance

to function in controlling bleeding. I became involved with trying to improve the selection of donors in order that platelets would be more compatible when transfused to patients who had developed these antibodies."

The turning point came when a team of doctors at NIH was treating a young girl with aplastic anemia. Her bone marrow was unable to produce any red cells, white cells, or platelets, and she was dying.

"We worked all night long withdrawing platelets from each member of her family and transfusing them into her," Dr. Yankee says in the Rhode Island Blood Center Newsletter. "We noticed that only the cells from two of her brothers had a dramatically positive effect on her condition. After re-examining the results of Human Leukocyte Antigen (HLA) testing on these family members, we realized that the brothers were HLA-matched to the sister and that HLA was the key to platelet compatibility. The HLA system is a genetically determined series of molecules on the surface of cells that your immune system recognizes and will either accept (if like self) or reject (if unlike your own cells). Since platelets carry these HLA determinants when you select donors based on this, you'll be able to support patients and control bleeding." The young girl who was transfused with her brothers' platelets was back on her feet within three days and asking to go home. This one case provided the basis for a system to select compatible platelet donors now in use worldwide.

Dr. James Crowley, in the hematology research laboratory at Rhode Island Hospital.



White cells—the body's immune system—are also part of the research Dr. Crowley has worked on for years. The need to find a way to match and store white blood cells is critical, especially for people undergoing chemotherapy, when the bone marrow stops making anything.

"Early in my career I worked on the methodology for isolating white blood cells," he says. "Red blood cells are very tough—they can last for four months in storage. They have skin like a basketball. White corpuscles, on the other hand, are evanescent. A white blood cell has a nucleus and a complicated signaling system. It can crawl around through the body, leaving the circulation completely. Its complicated nature multiplies the opportunities for something happening while we are trying to preserve it."

Even the simple act of removing white blood cells from the body lessens their effectiveness. "Red blood cells aren't bothered by being removed from the body. The platelet is a little bothered and doesn't like the cold of the

outside world. But when blood is drawn, the white blood cell gets activated and senses danger, so it 'turns on,' looking for something to do. This makes it much more vulnerable to storage than any of the other blood components. We tried freezing them, but the problems with freezing turned out to be insurmountable. It's like freezing the human brain. When the difficulties with freezing became clear, we looked at other ways to approach the problem."

Dr. Crowley says that "some hormones can 'turn off' white blood cells, and we can keep them in a bag for a week and they won't deteriorate. But the white cell's ability to kill bacteria is gone in forty-eight hours. And its ability to crawl and recognize danger is gone almost immediately."

Dr. Crowley says that the kind of research he is working on won't solve the problem—"all I'm doing is temporizing. White blood cells are a very complex system. The chance of finding a match for white cells is one out of 150. And we're getting new germs all the time and seeing some unusual fungal

and yeast infections that there are no antibiotics for. The body is an organic system that doesn't tolerate sterility. The body itself creates new sources of infection, for which there is no possible immunity."

The field of hematology is growing, and as Dr. Crowley says, "this is virtually one of the few areas in medicine where there is already a shortfall of physicians." Recognizing this, the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute recently granted a \$250,000 Transfusion Medicine Academic Award to Dr. Crowley.

"Although the basics of transfusion medicine are presented to medical students every time they are involved in a blood transfusion, it's one field where the links aren't made. What the NHLBI wanted to do was to sponsor people who could come up with a way of making the links, a way of coordinating the teaching materials to look at some consequences of the knowledge, or the lack thereof, of transfusions and transplantations."

The processing laboratory at the Rhode Island Blood Center is where all blood from Rhode Islanders is fractionated and tested.





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O n the cover

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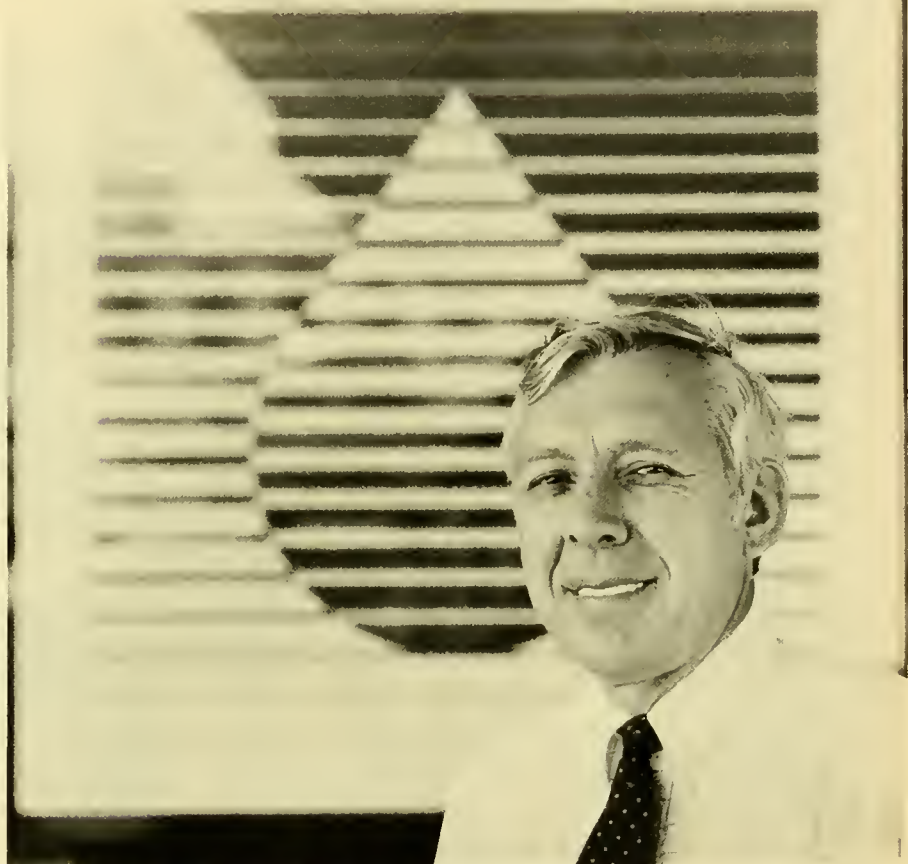
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competitive. "Out of forty-five to fifty medical schools, only half were nominated for the award, which gives an	think about hematology. We'll be able to do those reports easily."	and the community that the NIELD award provides will only enhance knowledge about hematology.
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RHODE ISLAND BLOOD CENTER



Dr. Ronald Yankee, outside the Blood Center in Providence.

Dr. Crowley has designed a new way of teaching third-year medical students about some of the problems inherent in hematology. "I knew we wouldn't be able to squeeze anything more into the curriculum, because it's already full-to-bursting. So we are designing a program of computerized self-assessment. Whenever the third-year medical student has the time, he or she will go to the computer and will be presented with a specific problem. For instance, if they choose the computerized 'case' in pediatrics, they will be 'given' a kid who comes in with a swollen leg, and asked to evaluate the case in terms of hematology." For each treatment the student suggests, a different response will be evoked. "The program will be specifically geared to information the students have received in the curriculum. To me, one of the major problems with medical education is the regimentation and the lack of 'connectedness.' Students are bombarded with information, but they don't often see the relevance of it. What we try to teach in terms of content can't be reduced, so we have to present it in a manner more appropriate to how the student will be learning later."

The program, which Dr. Crowley hopes to make available by second semester of this year, should take an hour for the student to complete. It will conclude with the student being "hit with some of the costs involved in blood products. For instance, we would offer the student three options: 'You can use a locally prepared product, a product from a genetic engineering lab, or plasma.' And this is how much each would cost. Some of the more highly purified blood products are *enormously* expensive. One patient in forty-eight hours can run through \$20,000 of some of the more highly-purified products, and who is paying for this? It's great that medical science has isolated these products, but it becomes difficult if the patient doesn't respond. Physicians have to be aware of the costs. On the other hand, if the student chooses the plasma, of the three options offered above, maybe the patient will contract hepatitis from it. We have to make the students aware of all the ramifications—for instance, maybe if they choose the locally prepared blood product, they will be informed that there's only enough available for one day's treatment."

The NHLBI award was highly competitive. "Out of forty-five to fifty medical schools, only half were nominated for the award, which gives an

idea of the paucity of this field. Six awards were made. A lot had to do with convincing the NIH that we had the atmosphere at Brown to support this type of thing. For once, Brown's smallness was working for us. We were able to demonstrate that we had the support from the hospital and the medical school. [Dean of Medicine] David Greer was personally interested in this program, and because we are innovating the medical curriculum, this seemed like a good time to do this."

Brown is a good environment in which to develop such an innovative learning method. The computer science department will be involved in writing the programs, and Vince Mor, an assistant professor who is in charge of the health evaluation unit at Rhode Island Hospital, will be helping assess how the program is working. "The NIH wanted yearly reports and summary evaluations to see how this program is going. And to see if it's making any difference in the way students think about hematology. We'll be able to do those reports easily."

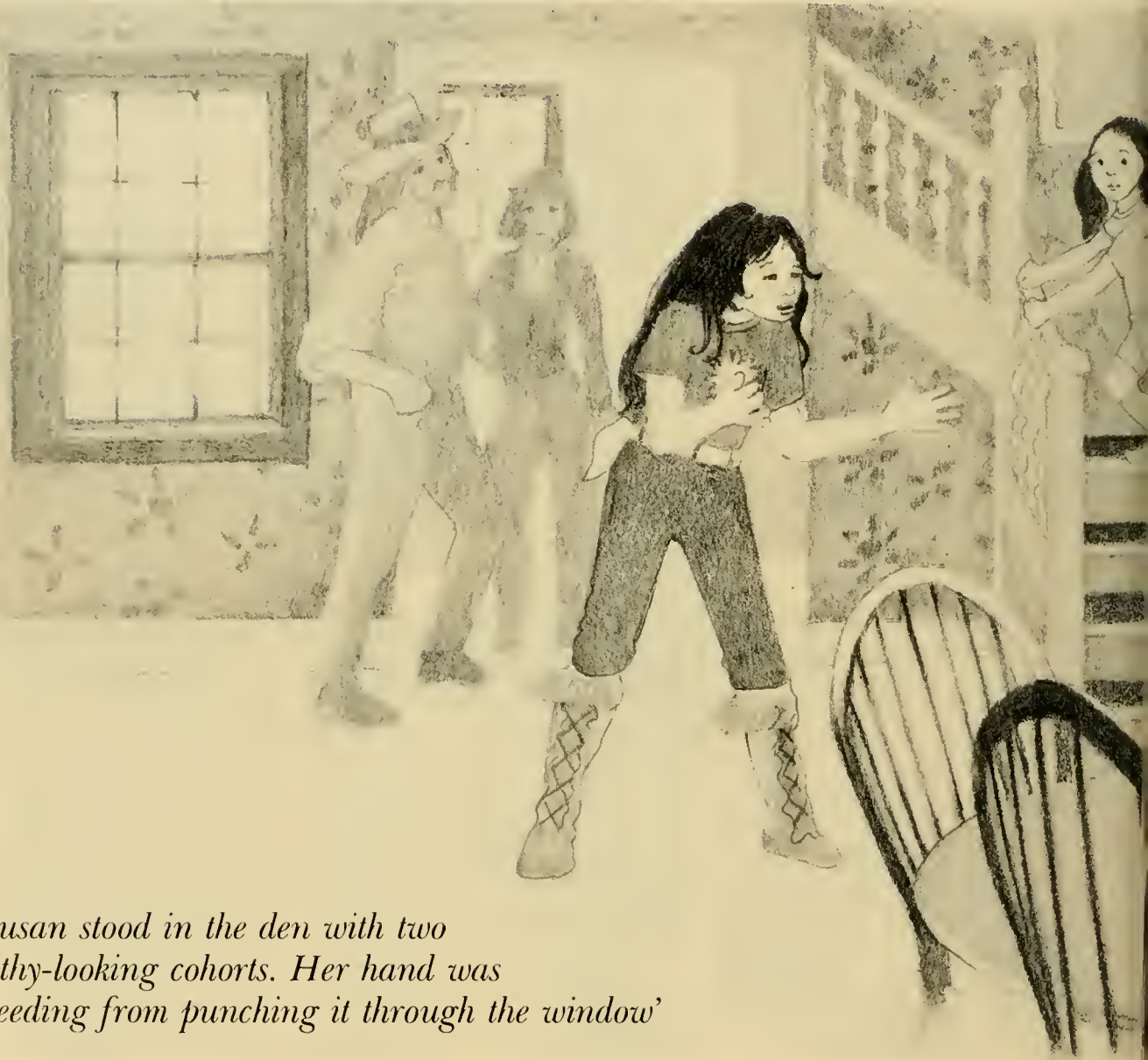
The role the Rhode Island Blood Center will play in teaching future physicians about hematology is significant, too. "As it is now," says Dr. Yankee, "I teach an hour of blood-banking a year to these medical students. That's all they get. Of course there is a certain amount of osmosis they get from other courses. Dr. Crowley's job is to try to make sure their training is better than it is, and appropriate for change. It's important that the Blood Center be involved in this award from the standpoint of blood collection and the various specialized procedures that provide a safe and adequate supply of blood for transfusions."

Transfusion and transplantation medicine are obviously on the frontier of modern medicine. The human species will never stop needing blood, and as the uses for blood change and evolve, the field must continue to grow. A collaboration between the University and the community that the NHLBI award provides will only enhance knowledge about hematology.

Out of Control

By Deborah Navas '71

Illustrations by Ann G. Barrow



'Susan stood in the den with two filthy-looking cohorts. Her hand was bleeding from punching it through the window'

Late one afternoon, my youngest daughter called me at work to say that her fifteen-year-old sister, Susan, had broken into the house with some friends to steal money. She was apparently high on something, and threatening to beat up the two youngest children. I drove at seventy miles per hour through the quiet streets of our small New Hampshire town, envisioning bloody disaster.

Susan stood in the den with two filthy-looking cohorts. Her hand was bleeding from punching it through the

window. She was enraged at me for locking her out of the house, and I was enraged at her for breaking the window, for frightening her brother and sister, and for turning into a monster. We screamed at each other, and she grabbed the poker from the fireplace and came at me. Though she's petite—four-feet-eleven, ninety pounds—the strength of her rage, fed by the drugs she was on, tipped the scale in her favor. She might have killed me if one of her friends hadn't disarmed her. I was as frightened of her as were the two

other children, and since all else had failed, I had kicked her out of the house. But it didn't solve a thing.

That scene took place five years ago. As I look back on it, I think it was the very lowest point of our lives, the rock bottom of four stormy years precipitated by my husband's and my divorce. It was an especially painful divorce for all of us—we two adults and the three children: Susan, age twelve; Jill, ten; and Rob, seven, at the time we separated. The decision to divorce was mine and not mutual, creating a perva-

Teenage alcoholism and drug addiction are tragic and ugly facts of life for many families. And no family is immune, as one alumna found out—the hard way



sive enmity that was distilled through the children as they traveled back and forth on a weekly joint custody schedule.

The divorce was renewed in every bitter remark and in the continuous packing and unpacking of suitcases. My ex-husband was preoccupied with his job and his grief, and I with my own grief, which took the form of frantic pursuit of what I thought of as my lost youth and self-esteem. Neither of us paid much real attention to the children. Susan, the quiet one, who never

acted out over the divorce with tantrums or refusals to go to school as her brother and sister did—Susan, shy and deferential always, slipped through the cracks.

Her grades began to slip. When she was thirteen she sneaked out a window to attend a party where (I heard later) there was drinking. I dismissed it as a youthful escapade. She grew depressed over having to pack her bags every week and change houses, but didn't want to have to choose one parent over the other.

I kept a diary during that time, and as I re-read it now, I'm chagrined to discover that it contains nothing but accounts of my post-divorce romances—nothing at all about my children's lives, their sadnesses, joys, and adjustments. I couldn't find in it the first time Susan ran away and I finally chased her down to the cabin of a known drug dealer; or the time she stayed out until 3 a.m. with her fifteen-year-old boyfriend, and I had to resort to the police for help in finding them. Or the time we went to a movie and I was amazed to

speechlessness as she coolly lied to the ticket woman about her age, and when challenged shrugged as if being caught in a lie was no big deal.

The next thing I knew, it seemed, she had dropped out of school, dropped all of her "nice" friends for a disreputable bunch of older dropouts. She was running away from home for three and four days at a time, stealing money and clothes from her brother, sister, and me. She refused to talk to counselors, and yelled, screamed, and threatened whenever I tried to confront or punish her for her bizarre behavior.

I didn't know what to do with her. She had become frighteningly dangerous to others and especially to herself; completely out of control. I felt tremendously guilty for her terrible transformation, but didn't know what to do except endure numbly, praying for some magical metamorphosis back to her old sweet and sensitive self.

Luckily, something happened to jolt us out of this passive drift. Again, it was at work that I received a frantic phone call from one of Susan's friends saying that Susan had been brought to the hospital—the result of a fight between some teenagers and the police in the local park. I rushed to the emergency room to find three nurses restraining her on a cot. Her hair was covered with dirt and leaves, and her eyes were wild. I ran to her and hugged her until she calmed her hysterics. "Wonder what she's high on?" one nurse whispered to another. My first reaction was to slap them, if I had dared let go of my child.

Much later at home, I remembered that Susan had told me earlier that she thought she was an alcoholic; I had dismissed it as braggadocio, just more of her street-tough pose. But I phoned a good friend who is a reformed alcoholic now active in counseling programs. Yes, she said, Susan exhibited all the symptoms of alcohol addiction.

Amazingly, I felt giddy with relief—alcoholics could be helped; finally we could do something. With the pooled resources of my friend the alcohol counselor and the district court (Susan's fight with the police had incurred two misdemeanors), her father and I worked out that she would stay a month in a mental hospital for detoxification and evaluation, and from there go to Odyssey House, a residential drug-abuse rehabilitation program for adolescents in Hampton, New Hampshire.

"What makes you think I'm gonna

go?" Susan said to the judge.

"It's either there or the YDC," he said in a voice calculated to intimidate hardened criminals. "Take your choice." I blanched, for in tax-free New Hampshire the Youth Detention Center was then a notorious snake pit. Did he mean it? Susan apparently thought so, and we never had to find out. When interviewed a month later by the Odyssey admissions counselor, Susan was asked if she wanted to join the program. "No, but what - - - - - choice do I have?" she said.

The average adolescents entering our facility are distrustful, isolated, hateful, and avoid any responsibility for their life predicament. They show poor impulse control and poor or absent conscience ... They demonstrate manipulative and exploitative relationships, and a long history of conflict with authority. They are negative, hostile, have a sense of entitlement, magical thinking, and egocentricity. They are devious, cunning, and deceitful, and react to stress by withdrawal, attack, running, tantrums, and manipulations...

This quote from a booklet describing the Odyssey House Treatment Method also described Susan perfectly at the time she entered the Odyssey program. "Of course she doesn't want to enter," the admissions counselor told me after her interview. "The program's hard; it's much easier on the streets. That's why it's good to have a court sentence hanging over them—motivation. It gets them in here, and if they're lucky, keeps them here long enough to drop their street values."

Odyssey is a national program that began in New York City during the 1960s with a small group of heroin addicts who wanted to achieve a drug-free existence. Under the supervision of a psychiatrist, Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber, they evolved a highly-structured treatment method based on a voluntary residential commitment of anywhere from one to three years. The program proved so successful that it expanded to include other substance abusers, both adolescents and adults, and currently supports several facilities across the United States and in Australia.

Odyssey is subsidized by national, state, and private funding, as well as fees for services. Financial arrangements vary by locality; in our case, because Susan's Odyssey residency was a court order, our town paid the \$1,400-

a-month bill, and my ex-husband and I reimburse the town at a mutually agreed-upon rate. This may sound steep, but in the world of residential treatment into which we were plunged, it was a bargain: The private mental hospital where Susan stayed for a month for detoxification and evaluation charged us \$1,600 per week, doctors' bills not included. Our combined health insurance allowance ran out after three weeks.

I had never heard of Odyssey before Susan joined the program; I only knew that she had to be isolated in a drug-free environment. At first glance, the large, old converted summer house, containing some thirty kids and six or seven adult staff members, didn't inspire confidence. Paint was peeling off the outside; the front porch was in the process of being enclosed and winterized by some of the residents; the inside was shabby, with heating pipes exposed in the hallways. Susan was depressed the day we drove up from the mental hospital to move her in; it would be very different from the carpeted and tastefully appointed rooms at the hospital, where she had no responsibilities except to talk to her psychiatrist. But the house was clean—no dust or clutter anywhere, beds in each immaculate bedroom neatly made—and surprisingly, the kids who were bustling around seemed like normal adolescents. I felt a little dizzy when I left shortly afterwards, experiencing a jumble of feelings—sadness and uncertainty over leaving Susan there, but also deep relief.

I didn't know when I would hear from Susan again. As a new inductee, she was now in the pretreatment phase of the program, which, a staff member explained, can last anywhere from a week to six weeks. During that time, the "pretreatment" can have no outside contact—no letters, phone calls, or visits. It would take a year, minimum, for Susan to advance through the various stages and graduate from the program, we were told. But I was secretly banking on no more than six to eight months before she'd be "cured" and back home with her family.

As I look back on it, my unrealistic assessment of the seriousness of Susan's problems seems unbelievably negligent in the face of the most obvious evidence. During the initial interview, when Odyssey was determining if Susan was appropriate for the program (because of danger to the community, they won't treat arsonists, people with violent behavior problems, or suicidal

*'It was the first time
I had heard her speak
of the other drugs besides
alcohol and marijuana
she had used'*



people), I first learned of her attempted suicide. One time when she was drunk out of her mind, she said, she had wanted to end it all and jumped off a cliff in the dark. But it turned out that the cliff wasn't very high, and she only suffered cuts and bruises.

It was also the first time that I heard her speak of the other drugs besides alcohol and marijuana she had used—"speed, acid, angel dust, peyote, cocaine, and once heroin ... whatever I could get, whenever I could," Susan told the admissions counselor in a tired voice, devoid of brag. For me, sitting in my chair beside her, listening, stunned, it was a revelation of her unspeakable pain. For the briefest moment it showed on her face before she closed her expression against any sympathy. Perhaps the admissions counselor had seen it, too, because she concluded that since Susan had been drunk when she made her suicide attempt it belonged in the realm of impulsive behavior and would not prevent her from entering the program.

I have since heard two other parents brush off the significance of a suicide attempt in talking of their troubled children, showing the same sort of blindness that affected me then. Now I can see that it is largely a self-serving blindness, because to acknowledge that my child was deeply and seriously troubled enough to want to take her own life (whether drunk or sober is beside the point) was to acknowledge that I as a parent had failed her utterly. It was just pure luck that the time I wasted in avoiding that inevitable implication didn't waste her.

Wishful thinking prevailed after I left Susan at the Odyssey facility, and I assumed she would become a Freshman in a week. Two weeks went by with still no word. "She's fine," a staff member assured me by phone, but no, I couldn't talk with her—in pretreatment she needed to focus entirely on the program. Another week passed, and I felt bereft. So when an

invitation to help the residents paint the facility arrived, I was determined to go and see if she was all right.

I arrived on a bright Saturday morning to find a yard full of paint-smeared teenagers, a few parents, and bushel-sized buckets of white paint. Because I had come so far—nearly a two-hour drive—the non-communication rule was waived, and Susan came flying out of the house to greet me with a huge hug and a kiss. "Oh Mom, I'm so glad to see you!" she said, her eyes alight as they hadn't been in years. We painted together for an hour or so while she told me all that was going on, telling about friends she had made, explaining the confusing house rules—"It's a one-on-one!" someone would shout, causing an inexplicable scurrying to change places—the Odyssey jargon tumbling in smooth, incomprehensible phrases from her tongue.

On that housepainting day, I had nothing but Pollyanna thoughts. My daughter told me that she loved me as I was leaving; in just a few short weeks she had been restored to her old self. Surely she would be ready to graduate in a few months. It took four more weeks of silence from Hampton—in which the euphoria damped down considerably—before Susan called to say that she had passed her "probe"; now she was a Freshman, on her way, and she would "crack for her Ps"—i.e., ask her Freshman group if she could

have her privileges, which would include family visits.

"Why did it take so long?" I asked, meaning the probation specifically, but also implying the seven weeks it took to reach Freshman level.

"Oh, I was acting out, being vicious and malicious," she answered breezily, "but they're breaking all my games."

This cryptic piece of information didn't explain much, but it sounded positive. Surely if she were gaining a perspective on her behavior, then she could change it in no time. She had been gone from us—locked into her world of alcohol and drugs—for so long, I wanted her back as soon as possible. Susan herself, in the first exhilaration of coming to grips with and controlling her drinking and use of drugs, also assumed that she'd be home—if not by Christmas, then before summer.

The family as a whole was moving toward stability as 1980 closed. My ex-husband had remarried, and I was also planning to marry again. Jill, my younger daughter, had solved the joint-custody dilemma by going away to school. Rob was the only child who had adjusted to the weekly visitation schedule—perhaps because he was the youngest. Both Jill and Rob were relieved when Susan went away for rehabilitation. They visited Susan with me when they could, and the three of them

regained a measure of their old camaraderie.

Sometimes on visits or over the phone, Susan would ask if I saw anything of her friends, or if they had called asking for her. No, they hadn't, I had to tell her—for which I was thankful. But I could sense her disappointment. One time I had to tell her that two of them had been killed, while drunk, in a motorcycle accident. It upset her deeply for weeks. "All of my friends are dying," she said.

I asked Susan to be my maid of honor for our upcoming wedding in March. It would give her an opportunity to feel included, I decided, to be a part of the new family we were evolving—my husband-to-be had three children also. Besides, it was high time she had a home visit: the wedding was to be in March and she had been at Odyssey since September—seven long months!

At sixteen, Susan was coming into an exceptional beauty. She was the sole inheritor of her grandfather's Castilian genes, with her delicate bones, dark brown hair and eyes, and porcelain skin. But all she could see were her faults—mostly imagined—as she dressed for the wedding, peering into the mirror anxiously and repeatedly, and finding no assurance there. She was the only one who didn't know how beautiful she looked in her pink and lavender gypsy skirt with the white carnation in her hair. "So fragile," someone in the family commented. Her Odyssey escorts—a staff member and another resident—politely stood by her, wherever she was, and whisked her away shortly after the ceremony.

Only now do I understand fully what I had asked of her, what a trial it must have been for her to face what she imagined to be the censure of the family without her old crutches of drugs and booze and indifference. Also to have to face the irrefutable evidence that her father and mother were truly divorced, now each remarried—it was the knowledge from which she had originally run away. But even if pale and shaking, she got through the wedding like a trouper, smiling when asked for pictures. She has never lacked for pure animal courage, and she was soon to have to show even more of it.

After the wedding hubbub died down, I began to notice that Susan was slipping into a depression. She was sickly and not eating well—for quite some time she had had ulcer-like symptoms whenever she was under stress. She



didn't sleep well, either, and spent whatever free time she had reading or abstracted in daydreams. She had been a Sophomore for months and seemed to be getting nowhere. Her Sophomore job function was running the kitchen, and the work was becoming a drag, she said. Sometimes she was up all night cleaning the stove or floors if they failed to pass inspection, and she was always exhausted.

"She's avoiding therapy issues," her counselor told me when I called about her depression. The consensus of the staff was to pile on physical work—keep her busy fourteen hours a day—so that she'd have less energy for suppressing therapy issues.

Two days later a staff member called me at work to say that Susan had split; she would probably be hitchhiking and headed for home. Hitchhiking—the thought of it chilled me. I don't know how I got through the time between 1 and 4:45, when she called from her father's house. I said I'd be right over.

She was alone in the house; her father hadn't come home from work yet when I got there. "Something happened, Ma," she said. "The man who picked me up forced me to have sex with him." Her voice was dull and flat, and she acted as if she were in shock.

I couldn't say anything for a moment. So full of furious feelings was I that I couldn't catch hold and say just one. How could yet another terrible thing happen to her? Finally, I managed, "Oh, Susan, that's rape." She came

*'We painted together
for an hour or so
while she told me
what was going on'*

home with me, still in a fog, and took three or four showers to try to clean herself. We called in the State Police because my husband had a friend on the force, and they were exceptionally sensitive and considerate when they met us at the hospital, where Susan had to undergo a medical examination. She worked with a detective until 4 a.m. on a composite drawing of her attacker.

The next morning she slept and then decided to return to Odyssey in the afternoon. She still seemed in a daze and distant when I left her off, and I agonized about whether I was doing the right thing by leaving her there; but she wanted to go back, she said, and very little else. Much later she told me that she didn't dare show any feelings, because then she would cry, causing me to cry—and she wouldn't be able to stand it if I cried, she said.

Because Susan had split, she was busted back down to the pretreatment level again, with no privileges. I was not allowed to talk to Susan, and was worried sick about her depression and the effect of her being raped on top of that. She was receiving crisis counseling, I was told, but I was beginning to question the caliber of Odyssey's counseling. Hadn't they practically forced her out the door by making her work eighteen-hour days? She still needed to be in a protected environment, I knew, but I couldn't find any private hospital we could afford. Growing more desperate, I began researching jobs that would allow me to be home with Susan, to care for her myself. Then Susan's counselor called me to say that their consulting psychiatrist had prescribed a mild tranquilizer to help curb her depression, and I blew my stack. More drugs was like bringing coals to Newcastle, I thought. I demanded a meeting with her therapist.

The therapist met me two days later and handed me Susan's psychiatric evaluation. The psychiatrist stressed Susan's tendency to detach from reality—reading, daydreaming, fantasizing—her impulsiveness, her inability to distinguish sometimes between her own

memories and other people's stories. He described her as a "borderline adolescent," which meant, her therapist explained, there was a possibility of schizophrenia. Her symptoms might also be attributed to brain impairment from alcohol and drug use, he added, but in any case Susan's pathology would take a long time to treat, especially with the added trauma of rape.

They let me see Susan briefly—she was "all right" with the medication, she said, and she was finally able to get a full night of sleep. On the two-hour drive home from Hampton, which was now as familiar as an old friend, I absorbed what they had told me. She would not be coming home soon. But at least I was reassured that she was in a safe place with people who seemed to care about her, even if they were a little remiss in communication.

That was the worst, and in the peculiar way that terrible events can have positive effects, the rape marked a turning point for Susan. The State Police caught the rapist within a month—aided greatly by the accuracy of Susan's description and the composite picture, they said. The tranquilizer stabilized her erratic sleeping and highs and lows, and soon she was off it altogether.

We made repeated trips to the county attorney's office in Manchester—she and her therapist would come down from Hampton, and I would meet them there. We found the bitter truth in the cliché that it is the rape victim who is put on trial, not the rapist. For example: The man had a string of prior rape convictions—both girls and boys—but this was not admissible as evidence; however, in New Hampshire at that time, Susan's prior sexual history was admissible. Or this—Susan before the grand jury (twenty-five or so men and women who would determine if the rapist was to be indicted): She sat by herself in front of a long table, her face dead white, hands clasped in her lap. Her feet crossed at the ankles beneath her chair were shaking uncontrollably as she retold the events of the rape.

"If his car came to a stop at a red light, why didn't you get out then?" a juror asked.

"He kept saying he would let me out down the road a little, he didn't want the cops to see him letting me off at the light, he said."

"But you had a chance, and you didn't get out of the car," the juror insisted.



Susan said nothing. "I thought he would let me out like he said," she finally responded.

"They want their victims to have bounced down the road, they want to see some broken bones," State Police Detective Kimball, who was in charge of Susan's case, said as we waited for the decision on indictment. "They don't understand about the psychological damage that can last for years and years."

An indictment was brought in, however, and the first trial date, November 10, 1981 (the rape took place in April 1981), was continued to January 1982, the first of many continuances, it turned out. Despite all the trauma associated with rape, Susan was doing well at Odyssey. She had worked her way up to Junior, which meant she could have occasional home visits accompanied by a peer (another Junior). Her therapist believed it was most important to her psychological well-being and eventual recovery to prosecute her rapist. Even if she didn't win the case,

'As she dressed for the wedding, she was the only one who did not know how beautiful she looked'

the process was therapeutically important.

During the spring of 1982, Susan was working on her Senior proposal—a detailed account of where she had been and where she was going. At the Senior level, a resident must make and enact plans for re-entry into the world; she had obtained her GED (high school equivalency diploma) while in the program and had begun to talk about the possibility of college and a job.

Though we had grown quite close in the year-and-a-half of her odyssey, Susan and I still had unfinished business—old and deep hurts that needed to be talked through. There was still her anger over my original decision to divorce; also her feelings of betrayal by my frantic dating and sporadic heavy drinking after the divorce—an abdication of parental responsibility right when she needed a strong parent most. She also felt that she needed forgiveness for her malicious and intimidating behavior. The Odyssey treatment method is based on confrontation and honesty, and Susan could now speak articulately about her "dope-fiend attitudes, manipulative behavior, and game playing," causing her to exploit her family, therapists, and peers, she said, right up until the time of the rape. "Then," she wrote in her Proposal Out, "I felt stripped, defenseless, and totally vulnerable ... it was the beginning of my real odyssey."

On my own part, I could finally say to her that I had been a very shaky person after the divorce, that I was not the mother I should have been. That sort of honesty was painful, but healing, and our talking brought us even closer. Though at the time I didn't think it through so coherently, I was operating on the premise that since I had admitted my culpability, I surely deserved to be allowed the time to make it up to her, and I was impatient for her to graduate Odyssey so that she could come home.

It was a perfect New Hampshire

spring evening, I remember—the light golden, the swallows sailing after early mosquitoes, and a chorus of peepers down in the bog—when Susan called. She had decided, with the input of her Senior Peers and her therapist, to move to the Odyssey adolescent facility in Salt Lake City, Utah. They had a better re-entry program out there, she said. Jobs were easier, the University of Utah waived state residency requirements for Odyssey residents, and there was even an Odyssey graduates' cooperative with the advantages of low rent and ongoing support. Everyone thought it would be best for her to move out as soon as the trial—now scheduled for May 3—was over, and secure a job for the summer so she could start college in the fall.

I don't remember what I said in response; probably something like, "If that's what you really want, dear," and hung up shortly to absorb the blow. I was still caught up in the past, I knew, trying to remake it, while she was busily making plans for her future.

At the last minute Susan's trial was postponed again in May, throwing off the timetable of her Utah plans. The County Attorney's office promised a trial date at the end of June. She delayed her departure, but three days before the June trial date we were informed that the Superior Court had run out of funds and all trials had to be continued until September. Susan finally took a bus to Utah, arriving too late to find summer work. She spent two hot, frustrating months job-hunting and found work at a fast-food place in September. Consequently, her college entry was delayed until January 1983.

I had never entirely resolved Susan's going to Utah in my own mind, and I worried obsessively about her. Of the three children, she had always elicited an overwhelming protectiveness from me, and it didn't help to realize that she probably had needed to get away from that. I was feeling that I had lost her until she wrote a few months after she left, putting it in a different perspective:

"Have I ever told you how much I love you? I want to tell you, because sometimes I think you wonder. Over these last two years I've thought about moving back to your house and having that mother-daughter relationship that I think we both long for. But I've also had to realize that you and I couldn't ever go back and try to undo some of the harm that we've done to each other. I love you and feel you more as a mother than I ever have ... I want you



to be my Mom more than anything, and no one ever could or ever will replace you. I hope you understand my need to be out here, in order for me to grow, and that you don't take it as a rejection."

Susan flew back from Utah to be present for the sixth trial date set on September 21, 1982. We waited in the courthouse, with the rapist and his girl friend sitting across the room, from 8:30 a.m. to 3:45 p.m., when we were told that the trial would not be reached; to be rescheduled in January. We learned later that the Court Clerk had neglected to call enough jurors. The seventh date, January 31, 1983, was also continued because of a snafu in court scheduling.

The eighth date was set for March 21. On March 18, the County Attorney's office informed us that the Supreme Court had dismissed charges against the defendant because his constitutional right to a speedy trial had been denied. Our appeal was refused; Susan's right to her day in court was summarily denied; and the man labeled a "dangerous sexual offender" by the New Hampshire courts in 1973 had been set free.

Despite the contemptible travesty perpetrated by the court system, Susan's life has moved on. She wanted and needed to testify against the man who raped her in order to bring a conclusion to the nightmare of the rape, and perhaps, in a larger sense, to all of her years of pain. But life seldom provides arbitrary endings.

In the same way, there will be no real ending between Susan and Odyssey. She has now officially graduated—her Proposal for Candidacy Out was accepted and signed by the entire Odyssey executive staff. She's working

'I was still caught up in the past. She was busily making plans for the future'

full-time and living in an apartment, and she has been attending classes at the University of Utah. But the program is there for however much or little support she needs on her way to independence.

Last summer Jill and I drove across country, to Utah, for a light-hearted family reunion of three. We jaunted all over the state, ogling vistas, down to the Grand Canyon and back. I couldn't look at Susan enough; for the first time in years, she glowed with good health and that careless teenage *joie de vivre* that seemed like a miracle to me.

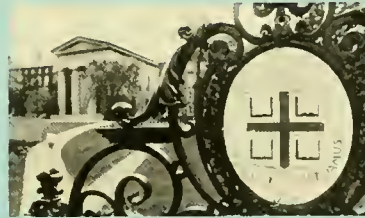
She's glad to be out of the facility, she said, and on her own. Though she misses the East a lot, she said, she wants to continue school in Utah for at least two more years. "That's great," I told her. "You're so much better off here." And I meant it—I could finally let her go.

She had really gone a long time ago, after all—when she was thirteen, when she first disappeared into a drugged alternative to pain. I lost her for all those years when most mothers have their teenaged daughters around the house, taking each other for granted. But we also have each other in a deeper and closer way than most mothers and daughters; we're lucky.

All of my friends are dying. The refrain haunts me still, and I read the local papers with an obsessive and secret dread. I never forget. Five, at last count, of Susan's old cronies are dead. We are lucky indeed.

Deborah Navas, originally a member of the class of 1965, is a writer and editor living in Peterborough, New Hampshire. This article first appeared, in a longer version, in the Hartford Courant's Sunday magazine, Northeast.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS



The Associated Alumni of Brown University offers a calendar sampling of alumni activities across the country. Published for the eleventh consecutive year, this feature invites graduates to discover a wide variety of interesting Brown happenings. This calendar cannot be definitive because even as this magazine goes to press, new and exciting events are being planned by alumni leaders in many cities. Names and phone numbers make contacts easier, so we have included them wherever pertinent or practical. Consult the list of leaders of the Associated Alumni and Club Presidents at the end of the article and call a leader in your area to secure additional information about events in your area.

Brown Events in Cities Across the Country

SEPTEMBER

21

Brown University Club of Boston will host a gala cocktail party with guest speaker Howard R. Swearer, President of Brown. His talk is entitled "Brown's Expanding International Horizons." Reception to be held at Curtis-Saval Center for International Affairs. Contact Chairperson Peter Campbell 617 527-9107.

Brown University Club of Kent County Annual Covered Dish Supper at 6:30 pm with speaker Attorney Margaret Laurence. Her topic will be "Women and Law." Contact Dorothy LaFond at 401 821-7478.

30

Brown University Club of Westchester Evening with the Faculty Cocktail Party with Harriet Sheridan who will speak at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Henshel, 24 Murray Hill Road, Scarsdale, NY. Contact Judy Greenfield, 914 698-6283.

OCTOBER

6

Brown on the Road at Princeton. A day of alumni activities surrounding the Brown vs. Princeton game. William S. Shipp, Associate Provost and Dean of the Faculty will speak on "The Computer Invasion of Brown." Call the Alumni Relations Office 401 863-3307.

10

The Pembroke Club of Providence Season's opener with wine and cheese from 5:30-7:30 pm at Maddock Alumni Center. Homer Mertz, former United Nations correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor* will share his insights on Asia. Contact Betty Socha, 401 438-4192.

14

Brown University Club of Boston Archaeological Site Visit followed by a reception. Contact Charles Casey 617 944-1124.

20

Brown on the Road at Cornell. A day of Alumni Activities including Faculty Forum entitled "Passion, Pleasure and the Good Life" with Giles Milhaven, Professor of Religious Studies. Contact Alumni Relations Office 401 863-3307.

20, 21

Brown University Club of Boston Head of the Charles Weekend co-sponsored with the Brown Rowing Association Alumni. Contact John Kaufmann 617 235-1175.

21

Brown Club of Cincinnati Faculty lecture with Merrily Taylor, Library Director of Brown. Contact Todd K. Abraham 513 874-6941.

22

Brown Club of Kentuckiana Faculty lecture with Merrily Taylor, Library Director at Brown. Contact Carol M. Raskin 505 425-4720.

23

Brown Club of Indianapolis Faculty Lecture with Merrily Taylor, Library Director at Brown. Contact Joseph Donahue 317 872-3549.

NOVEMBER

1
Brown University Club of Kent County Annual Fall Meeting at 8:00 pm with speaker Dan W. Brock, Professor of Philosophy. His topic will be "Ethics and Life Support Systems." This event will be held at the home of Dorothy LaFond. Contact 401 821-7478.

3
Brown on the Road at Harvard. A day of Alumni Activities including a talk by Lewis P. Lipsitt, Professor of Psychology and Director of the Child Study Center at Brown. The subject of his talk will be "How We Live and When We Die is Largely a Psychological Matter." Contact Alumni Relations at 401 863-3307.

4
The Pembroke Club of Providence Clyde Harrington, career (news) reporter for the *Providence Journal-Bulletin*, will speak at Maddock Alumni Center. His topic will be "Two Hundred Years of American Music." Contact Betty Socha at 401 438-4192.

17
Brown on the Road Alumni activities will center around the Brown vs. Columbia game. Faculty Forum topic will be "What Can We Expect In the Next Four Years?" Guest panel will include Hershel I. Grossman, Professor of Economics; James T. Patterson, Professor of History and Associate Provost; and Thomas J. Anton, Professor of Political Science and Alfred Taubman Professor of American Institutions. Contact Alumni Relations 401 863-3307.

18
Brown University Club of Fairfield County Brown as a Leader in Computing: "What Are Star Wars Universities?" Speaker Maurice Glicksman. Contact Suzanne Franke, 203 965-6035 or Maxwell R. McCreery, Jr. 212 398-2747.

DECEMBER
1
Brown University Club of Northern California Annual Pembroke Alumnae Club Luncheon and Auction at noon, at the home of Marge Everett, 268 Walter Hays, Palo Alto, CA. Money raised goes to scholarships or to the Nancy Duke Lewis Professorship. Contact Marge at 415 326-7829.

JANUARY
23
Brown University Club of Kent County Annual winter meeting at 7:30 pm at Warwick Picture Frame and Art Gallery. Speakers will be Art Conservationists Carl and Lucille Duke. Topic: "Art Appreciation and Basic Care of Fine Art." Contact Dorothy LaFond 401 821- 7478.

NASP
DECEMBER
21 – January 22
NASP Holiday Parties. Gatherings of alumni, current undergraduates, and prospective students during the holiday season. For more information call the National Alumni Schools Program. 401 863-3306.

Other On Campus Events This Fall

OCTOBER
12, 13
Homecoming '84 The weekend begins Friday with the opening of a symposium on "*Flatland*" and the *Fourth Dimension* led by Professor Thomas F. Banchoff. On Saturday morning the Association of Class Officers will hold its annual Class Officers' Training Workshop in the Bio-Med Center. Join us Saturday for a pre-game lunch and post-game reception under the tent when Brown takes on Penn. In addition to the game, athletic activities over the weekend range from women's tennis to varsity water polo. Also planned is an Alumni Recognition Ceremony October 13 in Sayles Hall at 8:30 pm to honor Brown alumni. For more information contact Alayne Todd at 401 863-3307.



The Continuing College

Looking for Excitement? The Continuing College has it! Plan this year for academic adventures that provide excitement to keep you thinking for the rest of the year. For further information call or write Bill Slack, Box 1920, Brown University, Providence, RI 02912, 401 863-2474. And watch for our announcement of Spring seminars in Boston, Chicago, Dallas, St. Louis and Washington, DC.

OCTOBER
21
New York/Westchester/Fairfield Sculpture: Dimensions and Beyond Hirshhorn Deputy Director Steve Weil '49 joins Professor Tom Banchoff in a provocative discussion/tour of sculpture at PepsiCo's magnificent sculpture gardens in Purchase, New York.

NOVEMBER
11
Seattle Old Masters Professor of History Philip Benedict sets the historical stage and Professor of Art Catherine Zerner discusses individual artists and works from the Wallerstein collection of great masters on exhibition at the Seattle Art Museum.

JANUARY
14–21
Belize Marine Biology, Mayan Ruins Professor of Marine Biology Mark Bertness guides this week long snorkeling adventure in a magnificent

coral reef setting on the edge of the Mayan jungle. Limited enrollment. \$1095 inclusive from Houston. Deposit required.

FEBRUARY

10

San Francisco Images

Professor of Computer Sciences Andries Van Dam and Academy Award winning cinematographer Bruce Murphy '54 team up at Lucas Film headquarters in San Rafael to investigate the differences and similarities of images generated by computers and those captured on film.

MARCH

22-25

Baja California Stress

Psychiatrist and Brown Professor Andrew E. Slaby, M.D., and Margo Inglese, R.N., M.P.H. lead a weekend-long seminar investigating causes of and strategies for dealing with stress and burnout at the beautiful Twin Dolphin resort in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. Limited enrollment. \$575 inclusive from Los Angeles. Deposit required.

APRIL

20

Minneapolis/St. Paul Architecture

Brown Professor of Art and well known critic William Jordy spearheads this review of what elements make a building successful — whether it be a nineteenth century townhouse or a twentieth century skyscraper.

SEPTEMBER

6-14

Alaska Geology

Brown Professors of Geology Jan and Terry Tullis lead this week long journey through the heart of Alaska. The trip includes travel by air, train, boat and horse with a three day stay in the Alaskan bush at a wilderness lodge. Alaska offers a unique natural setting for an overview of plate tectonics and the Tullises will facilitate an in-depth understanding. Limited enrollment. \$1740 inclusive from Seattle. Deposit required.

Student Alumni Network Events

Brown Student Alumni Network events offer Brown alumni a chance to share their experiences with undergraduates and get an inside view of what Brown is like today. For information on how to join the Network, contact Maria Rothman at 401 863-3380.

OCTOBER

Career Forums All Career Forums are co-sponsored by the Brown Student Alumni Network and Career Planning Services, and feature alumni speakers who share insights in their fields.

12

Career Forum "The Assistant to..." Crystal Room, Alumnae Hall, 3:30 pm.

19

Career Forum "RISD — Brown Arts Career Seminar." Rhode Island School of Design, 12:00 pm.

28

Legacy Breakfast In honor of Alumni parents and their sons and daughters of the Class of 1988 Andrews Dining Hall, 9:30-11:00 am.

NOVEMBER

2

Career Forum

"So You Are/Not Going to be a Lawyer . . . ?" Crystal Room, Alumnae Hall, 3:30 pm.

16

Career Forum "Scholars, Counselors, Deans, and Others Who Teach." Maddock Alumni Center, 3:30 pm.

30

Career Forums "Technology and the Arts: Tinkerers, Inventors, Designers, and Doers." Crystal Room, Alumnae Hall, 3:30 pm.

FEBRUARY

1

Career Forum "Sales/Marketing: Profit/Non-Profit." Maddock Alumni Center, 3:30 pm.

MARCH

1

Career Forum "Running With Your Imagination." Crystal Room, Alumnae Hall, 3:30 pm

15

Career Forum "Eaters, Drinkers, Travelers, and Lodgers." Maddock Alumni Center, 3:30 pm.



The Brown Travellers

Once again, Brown's alumni office will offer a series of educational tours to a variety of destinations around the world.

In response to a number of requests, the 1985 travel program will include a couple of trips for less than \$2,000.

The final travel schedule will be available about October 15. In the meantime, Brown Travelers are developing offerings that will include unique trips, not available through local travel agents, enriched by lectures and discussions with Brown faculty members. Destinations under discussion are France (traveling the Rhone River and visits to Paris, Lyons, and several other cities); Germany and Austria (traveling the Danube); Vienna; visits to Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and other "Lowland Countries;" a cruise around Italy preceded by a visit to Florence; and others.

To be put on the mailing list for advance notice, please write: Brown Travelers, Box 1859, Brown University, Providence, RI 02912.

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THE CLASSES

by Peter Mandel

22 Anne Crawford Jonah, Dallas, reports: "Am selling my home—hopefully soon—and will head for Michigan to see my great-grandson, Eric. Then to New England and the Washington area—a change I will need after moving. I'll still be in Dallas."

28 The men of '28 are proud of their unbroken line of reunions. At the 56th held May 25 at the Wannamoisett Country Club, nine men attended with their wives: Armington, Battle, Calder, Carpenter, Eddy, Goldberg, Goldowsky, Heffernan, and Howell. Seven came solo: Bradley, Jones, Lisker, Litchfield, Scott, Setchell, and Woodmancy. These, with two wives of deceased members, Cleaves and Matteson, and one guest, Betsy Frederick, rounded out the significant total of twenty-eight. After dinner, class President Jesse Eddy presided at a business meeting at which Francis Armington was elected to fill Howard Presel's unexpired term as secretary. In reluctant acknowledgement of advancing years, the class voted to schedule future reunion dinners at noon rather than at night.

33 Betty Tillinghast Angell reports that her granddaughter, Leigh, graduated from Rutgers with a degree in public relations. She is now with the Humane Society of the United States. Betty and Everett live at 77 Perennial Dr., Cranston, R.I. 02920.

Betty Partridge Green's son, Wesley '64, has been elected director of actuarial systems and an officer of Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company. He and his wife and son live in Canton, Conn. Betty lives at 263 Oakdale Ave., Pawtucket, R.I. 02860.

Ethel Lalonde Savoie now has a fourteenth grandchild: her twelfth granddaughter, Meredith, born to her daughter, Paula. Ethel lives at 23 Carriage Dr., Lincoln, R.I. 02865.

34 John R. Hall, Arlington, Va., has donated a collection of historical materials to the Swansea, Mass., library. This contribution coincided with the recent publication in *Rhode Island History* of his "The Three Rank System of Land Distribution in Colonial Swansea, Mass."

38 Robert H. Blewitt, Waterbury, Conn., writes: "Enjoying retirement from Anaconda American Brass Company (Arco), and am kept busy with men's club activities at church. Also enjoy vacation trips to Virginia and parts of New England to visit family members."

Bill Rice, Peace Dale, R.I., is a member of the Narragansett Bay Barber Shop Chorus—it won the north-eastern district competition of the Society for the Preservation of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America on Oct. 22, 1983. Seventy-three choruses from New England, eastern Canada, and New York state participated in the competition. The victory by Bill's chorus qualified it to compete in an international competition in St. Louis this summer.

41 Peter W. Allport, Bronxville, N.Y., has retired from the Association of National Advertisers, Inc., and has been elected president emeritus. He was president of the association for twenty-four years, having joined it as editor of news publications in 1945. He has also been chairman of the Department of Commerce's Advertising Advisory Committee.

42 A.S. Bernardo, Johnston City, N.Y., was named Distinguished Service Professor of Italian and Comparative Literature at the State University of New York at Binghamton last year.

44 Roger W. Sampson writes: "Moved to Washington, D.C., area in 1974 after eighteen years at Northrop Aircraft and

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McDonnell Douglas Astronautics in southern California. Celebrating twelfth anniversary of marriage to Mary Catherine (Perry), descendant of Oliver Hazard Perry, Commodore, USN. Completing tenth year with the Central Intelligence Agency (in technology assessment). I have one granddaughter, Cameron, via son Thomas Edward Hadley Sampson and wife Martha, in Long Beach, Calif.; and a second grandchild due in October. Daughter Ellen Martha Sampson just completed the California Bar Examination and is living in San Francisco. She is in environmental law, after earning her master's degree in zoology at SF State and her J.D. at Lewis and Clark Law School in Portland, Oreg. I have adopted three grandchildren via Mary's son, Donald G. Foster, Jr., living near Bennington, Vt."

Mildred Munro Underwood, Tucson, Ariz., reports: "I am now a secretary at the University of Arizona College of Nursing. I am sorry to report that my husband of thirty-eight years, Lyle, died on April 17 after a long illness."

46 Clayton Burt, Darien, Conn., has joined the volunteer staff of the Senior Personnel Placement Bureau, Inc., an eighteen-year-old free employment agency for the elderly. The agency serves Norwalk, Darien, Westport, Wilton, Georgetown, and New Canaan. Clayton has devoted most of his working activities to marketing and sales since graduating from Brown.

Russell Sears has been appointed vice president and general manager, U.S. Automotive Aftermarket Group, of United Technologies' Inmont Corporation. He will be responsible for all Inmont automotive aftermarket paint operations in the U.S. The company is a major supplier of both OEM and aftermarket coatings to the automotive industry. In his new position, he will maintain offices in Whitehouse, Ohio, and at the Inmont facility at 5935 Milford Ave., Detroit.

47 Natalie Brush Lewis, Caldwell, N.J., is a well-known watercolorist. She is a member of the Artists Professional League and the National Association of Watercolor Artists and is the first woman to be named New York artist-of-the-year by the Hudson Artists.

48 William Dando writes: "I retired this year from the Jacksonville, Florida, school

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system, where I was a psychologist. I still live in Jacksonville (where all my children and grandchildren live). I would like to see any of my classmates who come to Florida."

49 Eleanor Mansfield Birch writes that on Jan. 16 "I became interim associate dean of the College of Business Administration and director of the M.B.A. program at the University of Iowa. I've been a director of Hon Industries, Inc., since February 1978."

Shirley Prager Branner, New York City, has been appointed a vice president in the residential sales division of the real estate firm of Pearce, Urstadt, Mayer & Greer, Inc. She comes from the firm of Brown, Harris, Stevens, Inc., where she had served in residential sales for eight years. She was senior cataloguer in charge of architecture, city planning, music, and art for the City University of New York before she began her career in real estate.

Margaret Fox Rawls has just completed two years as chairman of the Lexington (Mass.) Town Meeting Members Association. "Still playing tennis—member of 'North Shore A League,' representing 'Tennis 128.' Husband Jack has been James Bryant Conant University Professor at Harvard since 1981. We spent a month in England last summer, where Jack was awarded an honorary doctor of civil laws degree by Oxford University—from the hands of Harold Macmillan himself! Daughter Anne has a Ph.D. in sociology from Boston University (and two children aged 4 and 13). Alec is finishing up a Ph.D. in economics at Stanford; Lee is working toward a Ph.D. in exercise science and physiology at Davis; and Betsy, a designer, is working at the Joan and David Showrooms in N.Y."

Joanne Worley Rondestvedt reports: "I have been president of the Friends of the Connecticut Hospice for the past two years and am an active volunteer at the Connecticut Hospice, Branford. Stepson Leds Christian Rondestvedt was recently awarded the Navy Commendation Medal for his performance as catapult officer on the *U.S.S. Ranger*. Currently he is an instructor for the high performance jet, F/A-18, the Hornet, in Lemoore, Calif."

50 Lawson I. Ainsworth, Bethlehem, Pa., has been appointed director of marketing for All Steel International, Inc., in Detroit. He will maintain his home in Bethlehem.

Russ Bates reports the birth of his first grandchild, Michael James Cook, born July 28, 1983, on Cape Cod, Mass. Russ and his wife, Louise, live in St. Petersburg, Fla. He is retired senior advisor of the Hartz Mountain Corporation.

George R. Blessing is a member of the New Jersey Council on Divorce Mediation and is an active mediator in Morris County, N.J.

Robert W. Carangelo tells us: "Happy to report that my son, Robert J. Carangelo, graduated from Brown this year. Two daughters, Lynn and Joan, are class of '85 and '86, respectively, at Providence College. Son John is class of '86 at Hopkins Prep School. I continue to practice law diligently and have been Brown NASP chairman for New Haven County (Conn.) for the past five years. I meet Lacy Herrmann regularly at Brown sports functions."

Carl L. Foehr has assumed the role of branch manager of Amica's Glen Rock (N.J.) office. "Spend lots of time with our five grandchildren these days. All goes well with the Foehrs in New Jersey. Two of our family members live in Rhode Island. We have a son in Connecticut and a son here in New Jersey. All of our kids are married and doing well."

Z. Stephen Kalarian joined the oldest real estate agency in Rhode Island, G.L. & H.J. Gross in Providence, on April 18, 1983. He recently passed the Rhode Island State and Educational Testing Service exams and has now received his broker's license.

Rodney B. Noble, Cherry Hill, N.J., writes: "My wife, Mildred E. Anderson, (Bryant College '48) died on Jan. 25. I'm a senior principal engineer at ESSCUBE Engineering, Inc."

Seymour M. Rosen reports: "Have an M.A. and Certificate from the Russian Institute, Columbia University, and an Ed.D. from the Catholic University of America. Have served as a specialist in comparative education in the U.S. Department of Education in Washington for over twenty years, and published several books on education in the U.S.S.R. My wife, Elisabeth, a Boston University education major, mother of three, world traveler, and volunteer in such Washington organizations as the Smithsonian, died this year of cancer."

Velma-Jane Walpole Steen, Wilbraham, Mass., writes: "We were delighted to watch our daughter, Patricia, graduate from Brown in 1983 and head to Ann Arbor, Mich., to work as a biochemist for Warner-Lambert."

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51 David N. Freedman, Rockville, Md., is vice president-corporate facilities for Giant Food, Inc., a leading food retailer serving the metropolitan Baltimore/Washington markets. David is also president of its subsidiary company, Giant Construction Company, Inc.

Lawrence A. Gorman, Richmond, Va., notes: "I retired on Feb. 23 after thirty-five years in federal service. Last position: geologist with USDA Soil Conservation Service and Water Resource Planning Staff."

52 J. James Gordon, Greenwich, Conn., has formed a company, Gordon Textiles International, Ltd., which imports fabrics from Europe and the Orient for the apparel manufacturing industries. Previously, he was vice president of the Ameritex fashion fabrics division of United Merchants & Manufacturers, Inc., and president of Stunzi, U.S.A., Inc. He is a member of the board of directors of the Textile Distributors Association.

Loraine Ward McCloughan, Attleboro, Mass., is an artist who works "in a variety of pencil, metalpoint, and mixed mediums." She was formerly with the Walkey Gallery in Concord, Mass. Her work has been shown in a number of special exhibitions at the Attleboro Museum in Attleboro. This summer, she had an exhibition of drawings at the Viridian Gallery in New York City.

Norman M. Steere has been elected vice chairman and director of Mellon National Corporation and Mellon Bank in Pittsburgh. He is responsible for ensuring the coordination of all Mellon National Corporation wholesale banking activities throughout the world.

53 Mildred Scaquist Barish, Berkeley, Calif., writes: "I am still teaching at a worthy preparatory school, the College Preparatory School in Oakland, which sends students to Brown regularly. My older daughter, Judith, is going to enter Harvard this fall, but my younger daughter, Rachel, will most likely apply to Brown for 1985. I am still married to Jonas Barish, a professor of English at the University of California at Berkeley."

Curtis F. Kruger, Boca Raton, Fla., has been named president and chief operating officer of Fasco Industries, Inc., a producer of electrical and electronic products. He was promoted from Elmwood Sensors, Inc., where he

was president and chief operating officer. He joined Elmwood in 1982 from H & H Screw Products Manufacturing Company in Lincoln, R.I.

Kendall Read Richardson, Needham, Mass., reports: "Last January, I was one of thirty-five educators who had been selected from over 700 applicants from across the country to go on a two-week tour of Moscow and Leningrad. The group consisted of people who teach either the Russian language or their history. I considered myself especially lucky when I learned that I was one of only three secondary teachers on this tour. The purpose of the tour was to familiarize us with the superb historic and cultural opportunities these two cities have to offer—and to induce us to return with students. In 1977, I introduced a semester-length course in twentieth-century Russian history at Needham High School, where I also teach modern European and United States history. This year I also finished up three years of collaboration with five other teachers on the production of a secondary text entitled *From Russia to the USSR*."

Mel Smith, Belmont, Mass., has joined the staff of Gallery Realty in Belmont. He is the father of one daughter, Julie, who will be starting in the Belmont school system this year.

54 Sidney Baumgarten is senior partner of Baumgarten, Swiedler & Waxman, a New York City law firm. He's also president of the East Side Chamber of Commerce and a trustee of Lawrence Country Day School. His daughter, Julia, is attending Concord Academy, and his sons, Roger '82 and Fred '79, joined him at reunion. His wife is Sylvia Rosen Baumgarten (see '55).

Marshall H. Cohen, specialist in North European affairs with the Department of Agriculture in Washington, was in Denmark this summer researching a special study on the impact of membership in the European community on Danish agriculture.

Charles S. Genovese writes: "Still enjoying prep school life as a master at Kent School, Kent, Conn., and finding time to relive life at Brown with visits to my son, David '86."

Bruce Mansfield is associate realtor with the John B. Gregg Real Estate Firm, Wellesley, Mass.—local, national, and international real estate marketing agents.

George S. Morfogen, New York City, is associate producer of the new Peter Bogdanovich film, *Mask*, which stars

Cher and is to be distributed by Universal Studios in December. On television, George has guest-starred on two mini-series, "V" and "Masquerade," and has appeared in "Sadat" and the award-winning "Special Bulletin."

Bill Polleys III recently received an award for twenty-five years of service to Texas Instruments. He is vice president of its Metals & Controls Group, and manager of TI's European Metals & Controls Division. He and his wife, Nancy, live in Ouse Manor, Sharn-

brook, England. Their daughter, *Catherine*, is a Brown senior majoring in engineering. Bill's father is *Bill Polleys, Jr.* '24, and his mother is *Rosemary Carr Polleys* (see '22).

55 *Vaino A. Ahonen* has been elected senior vice president, International Department, of the United Jersey Bank in Ho-Ho-Kus, N.J. He joined the bank in 1961 as assistant manager in the International Department and has been vice presi-

Ivy League Vacation Planning Guide—I

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Sylvia Rosen Baumgarten, New York, has a new novel coming out this fall, which will be published by Warner Books. Her pen name is "Louisa Rawlings," though she has already published three books under the name "Ena Halliday" (Pocket Books). Her husband is *Sidney Baumgarten* (see '54), and her sons are *Roger* '82 and *Fred* '79. Her daughter, *Julia*, is attending Concord Academy.

Sterling (Bud) Dimmitt has been appointed president and chief executive officer of Metropolitan Sunday Newspapers, Inc., a New York City company that sells advertising in forty-five locally-edited newspaper Sunday magazines. A former staff member of the now-defunct *Look* magazine, he has been an executive recruiter for Arthur Young & Company.

56 *William E. Jacobsmeyer*, Dalton, Mass., was appointed to a two-year unexpired term on the town's planning board by a joint vote of the selectmen and remaining planning board members. The appointment runs through May 1986.

Carolyn Shire is teaching mathematics at Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles.

C. Gerald Weaver has been named acting dean of the School of Psychology and Education at American International College in Springfield, Mass.

57 *Orin R. Smith*, Gladstone, N.J., has been elected president and chief executive officer of Engelhard Corporation, a manufacturer of specialty chemical and precious metal products. Most recently, he served as senior executive vice president and acting chief executive officer of the company. He has held other key corporate and divisional management posts. He and his wife, Ann, have two daughters, Lindsay and Robin.

58 *Judith Katz Block* writes: "David Michael Block (Yale '82) was killed by an unknown assailant on Dec. 29, 1982. His fate was not known until May 9, 1984. David had been active in several local and national political campaigns. He is survived by his parents, myself and my husband, L. Kean Block; and brothers, Steven and Peter (Grinnell '84). The family resides at 392 Woodland Rd., Highland Park, Ill. 60035."

John P. Colton has been appointed to the board of directors at Eaton Fi-

financial Corporation, a national equipment leasing company based in Framingham, Mass. He joined Eaton as senior vice president in August 1983, after seventeen years with Old Stone Bank. John is married to the former Maureen Morrison, and their daughter, Maribeth, is 12 years old.

James F. Mello, Washington, D.C., a paleontologist and former associate director of the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History, has been selected to receive the institution's Robert A. Brooks Award for excellence in administration. He came to the Smithsonian in 1970 and is being honored for his thirteen years of outstanding service to the institution as special assistant to the director, assistant director, acting director, and associate director of the Natural History Museum. He recently stepped down as associate director to return to research in the museum's paleobiology department.

Bruce Nielsen, a Lewistown (Pa.) attorney, will lead the 1985 fund-raising effort in Mifflin County for United Way of Mifflin-Juniata. He has been active in community activities and is a past campaign chairman and past president of United Way. Bruce and his wife, Barbara, and their two daughters live in Lewistown.

Dion Shea, Stony Brook, N.Y., is education director of the American Institute of Physics, in Woodbury, N.Y. He and his wife, Mary Gingras Shea (see '59), have two children: Dion, Jr., a freshman at Boston University, and Nancy, 17.

59 Ken Crossland, of Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, was recently awarded the company's Group Pension Director of the Year Trophy for 1983. He is director of pension investment sales in the Midwest region for Connecticut Mutual and has been with the company since 1981. Ken lives in Northbrook, Ill., with his wife, Dorothy Longley. They have two sons, Scott and Stanley.

Caryl-Ann Miller Feldman writes: "I am currently consultant to the vice director for education at the Met in New York City. Andy is a sophomore at Brown in the seven-year medical program and is an honors music major. Debbie is a neurosurgical nurse in the intensive care unit at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston."

Frank H. Finney reports that he is "living in Danville, Calif., with my wife, Pam, and three boys—Kevin, 16, Michael, 13, and Mark, 12. Keeping busy watching the boys grow up (aren't

teenagers wonderful?!) and trying to keep up with my San Francisco law practice."

Ronald B. Harrison, Salem, Mass., has been named manager of corporate media relations for Norton Company, a worldwide diversified industrial manufacturer. He has had an extensive career in public relations and journalism and is former regional manager of public relations for United Air Lines in New York City. He has most recently been an assistant professor of English at

Salem State College.
Mary Gingras (Megs) Shea is director of the summer session at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. Her husband is Dion Shea (see '58). Their son, Dion, Jr., is a freshman at Boston University, and Nancy, 17, has her sights set on attending college in the San Francisco area. "While it would be nice to see a second generation of Sheas at Brown, at least our children pick nice cities for us to visit." The family lives in Stony Brook.

Ivy League Vacation Planning Guide—II

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Henry A. Singer is partner in the law firm of Morrison Cohen & Singer in New York City. He specializes in corporate acquisitions, asset-based financings (including leveraged buy-outs), and international and secured transactions.

Bill Suter writes: "It has been an eventful year for me on Wall Street and in my new hobby, show business. I work for Merrill Lynch as a vice president in the securities research division in charge of media companies. In this capacity, I appeared twice on the television program, 'Entertainment Tonight,' discussing the trends in network and television station business. I have also done this on the CBS Evening News. Last fall I was voted to the *Institutional Investor Magazine* All Star Research Team for broadcasting for the tenth year in a row. I have produced several shows in recent months. Last year's highlight for me was when one of my shows, *Night, Mother*, won the Pulitzer Prize for drama. The play received four Tony nominations, and the two actresses won the Outer Critics Circle Award. All this keeps me traveling as do my three children. My son, Steve, is a junior at Villanova; my daughter, Cindy, is a junior at Brown; and my former wife moved to Florida last year with my youngest daughter, Wendy, who is attending high school in Sarasota."

Judith Lister Yelle, Andover, Mass., is a clinical specialist in community mental health nursing. Since completing her master's degree in science at Boston University and becoming nationally certified as a clinical practitioner, she has been working at Greater Lawrence Mental Health Center. Her husband, Jon, is professor of management science at Lowell University. One son, Bill, is a junior at Lowell University.

ty. The other son, Rob, is a senior at Phillips Academy in Andover.

60 Gerald T. Rhine has joined Cushman & Wakefield of Connecticut. His fifteen years of real estate experience include operating his own firm as well as being a principal in a major Westchester brokerage company. His professional accomplishments include assembling 850 acres for IBM in Somers, N.Y. He lives in Rye, N.Y.

Judy Sparberg Scheffres, Skokie, Ill., writes: "Our son, Jonathon, just graduated from Brandeis University summa cum laude with highest honors in English and American literature. He is also Phi Beta Kappa. Daughter Beth will finish her senior year at the University of Copenhagen and graduate next January from the University of Illinois. I am accounts manager for the Rayner Company of Chicago. My husband, Alan, is practicing law in Chicago."

62 Patricia Street Leonard reports on "my life since Pembroke: I spent the first year exploring Europe, mostly in the company of Susan Manchester '63. Then I lived thirteen years in Manhattan, performing, writing music, and recording for Vanguard Records, during which time I also became an advertising copy supervisor specializing in pharmaceuticals. Following a serious motorcycle accident in 1976, my husband, Lonnie (a physician), and I decided to move to a quieter life near Orlando, Fla. (P.O. Box 125, Lake Jem 32745) to pursue our many interests. I am now a computer hobbyist, am becoming fairly well known as a portrait painter, and for the past three years have been partner/creative director of a small advertising agency. I don't have any children, but love to paint other people's!"

Susanna Oppen has left Exxon to start "my own computer consulting business. Specializing in electronic conferencing, I facilitate meetings and create networks for geographically separated groups that share a common project or interest. I continue to enjoy living in New York City."

63 Barry L. Shemin, Wayland, Mass., has been elected to the board of directors of Hansco Insurance Company. He is senior vice president and group actuary at John Hancock. He joined the company in 1968 and was elected second vice president in 1978 and vice president in 1979.

64 Allan M. Gittleman, East Greenwich, R.I., has been elected a director of Atlan-Tol Industries, West Warwick, R.I. The publicly-traded company is a leading manufacturer of high-speed graphic recorders and vacuum metalized film.

Wesley Green has been elected director of actuarial systems and an officer of Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company. He and his wife and son live in Canton, Conn. His mother is Betty Partridge Green (see '33).

65 Thomas J. Croke is director of Lifeline, an outpatient detoxification and drug-free program based at St. Anne's Hospital in Fall River, Mass. He has thirteen years of experience in youth and adolescent family services. Tom, his wife, and their two children live in Somerset, Mass.

Stanley O. Davis, Jr., was promoted to commander in the Navy in 1982. He is currently assigned to the staff of the commander-in-chief, U.S. Pacific Fleet (Pearl Harbor).

P.R. Dupee, Jr., is one of three owners of the Boston Celtics. He is president of the Providence Capital Corporation, an international real estate and insurance company in New York City. He married Lizbeth Schiff last March in Manhattan.

Edward H. Gross has been appointed vice president, finance, at W.R. Grace & Co.'s American Breeders Service division. In 1982, he was appointed chief financial officer for ABS, a position he still holds. He lives in Madison, Wis., with his wife, Suanne, and their two daughters.

Irene Crofut Roberts has been named senior vice president-human resources at American Express Company. She will direct the human resource function for the parent company and work with senior human resource executives throughout the corporation to provide personnel support to the company's business objectives. She and her husband and two children live in New York City.

Stephen B. Van Sciver has become a principal and investment management partner at Harbor Capital, Inc. in Providence. Previously, he was an investment officer with Amica Mutual Insurance Company. He is a chartered financial analyst and serves as a member of the executive committee of the Providence Society of Financial Analysts.

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66 *Lawrence A. (Chip) Quinn* has been named vice president, sales and marketing, for Bolle America, importers of Bolle France consumer products. He is responsible for sales and marketing to Hong Kong, Singapore, Japan, Taiwan, and Bangkok, as well as to U.S. department stores. He continues to live in Denver.

67 *Terrence W. Boyle*, an attorney in Elizabeth City, N.C., has been nominated for a federal district judgeship by Senator Jesse Helms. He has been a legislative aide to Helms.

Richard W. Ferrell reports: "Moved from Aspen, Colo., after eleven years to Stockton, Calif. Am now executive vice president, real estate, at American Savings and Loan, the nation's largest savings and loan at \$27 billion. Was married in February to Janis Shanks."

68 *Richard W. Grant* writes: "Since I joined the Philadelphia-based law firm of Ballard, Spahn, Andrews & Ingersoll as a partner in the Washington, D.C., office last fall, I have been one of Amtrak's best customers. With the end of the school year, however, I moved to Philadelphia with my wife, Mary, and our children, Betsy, 7, and Thomas, 5."

Andrew C. Halvorsen has been elected to the board of directors of Beneficial Corporation, Wilmington, Del. The election was announced by Beneficial chairman *Finn M.W. Caspersen* '63. Andrew was also elected second vice chairman of Beneficial, and a member of the executive and finance committees. Before assuming these positions, he served as senior vice president-finance.

Arthur Nielsen and *Diana Davis Nielsen* (see '71), Rochester, N.Y., are parents of twin sons, Daniel and Benjamin, born July 11, 1977.

Frederic R. Pamp, Rockport, Mass., reports: "Our daughter, Anne, was born in July 1983, joining Andrew, who is now 3. We have discovered that two children are approximately three times as many as one child. I am still practicing law, although a class note about *Whit Birnie* (he reported he had bought a 6-meter sloop in Ecuador, sailed it to Tahiti, and is still living there) makes me a bit wistful."

Peter S. Voss writes: "After all these years I finally decided to take the big step and leave Rhode Island. Early this year I joined Security Pacific Bank in Los Angeles as senior vice president in

charge of the Personal Trust and Investment Groups. I am looking forward to the challenge and diversity offered by a dynamic organization and a more dynamic financial marketplace. My wife, Pamela, son, Seth, and daughter, Alexis, are looking forward to the California adventure in our new home at 1145 Green Ln., La Canada-Flintridge, Calif. 91011."

69 *Leroy Call* notes: "Recently moved to Cleveland Heights, Ohio, from Richmond, Va. I am a vice president at University Hospitals of Cleveland."

Richard M. Kogut writes: "After ten years of living in Paris, I have just moved to Providence with my wife, Nicole, and will spend three years at Brown as part of IBM's participation in IRIS."

Dr. Daniel McCarthy is in the group practice of internal medicine at Burlington Medical Associates in Burlington, Mass. *Dr. Loren Dribinsky* is a child and adolescent psychiatrist at the Lahey Clinic in Boston. "We have two children, Joshua, 8, and Rebecca, 5." They live in Lexington, Mass.

Elizabeth Pfeiffer Tumbas reports the birth of a second daughter, Alexandra Marie, on March 6, 1983. "Elise was 5 in June. Am studying voice and have opened my own voice studio in Walnut Creek, Calif. I continue to assist my husband, *Stephen Tumbas* (see '72), with his restaurant/catering business."

70 *Marlene Halpern Bergart* and *Jeff Bergart*, Acton, Mass., send the following announcement entitled "Bergart/Halpern Joint Venture." "Name: Andrea Beth. Incorporate: May 10, 1984—10:47 AM—Newton, Mass. Assets: Weight—8lbs 8oz. Height—21 inches. Goodwill—Priceless. Liabilities: Short Term—Diapers; Long Term—None. Parent Company: Marlene & Jeff Bergart. Corp. Headquarters: 26 Alcott Street, Acton, Mass. 01720. (617) 263-4112." Marlene is a speech and language pathologist for the town of Stow, Mass., and Jeff is financial manager for field service revenue programs at Digital Equipment Corporation.

Cheryl Connors ('71 A.M.) is chief fiscal officer of the New England Institute of Technology in Providence.

Joseph H. Haritonidis ('72 Sc.M.), Cambridge, Mass., has been appointed an Edgerton Assistant Professor at MIT for two years. He is an assistant professor in the department of aeronautics and astronautics.

Robert Starzak was one of the last people to carry the torch at the summer Olympic Games in Los Angeles. He works for the Chrysler Foundation in Los Angeles, which donated \$3,000 to be part of the relay. Robert was the winner of a drawing to carry the torch.

Michael L. Toothman, Chesterfield, Mo., was named a principal in the consulting actuarial firm of Tillinghast, Nelson, and Warren, Inc., of St. Louis, last December. Along with client work, he also served as chairman of the program committee for the Casualty Loss Reserve Seminar—a national seminar sponsored by the Casualty Actuarial Society and the American Academy of

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Actuaries this September in New York. "Son J.J. is now 13 and doing very well."

Joy Veaudry is administrative vice president of the New England Institute of Technology in Providence.

71 Sheryl Brissett-Chapman is married to James Colbert Chapman and is the mother of a 9-year-old daughter. She is coordinator of clinical services, Division of Child Protection, Children's Hospital National Medical Center in Washington, D.C. She is also lecturer in Afro-American studies and sociology at the University of Maryland in College Park, Md., and co-chairperson of the Third National Conference on Child Sexual Victimization, which was held in April. She was recently appointed a trustee of Brown and of the Pembroke Center Associates.

Charles K. Campbell has been elected partner of the law firm of Cummings & Lockwood in Stamford, Conn. He joined the firm in 1976. His specialties are environmental law and large scale commercial real estate development, and he is currently vice chairman of the Environmental Quality Committee of the Natural Resources Section of the American Bar Association. Sandy, his wife, Sandra, and their three children live in Riverside, Conn.

Jeffrey A. Carver writes: "I have recently completed my fourth book, a mammoth project that has occupied me for most of the last six years. It is a long and ambitious science fiction novel, entitled *The Infinity Link*, and will be published in hardcover by Bluejay Books this fall. Technology has moved faster than I have; I started the book on a portable typewriter, expecting it to take a year or two to write. Now, much later, it has just been typeset directly from the floppy disks of my word processor. I am writing full-time now, and live in Cambridge, Mass., with my dog, Sam, and several friends."

Theodore A. DelDonno, a senior research chemist, was recently cited by Rohm and Haas Company for his research and development of coatings, which has led to the issuing of a patent for the company. Theodore, his wife, Susan, and their son, Andrew, live in East Norriton, Pa.

Lou Grossman, Needham, Mass., is president of the Alumni Association of Rivers School and is Rivers' youngest trustee.

Diana Davis Nielsen reports: "Since marrying Arthur Nielsen '68, I have lived in Rochester, N.Y. I've supervised the

temporary office help division of an employment agency and worked for twenty-five companies in the area as a temporary secretary. My husband and I are enjoying our twin sons, Daniel and Benjamin, born July 11, 1977. I've been chairman of their cooperative nursery school, treasurer of the Greater Rochester Mothers of Twins Club, and a hotline counselor for Parents Anonymous. Currently, I manage a clothing room at Hillside Children's Center, a residential treatment facility, when I'm not running errands or doing laundry. I have continued my education in many areas from dance, gardening, and calligraphy to sign language, counseling, and astronomy. I have also learned to play a little bridge and a decent game of tennis."

Peter J. Whitehouse writes: "We have a new daughter, Meghan (9 months), to complement our 2½ year old, Erin. I am still at Johns Hopkins School of Medicine as assistant professor of neurology and of neuroscience. My interests in brain/behavior relationships which I developed at Brown as an undergraduate psychology major continue to dominate my current research. I work in the area of neurodegenerative disorders, attempting to relate the clinically manifest cognitive problems to underlying neuropathological and neurochemical changes. Recently appointed as Sloan and McKnight Fellow."

72 Carla Boesch, Los Angeles, is new-business manager for the Carnation Company. She planned to be married this summer to Dominique Lejade and would love to see any old Brown friends who visit L.A.

Mark W. Connar has been named manager of engineering and construction procurement at Air Products and Chemicals, Inc., in Trexlertown, Pa. He joined Air Products in 1974 and was most recently purchasing supervisor of subcontracts.

Oliver D. Cromwell was married to Sheila Lea Terry in May. He is a vice president of the Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette Securities Corporation in New York City, and she is a vice president of Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis in White Plains, N.Y.

Bruce H. Mann has been promoted to professor of law at Washington University, St. Louis. He received his J.D. and Ph.D. in history from Yale. His wife, Elizabeth Warren, is professor of law at the University of Texas at Austin. They live in Austin, where they

support two children, a dog, and several airlines.

Thomas E. Martin is in the general practice of law in Milwaukee.

Mollie Sandock and James Albert Brokaw were married on June 17 in Chicago. Mollie and Jim are completing their Ph.D. dissertations at the University of Chicago, hers in English literature and his in music.

Stephen Tumbas and his wife, Elizabeth Pfeiffer Tumbas (see '69), report the birth of their second child and daughter, Alexandra Marie, on March 6, 1983. Elise is 5. Stephen has owned and operated the Cafe Bedford in San Francisco since January 1982. In addition, he is a partner in the Wedgewood Bar and Cafe Bedford Catering.

73 Nancy J. Chalal, Oakley, Utah, writes: "The few times it gets foggy here I am overcome by nostalgia for those misty mornings on College Hill. I'm still photojournalizing in Park City, Utah, and on Nov. 4, an exhibit of my photographs will open at the Kimball Art Center."

Eric Davis, Middlebury, Vt., is an assistant professor of political science at Middlebury College.

Rick Goodier writes: "After a number of challenging ups and downs, I've finally settled in rural northwestern Arkansas, where I have forty acres and am nearing completion of a self-constructed, small semi-subterranean passive solar house of native stone. As a physical therapist practicing rural home health, I've ample opportunity to serve and to enjoy the beautiful hill country. I'd enjoy hearing from classmates at Route 5, Box 137, Huntsville, Ark. 72740."

Louis Peck is a national correspondent in the Washington, D.C., bureau of Gannett Newspapers, where he is currently covering the 1984 Presidential campaign.

Chris Romaine and Mary Moore were married at the Unitarian Church in Montreal, Canada, last winter.

Samuel W. Woolford, Worcester, Mass., has been promoted to associate professor of mathematical sciences at Worcester Polytechnic Institute. He has been a member of the WPI faculty since 1979.

74 Alan Beauregard is studying for an advanced degree at the State University of New York at Binghamton.

Mary Thomsen Davisson writes: "We had a healthy boy, Edwin Steuart

Davisson, on May 20. His sister, Emily, is now 3. I'll be teaching Latin at Loyola College in Baltimore this fall."

Peter Dworkin reports: "A number of Brown graduates were on hand when I was married to Sylvia Frances Raab in San Francisco in September 1983. Sylvia and I had a wonderful wedding trip to Greece and Israel, and enjoyed the California summer." Peter writes about business and economics for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and Sylvia is a marketing director at the University of San Francisco. Their address: 900 Bay St., San Francisco 94109.

A. Wayne Ledbetter has been elected assistant vice president at Wachovia Bank and Trust Company in Winston-Salem, N.C. He is a project leader in the bank's information processing group and has been with the bank since 1978.

Amy Beth Leeds, New York City, was married to Anders Carl Henrik Brag earlier this year. She received a master's degree in teaching from NYU, and he has an M.B.A. from Harvard.

John Lomicky is married and living in Columbia, Md. He is vice president of merchandising and advertising for Carpet Fair, Inc. of Baltimore, a carpet specialty chain of twenty-three stores in Maryland and Virginia.

Dr. Andrew D. Ruthberg is rheumatology specialist at the Woonsocket (R.I.) Hospital. He completed his fellowship in rheumatology at Roger Williams General Hospital. He is a member of the American Rheumatism Association and the American College of Physicians.

Dr. Lawrence Allen Scheving was awarded an M.D. degree from the University of Arkansas College of Medicine in May and has accepted a residency in pathology at Stanford. Since graduating from Brown, he has published seventeen scientific papers in biological and medical research. In 1979, he was awarded the Chronobiology Prize, which is given by the Hoechst Foundation following an international competition. This past year, he received the Upjohn Award, presented annually to a senior medical student for outstanding contributions to medical research.

75 *Dr. Robin Bell* has graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University and is an intern in the medicine-psychiatry program at the New York Hospital-Payne Whitney Clinic.

Charles M. Kimber, Woodland Hills,

Calif., writes: "I got married on November 26, 1983, to Minerva Rozo. A number of Brown friends attended the wedding."

Maureen Masha Traber (a.k.a. "Muffin") reports: "Our daughter, Sarah Jasmin, was born outside Frankfurt, West Germany, on Feb. 20. The following week, my husband, Bernhard Metzger (MIT '80 Sc.M.) found out that he was accepted for the doctorate program at Harvard University in environmental sciences. So, after almost three years in Germany, we're packing up and coming back to the Boston area, where I hope to pick up my career again in the media."

Anthony J. White was awarded an M.B.A. degree from Western New England College this year. He is a senior design engineer for Hamilton Standard in Windsor Locks, Conn., and lives in Somers with his wife, Frances, and their two children.

76 *Dr. Robert H. Cohen and Gail Hutchings Cohen* '77 are living temporarily in New York City with their two daughters, Sarah, 4, and Rebecca, 2. They will be living there for the next two years, while Rob fulfills a Public Health Service commitment by practicing as an internist in the South Bronx.

Robert M. Day and *Flora Y. Nissim* were married on June 20, 1982, in La Mirada, Calif. *Peter J. Korda* was best man. Bob received his Ph.D. in biological sciences in 1983 from the University of California at Irvine, where he spent a year as a postdoctoral researcher. He is a senior clinical research associate at Allergan Pharmaceuticals in Irvine. Flora received her B.S. in child development from the California State University at Fullerton and is a teacher at the Santa Ana Infant Center. Bob and Flora are living in Santa Ana, Calif.

Dr. Daniel S. Harrop ('79 M.D.), Providence, has been named a co-winner of Sigma Chi Fraternity's annual Best Chapter House Corporation Officer Award for his service to the Sigma Chi chapter house corporations at Brown and Bridgewater State University. He has served as the president of the Chapter House Corporation for the Sigma Chi chapter at Bridgewater State since 1982, and is a past president and current secretary of the Chapter House Corporation of the chapter at Brown. He is the medical director of the East Bay Mental Health Center, Inc., in Barrington, R.I., attending psychiatrist at Butler Hospital in Providence, and clinical instructor of psychi-

atry and human behavior at Brown.

Richard Hershner reports: "Following two-and-a-half years in the real estate department of the Continental Bank in Chicago, I have begun a new position as an assistant vice president in the Commercial Lending Division of EPIC Mortgage, Inc., in Falls Church, Va. I'm living in Georgetown at 1420 34th St. NW, where all friends are welcome to visit."

Frank J. Moncrief writes: "After seven years working as an editor, salesman, and district manager in the electronics trade press—most recently with *Electronic Design Magazine*, the largest trade publication in the world—my wife and I have moved to Kyoto, Japan. I'm working part-time supervising foreign copywriters at an advertising agency and doing some writing for *Electronic Design* while finishing a novel I began in California. My wife, Diane, is working as a therapist at a psychology clinic here as the internship for her Ph.D. in psychology. We plan to live in Kyoto until, and possibly through, next year. I'd love to hear from anyone at 8-3 Kitashiba-cho, Shimogamo Sakyo-Ku, Kyoto 606 Japan. Phone: (075) 722-7107."

Jan Pendleton, Sudbury, Mass., writes: "Steve Kahn and I delightedly announce the arrival of our first child, David Pendleton Kahn ('06?), on June 13."

Harry A. Sparks, Des Plaines, Ill., notes: "In June 1983, I graduated from the University of Chicago with an M.B.A. in finance and management information systems. On Oct. 9, 1983, I married Laurie J. Newell (University of Rochester '79). *Bennet Marks* was best man. *Robert Sparks* '76 M.A.T and *Deborah Kurland* '79 were also in the wedding party. To round out 1983, I was promoted to EDP audit manager at Coopers and Lybrand in Chicago, effective Jan. 1, 1984."

Barbara ("Bambi") Thorne and her husband, Ken Sebens, announce the birth of their daughter, Alison Thorne Sebens, on Nov. 12, 1983. Bambi is a postdoctoral fellow in biology at Harvard, where Ken is an associate professor of marine ecology.

Brian P. Tonner writes: "I joined the physics department of the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee last September. I am continuing a research program involving application of synchrotron radiation to the study of electronic materials."

Evelyn Williams tells us: "I have been promoted to senior supervisor-mechanical and have been transferred to the Du Pont Company's Chambers

ROBERT WAXLER '66

'I had never thought about being Jewish'

Works in Deepwater, N.J. I supervise our Central Shops, which includes machine, pump, plastic, metal, and tank car repair shops, and the plant garage—160 people! I enjoy the job tremendously."

Mary L. Wisniewski ('79 M.D.) and Julius L. Gall ('79 M.D.) are living in Somers Point, N.J. at 146 Jordan Rd. (08244) and would be happy to hear from friends.

77 Gail Hutchings Cohen and Dr. Robert H. Cohen (see '76) are living temporarily in New York City. They have two daughters, Sarah, 4, and Rebecca, 2.

Dr. Ann-Christine Duhaime, Lansdowne, Pa., is involved in research on the effects of concussion on memory as part of her residency in neurosurgery at the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Neil S. Hornung reports: "On March 24, I got married to Kathy Kval. I am finishing my residency program in oral and maxillofacial surgery at Long Island Jewish Hospital and will soon be moving to North Reading, Mass., where our new address will be 2 Greenbriar Dr., Apt. #203, Greenbriar Estates. I will also be associating with Drs. Bacos and Tarrow with offices in both Lowell and Stoneham, Mass."

Roland E. Jenkins, Jr., and Colleen Ann Murphy, Newport, R.I., were married in May. The couple took a wedding trip to Bermuda.

Victor C. Li ('78 Sc.M., '81 Ph.D.) has been appointed Edgerton Assistant Professor at MIT in Cambridge, Mass. He is an assistant professor in the department of civil engineering and has made important contributions in the study of earthquake rupture mechanisms.

Gerald L. Massa has recently joined Kidder, Peabody & Co., Inc., in Providence as investment executive. He will be responsible for overseeing the management of client assets, which includes continuous monitoring of the investment market. He lives in Warren, R.I., with his wife, Allyson.

Jim Reynolds and his wife, Kali, announce the May 15 birth of twin baby girls, Elisabeth Lea and Sarah Fairchild. Jim is working in Worcester, Mass., for the Lawrence R. McCoy Co., Inc., in the wholesale lumber business. Kali and Jim are living in Cambridge and "looking for baby sitters."

78 Thomas J. Baker writes: "After receiving my A.B./Sc.B. degree in English and civil engineering in 1982, I sailed for a year.

continued on page 62

As a child and an adolescent in the 1950s, Robert Waxler '66 didn't give much thought to his ethnic and religious background. He grew up in a "typical Jewish community" in New Bedford, Massachusetts. "I went to Hebrew school three times a week and learned to read Hebrew. I never thought about being Jewish, or about anti-Semitism. You just assumed that the way you were growing up was typical in America."

Later, Waxler found himself in a radically different environment. "My first teaching job was in Walla Walla, Washington. It was obvious that there was a real difference between me and other people; there was even some anti-Semitism. There were very few Jews with whom I could share common experiences. After a year, I decided my home was definitely on the East Coast."

Waxler earned his Ph.D. from the State University of New York at Stony Brook. In 1975 he took a teaching job in the English department at Southeastern Massachusetts University (SMU) in North Dartmouth, next door to his hometown. He was hired as a specialist in writers of the Romantic period, particularly William Blake. But within a year, Waxler added a course on modern Jewish novels, and found himself launched in a whole new direction—toward the development of several related programs in Jewish studies at SMU, and in a more personal sense, back to his roots.

"At that time, there were some strong [faculty] voices supporting the PLO," Waxler recalls. "But there was no strong voice for the other position. I heard from several Jewish students who were very disturbed. Some felt they were being harassed in certain courses, and they were unsure of their own grasp of what was going on." Waxler estimates that out of an undergraduate student body of about 5,000, SMU has only some 200 to 250 Jewish students.

Meanwhile, Rabbi Bernard Glassman, of New Bedford's Tifereth Israel Synagogue, had been teaching an evening course at SMU in early Jewish his-

tory. "I spoke with Rabbi Glassman and other people in the community," Waxler says, "about forming a Jewish Student Center." By 1977 the center was a reality, with Waxler serving as its faculty advisor, assisted by Glassman.

Waxler realized, though, that the center needed more visibility, both inside and outside SMU. "We wanted to drum up interest outside our active core group, and to reflect our interest back into the community." Through the SMU Lecture Series, the Jewish Student Center invited Israeli Defense Minister Abba Eban to speak at the university. "We had to open all the balconies of the auditorium to accommodate the crowd," Waxler recalls. "That event gave wide recognition to the Jewish Student Center."

Other speakers (including former Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin) followed, and the center sponsored such activities as a Purim Carnival in the gym, and Sunday morning bagel brunches with informal discussions. Other faculty at SMU began to offer related courses—a history course on the Holocaust, for example. "Around 1979, I began to think of ways to expand our energy, to build further bridges between our students and the community. I sensed the administration, too, wanted us to do more."

In June 1980, the first summer Judaic Institute was held at SMU through the Division of Continuing Studies. Spanning four days, the institute brought such noted scholars as Howard Sachar and Irving Howe to the North Dartmouth campus for lectures and discussions. Local cantors offered traditional Jewish music in the evening, and institute co-directors Waxler and Glassman spoke on aspects of Jewish-American history, literature, and culture. The institute was a kind of trial balloon, and it proved to be a buoyant one: Some 400 people attended. "The institute was self-supporting financially, and it attracted wide community interest in Fall River and New Bedford [cities that bracket North Dartmouth]," Waxler says. "There was a feeling we should make this an annual event."

The institute did, indeed, become an annual event; the fifth one was held last June. In January 1981, the SMU board of trustees approved Waxler's written proposal to establish a Center for Jewish Culture at the university, with Waxler and Glassman as co-directors. "We wanted to serve Jews who really identified strongly with their



JOHN FORASTÉ

Robert Waxler, photographed on the Southeastern Massachusetts University campus.

Jewish heritage, but also Jews by birth who hadn't thought about their identity," Waxler says. "We also wanted to serve the non-Jewish community, to help people gain a better understanding of Jewish culture and how it's an important part of their own culture."

The center has continued to sponsor lectures, concerts, films, art exhibitions, and other programs on campus. It also has embarked on an ambitious oral history project, with volunteers taping the recollections of elderly Jewish residents in New Bedford and Fall River. Waxler hopes this will stimulate other groups in the area to attempt similar projects.

"Southeastern Massachusetts has an *unbelievable* diversity of ethnic backgrounds," among them Portuguese, French, Lebanese, and Polish, to name a few. "Our ultimate dream is to strengthen this rich tapestry of ethnic diversity in a healthy way. Our programs have a universal applicability; they can raise local issues to an academic level. You don't have to lose the individuality of a culture in order to understand its universal dimension."

This year a new academic program has been added at SMU: a minor in Jewish studies, which Waxler directs. "We're offering courses in Jewish

literature, history, philosophy; in Hebrew; in the Israeli novel," Waxler says. "But the minor isn't simply a bunch of courses on Jewish subjects. It's a way of demonstrating the enduring quality of the humanities."

As associate professor of English, Waxler remains a teacher and a scholar of the Romantic writers. "I still feel a strong passion for Blake—I love that whole period." But as a Jew, he says he now feels more "sparked" when he thinks of Jewish literature. "There are certain things in Jewish literature that meet needs I have as a Jew," he says, "things that I can't find in Blake. The prose of a writer like Bernard Malamud gives a Jewish texture to a work, an experience not found in the secular human tradition."

"Going to Israel [last winter, with twenty-five other Jewish educators chosen from around the country], I found it a phenomenal experience to walk through the Old City of Jerusalem, to hear the Hebrew language as a part of daily life," Waxler says. "That created a bond for me I could never experience anywhere else." Before his interest in Jewish studies blossomed, Waxler says, "my religious sense was strong and intact. But now I have a much stronger sense of the cultural and ethnic side of being Jewish. I have become increasingly interested in explor-

ing my own sense of Jewish identity and in doing work for the Jewish community."

"I've seen this happen with a lot of Jewish students. They come into my Jewish literature course, many of them from backgrounds similar to my own. Maybe they've been attracted to the course because they think they'll have an 'edge.'"

"But all of a sudden they'll begin to recognize that their early years have left a little seed, and they want it to flourish. Several students have come to me at the end of the semester, saying they wanted more courses. Some have gone back to Hebrew school. One woman walked in looking like a punk rocker; at the end of the course, she had decided to become a rabbi."

The new Jewish studies minor has given Waxler's work another layer of legitimacy, he says. "We're taking a tack similar to [University Distinguished Professor of Judaic Studies and Director of the Program in Judaic Studies Jacob] Neusner's at Brown," Waxler says, adding that Neusner has been generous with advice and guidance. "We hope to establish a program that will add to the quality of humanistic studies at SMU. It's not here to disseminate propaganda or to be a voice for Israel."

A.D.

This included crossing from the Azores to Nantucket as mate on a 47-foot yawl. Halfway across, a freak wave smashed part of the cabin and we had a wet two weeks home. Now I'm teaching at St. George's School in Newport, R.I. (02840)."

Dr. Guy T. Bernstein, Boston, tells us: "I was married to Nancy Golden on July 31, 1983, in New York City. We moved to Boston in July, where I will begin a residency in urology at the Brigham and Women's Hospital, and Nancy will continue with *Institutional Investor*. For the past two years, I have been a resident in general surgery at the New York Hospital."

Stacey L. Channing was married to Dr. Robert Portney on April 8, and they are living in Malden, Mass. "Tracey Zarembek, Steven Margulis, and Michael Margulis took part in our ceremony. I am working as a patent attorney for W.R. Grace & Co. in Cambridge, and Bobby will be completing his last year of residency in psychiatry and neurology at Harvard Medical School."

Ann E. Decker is a new assistant county attorney in Dakota County, Minn. She was formerly an associate of the Minneapolis law firm of Fredrikson, Byron, Colborn, Bisbee. She'll be working in the civil division and lives in St. Paul.

Elisabeth Elkind was married on May 12 to David Alquist in New York City. She is a cataloguer at the Widener Library at Harvard University and an archivist at its Houghton Library on the correspondence of Charles Sumner, the Massachusetts Senator and abolitionist. Her husband is a senior systems programmer and analyst with the Bank of Boston.

Robert Fertik was married to Tona Stolper in May. She is currently co-chair of Freeze-Voter '84 Downstate New York, and he is vice president of Iris Systems, Inc., a computer consultant firm. They live in Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Sandra J. Powell, chairman of the English-as-a-Second-Language department at Cushing Academy in Gardner, Mass., has been awarded a Joseph Klingenstein Fellowship for 1984-85. The fellowship provides an opportunity for independent school educators to spend one year at Teachers College, Columbia University, developing leadership skills in administrative and academic areas.

Dr. Fortunato (Fred) Procopio reports: "I've completed an exciting year as an intern in pediatrics at Yale-New Haven Hospital, where I worked closely

with several other Brown alumni who were members of the pediatric house staff: Lynn Coppage McGowan '77, Donald Schwarz '77, Paula Braverman, Terri Massagli, Jane Cross, and Frank McGowan. At the end of June, I moved to Burlington, Vt., where I'll complete my residency in pediatrics at the same place where I went to medical school—Medical Center Hospital of Vermont."

Robert L. Risko ('80 A.M.), Portsmouth, R.I., recently received his M.B.A. from Cornell's Graduate School of Management, where he was vice president of the Old Ezra Investment Club.

Jane E. Siegel writes: "In order to ease the burden on the post office (which is having some difficulty keeping up with me) and to re-establish contact with classmates whose movements have been as frequent as my own, I would like to announce that I am currently living at 2060 Pacific Ave., #108, San Francisco, Calif. 94115, and that I am listed in the San Francisco telephone directory."

Brian S. Witherspoon graduated from the School of Law at Washington University in St. Louis in May and is studying for the Missouri bar exam. He hopes to become a public defender. His address: 6151 Washington, St. Louis 63112.

79 Marjorie Backman, Boston, has joined the Lincoln edition of the *Concord* (Mass.) *Journal* as assistant editor. She had been working as assistant to the editor at the *Boston Phoenix*. Prior to that, she reported for two years for the *Dorchester Community News*.

Fredrick Baumgarten writes: "I have completed my third year of teaching at Riverdale Country School in New York in the fifth grade. I am considering moving to a new school so any relevant leads or information would be helpful. I am continuing to pursue my musical interests actively, and I teach several students in piano. I also have dabbled in freelance writing on the subject of art and music. I recently attended the wedding of Ira Kirschenbaum and Emily Rikoon. Other Brown people were in attendance."

James Delaney has been named inside sales manager for the Pittsburgh service center of Joseph T. Ryerson & Son, Inc. He had been product sales manager at Ryerson's Philadelphia facility since April 1982.

Daniel Forman reports that he has completed his second year at George

Washington School of Medicine. He would like to "renew contact with many of the people with whom I've lost touch since graduation. Please write to: 1500 Massachusetts Ave. NW #746, Washington, D.C. 20005."

Abraham Haviivi, Long Beach, N.Y., has received his rabbinic ordination at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in New York City.

Donna M. Lewis writes: "I'm renting an apartment on the waterfront in Long Beach, Calif., and working for Kal Kan Foods as an environmental engineer. My responsibilities include risk management, energy conservation, and regulatory compliance. I am still driving the '77 Corolla I bought in Providence, and my Siamese cat is still with me, though she is more than a little senile at this point. Martin Silvern '80 and I have become small-time landlords and so far the endeavor has worked out well."

Tom Redding reports: "After four years in Columbus, Ohio, I was awarded the doctor of veterinary medicine degree in early June. On July 9, I started as an associate veterinarian at the White Oak Veterinary Hospital in Gretna, Va. The hospital is five years old and owned by two Auburn graduate veterinarians, one originally from eastern North Carolina and the other from Mississippi. We do approximately 90-percent large animal work, the bulk of which consists of doing herd reproductive and preventive medical work. On Sept. 8, I will marry Marion White, of Columbus. We met when she brought her golden retriever into the OSU Hospital for a spay. We will be married in Asheboro, N.C., at the Charlotte Methodist Church, where my great-great grandfather is buried."

Lizanne Landsman Rosenzweig and her husband, Jeff (Hobart College '77), celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary on Nov. 24, 1983. Many Brown friends were in attendance at their wedding "eons ago" in San Juan, Puerto Rico. "We're doing well, are very happy, and would love for old friends to contact us if they pass by New York City."

Rabbi Amy Ross Scheinerman and Edward Ross Scheinerman, Elizabeth, N.J., wrote in June: "We are all well. It's been quite a month. Amy was ordained a rabbi by Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion and will be the assistant rabbi of Temple Kaiah in Columbia, Md. Ed received his Ph.D. from Princeton and will be on the faculty of Johns Hopkins University (department of mathematical sciences).

Our daughter, Rachel, just turned 1. We send our best wishes to all our Brown friends."

Nancie Spector was awarded the Ph.D. degree in clinical psychology (child specialization) from Case Western Reserve University in May. She has completed her internship in clinical psychology at Brown's clinical psychology internship consortium and has moved to Connecticut from Providence. Her husband, Dr. David Caruso, is a postdoctoral fellow in psychology at Yale University.

Mary Lou Wernig and *Alan M. Shoer* were married in May in Manning Chapel. She is employed at UMass-Boston, and Alan, having graduated from Vermont Law School, is with the firm of Asoian & Tully in Andover, Mass. They live in Cambridge, Mass.

Jessica Wolff was married to Stephen Wanta in May in Manhattan. She is studying for a master's degree in French at New York University. Stephen is an architect.

80 *Chris Albert* writes: "I received my D.V.M. from Purdue University this year and will be working in a mixed practice (pets, food animals, and exotic animals) in Kentucky. This summer I wrote a chapter on health care of captive wolves for a forthcoming book."

Monica Mills Bauer, Crete, Neb., won the Democratic primary in the race for Congress in the 1st Congressional District in Nebraska. She faces Republican Doug Bereuter, the incumbent. A minister at the Plymouth Congregational Church, she is a graduate of the Yale Divinity School.

Linda E. Bruce, Boston, was recently promoted to senior business development assistant in the administration division of the Commercial Banking Group at State Street Bank & Trust Company.

Alex Cohen reports: "For the past two years I have been working toward a Ph.D. in comparative literature, studying critical theory and teaching, all on an assistantship from the State University of New York at Buffalo. Recently, I learned that I've been awarded a fellowship to study philosophy in Darmstadt, West Germany, this year. I spent the summer in Vienna improving my German. Friends can write to me at 8 Primrose Ct., Norwalk, Conn. 06854."

Daniel H. Miller writes: "I am pleased to announce my wedding on June 17 at Brandeis University to Linda Green, a criminal justice policy analyst at Brandeis. A number of Brown grad-

uates were in attendance. I am employed as a graphics software programmer at Intermetrics, Inc., in Cambridge, Mass."

Margaret E. Murray, San Francisco, is entering the class of '87 of the University of California Hastings College of Law this fall.

Cynthia Shearn ('83 M.D.) and *Robert Tainsh, Jr.* (see '83 M.D.) were married on May 28, 1983, in Manning Chapel. The wedding party included *Valerie Shearn* '84, *Tracey Estlow*, *Nancy Chick*, *Susan Fisher*, *Peter Knitzer*, and *William Shankle* '83 M.D. The couple now lives in Boston, where he is a resident in obstetrics and gynecology at Beth Israel Hospital and she is a resident in neurology at the Harvard-Longwood Neurology Program.

Michelle L. Taylor married *Alfred P. Dillione* on March 17 in Sun City, Ariz. The groom's sister, *Janet Dillione* '81, was the maid of honor. Michelle is an associate attorney with the Phoenix law firm of Bill Stephens, P.C., which specializes in water and natural resource law. Al is a second-year student at Northwestern University's Kellogg Graduate School of Management.

81 *Laura Ruth Clower* is studying for a master of science degree in speech and language pathology at Boston University.

Susan E. Kalt has just finished a year as bilingual coordinator at the Brown/RI School for the Deaf's Language Awareness Project and is now moving to Boston with her husband, Cesar Cortes. "Hope to do consulting for service providers to non-English-speaking deaf. Would love to hear from old friends. New address: 10 Wigglesworth St., Apt. 1, Boston 02120."

Sudhana Napombejra, Bangkok, Thailand, graduated in 1982 from the University of Pennsylvania with an M.A. in international relations. She is now working with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Thailand, Department of International Organizations.

Robert J. Samors and *Ann Tutwiler*, of Charlotte, N.C., were married Sept. 2. Both Bob and Ann, an alumna of Davidson College, are graduate students at the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard.

Peter A. Shaftel is a junior at Cornell Medical School.

82 *Chuck Gannon* reports: "I've been living and working in the New York area for the past two years, first directing a repertory production of Sophocles' *Antigone*,

then as a production editor for Simon & Schuster, and finally as an advertising copywriter for Prentice-Hall. But I'm bidding a not-too-fond farewell to publishing in order to pursue a university fellowship at the Newhouse School of Public Communications at Syracuse University. Harder than gearing up once again for a second encounter with hardcore academia is keeping up with my fellow graduates. Call, drop a line, and/or stop by if you're in the area (124 Spook Rock Rd., Suffern, N.Y., 914-357-4630). All Brunonians welcome for any reason!"

David Jay reports: "After graduating, I tinkered in geology and conservation for a while and revised a guidebook to Franconia Notch State Park in New Hampshire. Last summer, I navigated a forty-foot sloop from Hawaii to the Marquesas and Tahiti and flew on to New Zealand and Australia for four months of backpacking and hitch-hiking. I've finally hit on landscape architecture as the compromise between geology, ecology, and design I've been looking for and I am now starting a three-year master's program at the University of Virginia and loving it. Is anyone in the area?"

Deborah Mills married *Edward (Skip) Swikart* on May 5 in Rumson, N.J. The bridesmaids were *Deborah Forbes* '84 and *Amy Glamm* '84. The couple lives in Rumson.

Therese and *James Picado-Leonard*, San Francisco, write: "We were employed at the Pine Ridge School in Williston, Vt., the year after graduation (1982-83) and before we were married. Upon being married, Jim matriculated into the graduate program in endocrinology at the University of California-San Francisco, and Therese became a research technician in the department of physiology at UCSF. We are both using the name Picado-Leonard, so this would be the name found in directory assistance."

83 *Keith Ablow* has been named a Mass Media Fellow by the American Association for the Advancement of Science and by *Newsweek*. He is a student at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine in Baltimore.

Joyce E. Barbour notes: "Since last December, I've been working as the international expeditor for Maridyne International Corporation, a Boston export-management firm."

Karen Becker writes: "I've been keeping real busy at the University of Illinois College of Veterinary Medicine.

I finished up my first year in time to make it to the class of '83 reunion."

Pamela R. Bleisch is attending the University of Chicago and working toward her M.A. in classics.

Francis A. (Bud) Brooks reports: "I am living in Dallas and currently bartending at a restaurant. I began attending Southern Methodist University business school in August. I recently became engaged to Cindi Johnson, a nursing student at Texas Women's University, and we plan to be married next summer."

Bruce J. Edgerly is a reporter for the *Aspen Daily News* in Aspen, Colo.

Jeremy S. Gaies writes: "I was recently working as a mental health counselor and as an emergency medical technician in Troy, N.Y. In September, I entered the Psy.D. clinical psychology program at Rutgers University. If anyone is in the area, give me a call. Hope you're all well and happy."

Laura M. Gardner sends the following news: "Rebounding off a summer in Sicily as head cook for the Brown Archeology Expedition, I have been cooking in various New York restaurants. Quite a change from academia!"

James Giangola writes: "Having been awarded a Fulbright/French Government Teaching Assistantship Grant in English conversation, I relocated to L'Université d'Aix-Marseilles in Aix-en-Provence this September. After last year's flirtation with corporate life at Air France in New York City and Paris, I will heartily welcome as a *futur aixois* the Mediterranean camaraderie among the easy-going Latin Provençaux of the South."

Lawrence M. Goral married Susan A. Gemma in Providence on April 28. He works for Brown, and she is employed by Rhode Island Hospital. They are living in Providence.

Mary Griffin writes: "I am working for General Electric Credit Corporation in Stamford, Conn., in the financial management program. Old friends in the NYC area can reach me at home (203) 322-6325."

Ryne S. Johnson reports: "I've completed my first year at the University of Pennsylvania School of Dental Medicine. *Mickey Buto* (who is also here) and I are both doing well at upholding the image of Brown."

Henrik Jones notes: "After running around for a year (Los Angeles, Berlin, and finally, New York), I've joined Morgan Guaranty's training program."

Peter Kazantzides is a graduate student in electrical engineering at Brown.

Kathleen M. Kutalek tells us: "I am

teaching on a full-time basis in the science department of the Peddie School, a private high school in Hightstown, N.J.—and enjoying it fully!"

Kimón Manuilius sends the following chronology: "9/83-12/83: Waited tables in an all-night diner. 12/83-3/84: Staff of Mondale campaign in Boston. Field organizer. 4/84-7/84: Mass. Dept. of Public Health—Women, Infants & Children Nutrition and Nutritional Advocacy Program. 7/84—: Unknown. Address: 1675 Mass. Ave. #5, Cambridge, Mass. 02138. Phone: (617) 354-2250."

Margaret V. Richardson reports: "I'm working as forms coordinator for a local bank, doing freelance graphics and calligraphy, and interning in the graphics department of the Rhode Island Historical Society Library in Providence."

Arnold A. Sarazen, Jr. is attending the Dartmouth-Brown program in medicine and "did not win the Massachusetts Megabucks Lottery."

Emily Schultz is beginning a master's program at the Harvard Graduate School of Education this fall.

Patricia Steen, Ann Arbor, Mich., is working as a biochemist for Warner-Lambert.

Kent M. Suig writes: "I am at Hastings College of Law in San Francisco and have completed my first year. I worked at the Democratic National Convention in S.F. this summer and clerked in a law firm."

Alaric H. Tate reports: "This past May, I started working as a process engineer at Codi Semiconductor in Linden, N.J. I'd love to hear from old friends. My address: 5 Sherman Ave., Piscataway, N.J. 08854. Phone: (201) 752-8047."

Adam G. Todd is on the paralegal staff at Cleary, Gottlieb, Steen & Hamilton in New York City. "Thanks to Brown friends for helping me to search for my brother, Sam, who disappeared New Year's Day in New York City."

Karen Wisbaum writes: "I'm living in Washington, D.C., working for the League of Conservation Voters, the political action committee of the environmental movement."

84 *Marc Choyt* writes: "In May, a few weeks before my graduation, I legally changed my name from Marc Weston to Marc A. Choyt, which is the name under which I graduated. I have moved to Haiti, where I will be directing an orphanage with another Brown student."

GS *David B. Walker* '56 Ph.D. has been appointed a full professor in the University of Connecticut-Storrs Master of Public Affairs Program. He had been assistant director of the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations in Washington, D.C., since 1966. He is author of the book, *Toward a Functioning Federalism*, and was a one-time staff director for the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations.

Ronald K. Eby '58 Ph.D. is chief, Polymer Science and Standards Division, of the National Bureau of Standards. The Society of Plastics Engineering (Brookfield Center, Conn.) presented him with the grade of Fellow of the Society at the recent Annual Technical Conference in New Orleans.

Walter Makous '64 Ph.D., Rochester, N.Y., professor of psychology and of ophthalmology and director of the Center for Visual Science at the University of Rochester, has been elected a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He was cited for his distinguished work "in the field of human vision and for direction of the field through his position as head of a noted center for visual science." He has served on several government panels, and is topical editor of vision and color for the *Journal of the Optical Society of America*.

Lawrence Chimerine '65 Ph.D. is chairman and chief economist of Chase Econometrics in New York City. He oversees all Chase forecasting and is responsible for product content and quality. He also supervises the U.S. Macroeconomic Service, including preparation of monthly economic forecasts.

Phyllis Rosen Brown '68 Ph.D., Pawtucket, R.I., was presented with the Community Service Award in May at the annual luncheon of the Providence Section of the National Council of Jewish Women. She is an internationally recognized researcher, scholar, professor, and author in the field of high performance liquid chromatography in biochemistry and biomedical research. She is a professor in the chemistry department of the University of Rhode Island and formerly was assistant professor in the pharmacology section at Brown. Her academic publications have been translated into many languages.

William S. Cain '68 Ph.D. teaches at the Yale University School of Medicine and is co-author of a technical paper entitled "Air Quality in Buildings During Smoking and Nonsmoking Occupancy." He has received the Crosby

Field Award from the American Society of Heating, Refrigerating, and Air Conditioning Engineers for the work.

Sadad I. Husseini '70 Sc.M., Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, was elected vice president, producing, by the ARAMCO board of directors on June 1.

Jules L. Becker '71 A.M., Brookline, Mass., is a teaching assistant and doctoral candidate at Brandeis University. He has been a library trustee for five years in Brookline. He and his wife, Donna, have a daughter, Rachel.

Cheryl Connors '71 A.M. (see '70).

Anthony M. Santomero '71 Ph.D. has been appointed vice dean of the Graduate Division of the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School. Anthony, who is currently co-chairman of the finance department and the Richard K. Mellon Professor of Finance, will assume responsibility for the school's M.B.A. program, including admissions, student affairs, and corporate placement, as well as for the Wharton Executive M.B.A. Program, designed for selected managers with proven leadership skills. He lives in Wynnwood, Pa., with his wife and two children.

Georgene Bertolotti '72 Ph.D. and Dr. John G. Costa were married on November 19, 1983 in Brooklyn, N.Y. Georgene is an administrator with the New York City Board of Education, and John is an internist. They maintain residences in New York and Rochester. *Faye Maris* '68 A.M. was matron of honor.

Joseph H. Haritonidis '72 A.M. (see '70).

Lallit Anand '72 Sc.M., '75 Ph.D., has been appointed an Edgerton Assistant Professor at MIT. He is assistant professor in the department of mechanical engineering. His research has contributed to the understanding of the effect of different microstructures on the strength of steels.

David Parks '72 Sc.M., '75 Ph.D., Boston, was a 1981-82 Edgerton Professor at MIT.

Anthony J. Ugolnik, Jr. '75 Ph.D. is associate professor of English at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pa. He received the Christian R. and Mary F. Lindback Award for Distinguished Teaching at the college's 1984 commencement. He was awarded a \$750 check and a citation from F & M President James L. Powell.

Allison Dillon-Kimmerle '76 A.M., Farmington, Conn., writes: "My photographer husband, Ken, and I are winding up our first year in Connecticut and are looking forward to many more. I'm the director of the Career

Counseling Office at Trinity College in Hartford, a pretty far cry from my intentions for museum work and historic preservation when I graduated from Brown with my master's in American civilization!"

Victor C. Li '78 Sc.M., '81 Ph.D. (see '77).

Chris Noll '82 M.A.T. is teaching English at Proctor Academy in Andover, N.H.

MD Dr. Edward W. Collins '72 M.D. married Barbara J. Byrnes on May 19 in Riverside, R.I. He is assistant professor of pediatrics at Brown and director of the pediatric primary care unit at Rhode Island Hospital. He is also on the faculty at Providence College. Barbara is a registered dietician in pediatrics at Rhode Island Hospital. The couple lives in Riverside.

Daniel S. Harrop '79 M.D. (see '76).

Mary L. Wisniewski '79 M.D. (see '76) and *Julius L. Gall* '79 M.D. are living in Somers Point, N.J., at 146 Jordan Rd. and would be happy to hear from friends.

Cynthia Shearn '83 M.D. (see '80) and *Robert Tamsh, Jr.* '83 M.D. were married on May 28, 1983, in Manning Chapel. They live in Boston, where he is a resident in obstetrics and gynecology at Beth Israel Hospital.

OBITUARIES

Charles Augustus Leonard '11, Norfolk, Va., retired sales manager at Virginia Electric and Power Company; March 27. After graduating from Brown, he went to China to work as an engineer for the Chinese government. Delta Tau Delta. Survivors include his wife, Elena, 7409 Glencagles Rd., Norfolk 23505, and a daughter.

Anthony Caputi '17, Sun City Center, Fla., retired president of Dubois-Webb Company of Detroit, manufacturers' agents; July 10. He was a Navy veteran of World War I and was the brother of *Arthur Caputi* '21. Delta Tau Delta. Survivors include his wife, Margaret, P.O. Box 5583, Sun City 33570.

George Arnold Northup, Jr. '17, Clifton, N.J., a retired employee of the Verona Dvestuffs Company in Union, N.J.; Jan. 25. Phi Gamma Delta. Survivors include his son, Robert, 3898 Radcliffe Ln., San Diego 92122, and a daughter. He was the grandfather of *Maria Northup* '73 and *Catherine Northup* '84.

Lawrence Flagg Wyman '19, Weston, Mass., a former science teacher; July 20. Survivors include her niece, Mrs. Norman Burr, 4805 Burlington Rd., Muncie, Ind. 47302. She was the sister of the late *Mildred Flagg Burr* '14.

Harold Samuel Shefelman '20, Seattle, senior partner of the law firm of Roberts, Shefelman, Lawrence, Gay & Moch, an active civic leader, and a director of the 1962 Seattle World's Fair; May 30. He earned his law degree at Yale in 1925 and was president of the Seattle Bar Association in 1937 and 1938. He also was a member of the House of Delegates of the American Bar Association. Mr. Shefelman chaired Washington's Committee on Governmental Reorganization and was a University of Washington regent from 1957 through 1975, serving as president several years. He was a member of the Seattle Planning Commission from 1948 to 1971 and its chairman from 1950 to 1952. In 1955, he was chairman of the state's delegation to the White House Conference on Education. From 1962 to 1969, he served as a trustee of Brown; he also was a long-time supporter of the Brown crew. Among other achievements, he helped launch Seattle's Metro system. The National Municipal League gave him a "Distinguished Citizen Award" in 1956. He was an active Episcopalian and had served as chancellor of the Diocese of Olympia. In 1965, the University awarded him an honorary doctor of laws degree. His citation read, in part: "Your eminence as a lawyer has placed you at the center of the civic development of a vigorous community. In your church, you have risen to the highest position open to a layman. You are a regent and have chaired the board of a university in its critical period of growth in size and strength. With all this, you have been ready at a moment's call to serve us here at Brown." He received the Brown Bear Award in 1970. He is survived by his wife, Nona, 3430 26th Ave. West #250, Seattle 98199, and a son.

Leonilda Sansone Gervasi '21, Marfa,

Texas, a retired librarian at the New York Public Library; March 12, 1982. She received her master's in library science at Columbia University in 1929. Survivors include her husband, Frank, P.O. Box 415, Marfa 79843.

Helen Thayer Paxton '22, Providence, librarian and English teacher at the Moses Brown School; June 13. She earned a master's degree from Brown in 1927. The widow of *William Paxton* '22, she had been class president and chairman of the Rhode Island Regional Scholarship Committee of Pembroke. She leaves two daughters, including *Margaret Paxton Blobel* '59, Giessen, West Germany.

Anna Coggeshall Bailey '23, Plano, Ill., retired dean of students at Plano High School; Nov. 16, 1983. Survivors include her son, Daniel N. Bailey, of Chicago. She was the sister of *Daniel W. Coggeshall* '19.

Ronald Bancroft Smith '23, Providence, a partner in the law firm of Edwards & Angell until his retirement in 1976; July 14. He graduated from Harvard Law School in 1927 and, during World War II, served on the local draft board. He is survived by two sons and two daughters, including *Edith Smith Blish* '65 M.A.T., 66 Catlin Ave., Rumford, R.I. 02916. He was the brother of *Doris V. Smith* '25 and *Eleanor N. Smith* '31. His father was *Walter E. Smith* 1893.

Katharine Sanson Aikens '25, Birmingham, Mich., a retired elementary school teacher; March 29. Her husband was the late *Berton Allen Aikens* '25. Surviving are four children, including *B.A. Aikens III* '48 and *Robert Bruce Aikens* '51, 320 Cranbrook Rd., Bloomfield, Mich. 48013.

Russell Ballou Mallett '25, Westfield, N.J., a traffic engineer for the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company in Newark before his retirement in 1969; May 21. Delta Upsilon. Surviving is his wife, Edith, 32 Eastham, Southwyck, Scotch Plains, N.J. 07076, a son, and a daughter.

Eugene Francis Reynolds '25, Providence, retired president of the Blackstone Valley Electric Company; July 5. He joined the utility in 1927 as an electrical engineer and, subsequently, held various executive positions before being named president in 1968. He was a member of the board of Memorial

Hospital in Pawtucket. He is survived by his wife, Helen, 77 Pitman St., Providence 02906; two daughters, including *Patricia Reynolds Duffy* '52; and four sons.

Frances Peekham Walker '26, Little Compton, R.I.; July 7. She is survived by four sons, including Coll M. Walker, West Main Road, Little Compton 02837, and a daughter.

Kenneth Crowell Baxter '27, Falmouth, Mass., owner and operator of the Western Auto store in Falmouth from 1953 until his retirement in 1967; May 25. He was a World War II Navy veteran. Theta Delta Chi. He is survived by a daughter, Sally B. Tournas, Cranston, R.I., two brothers, and a sister.

Lois Patten Palmer '27, South Wellfleet, Mass., a school teacher in the New York City area until her retirement; June 18. She was active in many organizations, including the League of Women Voters, Amnesty International, and Common Cause. She is survived by a son and two daughters, including *Alison Palmer* '53, Box 942, South Wellfleet, Mass. 02663.

Mary O'Neil Huddy '28, Cranston, R.I., head librarian at the Knight Memorial Library and a staff member of the Providence Public Library for forty-two years before retiring; July 1. She was the widow of Dr. *Franklin S. Huddy* '28. She leaves several cousins, including Gale Cifelli, 47 Brookwood Rd., Cranston 02910.

Orton R. Johnson '28, Cape Coral, Fla., retired division superintendent at New York Life Insurance Company; April 7. He was a World War II Army Air Force veteran. Delta Upsilon. Survivors include his niece, Audrey P. McGrath, 77 Hillside Terr., Irvington, N.J. 07111.

Robert Perry Montague '29, Southbridge, Mass., a lawyer with the firm of Montague and Desautels in Southbridge; May 22. He graduated from Harvard Law School in 1932 and served in Army Intelligence during World War II. His wife, *Marjorie Sidelinger Montague* '27, died in 1974. He leaves a son, Col. David P. Montague, 1012 Broadview Rd., Fort Washington, Md. 20744, and a daughter.

James Simpson Stewart '29, Calverton, N.Y., chairman of the department

of economics at Nassau Community College in Garden City, L.I., before his retirement; March 30. He received his Ph.D. from New York University and served on the faculties of St. John's and NYU. Delta Upsilon. Survivors include his wife, Mary, Ramblewood Park, Calverton 11933, and a daughter.

Arthur James Murphy '30 A.M., Taunton, Mass., a Taunton school teacher for many years at St. Mary's School and Bishop Cassidy High School; May 16. He graduated from Holy Cross in 1916. His survivors include two sons and three sisters, including Sister Mary Elizabeth S.U.S.C., Coyle-Cassidy High School Convent, 2 Hamilton St., Taunton 02780.

Virgil Stanley Viets '30, Wethersfield, Conn., an English teacher for forty-two years in the Hartford public school system; June 24. He received his M.A. from Trinity College in 1935 and served in the Army from 1942 to 1945. Sigma Phi Sigma. Surviving are his wife, Gladys, 613 Maple St., Wethersfield 06109, a son, and a daughter.

Esther Dick Snell '31, '36 A.M., Providence, a research associate at Brown until retiring in 1974; July 13. She was the widow of Brown Professor of Biology *Walter H. Snell* '13. With her husband, she co-authored books on holeti (fungus) of northeastern America and a glossary of mycological terms. She was a member of the Rhode Island Cancer Society, the Friends of the Library at Brown, and the American Mycological Society. She leaves two stepsons, *George V. Snell* '41, 17 Shore Rd., Bristol, R.I. 02809, and *Walter S. Snell* '38.

Katherine Gorton Scott '31, Blue Hill, Maine; June 19. Sigma Xi, Phi Beta Kappa. Survivors include her husband, *David H. Scott* '32, Box 141, Blue Hill 04614; a daughter; and a sister, *Emma Gorton Peirce* '33.

Myrtle Bilsborough Sullivan '31, Middletown, R.I., former principal of the Melville School in Portsmouth and guidance director at Middletown High School; July 7. She leaves three daughters, including Nan Bulk, 288 Vacluse Ave., Middletown 02840.

A. Geraldine Dwyer Ciesla '35, Webster, Mass., guidance director at Bartlett High School in Worcester and a realtor for a number of years; March 17. She received a master's degree from

Assumption College. Mrs. Ciesla was a member of the Worcester Board of Realtors and was the first woman incorporator of Webster Five Cents Savings Bank. She served on the board of directors of Hubbard Regional Hospital, was a trustee of Chester C. Corbin Library, and was a founder and member of the Friends of Corbin Library. She leaves a son, Thomas R. Ciesla, Webster 01570.

Ruth Vaughan Galloway '35, '37 A.M., Hyde Park, Mass.; March 6. Survivors include her husband, William, 44 Badger Rd., Hyde Park 02136, a daughter, and two sons.

Donald Lee Cass '37, Naperville, Ill., supervisor of legal arbitration for the Chicago office of the American Mutual Insurance Company; May 4. He received a B.A. from the University of Iowa and an LL.B. from Drake University. During World War II, he served in the counter-intelligence corps of the Third Army in the European Theater. He was the former president of Green Bay Fertilizer Company and claims manager of the American Mutual Insurance Company. He was also on the board of the directors of the Green Bay Packers football team. Psi Upsilon. Surviving are his wife, Marcella, and two sons.

John Lyon Kennedy '37 Ph.D., Chebeague Island, Maine, professor of psychology at Tufts, Princeton, the University of Southern California, and California State University at Northridge; July 14. Professor Kennedy received his A.B. at Stanford in 1934. He served as a psychologist with the Rand Corporation, the Office of Scientific Research and Development, and the Institute for Educational Development. He was listed in *Who's Who and American Men of Science*. He is survived by his wife, Nancy, 1127-A 22nd St., Santa Monica, Calif. 90403, a son, and two daughters.

William Ferry Durgin '38, Cumberland, R.I., retired president of Durgin Food Service, Inc., in North Dighton, Mass.; June 22. Theta Delta Chi. Survivors include his wife, Mary, 27 Hines Rd., Cumberland 02864, and a son, Dr. *William W. Durgin* '64. His father was *Arthur D. Durgin* '14.

Dr. *Thomas Lawrence Lomasney* '41, Knoxville, Tenn., a retired thoracic and cardiac surgeon; April 6. He served in the Navy during World War II and

received his M.D. from Boston University in 1944. Survivors include his wife, Kate, 1431 Cherokee Trail #70, Knoxville 37920, and three children.

Anthony Francis Noll '44, New York City, vice president of the New York Life Insurance Company; June 4, in a fall from his fourteenth-floor apartment in Manhattan. He also attended Boston University and, during World War II, served in the Air Force. He had previously worked for John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company in St. Louis and New York. Psi Upsilon. Survivors include his wife, Frances, 40 East 78th St., New York City 10021, and two children.

William Lees Cook '45, Pawtucket, R.I., an engineer and a production and plant manager in the manufacturing of heavy-duty trucks and equipment until his retirement in 1977; June 29. He was a Navy veteran of World War II. Survivors include his wife, Helen, 26 Alfred St., Pawtucket 02861, a son, and a daughter.

Frank Andrew D'Antuono '48, Providence, an accountant with Oakcrest Realty and Insurance Company; June 26. Survivors include his son, Paul, 41 Sybil St., Providence 02909.

Bernard Francis Cleary '49, Amarillo, Texas; Dec. 25, 1983. There are no immediate survivors.

Lee Hutchinson Grischy '49, Naples, Fla., senior trust investment officer and senior vice president of the Barnett Bank in Naples; Feb. 17, 1983. He served in the Air Force and received his LL.B. from Chase Law School in 1960. Formerly, he was a vice president of the Commerce Bank of Kansas City. Sigma Chi. Survivors include his wife, Anne, 900 8th Ave. South, Apt. #202, Naples 33940.

Thomas Hamilton Jacobs '49, Madison, Wis., a special agent with Connecticut Mutual Life in Milwaukee; March 25, 1983. Psi Upsilon. Survivors include his son, J. Thomas Jacobs, 6333 Shoreham Dr., Madison 53711.

James Anthony DiDomenico '50, Providence, founder and president of the Rhode Island Chess Club and author of the chess column in the *Providence Journal*; May 26. He served in the Navy in World War II and, later, was publisher and editor of *Chess Scribe*, a magazine with an international circula-

tion. The chess club that he founded was one of the few in the country with private headquarters. Survivors include his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin DiDomenico, 20 Simmons St., Providence 02901.

Henry Dyer Hersey, Jr. '50, Needham, Mass.; Dec. 10, 1983. Phi Kappa. Survivors include his father, Henry D. Hersey, 45 Washington Ave., Needham, Mass. 02192.

John Hardie Hoffman '57, Kent, Conn., owner of the House of Books in Kent and former admissions director and assistant headmaster at Berkshire School, in Sheffield, Mass.; June 12. He had taught English at St. Mark's School in Dallas, Texas, and at Lake Forest Academy in Illinois. He is survived by his wife, Carol, P.O. Box 365, Kent 06757, two sons, and three daughters.

Dr. *Joseph Ruggieri, Jr.* '63, Boston, a pathologist at the Framingham Union Hospital and associate director of laboratories at the hospital; July 23. He was also an assistant clinical professor of pathology at Tufts University School of Medicine and an assistant professor at Boston University Medical School. He graduated from Tufts Medical School in 1967. He was a gourmet Chinese restaurant critic and wrote about Chinese food for the *Christian Science Monitor*. Survivors include his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ruggieri, 291 Summit Dr., Cranston, R.I. 02920.

Paul Bailey Pizzitola '81, New York City, an executive at the investment banking firm of Lazard Freres and Company in New York; June 27, after a long illness. He attended the J.L. Kellogg School of Management at Northwestern University and the New York University Graduate School of Business. He is survived by his parents, Elizabeth and *Frank J. Pizzitola* '51, 733 Park Ave., New York City 10021.

Wanted:



Do you know these people? All of them were attending First Night at Faunce House Theater when it was dedicated in September 1931, and Jerry Brown '32 is trying to identify everyone who was there.

"Wouldn't it be great if we could all get together now for a reunion at Faunce House theater this year?" Brown says. "I'll pay for the party, but I want to hear from everybody who was there that night."

Don Wilmeth, chairman of the

theatre arts department, has the original print of this photograph, and plans to enlarge it to hang in the Faunce House theater lobby along with a brass identity plaque.

Was Brown in the picture? "I'm up on stage. The play that night was *Merchant of Venice*, and I was playing Shylock."

If you were there, or recognize one of the faces in the photo, please write Jerry Brown, 15811 North Barkers Landing Road, Houston, Texas 77079.

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