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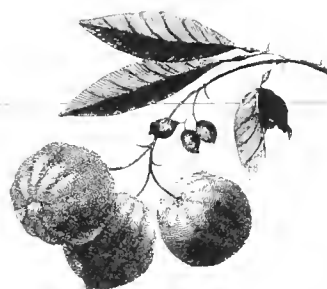


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Thanksgiving: The Revised Edition

It was not all gravy, that first harvest feast. Inside, a cornucopia of culinary images from the John Carter Brown Library's books on the New World.



22



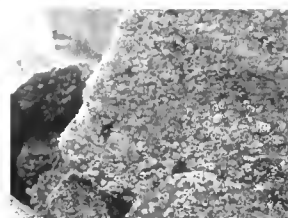
Shop 'til You Drop

28

Julie Taitzman '93 finds the first two weeks of each semester a little like a game of musical chairs. Students spend "shopping period" in a frantic race to figure out which courses to take.

Nature's Uncommon Sense

Waterfront property – whether in salt marshes or tidal pools – is hard to come by. Brown ecologists watch as grasses and barnacles vie for an ocean view, and find that both competition and cooperation determine which species get the prime real estate.



32



For Love of Country

38

When his moving letter home from Bull Run was read on the PBS documentary "The Civil War" this fall, Sullivan Ballou, class of 1852, won the nation's heart. From Brown Archives and the Rhode Island Historical Society, a closer glimpse of the man who wrote so passionately.

Departments

Carrying the Mail	4
Under the Elms	10
Sports	19
Books	45
The Classes	46
Alumni Calendar	50
Obituaries	53
Finally	56

Cover: A detail of a plate from Theodor De Bry's *Grands voyages. Part II*. Published in Frankfurt in 1591. Courtesy of the John Carter Brown Library. Photographed by Richard Hurley.

Brown

Alumni Monthly

November 1990
Volume 91 No. 3

Editor

Robert M. Rhodes

Managing Editor

Anne Hinman Dittely '73

Assistant Editor

Charlotte Bruce Harvey '78

Editorial Associate

James Reinbold '74 A.M.

Contributing Writers

Bruce Fellman '72

Julie Taitsman '93

Administrative Assistant

Pamela M. Parker

Art Director

Kathryn de Boer

Design

Sandra Delany

Sandra Kenney

Susan Bonner Johnson

Typesetting

Gita Brown '86 A.M.

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Elizabeth B. West '73

Jill Zuckman '87

National Advertising Representative

Robert F. Sennott, Jr.

Ivy League Magazine Network

254 Fifth Avenue

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Carrying the Mail

The bear

Editor: While catching up on my reading over summer vacation, I came across "The bear: University symbol or athletic department mascot?" (Under the Elms, *BAM*, May), which I found amusing. The article concerned the debate between administration, faculty, and some alumni over where to place the Brown bear statue, which has been standing in front of Marvel Gym for the past fifty years. I was impressed with the imagination that went into the serious statements that were made anthropomorphizing bears and the animal's appropriateness as a university or athletic symbol. I was also a little disturbed by the article, considering that there are many more important issues that Brown's administration should be dealing with.

Maybe I am too out of touch with campus politics to know better, but it seems obvious to assume that when you close down one athletic building and move, that any unique symbols attached to the old facility would be kept and situated in or near the new one. This not only provides a smooth transition for the traditionalists, but it continues to honor and remember those who contributed to the building of Marvel.

From the article, my assumption does not appear to be too farfetched since the Campus Planning Committee and faculty members agree that the obvious location is the new athletic complex. In my view, the Marvel bear is just too large and fearsome to be considered an appropriate University symbol.

Penn State has Nittany Lion statues in a prominent campus location, but if I recall correctly, statues on the other Ivy campuses are limited to the founder or other individuals prominent in the university's history. Can you imagine Yale debating about placing a bulldog in the center of campus?

Brown's administration should put the bear in a highly visible location on the athletic complex grounds and get on to addressing some more serious issues.

Gary W. Siegel '79
Lexington, Mass.

Lois Bryant

Editor: Thank you for sharing with us the sensitivity, perception, and beauty of an individual like Lois Bryant '77 (*BAM*, September). Her affirmation of life, her resolution of her pain and grief as well as her creativity are an inspiration and a challenge to all of us to orchestrate the positive and negative in life with vigor and joy.

It made me very proud to be a member of Brown alumnae – a wonderful "family."

Rita Schorr-Germain '53
Lancaster, Pa.

Inadequacy

Editor: "The numbing sense of inadequacy" described by Tom Bale in "Twenty-five years later, a different kind of graduation" (Finally, *BAM*, April) rings very close to home.

Both in and out of the classroom my peers are quick thinkers, discussing ideas that seem fresh and exciting. At first I had difficulty keeping up with the constant creative flow. The initial feeling of euphoria which accompanied being in a new environment soon subsided, and I spent hours in the first semester trying to justify my presence at Brown. Although I was probably well prepared academically for Brown, I did not perform as well as I could have that first semester because I never felt I was good enough to be a Brown student.

I am thankful that as I enter sopho-

more year, I feel I have overcome my feeling of inadequacy. After that first semester I realized I too had a contribution to make. Tom Bale helped me to realize that such feelings may be more commonplace than I previously thought.

Eleanor Brown '93
Campus

The Brown Jug

Editor: As a loyal member of the class of 1968, history major, and, I thought, editor of "the 'revived' *Brown Jug*," I must communicate my consternation, if not downright umbrage, at your egregiously poor fact-finding and historical inaccuracy as evinced on page 52 of your February 1990 issue which failed to indicate that *The Brown Jug* did not in fact die in 1933 but was merely on "extended hiatus" until 1967, when, after some ado, it resumed publication on campus, much to the delight of some of us, for a lamentably short-lived, yet some others would even say memorable, period.

In fact, "the 'revived' *Brown Jug*" preceded the much vaunted "New Curriculum" - and there is substantial speculation among some highly regarded neo-retro-revisionist historians to suggest that its creators (go ask Elliot and Ira) were actually inspired by something they read in *The Brown Jug*.

Quite possibly many of my colleagues from those years are now captains of industry with enormous wealth who might consider contributions to your magazine and maybe even the University if you corrected your factual error and proffered at the very least, a semi-formal apology and acknowledged their perhaps invaluable contribution to the history of Brown University. (If you don't believe me, go check the archives or the *Brown Daily Herald* of that era.)

Phil Press '68
Somerville, Mass.

Our apologies to the writer, who was editor-in-chief of the revived Brown Jug from 1966 to 1968. Might we say, The Brown Jug discontinued publication? - Editor

Freshmen and potential

Editor: Of all the written communications I receive from Brown during the course of the year, including the *BAM*,

BROWN BOOKSTORE RECOMMENDS

THE GENERAL IN HIS LABYRINTH, *Gabriel Garcia Marquez*



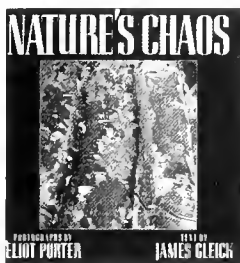
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JUST A DREAM, *Chris Van Allsburg*

When it comes to the environment young Walter is not an enlightened young man. He's a litterbug who believes sorting trash is a waste of time. Walter believes the future will be wonderful, filled with robots and other inventions. One night while lying in bed, Walter wishes he could visit the future. His wish comes true. But the world he sees is not exactly what he'd imagined. When he returns to the present, he is changed and so are his dreams.



NATURE'S CHAOS, *Photography by Eliot Porter. Text by James Gleick*



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none evokes the emotional response which I get from a slim newsletter arriving every year early in September. It is the annual freshman outlook published by the Brown Football Association, usually a two-pager offering the upcoming freshman roster – names, heights, weights, high schools, and hometowns – and some text speaking in glowing terms of the statistics, speed or leadership qualities of the best prospects on the team.

I pore over the roster, noting the handful of players listed in the range of 6'4", 245 lbs., wondering how Brown, with only need-based scholarships, is able to attract serious players of serious size. I look for size also among the running backs, a rare commodity. I count the kids from the traditionally football-fanatic states like Texas, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, on the theory that mediocre players from football-factory towns are better drilled and tougher than the products of liberal New England school systems or California beaches. Mostly, however, I read the names.

Most of the names are wonderfully evocative, conjuring up images of the player's potential far beyond unsatisfactorily descriptive words like "fast" and "big." From the current roster come such football names as Osmond Cain, Dan Gronda, and Marcus Malone. It's easy to imagine such names wreaking havoc among the opposing forces. On the other hand, players with, say, hyphenated last names should never be recruited. I'd like to suggest that future recruiting newsletters include the nicknames of players as further fires to our imaginations. They would certainly spice up the monosyllabic Anglo-Saxon names which typically litter the Brown rosters. James "Lightning Wheels" Smith or John "Nuclear Tank" Jones say more to me about those players' potential than do the alternatives.

Admittedly, there's a certain amount of stereotyping going on and often a speed name is attached to a 5'9", 225-lb. center or a crusher name to a kicker, but it's not reality we're dealing with here, it's potential.

For eighteen years, more or less, the parents of these names on the roster, indeed the parents of all the entering freshmen, have nurtured their children with the goal of realizing their potential. Potential for most of these children has been limitless, undefined, amorphous, but out there. For most of us and our

children, the college experience was and will be the beginning of the definition of our potential, a process which goes on at varying rates of speed whittling away until there's no more potential, and we're either satisfied with our lot in life or resigned to it.

The freshman football roster, broadcast at the beginning of the school year, is about nothing but potential. It is the epitome of the eighteen-year maturation process. Most students don't have their potential in a field summarized and packaged concisely for public consumption. But then most students won't get so abrupt an assessment of themselves as will these football players in their first week at Brown.

Perhaps the roster is such a symbol for me because twenty-seven years ago, as a lightly-recruited halfback with a monosyllabic Anglo-Saxon name and no nickname, I trotted out to the practice field to discover on the first day that, no matter how awful the varsity teams were in that era, players on that freshman squad were not going to get equal opportunities to show what they could do. The hamburger squad had been preordained and only luck, in the form of injuries to those in front of him, or a maniacal disregard for his own life and limb might earn a hamburger a chance to briefly perform on an untitled stage.

In time, of course, I had to concede that my preparation for football relative to that of my classmates was minimal, my high school exploits performed for a poor team in a weak league, and my commitment to improvement was insufficient. As for talent, well, no one from that squad, except for the punter, particularly distinguished himself over the four years; and I believe the team was winless my senior year. But at the beginning, when there was nothing but potential, I was unprepared for reality to come crashing down on me. I soon came to realize that at Brown were many people more intelligent than I, harder workers than I, more committed to causes than I, more talented and focused and better connected than I would ever be. The real world, after graduation, proved easier to deal with, at least to a point.

So the arrival of the freshman outlook each year, drenched in unbridled optimism about the prospects, has an effect on me well beyond anything else Brown sends. I know there was a moment for these representatives of the



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freshman class when each of them swelled with his own potential, and I'm happy for them. And I know there will be many moments when each of them will learn the limitations on his potential, and I urge him not to knuckle under.

Charles W. Cole '67

West Hartford, Conn.

Thanks from the Chorus

Editor: The Brown Chorus has returned to campus after last June's highly successful concert tour to the Soviet Union, Scandinavia, and the Netherlands. As tour manager, I hope through the *BAM* to thank once again members of the University community – administration, faculty, staff, alumni/ae, parents, and fellow students – for the interest and assistance that made the Tour '90 possible.

Our concert locations included Moscow, Riga, Leningrad, Tallinn, Helsinki, Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Amsterdam. Audiences and hosts the Chorus met along the way were wonderfully receptive to our performances. They were also quite in awe of our director William Erney and interested in our university. Seeing the cities in Russia and the Baltic republics brought contemporary world events to life as our tour guides freely spoke of local politics and their recent independence. In Scandinavia and the Netherlands, we stayed with other choruses and could share choral styles and experiences with each other. The experience was dramatic and very moving, and there are hundreds of stories each chorus member could tell.

The Chorus is very grateful to the University departments and administration that provided guidance and support. Chorus alumni and parents, thank you, thank you!

Josy Koumans '90

Campus

Where to, bear?

Editor: Along with Peter Mackie, please put me firmly in the camp with those who believe that the statue of the bear belongs at Aldrich-Dexter, an area sorely lacking in amenities. The representation of the University's mascot would lend personality and attractiveness to an

area which regularly draws thousands of students, alumni, and visitors.

Over the past fifty years, the statue has become identified with the gymnasium and the University's athletic endeavors and it only seems appropriate to transfer that symbol to the new site of its athletic facilities.

John W. Kaufman '63

Boston

Brown's "dirty little secret"

Editor: Kudos to Betsy Cooper (Mail, *BAM*, May) for finally voicing the dirty little secret every Brown alum knows and refuses to admit. In its heart of hearts, deep down inside, the University really and truly doesn't give a tinker's dam about any of us. I, too, interviewed for NASP for twenty years, only to have my recommendations, good and bad, totally ignored. I began to think it was some kind of reverse psychology game and I should try writing the opposite of what I really thought of each candidate.

As Betsy has noticed, moreover, it's not just NASP-related. When I was applying to law school and needed my transcript from Brown, I was told (successively) my file was: 1) on the dean's desk, 2) lost, 3) in Whitehall which is too far to walk from University Hall. I almost didn't get to go to law school because Whitehall is a dreadfully inconvenient place to get to for any of the busy people at UH.

I received my master's from NYU. When I gave a contribution to NYU's dormitory campaign, I got a personal letter of thanks from the president of the university. When I gave a contribution to the John Rowe Workman Chair at Brown, I got a bill telling me when my next payment was due. (This does not make an alumna feel loved, wanted, and cherished.)

It seems whatever I do for the University goes unacknowledged and whatever I want from it is ignored. Until I read Betsy's letter, I thought I was alone. In fact, I was beginning to think there was someone highly placed in the University who was harboring a grudge against me personally and had been taking it out on me in perverse little ways these past twenty-five years. Perhaps Betsy and I should remember how, as undergraduates, we used to say that Brown University is a school where the

apathy of the students is exceeded only by the apathy of the professors. No doubt the administration should be added to the adage.

I was talking to an alumni trustee recently who told me that Brown has one of the lowest endowments in the Ivy League. Is there any doubt why?

Phyllis Kollmer Santry '66

New York City

Executive Vice President Robert A. Reichley responds:

We sincerely regret Phyllis Santry has had difficulties with Brown and feels unappreciated, but it is unfair and untrue to suggest the University doesn't care about the more than 20,000 alumni and alumnae who serve this institution annually in 100 different ways.

In the National Alumni Schools Program alone, some 6,000 men and women interact with prospective students and their parents around the globe each year. Most of them will write very positive evaluations on the admission candidates they see. Numbers alone suggest that at Brown and at other selective institutions, many – even most – of candidates alumni and alumnae see will be turned down. Only one in five will be accepted.

As NASP director Dorcey Baker said in her earlier response, such frustration is hard to avoid. But that does not make the work done by NASP workers any less valuable; it means that admission offices here and elsewhere often have other credentials that can and do paint a compellingly different picture of a candidate than does the interview report.

Brown asks NASP workers to identify and attract highly qualified students to apply to the University, to interact with them and provide reactions from that interview to help complete the picture, and – very importantly – to meet with them again once they have been accepted. Matriculating the best of the accepted group remains one of the highest priorities, and more and more NASP workers have heard that message in recent years.

The high spirit and good feelings that marked the recent annual Alumni Recognition Night confirm how deeply Brown appreciates those who serve their alma mater. Phyllis Santry reminds us that we shall have to do better, and we thank her for that. **E**



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN GAIR

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*"The human spirit," said
Archbishop Desmond Tutu in his
speech in the Pizzitola Gymnasium,
"says, 'We know we are
made for freedom.'"*



UNDER THE ELMS

Sermons on the Hill:

Archbishop Tutu brings his message of leadership and religiously-inspired activism to Brown

Good EVENING," said the small, beaming man, resplendent in a magenta shirt, white clerical collar, and newly-bestowed doctoral hood lined with purple velvet. He stood alone in the spotlight on a stage in the Pizzitola Gymnasium.

"Good evening," mumbled the audience of more than 4,000.

Archbishop Desmond Tutu, the head of the Anglican Church of South Africa, frowned in mock exasperation. "That was really lousy!" he scolded. He tried again: "Good EVENING."

"GOOD EVENING!" roared the crowd, now firmly in the palm of Tutu's outstretched hand.

From early morning until near midnight on Wednesday, September 26, the 1984 Nobel Peace Prize laureate missed no opportunity to bestow his message of Christian love and stewardship, as well as his considerable personal charisma, on delighted students and other members of the Brown community. Sponsored by Brown's Center for Public Service, Tutu's visit includ-

ed an 8 a.m. celebration of the Eucharist in Manning Chapel, a round-table discussion, meetings with students, and in the evening, the conferring of an honorary doctor of letters by President Gregorian and the delivery of an address that inaugurated Brown's Program in Leadership Lecture Series.

Funded by a grant from the Henry Luce Foundation, the Program in Leadership was developed by the Center for Public Service and by Psychological Services. The lecture series will feature distinguished international leaders who will discuss aspects of leadership. In Tutu's case, the topic was leadership in the struggle against the apartheid system.

In his speech that evening, Tutu saluted the student activists at Brown and everywhere who have pressured for divestment. Their commitment, Tutu said, "rekindled one's faith in human nature. . . . This [apartheid] was something they needn't have worried about; it was 10,000 miles away."

Tutu used the example of black South African

activist Nelson Mandela to sketch a Christlike portrait of a wise and effective leader. Watching the televised coverage of Mandela's release from prison after "these many, many years," the archbishop noted, "people were amazed. They had expected someone bristling with anger and bitterness. They were amazed to find him a man of such humanness, magnanimity, and gentleness."

"The world recognized in that person a leader of quite extraordinary stature. Here was someone who had dedicated himself to a cause - not for his own self-aggrandizement, but for the sake of others. He had given of himself for the sake of the children of God. . . . When you identify yourself with the down-and-out, the powerful don't like it," Tutu noted. "You are about to upset the structures that have given them their power, their privilege."

In the case of someone such as Mandela, Tutu said, "people have an amazing instinct to recognize the true leader. He is the one who identifies with them . . . who

weeps with them, who seeks to wipe their tears, who has a sympathy, a suffering with them, and who is ready to pay the price of that identification."

Another such leader, Tutu said, was the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. "He knew from within what it meant to be pushed to the periphery, to the edges of society. He was able to articulate the longings, the aspirations of his people. And he paid the supreme price - the laying down of his life."

At determinedly secular Brown, it was startling, and to some, refreshing, to hear a guest of Tutu's eminence argue his point from a determinedly religious perspective. Perhaps only in locker-room prayer circles has the Almighty been invoked so many times in Pizzitola Gym in a single night.

(Thad Williamson '92, in an essay in the *College Hill Independent* [a newspaper published by Brown and RISD students] the following week, noted the "extraordinary . . . coincidence of political correctness and the expression of a reli-



JOHN FORASTRI

While on campus, Tutu met with the recipients of this year's C.V. Starr National Service Fellowships after a reception in their honor. Clockwise, from Tutu, are Kelli Auerbach '94, Ivanne Deneroff '94, Sharon Hurwitz '94, Bradley Gordon '91, Damali Patterson '94, Shirlitta Colon-Francia '94, Jennifer Tausig '94, Frances Mejia '94, and Raquel Melo '92. Not present: Amy Roberts '92 and Meredith Persily '94.

gious world view" in Tutu's remarks. Williamson added, "It is nearly impossible to think of another situation in which Brown students would take seriously a speaker who talked about God and promoted the creation of the kingdom of heaven on Earth.")

"This is, in fact, a moral universe," insisted Tutu

that night, "where right and wrong *do* matter. . . . All that we are is a gift. All that we have to do is to respond in deep gratitude to God, by going out and letting people know that they count.

"The human spirit says, 'We know we are made for freedom.' To the dictators and tyrants, it says, 'You are pitting yourself against the

forces of God.' That is why democracy breaks out all over the place!" thundered Tutu, flinging his arms wide. Some in the audience responded to this preacherly gesture by murmuring in affirmation: "That's right. Amen!"

The day began, also, on a sacred note. The Eucharist service in Manning Chapel

had not been widely publicized, which was just as well; by 7:30 most pews were filled with blinking, damp-haired students and other early risers. By 8 a.m., the scheduled starting hour, every inch of standing room was taken.

In the chapel's intimate confines, the warmth and devotion of the energetic,

During an afternoon press conference on September 26, Archbishop Desmond Tutu was asked by Bill Rappleye, a reporter for Providence's Channel 6, whether he felt uncomfortable about receiving an honorary degree from Brown, given that the University retains investments in some companies that do business in South Africa. "Do the school's stock holdings represent a moral dilemma?" Rappleye queried.

No, answered Tutu. "What I understood of the position here allows me to [accept the honorary degree]," the South African activist explained. Brown's divestment to date, he added, is "an eloquent statement."

In the last six years, Brown's holdings in companies that do business in South Africa have been reduced from \$40 million to \$660,000 (as of late October), a total that comprises .2 percent

Brown's reduced South Africa investments posed no moral dilemma for him, said Tutu

of the University's overall endowment portfolio. The current figure represents investments in seven companies that have been designated "Category I" — those that have signed the Sullivan Principles relating to activities in South Africa and which are deemed by the Investor Responsibility Research Center to be "making good progress" in their dealings in the apartheid-torn country.

In February 1986, the Brown Corporation voted to sell by February 1988 stock in all companies doing business in South Africa that were not in Category I. Brown no longer allows its endowment managers to purchase stock in companies that fall into Categories II and III.

"Most of that \$660,000 is in the form of life income trusts that Brown manages for donors," says Executive Vice President for Alumni, Public Affairs, and Governmental Relations Robert A. Reichley. "Many universities don't even count such trusts when they talk about their South African investments."

At the Tutu press conference, Reichley stepped to the microphone after the archbishop had finished speaking, and noted that while "Brown has not decided to divest this remaining money, Brown has indeed been a leader" among universities in reducing its South Africa-related investments.

On his way out the door of the Alumni Center, Tutu turned back to Reichley and quipped, "Thank you — that was very good. I'll give you an 'A' for that!" — A.D.

diminutive bishop were palpable as he passed up the aisle in his white robe, inches from the smiling faces of worshippers. A beam of morning sun graced the frontmost pews.

In his homily, Tutu emphasized the sanctity of all people. After suggesting wryly that, instead of skin color, "you could just as well [discriminate on the basis of] the size of one's nose," he stated "an incredible assertion: *We are created in the image of God.* How shattering, how revolutionary that turns out to be! . . . God created each one of us, and that is what makes each one of us of *infinite* worth.

"The book they should have banned long ago," Tutu continued, "is the Bible – be-

cause there is nothing more subversive of oppression."

He called upon worshippers to put their beliefs into action:

"You and I are God-carriers. So you can understand the passion with which we have to oppose injustice and oppression. It is a *religious requirement*, not a political obligation. . . . Oppression and injustice are not merely evil, not merely painful, but positively blasphemous. To treat a child of God as if he is less than you is as if you are spitting in the face of God.

"You're a God-carrier! You're wonderful!" Tutu concluded, smiling and gazing steadily at, it seemed, each worshipper in turn. "Let's go out and behave like who we are." – A.D.

R. I. Legislature restores \$500,000 to medical school subsidy

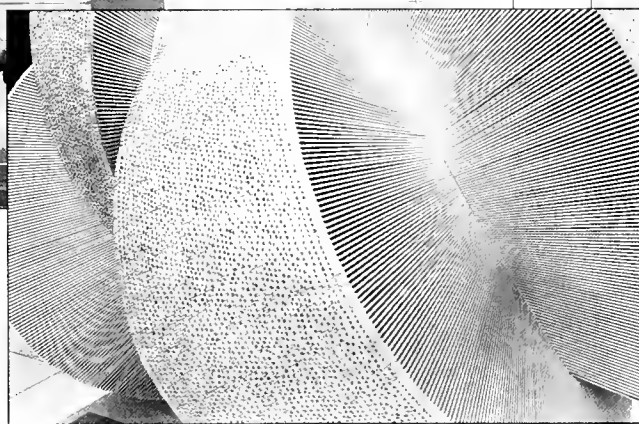
Lobbying by the University convinced the Rhode Island legislature to restore \$500,000, about a third of last year's state appropriation to Brown's medical school, leaving the medical school short about \$1.1 million this year.

Since the medical program's founding in 1972, it has been partially subsidized by the state, because Rhode Island had no medical school and could not afford to start one on its own. Last February, to help alleviate the state's budget crisis, Governor Edward DiPrete pro-

posed cutting the \$1.6-million annual medical school appropriation altogether (see *BAM*, Under the Elms, April). DiPrete argued that the cut would be temporary, but Brown officials feared that, once lost, state funding would be difficult to restore. – C.B.H.



The terrace flanked by the Center for Information Technology and the Sciences Library was graced with a new work of art this fall: on October 12 *America One*, by Yugoslavian sculptor Dusan Dzamonja, was unveiled. The piece was commissioned and donated by Vice-Chancellor Artemis A.W. Joukowsky and his wife, Martha '58, associate professor of archaeology.



'Each and every one of us' is the key to a healthy planet, says Kathryn Fuller '68, winner of the Associated Alumni's highest award

On Saturday, October 13, the annual Alumni Recognition Ceremony sponsored by the Associated Alumni went on safari, in a manner of speaking. Before the ceremony itself, assorted chirps and hoots of wild birds emanated from speakers among the potted trees inside a tent in Sayles Hall, where the honorees and their friends ate dinner. The exotic ambiance continued when local television news director and ceremony emcee David Lavman '77 A.M. galloped into the Solomon Center auditorium in multi as an ersatz Indiana Jones, complete with floppy hat and leather jacket.

This walk on the wild side was altogether appropriate, given that the evening's principal honoree was Kathryn Scott Fuller '68, who since January 1989 has been president of The World Wildlife Fund and The Conservation Foundation (BAM, October 1989). The 600,000 members of the former organization comprise the largest private conservation group working worldwide to protect the Earth's endangered species and their habitats. The Conservation Foundation is the foremost environmental think tank in the U.S.

Fuller received the Associated Alumni's William Rogers Award, given annually to an alumnus or alumna for outstanding professional achievement and service to humanity. The award is named for the first Brown student, who enrolled in 1765; when he graduated in 1769 along with six other men, he gave the first

Commencement oration.

"Even as a child," Fuller recalled in her remarks, "I had a strong fascination with wild animals and wild places. I thought that if I could grow up to be [primate researcher] Jane Goodall . . . that would be heaven on Earth."

Fuller took some detours before returning to that juvenile interest in wildlife,

ing into account the human needs that surround wildlife.

By way of example, she recalled visiting Nepal with a WWF researcher who was studying rhinoceroses there. They rode on elephants through the tall grasses that sheltered not only the rhinos, but also lions, tigers, and other predators. But the party also occasionally

which they exploit natural resources in order to meet their daily needs."

To alleviate such environmental strains attributable to rural poverty, Fuller said, the WWF has developed a number of programs, such as a "honey corps" in Cameroon and the installment of kerosene depots for use by travelers and lodge owners in the Annapurna region of Nepal, where the cutting of timber for fuel has led to erosion and flooding in the Ganges River.

Such efforts, while helpful, are not enough, Fuller warned. "Now we must turn our attention to the role we play in industrialized countries. We must think about the effect of what we put in our garbage" on the world environment. The United States, she said, represents but 5 percent of the world population, yet it consumes 25 percent of the planet's resources and produces 25 percent of its total waste annually.

"If we are serious about leaving a healthy planet for our children and their children," Fuller insisted, "we have no choice but to become much more involved, each and every one of us."

The ceremony also honored three recipients of the Associated Alumni's Brown Bear Awards, and eight Alumni Service Award winners.

This year's Brown Bear Award winners were:

- Margaret Conant Michael '51, New York City. A former Associated Alumni board member, she has been a Brown trustee and regional chair of the Nation-



**William Rogers Award winner
Kathryn Scott Fuller '68 is president of
the World Wildlife Fund.**

An English major at Brown, she earned a law degree and worked as a trial lawyer and head of the Justice Department's Wildlife and Marine Resources Section before joining the World Wildlife Fund in 1982.

Since then, Fuller said, she has "learned what an extraordinarily complex challenge [conservation] is. Saving wild animals and plants is a lot more than . . . setting up parks and preserves. It also requires tak-

ing across Nepali peasants in threadbare clothing, collecting the tall grasses for thatch to roof their houses and to use as fuel. "I knew it was illegal and extremely dangerous for them to be there," Fuller said. But a member of her party pointed out to her, "What choice do they have? They have to run these risks every day."

"That," Fuller said, "is the plight of the rural poor around the world. They are caught in a vicious circle in



JOHN FORSITH

Winners of Brown Bear Awards and Alumni Service Awards on October 12 were (first row) Oliver Cromwell '72, Martin Tarpy '37, John Liebmann '41, Alexander Szabo '75; (back row) Jay Fluck '65, Judith Kweskin Greenfield '56, Robert Janes '47, Elizabeth Newsom Mohr '61, and Richard Nurse '61. Not present for the photo were Margaret Conant Michael '51 and David Kauffman '62.

al Alumni Schools Program.

- John E. Liebmann '41, Louisville, Kentucky. A former director of the Brown Club in New York, he was a trustee of the Brown Annual Fund, a development consultant for Tougaloo College, and co-chairman of his class's 50th Reunion Gift Committee.

- Martin L. Tarpy '37, Pawtucket, Rhode Island. A

Brown trustee emeritus, he has been president of the Brown Club of Rhode Island, Commencement Chief Marshal at his fiftieth reunion, a chairman of the Athletic Council, and a founder of the Commencement Pops Concert.

Those who received Alumni Service Awards were:

- Oliver D. Cromwell '72, Bronxville, New York. He is vice president and a director of the Brown Club in New York, a member of his class's reunion gift committee, and former member of the Associated Alumni Board of Directors' executive committee.

- Linton A. "Jay" Fluck '65, Providence. He serves as volunteer coach of the Brown Rugby Club, a trustee of the Brown Club of Rhode Island, on his class's reunion gift committee, and as a member of the Athletic Advisory Council.

- Judith Kweskin Greenfield '56, Mamaroneck, New York. She is a former member of the Associated Alumni Board of Governors, former president of the Brown Club of Westchester, former area chair of NASP, and a former head class agent.

- Robert J. Janes '47, Barrington, Rhode Island. He is class president, head class agent, former member of the Association of Class Officers Executive Committee, and former chair of the Brown Annual Fund's Major Gifts Committee.

- David B. Kauffman '62, Villanova, Pennsylvania. He is class president, a former member of the Associated Alumni Board of Governors, a director and former president of the Brown Club of Philadelphia, and a NASP volunteer.

- Elizabeth Newsom Mohr '61, Atlanta. She is co-chair of the 30th reunion activities committee, vice

president of the Brown Club of Georgia, and a former member of the Associated Alumni Board of Governors and its Alumni Marketing Committee.

- Richard A. Nurse '61, Monmouth Junction, New Jersey. He is regional chair and area minority representative for NASP, former president of the New Jersey State Council of Brown Clubs, former president of the Central New Jersey Brown Club, and former member of the Associated Alumni Board of Directors.

- Alexander Szabo, Jr. '75, Greenwich, Connecticut. He is president of the Brown Club of Fairfield County, a member of the Brown Annual Fund Executive Committee, an Area Committee member for NASP, and served as co-chair of the 15th Reunion Activities Committee.—A.D.

Robert A. Reichley, vice president for university relations, has been promoted to executive vice president for alumni, public affairs, and external relations. President Gregorian announced Reichley's promotion at the October 13 meeting of the Corporation. "I have now asked Bob to develop a comprehensive program to strengthen and expand our efforts in government relations and publications and to centralize planning and production for all special events," Gregorian said.

The National Endowment for the Humanities has awarded **Edward Ahearn**, the Francis Wayland Professor of Comparative Literature and French Studies, a grant to teach a seminar for secondary-school teachers next summer. Topic: "The Paris of Balzac, Baudelaire, and Flaubert." Location: The Paris of 1991. Ahearn's *Mary and Modern Fiction* was nominated for the Harry Levin prize given by the American Contemporary Literature Association; the book will be released in paperback early in 1991.

It wasn't front page news in the U.S., but in Italy the announcement of the International Galileo Galilei Prize made headlines nationwide: the winner was historian **David Herlihy**, the Barnaby Conrad and Mary Critchfield Keeney Professor of Medieval History at Brown. The prize was given for Herlihy's work

on Italian economic history. Sponsored by the Rotary Clubs in Italy, it is among that nation's most prestigious honors, recognizing non-Italian scholars who have dedicated their lives to Italian civilization and who promote Italian culture abroad.

John Imbrie, professor emeritus of geological sciences, received the Leopold-von-Buch-Plakette award for his contributions to the understanding of Cenozoic paleoclimate and paleoceanography. The award was presented October 6 in Bremen, Germany, at the annual meeting of the Deutsche Geologische Gesellschaft.

Last June, at his retirement banquet, Imbrie received a Special Creativity Award from the National Science Foundation. Totalling \$240,000, the two-year award is part of a NSF program "to offer creative scientists increased opportunities to continue to attack challenging, high-risk scientific problems."

Professor of Psychology and Medical Science **Lewis Lipsitt**, who directs Brown's Child Study Center, was named the American Psychological Association's executive director for science for a two-year term. He heads the APA's Science Directorate, which promotes federal and legislative initiatives for scientific psychology and advances the development and dissemination of psychological research and technology.

Brown has given the Justice Department all documents requested in the inquiry into the processes by which private colleges and universities set tuition and financial aid (BAM, October and December 1989). "Now we wait," says Vice President and General Counsel Beverly Ledbetter.

More than sixty schools have acknowledged receiving inquiries for information by the Justice Department; Brown alone has submitted more than 5,000 pages of documents.

After completing its investigation, the Justice Department could either drop the inquiry or ask for assurances that certain practices will change. Or, Ledbetter says, they could bring a formal complaint – in which event the case "could go on for years."

The Justice Department still has not stated the nature of its investigation, but Ledbetter says, "It is clear to us that their inquiry focuses on tuition and the Overlap

The Justice Department inquiry: **The papers are in; now the schools wait**

Group practices." The Financial Aid Overlap Group is a loose group of college financial-aid officers who pool data on applicants' financial needs; Brown is one of the twenty-three members, mostly selective New England schools.

The legal issues presumably at the heart of the inquiry have to do with restraint of trade. There are two ways for businesses to set prices, Ledbetter explains: establishing a list price and offering discounts. To the car-buying public, that means sticker price and rebates: Toyota lists a car for \$14,000; Mazda lists a comparable model for \$13,500; Toyota counters with a \$500 rebate.

What's legally questionable is when the Mazdas and the Toyotas of the world share their pricing intentions

prospectively – that is, *before* setting a sticker price – and use that information to stabilize or to raise prices. Similarly, it is illegal for them to agree to limit the discounts they offer.

If those market terms are applied to the academic world, tuition would be the equivalent of a sticker price, and financial aid could be the only "rebate" or "discount" universities offer. It could be deemed illegal for universities (or any other private institution) to exchange their tuition figures before formally announcing them, and it would be illegal to use that information to keep prices similar. Likewise, exchanging information on financial-aid applicants and jointly setting aid packages could be seen as limiting discounts.

"There is a danger in

looking at higher education *merely* as a business," Ledbetter says. Universities have to apply business principles to stay afloat, she says, but their goals are different. "They're competing to *be* the best, not to get the most," she says.

Non-profits have long, and openly, exchanged information that no businesses would share; the culture is very different, she says. Rather than asking whether colleges share their tuition figures, she says, "the more probative question is whether they use that information to set prices."

After the Justice Department inquiry was made public in August 1989, a Wesleyan student named Roger Kingsepp announced that he was bringing a private suit against eleven schools to which he had applied, including Brown. His suit was brought in New York, and jurisdictional objections are still unresolved, Ledbetter says.

– C.B.H.

Moscow economists visit Brown to discuss city planning and joint ventures

Among the challenges of *perestroika* will be the need to restructure the Soviet bureaucracies that historically have administered the many businesses of the state: the cities, for instance, and the factories and the stores. How to set up things differently in this new age? How to forge economic ventures with the West?

These were among the questions on the agenda in September when a group of Soviet economists spent several days on campus meeting with faculty and students from the A. Alfred Taubman Center for Public Policy and American Institutions and the Center for Foreign Policy Development.

At the Taubman Center, economists from the Moscow Institute of Economy and Management (MIEM, a research arm of Mossoviet) discussed topics related to city planning, such as the use of municipal bonds to generate revenues for public utilities and other projects. They spoke at a class on housing policy and met with a representative of the National League of Cities, who talked about the role of the League in sharing different American cities' experiences with common problems.

Vasily Shulga, who directs MIEM, gave a public lecture on the Moscow Soviet's new social and economic policy, and Vitaliy Borodin, the deputy director, talked about changes in the Moscow Soviet's administrative structure. With facul-

ty from the Center for Foreign Policy Development, economists from MIEM's newly formed Center for the Promotion of Enterprising Activity discussed joint economic ventures and enterprises.

The meetings grew out of a series of informal exchanges between Soviet economists and Brown faculty that have taken place over the past two years, both on campus and in Moscow. Those have now been formalized with the establishment of two ongoing exchanges: one with the Taubman Center will focus on



While on campus to meet with Brown faculty, a group of Soviet economists attended a class in housing and city development policy (above). Vitaliy Borodin, at the board, begins to diagram the structure of the Moscow city government for students.

city planning, and the other, with the Institute for International Studies and the Center for Foreign Policy

Development, will look at the possibilities for joint ventures between Moscow and Western firms. — C.B.H.

How will the world save its children? A Brown panel suggests both obstacles and solutions to a grievous problem

On September 26, four days before the leaders of more than seventy countries met at the United Nations for the first World Summit for Children, six panelists at a "Brown Forum on Children" discussed issues of children's health and welfare in Rhode Island and around the world.

There was no disagreement among the six about the plight of the world's children today. One particularly shocking statistic was cited several times: 40,000 children under the age of five die each day from malnutrition and vaccine-preventable diseases. And 150 million

children die each year.

"Our government appears to be slacking off" in its efforts to save and improve the lives of children, said Professor of Community Health Robert Northrup. For example, he noted that USAID is discontinuing some programs in Indonesia aimed at saving women's and children's lives.

Solutions to child mortality are in many cases strikingly simple, Northrup pointed out. In his own field of research, diarrheal diseases, he has seen the near-miraculous results of oral rehydration therapy, in which administration of a

solution containing salts and sugars reverses the potentially fatal effects of dehydration within hours.

"What are the obstacles to solving the problems of the world's children?" Northrup asked the other panelists.

Dr. William Hollingshead, who is in charge of maternal and child health at the Rhode Island Department of Health, described the challenges at the state level. While Rhode Island's infant mortality rate is relatively low for the U.S. — 8 in 1,000 — it is still substantially higher than one would expect in a Western democ-

tacy, he noted. The greatest problem is unplanned pregnancies. Hollingshead said. And the symptoms become apparent when unplanned children, particularly those born to adolescents, reach school age: self-destructive behavior, such as drug use and sexual risk-taking; school failure; dropping out; and adolescent childbearing, which starts the cycle anew.

Panelist Kenneth Phillips, director of the Rhode Island-based PLAN International U.S.A. (formerly Foster Parents Plan), referred to the discouraging international health statistics and wondered, "Why do we let this happen to children?" He bemoaned "the profound neglect [of children] in our society." He worried

that at the national level, politics may obscure or hinder efforts to guarantee certain basic rights of survival for children.

"The political will and social effort to make sure everyone gets food is simply lacking," said Associate Professor (Research) Ellen Messer of Brown's World Hunger Center. She mentioned the "Bellagio Declaration" (*BAM*, February), a position paper signed by hunger experts at a conference in Italy last fall, that outlines four simple measures that could cut world hunger in half by the year 2000. "There is enough food to feed everyone," she said.

Marida Hollos, associate professor of anthropology, pointed out that in discus-

sions of child welfare, the quality of women's status, treatment, and valuation in the Third World often is overlooked. Barriers to caring properly for children, she said, include women's poverty, malnourishment, and lack of education. Both physical and ideological obstacles to women's welfare, she noted, "are ultimately culturally determined." In many cases, for example, "if there is little food, women get even less than others."

"We understand *why* children die," said Dr. Richard Olds, director of Brown's International Health Institute (*BAM*, March). "The causes are no mystery. We're not limited by technology; we already have many solu-

tions." The problems, he said, come in the implementation of the technology: "How do we deliver it in the developing world?" Another obstacle, he said, is a lack of political will. "Children in the U.S. today die of whooping cough," Olds noted. "This didn't occur fifteen and twenty years ago. It's happening because children in our inner cities are not receiving DPT shots. Individuals [in government] have made a decision that results in children dying today. We must shine a light on that reality." A similar rethinking must take place in Third World countries, he added, where the welfare of children often is not a high priority.

What can anyone do to



JOHN FORASTI

alleviate the grievous state of children's health and mortality around the world?

A \$26-million investment in oral rehydration therapy would go a long way toward ending deaths from diarrheal diseases, said Northrup.

Hollingshead proposed that citizens begin writing letters to public officials to urge more action.

Phillips put in a plug for his organization and its counterparts, suggesting that individuals sponsor a child through a program such as PLAN International; "these really do produce results."

In addition to seconding the preceding suggestions, Messer urged people to develop "a healthful, conservation-minded lifestyle of your own."

Hollos suggested expressing support for "projects that enhance the status and educational level of women."

And Olds ended the commentaries on a personal note: "Nothing in the world

is more important to me than the survival and health of my children," he said, proposing that everyone should "think about the world's children as *our* children."

As the speakers were wrapping up their discussion, a door opened in the rear of the auditorium and some twenty young children, dressed in their Sunday best, walked and skipped to the front of the room, accompanied by some women students from Brown. An electric piano struck up a few chords, and in unison the junior choir from the nearby Olney Street Baptist Church and Brown's Chatterlocks began singing a hopeful song: "In our hands, there's a world in our care; In our hands, lies the power we share . . ."

Their beaming faces, and those of the enchanted audience, seemed to reflect a parting comment by panelist Phillips: "Be optimistic! There are a lot of good things happening in the world today." — A.D.

Sports

By James Reinbold

Ticket, please

As ticket takers, they have been witness to more than 600 Brown football games. To some followers of Brown football, especially those with memories of the past decade or so, that may seem like a vision of hell. But to Jack Lubrano '24 and Harold Jepson, it is a sea of Saturday afternoons, with waves of salty nostalgia. After all, in the course of sixty-five years, the good and bad have a way of neutralizing each other.

"After the Stadium was built, they asked some of us if we could help out," Lubrano remembers. "I answered the call."

In 1925, freshly graduated with bachelor's and master's degrees, Lubrano was put in charge of the gate at Elmgrove and Sessions Streets. Then, he worked the North Gate, supervising three men, before he moved to the auto gate, section A, where he continues today.

Jepson, too, is a veteran campaigner. He recalls: "'Come up and see the games,' somebody said to me. Well, I went up there and took a look around, and I was an usher when I was nineteen. That was about 1926." A few years later, he was assigned ticket-taking duties.

Jepson has been at the stadium on football Saturdays ever since. Crowd enthusiasm has waned over the years, he has observed; there is not the same school

spirit. And as for the coaches, he remembers fondly "Tuss" McLaughry, who guided the Bears for fifteen seasons, from 1926 until 1940. Jepson likes the style of Mickey Kwiatkowski, the newest member of Brown's football coaching fraternity. "There were a couple of guys in between that I didn't care for," Jepson says, "but this new guy, he's good."

Individual players? Outstanding games? Jepson demurs. "I've seen a lot of great players, especially quarterbacks, and a lot of great games." Then he smiles: "It's hard to remember particular players or games."

The best team? "Oh, without question it was the Iron Men of 1926. That was the greatest Brown football team ever. There was a time I could name every player on that Iron Man team. My cousin came in from California. He wanted to see what this 'Eastern football' was all about. Well, he saw the Iron Men play, and after the game, he said to me, 'I've never seen anything like that in California.'"

Lubrano agrees and asserts with pride, when asked about Brown football history, "I saw the Iron Men play." His fondest memory of the legendary team was the 21-0 win at Harvard. "Eleven men played all of the first period, eleven men played all of the second period, eleven men played

The bemused couple in the Bell Gallery (opposite) are not merely gawking at an exhibition. They are the exhibition. When more than a dozen life-size polyvinyl and bronze figures sculpted by Florida artist Duane Hanson went on display in early October, visual distinctions between art and beholder were confounded. Motion was the surest clue as to which of the gallery's population was live, and which was imitation. In the foreground is Hanson's Tourists II, and behind the visitors, Rodeo Cowboy. More than 8,000 people visited the month-long exhibit in the List Art Building and marveled at Hanson's life-like sculptures, some of which were dressed in the models' own clothing. Hanson, who delivered a lecture on his work in conjunction with the exhibition opening, says that he is "not duplicating life, [but] making a statement about human values."

the third period, and in the fourth period with four or five minutes left to play, three or four men were called off the field. The crowd yelled, 'No, no, no!' and the players went back onto the field to complete the game."

Before he retired, Jepson was a printer. He worked for several printing companies, including Livermore & Knight, which printed Brown's Greek, German, and Italian final exams, and then for the *Providence Journal*, where he was a foreman. "I did everything at the *Journal*," Jepson said, "composing, set-up, running the presses. I was a little like the Iron Men, who did everything, you know, on the football field."

Not all of his memories are about action on the field, as you might well imagine. Jepson's favorite off-field caper is the time "some Brown lads came up to the ticket booth with a shopping cart draped with a blanket. Of course, everybody knew they were trying to smuggle a keg of beer into the stadium."

In addition to working football games, Lubrano has had a long career as a timer for track and cross country meets. "I worked for Ivan Fuqua," he recalls, harkening back to the Olympic medalist who coached Brown track into the 1970s. "Then Rothenberg came," Lubrano went on, alluding to Bob Rothenberg '64, the present coach and director of the men's and women's track program. "One day he said to me, 'You don't remember me, do you, Jack?' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Well,' he said, 'I was one of the Brown runners you timed.'" In 1988, at the Heptagonals, Rothenberg honored Lubrano with a plaque for his years of service.



Harold Jepson and Jack Lubrano have taken tickets at Brown Stadium for sixty-five years. When they began, the Iron Men ruled. Since then, the pigskin has taken a lot of funny bounces on the field.

At Cranston High School, Lubrano won the mile and two-mile events in his sophomore, junior, and senior years. After graduating, he spent a year at Moses Brown School before matriculating at Brown. During that year, he recalls, while he was boning up on his academics, he ran his hardest and also recorded his best time in the two-mile run. "That was my absolute best race even though I finished second. This boy came down from Maine to take part in the interscholastic meet that Moses Brown was hosting. He broke the record and I finished about two yards behind. The reporter from the *Providence Journal* was kind enough to write, 'Undoubtedly, Lubrano also broke the record, but a new record had been established.'"

At Brown, he was coached by Norman Taber, who was then the world record-holder in the mile. "When you saw him in his suit, he looked like an ordinary man," Lubrano recalls. "But when he appeared in his trunks and his run-



JOHN FORASTE (2)

ning shirt, you could see his broad chest. It was a great honor to be coached by him." Lubrano admits that his glory days of running had passed by the time he reached Brown. "I was twenty-one when I was a freshman."

Lubrano received his master's degree in 1925 and went on to teach at Hope High School in Providence, and then in high school and junior high schools in Cranston. In 1952, he returned to Brown to become a technical assistant in charge of all

the teaching laboratories, a position he held until he retired in 1969.

Three years after Lubrano took on his new position, Barnaby Keeney assumed the presidency of Brown. "I was walking up Brown Street one day and I put out my hand and said, 'Mr. Keeney, I want to congratulate you on being our new president. I'm Jack Lubrano.' 'Oh, I know who you are,' he said. 'You keep Wilson Hall from falling apart.'"

"That's my claim to fame."

(September 25 - October 30)

Mickey's first: Brown 24, Pennsylvania 17; then another defeat

It's hard to imagine Mickey Kwiatkowski speaking with any more emotion than he usually does, or any faster; but there he was, beset by reporters, microphones, and television cameras, talking faster and more emotionally than ever before, after the Parents Weekend football game on October 20.

Of course Coach Kwiatkowski had every reason to be elated. His football team had just beaten Pennsylvania for its first win of the season. The coach had said from the start that his team was a competitive force in the Ivy League. Near-wins versus Yale and Princeton furnished compelling evidence. Now his assertion was illuminated on the scoreboard. As shadows stretched over the torn-up turf of Brown Stadium, the yellow bulbs told the final story: Home 24, Visitor 17. Also for the record, it was Brown's first win over Pennsylvania since 1981.

"I'm so happy, I don't know if I should laugh or cry," Kwiatkowski said. "These guys worked hard. They never gave up." Mike Lenkaitis '91, who quarterbacked the team in the absence of Rich Willis '91, lost for the season with a broken ankle, echoed Kwiatkowski. "It was hard losing those first five games, but coach never gave up on us, and we never gave up on ourselves."

Lenkaitis had a fine afternoon. Picking up where Willis left off, the senior completed 22 of 39 passes for 219 yards and two touchdowns: one to Rodd Torbert '92 and the other to Fred

Cooper '91. Brown scored the go-ahead touchdown late in the fourth quarter and then thwarted a Penn drive at the game's conclusion. For his performance, Lenkaitis was chosen as the Ivy League's player of the week.

The Bruins seemed to have things going their way, but in one short week, there was a reversal of fortunes. Everything went wrong against Cornell. After a close half (10-7), the Bruins became unglued. As Kwiatkowski summed up, "We shot ourselves in the foot a couple of times. Our offense just put our defense in a lot of precarious positions."

Brown is now one-and-six; one-and-three in the Ivy League.

Fall Roundup

Women's soccer experienced the good and the bad on the final weekend of October. A win over Cornell assured the team of at least a tie for its tenth, and ninth straight, Ivy League title, but a loss to Hartford the following afternoon denied the team a berth in the NCAA playoffs. Coach Phil Pincince's squad finished with a national ranking of thirteenth; twelve teams were selected.

Brown needed a win over Dartmouth - and got it, 1-0, in double overtime - in the final game of the season to claim undisputed rights to the title. They were 6-0 in league play.

Water polo continued its dominance of the Ivy League with a first-place finish in that tournament, their third consecutive Ivy title. Brown also extended its unbeaten streak against Ivy competition, being undefeated in the league since 1975.

The **women's cross country** team finished eighth

Football (1-6)

Fordham 35, Brown 28
Princeton 27, Brown 23
Holy Cross 55, Brown 0
Brown 24, Pennsylvania 17
Cornell 34, Brown 7

Men's Soccer (4-9-1)

Brown 2, Boston University 2
Brown 3, Massachusetts 1
Princeton 5, Brown 2
Boston College 3, Brown 2
Columbia 1, Brown 0
Brown 2, Fairfield 1
Pennsylvania 1, Brown 0
Brown 3, Connecticut 2
Brown 1, Cornell 0
Dartmouth 3, Brown 1

Women's Soccer (12-3)

Brown 4, Harvard 0
Brown 5, Connecticut 0
Brown 3, Princeton 1
Brown 3, Providence 2
Brown 2, Vermont 1
Massachusetts 2, Brown 1
Brown 2, Columbia 1
Brown 3, Boston College 1
Brown 2, Cornell 0
Hartford 2, Brown 0
Brown 1, Dartmouth 0

Men's Cross Country (4-0)

Brown over Villanova
Brown over Ryder
1st, at S.M.U. Invitational
Brown over Harvard
Brown over Northeastern
9th, at Tennessee Invitational
5th, at Heptagonals

Women's Cross Country (4-2)

Yale over Brown
Brown over Columbia
Brown over Bowdoin
Brown over Boston University
Harvard over Brown
Brown over Princeton
1st, Holy Cross Invitational
8th, at Heptagonals

Field Hockey (2-9-3)

New Hampshire 5, Brown 1
Brown 1, Rhode Island 1
Brown 1, Dartmouth 1
Princeton 3, Brown 2
Brown 1, Boston College 0
Providence 1, Brown 0
Northeastern 1, Brown 0
Brown 1, Pennsylvania 1
Connecticut 4, Brown 3
Cornell 1, Brown 0

Women's Tennis (6-3)

Brown 7, Boston College 0
Brown 6, Yale 3
Brown 9, Rutgers 0
Brown 7, Temple 2
Brown 7, Boston University 2
Virginia 5, Brown 4
Princeton 6, Brown 3
Dartmouth 5, Brown 4

Water Polo (16-8)

Brown 9, UC-San Diego 7*
UC-Davis 11, Brown 7*
Pepperdine 12, Brown 6*
Stanford 11, Brown 6*
Air Force 12, Brown 6*
Pacific 10, Brown 5*
1st, Eastern Tournament, at Brown
Brown 10, Yale 4**
Brown 13, Harvard 9**
Brown 12, Yale 3***
Brown 11, Princeton 6***
*Stanford Nor-Cal Tournament
** New England Championship
Tournament
***Ivy League Championship

Volleyball (13-8)

Syracuse 3, Brown 1
Brown 3, Massachusetts 1
Brown 3, Yale 2
Providence 3, Brown 0
Brown 3, Columbia 0
Brown 3, Cornell 0
Brown 3, Dartmouth 0
Princeton 3, Brown 1
Pennsylvania 3, Brown 1
Harvard 3, Brown 2
2nd, Drexel Tournament

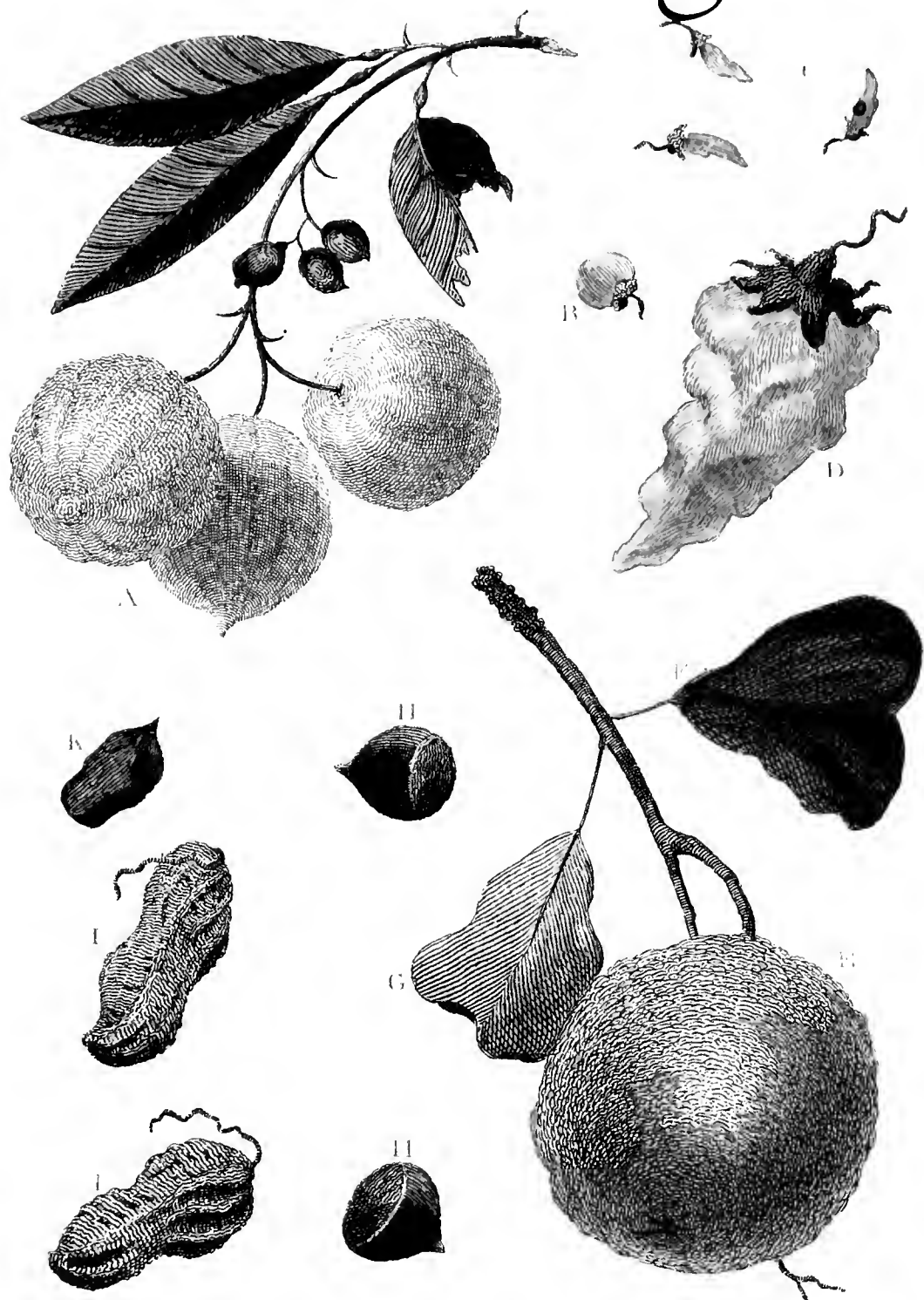
and the **men's cross country** team fifth at the Heptagonals at Van Cortlandt Park in New York City. Dan Gough '91 finished sixth overall for the men, and Meredith Sailant '93 finished tenth overall for the women.

In thirteen games, **field hockey** has played into overtime six times, winning once, losing twice, and

tying three times. Their latest game: a 1-0 loss to Cornell, in overtime.

Volleyball, after winning four straight Ivy League matches and then losing three, finished second in the Drexel Tournament. Brown beat Delaware and Northeastern before falling to host Drexel. **B**

Thanksgiving:



The Revised Edition

By Charlotte Bruce Harvey

H*The first harvest feast didn't touch the mythological version, but the encounter between Europeans and native Americans did change eating the world over. Some harvest images from the John Carter Brown Library*

ere's the old Thanksgiving picture: feather-crowned Indian chiefs sitting down at a long plank table with pilgrims wearing funny hats to carve up a row of twenty-eight pounds of turkeys. Huge bowls of steaming mashed potatoes just waiting to be drowned in rich, dark gravy. Cranberry sauce. Pumpkin pies. And stuffing; don't forget the stuffing.

A little revisionist history has been done on that first harvest feast. We now know that the real "Indians" lived on the other side of the globe. And, says Daniel Slive, a bushy-bearded, bespectacled reference librarian at the John Carter Brown Library, we also know that the first harvest meal celebrated by the British colonists in 1621 was neither as hearty nor as refined as that romanticized for American schoolchildren. To check a contemporary description of that first Thanksgiving, Slive leafs through a small leather-bound copy of a book known as Mourt's relation. Published in 1622, it was the first British book to describe the colony at Plymouth, and it includes a description of the

colonists' relief when the first foul winter was followed by a good harvest. A three-day feast was held in celebration, and natives presented the governor with five deer. That much is clear, but not much more.

Last year, Slive pored through the library's holdings, looking for such references to food. The JCB specializes in early writings on the Americas – from the time of Columbus up to, and a little beyond, 1800 – and Slive was pulling together an exhibition that would give people a better picture of the culinary and agricultural exchange that took place between native Americans and Europeans.

It was not a one-way street, he found. The first settlers brought with them seeds and cuttings of European crops, and by 1700, Slive says, nearly all of the basic European foods were being grown in the Americas. On the other hand, the Europeans saw native Americans harvesting foods previously unknown across the Atlantic. Those first voyagers brought back to the continent such exotic treats as maize, tomatoes (which they first thought to be poisonous), chocolate, papayas, and even strawberries, whose ancestors were originally called "*fraises du Chili*" by their first French importers. "Today, nearly a third of the world's cultivated plants came from the New World," Slive writes in *A Harvest Gathered: Food in the New World*, the catalogue that accompanied the show, which was on display at the JCB last winter.

Over the centuries, the exchange has become so complete that what once were novelties have become staple crops in their adoptive homes. It's hard to picture Ireland or Idaho, for instance, without potatoes; but they came from the Andes, where for some 4,000 years native Americans have cultivated them, developing a process for freeze-drying that could preserve potatoes for several years. At the time of the Spanish Conquest, 3,000 varieties of potato were being grown in South America. Nonetheless, Slive writes, the potato took a while to catch on back home: "For the first centuries after its introduction in Europe, the potato was little more than a curiosity, a novelty food eaten by the

◀ Poet and artist William Blake earned his bread and butter doing illustrations, such as this engraving of "*Limes, Capsicum, Mammy Apple &c,*" which appeared in John Gabriel Stedman's *Narrative*, of a five years' expedition, against the revolted Negroes of Surinam, in Guiana, on the wild coast of South America; from the year 1772, to 1777, London, 1796. Stedman came to fight runaway slaves, but the fighting largely was over, so he spent his time keeping journals. Of the cayenne, pimento, and capsicum peppers (items B, C, and D), he wrote, "They all equally excoriate the mouth, have all the same fiery qualities, and when ripe are of a scarlet or rather a blood colour. The Europeans [in Surinam] seldom eat anything without it; but the blacks, and especially the Indians, swallow it by handfuls, not only as a relish, but as a remedy in almost every disease." Other items in the engraving are limes (A), a mammy apple and its leaves (E-G), and the pistachio, whole and hulled (H-K).

middle and upper segments of society; it was even considered an aphrodisiac. After a series of famines in the second half of the eighteenth century, European monarchs encouraged its production and the potato crop began to replace peasant dependence on wheat."

Similarly, the banana, now an export of many Central and South American countries, is thought to have originated in the Asian tropics, Slive says. It was brought to Santo Domingo in 1516 by the Spaniards, and then taken to the wet lowlands of Peru.

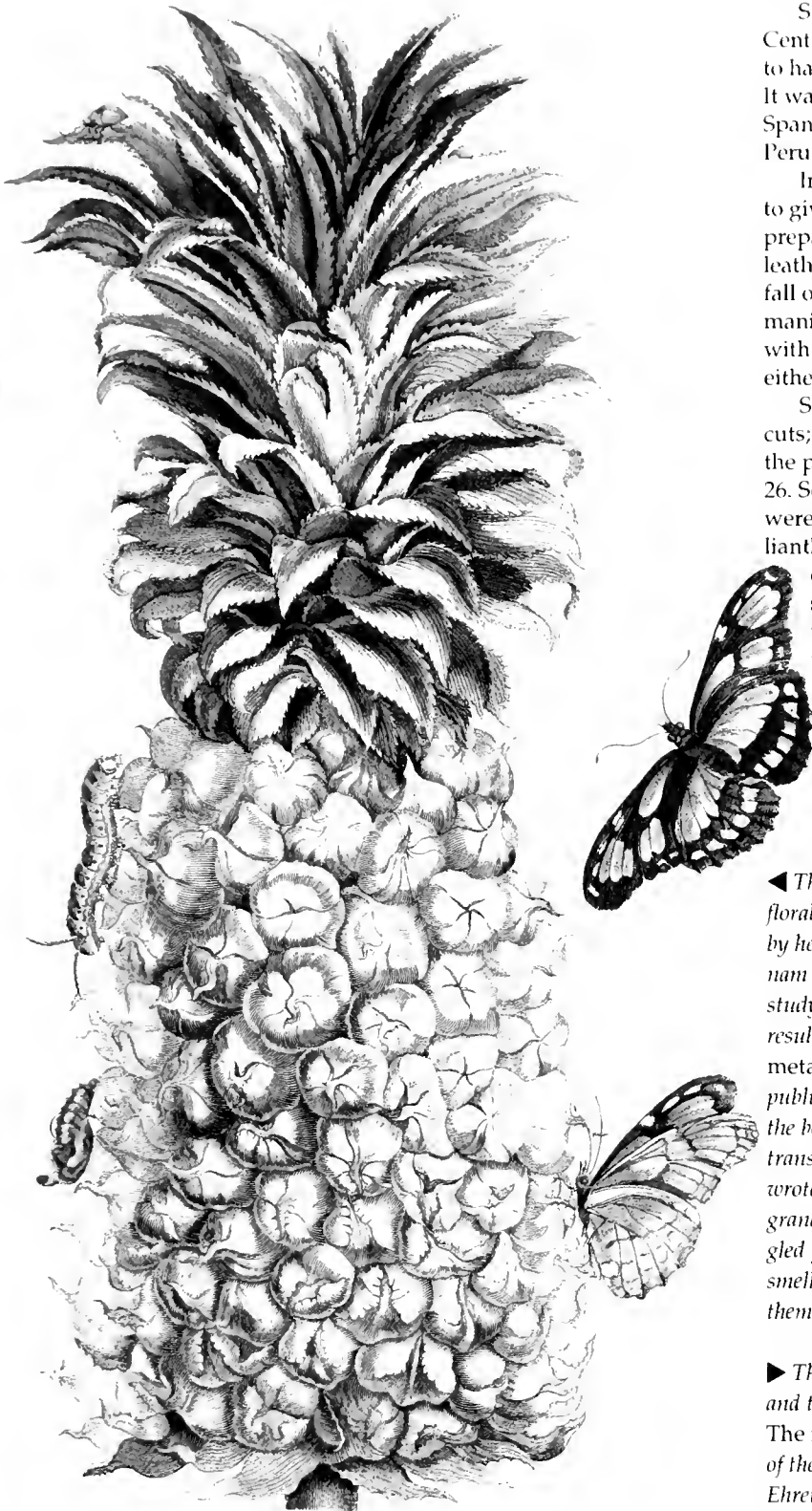
Intrigued by all this, the *BAM* persuaded Slive to give us a tour through some of the books he used to prepare the JCB exhibition. He brought out one leather-bound volume after another, letting them fall open to images of crabs, pineapples, coffee, manioc, gourds. We didn't see any turkeys stuffed with oyster dressing. But we didn't miss them, either.

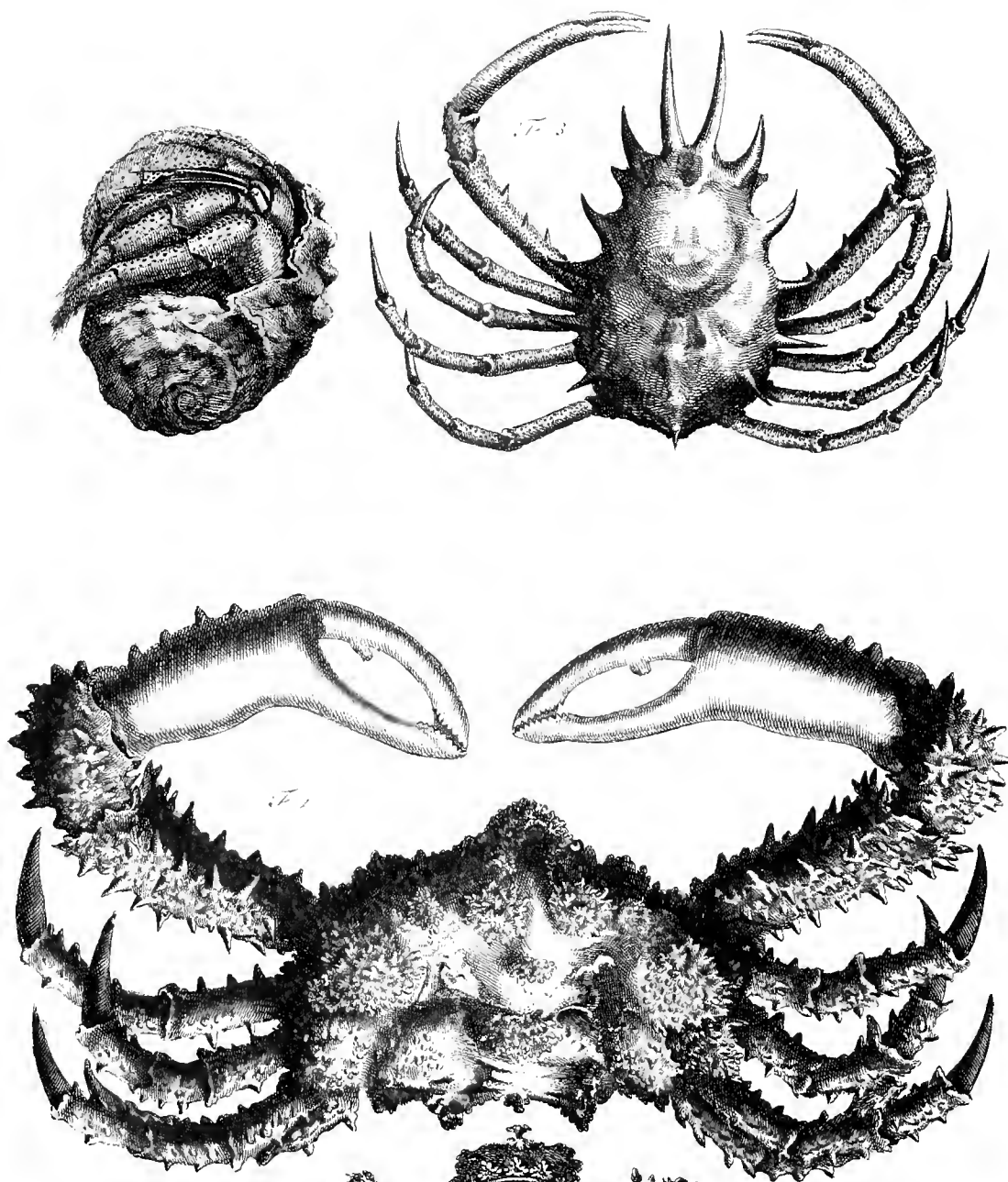
Some early illustrations were primitive woodcuts; later ones were stylized engravings, such as the plate of the "bonano" tree reproduced on page 26. Some seemed rigorously scientific, while others were almost fantastical. Maria Sibylla Merian's brilliantly hand-colored, intricate engravings of tropical fruits, such as the 1719 pineapple at left, seemed lush and sumptuous; a closer look revealed carefully drawn insects crawling over the fruits.

For those readers who missed the exhibition, we decided to gather some highlights, in gratitude for another year's bounty. The results of our own pictorial harvest follow. **E**

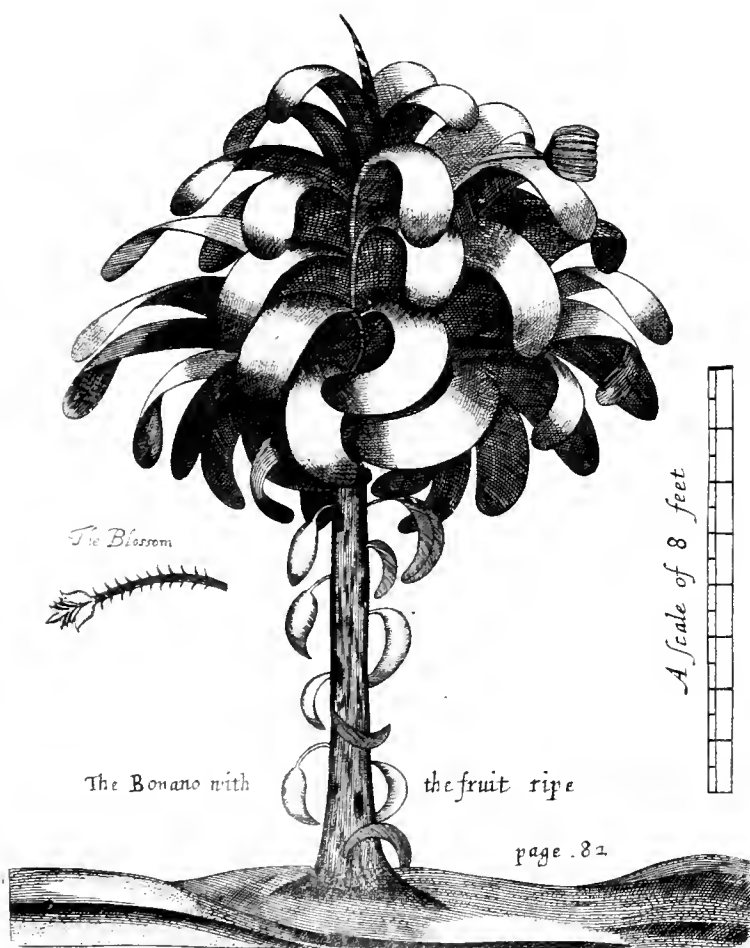
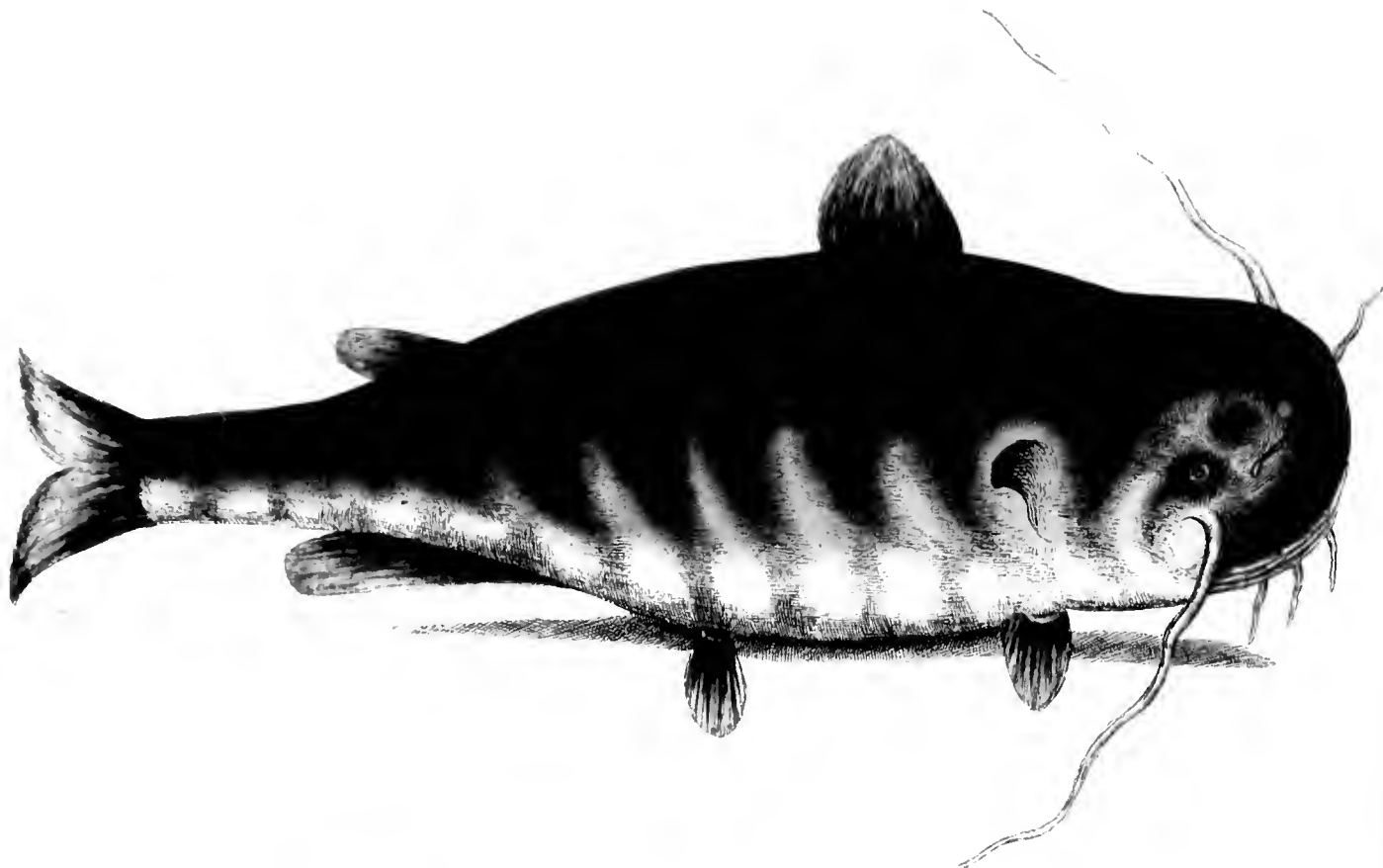
◀ The daughter of an engraver, and stepdaughter of floral painter Jacob Marrel, Maria Sibylla Merian came by her artistic talents naturally. She traveled to Surinam in 1699, accompanied by only her daughter, to study and paint the plant and insect life there. The result was the book *Dissertatio de generatione et metamorphosis insectorum Surinamensium*, published in Amsterdam in 1719. On the back of each of the book's seventy-two plates is a handwritten English translation of the Latin text. Of the pineapple, Merian wrote, "In this fruit the taste of the grapes, the pomegranate, the gooseberry, the apple and the pear are mingled yet so that each of them may be distinguished; the smell is grateful in the highest degree and when one of them is cut, it fills the whole room with the scent. . . ."

► The Lazy Crab (figure 1), the Horned Crab (figure 2), and the Soldier Crab (figure 3), from Griffith Hughes's *The natural history of Barbados*, London, 1750. Most of the finely detailed engravings were by Georg Dionys Ehret, a famed botanical artist of German birth who worked in England.





*To His Grace the DUKE of NORFOLK
This Plate is humbly Inscribed &c.*



▲ British-born naturalist Mark Catesby was dubbed "the colonial Audubon" for his wildlife studies of the American southeast, and most of his engravings were, in fact, based on watercolors he sketched in the field. But some derived from other sources; this catfish, for instance, was based on a painting by John White, produced during Sir Walter Raleigh's Roanoke expeditions in the sixteenth century. The catfish is from *The natural history of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands*, published in London in 1771.

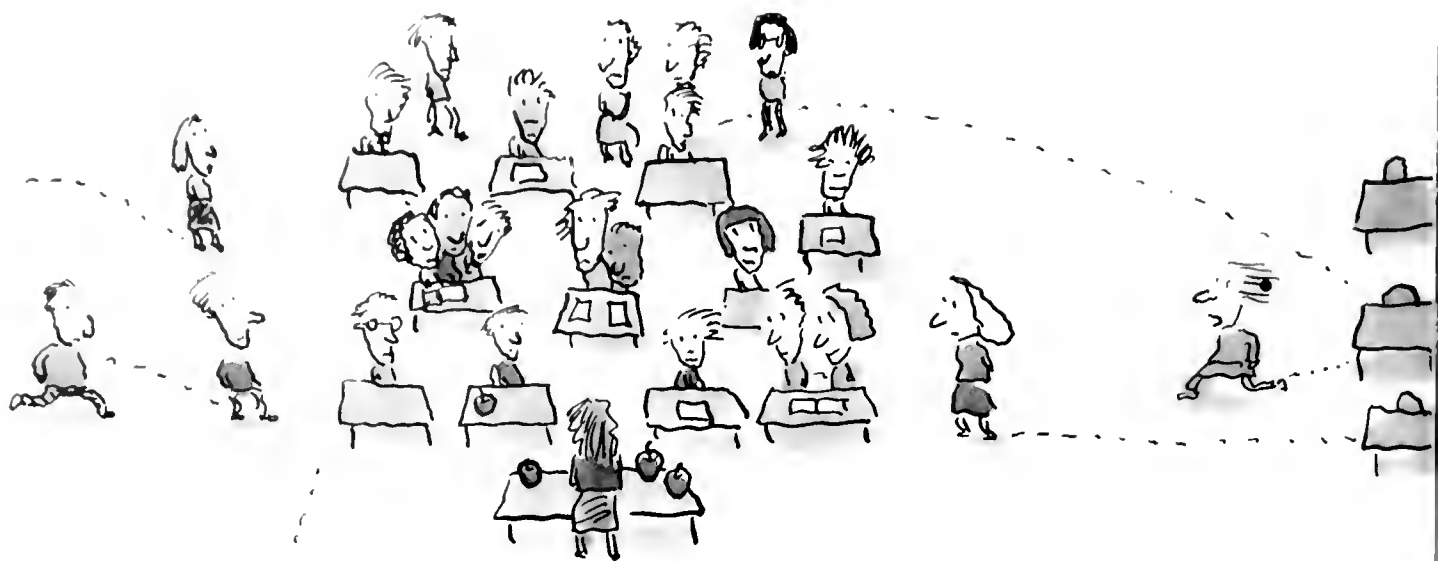
◀ This highly stylized image of "The Bonano with the fruit ripe" accompanied Richard Ligon's *A true & exact history of the island of Barbados*, London, 1657. Ligon lived in Barbados from 1647 to 1650.



◀ The strawberry, or fraise du Chili, from Amédée François Frézier's *A voyage to the South-Sea, and along the coasts of Chile and Peru*, in the years 1712, 1713, and 1714, which was printed in London in 1714. Frézier is credited with introducing this ancestor of the modern strawberry to France.

▼ The Europeans considered sitting on the ground to eat to be barbarous. In this illustration of the Virginia natives, "Their sitting at meate," from Theodor De Bry's *Grands voyages*. Part one (published in Frankfurt in 1590), the engraver shifted the position of the legs to look more comfortable by European standards. The main dish is maize combined with meat. What appear to be squid, walnuts, fish, corn on the cob, and a quahog shell are displayed in front.





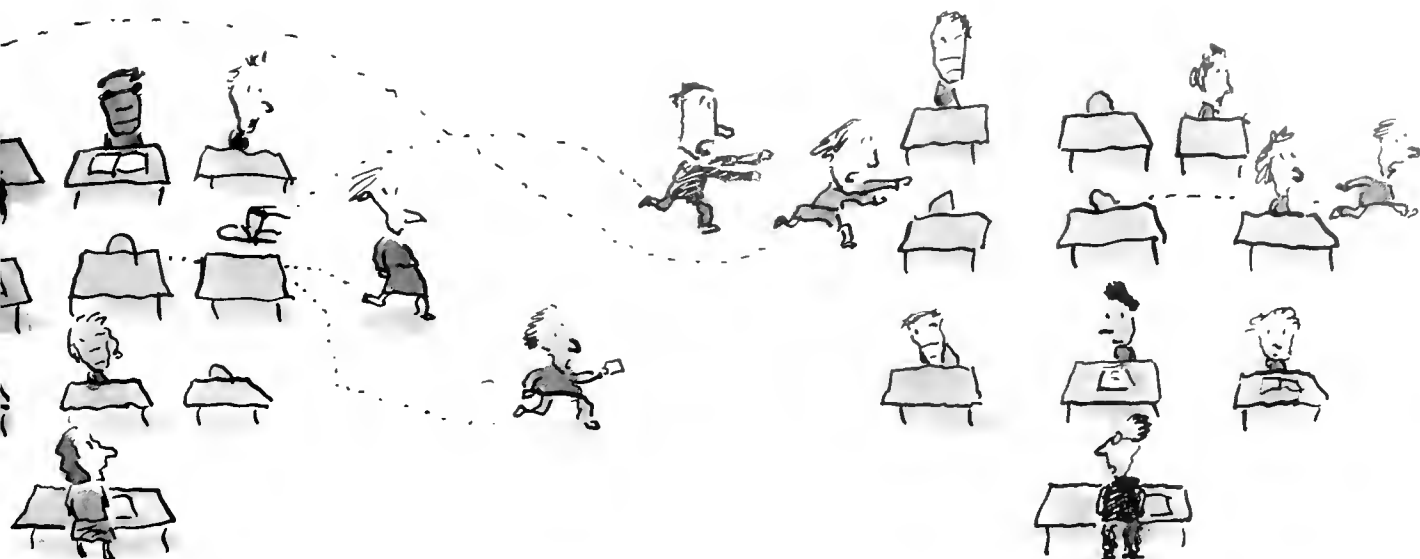
Shop

At the beginning of each semester, students change their minds about course registrations some 20,000 times during a two-week frenzy of form-filing known as 'shopping period.' It's enough to make even a sensible scholar's head spin

By Julie Taitzman '93

Illustrations by Bonnie Timmons





til You Drop

Just what is shopping period? Is it the last hectic week before December 25? Is it the time required for a pair of Blucher moccasins to travel from Freeport, Maine, to Providence? Is it how long it takes (i.e., the duration of the car ride home) to realize that the sweater you just bought isn't the one you *really* wanted?

Shopping period is all of the above, but at Brown, it's also an academic tradition that is guaranteed to provoke anxiety in the unsuspecting student.

Like all quality boutiques, Brown boasts a fourteen-day, hassle-free exchange policy on undergraduate course selections. With so much freedom of choice, so much diversity of course offerings, and no requirements except those imposed by one's eventual concentration, students are faced with a bewildering array of options when they register for courses.

As a freshman arriving a year ago in September, I was intoxicated by the heady notion that the first two weeks of each semester were a time when students could "shop around," sampling courses and finally choosing the four or five that they would pursue for the remainder of the semester. My euphoria didn't last long.

First, I learned before even setting foot on campus, the student must "preregister." This happens during the preceding semester, or for incoming freshmen, over the summer. Preregistration does not guarantee that a student will be offered a space

in a course. The process, in fact, has become more of a strategy game than an actual prediction of one's class schedule.

At the beginning of each semester, students have two weeks to add a course, provided they obtain the instructor's signature, and four weeks to drop a course without leaving a permanent record of their enrollment. Astute shoppers sample anywhere from four to fourteen courses before settling on the chosen few. According to an administrator in the registrar's office, this semester an estimated 20,000 changes (courses dropped or added) were processed by the end of "shopping period."

I spent the first two weeks of last semester absolutely confused as to which classes I planned to stick with. At the beginning of the semester, I was one of 400 students enrolled in a history lecture course. At the end of the first class, I approached the professor to ask if there was any room left in his limited-enrollment seminar on the same topic. He advised me to come to the first meeting of the seminar that afternoon: "If there aren't too many senior history majors who need the course for their concentration requirement, even as a freshman you probably will be able to take the course."

It happened that the 3 p.m. time for the history seminar was also the time for a new course "to die for": President Gregorian's "History of Liberalism." Although I knew that Gregorian's twenty allotted spaces had been filled within half an hour of the

course announcement, I had planned to show up for his class on the slim chance that he would accept determined walk-ins.

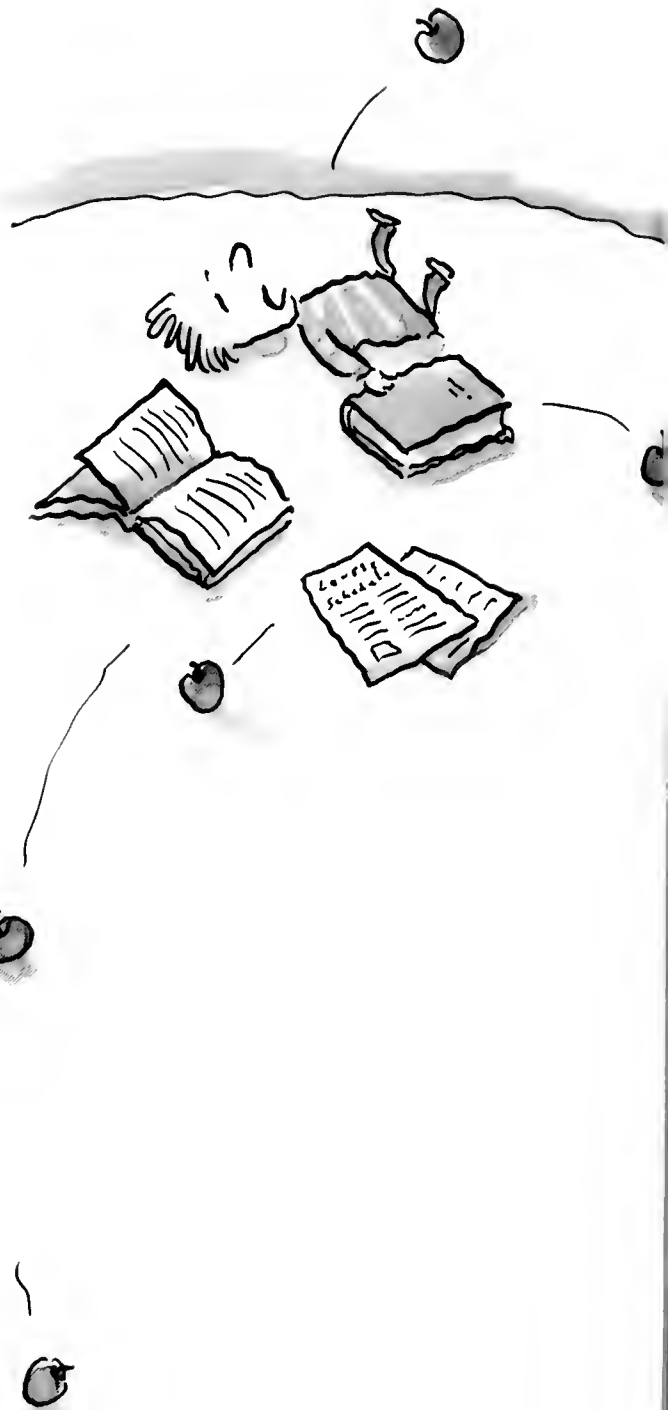
Weighing my options, I decided my best bet was the history seminar. The 3 o'clock bell rang; the professor began to compare his preregistered class list with those in attendance. I thought it was a good sign that there were exactly enough seats around the table for all of us. The student next to me frowned, mentally adding each new rival on the list to his tally.

Finally the professor announced dryly that the size of the classroom table was *not* an accurate indicator of his preferred class size. He said he would admit, on the basis of seniority, only five of the nine in attendance who had not preregistered for the course. "How many of you are seniors?" he asked. Seven hands raised. Next, he called for juniors; one arm went up. Almost to himself, he muttered, "And there are no freshmen or sophomores." At that, I identified myself as the member of the class of 1993 who had spoken to him that morning.

Although I had previously studied in Professor Ted Sizer's class the concept of cultural literacy, on this day I learned what it meant. No one had to say a word, but everyone in that room knew – and expressed their knowledge by chuckling – that I had only a slightly better chance of getting into that class than did Marcus Aurelius's bronze horse of neighing three times and galloping around Lincoln Field.

The professor muttered his sympathies. Grinning, while struggling to maintain a shred of dignity, I returned my notebook to my bookbag, pushed in my chair, and wished them all the best of semesters.

The next morning, I read in the *Brown Daily Herald* that President Gregorian had accepted *all* walk-ins into his seminar.



'I had only a slightly better chance of getting into that class than did Marcus Aurelius's horse of neighing three times and galloping around Lincoln Field'

After this experience, I conducted my own informal poll on the topic of "shopping period."

"Shopping period is bogus," one student told me. "I'm scared to change my classes because after two or three days, I've missed too much material already. I tried to add a class at the beginning of the second week, but they had already done a paper."

I heard about the creative solution of one professor to an oversubscribed course in Hapsburg history: only students fluent in German were invited to remain.

Another student complained of being shut out of an oversubscribed class for which he had preregistered; he had to scrounge for a substitute. Time constraints were a common complaint: "I don't have time to sit in on all the classes I want to look at," one respondent said.

A visiting Harvard student feigned contempt: "You mean you actually have to pick your own classes?"

Armed with the comments of my fellow Brown students, I visited Dean of the College Sheila Blumstein, who pointed out to me that "shopping period" is a misnomer. First of all, it doesn't exist officially; what does exist is a registrar's deadline after which a course may not be added without a late registration fee. Students, she said, ought to "research prospective classes in advance, to make informed preregistration decisions. 'Shopping period' is a chance to look at courses more broadly, not a time when students have no idea what they plan to study.

"All of us," Blumstein continued, "should undertake preregistration in good faith. Students should be informed at the outset of their chances of getting into a course. But students also should not preregister merely to try to hold a space in a class they're not sure they want to take."

I expressed to Dean Blumstein the complaint that students find it difficult to compare two courses that meet during the same period, and asked if professors might present their first class lectures twice, to facilitate comparisons. "The semester is too short already to repeat lectures," said the dean, who is also a linguistics professor. "When I start class, I start class. I'm not sure I'd let a student join late in the second week of a twelve-week semester. Professors have the right not to sign 'add slips' at all. They may choose to accept only preregistered students, and when the numbers get out of hand, that's what they often do."

Why not just make students' preregistration course choices binding, and avoid all the confusion and disappointment of "shopping period"? One

A Harvard student feigned contempt: "You mean you actually have to pick your own classes?"

well-known undergraduate mentor, Professor of Political Science and Associate Dean of Medicine Edward Beiser, thinks this would be a terrible idea, particularly as it would affect incoming freshmen.

"It would be an atrocity," Beiser told me, "to take seriously the choices some kid who has never set foot on campus made sitting at the kitchen table in Podunk, Iowa, as his uncle the physician looked over his shoulder, praising biology and neuroscience. All good freshman advisors should help their advisees challenge the choices they made over the summer, to help them make the most of Brown's curriculum. I wouldn't be comfortable tightening up preregistration, although perhaps there could be some distinction between dropping a limited enrollment seminar and a huge lecture course."

Ironically, the chaos of shopping period has helped me reevaluate the essential assets of a university. Brown may be seriously constrained in its educational mission by its shortage of resources. All too often students are denied places in classes merely because there are not enough chairs in the hall, or there are not enough teaching assistants to correct their papers.

So, until a balance between resources and curricular demands is achieved, it appears that we will continue to race around at the beginning of each semester, shopping until we drop – and add – for the best possible course schedule. **B**

NATURE'S UNCOMMON SENSE



By Bruce Fellman / Photographs by John Forasté

How do denizens of sea and salt marsh divide up coastal real estate? Brown ecologists are discovering that both competition and cooperation determine which species of plant and shellfish will thrive in a given zone



In the 1920s, Italian biologist Vito Volterra noticed something strange about the fish markets he frequented in Venice. Every year, there would be huge differences in the variety of finned creatures for sale, as well as in their numbers, and, of course, in their prices. Curious about these variations, Volterra attempted in mathematical terms – scientists call this explanation a *model* – to describe and predict the cause and course of fish fluctuation.

That he wasn't very successful needn't concern us. More to the point is that Volterra thought he saw a pattern at the market, and coming to grips with it inspired a life's work. Many ecologists have had similar experiences, although not necessarily in fish stores.

"You can walk around in any natural habitat and see patterns," explains Steven D. Gaines, assistant professor of biology. "They hit you right in the face."

This is particularly true along the coast, both in the salt marshes and on the rocks of the intertidal zone. Where the land meets the sea, plants and animals have struck an uneasy bargain with the world. In this tide-bounded region, Gaines and his colleague, Associate Professor of Biology Mark D. Bertness, are discovering how life's patterns reveal nature's uncommon sense.

For the past ten years, Bertness and a small army of ardent students – Gaines joined the faculty and the study in 1987 – have investigated the Rumstick Cove salt marsh in Barrington, Rhode Island, a fifteen-minute drive from campus. While late autumn has turned the landscape dry and brown, come next summer this stretch of amphibious land will sport various shades of green, each color representing a species of dominant plant.

"The overall zonation scheme doesn't come any more dramatic than this," said Bertness last summer,



as he pointed out the habitats of the major players. *Spartina alterniflora*, a husky, four-foot tall grass, holds sway over the lower marsh, the area alternately drowned and left high and dry by the tides. Less waterlogged is the plateau dominated by *Spartina patens*, a slender-leaved, toot-tall grass known commonly as "salt hay." The upper edge of the marsh – the least likely place to be inundated by the tides – is the domain of an equally short, tube-leaved rush called *Juncus gerardi*. Interspersed throughout bare patches that dot the high marsh are *Distichlis spicata*, another short grass, and *Salicornia europaea*, a curious, leafless plant that can be a couple of feet tall and whose fat, translucent stems make decent pickles.

Bertness, forty, hails from Seattle, where he grew up walking the beaches, mucking around in marshes, and "thinking about the things I think about now: understanding how the natural world works." Trained as a tropical ecologist, Bertness has long been interested in the "general construction rules" that govern how nature's communities are put together.

"When I came to Brown in 1980, my plan was to continue working in the tropics," he recalls. "But here I was sitting with all these gifted students



and close to some fascinating local habitats. Going away seemed like a foolish thing to do, particularly after I came out to the marsh and realized that it had been entirely overlooked by biologists with a community perspective."

In short order, the energetic researcher with a trademark mop of curly blond hair realized something else: the standard way of looking at the ecosystem was wrong. "Everyone had always assumed that the zonation was a result of the physiology of the plants," Bertness notes. "The party line was that *Spartina alterniflora*, for example, dominates the

lower edge of marshes from Nova Scotia to Florida because that's where it does best."

There's no denying its thoroughbred nature. *Spartina* is one of the most productive plants on Earth, and it is supremely well adapted to its waterlogged world. It has the ability to secrete excess salt, and it can also pump oxygen to the normally oxygen-free area surrounding its roots. This skill makes the abundant but otherwise untouchable nutrients in the soil available to the plant, and it thrives as a result.

Had Bertness been trained as a plant ecologist, he probably would have accepted common wisdom and moved on to find a real problem, but as an outsider, he came to the salt marsh without preconceived notions. He decided to test the physiology-is-destiny idea by transplanting the various dominant grasses and rushes to other zones. When he analyzed the results of his gardening, he found something completely unexpected.

"Every single one of these plants grows best in the high marsh," says Bertness. "In fact, each one would rather grow in your backyard than out here."

Choice is not possible, however, for it turns out that there's a strict pecking order in the marsh. Competition decides who gets to grow in the least waterlogged soils on the high ground where the living is easiest.

The winner, Bertness discovered, is *Juncus*, a rugged turf that begins its growing season way ahead of the pack – late winter in the southern New England area. By getting a jump on the other potentially dominant plants, *Juncus* takes over the upper marsh and pushes all competitors into less desirable territory. For its part, the salt hay lays claim to the middle ground and forces the remaining players into what for land plants is the worst of all possible worlds. And so *Spartina alterniflora*, *Distichlis*, and *Salicornia* prosper not because they've chosen a great place to live. Rather, they do well because evolutionary ingenuity allows them to make the best of a bad situation.

They also thrive because of their neighbors. Where the going is tough, as it certainly is in the low marsh and in the hypersalty bare patches, the tough help each other out. This "mutual aid society" process is called *facilitation*, and both Bertness and Gaines are restoring it to ecological respectability. "If you look back in textbooks, you find that in the forties, people were into this concept," Bertness explains. But intellectual fashions change, and as ecology turned into a more experimental science, competition, then predation – both amenable to experiments – became all the rage. Facilitation, with its aura of New Age sentimentality, "became something you didn't talk about."

In the salt marsh, however, the concept was impossible to ignore. Again, working with transplant experiments, the scientists learned that by itself, one *Spartina alterniflora* plant did a fairly poor job of aerating the soil. A big clump did much bet-



Gaines (opposite) at work on Mount Hope Bay, gathering barnacle larvae samples using his own handmade apparatus. Above, the tides wash over colonies of barnacles on rocks at the Haffenreffer.

Barnacles such as these (right) entrust their offspring to the vagaries of the tides. If they are lucky, enough larvae survive and return to continue the colony.

ter. "Group living is a definite advantage down there," Bertness says.

So is bringing in outsiders. The *Spartina alterniflora* neighborhood typically includes ribbed mussels, which hunker down among the plant's roots, and fiddler crabs, the earthworms of the low marsh. To establish what each member of the community brought to the relationship, the researchers systematically broke up what appeared to be a happy biological marriage.

"If you take mussels away from the leading edge of the marsh, the grass and the whole bank it sits on start slipping away," says Bertness. These mollusks are filter feeders, and in the course of sieving meals from sea water, they transform unusable nutrients into *Spartina* fertilizer. The plants respond by offering the mussels safe haven, surrounding them with their rootlets.

"This stabilizes the bank, which becomes a firm, hard area that doesn't erode," notes the ecologist.

But it's possible for the soil to become too firm, a situation that can stunt plant growth. Fiddler crabs prevent this from happening. Their incessant burrowing in the ground below the *Spartina* roots aerates the soil and hastens the composting of subterranean material that left to itself would render the region peaty and near-useless to plants.

"The results of removing crabs are incredibly dramatic," says Bertness. "In one growing season, the grass went from being a meter tall to half a meter tall."

Facilitation also plays a major role higher up the marsh. Every spring, storm-driven tides deposit piles of wrack – chiefly *Spartina alterniflora* stalks – on top of the salt hay and rush meadows. Because these places rarely see salt water, the mounds stay in place and kill all the vegetation underneath them. The eventual result is a crazy quilt of bare patches.

"This is the desert," Bertness explains, pointing to the salt crust that covers the exposed soil. "The salinity outside the patch may be ten parts per thousand; inside, it's over 100 parts per thousand. We've transplanted grass seedlings in here, and in less than a week, they all died."

Yet some plants prosper in this harsh environment. *Salicornia* scoffs at salt, and no sooner is it waving its leafless branches in the sea air than runners of *Distichlis* dot the patch with spikes of green. While the grass can excrete some excess salt, this ability alone does not account for its success.

"Basically, *Distichlis* supports itself from the outside," says Bertness. "It has a special plumbing system that links plants on the inside with those outside the patch."

Without any real competition, the hardy pioneers photosynthesize like mad in the abundant sunlight, and in return for fresh water, they send the food they manufacture to their overshadowed relatives. Unfortunately for *Salicornia* and *Distichlis*, however, their success in this difficult land sets them up for ultimate failure.



The taller and thicker they grow, the more they shade the ground. This means less sunlight hits the soil, and less evaporation takes place. The patch grows less salty and more amenable to the competition, and so in the high marsh, the facilitators grease the skids for their own exits.

Sometimes Leo Durocher had nature pegged: nice guys – and plants – finish last. Other times, togetherness makes winners of the entire facilitating bunch.

Steve Gaines has watched this schizophrenia at work among barnacles, those ubiquitous crustaceans whose hard shells adorn intertidal boulders throughout the world. On the rocky shore of Brown's Haffenreffer Preserve in Bristol, Rhode Island, the acorn barnacles (*Semibalanus balanoides*) that Gaines studies eke out a living in many places. Some are rarely out of water, while others taste the salt spray only when the tide is high and the surf is up.

"If there are just a few of them high in the intertidal zone, they fry, but if they're low, they do fine because they don't crowd each other," the scientist notes. "If there are a lot of them up high, however, crowding is O.K. because they buffer each other from physical stresses, such as overheating. But down low, overcrowding is fatal."

Gaines is interested in learning the rules that determine the success or failure of barnacle communities, and this seemingly arcane work has far-reaching implications. Like barnacles, many species of commercially important fish and shellfish entrust their young to the vagaries of the sea. The kids are cast to the tides. With luck, enough of them come back to keep the species going.

But crossed fingers is not a particularly good way to practice fisheries management, and, says Gaines, "you can't have an applied science of ecology without a fundamental understanding of how natural communities work. It would be like trying to do engineering without physics."



Providing the fundamentals is what his work is all about, and with oil spills, overfishing, climate change, and various forms of pollution, coming to grips with the factors that influence larval return and settlement couldn't be more timely.

"Many management strategies are direct outgrowths of those used to deal with deer and things like that – situations in which the babies basically join their parents' population," Gaines explains. "This makes absolutely no sense with marine organisms that have what we call a complex life cycle."

Every February throughout Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay, the acorn barnacles shed billions of aquatic larvae known as *nauplii*. These period-sized creatures join the legions of plankton that spend their time feeding and drifting in the water, going essentially where the winds, currents, and tides take them. About six weeks later, each *Semibalanus* larva is ready to metamorphose into a *cyprid*, an adolescent barnacle looking for a suitable rock on which to perform a permanent headstand, glue itself in place, secrete a calcium shell, and spend its days attempting to snatch food from the water with its feet.

"Here's the setup we have," says Gaines. "Imagine that as soon as human babies are born, they're all put into hot-air balloons and then set adrift at the mercy of wind and weather. After a month or so, they come back down, and if a kid happens to land near your house, that's your baby. You can see how difficult predicting the population size of any state or country would be. You couldn't do it, unless you knew how the global weather patterns were connected to the current population size."

Like Volterra at the fish market, Gaines noticed year-in, year-out differences in the number of barnacles that settled along a particular stretch of coast. To determine the reasons behind the fluctuation, the thirty-seven-year-old researcher became an oceanographer, something that was definitely not on his mind as a kid growing up in California. "I spent a lot of time outdoors, but my leaning was towards mathematics," he notes. "Math, however, wasn't cool, and all my friends were in biology – peer pressure got me involved."

Gaines wound up in tropical ecology – he met Bertness in Panama – but a continuing fascination with mathematical modeling led him to Stanford, where ecologist Jonathan Roughgarden got him interested in barnacles. They established that the waxing and waning of both the coastal kelp beds and the populations of the plankton-eating fish that live in them had a heavy influence on the rate at which larval barnacles colonized the shore. Even more important was the presence or absence of upwelling currents that push the surface water offshore and replace it with nutrient-rich water from the depths of the sea.

"Upwelling is thought of as a great thing, because the nutrients result in phytoplankton blooms, and these support big fisheries," says

Gaines. "And in terms of food, they're great areas for barnacles, which grow like crazy, even as they end up more than 100 miles offshore. They'll never return. They're lost couch potatoes."

In high upwelling years, most of a barnacle's reproductive efforts are for naught. In low upwelling years, the prevailing currents keep barnacle larvae close to the rocks they hope to call home.

Of course, when a barnacle sends its youngsters out into the world, it has no way of knowing what they'll face. All it "knows" is that each ticket is good for a one-way ride. Or is it?

When Gaines joined the faculty, he and Bertness began investigating the physical and biological factors that governed the lives of New England barnacles. Using sampling equipment they designed, the scientists have learned how the larval itinerary is determined in sites throughout Narragansett Bay, along the coast, and in comparable locations in Maine. They've also looked at the consequences of these travel plans.

In areas where the currents and tides are strong, larvae will never see their homes again, but in sheltered bays, the young barnacles may not wind up far from mom and dad. Each scenario has profound implications for the evolution of this species – and any other with a similar lifestyle.

Among stay-close-to-homes, the genetic wisdom that enabled parents to succeed can, when passed on to children, help the next generation flourish; these barnacles will encounter growing conditions similar to those of the old neighborhood. In time, natural selection will craft a creature well-adapted to the local environment.

But among the long-distance larvae, you'd expect no such evolutionary sculpting. A young barnacle could wind up anywhere, so it is far better to be a generalist. Indeed, any local adaptation might actually be counterproductive.

So far, preliminary evidence supports Gaines's predictions about the genetic outcome of these entirely different adolescent journeys – with one major complication. When heavy winter rains flow into normally placid Narragansett Bay, the locally-adapted barnacles may drift hundreds, even thousands, of miles away to unpredictable conditions. Perhaps they'll fare well; perhaps not. And as to the fate of their replacements, that's anybody's guess.

"The fact that larvae can travel, sometimes great distances, means that any management strategy for marine organisms has to have a regional perspective, rather than a local one," says Gaines.

The work of both scientists is helping to uncover the rules that govern nature, and that will enable our species to become better environmental managers. "We have to know how the natural world works before we can make prudent decisions," declares Bertness. "Steve and I are laying the groundwork." **B**

For love of Country

*The story of Civil War Major Sullivan
Ballou, class of 1852, and a love letter
that captivated TV viewers nationwide
129 years after he wrote it*

By Charlotte Bruce Harvey

We are encamped in paradise," wrote Sullivan Ballou to his wife, Sarah, on June 23, 1861, a month before his death. With the Second Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers, Major Ballou was stationed in the lush woods outside Washington, D.C., awaiting anxiously his first, and fatal, confrontation with the Confederates at Manassas.

Ballou was thirty-two years old, and he and Sarah had two little boys, Edgar and Willie, whom they hoped to offer a better start than Sullivan had received. His own father had died at thirty-two, and finances had forced Sullivan to drop out of Brown after just two years. But he had scraped his way to a promising legal and political career; an ardent Republican and a proven leader, he was devoted to Abraham Lincoln. So in the spring of 1861, when the President called for more troops, Rhode Island Governor William Sprague asked Ballou to command as major of the Second Regiment. It was the eleventh of June. On the nineteenth, with bands playing and the entire city cheering, he and the rest of the second assembled at Providence's Exchange Place to depart for Washington under the command of Colonel John Slocum.

"It is an oak grove," Ballou wrote Sarah from camp four days later, "— the trees are tall and large and the ground free from shrubs. . . . [W]hile the sun is pouring down its oppressive heat outside, we are as cool and comfortable as you could wish." He painted a serene vision of white tents, tranquil and inviting beneath the high canopy of



BROWN ARCHIVES

mid-summer oak leaves. Behind his tent stood a baggage wagon, to which "my good horse 'Jennie' is tied night and day," he wrote.

He slept well, he assured Sarah. "Last night the moon was full," he wrote; "I believe if you could have seen it shining through our trees and glistening on our white tents you would have said it was the most beautiful sight you ever saw. When I went to bed I lay a long time looking up to see the shadows of the leaves and branches painted on my tent and at last went to sleep thinking of my loved wife and my little boys."

The letters he sent to Sarah describe the camp and his health (his catarrh, he assured her, was improving, thanks to the fresh air and physical exertion of the drills). About a dozen of his letters are in the library of the Rhode Island Historical Society, and in his sprawling hand, they seem the upbeat missives of a sensitive and honorable man determined to put forward the best in his situation.

But one letter stands out. First of all, it is not in his handwriting. The Historical Society owns two copies, each transcribed by a different writer; several other museums and libraries own copies, but, according to the Historical Society Library's director, Madeline Telfeyan, none has been found to match the handwriting of Ballou's other letters. The letter is dated July 14, written while Ballou awaited orders to press on to Manassas, where he and twenty-seven others from his outfit would die at the first battle of Bull Run. It is at once a passionate love letter and a profound meditation on loyalty.

July 14, 1861

Camp Clark, Washington

My very dear Sarah:

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days – perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write you again, I feel impelled to write a few lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more.

Our movement may be one of a few days duration and full of pleasure – and it may be one of severe conflict and death to me. Not my will, but thine O God, be done. If it is necessary that I should fall on the battlefield for my country, I am ready. I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in, the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter. I know how strongly American Civilization now leans upon the triumph of the Government, and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the Revolution. And I am willing – perfectly willing – to lay down all my joys in this life, to help maintain this Government, and to pay that debt.

But, my dear wife, when I know that with my own joys I lay down nearly all of yours, and replace them in this life with cares and sorrows – when, after having eaten for long years the bitter fruit of orphanage myself, I must offer it as their only sustenance to my dear little children – is it weak or dishonorable, while the banner of my purpose floats calmly and proudly in the breeze, that my unbounded love for you, my darling wife and children, should struggle in fierce, though useless, contest with my love of country?

I cannot describe to you my feelings on this calm summer night, when two thousand men are sleeping around me, many of them enjoying the last, perhaps, before that of death – and I, suspicious that Death is creeping behind me with his fatal dart, am communing with God, my country, and thee.

I have sought most closely and diligently, and often in my breast, for a wrong motive in thus hazarding the happiness of those I loved and I could not find one. A pure love of my country and of the principles I have often advocated before the people and “the name of honor that I love more than I fear death” have called upon me, and I have obeyed.

Sarah, my love for you is deathless, it seems to bind me to you with mighty cables that nothing but Omnipotence could break; and yet my love of Country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me irresistibly on with all these chains to the battlefield.

The memories of the blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me, and I feel most gratified to God and to you that I have enjoyed them so long. And hard it is for me to give them up and burn to ashes the hopes of future years, when, God willing, we might still have lived and loved together, and seen our sons grow up to honorable manhood around us. I have, I know, but few and small claims upon Divine Providence, but something whispers to me – perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar – that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed. If I do not, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name.

Forgive my many faults, and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless and foolish I have oftentimes been! How gladly would I wash out with my tears every little spot upon your happiness, and struggle with all the misfortune of this world, to shield you and my children from harm. But I cannot. I must watch you from the spirit land and hover near you, while you buffet the storms with your precious little freight, and wait with sad patience till we meet to part no more.

But, O Sarah! If the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the garish day and in the darkest night – amidst your happiest scenes and gloomiest hours – always, always; and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath; or the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by.

Sarah, do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again.

As for my little boys, they will grow as I have done, and never know a father's love and care. Little Willie is too young to remember me long, and my blue-eyed Edgar will keep my frolics with him among the dimmest memories of his childhood. Sarah, I have unlimited confidence in your maternal care and your development of their characters. Tell my two mothers [his and hers] I call God's blessing upon them. O Sarah, I wait for you there! Come to me, and lead thither my children.

Sullivan





Unlike the cheery reports or even the hastily penciled notes that he sent to Sarah as his regiment moved into Virginia, this one letter never found its way into a mail pouch. Instead, he appears to have stored it in his trunk, where it was discovered after his death.

Writing, he had no way of knowing that it would reach not only Sarah, but the estimated 14 million viewers who this fall watched each night of the public television documentary "The Civil War." At the end of the first evening's program, actor Paul Roebling drew tears from viewers nationwide as he read from Sullivan Ballou's unsent letter to Sarah. Across the screen flashed photographs of anonymous young couples, the men proud in their uniforms. Public Broadcasting staff were barraged with phone calls; the letter, they reported, drew more requests for repeats than any other moment in the eleven-hour series, the most popular program in public television history.

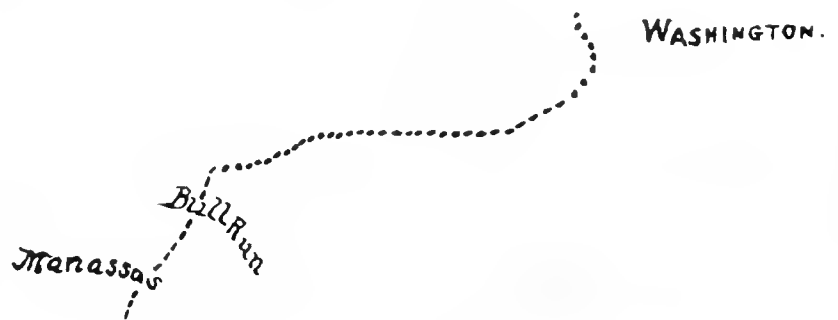
Nearly 130 years after his death, Sullivan Ballou became a celebrity. Who was he? asked reporters from *People* magazine, *U.S. News & World Report*, the *Boston Globe*, the *Providence Journal*. They turned to the archives of his alma mater and to the Rhode Island Historical Society for answers. "We started calling him Hullabaloo," quips Denise Bastien, graphics curator of the Historical Society. "The phone just kept ringing and ringing."

One of several biographical sketches of Sullivan Ballou is in a now-crumbling volume called *Brown University in the Civil War: A Memorial*, edited by Henry Sweetser Burrage of the class of 1861, and published in 1868. The chapter on Ballou was written by Horatio Rogers, Jr., of the class of 1855.

Born to a distinguished Huguenot family in Smithfield, Rhode Island (now North Smithfield), on March 28, 1829, Sullivan Ballou "was, in a broad sense, a self-made man," Rogers writes. His father, Hiram Ballou, left behind him a widow, Emeline, and two children, the younger of whom was four-year-old Sullivan. As a boy, Sullivan attended the local public schools, but when he was fifteen, he withdrew from school to support the family by working in a dry goods store in Rochester, New York.

"This was a sore disappointment to the boy," Rogers writes, "and his letters home were filled with urgent entreaties that he be allowed to obtain an education. At length, after dragging out a year and a half in this uncongenial occupation, his request was granted." An uncle agreed to help pay

Sullivan Ballou's grave, in Providence's Swan Point Cemetery, is engraved with a quote from his now-famous letter to Sarah: "Come to me, and lead thither my children." The presence of so many hand-written copies of the letter suggests that it may have been published, perhaps at the time of Ballou's burial, says Maureen Taylor, reference librarian at the Rhode Island Historical Society. But that mystery, for now, remains unsolved.



MAP
OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE
SECOND RHODE ISLAND REGIMENT
1861-1865.

This detail of a hand-lettered map of the Union Army's march (marked by the dotted line) shows the route Sullivan Ballou and the rest of the Second Rhode Island Volunteers took as they marched from Washington., D.C., to Bull Run, where Ballou would die. The map is in Brown's Broadside Collection.

for Sullivan's education, and in the end, he was able to attend Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, for two years and to enroll at Brown in 1848. To cut costs, he walked the four miles to campus each day from his mother's home in Pawtucket and gave lessons on the flute.

"At this time," Rogers writes, "like most boys who have a decided bent in one direction, [Ballou] did not excel in general scholarship." It seems that Sullivan spent more hours hanging around the courthouse and the state legislature and making speeches on College Hill than studying. In 1848 his benefactor's business took a slide, and Ballou again had to quit school, this time to accept an offer to teach elocution at the National Law School in Ballston, New York.

There, however, he was able to study law while he worked, and he was admitted to the Rhode Island bar in 1853. He started a practice in Pascoag, then moved to the more cosmopolitan town of Woonsocket, where "his uprightness, urbanity of manner, industry, and enthusiastic love for his profession, at once secured him a lucrative practice," Rogers writes. In a few years, Ballou would move again, this time to the state capital.

He became involved in state government and was elected three times as clerk of the Rhode Island House of Representatives; in 1857 he was unanimously chosen Speaker of the House, a post he declined the following year, saying that the role inhibited his freedom to debate.

"A radical republican in politics, he could not keep aloof from the exciting canvass of 1860," Rogers writes, "and he exerted himself to the utmost for the elevation of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency." The following spring, while the nation waited to see what would transpire in the South, Ballou was nominated for the position of attorney general of Rhode Island, but, despite his popularity, the ticket was defeated by what was then called the Conservative Party.

His failed run for the attorney general's office notwithstanding, Sullivan Ballou's life looked promising. He had married Sarah Hart Shunway, of Poughkeepsie, in 1855, and they had two- and five-year-old boys. His law practice thrived.

But Fort Sumter fell before dawn on April 13, and President Lincoln called for first one, then a second, regiment from Rhode Island. In early June, a major was still lacking. Governor Sprague turned to Ballou. Six weeks later, when the Union attacked the Confederate troops at Bull Run, the Second Rhode Island Volunteers opened the charge. A cannonball hit Sullivan Ballou's leg and killed his horse. He was taken off the field to Sudley Church, which had been turned into a field hospital, and his leg was amputated. He died on July 26.

In Ballou's trunk was found his letter to Sarah. Like her mother-in-law before her, she found herself a young widow, at twenty-four responsible for two small children. She moved to Woonsocket and taught piano to support the boys; from 1875 until

1889, she was secretary of the Providence School Committee. In her later years, she moved to East Orange, New Jersey, where her son William had settled after working in New York. She died there in 1917. She never remarried.

However shadowy Edgar's memories of his father remained, he followed his father's path. Like Sullivan, Edgar Fowler Ballou attended Brown, graduating in 1877. He went on to practice law, moving over the years westward to Wisconsin, then Colorado where he was involved with railroading, and then California where he bought a lemon ranch and died in Sierra Madre in 1924. He was survived by his wife, May Hutchins Ballou, and three stepchildren. William is thought to have died in East Orange, survived by a daughter, Katherine, who apparently had no children.

In April 1862, a year into the Civil War, Governor Sprague set off himself for Bull Run to retrieve the bodies of Major Ballou and of Colonel Slocum, who also had been killed during the charge. On April 30, Sprague's findings would be reported to the U.S. Senate's Committee on the Conduct of the War.

Guided to the spot where the two had been buried, Sprague and his men began digging, when "some negro women came up and asked whom we were looking for," Sprague said. The women told him that "'Colonel Slogun' had been dug up by the rebels, by some men of a Georgia regiment, his head cut off, and his body taken to a ravine thirty or forty yards below, and there burned. We stopped digging," Sprague said, "and went to the spot designated, where we found coals and ashes and bones mingled together. A little distance from there we found a shirt (still buttoned at the neck) and blanket with huge quantities of hair upon it, everything indicating the burning of a body." Sprague recognized the shirt as that of his friend Sullivan Ballou.

In Slocum's grave they found a box containing his corpse. Sprague and his men concluded that the Confederate soldiers had dug up what they thought to be the body of Colonel Slocum, beheaded it, and burned it. But it was Sullivan Ballou they burned. "We gathered up the ashes containing the portion of his remains that were left, and put them in a coffin together with his shirt and the blanket with the hair left upon it," Sprague told the Senate.

Then they returned to Providence, where the remains of Sullivan Ballou and John Slocum were buried with military honors, "amid the tolling of bells and the booming of cannon, while all the flags in the city were lowered to half-mast and business was suspended," Rogers writes.

On the obelisk marking Sullivan Ballou's grave in Swan Point Cemetery was carved a line from his unmailed letter to Sarah: "I wait for you there. Come to me and lead thither my children."

Sarah was buried there in April 1917 – fifty-five years later. **B**

that the postal service may have forgotten some of you. (Our September fund-raising appeal apparently did not reach many of our loyal readers.)



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Home: Plandome, New York

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It's amazing what you retain almost 30 years after receiving an Applied Mathematics degree from Brown University. Simple concepts such as *two is more than one*.

Perhaps that is why biathlons have become increasingly popular for aging weekend athletes. Cross-training in running and biking improves fitness and reduces the risk of injury.

Cross-giving also makes sense. While participating in the fund-raising activities for my 25th reunion, I reviewed a number of innovative planned giving programs available through Brown. One option – a deferred gift annuity – provided an excellent cross-giving opportunity: an immediate tax deductible gift to Brown, and a deferred retirement gift for myself.

I don't know how many of my classmates I ultimately convinced to consider similar programs, but I certainly sold myself. I even called my wife's college a year in advance and arranged a dual 25th reunion gift for her and her school.

For more information on Life Income Gifts and a copy of *Invest in Brown* write:

Hugh B. Allison '46
Marjorie Houston
John G. Lewis '64

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or call this toll free number:
1-800-662-2266, ext. 1221.



Books

By James Reinbold

Recent titles

◆ *Religion in Public and Private Life*, by **Clarke E. Cochran** '67 (Routledge, Chapman and Hall, Inc., New York; 1990). \$49.50 cloth, \$15.95 paper. Sexuality, abortion, and the changing nature of the family are issues where religion and politics clash. This analysis offers a definition of what is public and what is private in relation to the political, and then argues for a more balanced relationship between religion and politics. Religion poses a challenge for politics, and politics must respond by tempering religious fervor. Cochran is a professor and chairman of political science at Texas Tech University in Lubbock.

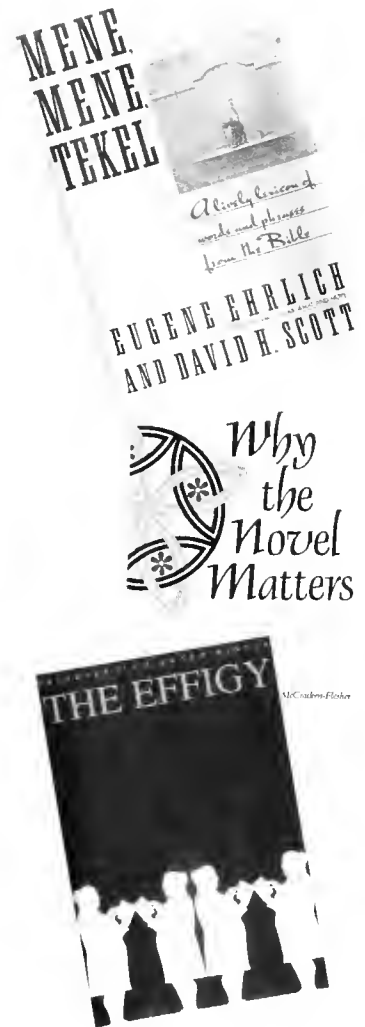
◆ *Recovering the Past*, by **Richard A. Gould** (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque; 1990). \$24.95. How do we know the past? To what extent can archaeologists, relying on present-day cultural processes, construct convincing explanations of past human behavior? Gould combines theory with case studies in aboriginal art and the archaeology of early modern warfare to examine how problems of recovering the past can be overcome. A response to post-processual and New archaeology, the book espouses a minimalist, empirical approach. Gould is a professor of anthropology at Brown. He is the author of *Living Archaeology*, and editor of *Shipwreck Anthropology* and *Explorations in Ethnoarchaeology*.

◆ *Mene, Mene, Tekel: A lively lexicon of words and phrases from the Bible*, by Eugene Ehrlich and **David H. Scott** '32 (HarperCollins Publishers, New York; 1990). \$18.95. A reference book of biblical sayings, metaphors, and phrases. Fun to browse in, and interesting to note how our everyday speech has been enriched. As Job said, "My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh, and I am

escaped with the skin of my teeth." On this one, the authors are particularly Jobian in their commentary: "Let's see whether our streak of dumb luck will continue unbroken. Greenhouse effect. Ozone layer. Nuclear waste. Unauthorized releases to the atmosphere. PCBs. Fluorocarbons. Air pollution. Oil spills. Soil contamination," they write. Scott co-authored and co-edited *The Harper Encyclopedia of Bible Life* (1978) and has contributed articles and entries to a number of reference books.

◆ *The Effigy and Other Stories*, by **Joan Millman** '79 A.M. (University of Missouri Press, Columbia, Missouri; 1990). The book was the winner of the 1989 Breakthrough Prize in Short Fiction, sponsored by the University of Missouri Press. Millman's short stories have appeared in various journals, and she is the co-author of four books in the field of education. Her newspaper articles appear in the *Boston Globe*. Gordon Weaver, who selected these stories for the prize, says that Millman "writes in the 'tradition' of Jewish-Americans (Bellow, Malamud, Roth), but is no pale imitation of them, transcending the ethnicity of that context in her stories. Her prose seems to me flawless, always right in tone/diction, and always with a great deal of energy, even in low-key moments. She writes as well about men as she does women, and the stories are rich in particularity."

◆ *Why the Novel Matters: A Postmodern Perplex*, edited by **Mark Spilka** '49 and **Caroline McCracken-Flesher** '89 Ph.D. (Indiana University Press, Bloomington, Indiana; 1990). \$35. God and the novel have both been declared dead. But such pronouncements have deterred neither theologians nor literary critics. Quoth the book jacket: "Contemporary anti-



humanistic and anti-aesthetic approaches to the novel seem to deny the genre's traditional social functions and its hard-won status as a literary art form. If the text stands inhabited by all its cultural moment's incoherences and inconsistencies, does it maintain any definable 'meaning,' any social relevance or artistic power? And if the critic, as text, stands equally contaminated, must we as readers inevitably succumb to indeterminacy, to the absence of meaning? Theories such as semiotics and post-structuralism thus raise two perplexing questions: do novels 'matter' in post-modern times and, consequently, can criticism matter?" Spilka is the I.J. Kapstein Professor of English at Brown and is the editor of *Novel: A Forum on Fiction*. McCracken-Flesher is a professor of English at the University of Wyoming. **E**



Among the "first nighters" when The Gate opened in Alumnae Hall in 1947 were President and Mrs. Henry Wriston. In retaliation for being banned from the Blue Room except when accompanied by a Brown man, the Pembroke made it clear that male undergraduates were welcome at The Gate - if accompanied by a woman undergraduate.

The Classes

By James Reinbold

36

Annette Aaronian Baronian and **Al Owens** remind classmates that the 55th reunion will be held May 24-27, 1991. Save the dates. A letter indicating general plans has already been sent, and the reunion committee is working out the details, which will be included in a future correspondence. Members of the reunion committee include **Esther Kuldin Adler**, **Walter Barney**, **Warren Bubier**, **Marion Goff**, **Bea Minkins**, **Dick Peace**, **Ruth Tenenbaum Silverman**, and **Howard Silverman**.

The election of new class officers will be conducted by mail prior to our reunion. Suggestions for nominees should be sent to: Class of 1936 Nominating Committee, Brown Alumni Office/Attn. Sue Berry, Box 1859, Brown University, Providence, R.I. 02912. Send in your nominations now and have no complaints later.

Our class is indeed saddened by the passing of **Moe Margolies**, our vice president. His death is a great loss to the class and to the University. Our deep sympathy is extended to his family. He will be missed. - *Al Owens*

38

Walter Covell was the narrator for a recent program shown on Providence's Channel 10 television station about the history of the Outlet Company department store. Walter, an actor, lives in Barrington, R.I.

James McGuire is an editor of *W.B. Yeats, The Writing of Sophocles' 'King Oedipus': Manuscripts of W.B. Yeats*, published in 1989 by The American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia. James is retired and lives in Wilbraham, Mass.

In August, **Eunice Chappell Stearn**, Rockville Centre, N.Y., "with some temerity, boarded the QE2 for England, returning more happily on the Concorde, and in between took the Venice-Simplon Orient Express, my third trip. The first, in 1983, was the 100th anniversary of this famed and infamous train to Istanbul through Eastern Europe. The second repeated the first journey, then followed the Silk Route in private trains across Turkey, Russia, China, and Hong Kong." Since her retirement ten years ago, Eunice has been organizing art and craft shows, photography exhibits, and poetry contests for the Rockville Centre Guild for the Arts. She also edits its monthly newsletter.

Joe Syren, Yarmouthport, Mass., attended his first reunion in fifty-two years. He said he picked a mini-reunion because he heard they were even better than the big five-year ones. Joe keeps busy as a handyman.

40

Jean Bruce Cummings and **Stan Cummings** (see **Stan Cummings, Jr.** '67).

Harold Pfautz, Providence, called to say that **Norman S. Case**, of Bethel, Vt., and **Helen Gill Engles '39** and **Robert T. Engles**, of Providence, attended the 50th reunion celebration. Their names did not appear in the roster printed in the September issue.

43

June Moss Handler, who retired in June as professor of early childhood education at Kean College, Union, N.J., was named graduate teacher of the year by the Graduate Student Council. She was also granted professor emeritus status by the college. June had taught at Kean since 1965. The coordinator of the graduate program in early childhood education, she worked with Head Start programs and the State Division of Youth and Family Services. She helped found Babyland in Newark, the Coalition of Infant/Toddler Educators, and the Dissemination, Advocacy, Research, and Training Center. She developed a program in family studies at Kean and served on a number of college committees. In the 1970s, she was a member of the New Jersey Consultation on Ethnicity. June lives in Hackensack, N.J.

44

Connie Lucas Chase, Wayland, Mass., keeps busy with her antiques business and antiques shows. She writes that a new grandson was born on Jan. 6.

Betty Clay Mein, Chevy Chase, Md., visited her daughter and family in Switzerland. Betty's son, **Eric '81**, is in his third year of a residency in psychiatry in Seattle.

Aurora Perez enjoys the peace and quiet of Cape Cod. She retired from teaching in 1982. Aurora lives in East Dennis, Mass.

The class extends its sympathy to **Grace Costagliola Perry** on the death of her husband, Roy, on June 12. Grace lives in Newbury Park, Calif.

45

Vernon Alden has been appointed honorary consul general in Boston for the Kingdom of Thailand. Vern is president of the Japan Society of Boston and former chairman of the National Association of Japan-America Societies. In 1985, the Emperor of Japan conferred upon him the Order of the Rising Sun, Star Class. A former dean at the Harvard

Business School, he was president of Ohio University in the 1960s. He is a member of the visiting committee of the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy and of the Arts Council of MIT. From 1972 to 1984, he chaired the Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities. Vern is an emeritus trustee and Fellow of Brown. He lives in Brookline, Mass.

Agatha Byrne Stanard retired as an advertising manager for a division of Martin Marietta in 1985. The author of a number of musical comedies, she is working on a children's book of verse to be dedicated to her daughter, Fran, the fourth of her seven children, who died of leukemia on Jan. 21 at the age of 37. Agatha and her husband, James, live in Gates Mills, Ohio.

46

Your reunion committee, chaired by **Nan Bouchard Tracy**, has been hard at work making exciting plans for the 45th reunion, to be held during the weekend of May 24-27, 1991. Won't you plan to attend? Come back to Brown and tour the new buildings on campus, renew your friendships with classmates, and listen to prominent speakers and faculty members at the Commencement Forums.

Jacqueline Berger Nemzow (see **Martin Alan Wiesel Nemzow '81**).

49

Shirley Whipple Hinds and her husband, **Ralph '51**, write of the birth of their seventh grandchild. The eighth was due around Labor Day. "We had three within a span of one year and a few days." Shirley and Ralph live in Oconomowoc, Wisc.

Joan Dixon Keller, Atlanta, writes that she hopes to attend the next mini-reunion. She'll combine her trip from Atlanta with visits to her daughters in Barrington, R.I., and Boston.

Anne Bradford McCartney has heard so many enthusiastic accounts of the 40th reunion that she is already planning to attend the 45th. Anne lives in Miami.

52

Ernest Prupis has retired from the practice of law and with his wife, Sheila, has moved to 3084 Marsh Gate Dr., Seabrook Island, S.C. 29455. "Seabrook Island is an ocean-front community twenty miles south of Charleston, S.C., where we have vacationed for the last ten years," Ernest writes. "Classmates visiting Charleston are invited over for drinks, tennis,

bird watching, or whatever

Mary Lindsay Welch (see **Richard J. Lindsay** '78)

53

Ulises Giberger, Forest Hills, N.Y., is senior vice president of Republic National Bank of New York. He had been a vice president of the Chase Manhattan Bank for thirty-four years.

Arthur S. Goldman is living in Berkeley, Calif., with his wife, Carole (Minnesota '61). They have two children, Robin and Jared. Buddy is vice president of Ritchie & Ritchie Corporation in Oakland.

Paul A. Goldman, Livingston, N.J., is president of Paul Arnold Associates, Inc., an international insurance firm. He is a past president of the Suburban Brown Club of New Jersey. Paul and his wife, Pam, have three children, including **Llene**, who graduated in 1987.

56

Hank Baer stepped down as a partner at Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom, New York City, to become of counsel to the law firm. Among other things, he is filling some of his newly discovered free time as an adjunct professor of law at Fordham Law School. Hank lives in New York City.

Sue Erganian Chapman is working as a research associate in infectious diseases at Rochester (N.Y.) General Hospital. Her husband, **Robert** '56 Sc.M., '60 Ph.D., is a professor of psychology at the University of Rochester. A specialist in visual sciences, he does research in electromagnetic recording with an Italian team in Rome during the summer. Sue and Robert live in Rochester.

George Caffrey, New Haven, Conn., writes: "On Aug. 19, **Joe Bologna** and his wife, Renee Taylor, celebrated their 25th renewal at their home in Beverly Hills, Calif. To make the occasion a memorable one, several of Joe's friends and classmates attended the weekend festivities as they did five years ago. Some of Joe's guests, besides Steve Allen and his wife, Jane, were **Bud Brooks** '55 and his wife, Isobel, **Dick Harris** and his wife, **Sandra Castle Harris** '55, and **George Caffrey**. A great time was had by all, including all of the 'wedding' guests, such as Barry Manilow, Sharon Gless, Rodney Dangerfield, and Sid Caesar. We all look forward to the 30th."

Jane Hamlett Malme left her position as chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Local Assessment and is consulting in local government finance and taxation. She lives in Hingham, Mass.

Seymour Pienkny, Melville, N.Y., continues to practice law on Long Island. **Bruce** '87 is involved in independent business ventures, and **Aron** '90 is a first-year student at Harvard Medical School.

Carl Seligson recently joined the worldwide accounting and management consulting firm of Deloitte and Touche as senior executive consultant of regulated industries. He has spent the last thirty years of his career on Wall Street: the first ten as a utilities securi-

Jim Rogers '25

Still playing after all these years



Not all the tennis excitement in September took place on the courts at Flushing Meadows, New York, where the U.S. Open was contested, *Time* magazine reported in its "People" section on September 10. At a tennis club outside of Boston, twenty-eight players vied for the national men's 85-plus grass-court championship title.

Jim Rogers, 89, a resident of Waban, Massachusetts, organized the event and was a competitor. He said the category was created for players who were having trouble keeping up with the 80-year-olds. "We still have the same shots. The only difference is that they can scramble around the court better than we can."

ties analyst, and the last twenty as a utility investment banker. Carl lives in New York City.

Dr. **Peter Shutkin**, Stamford, Conn., continues to be active in Brown affairs. He hopes to see many classmates at the 35th reunion in May.

59

Tenold R. Sunde, Stamford, Conn., news director of the ABC Information Network, was elected to the chairmanship of the Radio-Television News Directors Association (RTNDA) last fall in Kansas City. RTNDA represents more than 3,400 news executives at the local and network levels, educators, students, and others in the broadcast and cable news profession. Rob formally took office on Sept. 27 at the international conference in San Jose, Calif.

60

Frederic M. Alper, Auburndale, Mass., has been appointed chairman of Morris Alper & Sons, Inc., a New England food broker based in Framingham, Mass. He has been president since 1972, having joined the company in 1970. Previously, he worked in Argentina and Venezuela for the International Basic Economy Corporation in its supermarket division. He is a member of the board of directors of Morris Alper & Sons, Inc., and a trustee of the education and training foundation of the National Food Brokers Association.

61

Wendy Friedman Brest, an artist, has been a volunteer in the Stamford, Conn., public school system for the past fifteen years. Her husband, **Joel I. Brest** '60, was recently promoted to chief economist for IBM in Armonk, N.Y. He has been with IBM since 1967. Their daughter, **Diana** '88, a consultant for Price Waterhouse in New York, "owns the family sailing trophies; Daniel, a junior at Marist College, shares tennis honors with his younger brother, **Richard** '94, the reigning Stamford tennis champion." Wendy and Joel have lived in Stamford for twenty-three years and are active in sporting events and community affairs.

63

Stephen V. Tracy was a summer member at the Institute for Advanced Study, where he pursued his research on Greek inscriptions. He is a professor and director of the newly-opened Center for Epigraphical Studies at Ohio State University in Columbus. He has two books appearing this fall: *Attic Letter-Cutters of 229 to 86 B.C.* (University of California Press, 1990) and *The Story of the Odyssey* (Princeton University Press, 1990).

J. David Cummings has joined Gradison & Company Incorporated in Cincinnati as vice president/portfolio manager in the investment advisors area. Most recently, he was vice president of Gateway Investment Advisors, Inc. He is a trustee for the Seven Hills Schools and The Flerlage Foundation and lives in Cincinnati.

67

Carl Boudreau was awarded the Ph.D. in history by the University of Iowa in August.

Stan Cummings, Jr., was married on April 8 to Sigrid Hodge in Dana Point, Calif. Among the guests were the groom's parents, **Stan** '40 and **Jean Bruce Cummings** '40, and his sister, **Cappy Cummings Nunlist** '70. Stan is director of the Orange County Marine Institute in Dana Point, and Sigrid is assistant manager at the Marbella Golf and Country Club in San Juan Capistrano. They live in Dana Point with Stan's two daughters, Jennifer, 12, and Tarla, 9.

Roger M. Firestone, Oakton, Va., received the George Washington Honor Medal from the Freedoms Foundation at VAI, Valley

Forge, Pa., in the public communications category for his article, "You Can't Burn the Flag."

Alumni Calendar

November

Milwaukee

November 13. NASP-sponsored meeting with Eric Widmer, dean of admission and financial aid, "It's a Mad, Mad World: Admission Strategy in the New Decade." All are welcome. Call Susan Bromberg '67, (414) 771-2427.

Minneapolis/St. Paul

November 14. NASP-sponsored meeting with Eric Widmer, dean of admission and financial aid, "It's a Mad, Mad World: Admission Strategy in the New Decade." All are welcome. Call Todd Abraham '76, (612) 927-7236.

Providence

November 16. Alumni Relations and Career Planning Services co-sponsored Alumni Career Forum, "Working Abroad with Multinationals," 3:30-5 p.m., Petteruti Lounge, Faunce House. Call Melanie Coon, (401) 863-3380.

New York City

November 17. Brown Club in New York and Alumni Relations co-sponsored "Brown on the Road" at Columbia. Brown vs. Columbia football, kickoff, 1 p.m. Post-game reception in Christie Fieldhouse, adjacent to the stadium, with Coach Mickey Kwiatkowski and the Brown Band. Call Jerry Levine '58, (212) 614-6290.

Providence

November 17. Rhode Island Brown Club-sponsored theater party, *Anything Goes*, Providence Performing Arts Center. Call Lynda Ingham '77, (401) 885-4600.

Providence

November 23. Rhode Island Brown Club-sponsored basketball night, Brown vs. Lehigh. Cocktails and buffet dinner. Call Len Ranalli '80, (401) 767-3900.

New York City

November 28. Third World Alumni Network of New York City Steering Committee meeting, 6:30 p.m. Call Teri Williams '79, (516) 248-4200 or (212) 580-9887.

Providence

November 30. Alumni Relations and Career Planning Services co-sponsored Alumni Career Forum, "Scientific Careers," 3:30-5 p.m., Petteruti Lounge, Faunce House. Call Melanie Coon, (401) 863-3380.

December

Chicago

December 3. "Brown in Chicago: 1991 and Beyond." A special presentation and discussion for alumni, parents, and friends with members of the Alumni Relations staff. Call Elizabeth Lies '87, (312) 702-1015.

Cleveland

December 4. Continuing College seminar, "Presidents and Sheiks: Double Demons in Arabia," with Associate Professor of Anthropology William O. Beeman and Assistant Professor of Political Science JoAnne Hart, 12 noon, City Club. Call Steven Miller '78, (216) 696-3366.

San Francisco

December 5. Continuing College seminar, "Presidents and Sheiks: Double Demons in Arabia," with Associate Professor of Anthropology William O. Beeman and Assistant Professor of Political Science JoAnne Hart, 7 p.m., Commonwealth Club. Call Rob Moore '76, (415) 383-8200.

Seattle

December 6. Continuing College seminar, "Presidents and Sheiks: Double Demons in Arabia," with Associate Professor of Anthropology William O. Beeman and Assistant Professor of Political Science JoAnne Hart, 12 noon, City Club. Call Margaret Berger '87, (206) 323-4711.

New York City

December 19. Third World Alumni Network of New York City Steering Committee meeting, 6:30 p.m. Call Teri Williams '79, (516) 248-4200 or (212) 580-9887.

January

Countrywide

January 3-9. NASP Holiday Parties in 33 communities bring together undergraduates, prospective students, and alumni to promote interest in and information about Brown. For information on events in your hometown, call the NASP office, (401) 863-3306.

Houston

January 8. Brown Club of Houston presents "An Evening with Vartan Gregorian." Call Barbara Sunderland '77, (713) 840-0828.

Dates of Interest

Academic Year 1990-1991

Thanksgiving Recess, November 21-25
Semester I classes end, December 11
Final exam period, December 12-20
Winter Recess, December 21-January 22

Dallas

January 9. Brown Club of North Texas presents "An Evening with Vartan Gregorian." Call Doug Nogami '78, (214) 690-2155.

New York City

January 10. Brown University Club in New York, Alumni Relations, and Career Planning Services co-sponsored program, "Great Jobs in New York." Alumni panel followed by informal networking reception, 6-8 p.m. Call Katharine Rivas '90, (212) 629-6002.

Denver

January 13. Associated Alumni-sponsored Wriston Lecture with Professor of History Abbott Gleason, "What Has Happened to the Communist World?" Call Ray Fisher '63, (303) 322-5501.

San Jose

January 16. Associated Alumni-sponsored Wriston Lecture with Professor of History Abbott Gleason, "What Has Happened to the Communist World?" Call Rod Leong '70, (415) 296-1030 x101.

San Francisco

January 17. Associated Alumni-sponsored Wriston Lecture with Professor of History Abbott Gleason, "What Has Happened to the Communist World?" Call Leslie Brown '85, (408) 292-3282.

Portland, Oreg.

January 18. Associated Alumni-sponsored Wriston Lecture with Professor of History Abbott Gleason, "What Has Happened to the Communist World?" Call Mary Chaffin '75, (503) 275-6565.

This calendar is a sampling of activities of interest to alumni reported to the Brown Alumni Monthly at press time. For the most up-to-date listing or more details, contact the Alumni Relations Office, (401) 863-3307.

for Corestates Investment Advisers, Philadelphia, and Susan is a marketing associate for the Hay Group, a human resources consulting firm in Philadelphia.

Hugh McGuinness is living in Managua, Nicaragua, as a Fulbright scholar working with the ministry of agriculture on a nationwide project of integrated pest management (non-chemical pest control). Hugh received his Ph.D. from the department of ecology and evolutionary biology at the University of Michigan and is the author of a book on non-chemical fertilizers for developing countries that is due out later this year from Consumer's Union in Mt. Vernon, N.Y. "I would really appreciate hearing from old classmates who still care about the planet." Hugh can be reached c/o American Embassy Managua, USIS Fulbright Program, APO Miami, Fla. 34021.

David A. Tilem and **Dr. Claire Tobin Tilem** '80, '83 M.D. write that their twin sons, Daniel Nathan and Steven Benjamin, born on Nov. 19, 1989, have been selected to play the lead role in "Baby Talk," a new television sit-com spin-off of the recent movie, *Look Who's Talking*. Laura Beth is 4. Claire practices internal medicine in Pasadena, Calif. David specializes in debtor/creditor, bankruptcy, and real property law at Tilem & Askenaizer. David and Claire live in La Canada-Flintridge, Calif.

79

Deborah Greenberg Irwin and her husband, Michael Irwin, announce the birth of Joshua Tracy on May 3. Debbie retired from Smith Barney to pursue motherhood. They live in New York City.

Thomas Waldron Philips was ordained to the diaconate last June in Phoenix. He is headmaster of St. Michael's School in Tucson, Ariz.

80

Career Planning Services (Box 1907) reminds the class that CPS retains dossiers for a maximum of ten years for those holding a B.A. or A.M. degree. Unless notified in writing by Jan. 1, 1991, dossiers from the class of 1980 will be discarded.

Dr. Susan Roseff Dickerson and her husband, Thomas Dickerson, announce the birth of Eric Ingram Dickerson on July 21. They live in Centerville, Va.

Terence B. Hook and his wife announce the birth of Elizabeth in May. Catherine is 3. They are the granddaughters of **Donald Hook** '61 Ph.D. Terence and his family moved from Underhill, Vt., and can now be found at P.O. Box 128, Jericho Center, Vt. 05465.

81

Robert Goldberg and his wife, Shira, announce the birth of Ari Micah on July 10. Noa is 6, and Elana is 4. Also in residence at the Seekonk, Mass., home are eleven rabbits, a dog, and a cat. Robert has begun his seventh year as executive director of Temple Beth-El in Providence, and Shira is a nursery school teacher at the Gordon School. "Need a place

Betty Barrow '80

Returning the favor

"People have always been there to help me and I'm grateful. I look at it as a responsibility — to go back and encourage kids to reach their full potential," said Betty Barrow in an article in the August issue of *CWRU*, the alumni magazine of Case Western Reserve University.

Barrow grew up in a poor neighborhood in Cleveland, one of seven children. In high school, she was encouraged to pursue a career in the sciences. After graduating from Brown with a bachelor's degree in engineering, she returned to Cleveland and earned a master's degree in metallurgy from CWRU in 1982.

While working full-time at NASA's Lewis Research Center as a metallurgist and pursuing a degree in medicine, she counseled young people in the Career Awareness Program sponsored by the National Technical Association (NTA), an organization of minority scientists whose goal is to expose minority youth to technical careers.

"I believe that minorities who have 'made it' have a responsibility to these kids," she said. "They have so many negative influences. Pretty soon, they start believing that they really can't achieve anything."



Barrow was chairman of the Career Awareness Program in 1983 and also served as president of the NTA's Cleveland chapter, which was named outstanding chapter of the year in 1983.

During the years of her medical education, she continued to work with young people, serving as an instructor for CWRU's Health Careers Opportunity Program for Minorities, a summer enrichment program. She also assisted the office of student affairs in planning academic-year programs for minority students.

Barrow graduated from CWRU medical school in May and received the 1990 James H. Robinson, M.D. Memorial Prize in Surgery. After a one-year residency at the Mt. Sinai Medical Center in Cleveland, she will do a therapeutic radiology residency at the M.D. Anderson Cancer Center in Houston. Barrow hopes to return to Cleveland to do research and teach at CWRU.

82

Dr. Eric B. Gordon ('86 M.D.) has joined the principal law firm of McDermott, Will & Emery. A 1990 graduate of UCLA School of Law, he practices in the firm's Los Angeles office.

Abigail J. Gouverneur has been elected a principal and member of the board of directors of Bliss, Barefoot & Associates, a marketing and financial communications firm based in New York City. Before joining the firm as an associate in 1983, she was a freelance writer for the promotion department of *Fortune* magazine and a publicity assistant for the Museum of American Folk Art. She lives in New York City.

Jacob Klerman and his wife, Lois, announce the birth of their daughters, Susan Rose and Elyse Heather, on Jan. 1. They live in Los Angeles.

Fran Melvin and Victor P. Silva were married on July 21 in Fall River, Mass. Vic is a planner for Philips Medical Systems, and

to stay at reunion time?" Robert asks. "Give us a call at (508) 336-5532."

Eric Mein (see **Betty Clay Mein** '44).

Martin Alan Wiesel Nemzow and Carol Eve Weingrod announce the birth of Gabriel Charles Wiesel Weingrod Nemzow on Sept. 8. Gabriel's sister is Sophie Esther Wiesel Weingrod Nemzow. His grandmother is **Jacqueline Berger Nemzow** '46. Marty is a partner in ValueFinders Inc., a newspaper publishing company, and lives with his family in Brookline, Mass.

Amy Prussack is alive and well and living in Cambridge, Mass. She regrets having lost touch with so many friends and would love to hear from them. Her address is 36 Highland Ave., #53, Cambridge 02139. (617) 497-2151.

Amy Cohen Rowland is director of development at Children's Television Workshop in New York City. She and Ed, head of international marketing and sales at M&M/MARS, moved last year from Chicago to Convent Station, N.J.

Fran is looking for an elementary school teaching job. Friends can write them at 7 Norfolk St., #21, Fall River

America, Lanham, Md.). Kashatus teaches at the Episcopal Academy in Merion, Pa., and lives in Philadelphia.

four children; his wife, Billie, 11 East Forest Rd., Mystic 06355; and a brother, **Henry, Jr.** '36.

William Hillyer Lyon, Jr. '29, Manhasset, L.I., N.Y.; Aug. 1. He was retired from the Starwood Corporation, an investment management firm in New York City. He is survived by his son, **William III** '71, 248 Thompson Shore Rd., Manhasset 11030.

Robert Boynton Perkins '29, Ramsey, N.J.; Aug. 13. Upon graduation he joined the Bell System and worked for New York Telephone, Bell Telephone Laboratories, and AT&T. He retired in 1971 as secretary of the General Departments Employees Benefit Committee. He was a past president of the Brown Engineering Association, a charter member of the Cousteau Society, and a member of The Wilderness Society, The Valley Hospital, and the Urban League of Bergen County, N.J., among others. He is survived by his wife, Elvera, '38⁹, Darlington Ave., Ramsey, N.J. 07446, two daughters, **Barbara Perkins Gaffron** '61 and **Margaret Perkins Gennaro** '67; two brothers; and five sisters, including **Katherine Perkins** '32.

John Bernard Chaffee '31, '36 A.M., Oxford, Mass.; May 28. He was a former superintendent of the Sharon, Hingham, and Wellesley public schools, all in Massachusetts. During World War II, he was principal of the Major Victor E. Edwards High School in Worcester and then superintendent of schools in Middletown, R.I. In 1970 he joined the faculty of Boston College, where he taught school finance and management for five years. He was a former president of the Massachusetts Association of School Superintendents and was for many years chairman of the New England School Development Council. Survivors include his wife, Florence, 11 Vernon St., Oxford 01540; and two children.

George Malvin Knowles '31, Virginia Beach, Va.; Sept. 15. He was the retired head of the rating department for the Amica Insurance Company, Providence, and an Army veteran of World War II. Survivors include three daughters and his wife, Beatrice, 845 First Colonial Rd., Apt. 353, Virginia Beach 23451.

Richard Francis Canning '32, North Providence, R.I.; Aug. 6. A graduate of Harvard Law School, he practiced since 1935 with the firms of Comstock & Canning, Letts & Quinn, and successor firms. He was the Cranston, R.I., city solicitor from 1944 to 1954. President of the American Hockey League from 1957 to 1961, he was its vice president and general counsel from 1961 until his death. He was executive officer and president of the Rhode Island Senior Golf Association. Among his survivors is a stepdaughter, Linda Aron, 112 Sunnyside Dr., Warwick, R.I. 02889.

Anna Russo Fedeli '33, Warwick, R.I., a teacher in the Cranston, R.I., school department for ten years before retiring in 1963; June 1. Among her survivors are three chil-

dren, including **Michael Fedeli** '59, 17 Hitching Post Ln., Trumbull, Conn. 06611.

George Edmund Burke, Sr. '36, Riverside, R.I., principal of East Providence High School for fourteen years before retiring in 1978, May 31. As executive secretary of the Rhode Island Education Association, he was a leader in the 1940s and 1950s in efforts to improve salaries and working conditions for teachers throughout the state. He was a past president of the Rhode Island Secondary School Principals Association, and a member of the Memorial Hospital and the Rhode Island Hospital Nurses Advisory Committees and of the Governor's State Advisory Committee for Vocational Education, among others. He was a recipient of the Rhode Island Retired Teachers Award and a member of the East Providence Senior High School Hall of Fame. During World War II, he served in the Army. Five sons survive, including George, Jr., 3500 Pawtucket Ave., Riverside 02915.

Douglas Shepherd Widnall '37, Saddle River, N.J.; July 24. Before retiring in 1980, he was a sales executive at Beck Engraving, Inc., New York City. He was a former member of the Saddle River Planning Board and a member of the board of directors of the Visiting Nurse Service of Bergen County. He was a Navy veteran of World War II. Survivors include his wife, Dorothy, 21 North Church Rd., Saddle River 07458; and two sons.

John Cross Edgren '38, Warren, R.I.; June 12. He was a vice president of Citizens Savings Bank and Citizens Trust Company, Providence. He was a former state chairman for the Rhode Island Heart Fund and a former departmental chairman for the United Fund of Rhode Island. He was a past president of the Brown Club of Rhode Island and was a former chairman of the Commencement Pops Concert. He is survived by his wife, Sally, 54 Bagby Wrinkle Cove, Warren 02885.

Mary B. Palmer '38, Stonington, Conn., journalist, author, psychiatric social worker, psychotherapist; July 25. She began her literary career as a researcher for Time-Life, Inc., in New York, and in 1940 was assigned to Australia as a freelance correspondent. From 1942 to 1945, she was a foreign correspondent for *Newsweek* in London. After World War II, she was chief of volunteer services at the Topeka (Kans.) State Hospital. Her series of articles about the mental hospital helped to correct the substandard conditions. She then returned to New England, where she received a master's degree in psychiatric social work at Simmons College, Boston, and became supervisor of psychiatric social workers at Beth Israel Hospital. In 1965, she moved to New York City and was a psychotherapist at Payne Whitney Clinic and later at the Lincoln Institute for Psychotherapy. She maintained a private practice in psychotherapy and retired in 1989. She was the author of *We Fight with Merchant Ships* (1943) and four children's books. Her father, **Henry R. Palmer** 1890, was the first editor of the *Brown Alumni*

Monthly. She is survived by a brother, **Henry R. Palmer, Jr.** '36, P.O. Box 111, Stonington 06378. Another brother, **Louis Babcock Palmer** '28 (see above), died in May.

Dr. Ralph Colvin Andrews '39, '42 Sc.M., Norwich, Conn.; June 1. From 1950, when he graduated from Boston University Medical School, until 1970, he worked at the Norwich Hospital. He was medical director of psychiatrics at the Waterford County School for nineteen years and also had a private practice in the Norwich and Gales Ferry area for many years. He started the E.E.G. unit at the William W. Backus Hospital, served on the board of advisors for Easter Seals Rehabilitation Center of Southeastern Connecticut, and was a member of a number of professional organizations as well as the Marine Historical Association at Mystic Seaport, Conn. He served in the Navy during World War II. Besides his wife, Janice, 531 Asylum St., Norwich 06360, he is survived by four sons and four daughters.

Taylor Garrison Belcher '41, Garrison, N.Y., former U.S. ambassador; Aug. 6. After serving as a Navy officer on the battleship *Alabama* during World War II, he joined the State Department and was assigned variously to Mexico City, Glasgow, and Washington. He was deputy director for West Coast Latin American republics and from 1961 to 1964 was director of the Office of West Coast Affairs in the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs. He was then appointed Ambassador to Cyprus by President Lyndon B. Johnson and received the department's distinguished service award for his peace-keeping abilities. In 1969, he was appointed Ambassador to Peru by President Richard M. Nixon. He retired in 1974. Returning to Garrison's Landing, N.Y., where family members had been original residents of the settlement of Garrison-on-Hudson, he became chairman of the board of Daphne Import/Export Corporation, New York City, and president of Garrison Station Plaza Corporation, a real estate company. Survivors include his wife, Edith, The Dock House, Garrison 10524; and two sons.

John Robert Coakley '42, West Hartford, Conn.; May 8. He was a sales executive in the casualty and property division of The Travelers Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn., for thirty years. From 1976 until 1988, he was manager of the Hartford office of Lawyers Title Insurance Corporation. He was a past president of the CPCU Association, served on the board of the American Cancer Society in Hartford, and was a literacy volunteer in Farmington, Conn. He was a Navy veteran of World War II. Survivors include four children and his wife, Virginia, 94 Newport Ave., West Hartford 06107.

Phyllis Kraft Hopps '42, Barrington, R.I.; Sept. 8. Survivors include two sons and her sister, **Barbara Kraft Newton** '42, 2746 Old Oak Walk, Seabrook Island, Johns Island, S.C. 29455.

Aram Kamer Berberian '44, Rehoboth, Mass., civil rights and defense lawyer; July 9. He began practicing law in 1950 before the courts of Rhode Island and subsequently before various Massachusetts and U.S. courts. He was editor of the *Defense Counsel Journal of Rhode Island*. Called the most active lawyer in the legal history of Rhode Island, he was the only lawyer employed by the Plantations Legal Defense Services, and his case load, mostly defended without fee, regularly exceeded those of the entire staffs of other Rhode Island criminal defense agencies. He argued more cases before the Rhode Island Supreme Court and created more Rhode Island Supreme Court case law than any other lawyer in Rhode Island. He was responsible for the enactment of important land and wildlife conservation law, and of public access law, especially beachfront access law. He had been director of the Audubon Society of Rhode Island, the Rhode Island Wildlife Federation, and the General Finance Corporation. He was past secretary of the Quonochontaug Preservation District Association. During World War II, he served in the Mediterranean, Atlantic, and Pacific theaters as a radio officer in the maritime service. Survivors include his wife, Kathleen, 4 Kelton St., Rehoboth 02769; and three children.

Rosemary Goulding '44, Providence; Sept. 17. She was a probation officer for the state of Rhode Island from 1952 to 1973, when she was appointed a federal probation officer, the first woman to be appointed to the position in Rhode Island and the fifth in the country. She was a member of the Women's Army Corps during World War II and was a psychiatric aide at Walter Reed Army Hospital, Washington, D.C. Survivors include a brother and a sister, **Margaret Goulding** '51, 204 Angell St., Providence 02906.

Walter Harold Weinberg '47, Providence; May 20. He was a partner and co-founder of New Interiors, a furniture store in Providence. He served on the board of the Providence Child Guidance Clinic in the early 1960s and was elected president in 1962, and was a member of the ACLU, Common Cause, and the World Affairs Council of Rhode Island. A bomber pilot attached to the 8th Air Force in England during World War II, he flew more than thirty missions over Europe. Survivors include his wife, **Phyllis Fine Weinberg** '48, 70 Everett Ave., Providence 02906; three children; and a brother, **Eugene Weinberg** '51.

L. Nicholas Ruwe '55, Washington, D.C.; May 2, in Rochester, Minn. He served as U.S. Ambassador to Iceland from 1985 to 1989 and helped settle disputes involving shipping and whaling. He was also responsible for the operation of the 1986 summit meeting between President Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev, the Soviet leader. Mr. Ruwe was accorded Iceland's highest honor, the Order of the Falcon, with a star and a cross, when he departed the embassy. A senior staff member and a consultant to President Reagan's election campaigns, he was from 1980

to 1984 chief of staff in New York for former President Richard M. Nixon. He was assistant chief of protocol at the State Department from 1969 to 1975 and was responsible for the state funerals of former presidents Harry S. Truman and Dwight D. Eisenhower. His wife, Nancy, was the social secretary to President Gerald R. Ford and his wife, Betty. Survivors include his wife, 2429 Kalorama Road N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008.

Dr. Francis Salvatore Federico '58, Trenton, N.J., a dentist; Feb. 3. He is survived by his wife, Caroline, 1815 Greenwood Ave., Trenton 08609.

Kathryn Hartley Jean-Baptiste '69, Mentor, Ohio; July 27. She was an administrative coordinator at the Cleveland Clinic for the past sixteen years. She is survived by two sisters, including Jane H. Fryc, 175 Silverwood Dr., East Greenwich, R.I. 02818.

Clark Alva Thompson '74 Ph.D., Winston-Salem, N.C., former chaplain and chairman of the department of religion and philosophy at Salem College in Winston-Salem; Jan. 14, of complications of AIDS. He joined the Salem faculty in 1964 and twice served as acting dean of the college. Before joining the faculty, he was the minister of Christian education at Home Moravian Church, and for three years was an instructor of religion at Salem Academy. He was instrumental in setting up the AIDS Task Force of Winston-Salem. There is no information regarding survivors.

Ellen D. Grober '76, Westport, Conn.; Aug. 9. She was president and treasurer of GGG Incorporated of Fairfield, Conn., an estate liquidator. A licensed gemologist, she was a member of the International Society of Appraisers. She is survived by her parents, Mr. & Mrs. Abraham Grober, 540 Cole Ave., Providence 02906.

Robert Louis Malchodi, Jr. '77 M.A.T., Boston, Mass.; May 29, of complications of AIDS. He was coordinator of the wellness program of The AIDS Action Committee of Massachusetts, Boston. A member of the national advisory council of The National Community AIDS Partnership, he lectured on AIDS-related issues and education. He is survived by his parents, Mr. & Mrs. Robert L. Malchodi, 14 Loder Rd., Yorktown Heights, N.Y. 10598.

Barclay E. Schulz '80, East Sandwich, Mass.; April 25. He taught at the Behavioral Research Institute, Providence, for four years. He also worked for Homeward Bound, Cape Cod, for a year. Survivors include his wife, Victoria, 11 Captain Paine Rd., P.O. Box 779, East Sandwich 02537.

David Eaton Poel '82, New York City; Dec. 6. He was a vice president of Morgan Guaranty Trust Company in New York City. He is survived by his father, Mr. Harold E. Poel, Konigsteinerstrasse, 6242 Kronberg/TS, West Germany. **E**

Finally . . .

continued from page 56

photographed and printed as a negative: everything is backwards. Here in America, conservatives are usually identified with the free market, while liberals tend to favor state intervention. In Russia today, however, the conservatives are Marxist socialists; it is the liberals who are demanding free-market reforms. Listening to a roomful of progressive intellectuals demanding private property and capitalism was an invigorating and stimulating intellectual experience, one I will not soon forget.

And yet, despite the differences I observed, the similarities will remain with me longer. Walking around the apartment complexes near our hotel, I saw children coming home from school, playing soccer, and taking evening walks with their parents. I passed a father teaching his young son how to ride a bike, gently encouraging him when he stopped pedaling and tried to balance. How many times do we see that scene in our own neighborhoods? Perhaps, in our everyday hopes and dreams, Americans and Soviets are more alike than not.

I came back from the Soviet Union full of hope for the boy on the bike, for the father who watched over him, and for all families who want nothing more than to live their lives in peace. It is precisely for people like us that the present political climate offers so much hope. For the past four decades, both societies have borne the enormous economic burden of the Cold War. With the recent easing of tensions, much of the wealth invested in war can now be returned to the citizens from whom it came. For Americans and Soviets alike, this may mean a higher standard of living, a more peaceful world, and a better life for our children.

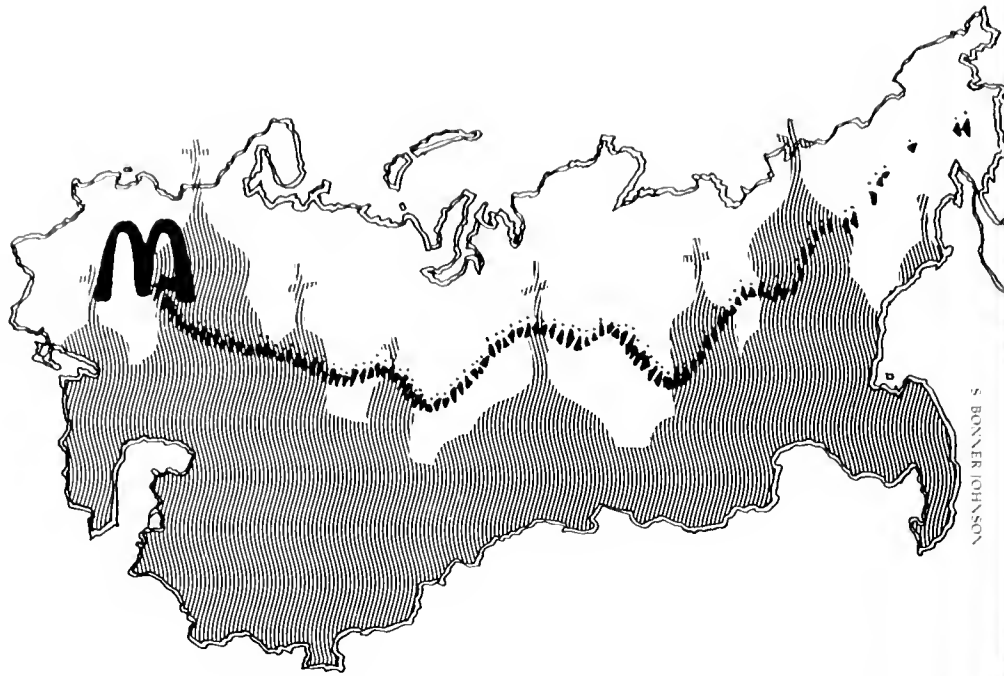
I came back from Moscow resolved to influence our policymakers to see the wisdom of this approach, and to trust the ordinary Soviet citizen to do the same. If we are successful, we'll see more people inside the McDonald's in West Lebanon, New Hampshire. And fewer people outside the one in Moscow. **E**

Barry S. Fagin is assistant professor of engineering sciences at Dartmouth. He recently returned from Moscow, where he attended a Soviet/U.S. conference on changes in Soviet society. Fagin and his wife, Michele Berdinis '81, have two children.

Finally...

In Moscow, a *Beeg Mak* is worth the wait

By Barry S. Fagin '82



There's not that much contrast between the McDonald's in Moscow and the McDonald's in West Lebanon, New Hampshire. To be sure, there are differences. Their menu is in Russian; ours is in English. Here, you ask for a Big Mac, large fries, and a strawberry shake. There, you ask for a "Beeg Mak," a "large portion of potato-fries," and a "strawberry milk cocktail." Still, the food tastes the same, and even the prices are pretty close. There's only one important difference: the Moscow McDonald's has a line of 1,000 people in front of it. It takes about an hour to get the Soviet equivalent of fast food.

But this didn't seem to bother the Russians queued up ahead of me. "An hour is not so long to wait," one of them told me. "I know when I get there they will have what I want. At other places, we may wait for an hour and get nothing." When I suggested that no hamburger could be worth waiting an hour for, he replied, "For you, perhaps. But to people who spend every day of their lives fighting for whatever they can get, an hour means nothing."

There's nothing like a visit to the USSR to teach you a basic economic fact: how you value your time depends on the alternatives you have. Living in a relatively prosperous corner of New England, you forget that there are places where the average citizen can't get a meal that is fast, cheap, and hot.

Life in Moscow is a study in contrasts, particularly to a Westerner on official business. The last day of our conference, I attended a function at the Otkrybrskaya

Hotel, the hotel of the Communist Party Central Committee. It bears no markings or signs of any kind, but none are necessary: it is the only modern building on an otherwise decaying street. The interior is spectacular, luxurious even by Western standards.

After being seated in the lecture hall, we were treated to a speech by Yevgeny Primakov, a member of Gorbachev's cabinet. He told us that "to be a Communist today means to believe in justice." Shortly afterward, we were served a sumptuous meal of meat, caviar, fish, chicken, and fruit. And yet, only the day before, not two blocks from the hotel, I had walked into a state bakery with virtually empty shelves. Farther down the street, I had passed a shoe store where the police had been called in to keep crowds from fighting over a newly-arrived shipment of boots. If being a Communist means believing in justice, it is not a type I am familiar with.

Soviet money, too, is a study in contrasts. One quickly learns that there are two kinds of money in the Soviet Union: rubles, and everything else. Rubles are not convertible into other currencies and cannot leave the Soviet Union. They are suitable only for buying Soviet goods, a less than inspiring thought. Nonetheless, armed only with a pocketful of rubles and a map of Moscow, I set out to spend a day shopping for souvenirs for my family. I told myself I would stay out of the dollars-only stores, and do my best to shop like a Muscovite.

Soviet shopping is an experience unlike any other; it has to be lived to be

believed. The stores are primitive, dirty, and crowded. First, you find the section of the store where your merchandise is located, and stand in line to get inside. Once you locate what you want, you find out what the price is and wait in another line at the cash register. You then pay the cashier, get a receipt, and wait in another line to pick up your order. When you consider that you may have to visit several sections in the same store, and several stores in the same day, you begin to wonder how Muscovites have time for anything else.

Despite the lines, shopping went fairly well. I went to the Soviet equivalent of Child World, curiously located across the street from KGB headquarters. I managed to find a doll for my daughter and a paint set for my son. A kiosk on Kalinina Street had some glasnost-related T-shirts that I liked, and a Russian friend found some lacquer boxes for my wife. It seemed clear that rubles weren't as worthless as I had thought.

As dramatic as the contrasts between dollar and ruble or party member and citizen are, they are not the only ones visible to a Westerner. One sees other types of contrasts that go beyond the borders of the Soviet Union, contrasts that challenge the way you think. Perhaps the most striking of these concern the political situation and the mechanisms for social change.

When one observes the Soviet political scene, it's almost as if the intellectual climate of the United States had been

continued on page 55

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