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Bridgewater
Review



Bridgewater Review

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A protected plant in Massachusetts, the Cardinal Flower (*Lobelia cardinalis*) blooms from July through September.

Professor Emeritus of Biology, Lawrence Mish, located and photographed the flower on the cover, growing along the town river in Bridgewater.

WHAT'S NEW(S)?

by William Levin

It happened after a few years of nightly reports of American casualties in Viet Nam. There was film of wounded soldiers being hurried into helicopters and the relentless counting of body bags. As our capacity to absorb tragedy overflowed, many frustrated Americans wanted some relief from the bad news. Some asked, "Why don't THEY show more good news?", meaning the television and newspaper people.

When it became clear during Jimmy Carter's presidency that the American hostages held by that odd man in Iran would not be brought home quickly despite our wealth, power and technology, the complaint was common again. During the Watergate scandal, the OPEC oil embargo, the rise in rates of crime, drug abuse, cases of AIDS and, most recently, the messy deal in which we shipped arms to Iran to get hostages freed, the cry has gone out for relief from the bad news.

Part of the frustration suffered by those who would like journalists to ease up on the bad tidings is that many people, including our president, think the news industry is an invention of those who work within it. The judicial, legislative and executive branches of government are specifically established in our constitution, but with the exception of the first amendment, there is no enabling legislation for the establishment of news organizations. Who told these people who bring us such unrelenting bad news that this is how journalism should operate? Where is it written that bad news can't be balanced, say half-and-half, with more uplifting stuff.

This is just the sort of plea that has been made by a string of presidential defenders. Richard Nixon had his Spiro Agnew, who referred to newspaper reporters as "the jackal press." Ronald Reagan's man has been Patrick Buchanan, who blamed the press corps for "tearing down America" and "tying the president's hands" in the conduct of his foreign policy. At times they seem to wish that, "in the interest of the country", no bad news be reported at all.

Of course, it is possible to argue that this should not happen because the free press in America provides a vital check

ECONOMY STALLED
TOWN EXPERIENCES RACISM
ROCKET EXPLODES IN ALASKA
34 MISSING IN CRASH
SKIER DIES IN ACCIDENT
EXECUTION THREATENED
JUDGES ARE INVESTIGATED
MAN KILLED ON MASS PIKE
BRITISH FERRY CAPSIZES
ARSON ON INCREASE
RISK OF AIDS RISES
KILLER ON TRIAL
JEEP DRIVER HURT

on excess, inefficiency and plain corruption in society. But what is more fundamental is that in any society, and especially in one that supports a free press, it simply CANNOT happen. This is due to a simple fact about the way people and societies (not just our own) operate.

In everyday life we depend upon sets of rules for behavior called norms. For example, we know how to talk on the telephone or how to act in a doctor's office because we learn how from our parents, teachers and one another. Norms differ between cultures, and even between subgroups within one culture, but what all norms have in common is that they are matters of agreement among groups of people. These rules for behavior make life predictable to the extent that they are shared, and we need that predictability to feel secure.

We come to depend upon the predictability of social life and become extremely anxious when it is threatened. Even simple rudeness, or the failure to keep an appointment is enough to upset most people. But there are more deeply-held, more vital norms than these. For example, we have laws against theft, assault, murder, and incest. Violations of such rules result in proportionately greater discomfort than the violation of rules for everyday interaction, especially when they are violated by people in whom we have placed great trust, such as a president or police officer, or when violations occur within the everyday operation of our most critical institutions, such as the courts or the stock market.

Thus, crime of any sort is news because we become concerned that our general ability to predict that others will not cheat or harm us will be diminished. And a crime committed by a public figure, such as the President of the United States, takes on magnified importance since such a person serves as a symbol of the extent to which our norms can be trusted to work. If a President of the United States acts immorally or breaks the law, what reason is there to believe that anyone won't do the same?

Now it should be possible to see that "the news" (meaning the "bad news") is inevitable, and why what we might call "good news" is not news at all. We constantly need to keep tabs on the stability of our social, political, and economic environment, and we cannot accomplish this by being assured that all is well. By experience we know that the world at every level quivers and shifts, sometimes dramatically. The news is just what it sounds like, new information about the changes (or potential changes) in our world; changes that we might like to prevent but which, if they do come to pass, should certainly require different ways of behaving for which we would rather be prepared. "Good news" is a contradiction in terms because what is new is always perceived as a threat to our accustomed ways of behaving. For those people who would rather be reassured that "everything was just fine today", I suggest they stick to reading what makes them happy and allow the rest of us to continue monitoring the turbulence in the social waters. □

Dear Editor:

Professor Boyle's paper in the January issue of the *Bridgewater Review* is a provocative study of the relationships between terrorism and religion. Regrettably, it contains several errors which should be discussed.

First, we engage in a very comforting piece of sophistry when we draw a distinction between terrorism and war. It is difficult to look at the conduct of war in the 20th century and not find multiple examples of terrorism as part of the methods of modern warfare. The rape of Belgium during the opening days of World War I, unrestricted submarine warfare, bombing of the cities of England, Germany, Japan, and China during World War II, the starvation of the Ukraine by the Soviets during the '30s, the suppression of Berber tribes in Libya by fascist Italy, the genocide of the Armenians by the Turks, the Holocaust, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and the ultimate terrorism of nuclear detente all remind us that states have used, and will continue to use, terror as a tool to accomplish their political, economic and territorial goals. The distinction between warfare and terrorism is largely one of formalities. *Terrorism should be understood to be an undeclared war.* Terrorist groups cannot function without financial and logistical support. Arms caches do not accumulate spontaneously. Someone buys arms and arranges the transport of the contraband. The terrorist as a madman with a gun is just not a good model to base our understanding of modern terrorism. States will continue to use it as long as it is a successful method of accomplishing their goals without the risks and costs of a declared war.

Second, very few states choose to present their actions to their citizens and to the world without some degree of whitewash. J.P. Morgan is reported to have said that there are two reasons for everything, a good reason and the *real one*. Religion is a convenient way to rationalize acts of aggression, especially if the particular religion is one that divides people into believers and infidels. Other rationalizations are racial and political. Again it is not difficult to look at the history of the 20th century and find examples of atrocities committed in the name of racial and/or ideological purity. Indeed, the gulags of this world are filled with the victims of such purges and pogroms. Those of us who were part of the military during the '60s and early '70s can remember the description of the enemy as "gooks" and "slants." It is necessary to dehumanize the victims of aggression long before the act. During wars states engage in this process through propaganda.

Third, Professor Boyle's analysis fails to point out the aspects of religion which are *opposed* to terrorist actions. This is the most serious error. If his selection of quotations from the Koran is as incomplete as those from the Bible, our Moslem brothers have been done a serious disservice. Indeed, devout Moslems begin each recitation from the Koran with—"In the name of Allah, the Merciful and Compassionate." The selections from the Old Testament ignore the books of Amos, Habakkuk, and Jeremiah. The first chapter of Amos describes the reasons why God will punish the nations which were the neighbors of Israel—wartime atrocities, desecration of tombs, genocide, and enslavement. In Habakkuk the cruelties of the Babylonians are condemned (Hab.2:12). In Jeremiah, Judah is condemned because she has oppressed the poor, widows, the fatherless, and *foreigners* (Jer.22:15).

When the New Testament is considered, that message of peace and justice is amplified. Several brief quotations will illustrate the point: "But I tell you love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you" (Matt 5:44)... "Be merciful just as your Father is merciful" (Luke 6:36). The thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians—"And the greatest of these is love"—clearly indicates that the Christian Gospel does not sanction violence and terrorism.

The only reason why so-called Christian nations have engaged in religious wars is the appalling ignorance of what is contained in the entire Bible. Only when a people are unaware of the message of peace, reconciliation, and joy that is found in the Gospel can they be manipulated into believing that the Bible sanctions the cruelties that have been committed in its name.

We are all deeply troubled by acts of terrorism. We grieve with the victims; and we are outraged by the impotence that seems to be our lot when such actions take place. Professor Boyle is correct when he points out that the association between terrorist groups and the people that they "represent" may be one of convenience rather than one of conviction. Working out real solutions to terrorism will be very much like working out real solutions to the problems of domestic crime and violence. Part of the solution is to pursue justice and equality; part of the solution is arrest and punishment; and part of the solution is making such activity unprofitable by establishing restitution to the victims. The entire international community must recognize that no nation is safe, no borders are defensible, and no citizen is safe abroad so long as nations utilize terrorism as a means of pursuing political,

diplomatic, or economic ends. To focus our attention on the religious aspects of terrorism is to miss the point that terrorism has become (if it hasn't always been) an article of statecraft. Our challenge is to begin the dialog which will result in the end of terrorism. There is an old Klingon proverb (brought to us via *Star Trek*) that only a madman fights in a burning house. The end of terrorism will come when we recognize that our house is on fire!

Dick Andrews
Class of 1970

Professor Boyle Replies:

I am grateful to Mr. Andrews for his letter and happy to reply since the whole point of the writing was to stimulate discussion. I am, however, mystified by his use of the word "error" with regard to his first two points. I would agree that terrorism is war even though I would insist that it may be declared as well as undeclared. The PLO and several of the terrorist groups, like Islamic Jihad have openly declared war on Israel, yet we would all agree, I think, that they engage in terrorist tactics. Secondly, I have no quarrel with the statement that religion is used to rationalize acts of aggression, in fact, that implied theme runs throughout the article.

I believe the real problem for Mr. Andrews is the third one, and here I think our differences arise out of a misunderstanding of the point of the piece. I could surely write an article condemning terrorism on religious grounds, citing dozens of biblical passages of the kind he includes in his letter. I could do something of the same with Islam, though with less conviction, perhaps because Islam more clearly draws a distinction between the rights of the believer and the unbeliever. The fact remains that the lines are drawn along religious distinctions, as noted. It pits Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Muslims, Shi'ites and Sunnis against each other. It is no accident that the names of so many of the groups reflect their religious orientation, and it is of paramount importance that we understand how religious rationalizations justify acts of aggression. I ask only that we understand it so we may deal with it, not that we condone terrorism because it is perpetrated by a religious person or because it uses a religious excuse to denigrate or condemn religion, but to indicate how it is used to support heinous activity, often in violation of its own tenets or its usual interpretive expression. I have taken it (perhaps too much?) for granted that terrorism is not the highest and best mode of expression of the religions under question.
Milton L. Boyle, Jr.

Preserving Local History

by Patricia J. Fanning

Fred Holland Day died in obscurity at his home in Norwood, Massachusetts on November 2, 1933, leaving behind in total disarray hundreds of scrapbooks, photographs, documents and letters, all to be donated to the Norwood Historical Society. The Society, in turn, needing a building to house this collection along with their other materials, purchased Day's mansion and made it their headquarters. It was not until decades later, however, that the Society discovered the value and importance of the manuscripts and memorabilia they possessed.

At the turn of the century, Fred Holland Day had risen to a position of international fame, distinction, and notoriety as a publisher, photographer, and bibliophile. Under his direction, the publishing firm of Copeland & Day was renowned for beautifully illustrated and finely printed volumes. Day became one of the premiere artistic photographers in America, his moody, almost medieval photos haunting in their beauty and grace; and he amassed one of the largest collections of Keatsiana in the world.

Eventually, however, a combination of illness, eccentricity, and disillusionment led Day into seclusion. He remained in his Norwood home for the last fifteen years of his life, rarely leaving his bedroom and receiving few visitors. With this withdrawal, his name slipped into the shadows, and, by the time of his death, few remembered his name or his distinctive artistic contribution to the aesthetic nineties. In short, he was considered by most in the town to be a mentally unbalanced hermit. Today, after massive organization and constant, if selective, promotion by the Society, the main portion of Day's papers are accessible to researchers. Scholars interested in topics as wide-ranging as photography, book illustration, and architecture as well as those studying people as diverse as Louise Imogen Guiney, Louis Rhead, and Ralph Adams Cram, find the Society a necessary stop.

The Archives of American Art, a division of the Smithsonian Institution, has microfilmed a large segment of the collection to increase its availability to scholars across the country,



*F. Holland Day, by Frederick Evans
(Reprinted through the courtesy of the Norwood Historical Society.)*

and a full-length biography of Day has been written. In addition, the Norwood Historical Society has loaned its support and portions of its collection to important exhibitions at Harvard University, the International Museum of Photography in Rochester, New York and the Museum of Photographic Art in San Diego, California.

Without the efforts of numerous volunteers throughout the years and the dedication of a Society which has supported itself on meager resources for decades, this collection would undoubtedly have been lost forever. As it stands today, however, a major portion of our shared artistic heritage has been preserved for future generations — and all because a group of dedicated townspeople were interested enough in the

history of their community and its citizens to preserve, examine, organize, and promote the donated works of one eccentric, reclusive old man.

Too often local history is looked upon as the domain of amateurs, eccentric old women and men waxing enthusiastic about the "good old days" bearing no relation to reality and having no relevance to today's society. These people are viewed as anachronisms, keepers of dust-covered, nondescript objects and yellowing, unidentifiable photographs, clinging to an often imaginary glorified past, honoring the lifestyles of their ancestors (primarily white Anglo-Saxon Protestants) to the exclusion of spheres of influence such as immigration, industrialization and working class life. At their worst, local

*There is an opportunity here
to create a new, more vibrant
and relevant historical
perspective, capitalizing on
the natural curiosities and
interests of the people.*

history and historical societies can come chillingly close to that picture.

At their best, however, they can provide important pieces to the mosaic that is our shared past. David Kyvig and Myron Marty in their book, *Nearby History* explain the essential significance of local history:

The nation's history, it is now apparent, cannot fully be understood by looking only at leadership elites and their decisions. The experience of other social groups, particularly anonymous people who form the mass of society, needs to be examined. Slavery cannot be understood by investigating only Abraham Lincoln; one must find out what it meant to the slave. The Great Depression of the 1930s cannot be comprehended by analyzing only Franklin D. Roosevelt; one must consider how the families of unemployed workers lived through it. The Vietnam War cannot be appreciated by viewing it only from the perspective of Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon; one must learn what soldiers, draft evaders and civilians on the home front thought about it.

This new insight has fostered a resurgence in local history, bringing with it high standards of accuracy and professional acceptance. A steady stream of books based on diaries, memorabilia and reminiscences have surfaced and the growing popularity of local history in both the school and college curriculum is indicative of an emerging interest in community history in general.

But there is a danger that the pendulum will swing too far in the opposite direction. Professionalism and higher education notwithstanding, the "elder statesmen" of local history as well as ardent amateurs have a considerable contribution to make and should not be ignored. Unfortunately, the local historian's chief associative advocate, the American Association for State and Local History, has bowed to the so-called "academics."

AASLH gears itself to that contingent of societies with money and prestige. Professional assistance, seminars,

books, and video materials are costly and, despite protest to the contrary, grants to underwrite local history research are awarded primarily to those scholars affiliated with universities and well-endowed associations. All of this disregards the vast majority of societies, operating on shoestring budgets and staffed by volunteers. Local history, it seems, is becoming susceptible to a new elitism, one which could prove every bit as deadly as the filiopietism of past generations.

The point of all this is to call for a little discretion and perhaps a little common sense. No, local history should not be left solely in the hands of a few short-sighted amateurs, but neither should it be handed over lock, stock, and barrel to the academics. After all, if you recall, it was the professional historian and educator who squeezed the life's blood out of our nation's history. Men of true heroism such as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln have become caricatures while the turbulent, dramatic crises of the American Revolution, the Civil War and the Depression are presented as homogenized, one-dimensional issues to our schoolchildren.

There is an opportunity here to create a new, more vibrant and relevant historical perspective, capitalizing on the natural curiosities and interests of the people. Utilizing the proper research skills, countless social, economic and political processes can be examined in microscopic fashion and can be presented with an eye and ear towards uncovering the vitality of their problems and the energy of their ideas. Local and amateur historians are vital

to the achievement of such a goal. They know how to obtain data on families, town government, industrial development and local prejudices and predilections, even if their interpretive skills are, at times, lacking. They understand their own communities and are themselves the products of community history at work. Professional educators and scholars should tap into the vast resources of enthusiasm, knowledge and source material these local historians and their organizations can offer.

In New York state, school systems are required to begin teaching local history to all students in the fourth grade. Children are exposed early to the excitement of discovery. They learn that "history" is not something that happened somewhere else; they are taught the significance of land features in the growth of a community, architectural styles as symbols of economic standing, the ramifications of immigration patterns and the effects of the railroad on sleepy farming communities.

Surely Massachusetts, a state so proud of its heritage, should not be left behind in this regard. To be sure, there are communities within the state that have assembled strong local history programs, but these are isolated instances. The plethora of both professional history educators and local historians ensures that, with a little imagination, creativity and cooperation, Massachusetts could take the lead in local history offerings. There are other Fred Holland Days out there; anonymous men and women waiting to be discovered and given their rightful place in the social, artistic, and industrial heritage of our communities. Each recovery from the oblivion of the past is a tremendous victory of the future. □

Patricia Fanning graduated from Wheaton College and holds a Master's Degree in American Studies from Boston College. The author of two novels based on local history, she currently serves as president of the Norwood (Mass.) Historical Society.

Brasilidade

To Vinícius de Moraes

The Beach

The late morning light finally
wakes me: she has gone to walk alone.

I sit in the window frame, eating the last
ripe pear, watching her, below the grasses,
walking across the hard white sand.

A cool ocean breeze — a stiletto in the heat —
stirs her white cotton dress; air
flows over her thighs. She pauses to feel it all.

She once said the coolness makes her dream:
In the sunlight she wears seashells,
one cupping each breast.

Their heaviness makes her body sweat
and her heart pound:

In all her sea dreams
swirling echoes seduce her.

I dream my dream: Licking the pear juices
streaming down my fingers,
I taste air melting in sunlight.

My tongue drips with the heaviness of molten air,
and the startling tang of salt
bursting from broken shells.

Belo Horizonte

I

Space edges the thin blue plane that is sea and sky.
Light - only reflection - layers the dual plane:
the eye stares through blue dust to the straight dark crack
framing the plane's edge furthest from shore,

a crack like a wall, thick, black with strength and light,
impenetrable. Clouds slide over it.

A breach in the plane, the solid line
is ends of light at last collected.

The naked eye is the plane's orb, light's magic ball.
Searching for the sea, for light, for life and peace,
the eye flattens reflections, and combines them:

blue becomes blue sky, blue becomes blue sea
becomes bluer sea, becomes sky blue.

II

At midnight they light fires on the beach.
The wood breaks into salt sparks
and the breeze sucks the ashes into the sea.

Iemanja, debaixo de ceu
Iemanja, por dento mar
Iemanja, o mar tua espada
o mar tua espada
o mar tua espada

In the darkness each dancer is alone,
a swaying believer poised with requests:
to save, to protect, to remember this night.

Iemanja, debaixo de ceu
Iemanja, por dento mar
Iemanja, o mar tua espada
o mar tua espada
o mar tua espada

At dawn they carry baskets of flowers to sea.
The petals are sacrifices
rising and falling on the waves.

Iemanja, debaixo de ceu
Iemanja, por dento mar
Iemanja, o mar tua espada
o mar tua espada
o mar tua espada

In the new light believers gather.
The brilliant buds flow
into the mouth of the goddess.

Iemanja, debaixo de ceu
Iemanja, por dento mar
Iemanja, o mar tua espada
o mar tua espada
o mar tua espada

At noon the beach is deserted.
Black wood crumbles on the sand
and sea foam quivers like clusters of webs.

Iemanja, Iemanja, Iemanja

A pure white shell rolls inside the waves.
It comes to rest on the white-hot shore
round and whole, invisible in the sunlight.

Iemanja, Iemanja, Iemanja

Saudades

Morning continues to triumph
over fragments of shells and stones.
Light crawls across the pools,
the foam, those empty shells
cracked by the ebb.

I sleep in the sea
as in a mother or a lover,
waiting for the moon to pull me
into the clear, cool night.

But the moon leaves me in mist,
neither sea nor sky.

Balanced like the final drop of mist,
my soul trembles, haunted with pleasure.

"Belo Horizonte" means beautiful horizon in Portuguese. It is also the name of a town in Brazil which was planned specifically so that it would face a beautiful view.

"Iemanja" is the goddess of salt water in the Afro-Brazilian cults practiced in Bahia. On February 2, at the festival of the goddess, rafts are put to sea with flowers as a sacrifice. The sacrifices are made to protect those who travel or use the sea, especially the fishermen.

The chant is translated to "Iemanja, under the sky/Iemanja, inside the sea/Iemanja, the waves are your sword/the waves are your sword/the waves are your sword." Two of the symbols of the goddess are seashells and a sword.

"Saudades" is a Portuguese-Brazilian term defined by Erico Verissimo as "romantic feeling," and John Dos Passos, quoting from the "Pequeno Dicionario Brasileiro da Lingua Portuguesa," described it as "the sad and suave remembrance of persons or things distant or gone."

Elizabeth Moura will receive her B.A. in English from Bridgewater State College in May, 1987. She has been a newspaper correspondent at the Brockton Enterprise for the past two years.

Youth Sports: Boon or Bane?

by Paul Dubois

From their modest origins in the 1920s, out-of-school sport programs have become the dominant system of organized play for young people in the United States. Current estimates are that over 25 million youngsters are participating in some type of agency-sponsored sport program.

Despite their widespread popularity, youth sport programs have not escaped considerable controversy and criticism. Frequently heard concerns include the overemphasis on winning, the psychological stress placed on the child, orthopedic injuries caused by excessive training and playing, overzealous parents, and the number of dropouts from such programs. Not surprisingly, such concerns have generated a spate of research which has helped to create an increasing awareness that, when it comes to organized sports for young people, "what the ball is doing to the child" is at least as important as "what the child is doing to the ball".

This article will begin by outlining a framework for the analysis of youth sports programs. The framework will provide a context for the main body of the article which will consist of a review of research in the "what the ball is doing to the child" tradition. Finally, some concluding remarks will be made concerning how one might modify youth sport programs which do not yet fulfill the objective of providing optimal experiences for *all* their participants.

A Conceptual Framework for Youth Sports Programs

Given the frequent criticism directed toward youth sports programs by sport scientists, one might conclude that they are in favor of their elimination. Such is not the case at all. Rather, what they *do* generally advocate is the substitution of professionalized or "product" oriented programs with more "process" oriented ones. In the context of sport, "process" and "product" are conceived as representing polar opposites of a competitive continuum. A product oriented program emphasizes:

- a) winning as an end in itself;
- b) the pursuit of prizes (trophies, jackets, money);



Robert Ward

- c) the seeking of adulation; and
 - d) the dehumanization of one's opponent: the opponent is viewed as an object, an obstacle to overcome.
- On the other hand, the emphasis in a process oriented program is on:
- a) participating as an end in itself;
 - b) striving for personal (and team) excellence;
 - c) an appreciation for the aesthetic in sport forms; and
 - d) an appreciation for and rapport with the opponent: the opponent is viewed as providing the necessary conditions to achieve a quality performance.

That youth sports programs often tilt toward the product end of the continuum is not surprising: a "product" program is based on professional sport, and it is professional sport that typically is the *only visible model available* to administrators and coaches of youth sports programs. Clearly, more systematic efforts must be made to create an awareness in youth sports leaders of the process end of the competitive continuum.

What of the athletes themselves? Are they in agreement with the so-

called sports programs? Research conducted by several scientists would indicate that they are. For example, let's look at some studies concerning the decision to become involved in sports. These studies found that the most important reasons for becoming involved in sports are to have fun, to improve skills, to become fit, to challenge oneself and to be part of a group. Research I recently conducted on two Massachusetts youth soccer programs provides similar findings. Although the two programs emphasized distinctive competitive orientations, the athletes in both programs were remarkably similar in terms of the relative ranking given to factors they considered important in their decision to participate in sports. As Table I indicates, the top five ranks of both programs include factors which reflect the "process" end of the continuum. Winning is relegated to the lower half of the ranking, particularly when it is considered in the context of unethical conduct.

In summary, it appears that "process" motives dominate the young athlete's decision to *become involved* in



Robert Ward

sports. Similarly, *dropping out* of organized sports is often a consequence of the athlete's perception that too little attention is paid to matters of "process." In a study of young swimmers, it was found that the most important reason for dropping out was to participate in other sports or activities. However, eight of the next nine reasons suggested the existence of a product oriented program philosophy and of coaches who placed an overemphasis on winning. A sampling of these reasons include: was not as good as I wanted to be; was not enough fun; did not like the pressure; did not like the coach. Similarly, Terry Orlick and John Pooley, two noted behavioral scientists, reported that 50% and 33%, respectively, of the child athlete drop-outs they studied withdrew because of the emphasis on winning.

Physiological Effects of Participation

One of the most frequent criticisms of youth sports concerns the physiological stresses to which the young athletes are exposed. However, there is some question as to what are the most

common athletic related injuries among children and youth. After a rather extensive review of the literature, a recent article on this topic concluded that soft tissue injuries (e.g. contusions, lacerations), sprains and fractures "are a problem in youth sports participation." Other reports, however, have asserted that "overuse" injuries are the most prevalent. It may be that both points of view are correct: soft tissue injuries, sprains, etc. may be the most common *acute* injuries while overuse injuries, although perhaps less frequent, tend to be more *chronic* in nature and thus are potentially more debilitating in the long term.

An overuse injury is one that occurs in the joint area to tendons, ligaments and the epiphyseal plates of bones. The *direct* causes of such injuries are poor mechanics and repetitive stress on the joint. However, the likely *ultimate* cause is the institutionalized aspect of youth sports. That is, youth sports programs are often highly competitive (in order to meet the organizational goal of winning), and involve extensive practice sessions and playing schedules. Compounding the consequences of in-

stitutionalization are coaches without adequate training in conditioning and rehabilitation techniques and with the tendency to place winning and self aggrandizement ahead of the welfare of the child.

Data on emergency room visits in Massachusetts, which tend to reflect more serious injuries, provide a clearer picture of the incidence of injury among young athletes. Among youth 6-12 years old, sports injuries are the second leading cause of emergency room (ER) visits (21% of all visits); among those 13-19 years old, such injuries are the leading cause (31%) of all ER visits.

Another noteworthy Massachusetts statistic is the finding that 17% if *all* injuries to children and youth are related to sports and recreational activities. Leading offenders are those sports most frequently found among non-school programs: football, basketball, baseball, hockey and soccer are ranked 2, 3, 6, 7 and 8, respectively, in terms of incidence of injury. Given these findings on the relationship between sports participation and childhood injuries, it is not surprising that the Massachusetts Childhood Injury Prevention Program of the Department of Public Health strongly recommends the establishment of statewide sports injury prevention and management programs.

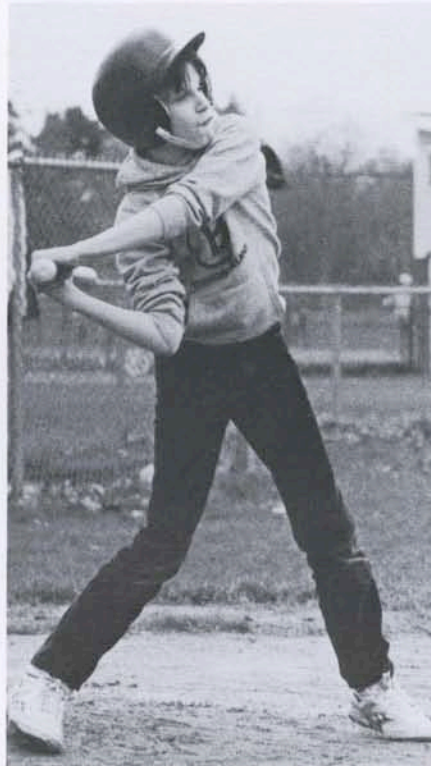
Psychological Aspects of Youth Sports

The psychological aspects of youth sports are as important as the physical. For example, the importance of the coach to the psychological development of the child athlete cannot be underestimated. A primary reason is the child's level of dependence on the coach concerning his/her competence as an athlete (and hypothetically as a person as well): since the developing child has little past experience upon which to draw in making an assessment of his/her athletic ability, feedback by the coach serves as an important source of information about performance capabilities. The coach can also influence the young athlete's attitude toward his/her team and toward sports in general.

Scholars generally agree that the

... coaching behavior that is influenced by wins and losses is less likely to achieve the same positive self-concept and attitudinal outcomes as coaching behavior that is not contingent on a team's performance.

most important characteristic of a coach's feedback to the child is that it be positive or "success oriented." Such behavior helps ensure a variety of desirable outcomes. First, it develops athletes with positive attitudes toward sports and their teams. Second, it produces a greater liking for the coach. Third, it enhances a player's sense of self-esteem and self-efficacy. This latter point is particularly important, because increasing esteem and sense of efficacy promotes greater effort in, and persistence toward, the specific task at hand (e.g. learning a new skill). Further, it promotes an orientation toward, and an appreciation of, the intrinsic value (i.e. the "process" aspects) of sport.



Robert Ward

Table 1
Relative Importance of Factors Considered in Decision to Participate in Youth Sports

Rank	Progress Program	Product Program
1	Improve Skills	Play Fairly
2	Play Fairly	Improve Skills
3	Have Fun	Be Part of Team
4	Good Sportsmanship	Have Fun
5	Improve Fitness	Good Sportsmanship
8		To Win
10	To Win	
13	To Win By Rule Breaking	To Win By Rule Breaking

Not a great deal is known about the behavior or feedback of youth sports coaches toward their athletes. What information we do have, however, indicates that they are not always consistent in this feedback. For example, data I have collected at youth football and soccer games show that, unlike "process" programs, those having a product competitive orientation produced coaching behavior that was contingent on team performance. Table 2 summarizes this data: it indicates that when a team lost, the coach in the "product" program more than doubled the proportion of his/her negative behaviors (from 18% to 37%) as compared to when a team won. Such

behaviors send a message to the child that being successful and being accepted by the coach are contingent upon winning. They also reduce the likelihood of the child gaining a full appreciation of competition-as process. In sum, coaching behavior that is influenced by wins and losses is less likely to achieve the same positive self-concept and attitudinal outcomes as coaching behavior that is not contingent on a team's performance.

A consistent criticism directed at youth sports has been the level of stress placed on its participants. As in most other settings, stress occurs in sports when some situation or condition is perceived as threatening, i.e. when the player is confronted with a stimulus that may endanger the attainment of important goals. There are many potential stress-producing situations in sports (e.g. "Will I make a positive contribution to my team's performance?" "Will I perform with skill?" "Will my coach praise my hustle?").

Much of the stress in youth sports programs is believed to originate primarily with parents or coaches who either (a) have unreasonably high expectations for success, or (b) seek ego enhancement vicariously through the athletic prowess of their players and/or children.

Recently conducted research has found that competitive stress does not adversely affect all child athletes. However, it does impact on a sizeable minority, particularly those who participate in individual sports.* Crucial situations within a game, the importance of a contest, and final outcome (i.e. winning/losing) also affect the stress level of a young athlete.

What are the consequences of stress for the child athlete? Physiological and psychological discomfort are two outcomes which are generally observed. Of perhaps greater concern are the more practical deleterious effects such as a regression in skill level, an increased likelihood of injury, and dropping out of the activity.

Before providing some suggestions about how youth sports programs can more closely approach the "process" ideal, I need to state initially that there

Table 2
Percentage of Coaches' Positive Behaviors by Program Orientation and Game Outcome

	Progress Program	Product Program
Won	81%	82%
Tied	79%	(No ties)
Lost	85%	63%

are many well run programs. The "horror stories" about youth sports that occasionally turn up in the media sometimes lead to a condemnation of all programs, when in fact the vast majority are doubtless innocent of truly serious transgressions. Nevertheless, even good programs can be improved.

*Interestingly, the study found that the most stressful situation for a pre-adolescent child was a band recital solo. Competition in an individual sport was ranked second.

TANK MCNAMARA

by Jeff Millar & Bill Hinds



Evidence for such an assertion comes from the coaches themselves. For example, several surveys conducted on youth sports coaches demonstrate that they do not rate themselves very high as concerns a variety of behaviors and skills necessary to be a competent coach. Further, one study revealed that nearly half of the coaches surveyed endorsed the idea that coaching clinics or workshops should be required of those who volunteer for youth sport programs. Thus, it appears reasonable to assert that at least some of the suggestions which follow can benefit most programs.

One suggestion is to provide coaches with a variety of educational experiences such as clinics, workshops and/or self-directed programs of study. It is incumbent upon coaches at any level to have a knowledge base in such areas as sports-skill progressions, planning and conducting practices, the coach-player-parent relationship, pre-and inseason conditioning, prevention and care of injuries, and the legal aspects of coaching. A corollary need is for further research concerning the consequences for young athletes of organized youth sports. Particularly needed are studies that investigate the long term physiological and psychological effects of sports participation on young people. Continued research in this domain can only serve to enhance the quality of coaching education programs.

A second suggestion is to reduce the "product" competitive orientation of programs. As I indicated earlier, the verbal behavior of the coach is important in setting the competitive climate for his/her team. Thus, one strategy in this area would be to systematically record a coach's behavior, and finally, to give specific suggestions as to how such behavior can be modified to encourage more of a "process" competitive orientation in his/her program.

A less direct method to reduce the product competitive orientation in youth sports programs is to "deprofessionalize" them, i.e. to eliminate as many elements as possible that make such programs little other than miniature versions of the major leagues. Table 1 provides a number of suggestions in this regard. This strategy may actually be more effective than modifying a coach's behavior insofar as producing a long lasting reduction of a "winning-is-the-only-thing" competitive orientation is concerned: if you change the program structure, you will probably change the coach's behavior as well, but if you only change the coach's behavior and return him to an environment that is not congruent with that behavior, the coach is likely to quickly revert to his/her initial mode of behavior.

The final suggestion concerns the matter of when and how to introduce athletic competition to young people. I

posit the following guidelines:

- a) Concentrate on developing a solid foundation of all the essential skills before placing the child in a competitive situation. When introducing competition do it gradually by teaching one specific competitive situation at a time. This practice will help the child learn the strategy of the sport without experiencing a regression in basic skill performance.
- b) Be sure opponents are as evenly matched as possible. Equal matchups promote optimal performance — and maximum enjoyment — among all participants.
- c) Provide success opportunities for all athletes by rewarding not just winning, but effort, enthusiasm and personal improvement as well.

Youth sports: boon or bane? At this point in time, the answer to this question is that in general, they are likely neither. If youth sports leaders constantly keep in mind that such programs should be education and fun for the participants, the answer assuredly will be a positive one in the near future. □



David Wilson

Paul Dubois is a professor of Physical Education at Bridgewater State College. His expertise as a sport sociologist stems from his days at Stanford University where he received a MA in Sociology prior to his Ph.D. in Education. He is currently a member of the Governor's Committee on Physical Fitness and Sports.

New England Pilots In The Lafayette Flying Corps

by William F. Hanna

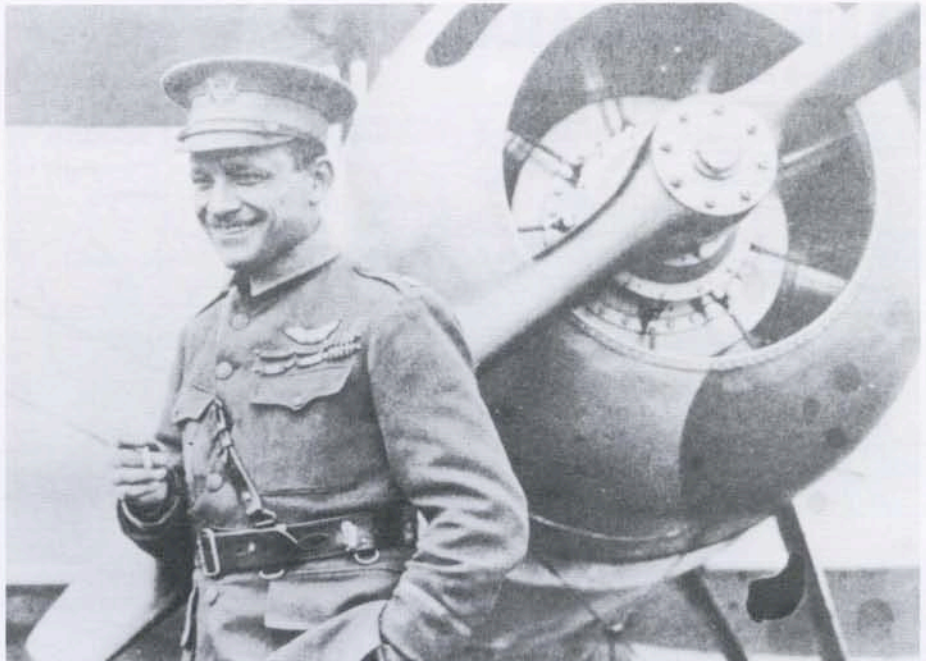
The Lafayette Flying Corps was the name given to a group of American pilots who flew with the French Air Service during World War I. More than 200 Americans became expatriates, for a time at least, in order to try to qualify to fly the latest French fighter planes against the Germans. By war's end the 180 who succeeded were serving in 93 French squadrons. Although most later transferred to the U.S. Air Service, it was their days in the Lafayette Flying Corps—and its most elite squadron, the Lafayette Escadrille—which recalled the fondest memories among survivors.

From the beginning the Lafayette pilots were seen as something special. Even as the war continued, foreign correspondents filed stories from remote French airfields which portrayed these pilots as knights of the air, daredevil Lancelots who laughed in the face of death as they fought the sinister Hun. This glorification escalated in the two decades after the war, a period which saw the rapid growth of both the aviation and motion picture industries, as well as new threats from Germany. By the eve of the Second World War the Lafayette men had become the stuff of folklore.

Of the 180 Americans who flew with the Lafayette, 30 had lived all or part of their lives in New England. An examination of their careers will show that, although they did share certain attributes like courage, self-confidence and love of adventure, they were indeed a mixed crew, difficult to classify and largely indifferent to the glamour of knighthood.

Of these 30 New England pilots who joined the Lafayette Flying Corps, almost two-thirds were at the front in some capacity before America entered the war in April, 1917. Fourteen were already flying for the French and several others were members of the French Foreign Legion or the American Ambulance Field Service.

Edwin C. Parsons, of Springfield, Massachusetts, as one of the last surviving members of the Lafayette, was asked what had prompted Americans to join a war in which their country was not yet involved. "Motives were as varied as the men themselves," he



Major Raoul Lufbery in the uniform of the U.S. Aero Service shortly before his death in 1918. (Photo: U.S. Corps, National Archives)

wrote. "Some sought adventure, others revenge, while a pitiful few actually sacrificed themselves in the spirit of purest idealism."

While it seems certain that all three of the elements mentioned by Parsons—adventure, revenge, idealism—motivated every Lafayette pilot at some time, certain fliers do stand out as good examples of each. For instance, Norman Prince, of Prides Crossing, Massachusetts, was certainly an idealist. Thirteen of the 30 New England pilots were college men, and Prince was one of 9 who had attended Harvard. When war broke out in Europe he was a successful Chicago lawyer with every expectation of a long and rewarding legal career. Yet Prince was fascinated by the struggle taking place overseas and decided to play his part in it. He began by taking flying lessons at his own expense and under an assumed name. Since his grandfather had once been mayor of Boston, young Prince wanted to avoid notoriety. He was 28 years old in January, 1915, when he sailed for Europe, hoping to persuade the French government to accept a squadron of

American pilots in the *Service Aeronautique*. After months of delay and frustration the efforts of Prince and others were rewarded when the Lafayette Escadrille was born.

Oliver M. Chadwick, of Lowell, Massachusetts, was just 25 years old when he enlisted in the French Foreign Legion in January, 1917. A graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard College, he had trained as a lawyer at Harvard Law School and was beginning life as a promising young attorney when the war broke out. Moved by what he saw as the heroic struggle of the Allies, Chadwick walked away from his legal practice and went to Canada to offer his services. Rejected because of his American citizenship, he returned to the States and enlisted in the Massachusetts National Guard. After a four month tour of duty in Mexico, he, like Norman Prince, learned how to fly an airplane and then sailed for France. After a short stint in the Foreign Legion he was accepted by the French Air Service.

Another idealist in the Prince-Chadwick mold was Harold Buckley

Willis, of Boston, a 1912 graduate of Harvard College who had trained as an architect. After spending two years in the Massachusetts National Guard, Willis enlisted in the American Ambulance Field Service in February, 1915, and six months later was cited for his rescue of wounded while under fire. Willis was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* with Star, but by this time he had been accepted by French Aviation and was on his way to becoming one of the most famous pilots of the Lafayette Escadrille.

Along with the idealists, New England certainly sent its share of adventurers to the Lafayette Flying Corps. Two such men were Herman Chatkoff and Frank Baylies. Chatkoff had made his way from his home in Maplewood, Massachusetts to Brooklyn. In August, 1914, he left his car washing job and went to France to enlist in the Foreign Legion. When asked about his previous military service, Chatkoff replied that he was a veteran of five years with the Salvation Army. A dark, brooding man, his murderous temper suited him well for trench warfare on the Western Front, where he served as a rifleman for almost two years before entering the Lafayette Flying Corps in 1916.

Frank Baylies represented the other side of the coin. The mild-mannered son of a successful New Bedford businessman, Baylies graduated from the Moses Brown Preparatory School in Providence and then went to work for his father. He was one of a few young men of his time who could drive an automobile, and he was a familiar sight as he piloted the family car through the narrow streets of New Bedford. The story goes that Baylies became fascinated by reports of the heroism of American ambulance drivers on the Western Front, and in February 1916, at the age of 20 and against his parents' wishes, he sailed for France to join them. Fifteen months later, after surviving heavy fighting on both the Western and Eastern Fronts, and after having been awarded the *Croix de Guerre* for valor under fire, Baylies was accepted into the Lafayette Flying Corps.

One of Frank Baylies' closest wartime friends was Ted Parsons. This Springfield native was a graduate of



Left: Frank Baylies and Ted Parsons served together in Les Cigones, one of the finest French fighter Squadrons. Right: David E. Putman succeeded Baylies as the American "Ace" until his own death in September 1918. (Photo: National Archives)

Phillips Exeter Academy who had dropped out of the University of Pennsylvania. After completing pilot training in the U.S., Parsons had gone to Mexico in 1913 to try to teach Pancho Villa's men how to fly airplanes. In December, 1915, he sailed for France as a member of the Ambulance Service. He was with this group for four months before being accepted by French Aviation, which assigned him to the Lafayette Escadrille in January, 1917.

Another adventurer was Paul Pavelka, a poor boy who had run away from the family farm in Madison, Connecticut when he was only 14 years old. The youth had gone west, and at one time or another had worked as a cowboy, a cook in a sheep camp, and a nurse. While still a boy he had gone to sea and had once walked across the South American continent after his ship was wrecked. Forever after called "Skipper" by his friends, Pavelka enlisted in

the Foreign Legion in November, 1914, and was bayoneted during hand-to-hand fighting in June, 1915. He transferred to the French Air Service the following December and became a member of the Lafayette Escadrille in August, 1916.

While Norman Prince fought for his ideals, and Paul Pavelka sought adventure, Raoul Lufbery wanted only vengeance. Born in France of French parents in 1885, Lufbery saw his mother die and his father emigrate to Wallingford, Connecticut. The boy was left in the care of his grandmother and was put to work in a chocolate factory. He faithfully sent his wages to his father in Connecticut and, at age 19, finally decided to join the old man in America. After circuitously traveling throughout much of Europe and North Africa, he finally arrived in Wallingford in 1906, only to find that his father had sailed to Europe a short time before!



Left: A French fighter heads for base in the setting sun. (Photo: *The Lafayette Flying Corps*, ed. by James Hall and Charles Nordhoff, Boston, 1920) **Right:** A rare combat action photo shows this German Fokker E-III diving for the attack from behind. (Photo: U.S. Air Force)

The boy waited in Wallingford for nearly two years, but his father never appeared. Indeed, they were never to see each other again.

On the road once more, Lufbery went to San Francisco, spent two years as a soldier in the Philippines, then traveled throughout India and the Far East. In 1912 while in Saigon he met Marc Pourpe, a noted French aviator who was giving flying demonstrations. The two young men struck up a friendship, and the following months were the happiest of Raoul Lufbery's life as he and Pourpe toured the Far East together.

In the summer of 1914 they returned to France to prepare for yet another trip to the Orient, but were caught up instead by the war. Pourpe enlisted in the Air Service and Lufbery signed on as his mechanic. Three months later Pourpe was shot down and killed, and the Germans thereby earned one of their most formidable enemies in Raoul Lufbery who swore to avenge his friend's death.

In its career the Lafayette Flying Corps was officially credited with shooting down 199 German planes. Sixty of those victories were claimed by 15 New England pilots, three of whom became well known aces. Under the rules of the *Service Aeronautique* an ace had to have shot down 5 enemy planes. In order for these victories to be confirmed, the enemy aircraft had to come down behind French lines, or the crash had to be witnessed by four independent observers.

Raoul Lufbery, with 17 confirmed victories and many more unconfirmed, became the Lafayette Flying Corps'

"ace of aces." When he joined the Air Service after Pourpe's death, Lufbery's instructors doubted he would make much of a pilot. He seemed clumsy and inept, and at first he was recommended to fly slower, more cumbersome, but less technically demanding bombers. His career recovered quickly, however, for after joining the Lafayette Escadrille in May, 1916, he shot down 3 German planes in one week, and thereafter his name became famous among American newspaper readers.

Early in 1918 Lufbery accepted a transfer into the U.S. Air Service with the rank of Major. After a short stint as a desk jockey he was back in the cockpit as the commander of the 94th and 95th Aero Pursuit Squadrons.

New England's second ace was Frank Baylies. He was a member of *Les Cigones*, The Storks, one of France's most illustrious flying groups. When, in November 1917, he joined this hard-nosed squadron on the Flanders Front, he remembered that as a boy in New Bedford he had been ashamed of himself for shooting at birds in the forest. Ironically, throughout the rest of that winter and into the following spring and summer Baylies became one of the most relentless of Allied hunters. As *Les Cigones* moved south along the Western Front, he claimed 12 confirmed kills and several more unconfirmed.

The third New England ace was David E. Putnam, of Brookline. After leaving Harvard in his sophomore year, Putnam attempted to join the U.S. Air Service but was rejected because of his youth. He then sailed for France aboard a cattle ship and enlisted in the

French Air Service in May, 1917.

Like Lufbery and Baylies, Putnam was fearless in combat and sometimes took what appeared to be hopeless chances. On one occasion, for example, he single-handedly attacked 18 German planes, shot down the leader and escaped unharmed. On June 5, 1918, during the second Battle of the Marne, Putnam shot down 5 German planes in 5 minutes. He had destroyed 11 enemy planes before he was 20 years old.

The New England aces accounted for the destruction of at least 40 enemy aircraft. Twelve other New England pilots were credited with shooting down a total of 20 German planes. Norman Prince had 3, as did Sereno Jacob of Westport, Connecticut and George Turnure of Lenox, Massachusetts. Walter Rheno, of Vineyard Haven, bagged 2, as did William A. Wellman of Cambridge, while seven pilots each shot down 1 German plane.

Any student of World War I aviation must be impressed by what a deadly business it was. Although small and frail, the fighter planes routinely cruised at altitudes approaching 20,000 feet. Patrols, usually consisting of squadrons of 3 or 4 airplanes flying in formation, would range high over enemy lines searching for their German counterparts. Once engaged, the fighters would break formation and dive to an altitude below 10,000 feet, where most air battles were fought. Reaching speeds which approached 120 miles per hour, the fighter pilot would try to position his own plane behind the tail of the enemy, and in a burst of machine gun fire shoot him from the sky. The

killing range of the machine guns was only 60 to 90 yards, so sudden and violent death from bullets, incineration or mid-air collision was always a possibility.

A pilot's time at the Front was usually measured in weeks or months rather than in years. The Lafayette Flying Corps lost 55 pilots killed in action, including 6 New Englanders. Three other New Englanders were killed in the line of duty or died as a result of the war.

Norman Prince was the first casualty. After taking part in 122 aerial engagements over 15 months, he was killed returning from a night mission when his plane crashed into a high tension wire hidden by the darkness.

Oliver Chadwick, the young Harvard lawyer who had learned to fly back in the States so as to be better prepared to fight the Germans, was killed in action on August 14, 1917. He had been at the Front for only 18 days.

Paul Pavelka served with the Lafayette Escadrille for about six months before being transferred to the Eastern Front. An expert at night fighting and an adventurous lad, he was assigned to an escadrille in front of Salonica. On November 12, 1917, while off-duty, he was accidentally killed when a cavalry horse which he was riding fell on top of him.

On May 19, 1918 the American "ace of aces," Raoul Lufbery, calmly stepped away from his burning plane high over the small French town of Maron. He died in a flower garden below, thus keeping his promise that he would never burn to death in a crippled plane. Lufbery's death turned public attention toward Frank Baylies, the new "ace of aces," who did not appreciate the constant requests for interviews, photographs, autographs, etc. He was, he confessed, "embarrassed as the dickens" by all the fuss. He found the new demands placed upon him to be an "awful nuisance."

Baylies had decided against transferring to the U.S. Air Service and intended to finish out the war as a member of *Les Cigones*. He had been joined by Ted Parsons, by now an

experienced combat pilot and Lafayette Escadrille veteran. Baylies and Parsons often flew together, and on June 17, 1918 Parsons watched in the distance as Baylies' plane crashed in flames. Baylies, 21 years old, was dead after just seven months at the Front.

David Putnam, "ace" successor to Lufbery and Baylies, had accepted a transfer to the 134th Squadron of the U.S. Air Service. He too was killed in action, on September 13, 1918, two months short of the Armistice and three months shy of his twentieth birthday.

Of course most of the Lafayette Flying Corps boys made it home safely, and a few New Englanders even gained prominence after the war. Ted Parsons, for example, finished the war with 8 victories. After the Armistice he entered the U.S. Navy and finally retired with the rank of rear admiral.

Harold B. Willis had been shot down and captured in August, 1917. After 3 unsuccessful attempts, he escaped across the border to Switzerland and arrived in Paris in time to toast the Armistice with his Lafayette friends. After the war he lived in Boston and was among the leaders of an effort to organize a second Lafayette Escadrille for service in World War II.

Herman Chatkoff gained notoriety of a different sort. He had been at the Front for a little over a month when he was critically hurt in an airplane crash while showing off for his friends. He spent the rest of the war in a French hospital and later, after the Armistice, was confined to a mental institution. Neither the French nor the American government would take responsibility for Chatkoff, and in the words of one writer, he lived for 13 years as a man without a country. This sad spectacle was finally ended in 1931 when President Hoover signed a bill granting Chatkoff \$100 per month and perpetual care in a Veterans Administration hospital.

Two other New Englanders who served with the Lafayette deserving of mention are William A. Wellman and Charles H. Dolan. After leaving his Cambridge home Wellman joined the American Ambulance Service and in June, 1917, enlisted in French Avia-

tion. He was at the Front for about three months and in that time shot down 2 German planes. After the war Wellman became a successful Hollywood producer and director. He won an Academy Award in 1926 for his classic aviation film *Wings*. In 1958 he directed a Warner Brothers film entitled *The Lafayette Escadrille*, which portrayed the American pilots as roustabout playboys. This movie attracted the wrath of Ted Parsons, Charles H. Dolan and other former Escadrille members. Wellman, feeling the sting of their criticism, later admitted that he felt "terribly ashamed" of the film.

It is interesting that Wellman clashed with Charles Dolan, because this last surviving member of the Lafayette Escadrille was an appropriate representative of so many of the New Englanders who flew for France. One of Dolan's grandfathers had lost a leg in the Civil War and the other had been killed with Custer. Before enlisting Dolan had studied electrical engineering at M.I.T. Only one German plane had fallen under his guns, but he had been at the front for eighteen months, a long time for such a hazardous duty. Dolan's last service was rendered in July, 1967, when, as its only surviving member, he represented the Lafayette Escadrille at the dedication of its monument at Luxeuil. □



William F. Hanna received a Bachelor of Arts degree from Southeastern Massachusetts University, a Master of Arts degree from Bridgewater State College. He is presently a U.S. History teacher at Taunton High School and has also served as a visiting lecturer in History at Bridgewater State College.

The Crisis Of The State In Africa

by Shaheen Mozaffar

In contemporary Africa, as everywhere in the world today, the state has assumed a central role in a wider range of tasks such as fostering and maintaining economic growth, providing for the welfare of the citizens and ensuring law and order. But since gaining independence in the 1960s, African states have exhibited a steadily diminishing capacity for performing their accustomed functions. This has given rise to the now widely-accepted aphorism that the state in Africa is in crisis. Evidence of this crisis is readily found in several areas.

It is, first of all, found in the lack of sustained economic growth, despite the disproportionately high expenditures undertaken by African states since independence. In 1967, for example, African state expenditures, excluding South Africa, averaged about 15% of the Gross Domestic Product or GDP (the total value of all goods and services produced within the country); by 1982, they had risen to over 30% of GDP. Increased state expenditures produced economic growth only in exceptional cases in the 1970s, for example, in Botswana, Gabon, Ivory Coast, Kenya and Malawi, and actually produced decline in growth overall. However, per capita GDP growth rates across the continent, excluding South Africa, fell from 1.3% in the 1960s to -.4% in 1983.

Second, evidence of state crisis is found in the pervasive corruption and mismanagement among public officials, from the policeman on the beat to the highest levels of the ruling circles. For example, President Mobutu of Zaire has reputedly amassed a personal fortune conservatively estimated to be \$1 billion. The degree of corruption certainly varies within and across countries, but in general, the absence of public morality, or at least the perception of its absence, in the exercise of state power has severely reduced the credibility of the state in the eyes of the citizens. As a consequence, large segments of the populations in many African countries have opted to withdraw from the formal economy regulated by the state, and derive their livelihoods from informal social networks based on personal friendships

and family ties outside state control. According to some estimates, these informal economies account for almost half of all economic activity in many countries. The growing significance of these parallel markets has recently impelled the World Bank to commission several studies on their scope and impact on development policies urged by the Bank on African countries.

African states have exhibited a steadily diminishing capacity for performing their accustomed functions in society.

A variety of political, social and economic indicators, thus, clearly attest to the crisis of the state in Africa. What is not so clear, however, is the reason or reasons, why and how such a situation has come to pass. Conventionally, two alternative explanations have been offered. One explanation emphasizes internal factors:

- 1) the incompetence of African leaders and their inadvisable policies,
- 2) the "traditional" African cultural values which allegedly promote "backward" attitudes deemed inappropriate for a modern society, and
- 3) the more objective factors of overpopulation, lack of skilled personnel and scarce natural resources.

The other explanation emphasizes external factors:

- 1) the Western military and economic domination of the contemporary international system,
- 2) the resulting perpetuation of African dependency on Western aid, and
- 3) the attempt by Western countries to advance their "imperialist" interests by supporting corrupt and unpopular governments in Africa.

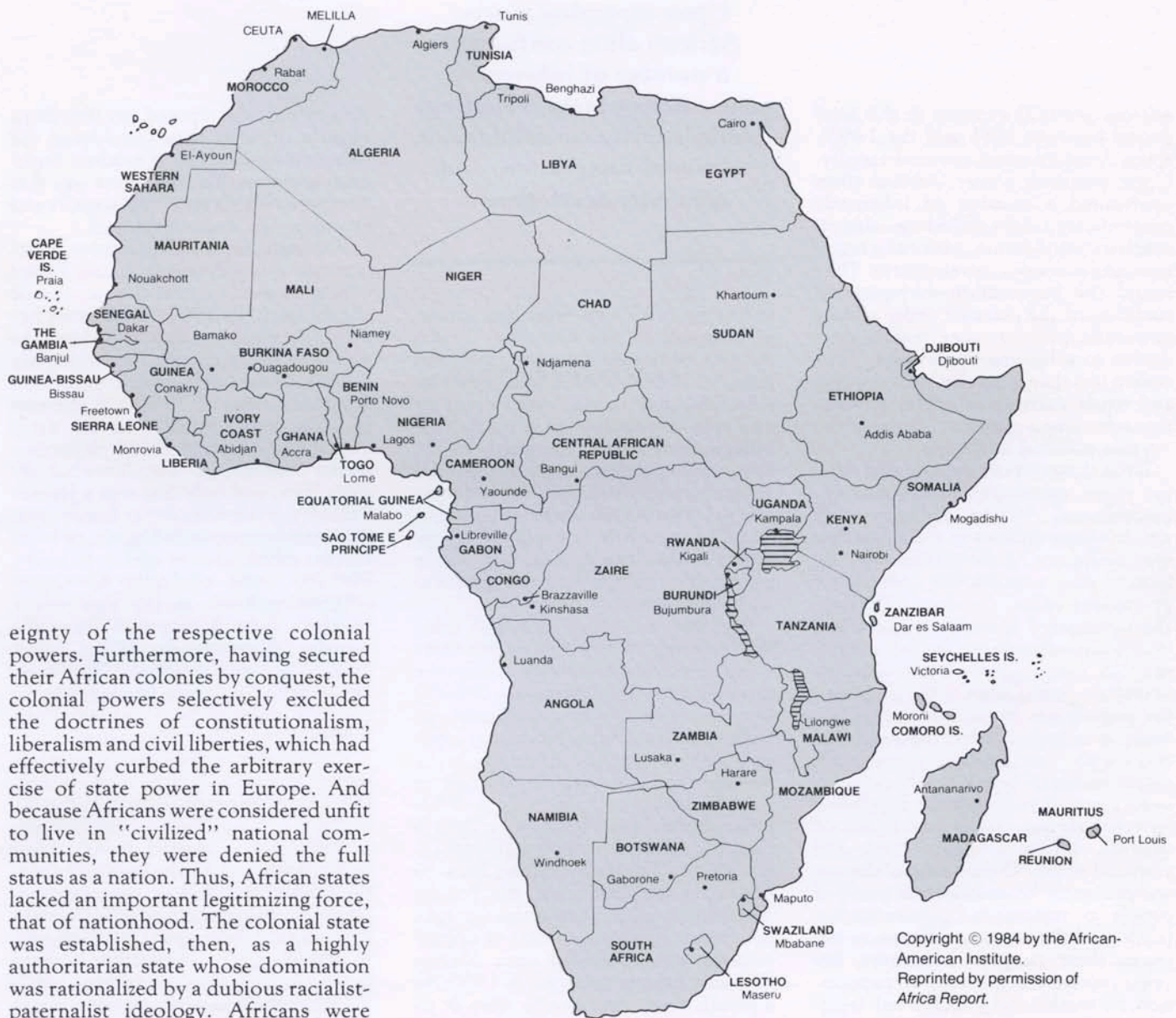
An objective evaluation of the validity of these explanations is complicated by their biases. Each assumes African states and leaders to be second rate. Both explanations, moreover, offer a simplistic one-dimensional view of what is otherwise an inordinately complex situation. Most significantly, both ignore the deeper historical and structural factors which shaped the origin and development of the modern state in Africa, and which continue to influence its performance today.

The Modern State and its Colonial Variant

The modern sovereign state, in concept and organization, originated in medieval Europe with the breakdown of feudalism and the accompanying rise of absolute monarchies. Over the next two centuries, it evolved in close conjunction with the development of modern capitalism. The progressive changes of the European state—from the absolutist—mercantilist state to the liberal—democratic state to the social-welfare state—simultaneously shaped, and were shaped by the wider socioeconomic changes wrought by capitalism—the decline of the aristocracy, the rise of the urban bourgeoisie and the expansion of the industrial working class. Thus, in Europe, the modern state and civil society evolved interdependently, as a result of which the state came to acquire legitimacy in the eyes of the people because its laws and institutions embodied their cultural values and philosophical aspirations.

In Africa, however, the joint historical processes of state formation and capitalist development were disconnected. The modern state was imposed on Africa by colonial powers who sought economic and military gains.

The colonial state, moreover, was imposed on African societies which were predominantly based on small-scale peasant farming. This historical anomaly produced deep-seated contradictions both in the very nature of the state imposed on Africa and in its impact on African societies. The colonial state imposed on Africa in the late-nineteenth century had no independent standing in international law, but derived its legal status from the sover-



eighty of the respective colonial powers. Furthermore, having secured their African colonies by conquest, the colonial powers selectively excluded the doctrines of constitutionalism, liberalism and civil liberties, which had effectively curbed the arbitrary exercise of state power in Europe. And because Africans were considered unfit to live in "civilized" national communities, they were denied the full status as a nation. Thus, African states lacked an important legitimizing force, that of nationhood. The colonial state was established, then, as a highly authoritarian state whose domination was rationalized by a dubious racist-paternalist ideology. Africans were seen by their oppressors as inferiors who needed help. Colonial power was exercised through a coercive bureaucratic apparatus.

The Impact of the Colonial State

The bureaucratic-authoritarian tradition of the colonial state has remained the dominant political tradition in contemporary Africa, despite attempts by European and African leaders to introduce western-style democracy on the continent. After World War II, confronted with a growing African nationalism and a changed international environment in which

colonies fell from favor, the colonial powers hurriedly introduced democratic tradition as the ideal political system, the former because that was the only tradition they knew, and the latter because they saw the democratic ideals of liberty, freedom and equality (many African nationalist leaders quoted Thomas Jefferson in their speeches) as a powerful philosophical weapon to challenge the colonial powers in their own language. However, the potential for the success of the newly introduced democratic institutions was not great. The constitutionally-sanctioned autocratic powers of the colonial state—

legislation by executive decree, executive supremacy, suspension of civil liberties—were retained in the laws and institutions of the post-colonial state in Africa. At independence, therefore, the new African elites inherited a state which embodied two traditions—the colonial bureaucratic-authoritarian tradition and the newer democratic tradition—whose underlying values were profoundly at odds with each other.

After independence, the democratic institutions were discarded by African elites because the underlying liberal values of these institutions did not have sufficient time to take root in

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African political cultures in the brief period between 1945 and the 1960s, when decolonization occurred rapidly. Upon assuming power, African elites confronted a number of inherently contradictory tasks including; administrative consolidation, national integration, and economic development. They found the bureaucratic-authoritarian tradition of the colonial order and its autocratic policies more readily conducive to achieving these tasks. Thus within less than a decade, military rule and single-party or no-party governments became a common feature of the African political landscape.

If the character of post-colonial African states was shaped by colonialism, postcolonial African societies were also artificial entities in the sense that they could not be considered nations. Historically, a nation is a community of people who develop solidarity through shared language, custom and institutions. A state, on the other hand, is a legal institutional system claiming sovereign power over a territory and the population living within it. Over time, as ethnic loyalty (nationalism) fuses with state loyalty (patriotism), nation and state bond. In Africa, however, colonial rule brought together a heterogeneous conglomeration of peoples within a single territorial administration. The drawing of district and provincial boundaries that grouped people by language and culture further reinforced the existing differences between these peoples. Moreover, because economic growth, transportation networks and educational facilities were unevenly distributed within individual colonies, some groups benefited more than others, which only served to accentuate ethnic differences and heighten ethnic consciousness.

These contradictions between state and society were nowhere more evident than in Nigeria, the largest of the British colonies. In Nigeria, the British brought together three major groups, each with a distinct language, religion and form of political organization. In the north, the Hausa-Fulani peoples followed Islam and possessed a highly centralized political system headed by an aristocratic ruler (the *emir*) and supported by an elaborate bureaucracy

and army and a well-organized system of taxation. In the west, the Yoruba peoples possessed a loose confederal political system headed by a symbolic ruler (the *alafin*), who was elected by and was responsible to a council of independent rulers (the *obas*). In the east, the Ibo peoples lived in scattered village communities, each with a decentralized republican form of government in which a council of village elders made decisions for the whole community on the basis of tradition and consensus.

The uneven impact of British colonial policies only served to reinforce these historical differences between the three major ethnic groups in Nigeria. For example, European educational facilities and profitable commercial enterprises were concentrated largely in the western and the eastern regions in Nigeria during colonial rule. And because these two regions also had a longer period of contact with and exposure to Europeans, dating back to the era of the slave trade, the Yoruba and Ibo peoples were quick to take advantage of whatever limited opportunities were provided once Nigeria officially became a colony in 1900. As a result, these two groups were in an advantageous position to take over the reins of government from the British at independence. In the north, however, after the initial Hausa-Fulani opposition to being colonized was crushed by military force, the British officials retained the Hausa-Fulani rulers as subordinate agents through whom colonial rule was enforced. As documented in their diaries and memoirs, many British officials posted in the north as advisers to the Hausa-Fulani rulers saw the Hausa-Fulani aristocracy as embodying the cultures and privileges of their own aristocratic past. And many of them were motivated to preserve these aristocratic traditions by deliberately

preventing the spread to northern Nigeria of what they considered the dehumanizing values of modern European societies. The net effect was that northern Nigeria remained socially and economically underdeveloped.

For example, at independence, there was not a single senior Hausa-Fulani officer in the Nigerian civil service or the military. In 1957, three years before independence, there were less than 4,000 students enrolled in secondary schools in the north, as compared to a combined total of 28,000 in the east and the west. Finally, in the early 1950s, out of a total of 160 physicians in the country, 76 were Yorubas, 49 were Ibos, and only one was a Hausa-Fulani (the rest were either Europeans, Africans from outside Nigeria, or from smaller ethnic groups within Nigeria). Perhaps most critically for post-colonial politics, in the democratic elections held in preparation for the transfer of power, the Hausa-Fulani leaders, as representatives of the single largest ethnic group in Nigeria, won an electoral majority and succeeded the British at the helm of the state.

During the nationalist movements for independence, however, ethnic rivalries were temporarily submerged in the interest of confronting the colonial powers with a united front. After independence, with the moderating influence of the colonial state removed, ethnicity resurged as a political force in the competition for power and resources. In Nigeria such competition erupted into a disastrous civil war during 1967-70, when the Ibos made a futile attempt to secede and form their own sovereign nation-state of Biafra. As the example from Nigeria shows, ethnic loyalties are rooted in a system of personal loyalties in which politically ambitious patrons are obligated to reward the political support of their clients with preferential access to jobs, education and investment funds. While corruption and inefficiency thus become built into the operation of the state, ethnic-based allocation of resources reflects attempts by public officials to coopt otherwise powerful social groups and, more generally, to shore up their precarious hold over a heterogeneous population. But such allocation procedures

waste valuable public resources, which are necessary for long-term economic and social development, for short-term political gains. And as the limited supply of resources dwindles state credibility and legitimacy are progressively undermined.

Colonial rule thus contributed to the crisis of African states in that it created inherent political and social contradictions in these emerging societies. It can also be argued, however, that some of these effects were the consequences of the social and economic policies imposed on the colonies. Colonial policies conceived to attain two short-term administrative goals:

- 1) organize local labor, commerce and production in ways that pay for the operation of the state and
 - 2) maintain political control despite the inevitable social dislocations caused by changes in the economy.
- These two goals were inherently contradictory, and colonial policies devised to attain them produced correspondingly uneven results.

Colonial economic policies did not encourage the growth of an industrial economy in Africa. They focused, instead, on expanding the existing labor-intensive, peasant-based agricultural production. African peasants were directly (through laws) and indirectly (cash payments of taxes, a colonial innovation) compelled to shift from food production to cash crop production. Marketing boards were established which regularly paid African producers below-world market prices for their cash crops. Capital investments, where permitted, was restricted to mining concessions monopolized by European firms (as in central and southern Africa) and to large plantations owned by white settlers (as in eastern Africa). In Kenya, for example, African peasants were legally prohibited from producing cash crops which would have competed with European production, and were thus forced to work for low wages in European-owned plantations. Opportunities for Africans to accumulate equity capital were restricted almost exclusively to the more high risk and less profitable ventures—small-scale commerce and transport—shunned by Europeans.

***It may be time to recognize
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The net effect, on the one hand, was that a dynamic class of capitalist entrepreneurs, the mainstay of democratic states, failed to develop in Africa under colonial rule. On the other hand, the limited economic, particularly educational, opportunities provided during two generations of colonial rule inevitably fostered a small indigenous middle-class. This educated African elite, composed of lawyers, doctors, civil servants and teachers, a politically vocal segment of the native population, saw the colonial state in ambivalent terms: as a means to improve their own and their societies' social and economic well-being, and as an obstacle to such improvements because it was controlled by Europeans. That this elite spearheaded the nationalist movements was preordained by the contradictions inherent in the colonial situation.

Upon assuming control of the state at independence, however, African elites were confronted with a dilemma. How could they use the state to satisfy their peoples' heady expectations of democracy, freedom and prosperity, (expectations which they themselves had raised during the nationalist struggle) and also advance their own class interests? In Western Europe this dilemma had not occurred because capitalist economies and democratic states developed together. Elsewhere, in Japan and the newly-industrializing countries of the Third World (notably, Brazil, India, Korea and Taiwan), state-led industrialization has fostered a robust middle-class and rapid economic growth. But in Africa an authoritarian but minimal colonial state disrupted the growth of a capitalist economy. Efforts by post-colonial African elites to transform their inherited states into engines of economic growth have floundered. This is caused in part by the fact that the state's colonial-inspired institutions

are unsuited to the task, and in part by the underlying social and economic conditions (ethnicity and limited resources) which severely restrict opportunities for generating the high rates of savings and investment capital necessary for sustained economic growth and development.

Conclusion

There can be no gainsaying that African states are in a crisis. So far, explanations of this crisis remain intellectually misguided, historically shortsighted and analytically simplistic. This article has suggested that at least part of the explanation may be found in Africa's colonial experience, particularly the structure and policies of those colonial powers.

After identifying the cause and the nature of the immense problems that face African leaders and their peoples, observers are wont to recommend solutions. It may be time to recognize that whatever solutions exist, they must come from Africans themselves, albeit, with a good deal of outside help. If the past contains any lesson for outsiders who, like the colonial rulers, claim to know what is best for Africans, it is a lesson which must evoke a sense of humility. Perhaps the most appropriate lesson is contained in an African proverb: "No condition is permanent." □



Marie Murphy

Shaheen Mozaffar is an Assistant Professor in the Department of Political Science at Bridgewater State College and a Research Associate of the African Studies Center at Boston University. He is currently conducting research on state formation and social transformation in Africa, with particular reference to Nigeria.

Snow Strategy

by James Brennan



Jessica Lee

1

Kevin Kelly stood in the third or fourth row of runners at the starting line. Even though the temperature was in the middle twenties, some runners wore shorts. Others had wool caps pulled over their ears and wore long thermal underwear with tee shirts and shorts on the outside. Kevin was hatless with a maroon and grey nylon running suit over his shorts and singlet. The large flakes of wet snow were swirling in and around the runners as they milled about, restlessly shifting from foot to foot.

The snow flakes melted on Kevin's face and hands, but he could see the white layers already building up in the hair and eyebrows of the other runners. Two inches of wet slush had now accumulated on the road surface and there would be more before they finished. He tried to forget that he still had to drive thirty miles home after the race and he had not yet put snow tires on his car. He had run races in the snow before in December and January — but November? He hadn't even thought of snow when he mailed his registration in October. The TV weather forecasters last night had all announced only a twenty percent chance of drizzle for today. Another one of those storms that was supposed to go out to sea.

"Damn weathermen!" he muttered to himself.

"Huh?" A runner wearing number 302 spoke to him as he hunched down behind another body.

"Nothing," Kevin replied absently, not really wanting to talk. He needed to think about his strategy for this five-mile race and he didn't feel like talking about the weather. It was only three or four minutes until starting time now. Usually he planned his run as he drove to the race, but today he had other things on his mind. Now he knew that without some sort of plan he would just fall into a hypnotic trance, without other runners pounding along beside him. Maybe he'd shoot for a six and one-half minute first mile and then try to pick up the pace at mile one for a couple of two-minute drills. Then he could back off at mile two again to a six-thirty pace, then...

"What pace you gonna go at today?"

The same guy was talking to him again. Why the heck did somebody always ask that question at the starting line? Was the other runner sizing him up as a pacer? Did he figure on him as his competition and plan to beat him? Maybe he knows me from another race, thought Kevin.

"Oh, I don't know. Footing's pretty bad, so I put on these old heavy shoes for better traction. Hell, they're already wet. I'll be happy with seven-minute miles. I'd like to do a 33-minute-plus race, but 34 minutes is OK with me today."

"Yea, that would be good."

"What are you planning to do?" Kevin asked politely.

"I don't know. I haven't run many races. I usually run about eight-minute miles, I think."

"Oh, great," Kevin thought silently. "There's one I'll have to pass or fall over right at the start." He felt like asking him to get behind him.

"I guess you're a runner and I'm just a jogger," said number 302.

"Just two different ways to spell the same word." Kevin replied. He checked the pins on his number — 714.

He had always admired the kind of feelings runners had for each other's abilities — or failings. In some cases, he thought it was simply because the slow beginning runner was only months away from blowing the fast runners off the road. You never knew when that transition from novice to pro took place.

"I guess I'm not in your class anyway."

As Kevin brushed the snow from his greying hair he thought that it must have been pretty obvious, since number 302 appeared to be about 25 years old and he had turned 53 just last week. He was sure he looked every day of it to a young person like this.

"Right. Fortunately, this race has a senior division and I don't have to run against those quick 40-year-old masters today."

"Yes. That's why I'm in this race," another voice said behind him.

He turned and saw Chuck Bradshaw.

"Hi. It's good to see you again Chuck."

"How have you been Kevin?"

"Great. A lot of good races this year. I did a 3:30 in Newport. Maybe next year I'll get the 3:20."

Chuck was an old nemesis. Kevin had beaten him by less than a minute in the Quincy half-marathon in September, after an embarrassing five-minute loss to him in the John Kelley twelve-miler at New London in ninety-degree heat last summer.

Had it all come down to this in his extended middle age? Competition, times, strategy, pace — trying to win? Sizing up the opponents? When he had started jogging only three and a half years ago to lose weight, he never anticipated that this world even existed — never mind that he could be part of it. He had started out at 49 years of age as an overweight 160 pounder and now he was a lean 127 with a resting pulse that he often counted at 44 in the evening.

Whups, the president of the South Shore Roadrunners was announcing something and an official was pointing a starter's pistol at the clouds. He never heard these last minute instructions anyway. He doubted that anyone did. He wondered if his icy finger would be able to push the button on his watch.

What the heck would he do now? He never went into a race without some sort of strategy. Hell — he was an improviser. As a teacher of college math with 24 years of experience, he knew the feeling of being unprepared. He'd walked into the classroom with a piece of chalk and no plans plenty of times. Chuck could provide the strategy. He'd watch Chuck — let him set the pace, hang with him till the four mile mark, then kick the "Beardsley Mile" and take him. That's what Beardsley needed against Salazar in Boston last April — a steady, pounding, straining run — get in front and move like a machine. When the other guy moves up a bit respond like a machine.

Bang!

He hit the watch button and began to move. Number 302 was almost walking with a woman running slowly alongside him. He couldn't get between them, so he jogged along waiting for a gap to open. The runner next to him slipped and bumped him heavily as he cursed at the weather. Now the two in front of him moved apart and he

slipped between them. He surveyed the twenty or thirty runners ahead of him. Where was Chuck's dark blue running suit? He must still be behind him. He heard footsteps — could Chuck be right behind him, the way they started? He was afraid to look back. Silly. He could hear footsteps all around him. He picked up the pace. Now the slower runners were behind him and the leaders were opening up the distance from those following. Faster runners who had broken out of the pack behind him were now beginning to pass. He was surprised. The footing wasn't too bad, but the snow was piling up in his eyes now and brushing it away didn't help much.

The timer for the first mile was just ahead and he could hear him shouting out the splits — they were still unintelligible and he couldn't see his watch through the snow in his eyes. He was almost at the mile mark as he heard the split: "Six-twenty-four!" Wow — the best first mile he'd ever run — now what? Go for the double two minute pick-ups? He was sure he heard those same footsteps behind him now. No doubt about it, Chuck was going to dog him. How long would he hang on his back? Never mind — trying to pull away now made no sense. Hold on steadily until he tries to move. Wow, could Chuck be thinking about a "Beardsley Mile" at mile four? Maybe Kevin didn't have a patent on the strategy. Hell, maybe that wasn't even Chuck back there!

He ran through mile two with a 13:10 split. Slowing down to a more sensible pace now, Kevin figured he'd go for a seven minute pace between two and four miles. Just then he saw a boy throw a snowball into the line of runners. As the missile sailed just below his chin, he heard the runner behind him yell, "You little jerk, you better be gone when I get back here!"

Yep, that was Chuck's voice. He was dogging Kevin. Kevin muttered, "I won't be intimidated. You're not fooling with an amateur now, Chuck."

There was no time to wonder about how he had become addicted to running and competition anymore. No time to be amazed at the fact that his fifty miles per week on the road were



more than he drove his car locally. There was only one thing on his mind now as he began to pass one faltering runner after another. Maintain a steady pace, run like a machine, keep something in reserve for the inevitable move that Chuck was planning.

At four miles, the timer called out, "27:14 and one to go!" He'd lost a bit, but he felt that he was ready now for Chuck's move. Now they started up their first hill — a gradual, steady rise that would have been an annoyance at this point on a good day. Right now it looked like a mountain and Kevin was beginning to hurt all over.

He saw the runners ahead turning a sharp corner to the right. Their feet were slipping off to the left and he figured it would be smart to swing wide and avoid falling down. As Kevin moved off to the left, Chuck ran splashing by on his right, slipping and recovering as he pounded ahead, the steam from his puffing breath hiding the grim look on his face.

Kevin looked ahead — another hill and this was a steep one. That corner would be Chuck's downfall! This must be his first time on the course too. Any other day and they both would have driven through the course first and known about the trick waiting for them around that corner. As Chuck crossed the crest of the hill, Kevin moved alongside him and ran with him as they started down the hill.

"Come on Chuck, kick it to the finish!"

Now Kevin moved steadily away from Chuck, his arms held out like wings on the downhill stretch to keep his balance. He could see the finish and

hear the cheers of the runners' friends who had braved the weather to urge their heroes to the end. He was sure he had it now and he couldn't hear Chuck's splashing footsteps anymore.

The runner ahead slipped on his belly into the chute. Kevin was so intent as he crossed the slippery finish line that he forgot to hit the stop button on his watch. He looked up at the big digital clock. He saw 34:01, 34:02, 34:03... Great! He felt great! The exhilaration of a fast finish made him jump up and wave his arms, in spite of his breathless condition. He turned in the chute as Chuck ran up behind him and he grabbed Chuck's hand.

"Good race baby! How to go! Great day wasn't it?"

"Yeh, just super Kevin. Good race. You've got one helluva kick in the last mile. That's all Beardsley needs..."

Kevin turned away smiling as the woman at the end of the chute wrote 714 on her wet paper and said, "First Senior."

2

Kevin glanced at the thermometer by the back door as he ran from his car and hurried into the kitchen. The temperature was twenty-eight degrees and he knew from the gray sky overhead that there was a very real possibility of snow. New England weather could be unreal in February, but he felt that familiar urgency about getting into his running clothes and getting out on the road. It was already Wednesday and he had not run since Sunday.

He had qualified for Boston in Newport, and now Boston was only seven weeks away. He had run thirty-mile weeks just to maintain his conditioning in the dreary cold and dark months of December and January, but now he was in an eight-week training period for the big marathon. He wanted to go through two weeks of fifty miles, two of seventy, two of eighty, one of one-hundred and then lay back for a restful thirty-mile week before the race. For four years of injuries and frustration he had been trying to qualify for Boston and now that he had finally done it, he wanted to arrive in top shape and make a good showing.

The real motivation for his intensity has begun with his first-place performance in the November snow. It was his first win and now he was encouraged to excel at long distances. In spite of his excitement, he had wrapped the trophy for that victory in his running clothes and smuggled it into the house. He was slightly embarrassed and feared the strange glances that might come from his family if he displayed the cheap metal-and-wood trophy. It was now well-hidden under some old paint brushes in the garage.

"Hi, Mary Lou! Gotta get going. It will be dark in an hour and I'd really like to get ten miles in today."

"Oh Kevin, you're crazy. The radio says it's already snowing in Boston. It will be pitch black before you get back. Can't you go out in the morning? You just did twenty miles on Sunday."

"No — can't get behind on my schedule. I'm already nervous about laying off for two days. If the weather's OK tomorrow, I may start doing a short run in the mornings. I'm going to have to start doubling up soon."

"Oh, Kevin..."

He loved Mary Lou very much, but why did she always put that "Oh" in front of his name?

By now Kevin's shoes were tossed into one corner of the kitchen. His socks were lying by the open closet door in the dining room where he was rummaging through a pile of running shoes to find a matched pair. He had already pulled a blue nylon running suit from a hook on the back of the door. Kevin had hurriedly stepped out of his street clothes and pulled the running suit on over his undershorts and tee shirt. Now he was sitting on the floor absentmindedly pulling on the same damp brown socks that he had just taken off. He laced up his tattered and soiled shoes and stretched his leg muscles by pushing against the door frame that led into the family TV room.

"Hi, Dad. What's happening?" The voice from the next room belonged to his daughter, a college senior who was avoiding homework and kitchen chores by burying herself in a television soap.

"Hi, Milly. I'm getting dressed to go running. Any good classes today?"

"All pretty sleep provoking. General Hospital is better. Are you running again? Right now? This Late?"

"Yes. Have to dear. I've gained eight pounds since November. See ya."

"See you in a while, Mary Lou."

"Oh Kevin, can't you relax?"

As he fell quickly into a steady seven-minute-per-mile pace, the first hard pellets of snow began to sting his face. Kevin knew exactly where he was going and he knew that he would stick to the planned route. He had learned long ago not to trust his own judgment about routes or distances after he had run for several miles. As he turned the corner onto Broad Street, he heard footsteps behind him and he saw another runner approaching over his shoulder.

"Hello, Kevin, How far you going?"

"Hi Brad. Ten — I hope. You just starting?"

"Yes. I'll go five with you — how fast?"

"Sevens — I think. That OK?"

"Great. Maybe I can do ten. It's gonna snow."

"Nah. Just a little flurry."

Talk between the runners was in short, clipped sentences. They seemed to be trying to cram the words in between breaths. As they pounded along in stride, lights began to come on in windows of houses and the automatic streetlights high up on poles began to flicker on. Now and then a car came along and the two slipped into single file along the left side of the road. An hour went by quickly, but the accumulation of white snow pellets in both runners' hair showed they had been out for a while. As they turned back onto Broad Street about a mile from Kevin's house, Brad said:

"I'll turn off here and head home. See you later, Kevin."

"Right. Thanks for a good run Brad."

Kevin picked up the pace in the dark for a hard final mile. He was on the right side of the road now, running on the wide, paved shoulder. He knew this stretch well, but the headlights of the cars heading south momentarily blinded him as they went by. The reflective strips Mary Lou had sewn on his running suit made an eerie glow in the snow-filled air. Abruptly he stumbled as he stepped into a pothole.

"Geez... !" He called out to nobody in particular. "What the heck. I can run through this little ankle twist before I get home." The cold weather and his own natural pain killers effectively dulled what had been a sharp pain at first, but he knew he was limping as he ran up his driveway. As he walked into the kitchen, the ankle twisted again and he caught himself on the corner of the kitchen table.

"Oh Kevin, are you hurt?"

"Maybe — would you put some ice-cubes in a plastic bag please?"

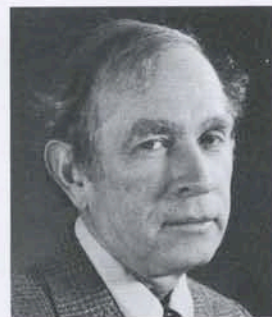
He sat in a dining room chair with his foot up on another chair as Mary Lou balanced the bag of ice cubes on his ankle.

"Oh Kevin, can it really be this important? Do you really enjoy this?"

"Damn it, Mary Lou, why must you always say 'Oh Kevin?'"

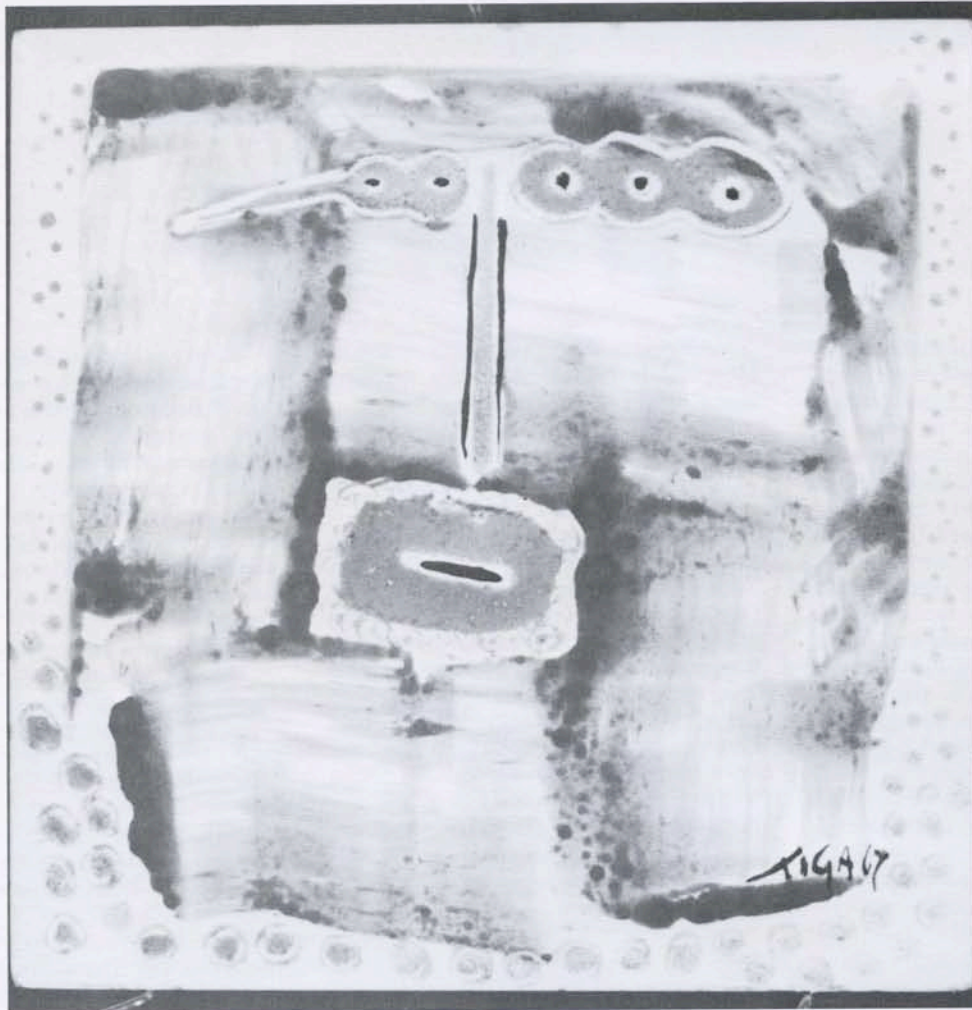
Mary Lou smiled as she wiped the melted snow from his forehead and kissed him gently over each eye.

"C'mon, Kevin, wash up, we've got spaghetti for supper." □



Robert Ward

James Brennan is chairman of Biological Sciences. He has a B.S. and an M.S. from Virginia Polytechnic Institute and a Ph.D from the University of Maryland. Since his arrival at Bridgewater in 1961, his primary teaching responsibilities have been in cytology, electron microscopy, genetics and human heredity. His research interests have centered around problems of cellular form and development in plant tissues. An avid runner, Professor Brennan has completed twelve marathons and continues to run regularly in Bridgewater.



Artist unknown
Voodoo Ceramic Tile
4¼" x 4¼"

VOODOO: Images and Objects



Artist unknown
Voodoo Doll
Fabric and fiber
11"h x 5½"w

The much maligned island of Haiti, in the Carribean, is a black republic peopled by gentle peasants who are among the poorest in the world. Although poor, Haiti is rich in culture, particularly in the expressions the people give to their religious beliefs. God and their Voodoo spirits (Loas) are an integral part of their daily lives.

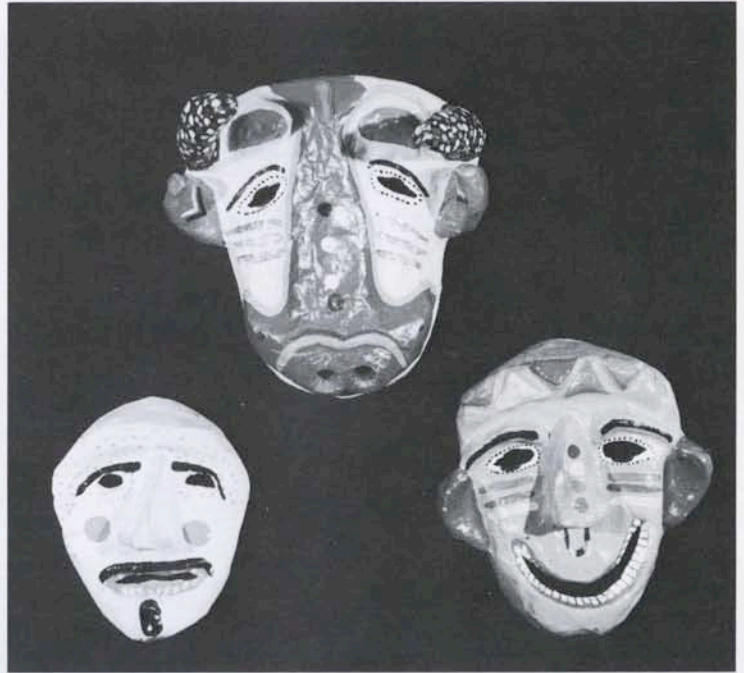
Voodoo is a conglomeration of beliefs and rites of African and Indian origin, which, having been closely mixed with Catholic practice, has come to be the religion of Haiti. Its devotees ask of it what men have always asked of religion; remedy for ills, satisfaction for needs and the hope for survival.

Voodoo symbols have become part of Haitian art work. At least two sequined flags (TAPIS DE VOODOO) depicting various invocational designs (VEVERS) are found in each gathering place of worship (PERISTYLE). The priest (HOUGAN) and priestess (MAMBO) conduct the service within the inner chamber (HOMFOUR). In the Homfour, are kept many ceremonial objects which reveal the Haitian views on their relationship to God and their Voodoo spirits.

This display of Voodoo Images and Objects appeared at the Wallace Anderson Art Gallery at Bridgewater State College.



Papa Sobo
Flag
Fabric and sequins
36½" h x 32" w



Artist unknown
Carnival Mask
Papier mache'
8½" h x 6½" w

Michelle
Carnival Mask
Papier mache'
11" h x 11" w

Michelle
Carnival Mask
Papier mache'
9¾" h x 9½" w



Michelle
Ogdun
Papier mache'
28½" h x 17" w



Robert St. Brice
Untitled
Oil on canvas
30" h x 20" w

Coping With Adolescence: Teens In Crisis

by Margery A. Kranyik

Growing up in an adult world is not an easy task for young people today. While experiencing the stress involved in the progression through puberty, teenagers must also seek to develop some sense of who they are, sometimes called personal identity. This complex developmental process is often thwarted by social and economic factors that affect teenage behavior. For example, society has moved away from the traditional family structure of two parents with children. Columnist Ellen Goodman reports that only 7% of the population is now made up of what used to be a "typical" family with a working husband and housewife.

According to a position paper for the Association for Childhood Education International, the number of children from single parent families has doubled in the last decade. As a result, children's needs have often become subordinated to parents' desires for careers, materials and new mates or partners, and inexperienced teens have become the sounding boards for the single parent's frustrations.

Over half of the twenty-five million women with children in the United States are working outside the home, compared with only 20% in 1950. Consequently, fewer opportunities for parental guidance are available.

Young people are being exposed to many types of family units. They are living with single parents, aggregate families (each spouse bringing children from a previous marriage) communal families, homosexual families and in joint custody situations. Each of these family situations has its own problems which directly influence the children involved. This is especially important to the extent that the family provides teens with the sense of security they need during this period of development.

For many of these families, economic issues have dramatic influences on living conditions.

A high school on Cape Cod had thirty-five students whose families resided in a local motel. The uncertain future of those teens—especially when the motel management announced it was "going condo," presented unique



Robert Ward

problems to the children and to the school's counseling staff.

Faced with a new family setting — a breach in their security system — adolescents find themselves feeling angry, unhappy, discouraged, frightened and unaccepted. They do not understand what is happening to them and why.

Changing Times

Young people today are often the targets of criticism by parents and other adults, but have things really changed? Teen behavior, dress, choice of music and attitudes have traditionally been criticized. Consider some examples from the 1960's. Parents had reactions to the Beatles — strong reactions. Their teenagers began sporting the mop-top haircuts of their famous idols. Seemingly for the first time, the behavior of adolescents had ramifications that went beyond the confines of the family and into the mass culture. Adults without children were suddenly aware of the impact of a group called teenagers.

Has there been a change of parental attitudes since the '60's? We have survived Elvis Presley, the Beatles and Woodstock. Parents of the 1980's still have similar concerns. "Punk" or spiked hair styles are apparent wherever teens gather. A few parents' groups are questioning the sexually explicit lyrics of today's popular songs. The general adult hue and cry, however, does not seem as loud. Have most parents become resigned to the behaviors and attitudes of young people? Do they feel helpless? Are they complacent? Caloused? Too busy?

The activities of the adolescent have become serious social concerns rather than mere behavior problems confined to the family setting.

Teens are more sophisticated, many possessing vocabularies that were virtually unknown to the teens of the 1950's. Most educators and sociologists attribute this knowledge to the impact of the media. Teens now have MTV. Many are tuned in for every hour of their free time watching televised videos of rock performers. Often they



Robert Ward

are exposed to the sexually explicit lyrics of their favorite singer's top hits. It is not unusual to have a camera pan the audience of a video performance and focus on a bare-breasted woman.

The increased sexual activity of young people has had a far reaching community impact. The number of teen mothers is increasing at alarming rates. Babies are having babies. A Boston area high school announced recently that it is making plans to open an on-site day care facility for the children of their students.

Sex education and counselling have become the subjects of media events. A recent TV ad was pulled from a local channel because it showed a young person stating "Today I learned about safe sex." In the same ad, another child talked about learning where babies come from. In a recent edition of the Cape Cod Times, eight people were asked how they felt about contraceptive devices, including condoms, being advertised on television and in newspapers. Seven of the eight individuals were in favor of such information being disseminated. In some schools, a teenaged girl can get a pregnancy test on the way to math class. Other schools are exploring the need to establish birth control clinics on the premises.

A more frightening change among the adolescents of the 80's is the increasing rate of teenage suicides. Young people seem to be making the tragic statement to society that life is not worth living. A young victim in a suburban community told his friend to go to the school gym later because

"something big is going to happen there." School authorities found that he had hanged himself there later in the day. Other friends of the youth indicated that he had drawn pictures of himself hanging that he had shown them around the school. Nobody believed him. His cry for help came too late.

An important factor that contributes to the sense of helplessness and the negative self-image of today's teenagers is the heightened divorce rate. A junior high school teacher overheard the following conversation between two boys in her classroom:

Boy A: "My parents are getting divorced today."

Boy B: "Yeah? Who gets custody of you, your mother or father?"

Custody dilemmas are one more element of pressure exerted on teens. Their concerns about being kidnapped by the parent who lost a custody fight place an additional burden upon children and upon divorced and separated parents.

Such problems are transferred to the school environment as teachers and school administrators must be concerned about court orders and custody battles.

Not only has the security of the



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nuclear family been shattered for many adolescents, but today's teens lack the role models that were present in previous decades. Sports figures, formerly admired for their integrity and "wholesome" approaches to life are now being questioned about life-styles that include drug abuse. Basketball star Len Bias, possessing superstar potential, became a victim of the cocaine monster — instead of a revered sports hero.

Pea shooters and spitballs in school have given way to firearms. In Bridgeport Connecticut, four weapons were confiscated by authorities within several weeks. In another town, a youth was suspended for carrying an eight-inch blade needed for "protection." Police are concerned that school administrators are covering up violations in an effort to keep their school from adverse publicity.

"There's nothing to do" is a frequent cry of teenagers today. They are often correct. Those young people without strong commitments *don't* have anything to do. Many have not been taught the value of amusing themselves. When the diet of television and video games and tapes becomes boring, adolescents become restless — easy prey for vandalism, substance abuse and other forms of peer pressure. Teens have progressed from congregating on street corners to "hanging out" at local shopping malls and talking tough, a supposed sign of being grown up. Com-

munities have had only minimal success with "under 21" or "non-alcoholic" dances. For most young people, these events do not have enough "action" and are not viewed as suitable replacements of adult activities.

In many cases, parents have ceased to be appropriate role models. Often, young people are permitted to view sexually explicit movies on paid television or videos. "He has to learn sometime — it might as well be at home" was the rationale offered by one parent who permitted such viewing for her sixteen-year-old. Adolescents are exposed to promiscuity as their parents seek companionship and prospective partners who share the home. Still other parents glamorize substance abuse by experimenting with drugs in the presence of their offspring and their friends.

Is There a Solution?

There may *not* be a solution to the problems faced by adolescents. Perhaps learning to cope and trying to understand is the best tactic for parents and other concerned adults. Each generation — and often each decade — will usher in its own fads. The problems affecting teens, however, transcend mere fads. The complexities of society and the implications for future generations are the issues that need to be explored and understood. Cape Cod teacher and counselor Jeff King feels

that adolescents are members of a "Hopeless Generation." "They see no potential — nothing to pursue in life that is unique. Everything has already been done." Actress Joanne Woodward reiterated this concern in a recent television interview. According to Woodward, "because of the threat of nuclear obliteration, there is no real future for youth — morality and values make no sense." The Carnegie Foundation reported that 60% of the teens interviewed felt that there was no future for them and 40% said they would choose not to bring children into the world because of the uncertainties.

Open lines of communication must be maintained between parents and teens. Where there is a generation gap, there is also a communication gap. Parents must accept the fact that their young people are not growing up the way they did nor the way they wish they could. They must find out what is important to young people today. Communication needs to proceed from the emotional level (How could you do this to me?) to acceptance and understanding at an intellectual level (Let's talk about what happened).

Adults need to be educated to the ways of the adolescent — to know how to help young people grow and expand their knowledge base. Parents, teachers and all who work with young people need to know how to help teens cope with difficult years without eliminating their freedoms or violating their rights. Teens need to be exposed to values that will enable them to build a future in an adult world and enhance their potential. They need to know where they fit in.

Helping teens to cope with adolescence is no easy task. There will be no return to *anybody's* "good old days." Those of us who are concerned, however, must help adolescents to perceive the dangers that threaten a healthy, fulfilling life. Teach them about responsible partying, safe sex and "saying No to drugs." Help them to know who they are within our complex society. □

Margery A. Kranyik, Professor of Elementary and Early Childhood Education

City of Victory

by Robert A. Cole

Should good fortune ever find you in India, plan a stop at Agra if at all possible. This is where the Taj Mahal is located, its fluid lines and gentle symmetry perpetuating the love of Shah Jahan for his deceased wife, Mumtaz Mahal. The pure white elegance of the Taj proclaims it as, perhaps, the most "famous" building in the world, and I doubt that any feeling person could be unmoved by it. Stand in the middle of its 'Paradise Garden' at moonrise one evening. Simply look... and surely the experience will evoke the delight of both senses and intellect. Modest judgment will be crowded out by wonder, and you might easily be convinced that the moment has been one that no other person has ever approached.

The Taj Mahal elevates our notions about human accomplishment, but as it does it offers ironic commentary on our species' yearning for 'perfection.' It inspires because it is truly and unalterably beautiful. But it is a tomb, after all, and it underscores the morality of both its builders and all who travel far to admire it.

Twenty-three miles outside of Agra is yet another reminder of the transient greatness of Moghul India, and a place that no thoughtful traveler should miss. It is called Fatehpur Sikri, and was once the capital of the Moghul Empire. Deserted since 1685, the site is now a "ghost city," of sorts, and it is undisturbed by all but a relatively few locals and tourists.

As with the Taj Mahal, the origins of Fatehpur Sikri seem to spring more from legend and romance than from the bruising experience of history. They are rooted in both the energies and eccentricities of Jalal ad-Din Akbar (r. 1556-1605), grandfather of Shah Jahan, and one of India's most interesting rulers. When Akbar the Great came to power in the middle of the sixteenth century, England was about to enter her Elizabethan Age. Michelangelo had carved his "Pieta," Thomas More had published *Utopia*, and a number of European adventurers had explored New England's coast. By the end of the following decade Akbar had made scores of reforms in Indian society, and had added considerably to the territories of the Moghul Empire.

A Muslim by birth and education, Akbar seemed to grow somewhat disillusioned with orthodox Islam as he approached middle age. On the other hand, he displayed a remarkable tolerance for other faiths, thereby showing his countrymen some of the nobler possibilities of life in a pluralistic culture. He was troubled, however, over the thought of not providing the Empire with a male heir, and thus he came to consult Shaikh Salim Chisti, a Sufi mystic who lived in the small village of Sikri. Having journeyed the thirty-seven kilometers southwest of Agra to receive the blessings of the holy man, Akbar soon departed, confident of his prospects. In time his Hindu wife bore him a son who would one day rule India under the name Jahangir. In gratitude Akbar ordered that a new city be built upon the site of Salim Chisti's retreat, and to reflect its imperial character he added the word *Fatehpur* — "Victory."

Construction of the planned city of Fatehpur Sikri began in 1570, much of the work being done in marble and fine sandstone slabs cut from local quarries. Akbar's court biographer wrote that the Emperor put "the work of his mind and heart into the garment of stone and clay," and as the city began to take shape it reflected both the Emperor's curiosity and his broadness of mind. Hindu cupolas and Persian domes were set in exotic yet harmonious mix with places inspired by Buddhist temples. No streets were built on the rocky bluff upon which the central city was situated, but the site was lavished with beautiful open spaces. One even included a large outdoor parchisi board whose living "pieces" added both color and good humor to a diversion which typified the gentility of Akbar's court.

The Emperor attracted all manner of people at his new capital, and here he presided over an ongoing intellectual dialogue which frequently centered on the world's major religions. Many of his guests engaged in lively theological discourse and, given the fact that Akbar had great respect for "Nazarene sages," one would be as apt to see an ordained Catholic in the city as a *mullah* or Hindu priest.

Akbar held court in the *Diwan-i-Khas*, a single vaulted building which

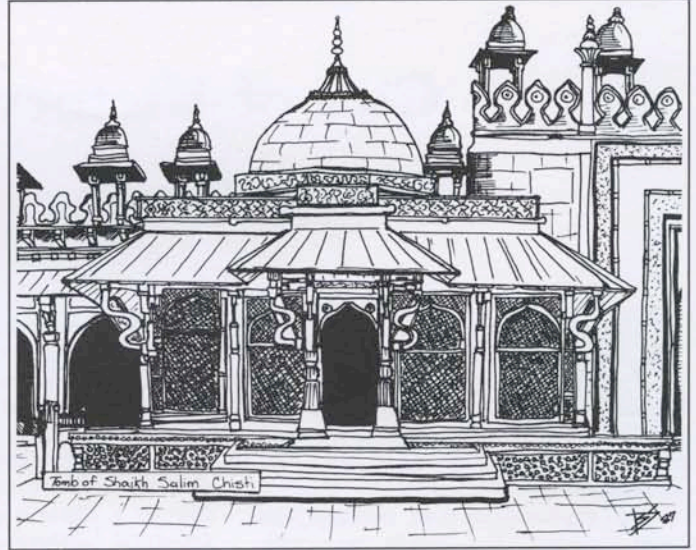
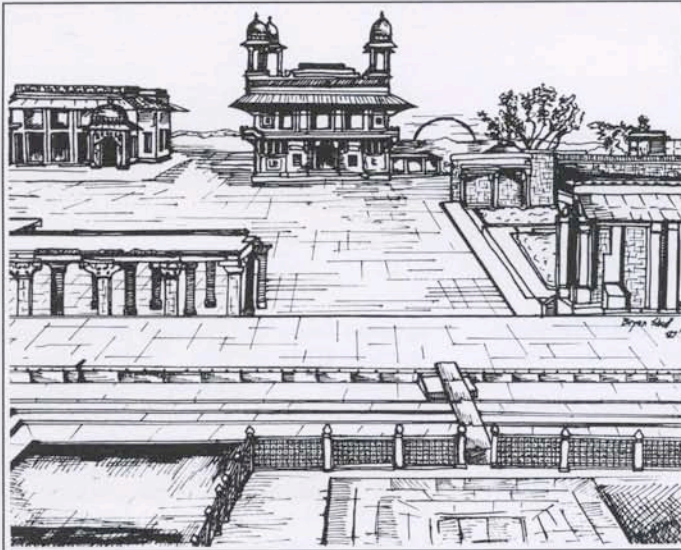
appears from the outside to have two stories. Here in this "Hall of Public Audience" the Emperor sat upon a marble platform supported by a large decorative central column. From each of the upper corners of the structure four passageways with intricately carved rails reached inward to Akbar's central position. A unique but essentially modest building, the *Diwan-i-Khas* is an eloquent architectural testament to the accessibility of the Emperor, both physically and intellectually. Advisors and distinguished visitors conversed with him from their places in the upper galleries, while courtiers listened to the exchanges from their positions below at ground level.

For close to fifteen years Fatehpur Sikri was the scene of a great many achievements in scientific studies, aesthetics and the practical problem-solving good government requires. Akbar even attempted to hammer together a spiritual synthesis through the formal establishment of his own religion, the *Din-i-Ilahi*. With him as a type of cultic "Holy Magnifying Glass of the Divine," Akbar's strange new religion was a mixed bag of princely metaphysics and ethical zeal. Few devout Hindus or Muslims were able to make this spiritual leap with their ruler, and the new "faith" did not survive the Emperor's death in 1605.

Fatehpur Sikri was deserted in 1585, and the city was never inhabited again. It had been described by Ralph Fitch, an early English traveler, as being "much greater than London and very populous." However, William Finch, a fellow countryman who visited the site at about the time that the Jamestown colony was being established in Virginia, commented that:

"the buildings [were] lying waste without inhabitants; much of the ground being now converted to Gardens and much sowed with nill and other graine, that a man standing there would little thinke he were in the midst of a Citie."

This same individual offered an explanation for the departure of the imperial court by noting that the water supply had turned "brackish and fretting [i.e. corrosive]."



With its supply of fresh water in jeopardy, Akbar left Fatehpur Sikri to conduct a military campaign in the north, and he never returned. His lovely city was soon to slide into the backwash of Moghul affairs. Its cultural and commercial dynamism withered and much of its population moved on. What remains of the metropolis is only the complex of shrines, palaces and public buildings perched on their rocky outcrop overlooking a broad north Indian plain.

I had the very good fortune to visit Fatehpur Sikri in the Summer of 1984. As one of fourteen New England educators I had received a Fulbright grant under the sponsorship of the College. My colleagues and I journeyed across India as participants in a cultural and academic program directed by Professor Abraham Thomas. The broader experience was of course wonderful, but in quiet moments since that time I return often to impressions redolent of a special nostalgia, to images that persistent memories have honed over the intervening months. Time has been quite kind to me because the lines and hues of Akbar's city remain acutely clear.

Like others privileged to visit this majestic place, our group ascended its heights by passing through the Buland Darwaza. A pale rose arch 134' high, the south gateway of Fatehpur Sikri is the largest structure of its kind in Asia, and it carries an inscription that typifies Akbar's spiritual quest:

Jesus son of Mary (on Whom be peace) said:

*'The world is a bridge—pass over it,
but build no houses upon it.
He who hopes for an hour,
hopes for eternity.
The world is but an hour.
Spend it in prayer
for the rest is unseen.'*

Our guide was an engaging old

Muslim. His beard was oddly trussed in a folded bandana, and dyed with henna to indicate that he had made the *Hajj* to the "holy city." There was a touch of haughtiness in his bearing but it was thawed by flourishes of gracious humor, and one could tell his eyes were used to an honest smile. That he loved his work was apparent, and his informal lecture was filled with equal amounts of Moghul history and affectionate lore. However, he was soon gone, and we were left to the complete tranquility of the site and to the urging of our own curiosity.

I separated myself from my companions, wandering self-absorbed through the silent "acropolis." Walking beyond the great arch, I made my way to the *Diwan-i-Khas*, and climbed to its roof. As the July sun began to set it seemed to apologize for the heat that the day had sent. On the horizon a band of syrupy yellow light was pressed against the sharp edge of a patchwork dressed in agricultural greens and browns. In a silence so rich it seemed to have substance I watched twilight stretch cautiously across the sandstone buildings. Light gave way to shadows. Reds and magentas of moments earlier proceeded in diluted halftones to dusty purple and black. Day had ended, and Fatehpur Sikri rested in the melancholy of history's inevitable movement toward change and new directions. But as they have for so long, the forms and textures of Moghul civilization had outlasted the day, and I was left wondering at the unique cultural procession that Akbar had set in motion. I thought of all those Indians and outlanders who had come to this place: Muslim and Hindu philosophers, Confucianist scholars from China and earnest black-robed Jesuits, Buddhist monks of Sri Lanka, Jains, Parsees and Levantine Jews. Listening for the muted echoes of their passage on the courtyard below, I struggled to bring into focus those

poignant images of India that Walt Whitman has left to us:

*You lofty and dazzling towers,
pinnacled, red as roses,
burnish'd with gold!
Towers of fables immortal fashion'd
from mortal dreams.*

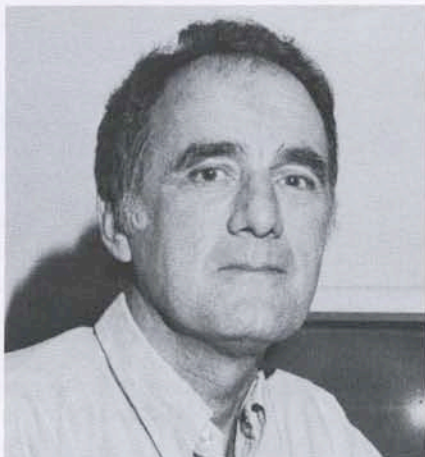
When I left Fatehpur Sikri to continue my travels I was much aware that I had been given a valuable opportunity to actively confront not only India's past, but a present marked by angry particularism. Today Moghul palaces still rise up in affectionate memories, and on occasion they make it a bit difficult to pass judgement on a country that I have come to admire. Time and distance have allowed the exhilaration of monumental India to subside, however, at least to a level my professional training in history can contain. Yet its essence remains, and it lingers there at that balance point within where my academic discipline begins to make its own special demands.

These days when I read about Sikh-Hindu clashes, I wonder if a young Prime Minister can provide the solutions needed to diffuse India's communal and regional tensions. More than once I have thought that in Akbar's syncretism he might find trusted civic formulas and a worthy historical model. Guided by obvious constitutional restraints he might do worse than search out a volume of Abul Fazl, the Great Moghul's friend and court chronicler, who once wrote in the 'City of Victory':

"Thousands find rest in the love of the king and sectarian differences do not raise the dust of strife. In his wisdom the king will understand the spirit of the age and shape his plans accordingly." □

Robert A. Cole is Chair of the Social Studies and Foreign Language Programs at Whitman-Hanson Regional High School.

George Sethares



Robert Ward

A Cape Cod native and lifelong resident of Massachusetts, George Sethares followed an indirect route to become Professor of Mathematics and Computer Science at Bridgewater. Having majored in Music Education at Boston University, he taught music in public schools for a number of years before returning to graduate school in mathematics. He received his Ph.D. from Harvard and spent a number of years engaged in research at Hanscom Air Force Base before applying for a Bridgewater faculty position. When Sethares arrived at Bridgewater in 1973, the college was offering only one course in computer science. In the years that followed, Sethares helped develop a minor and ultimately a major in Computer Science. At the same time, he and colleague Robert Bent co-authored 5 computer textbooks, which are used extensively on campuses throughout the United States. Besides his work as teacher and author, Sethares is active in the Bridgewater chapter of BAND (Bridgewater Area for Nuclear Disarmament) and recently travelled to China to help establish an exchange program with Shanxi University.

Q. Is a strong aptitude in mathematics a requirement for a Computer Science major?

A. Not at all. I've had students who are average in math but fantastic in computing. They're different fields of study. A mathematician likes modelling, he likes to ask "if this is true or these things are true, then what follows?" For example, if we say that there are things called numbers that have certain simple properties, the consequences are tremendous. We can develop all of calculus. With mathematics, you have to make some assumptions in the beginning or you can't do anything. You are on solid ground only in the sense that if your basic assumptions are true, then all the rest will follow. The computer scientist, unlike the mathematician, is dealing with a concrete and very powerful system. The student of computer science is interested in that whole system, how it works, what can be done with it, much as the biologist might be interested in the ecosystem or the student of politics in a system of government. Computer Science is much less abstract than mathematics because you're dealing with a system that exists and you're trying to see how it works and what it can do whereas a mathematician is dealing with something that may not exist at all.

Q. What developments do you foresee in the teaching of Computer Science as an academic discipline?

A. To describe the field of Computer Science is very difficult because it's still new and evolving. In mathematics we can explain with some assurance what constitutes an educated person—we must be knowledgeable in certain areas, understand certain things. But in computer science, the curriculum is constantly changing. The Association of Computing Machinery, which purposes college curricula, is constantly modifying its recommendations. For example, we used to teach switching theory at the machine level; now we're placing much more emphasis on the theoretical level.

Q. Should every educated person be able to write computer programs?

A. It's certainly not essential. A great many programs are available for home use — for word processing and for keeping track of household finances, and new ones will certainly continue to be written. You don't have to know what the inside of a washing machine looks like to have it wash your clothes. Still, there's something satisfying about understanding how things work. Understanding a little bit about programming certainly gives you a better idea of what the computer can do.

Q. You've been active in the movement for nuclear disarmament. Are you optimistic that we will succeed in controlling nuclear weapons?

A. It's hard to say. For the first time in history, technology is running ahead of our ability to handle it. In the past, people were always ahead of technology. Babbage had the idea of making a computer over one hundred years ago — his invention had memory and all the features of modern computers, but he couldn't build it because the technology just wasn't there. Even if you go back two thousand years to Archimedes, people had concepts but they didn't have the tools. Now we have the tools, more than we can handle. Today, technologically, it's possible to do almost anything you can conceive of doing. It's the computer which is really responsible for this change. Einstein said that nuclear weapons had changed everything, but it's the computer that makes it possible to guide missiles so that they can land in a precise, designated spot on the other side of the world. The computer is probably the most powerful tool that's ever been introduced.

Q. Could you comment on your trip to China and the link that has been established between Bridgewater State College and Shanxi University?

A. Although I only spent 11 days in China, I was deeply moved by the country and the people; in fact it is safe to state that the trip changed me in many ways. I will never think of things in quite the same way. As to the exchange program with Shanxi University, it is a program that definitely benefits Bridgewater State College since a number of Chinese students are now studying at the college and bringing their very different cultural background to the campus.

Q. How developed is computer technology at Shanxi University?

A. Their machinery is ten to twelve years behind what we have at Bridgewater. They simply do not have the resources to match the level of our technology. This will change, however, as a result of the exchange; the Chinese students at Bridgewater will return home and bring back the knowledge that will help advance the state of their technology.

Q. How would you describe the government of China's commitment to computerization?

A. They are definitely interested in learning about the latest advances in western computer technology and coming into the twentieth century. But they are also very conscious about advancing the state of computerization their way, not our way, not the Russian way, their way; whatever way that is. That's a good feeling. □

Not So Free To Choose: The Political Economy of Milton Friedman & Ronald Reagan

by Elton Rayack
Praeger, 1987

Many of the social thinkers who have seen grand economic patterns in recent history are so brilliant and controversial that their theses continue to generate limitless amounts of both heat and light. Now Professor Milton Friedman has staked his claim to junior membership in this lofty and illustrious group, which includes the likes of Karl Marx, E.F. Schumpeter and Walt Rostow.

Mr. Friedman has been a prolific writer. Aside from professional — often technical — articles aimed at academic peers [for which he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Economics], Friedman, the Political Economist, wrote regularly for *Newsweek* from the mid-sixties to 1980, and has authored *Capitalism and Freedom*, [University of Chicago Press, 1962], *Dollars and Deficits* [Prentice Hall, 1968], and co-authored — with wife Rose Friedman — *Tyranny of the Status Quo* [Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1984], and *Free To Choose*, [Avon, 1981]

Professor Elton Rayack critically examines some of Friedman's theses in his carefully researched book, aptly titled *Not So Free to Choose* [Praeger, 1987], in which Friedman is also unambiguously identified as the intellectual mentor of the Reagan economic philosophy.

Mr. Rayack — himself a product of the "Chicago School" — made famous by Professor Friedman — sets about the task of achieving two distinct goals: demonstrating that Friedman is indeed the chief guru behind the policies of the Reagan administration; and showing that Friedman's bold generalizations about the mechanism of economic forces are empty, unsupported hypotheses. The implications of Mr. Rayack's assertions are mind-boggling.

That most famous of all macroeconomists, Lord Keynes, observed in his seminal *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money* that "[the] ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed the world is ruled by little else. Practi-

cal men, who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist." To be sure, Mr. Rayack quickly denies that Friedman is defunct or that Reagan is his slave. This denial appears in the two opening sentences of the very first page of *Not So Free to Choose*, leaving the rest of the book to prove precisely what is denied.

Mr. Rayack . . . sets about the task of achieving two distinct goals; demonstrating that Friedman is indeed the chief guru behind the policies of the Reagan administration; and showing the Friedman's bold generalizations about the mechanism of economic forces are empty, unsupported hypotheses.

A principal and compelling argument of Mr. Rayack is that Friedman, in his loftiest generalizations about the laws of motion of economics, treats history as a hunting license: that in focusing selectively on circumstances and events that best fill out his hypotheses, he perverts the record of "true" historical cause-and-effect. Unfortunately, some of Elton Rayack's own assertions rely on essentially the same *modus operandi*. Thus his scrupulously researched parallels between official policy statements such as the Economic Report of the President, and selected pieces of Friedman's writings, is itself an example of the culling that he finds so repugnant in Friedman's historical gymnastics.

Mr. Rayack observes that there have been issues — for instance the Laffer curve underpinning of the vaunted Reagan tax-cut — on which Friedman differed sharply from the "supply-side" component of Reaganomics. Such

differences notwithstanding, Mr. Rayack contends that the overall socioeconomic stance of the President in the crucial subjective issues of (i) the economic role of "big" government in a modern capitalist economy, and (ii) the money supply policy of the Federal Reserve system, is certainly embodied in, if indeed not plagiarized from, the polemical writings of Professor Friedman.

It is to the dissection of Friedman the political economist that Mr. Rayack ultimately turns. The point of departure is Friedman's well-known claim that the great Depression of the thirties, which is generally regarded as a watershed in capitalist reliance on Adam Smith's "Invisible Hand", was actually caused by the bungling of money supply by the Federal Reserve Bank, and that the elaborate post-war structure of Keynes' macroeconomics that is popularly construed to be the fiscal bulwark against a recurrence of such a depression is irrelevant. The Friedman prescription calls only for a "sensible" monetary policy by the Federal Reserve Bank, with cruel and unusual economic malaise being the swift fate to befall the unbelievers. Mr. Rayack records cynically that the Federal Reserve Bank strictly followed Friedman's principles from October 1979 through 1982, by which time it became increasingly clear that this program was leading the country inexorably into deepening recession.

Mr. Rayack also finds simplistic the Friedman variation on the classical theme of the Smithian Invisible Hand, in regard to the complex and uniquely modern socioeconomic issue of chronic unemployment and the responsibility of the government to act on behalf of the economically disadvantaged. Some glaring inconsistencies in Friedman's writings — as for instance his propensity to avoid any criticism of the Department of Defense, and his somewhat cavalier treatment of historical facts, are grist for Mr. Rayack's mill. Towards the end of his book, he finds Friedman — and by intellectual association, Mr. Reagan too — disconnected from "reality". *Not So Free to Choose* is the product of careful research and Mr. Rayack's powerful assertions cannot be dismissed lightly. It is "must" reading for anyone even vaguely interested in the economics of Friedman or the politics of Reagan. □

Ranjit Vohra, Assistant Professor of Economics

The Schools We Deserve: Reflections on the Educational Crises of our Time

by Diane Ravitch
Basic Books, Inc., 1985.

"It would be difficult to find a sustained period of time in our history when Americans felt satisfied with the achievements of their schools." This sweeping observation begins the first in a collection of some twenty essays on the varied problems facing American education today. Specifically, Diane Ravitch cites the "low state of learning," "poor training of teachers," "insufficient funding" and "apathy of the public" among the more common issues confronting our nation's educational efforts, both public and private.

The essays in *The Schools We Deserve* were written over the past decade, the majority of them since 1981. The author's style is objective, reasoned and above all, balanced - far removed from the emotional tone of so many critics of contemporary educational policy. Her writing projects a sense of detached investigation and considered thought; note, for example, the care with which she presents the controversial issue of testing and test usage in the schools.

Ravitch identifies her basic theme as follows: educational outcomes are not inevitable; they are not the result of forces beyond our control. Rather, educational outcomes are a direct function of our assumptions, ideals and policies. Given this context of our own responsibility for our own actions, she goes on to ask some probing, and possibly upsetting, questions: How strong is our commitment to education? Do we really provide equal educational opportunity for all? Are we truly concerned about offering a broad range of academic disciplines through the high school years? Are we willing to pay the price of attracting and rewarding highly qualified teachers.

One is struck by the wide range of problems associated with schooling and how it might be improved. Perhaps this lengthy list of weaknesses and shortcomings is, in fact, part of the

problem. The essays deal with a variety of political, social, economic, cultural, religious, racial, psychological and even intellectual issues. This is not to fault Ravitch for taking on such an amalgam of concerns — but it does raise the question of priorities. What is the legitimate domain of schooling? Is this domain defined through any logical process? Or, do these functions become part of a limitless, poorly-defined body of concerns? Comforting though it would be, the schools are not about to fix everything in society that is in need of fixing.

The author's tone is, at times, more positive than the title of the book would seem to indicate. American schools are not without their successes. She cites teacher training, unions, increased enrollments because of increased opportunity, and federal aid among the accomplishments of recent decades. Unfortunately, these advances have not eliminated problems but have only served to move them forward to a new age and a new set of critics. Today's critics, she maintains, are not likely to dwell upon yesterday's victories. The school is continually faced with new demands, new expectations and new hopes. In 1940, 16% of our youth attended college. This figure had climbed to 75% in the late 1960's. The G.I. Bill, Headstart and other support programs brought about the democratization of education. Education, especially higher education, was no longer the exclusive privilege of the selected few. However, Ravitch points out, the high school diploma became "universal," declining in importance because "high school graduates were not necessarily literate." I am reminded of the dilemma set forth in the title of John Gardner's book of 25 years ago: *Excellence - Can We Be Equal and Excellent Too?*

Ravitch devotes one essay to the matter of teachers and the teaching profession, and spares nobody, it

would seem, in her criticism of why teachers are not better qualified to do their jobs. Government at all levels, colleges and universities, the press, the courts, private business — all should play a role in upgrading the quality of education. The essay contends, however, that these various agencies and institutions lower standards, promote their own interests, or simply exhibit a lack of interest in education at the public school level. It is not sufficient to blame the schools, or the teachers, in that they do not exist as a separate institution — the school is a product of the interrelationship of many societal forces.

Our schools, surveying the past half-century, have "lurched from crisis to crisis," amidst conflicting views on "bilingual education, busing, tuition tax credits, school closings, bond issues, tax rates, teacher qualifications, text book selection and allocation of resources." Yet, Ravitch contends, there remains the over-riding belief that "schools can make a difference in the lives of our children."

In addressing the issue of reform, Ravitch turns to past attempts at prediction and innovation. A review of futuristic thought from Dewey to Illich leads her to the conclusion that projected innovations of the past 50 years have fallen far short of the intended goals. She characterizes today's teacher with 25 years of experience as someone who has lived through "an era of failed revolutions."

In sum, this collection of essays makes no attempt to offer a ready cure for the future. It should not be dismissed, however, as merely another display of negativism. It is an objective dissection of problems and issues, and for that reason alone is of greater value than the fiery criticism which education frequently must endure. Ravitch suggests that, although we have the ability to improve our schools, we will continue at much the same level of performance until such time as we free ourselves from the "errant assumptions" of the present. We are able, she writes, to bring about change in a small, immediate arena — our greatest challenge is to reach agreement on a grand scheme of goals. □

Leo J. McGuirk, Associate Professor of High School, Middle School and Adult Education.

"IT"

Stephen King
Viking, 1986.

As a childhood reminiscence, *IT* is a remarkably vivid and explicit account of seven self-styled "losers" from Derry, Maine. Fifth grade's out and, one by one, the seven are hounded, pursued, and battered by society, the school bullies, and cosmic consciousness into a tightly-knit group destined to scotch *IT* that summer of 1958. Twenty-seven years later, they are recalled for an encore and the final showdown.

While the real story lies in 1958, King shuffles the two time frames and scores of flashbacks as though they were two halves of a double pinocle deck with fifty jokers. In the end, *IT* is a marvel of tortured chronology which makes Robert Heinlein's convoluted time-travel masterpiece *All You Zombies* — seem like a two-piece puzzle.

The reader begins in the fall of 1957 as six-year-old George Denbrough sails his paper boat down the rain-swollen gutters of town. When the boat disappears into a storm drain, George peers in after it and sees Mr. Bob Gray, a.k.a. Pennywise the Clown, notable for his big orange buttons, who asks Georgie if he would like a balloon. As George reaches for the balloon, Pennywise grabs his arm, pulls it into the drain and rips it off. Derry has an ominous and unpublicized history of such violence, grounded in the disappearance of its entire population in 1741. Approximately every 27 years, a cycle of terror erupts, vaguely understood by children and largely ignored by Derry's semi-mesmerized adults.

In May, 1985, Mike Hanlon, the only member of the group to remain in Derry, sends out the recall. Stanley Uris promptly slashes his wrists in the tub but before he dies, writes *IT* with his blood on the bathroom tile. Richard Tozier, Ben Hanscom, Eddie Kaspbrak, Beverly Marsh Rogan, and Bill Denbrough (George's brother) agree to come back to Derry on the basis of a scarcely-remembered childhood promise, to finish what they started in 1958. Enroute, individual flashbacks, nows, and flashforwards ping-pong the reader into a laborious possession of the salient details.

Young Ben Hanscom saw the clown; he had the face of *The Mummy*. Mike Hanlon saw him — a huge bird with feathers the color of orange pompoms.

Eddie Kaspbrak saw him as a hobo with syphilis; he thought it leprosy. No, it's a werewolf (with orange pompoms), or voices and blood from the bathroom sink. At other when's and where's it's Frankenstein's monster, Paul Bunyan, a gnash of piranhas, your not-so-favorite fairy-tale character; the glamour, manitou, eyelak, and loup-garou. *IT* is ultimately revealed as a telepathic omnimorph that reaches into the mind to take whatever shape the beholder most fears. What is its purpose, other than random mayhem? Food! But served with special sauce. Cyril Kornbluth in *Mindworm* created an atomic mutant who aggravated emotions to feed upon their emanations. In *The Day of the Dove*, a *Star Trek* episode, another emotional vampire fed on anger. *IT* belongs to the same dietary category. While its staple is children, "Adults had their own terrors and their glands could be taped open so that all the chemicals of fear flooded the body and salted the meat."

Borrowing a concept from John Campbell's *Who Goes There?* better known to theatre audiences as *The Thing*. Stephen King tells us that *IT* is an interstellar alien who crashed on earth eons ago and buried itself in the soil which would one day support Derry. "It's because of that soil," Mike Hanlon's father once told him." It seems that bad things, hurtful things, do right well in the soil of this town." What a wonderful allusion to the possibility that Derry, not Nahum Gardner's farm west of Arkham, was the site of H.P. Lovecraft's *Colour Out of Space*.

Writing with the inevitable screen in mind, King has provided a stew of ripped off arms, severed heads, and rotting flesh." Eddie thrust the ragged base of the Perrier bottle at him. It ripped into Henry's face pulling open his right cheek in a twisted flap and puncturing Henry's right eye.... His slit eye, leaking whitish-yellow fluid, hung loosely from its socket."

Something for everyone...including boys lighting each other's farts and even 11-year olds having group sex... and after a thousand pages of anesthetic gore and foul language, the reader is numbed; the only feelings he is yet capable of are an acidic stomach and liquid bowels. Yet, King has given us a fearful addition to the Horror Hall

of Fame in Pennywise the Clown, and the first 1,000 pages of *IT* are worthy of praise for their gnawing terror and reader paralysis. But while Lovecraft would have left *IT* undecipherable and garbed in cosmic mist, King insists on full disclosure. The first hint comes on page 1,016 as *IT* thinks of a victim "hung high up in the middle of things, crisscrossed in silk." What began as a memoir of a horrifying childhood summer, nurtured by echoes of Lovecraft, Kornbluth, and Campbell, ends as a low-budget video of *The Spider That Ate Tokyo*.

Once run to bay in its 1985 lair, *IT* turns out to be anticlimactically pregnant. King had told us that *IT* "was" in the pre-universe void and a rational reader might surmise that the creature had been a mother before: in which case, why isn't the universe overrun with its brood? Or if this is its first attempt to breed, what did it recently find to mate with? And no wonder it's violent...4½ billion years is a long-time to either gestate or wait for sexual maturity.

There is little cleverness in King, few well-turned phrases or fascinating references. Only one stands out. Henry Bowers, childhood bully and nemesis of the "losers," is eventually committed to the insane asylum for the murder of his father. Terrified, Bowers sleeps with a night light — once Donald Duck, replaced with Mickey Mouse, then Oscar the Grouch, etc. King writes, with Eliot and Prufrock looking on: "Henry had measured out the years of his incarceration with burned-out nightlights instead of coffee-spoons."

Of greater interest are the autobiographical tidbits. King, who was born in 1946 and therefore nearly a peer to his characters, gives four pages to Bill Denbrough as a creative writing student. Denbrough's work is poorly received by the instructor whom he paints with eggheaded stupidity, and when his story comes back, graded "F", with two words scrawled on it (Pulp! Crap!), Denbrough immediately sells it to a pulp mag for \$200 and drops the course.

Yes, Stephen King sells—sells big—and, as he tells us through his Bill Denbrough ego, that's everything. Or is it? I have found it remarkably easy to buy his work, in hard cover, at reduced prices...at yard sales. Could it mean that while King has had his success through the cash registers of America, he is still an embarrassment on the library shelf? □

Michael Hurley, Instructor of English

One Giant Leap For Mankind

by Philip Silvia

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Thanks, guys, for winning Super Bowl XXI. While candor doesn't allow for overlooking a generation's passage between triumphs, victory has muted the pain. Life has at last been righted for New York Football Giants' loyalists, myself included. I now cherish my unused ticket to the '73 seasonal closing contest (when the weather was as impossibly bitter as the team's play) as a souvenir of sport-bonding friendship rather than as a disturbing reminder of life during what seemed an interminable downward cycle.

That is the way it should be, for my Fall River gang had staying power even in the worst of times. For instance, during the early 1970s we gathered -as always- on Sundays. The only difference was that we met much earlier than usual, piling into the Volkswagen bus that was directed to our meccas, Yankee Stadium and, later, the Yale Bowl. This odyssey ended in '74 when the arrival of my firstborn, Katie, led to a radical change in lifestyle. It was patently unfair to further tax my indulgent and patient wife, Gerry. I forfeited cherished season tickets. I'd still watch the games, but from afar.

It was of course the right thing to do. Still, I sometimes can't help but wonder... What is it like to observe home games at the beautiful Meadowlands facility? If I had had just a tad more persistence (13 seasons), what stadium vantage point would I have earned? Might I have sat beside a former President whose Washington-days penchant for designing diagrams for George Allen on how best to break into enemy territory was once dismissed as harmless diversion from duty? Or perhaps this voluntary self-denial dashed an opportunity to socialize with quintessential Giants' fan Andy Rooney at which time I could have invited him to climb the career ladder as a *Bridgewater Review* guest columnist.

With this latter opportunity missed, it behooves me as Rooney's surrogate and fellow celebrant to portray the

sense of freedom and renewed optimism unleashed by the victory at Pasadena. This smoothing of life's rocky road is best understood within a proper historical context.

You don't have to be Marshall McLuhan to understand the enormous impact once achieved by the transmission of Giants' contests via a small, round-screened picture. My teenaged friends and I were addicted to this winning team by the mid-'50s. The Giants became our viewer joy, the perfect cold weather antidote to Tom Yawkey's heartbreakers, who forever offered us Buddin' springtime hope that wilted with the August heat and left us un-Consolo-able. Thus, for a few seasons *Growing Up Catholic* was a memorable ritual that began at the Saturday confessional and concluded with announcer Chris Schenkel's sign off (if one ignores the long-term gastronomical repercussions of game-time "feasting" on Dirty Nick's Coney Islanders, - hot weiners with the works fresh from the seediest joint in Fall River).

This exposure resulted in sensible enslavement, even though the mid-'60s marked the beginning of 20 years of unremitting spectator misery. This was merely a minor setback! The winning of Superbowl XXI only reinforces my mature perspective: until quite recently, no other professional football franchise warranted comparable emotional attachment from New Englanders in the over-40 age bracket. Of course, some teams, including the Patriots, have vied for that loyalty and have even captured the faint of heart.

Loyalty to the dynasty darlings of the mid-80s, those Big Bad Bears, is just one example of this failed judgement. This phenomena is happily ephemeral, for these "Monsters of the Midway" are going the way of all flesh, suffering a meltdown, Refrigerator or not. All is not Sweetness with this cast of characters, although Coach Mike Ditka deserves attention. More complex than his Jack Webb-Lou Gossage

D.I. image, Ditka possesses sufficient macho security to reveal a soft side, pledging, for instance, to refrain from future sideline scolding of cute, diminutive quarterback Doug Flutie, acknowledging its equivalency to chastizing Bambi. Fiercely independent, he contradicts the NFL's great-man-theme.

And what of the Patriots? Patsies no more, having earned fan support by impressive play during the '85 season. This happened under the tutelage of a coach outdone in animation by mummies over at the Museum of Fine Arts, a coach who has developed the novel approach of communicating through the sound of silence (or by ventriloquism, which then makes dummies of his quarterbacks).

Anything is possible under his leadership, for Raymond Berry was the original Magic Man, a classic overachiever who, as a Baltimore Colts' star, always transcended physical limitations. He is in fact the original source of all my former sorrow. There is a tendency to remember only Alan Ameche's easy romp into the end zone in sudden death overtime which gave Baltimore the famous title game of '58. But Giants' fans understand that the outcome was really decided by Unitas to Berry, time and again: perfectly executed patterns, those down and outs.

Down and out indeed. After this contest, my beloved Giants remained agonizingly competitive, participating in four of the next five championships, but always coming up short. An undercurrent of pessimism began taking hold. Then came the slide — "Good-bye Allie," Rocky Thompson, the New Haven experience, and Joe Pisarcik. The deadening consistency of their ineptitude seeped into my very being.

The end result, while it may have helped steel me against life's greater (?) adversities, also muted any indulgent tendency to embrace complete personal happiness, until now, when victory has blessedly exorcised these painful memories.

Finally, there is a message in all this for adults with teen rearing responsibilities. Do not be deceived by those who glibly praise your team for making it to The Big One. It is not enough. Remember - my purged nightmare was rooted far back in '58. Therefore, do deal tenderly with impressionable youngsters whose psyches were devastated last October when their joy was cast away by Steamer's best Mark Clear imitation and Billy Buck's bungle. There is only one solution, for Vince Lombardi was partially right. Winning (it all) is the only thing, at least once.

□

Philip Silvia, Professor of History

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